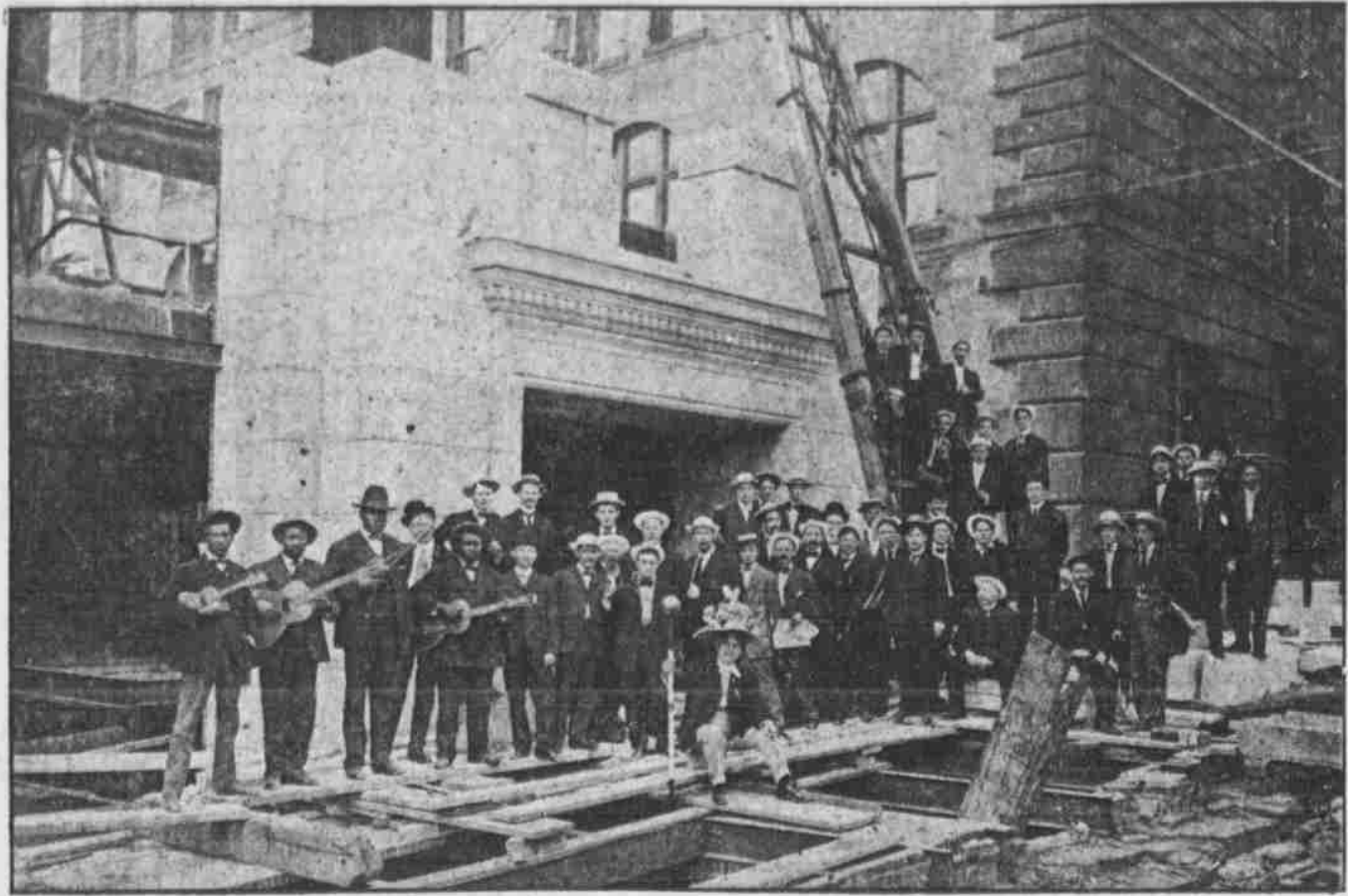


# Boston Store "Bunch" on a Merry Day's Outing at Sarpy Mills



"THE BUNCH" FROM BRANDS'S STORE IN FRONT OF THE NEW BUILDING, WAITING FOR THE TREASURER TO BRING UP THE TRANSPORTATION.



