

Lim Juckin on Rooster Fights

By Opie Read

"The majority of men that I know look forward to the time when they are not to take any pleasure in this life," said old Lim Juckin, and his neighbors who were standing about the horse-block whereon the old man had just taken his seat looked at him in astonishment.

"I don't see how that can be," spoke up Sam Niles, goat-whiskered, squint-eyed, and a liar on most occasions, but like most liars, the inheritor of a sort of engaging wisdom.

Old Lim cleared his throat. "And the reason you can't see it, Sammy, is because you are morally blind. The average man looks forward to the time when he won't have to work, and when this time comes he almost always finds that for him there is no more enjoyment. Next to the enjoyment of work itself, we get the most pleasure out of rest and—"

"And when we rest we are enjoyin' ourselves," Sam broke in.

Old Lim nodded. "Yes, but when we haven't worked we can't rest, for rest means the tuther side of 'bein' tired. After climbin' hard to reach the top of the hill we take a long breath and it is as sweet as spring water, and the reason it seems so deep and fetchin' is because the breaths comin' up the hill were short. But if we stay down on the top of the hill and stay there the breaths ain't so sweet. After a while they get to be like the breaths down in the valley. To make 'em sweet you've got to climb for 'em. In this life all the way through it is almost impossible to get any real good out of a thing you don't work for. That's the reason the gambler's money don't amount to anything. It hasn't any sweat value. And even if he hadn't done anything to cause him to be driven out, Adam couldn't 'ave stayed much longer in the Garden of Eden. He never had worked, it is true, and he didn't know what it was, but the fact that he had nothin' to do had, accordin' to my notion, begun to make him wish that Sunday was over with. I reckon old Miz Eve could 'ave stood it a little while longer, until the fall of the year, when the leaves, changin' their color, brought about a new fashion, and that would 'ave held her a while longer. But Adam would 'ave had something to do if she had given him a leaf and told him to go out and match it for her. Every leaf in the garden might 'ave been green, all of an exact shade, but if Adam had tried to match one it would 'ave changed color like one of these here lizards they fetch from Florida. And I lay you the sweetest meal he ever eat in his life was the first bread he earned by the sweat of his brow. It has been writ that man was made to mourn, but I've noticed that he don't mourn so much when he is at work. He starts out lookin' for a place where he can ease his mind. He never finds it, but when at work he seems to feel that he is gettin' there."

"But the happiest man I ever saw was the laziest," said Sam, and the old-timers looked at one another and smiled, for no matter in what reverence a country oracle is held the ingrained envy of his neighbors applaud the threat of his overthrow.

"I'm not here to deny truths, but to bring 'em out," replied the old man. "I've known lazy men that appeared to enjoy themselves simply because they wan't at work, and I can go a little further and say that the happiest feller I ever saw was an idiot. All he had to do was to jolt himself and he was tickled mighty nigh to death. The sight of a dog a scratchin' of himself was better to him than the keen joke of a wise man. But when I spoke of the average man I meant the man with a mind."

"But one of the smartest men I ever saw was lazy," said Sam.

"Yes, that may be a fact, and some of the plainest truths have been told by a liar, but the liar ain't the man that fills the world with truth. But I still insist that I'm talkin' about the average man, and I don't think the average man is lazy. The brightest minds have had the most beautiful thoughts, enjoyed mebbly by the few, but it is the work of the average mind that has built up civilization. If every mind had been as great as Shakespeare's, the world would have been a whirlwind of ideas, like light'nin' bugs in a swamp, and there wouldn't have been anybody to stoop low enough to 'fill food out of the ground. There wouldn't have been anything to farm, and the universe would have been a great mental starvation. There is more happiness in bein' able to enjoy the wisdom of the wisest than to be the wisest. Wisdom is sometimes a sort of savior, crucified for the benefit of mankind. A man at the top is a little too lonesome, I should think, and we'd get mighty tired havin' to look down all the time. In my blunderin' way I've read some of the great books, and it don't seem to me that the writers of them were happy. I can understand that a new and surprisin' thought aboutin' through a man's mind would thrill him to his marrow, but after a great light there is always darkness, after a great joy a correspondin' sorrow. And no matter how many big words a man may have, he feels things that he can't tell about. In every drop of our blood there is a thought that can't be expressed. I can't explain the feelin' that comes over me when I see two game roosters fight. All I can do is jest to open my mouth and holler."

