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COLD FEET IN HOT POKER

Embarrassing Moments that Will Creep Into the Merry Game of Draw.

CHRONICLE OF A SESSION IN IDAHO

Three Sheepmen and a Stranger Who Had to Catch a Train—A Bridgroom's Plea—An Imperative Engagement.

"Some rainy afternoon, when I've got nothing to do but sit indoors and wait for people to come and hand me money, I'm going to write a treatise to be entitled 'Poker Cold Feet, from a Pathological and Psychological Point of View,'" said "Doc" Ladd of the Cherokee nation to a Chicago Inter-Ocean reporter. "Not that I cherish the belief that the grisly symptoms of cold feet in poker are not fully apprehended by the whole community of poker players; but it seems to me that the nature and character of cold feet in poker, together with some general tips as to how and when to get the same, and perhaps a map of the United States showing by shaded sections those parts of the country where it isn't healthful for a man who's a big winner suddenly to acquire a case of frigid pedis in a game of draw, would be a good thing, and that it ought to sell pretty well. We're all subject to sudden attacks of frappe underpinnings when we're out in a game of draw, but all of us don't just exactly know how to get away with the proposition. The work of some of us when we get that way is pretty coarse; we're not convincing enough to make it stick, and it occasionally happens that we have real difficulty, or embarrassment, in the least, in breaking out into the open with the goods on us. That's why I think a brochure on the subject ought to make a hit."

"I once sat in a game with three sheepmen out in Idaho. I didn't know any of them very well. From the beginning of the soiree I couldn't lose. I was due to take the midnight train on the Union Pacific for a town in Oregon, but I hadn't said anything about that before sitting in the game. And when I went right out and got their money in gools, I didn't feel that it would be exactly dead weight on my part to mention it. At 11 o'clock, after three hours' play, I had \$1,850 of their money and still going easy, yanking down three pots out of five. In another hour I had to make that train, and I knew that I could never do it with all that gilt of those sheepmen on me. Said I to myself: 'Five hundred's a good enough winner; so I'll just slouch off all but \$500 of this bunch, and by that time it'll be midnight, and I can do a sudden cash-in, and maybe they'll let me go away with it.'"

"So I began to bluff 'em out of their bonks. I raised it before the draw and stood put on king high, and they counsel said it down; I drew to three-card flush and filled 'em; I'll hold out a dead one to a pair, and it seemed to be simply impossible for me to push any portion of that \$1,850 over to them."

Didn't Want to Be Porons.
"On the contrary, inside of another half hour I was \$600 more to the good of them, making me \$2,450 winner. I knew that I couldn't get away with all that, but with sheepmen on the other side of the table, and I didn't want 'em to render me porous and leaky with the forty-fives that they had strapped in plain view around their waists. Neither did I want to do any backing and filling and crav-fishing. I'd got their money on the level, and it was mine; and if I couldn't lose it back to them decently and in order at the same game at which I'd got it away from them, then it was up to me to do something else. The tempers of the three

sheepmen were pretty craggy by this time, and I didn't know what to expect of them; but ten minutes before the train was due, just after I'd hosed in another jackpot worth \$150, I pushed back my chair, stretched my arms, yawned quite cavernously and got up."

"My friends," said I, hanging on tight to the back of my chair, "I'm not going to let this conclude my portion of the entertainment."

"They all leaned back in their chairs and looked up at me, and they looked darned ugly, at that."

"Yes," said I, still fighting that tendency of my voice to wobble on critical occasions, "this is where I pass out. I'm going to—"

"Feel a draft on your feet, hey?" said the queer of the sheepmen, surveying me sardoniously. "Subject to chilblains, are you? Look a-here, potner, that may go all right down in the Cherokee country, but up this way such conduct is viewed with disfavor, if not with suspicion; and, anyhow, you're not well acquainted enough around this neck of sage brush to do a jack rabbit scramble of that sort. You've got to know."

"I cleared my throat loudly, took a grip on the back of my chair, and cut in right there."

"I'm up against it, in a way," I said, and I don't think there was a quaver in my pipes then, "on account of my negligenceness. I neglected to state, when I sat into this game, that I booked for the westbound train that creeps in here at midnight; consequently, in accordance with the poker code that's lived up to in this section, it's probably not up to me to make that announcement now, when I'm 'way to the good and expect to hike with my winnings. It's coming to me to state, however, that I'm a square man, and that I got this bunch in strictly on-the-level. But the business that I'm embarking on this midnight train for is of a whole lot more importance to me than any poker winnings; and I'm not trying to butt the hinges off any unwritten poker rules or notions that may prevail up this way. Therefore, for the sake of being agreeable, I'll just cash in the \$100 worth of chips that I bought when I sat in, and you gentlemen may make whatever division of my winnings that best suits you."

