

# WHAT A FORMER OREGON FARMER THINKS OF WEST-ERN CANADA.

Albert Nelson left Benton Co., Oregon, in Sept., 1904, for the great Canadian prairies. To quote from his letter: "I was greatly surprised to find such an immense stretch of rich virgin prairie still almost unoccupied in the very heart of North America. The splendid crops of oats, wheat, barley, potatoes and hay I beheld in the settlements made me very eager for a piece of this rich soil, and I soon located in the Goose Lake country. We have here a great stretch of the rich, deep clay loam of the Saskatchewan—a soil heavy and hard to break, but particularly well adapted for the retention of moisture and production of the bright No. 1 hard wheat, and great crops of oats, barley, flax and potatoes. I had 60 bushels of oats, weighing 41 lb. to the bushel, per acre. Some of my neighbors had still greater yields. Wheat yielded from 20 to 30 bushels per acre. We have all done well here, and I could name many Americans who came here with means to go ahead, who have done so already. For homesteads one has to go further west, but the best prairie can be bought here for \$12.00 to \$16.00 per acre. The climate is dry and healthy. This is the regular Saskatchewan fall weather—frosty nights, and bright, sunny days—ideal for threshing and hauling out of wheat. The trails are dusty, as thousands of wheat teams are moving towards the elevators.

"The sight of it makes one stop and wonder what it will be in a few years when the immense prairies get under cultivation. Heavy snowfall is the exception here. Snow generally falls in December and goes off in March. It sometimes gets very cold, but the Saskatchewan farmer does not fear the cold. Winter is his season of rest. The first or second crop he builds a comfortable house for himself, and warm stables for his horses. He need not, like some, be poking about in the mud all winter attending a few beasts for a livelihood."

## ATTENUATED.



Ho—See, Samantha, that shows how terribly thin some folks are.

## GOVERNMENT CAREY ACT OPENING OF IRRIGATED LAND.

MAY 6, the State of Wyoming Will Sell 100 Irrigated Farms at 50c per acre at Cooper Lake, Wyo. to those who have made applications for WATER RIGHTS NOW ON SALE at \$5 per acre cash and \$3 per acre annually for ten years. Free railroad fare, sleeping and dining car accommodations and FREE DEED TO TWO TOWN LOTS to all applying BEFORE MAY 1. Applications and particulars furnished by TALLMADGE-BUNTIN LAND CO., Agents, Railway Exchange, Chicago. Agents wanted.

## Ample Reason.

During the trial of a man who had made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide, a lawyer had bedegged the witnesses to an exasperating degree, and evidently intended to pursue the same course with a taeck appearing little Irishman who next took the stand.

"You say you talked with the accused an hour after his attempt?" the lawyer demanded.

"Oh, did," was the direct reply.

"And did he give any reason for attempting to commit suicide?"

"He did, an' it was a good reason."

"Well, and what reason did he give?"

"Sure, an' he said he wanted to kill himself," Pat answered, and for a moment even his honor could not control his laughter.—Harper's Weekly.

## Wanted Longer Sermons.

It was a proud boast one clergyman made to two or three others who were having a quiet chat in his study the other night—namely, that he had actually on one occasion been asked to make his service, both prayers and sermon, a bit longer.

His brethren regarded him with superstitious awe, and one asked, feebly: "Where on earth was that?"

"Well, boys," was the frank confession, "it was with a goal where I acted as chaplain for a short time. The poor beggars decided to leave the church for their cells."

## FRANK J. CHENEY'S CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY'S CURE is the only medicine that cures the disease known as CATARRH OF THE BLADDER, and that said cure will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATHARTIC CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Notary Public, 1015 Broadway, New York City.

## Alas, How True!

"I often wonder," remarked Mr. Stubb, in solemn reflection, "if the last man on earth will have the last word."

"Of course he will, John," laughed Mrs. Stubb.

"But why are you so sure?"

"Because the last woman will give it to him."

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-valet just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

## A Distinction.

She—I suppose your uncle didn't fail to remember you in his will?