"A lout wearing one sumpster, a hickory shirt and a white cotton hat came up, grinning, and with an air of confidence and importance such as nothing save the consciousness of a momentous mission could lend, blurted out: 'Gentlemen, ther's goin' to be a transaction in feathers over here in Aitcherson's stable. It has been

lowed that a little red rooster from up the creek can put outen business a black fanim from down in the holler, and—"

But he had said enough. Old Lim got up and dusted the seat of his trousers. Out of his mouth he threw his quid of tobacco, as if he had been invited to eat of some delicate dish. His nature, and his reading, taken up long after the children had quit school, told him that to fight chickens was a wanton cruelty. But he argued that they were going to fight anyway, and that the mere fact of his looking on would not add to their suffering. Man suffered for man and it was called heroism. Man killed chickens and devoured them. He gave them no chance for their lives. To be a conqueror was the greatest joy of the male portion of the animal kingdom. To be killed in a fight did not render the chickens unfit for food. If anyone wanted to eat them, and besides, it offered an opportunity to die game, and that ought to be looked upon as the crowning glory of any life. Old Squire Brizintine looked at Lim. They belonged to the same church, or at least formed a part of the same congregation, having married religious women. They both of them had on many an occasion announced their belief in the Book from "end to end." And old Brizintine looked at him and said:

"Limuel, is it possible you are rooin' over there to see them roosters fight?"

"Well, Squire, my goin' won't make 'em hit none the harder."

"But your presence will lend encouragement."

"They don't need no encouragement, Squire. They'll fight quick enough as it is."

"I mean that it will lend encouragement to the young men of the community."

"Well, I don't think they need any encouragement neither. And, besides, if I don't go myself I won't know which ones of them to lecture for gold."

"Ah, another view of the matter. I'll go with you."

While they were arming the warriors with glistening steel, Sam Niles cried out that he would put his money on the little red.

"Which one would you bet on, Uncle Lim?" inquired Pud Buck.

"Pud, you know I never bet."

"But if you did bet, which one?"

"There ain't no possibility of such a thing."

"Well, then, in your judgment—and I know it's good—which one do you think will whup?"

"The black one," said Lim, and on that chicken Pud put his money.

"Limuel," remarked Squire Brizintine, "nothin' could induce us to bet on such wicked contrivances, but I think your judgment is at fault. The little red will be the master."

"Well," Lim replied, "money shouts louder and can be heard further than words—but then, we don't bet."

"Limuel, that is a truth well uttered. But I tell you what I'll do: If that black chicken whups the red one I'll come over and work a day in your corn field. That is, if you agree to work for me if I tater one whup."

"I'll agree to that, Squire, but I want it understood that we ain't a bettin'."

"Of course not. Why, if Brother Haney, the preacher, should think we'd bet—but we wouldn't. However, we don't mind workin' for each other."

"Bein's as we are neighbors and 'ave been for nigh on to 50 year," said Lim.

"Exactly, Limuel. I may safely say exactly."

"The roosters were put into the 'pit.' Glossy embodiments of desperate valor, their eyes burned like coals. About their necks their feathers curled in a fringe. And then they struck. From Little Red a feather flew, catching a ray of sunlight, a brilliant flash from an angered mind; and they struck again and Black went down, bleeding from the head. 'One, two, three, four—' but up he came with a defiant growl. 'Git him down, old boy,' shouted Lim. 'Undercut there and finish him. Love me, love me, Black. Keep me out of the hot sun. Don't let 'em say my judgment was bad. Look out for them sort of swipes. Steady there. He's look out. Hold on, hold on. His dead.'

Victorious Red flapped his wings. "Limuel," said Squire Brizintine, "come over day after to-morrow and see me. You'll find me in the creek bottom field."

Old Lim wiped his brow. "Gentlemen," said he, "I took that chicken simply because Sam Niles backed tuther one. Many a wise man has done a fool thing simply because a fool got to the smart thing first. 'Squire, I'll see you day after to-morrow.'"

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I've Been Thinking

By Charles Battell Loomis

THINK it was Zangwill whosaid that, like a poet, a gentleman was born, not made. The same aphorism can be applied to the opposite sex. A true lady is born, not made.

Being born a lady she can be improved by education and by refining influences, but she will not suddenly begin to be a lady, she will always have been one; while if she was not born a lady no amount of education or refinement or stimulating environment will make her a true lady.