PHIL AARONS IN HIS ROLE AS QUEEN OF DREAM CITY AND ORATOR OF THE DAY.



PART OF THE BUNCH AT DINNER—P. E. ILLER HAS JUST BEEN ELECTED MAYOR OF DREAM CITY.

ENOUGH energy was expended at Sarpy Mills last Sunday to dig a big piece of the Panama canal. There is nothing like a Brands's stag picnic—except the last one or the next one. Like the Brands's store, it has an atmosphere all its own, and the employees conduct it as every thing is conducted in the store—with a view to making it a big thing on a big scale. There were about seventy-five energetic men connected with the Brands's store who put in twelve hours of strenuous and highly original excitement at this annual outing.

The picnic had a twofold purpose this year. The first was to give a farewell entertainment to Messrs W. C. McKnight, B. L. Danforth, Phil Aarons E. Ganster and E. A. Bessler, the five Brands's buy-

ers, who will shortly sail for Paris to buy goods for the new Brands's store. The second design was to have the Brands's crowd the first party to give Dream City a rousing christening. The boss of all Brands's picnics is the treasurer. Arrangements are made for the picnic by a committee, but the actual labor on the big day falls solely to the treasurer, who falls to shirk because he is financially responsible. For obvious reasons the same treasurer never accepts the office twice and the honor is conferred each year upon a department manager who is in the employ of the house. This year the mantle of distress fell upon Horace Brenner, buyer for the carpet and drapery departments. The brilliant cavalcade left the store shortly after 7 o'clock Sunday morning

with a gaudy band wagon and two large carryalls. The crowd posed for a picture in front of the new Brands's building, while the treasurer dusted off the seats of the carryalls. The buyers destined for the European tour were asked to ride in the band wagon along with the colored band and the overworked bugler, so they might become accustomed to the reception awaiting them in Paris. The overland pilgrimage to Sarpy Mills was brightened by many and strange diversions. The treasurer distributed sandwiches to the picknickers en route. The rousing Brands's yell, which saw birth in the Brands's minstrel show last fall, was employed every few rods. When Sarpy Mills was reached Phil Aarons, with a bonnet rarely outlasted more than one decision. The "hit and run game" that was carried

out would have been a revelation to Pa Rourke's careful warriors. The big chicken dinner spread under the trees welcomed every picknicker with the natural exception of the treasurer, who was dispatched to dig bait for possible nimrods in the afternoon. P. E. Iler, who was a casual visitor to the Mills, was urged to remain for the feast and was elected mayor of Dream City by acclamation. Later in the day Bert Danforth laid the corner stone of Dream City with a pie plate, and the pleasure-seekers staked out claims for choice town lots. The spirit of the fisherman flourished in the afternoon and late comers were disappointed in their search for fishing tackle. T. D. Eitlinger, manager of the clothing department, was one of the belated enthusiasts and he had to spend most of the

afternoon hunting turtles with a club. The buyers about to junket through Europe were allowed to stay an hour in the swings to become lured to the disquieting rock of the waves. The treasurer did the swinging. The late afternoon was devoted to races. There were many entries and many spectators with prizes for every race but the mill-race. The crowning skill was the bareback horse race. Phil Aarons found an old graduate from a milk wagon that had been abandoned and coaxed the charger into a galvanized gallop. In his early youth, according to this buyer's proud admission, Mr. Aarons studied to be a jockey, but his pitiful equestrian performance led to the belief that he missed his diploma by several city blocks. He wore a jockey card number, "23," on his back, and he ran

a very bad fourth in a race of four entries. His claim to the judges that his horse didn't realize there was a race until it was all over was disregarded. After the races the treasurer rubbed down the horses and the crowd repaired to the supper table. A brief but heavy shower deluged the Mills at 4:30 o'clock, just as the picknickers had finished supper and the carryalls were ready to start. It came at an unfortunate time for the treasurer, who was just sitting down to his first meal of the day. He stuck it out at the table until the rain was over and had just time to wring the water out of his derby hat and catch the back step of the last carryall as it pulled away. The picnic will be repeated next year on even a larger scale than this year. The treasurer will be all right in a week.