He—it was scarcely a remembrance—more like a faint recollection.

# Merry Moments With Humorists

## Her Irrelevance

By Judd Mortimer Lewis.

"The trouble with most women," said Jinx when they had finished lunch, and he was idly constructing a snap-dragon, with the aid of five very brittle toothpicks and a well-pleased and non-brittle feeling of satisfaction with the day and his own part in the events thereof, "is that they never give complete attention to the subject under discussion."

"Did you like the steak we had for lunch?" interrupted Mrs. Jinx, with an interested and sympathetic smile. "I have found a new butcher, a little Dutchman; he has opened up where Woderburn used to keep."

"As I was about to state, when you interrupted me with an entirely irrelevant remark, the average woman only gives semi-attention to anything that is being said, and nine times out of a possible ten when she opens her mouth it is to give utterance to some thought entirely foreign to the matter forming the subject of the conversation. Some months ago when Orville Wright was experimenting with his aerodrome at Fort Meyer, and when the eyes of the entire world were fixed upon him and the papers were full of the wonderful flights he was making, a friend of mine took his wife to see the trials of the machine, and, as Wright and his machine rose into the air and soared like a huge, beautiful and majestic bird, with nothing but the blue heaven for a background, the man watched his wife and waited for her to make some remark, feeling sure that she would give expression to some thought or utter some expression of amazement that would be worth treasuring along with the memory of the day and the intrepid aero-

naut's wonderful feat. Swiftly and majestically the huge white-winged flier circled the field, turned and swung back until it appeared to poise directly above them, and Wright could be plainly seen with his feet braced against some part of the apparatus. "Why," exclaimed my friend's wife, "he is wearing low-necked tans, isn't he?"

"Take yourself, for instance. When I told you that that garter snake which



"I See You Have Purchased a New Pair of Trousers."

you killed the other day was a boa constrictor, if you had given the matter the thousandth part of your attention you would have known that such a thing was utterly impossible; but

## Some of the Best Things Written by the Acknowledged Masters.

no, you made some remark about your last year's hat and we went into the house, and I never dreamed for a moment that you had even heard what I said; then when I saw you and Mrs. Rheinbecker talking over the fence that evening and I walked over to join you, just in time to hear you tell her that you had killed a boa constrictor.

"I see you have purchased a new pair of trousers," responded she, rising and preparing to clear the table.

"Pants, dear pants," replied her better half, dropping his hands to his side in helpless resignation. "My income will need to be at least twice its present size before I can afford trousers."

That night in the stygian blackness of the midnight that enshrouded him Jinx felt the springs shake, and he had a feeling that amounted to almost a certainty that Mrs. Jinx was cautiously getting out of bed. Then the whisper-like sound of bare feet cautiously carrying their own care across the room, and, after that, a prolonged though almost suppressed rustling of garments, followed by a noise like that made by a bare shin striking a chair, followed by a sibilant exclamation, then a noise like some person groping leaving the room. A few moments later Jinx was peering through a crack in the kitchen door watching his wife angrily examining a pair of pearl gray pants.

"Did you sleep well?" asked Jinx at breakfast.

"Yes!" snapped Mrs. Jinx.

"Did you notice, dear, that these new pants are made like those of Gov. Patterson's of Tennessee, without pockets?"

"No, I didn't notice it, but I want you to give me some change before you go to town!"

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## One More Unfortunate

By Carolyn Wells.

"My dear," said Mr. Wise, to his wife, as she sat in their cosy sitting room, after the evening meal was over, "my dear, never let anybody inveigle you into attempting to do one of those picture puzzles."

"What are they, John?" inquired Mrs. Wise. "I've never seen one."

"I've never seen one, either," declared her husband, "and I hope I never shall. The boys at the bank today were talking about them, and of all the unpeppable foolishness they are the worst! Only an idiot would waste hours of good time putting over ridiculous little scraps of jigsaw wood!"

"Oh, jig-saw puzzles? No, I've never seen one, but Mrs. Carter, who was at our Woman's Culture club today, said they were great fun, and she said she'd send over one for me to try."