She may educate herself to become a very passable imitation of a lady by cultivating her sense of her obligations to her brothers and sisters in this world.

She may act the part so often and so well that after a time she will convince people that she is a lady; but if she only takes the trouble to be born one, if she will only choose for her ancestors kindly, unselfish people, she will be apt to start her life with the chief requisites, and then, no matter what her education may be, she will be a lady, she will always have been one; while if she was not born a lady no amount of education or refinement or stimulating environment will make her a true lady.

And to be a true woman is to be the best possible kind of lady.

U was a coward. No man save himself knew it for he had been fortunate enough to keep the knowledge of it from others. But he knew that he was a coward.

He admired bravery very much. He read tales of heroes with keen pleasure, and he wished that the gods had given him the quality of courage. But he was nevertheless a coward.

When the Spanish war broke out he saw his friends go to the front and he envied them. They will do brave deeds and be admired of men, he thought, but I who am a coward must stay at home with the women.

And he loved a girl and was loved in return by her. And she did not know that he was a coward. But well he knew that he was.

And as the weeks went by and much fighting had been done and yet he had not offered up his manhood for the cause his sweetheart grew impatient and asked him what kept him at home. And he could not answer her. For he would not admit that he was a coward save to himself.

Then as she importuned him to go he weighed his chances. If I go, he may not see actual service, but she cannot twit me with cowardice. I will risk it for my soul's peace.

And he enlisted. And for many months fortune favored him and he saw no active service. But yet his knees shook daily when he thought of the possibilities of the future.

And at last he was ordered into battle, and because his moral cowardice outweighed his physical fear and he feared ridicule more than he feared danger he exposed himself to the fire of the enemy. And he was unharmed, but his fellows said, he is a brave man.

And his first battle was his last also, for the war ended on that day and he went home. And the papers and his comrades spoke of his bravery, and his sweetheart accepted him at his reputed valuation and they were married.

But his life was embittered, for he hated hypocrisy and in his heart of hearts he knew that he was still a coward.

Clothes That Come High. Clothes, the kind that are spelled with a capital "C," mount to a price that would seem like fiction if you had not found it reality. There are shops along Fifth avenue where one buys a gown or hat—that is, one would if one had the money—as a collector buys a Corot or a Rubens. The artist—O dear, no! nothing so plebeian as a dressmaker or a milliner—herself wears, say, a costume of lace with a rope of pearls to her knees. She meets her customers in a reception room where oriental rugs hush the footfall and softly shaded lights blend the colorings in the decorations. She looks my lady over. The hired designers, the fitters, the needle-women do the rest. And the bill comes in \$20 to \$150 for a hat, \$300 to \$2,500 for a gown. There are plenty of prices like that in New York. Then there are others that gently let you down, down until you strike prevailing rock bottom at about \$15 for only the making of a gown and \$25 for a hat that is a hat.—Broadway Magazine.

New York Church Attendance. Each Roman Catholic church in New York city averages twice as many attendants in Sunday services as the individual churches of any other denomination of Christians.

THE BOUDOIR INDUCE SLEEP

Leather and Wicker Work Furnishings Coming Into Greater Vogue Than Ever

Burnishings, ornaments and really useful things are done this season. For the first time, in a combination of rattan and skin that is most attractive, all colors and shades being shown, so that there will be no difficulty in matching the girls' favorite.

Among them are the quaintest foot-stools, rather low and long, fashioned on colonial lines. They have handles, like rounds, at either end on the top; there are little legs, and the surface on which to rest the feet is done in Russia leather. These stools are in red, tans, blues, yellows and the like, the leather in all cases matching the rattan.

For the girls' parasols and umbrellas there are most fascinating stands woven in wicker, with finish of leather. They are about three feet high, and are square rather than round. From the wooden bottom they flare gracefully at the top, and the back is about two inches higher than the front. It is not only useful but extremely smart looking, making the prettiest possible receptacle for dainty parasols.

Some collar boxes attract attention because of their new shape. Neither round nor oval, they come nearer to being oblong, and the outside is beautifully polished wicker. The cover is removable—that is to say, it has no hinge, but a silk cord fastened to the inside of the center at the bottom ends in a similar place on the cover. The inner finish is leather, corresponding to the outside in color, and a leather piping is visible from within on the cover edge. Glove boxes are similar except in shape.