## Tersely Told Tales Both Grim and Gay

**General Grant's Joke.** ELIOT M. MILLER, a civil engineer of New Orleans, tells how General U. S. Grant made his father, Chaplain Miller, swear. It was on the day of the chaplain's duties to receive and distribute the mail to General Grant's staff. Whenever the mail was late he was greatly annoyed by questions as to the cause of the delay, time of probable arrival, etc. On one occasion, when the post was unusually late, the chaplain, for fear of losing his temper, attached the following notice to the door of his tent: "The chaplain does not know when the mail will arrive." Shortly afterwards General Grant, passing the chaplain's quarters, noticed the sign. He paused before it a moment and then walked slowly on his way. Coming out of his tent a few moments later, Chaplain Miller was horrified to read: "The chaplain does not know when the mail will arrive, and he doesn't give a damn."—Harper's Weekly.

**Woudn't Scare.** The son of a wealthy New York family came home intoxicated quite frequently. His parents tried to break him of his intemperate habits, but without any results. Finally a friend of the father volunteered his assistance. The next time the young fellow came home in a helpless state the friend carried him to a dark room provided with a coffin and dull illuminating flames. Then he placed him in the coffin and sat beside it to await his awaking. After a sleep of eight or nine hours the sleeper awoke, sat up in the coffin and looked about in the dark. He saw the figure of the watcher, he inquired where he was. In a deep, solemn voice came the answer that he was now in the lands of the lower region. The young fellow immediately said: "Well, you've been here before me. Can you tell me where I can get a drink?"—New York Times.

**Stage Fright.** Very few persons acquit themselves nobly in their first speech. At a wedding feast recently the bridegroom was called upon, as usual, to respond to the given toast, in spite of the fact that he had previously pledged to be excused. Blushing to the roots of his hair, he rose to his feet. He intended to imply that he was unprepared for speechmaking, but he unfortunately placed his hand upon the bride's shoulder, and looking down at her as he stammered out his opening and concluding words: "This—er—thing has been forced upon me."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Copied Name.** A gentleman traveling in Europe engaged the services of a courier. Arriving at an inn in Austria the traveler asked his servant to enter his name in accordance with the police regulations of that country. The man replied that he had already anticipated the order and registered him as an American gentleman of means. "But how did you write my name?" asked the master. "I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it carefully from your portmanteau, sir." "But it is not there," was the reply. "Bring me the book." The register was brought and revealed, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following potent entry: Monsieur Warranted Solid Leather.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Insisted.** Champ Clark thinks that since the practice of duelling was given over in this country men are not so careful in their observations concerning others as they were in "the old days." "Why," says Mr. Clark, "there was an incident in Indiana not long ago which goes to show the difference. In a case being tried there in a court the two lawyers opposing became engaged in a heated controversy, which resulted in one yelling at the other, 'You are a liar!'" "What do you think the other lawyer did? Why, in a voice ringing with passion, he replied, 'Sir, do you mean that personally?'"—Lippincott's Magazine.