"She did, did she? Well, you'll send it back to her unopened. I won't have

"She may be a good neighbor, but she's a fool woman! Here, I'll just show you what sort of tommy-rot she wastes her time over!"

Jerking off the string, Mr. Wise dumped the contents of the box on a small table.

"Where is the picture to copy from?" asked his wife.

"There isn't any! I know that, because the boys at the bank said so."

"Then can you make up any sort of a picture you want to?"

"Oh, Hannah! Commend me to a woman for fool questions. No, I suppose it's this way. You see this little piece is part of a horse's bridle, you can see the mane; so there must be a horse in the picture, and perhaps a rider on him."

"Oh, yes; here's a bit of the rider's face."

"And here's his spear, or lance, or whatever you call it."

## Harry Lauder's First Job

The Comedian Failed as Barry Pickler Because He Couldn't "Whussle."

I would be about ten or eleven years of age when I got my first "job." It was to pick strawberries for a market gardener whose ground was not far away from our house. One of the conditions laid down was that the boys employed in the strawberry beds should "whussle" all the time they were at work—obviously a contemptible dodge for getting behind the Biblical instruction which forbids the muzzling of the ox that treadeth out the corn.

"Can ye whussle, Harry?" said the gardener to me when I asked for a job.

"No, sir, I canna whussle—I never learned," was my reply; and it was truthful—more or less.

"Are ye an honest boy?" was his next question.

"Yes, sir, very honest," says I.

Now, the gardener had no earthly right to engage a boy to pick strawberries who couldn't whistle, and the natural result was that before the day was far spent I collapsed—too few strawberries in Harry's basket and too many elsewhere. I was ill for three days, at the end of which time I went boldly up to the gardener and demanded my pay for the day I had been in his employment.

"Wages for stealin' my berries!" exclaimed the man, in a towering passion. "I'll give ye the police officer, ye young rascal."

I meekly suggested that I hadn't

stolen his berries; I had eaten them.

"Well," was the reply, "ye'll eat nae mair here; ye're sacked!"

So I left. And that was the end of my first job!—Harry Lauder, in Strand Magazine.

## Feeling and Character.

Spiritual strength consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and a strong command over them.

Now it is here that we make a great mistake: we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who hears all before him—before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the house quake—because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he is mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by his power of the feelings which he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him.—Frederick W. Robertson.

## Twentieth Century Progress.

"I've got a bright idea for my new farce," said the up-to-date young dramatist. "Instead of opening with a housemaid dusting the furniture and telling the audience the plot, I'm going to bring on a vacuum cleaner with phonographic attachment."

## gump of me, don't you think?"—New York Sun.

He Liked Chicken, But— It was in a crowded subway train, says the New York Press. The Saturday afternoon maine-goers filled the cars, and as a small tidal wave of femininity swept along, one was borne on its crest who was attired as Solomon never was. If her costume was striking, however, her headgear was appalling with its burden of plumes and ribbon. A meek, mouse-like man read a paper beside her, and as she turned her head from side to side her long plumes tickled his ear and brushed his mouth. He stood it as long as he could, but when a sudden toss of her head drew an exasperating feathery fringe sharply across his lips he folded up his paper in disgust.

"Madam," he said, witheringly, "I like chicken, out not the feathers!"

## Not a Romance.

"Dear heart," she murmured. "Only 20 cents a pound," explained the butcher. "I think I'll take some liver."

## FOR THE SUMMER

### Forecast of Materials and Styles That Will Be Popular in the Warm Months.

It is not known definitely before March or April what to expect of spring and summer modes. In the matter of materials the problem of choice should not be more confusing than usual. The first of the year always brings out an advance choosing of summer materials and clever women have learned to pick up some of these materials and trimmings instead of trusting to the mid-season display.

The lingerie frocks are chiefly of the type popular last summer, with clinging blouse and skirt set together with waistband of lace or embroidery, and this waistband is located according to the caprice of the designer. The stumbling block for the designer of the sheer summer frock at present is the skirt.