"The three sheepmen listened attentively to that speech. It was the only way I knew to get out of the predicament. As I tell it now it may look as if I showed the milk-white plums; but they were three against one and I never went a-hunting for that kind of bonks. When I got through they looked at each other. Then they all got up."

exactly similar situation come out altogether differently. This happened in Tucson, about eight years ago. George McAlpin, an ex-soldier of the cavalry, regular army, was the man who got the cold feet. McAlpin had cleaned up all the money drawn from the government by three troops of cavalry during his five-year enlistment, and when he got his discharge he was several thousand dollars to the good, so that he didn't want any more soldiering in his life. He played cards around Arizona and New Mexico, played square when the people on the other side of the table were doing the same, and phony when he knew that he was in that kind of a game. On this occasion McAlpin, who was a big, sinewy, courageous man, got into a game in a small room over a Tucson saloon with three California prospectors who had struck a silver lode in old Mexico, and who were in Tucson enjoying themselves. I looked on at the game, along with four or five other chaps who didn't feel like playing. McAlpin knew that he was playing with men that didn't manipulate the deck themselves nor stand for anybody else doing it, and he played fair. But the way he got the money of those silver men was a caution. He didn't have to bluff. He got the cards. He was over \$3,000 ahead of the game after two hours' play, and still winning. He shoved over all but one stack of chips then, saying to the banker:

"Just turn some of this junk into gilt. It obstructs my view."

"The banker cashed the checks, and then McAlpin shoved the remaining stack in front of him into a jackpot, and lost. He got up."

"I've got a date with myself at a honka-tonk down the way a bit," he said.

"The three prospectors became fierce all together. They knew that McAlpin was a professional gambler, and they weren't altogether sure that he had got their money on the square. At any rate, they didn't intend to permit him to get a sudden case of the polar grip when he was into them over a thousand each and the shank of the evening not yet arrived, and their hands went right straight back to where their guns protruded."

He went right out in the lead and won steadily. He hadn't started the game until after midnight, and before we knew it the light of dawn began to sneak in at the window, and the young man who managed the wholesale grocery had stuck us each up for something like \$500. When we saw the daylight creeping in he announced that it was pretty near all off as far as he was concerned, but he jollied him out of that notion, and he played on, winning right along. At 9 o'clock in the morning he gave a quick look at his watch, pushed back his chair, and said that he guessed he'd cash. "Quite without justification we all three set up the cold-feet wall."

"You won't do," we said to him. "You're a quarter-horse, and you can't go the distance. Can't you interest your shipmate about those cold feet later in the day? Here it is just—"

"The young man gazed at us helplessly, and then he broke out with:

"D— It all, I'm going to be married at 11 o'clock this morning, and I've got to go home and jump into my duds, haven't I?" "Of course we had to apologize for accusing him of being a victim of frozen loins; extremities, and I guess he started to housekeeping with that \$1,300 he took away from us."

The Reason Jim Quit.
"On another occasion I felt resentment in my soul over the desire of a man to quit, a wholesale winner and was just about to suggest the hot-water cure for his pedis when I was tipped off as to the situation in the nick of time. I got into a game with a sheriff I knew in a little town in south-east-

ern Colorado, and after we were well under way a dark-skinned chap, with a lot of Mexican in him, stuck his head in at the door of the sheriff's office, inside the jail, where we were playing."

"Come on in, Jim," said the sheriff. "Want to break into this?"

"The man the sheriff addressed as Jim didn't mind, and he went out for a minute and returned with a sizable sack filled with gold coins. He bought \$100 worth and the cards began to filter his way from the go-off. I was sorry the sheriff had invited the chap in before an hour was over, for he had more than \$200 of my piece of eight, and I didn't look like Jim knew how to lose at poker anyway he or we played it. He got into the sheriff just as hard as he did me, and the longer we played the more he won. Along about 2 o'clock in the morning Jim looked up at the clock and said that he guessed he'd pass out—that he had a few letters to write. I felt like being real rude to Jim, and I was just about to tell him that 2 o'clock was a pretty untoward hour for a man to pry himself loose from a game in which he was such a big winner, when the sheriff gave me a kick on the leg under the table. So I didn't say anything while Jim cashed in, and when he took me by the hand and bade me good-by with quite a whole lot more fervor than seemed to be called for under the circumstances, I wondered a heap just what kind of a proposition Jim was, anyhow. He packed his winnings into the bag he'd brought into the room and went out."

"Hu!" said I to my friend, the sheriff. "You took that good and easy, pal, didn't you? It's a wonder you wouldn't let out one roar, anyhow, over that fellow's hiking away with so much of your good dough in his gunnysack."