For the girl who goes away to make visits there are the most fascinating medicine cases to put in her trunk. In size they vary from eight to 12 inches in length and from five to seven in width. The top turns back like an old-fashioned workbox, to show a soft leather padded interior. Fastened to the cover are an ivory spoon for medicine, a dropper, a clinical thermometer and scissors, useful for cutting a small bandage or plaster.

Within the bottom of the case are a small glass, a tiny serviette, several empty bottles, silver topped, and a couple of small boxes to be used for powder.

Anything more lovely and smart looking than the new writing tables done in wicker and leather is not to be imagined. The table itself is wicker, most graceful as to line. Across the back is a set of pigeon holes, the whole being severely plain and leather finished, but beautiful because of the material, polish and shade.

The actual table top is also wicker, but attached to it are two leather flaps, only sufficiently smaller to give an effect of wicker edging. These open back from the middle to show a large blotter mounted in leather.

A SUBSTITUTE for the TEA TABLE



as a serving table during the dinner. One of its convenient points, really the most important, is the curtained cabinet provided with two shelves underneath, where cups and saucers may be tucked away to keep them free from dust. A complete tea service can be concealed behind the dainty curtains ready for use at a moment's notice. Unless one has perfectly trained servants and a number of them the tea table is apt to be neglected. It should be kept fresh and dainty all the time.

If the tea cabinet has a position in the sitting room or library, then it may fulfill the office of a book shelf or magazine rack. The top may be piled with handsome volumes, while the curtained interior may be used for the tea things. It makes an excellent place for magazines, keeps them separate from the books, and one always knows where to find them.

A part of the curtained section may be converted into a bookcase by having partitions put down the sides, giving the space in the center to the tea set and that at either side to small books. In this case the top is left for any use or decoration one likes. It offers a charming stand for flowers and bric-a-brac.

This silk or cretonne curtains give an effective finish. These should match the furnishings of the room. Where the cabinet stands in a country house or in a woman's sitting room, then cretonne is more suitable. For a library or living room something darker is more desirable. Exquisite shadings, like old tapestries, are to be found among the newest cretonne and cotton fabrics for decorations.

of gold paint and a shabby or faded hat. A little bronze paint might be added if the gold shade is too bright, and all that is required is to paint the straw. Green velvet and cherries adorned this model (which, by the way, could be purchased for \$25). Another color that goes well with gold hats is the gray-blue tone. Black, however, is smarter than either, especially when a little fluffy white is added.—Washington Star.

Accessories. For morning wear the trig, well-fitting shirtwaist, with silk tie and immaculate linen collar is the correct thing. These are made in heavy linen, plique and madras, and the newest fads is to make them up in the fancy striped shirtings which hitherto have been used entirely for men's attire. The plain fronts gathered into shaped shoulder yokes, and the box-plaited models are the favorite designs.

Covers Many Faults. Success has a great tendency to conceal and throw a veil over the evil deeds of men.

To Remodel Old Hats. Among a group of handsome spring hats the writer noticed two or three that were of golden straw, which suggested possibilities as to what might be accomplished with a ten-cent bottle

She Did Her Duty by Him. One Monday morning the colored "wash lady" did not arrive at the usual hour to do the weekly washing of a family residing in a Pennsylvania town.

When she appeared some time later the mistress of the house descended to the kitchen and was greatly edified by the woman's explanation.

"No'm"—carefully removing a hat ornamented by a voluminous black veil—"I wasn't sick. I had to stay home to receive my diseased brother's remainders that was sent from Pittsburgh day before yesterday."—Lippincott's.

No Occasion for It. "My dear," said the old man to his only daughter on the morning of her wedding day, "I don't see how I am going to get along without you."

"Now, don't let that worry you, papa," replied the fair maid, as she adjusted her bridal veil. "George confessed to me last night that he hadn't enough money even to buy a second-hand stove, so instead of losing me it looks as if we were going to stay right with you."

Responsive. The lecturer had announced that among the Athabascans, on the Koskowiak river, the females were supreme.

"Pardon me for the interruption," said a resolute looking spinster, "but I must go."

"Are you ill?" asked the speaker, with proper concern.

"Never better," responded the departing, "but I'm hitting the trail for the Koskowiak."

Thoughtless. "Why doesn't Mrs. Flighty wear that pink dress with her red hair?"

"She probably bought the dress before she changed from a brunette."

The more a woman tries to look young the more she doesn't.

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