**He Could Not Cash It.** "This somewhat grasping spirit," said Senator Burrows in the course of a recent argument, "reminds me of a certain who dropped in the other day at a woman bank. 'Going to the paying teller's window, she opened her pocketbook, took out a check, and pushed it under the brass grating. 'Cash this, please,' she said. 'But the paying teller, after one glance

## Kearney Normal First Graduating Class

NEBRASKA has stood at the very front from the start in the matter of supporting and encouraging education among its citizens. The public schools of the state have always had a high rank, both as to equipment and results, and the people of the state have been more than liberal in their endowment and support. From the very beginning, when the child enters the kindergarten, to the final degree possible to be conferred by the university, the state

has made provisions that seem to those not accustomed to them as prodigal. Every effort has been made to keep the standard of common schools at the very highest, and this naturally means that only the best of teaching talent is employed. The growth in this line made necessary the equipment of a second normal school, for the express training of the teachers, and it was located at Kearney. The last general assembly of Nebraska provided for this school, and it was opened

for its work last year. The attendance has been more than sufficient to justify its establishment, and its success has been all that was promised for it by its advocates. At the close of May it graduated its first class of teachers, a picture of which is herewith presented. The "trainers" of 1906 are an interesting aggregation of teachers who are taking a special course that will enable them to better perform their duties in the school room and render more efficient service to the public.



SENIOR CLASS OF KEARNEY NORMAL SCHOOL.



"TRAINERS" CLASS OF KEARNEY NORMAL SCHOOL.

## Task of Removing Debris at San Francisco

THE immediate task ahead of San Francisco is housecleaning—no small job when it is remembered that the debris must be removed from 400 blocks and hundreds of miles of streets before the city beautiful can take shape. It is estimated by competent men that this means the handling of 15,000,000 cubic yards of material and the time assigned for its accomplishment is one year. Its cost no man can figure. Each plot of ground presents a separate problem, and the owner must make his terms with the agency he employs. As for the city, it will have little of this burden to bear. The railroads and the great contracting firms that have undertaken the main work have agreed to clear the streets and sidewalks free of charge to the municipality. What city funds are expended will pass through the hands of the board of works in the same manner as though the great

calamity had not befallen the community. Some such funds are now being spent and hundreds of teams are engaged in the labor of clearing roadways through the clogged streets. The next work accomplished by this means is pitifully small when the magnitude of the labor is considered. The next generation might still find San Francisco engaged in housecleaning if hand here and there were the only means at call. The railway and the power shovel are the agencies that will clear the ground for the new city. Already several miles of such railways stridron the burned district. The Ocean Shores has laid a track from a junction with the rails of the Southern Pacific at Twenty-fourth and Capp streets, down Capp to Fifteenth, along Fifteenth, to Howard, down Howard to Stuart, along Stuart to Market and down Market to a junction with the Belt Line on East

street, owned by the state, by which the northern part of the city will be reached. It is the purpose of this company to build bunkers for the temporary storage of debris while awaiting the movement of trains at several points. These bunkers are designed to hold 500 cubic yards and will be filled by cable carriers where convenient, and by dump carts. As the work progresses, spur tracks will be run here and there from the main line, and before the undertaking has come to a term, San Francisco will be a network of rails. Where will all this debris go? Into the unreclaimed tide lands at the north and south ends of the city, and wherever there is dumping ground. And it will be the best filling that could be provided—heavy enough to sink through the ooze to hardpan, forming a foundation upon which the most substantial structures may be erected.—San Francisco Bulletin.

## Curious and Romantic Capers of Cupid

**Heroine of Lake Resene Elopes.** IT IS something to be a bride, and something to be a heroine. But Mrs. Frank Flood of Milwaukee, formerly Miss Gertrude Sawyer of Menominee, Mich., is both. Miss Sawyer, who is the daughter of a prominent business man of Menominee and was one of the belles of that city, became a heroine last fall, when she rescued five children from drowning in Green Bay, August 23, with the grandchildren of ex-Congressman Isaac Stephenson. Miss Sawyer attempted to row a short distance along the shore in an open boat. A storm came up and drove them into the lake, and for sixteen hours the brave girl battled with the waves and comforted and encouraged the little children. When the wind abated and she finally got them all safely ashore she was nearly dead from exhaustion and exposure. Naturally she was much admired for her heroism as well as for her beauty, but among all her lovers she clung to Frank Flood, formerly a clerk in a Menominee bank. Her father objected to the proposed marriage, but of course a girl as brave as Miss Sawyer would not give up the man she loved. The marriage took place without the father's knowledge and the happy couple are now living at Mr. Flood's home in Milwaukee.