"My friend, the sheriff, spat at the stove and grinned dreamily."

"Well, maybe I would ha," said he, "en' I'm goin' to hang Jim at 7:30 this mornin' and I guess he wants to get ready for the little parade across the border."

"Jim was banged on schedule time, all right, and as he swung into the circumlocution I couldn't help but feel sort of guilty for thinking that he'd had cold feet when he drew out of that game."

BUCKED A KING.
Wild Raid on Rosny by a Wild West Broncho.

The little finger of the right hand of Colonel William E. Cody is encircled by a signet ring bearing the royal arms of Bavaria, and Buffalo Bill frequently wears in his scarf a pin emblazoned with a similar insignia. Back of those possessions, relates the Philadelphia Times, is a story that concerns the American broncho, regarding which there is much misapprehension in the public mind.

During the journey of the Wild West show to western Europe it exhibited in London during the time of the queen's peace jubilee. Among the distinguished royal guests there was the prince regent of Bavaria, Luitpold, and he was so entertained by the presentation of American ways in the far western country that he told Colonel Cody and his representative, Major Burke, that if they ever came to Bavaria to command him for any friendly service in his power. In 1890 the Wild West literary included a stay in Munich, but the advance representatives had difficulties presented in their path by the chief of police, among which was a law forbidding the bringing of horned animals into the kingdom from the empire of Austria through fear of infectious diseases. This meant the elimination of the buffaloes from the performance, and buffaloes meant much to people in that part of the world who had never seen them. These animals therefore were left at Innsbruck. In some way the prince regent had learned of this, and at 9 o'clock at night, through an equestrian, royal commands were issued to the head of the royal veterinary department and to the head of the customs service and to the head of the police that resulted in Buffalo Bill, when he awoke from slumber next morning, having his eyes heightened by seeing his cherished lions browsing upon the herbage of the Bavarian soil.

Major Burke were at an early luncheon given by the American consul in Munich. He said that he had heard discussions relating upon the integrity, as it were, of the viciousness of the bucking broncho, as displayed during the performance, some people claiming that sharp steel bars were placed beneath the saddle flaps, or that the animals were trained to do as they did. He, therefore, wished to see a broncho saddled by the exhibition manager, and he was told that the experiment was somewhat dangerous and he was asked to take a seat upon the grandstand. This he refused to do. A man named Gus Uhl—who is still with the Wild West show and carries with him a silver snuff box encrusted with sixteen diamonds as a memento of this episode in his life—selected the mildest-mannered broncho there was in the outfit, for fear that an accident might happen and he would never be forgiven. The prince regent inspected the equipments of the animal carefully and saw them adjusted and expressed himself satisfied that there was no arrangement made to irritate the equine. The broncho was headed toward its corral in the hope that it might buck in that direction, but with the persistency of its kind the moment Uhl mounted it it swerved directly around, put its head where its tail had been and made a blind, maddening dash toward the man who today acts as a buffer between Kaiser Wilhelm and much of the rest of Europe. A man connected with the show, and still connected with it, William Langan, had the nerve to jump between his royal highness and the creature that threatened his destruction. In the collision that ensued Langan and Luitpold both rolled in the dust, and as the crazy broncho flew over them he struck the hat of the prince regent and severed its top as if it had been cut by a razor. If his boots had been a fraction of an inch lower there would have been no more of Luitpold of Bavaria, and European historians might today be writing different records. Colonel Cody arrived at his camp in time to witness the prince regent, with a smiling face, dusting his dirt-begrimed clothing.

The Wild West show remained in Munich six weeks and before it left Buffalo Bill wore the ring and pin that have been referred to, and which were presented to him by Luitpold. The broncho that figured in this incident was thereafter named "King Killer." He has since gone the way of all equine flesh.

"After suffering from piles for fifteen years I was cured by using two boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve," writes W. J. Baxter, North Brook, N. C. It heals everything. Beware of counterfeits.

No Heaver.
Detroit Journal: We found the wan, hectic school-girl partaking of her frugal luncheon of stale pencils and pickles. "Why is it?" we asked, coming at once to the subject we had been fiercely debating with ourselves, "that you never skip rope until you fall dead any more?" "Why shouldn't I?" demanded she, brusquely. "Scientific cathartics are as easy as regards immediate results, perhaps, but they are far more ladylike." If she felt any regret for the old order of things, she did not show it.

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Miss Sentiment—Were you ever disappointed in love?
Eligible Widower—Two and a half times.
Miss Sentiment—Two and a half times.
Eligible Widower—Yes, twice married and once rejected.