The clinging directoire skirt or plain, close-fitting circular skirt is all very well for simple satins, crepes, broadcloths, etc., but for batiste, lawn and other summer materials it is hardly possible, even when a cleverly fitted slip is worn under it, and for the genuine tub frock the thing is out of the question.

It will be interesting to see what the developments will be along this line later in the season, but in this advance stage of the game makers are merely experimenting and some of the experiments show skillfully gored, close-fitting tops with plaiting introduced below. For example, one of these frocks made for a southern wardrobe was of batiste and had lines of inset valenciennes insertion bordered by thin frills of lace running down from the waistband half way down the skirt in front and sides, this part of the skirt being quite closely fitted.

Each line of trimming is finished at the bottom with a motif of lace and from this motif starts a group of plaits, three in number, giving sufficient fullness to the filmy material at the bottom of the skirt. The bodice of this little model is good, too, and simple enough to be easily copied by a home seamstress. Small batiste covered buttons are set along lines of insertion in the sleeves and bodice front, forming the only decoration.

The long sleeve is seen in all the sheer frocks and many women will sigh regretfully next summer for the short sleeves of yesterday. A pretty 'long sleeve is almost as much of a problem as the skirt, and the sleeve tucked regularly or in groups has been done to death this winter, so that, though it will doubtless be the model most common in the summer frocks, the fastidious will strive hard to get away from it.

## HEALTH IN DANCE

### Can Be Made to Take the Place of Regular Gymnastic Exercises.

The dancing that girls should do that they may acquire health and grace is not done on the waxed floor of a ball-room, but on the rough concrete or canvas floor of a gymnasium, or even the carpet of a bedroom.

Before the recent furor for artistic dancing that has gained such an impetus in the last year or two with watching Genee, Isadora Duncan and Gertrude Hoffman, our women had learned the benefit of what is called athletic dancing.

To wait or two step well develops a swaying grace and is essential to social success, but its benefit on the health may be questioned. The hour at which social dancing is done, not to mention the heated room, tight clothes and rich food late at night, does not make it a great health builder.

Athletic dancing, on the other hand, builds up the muscles of the legs, ankles and back, increases the endurance of the heart and gives the whole body more poise and grace. There is much swaying of the body and use of the arms, so that every muscle is brought into play.

Many of the old folk dances are adapted to this work and when the steps are once learned they can be practiced instead of regular gymnastic exercises in one's own room. A half hour of such dancing is said to be equal to a five-mile walk, and if the windows are thrown open during the practice there can be no more healthful form of athletic work for girls.

In getting rid of fleshy hips this gymnastic dancing is one of the latest fads, and the woman who suffers with weak ankles or if she is inclined to stumble and walk uncertainly will find it beneficial.

As the muscles of the legs get more exercise than those of the upper part of the body, it is well to alternate the dancing with dumb-bell or wand movements to equalize control of all muscles in the body.

## Style of Hat Frame to Remain.

When you buy a new hat for this year you will be perfectly safe to buy the cloche shape, the kind that comes down on the head, giving the effect of a high crown and no brim. You have been familiar with this style for the past few months, made up in fur, usually lynx or fox, but now the time has come to wear the same shape made up of flowers. Of these, faded roses and violets seem to be the most popular and the most effective, although bluetts or any other small flower would look just as well.

White embroidered linen collars continue to be used for shirt waists.

## CONSOLING.

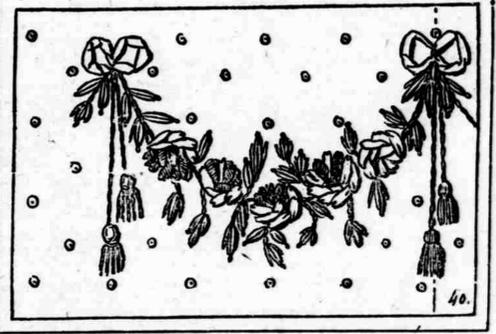
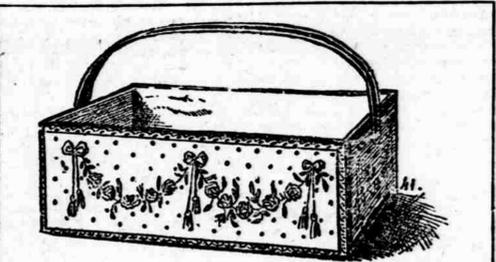
Artist—Yes, my art is my fortune. Model (cheerily)—Never mind. Poverty is no crime.

## Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

## No Luxuries.

"Why, you've got the grip, old man." "I have not. I can't afford to quit work and go to bed. This is merely a darned bad cold."

## Work Basket



Anything that is both novel and useful such as this basket is sure to be appreciated. An oblong wicker basket might be used, though a lightly made wooden box, or a strong cardboard one, would answer as well. Our model is lined, first with a layer of wadding, then with satin in a delicate shade of pink. The satin for the outside is light olive-green, embroidered in pink flowers, green foliage and pale blue bows worked with China sibbon, the groundwork being studied all over with gilt sequins, fixed by small gilt beads. This is stretched tightly over the outside, and is fixed by secotine at the edges, which are made neat by silk and tinsel galloon also fixed by secotine. The handle is a strip of double cord or buckram covered with satin and trimmed with galloon, the ends sewn or fixed to the outside ends of basket by small brass tacks.

The bottom should be covered with linen or saten to make it neat. A pretty piece of brocade or even printed linen might be used instead of the embroidery.

## PASSING OF THE "SHOW GIRL"

All the World Relieved by Her Demise and That of the Spearman.

The medicine man, did you ever stop to think how grateful the public ought to be these days? Why? Simply because the chorus man who carried the spear has gone into the dust box of oblivion. Do you remember him? He used to look like a professional mourner, and you could count the pads he used to help out nature or himself.

And then, too, there's the happy passing away of the "show girl." What a relief! You remember that you always wondered what in the world was the reason for that third one from the end anyway. And they would all ways walk to the footlights and look at the audience as though it hurt them, their noses tilted as though some over ripe Camambert were within hailing distance, and then they would all nod in unison and look marvelously useless. They were marvelous, and how they managed to stay as long as they did has always puzzled me. But I do know that when she and the old padded carry-the-spear man died the whole world heaved a sigh of happy relief.—Marie Cahill in New York Herald.

Sextets.

Lucia di Lammermoor sniffed. "Artistically," she exclaimed, with killing emphasis, "my sextet is the best ever."

"Now, wouldn't that poison your cigarette?" retorted Floradora, tossing her head.

And all the world of departed shades laughed to behold the jealousy of these two remarkable women.—Puck.

A Rebuff.

Fraternal Insurance Agent.—Madam, does your husband belong to the Ready Workers?

Mrs. Chisel (slamming the door).—No; and he isn't one of the readily worked, either.

## "Everybody Has," says a Leland Stanford University professor, which seems to make the Amnias club unanimous.

Peru is in a bad way financially and wants to borrow \$5,000,000. Is mental healing supplanting the general use of quinine?

As if the perils of pedestrianism were not sufficient already, an eastern genius has invented an automobile for the blind.

## GOOD STORY TO POINT MORAL.

Told by Rabbi Krauskopf, Who Believes in Divorce.

"Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, our eloquent preacher," said a Philadelphian, "sees good rather than evil in the frequency of American divorce. He sees in it a sign that American wives will not endure the treatment that European wives put up with. He sees in it a promise that the married men of the future will live better."

"Discussing the divorce question the other day, he told me that they who perceived only evil in it reminded him, in their illogical and confused viewpoint, of a little boy with whom he once took a stroll.

"As they strolled, they passed the young girls of a neighboring boarding school out on their daily walk. The girls moved in military formation, two by two. In front were the youngest, in skirts to their knees. Next came the older ones, in the order of their ages, their skirts lengthening with their years. And in the rear came the oldest of all, the young ladies, whose skirts hid even their boots.

"The little boy looked at the girls. Then he frowned and said: "Why is it that their legs grow shorter as they grow bigger?"

Iundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thickly because of its greater strength than other makes.



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