**Wedded After Forty-Five Years.** A novelist could hardly conceive a more romantic tale than one the climax of which was the open air wedding just across the New York state line, near Lawrenceville, Pa., of Susan H. Caswell of Rummerville, Pa., and George A. Rogers of Reynolds, Neb. Forty-five years ago the principals in this wedding, then youth and lassie at a district school near Athens, Bradford county, were sweethearts. But young Rogers, barely of an age to enlist, went into the civil war and at its close he drifted to the far west, where he married. His girl sweetheart became the wife of a Bradford county man. A few years ago the wife of Rogers died, and three years ago Mrs. Caswell's husband died. In course of time a correspondence was resumed between the old-time lovers, the result being an engagement to wed. Friday, May 24, was the day fixed for Rogers to come and claim his bride, and the arrangement was that the wedding should take place at the home of Mrs. Caswell's sister. Rogers arrived, arrangements were completed and it then was discovered that, though there are three preachers in Lawrenceville, all three were out of town. One of them, Rev. N. J. Brown, pastor of the Methodist church, was scheduled to arrive at 9:30 that night. The bridal part concluded to wait. In the late afternoon it was discovered that a marriage license was necessary, something the man from the west knew nothing about. Someone remembered that just across the line in New York state marriage licenses are unnecessary, and so the problem was solved. Parson Brown reached home on schedule time, and half an hour later the minister and his wife, Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Caswell and several invited friends made up a party who crossed the dividing line into New York state. The party halted at the edge of a forest, and under a large oak tree, with the stars furnishing the only illumination, the wedding ceremony was performed.

**Blind Man's Music Wins Bride.** Attracted by his ability as a pianist and sympathizing with him in his affliction, Miss Bessie L. Stratton of New York City was wedded to George W. Quinn, who is blind since his birth. Although only 41 years old, this is the third venture in the sea of matrimony for Quinn. He has two sons, but nevertheless his bride, who is many years younger than he, says Quinn needs some one to look after him and lead him around. The marriage was the culmination of a romance that began with a series of piano duets. About a year ago Miss Stratton began boarding at the home of her step-mother. In the house was a piano, at which Quinn would sit and play for hours. The bride, who is also an accomplished pianist, would quietly slip into the parlor and listen to him, not thinking that the blind man was aware of her presence. One day while she was sitting there she suddenly turned and asked who it was that was in the room. She then made known her presence, and from that day the two played duets.

**Got There Just the Same.** When a Kentucky girl concludes to get married it is useless to put obstacles in her path. It may take her a long time to make up her mind, but once having decided upon matrimony the more difficulty she experiences the more determined she becomes. Miss Letta Marshall of Providence, Ky., and Herbert Martin of Sumner, Wis., crossed the Ohio river and tried to be married at Cannelton, Ind., but the license clerk thought the bride looked too young. They had the same experience at Evansville. They gave up Indiana and went to Menominee, Mich., where their escape and their train, where a detective placed them under arrest. He was polite about it, but told them they would have to come to Chicago with him. The train stopped at a water tank and the clerical friend of the car into the night and got away from the detective entirely. They wandered around for hours before they found the friendly shelter of a farm house, and then Mr. Martin had to sleep in the barn. In the morning they made their way to Menominee, dodging the officers by taking different seats in the car. A tender-hearted license clerk at Menominee gave them the necessary permit and they were married, after more adventures than elopers ever had before.

**Writes Up His Own Wedding.** "The bride," says the Great (Chi.) Republican, "is a charming young lady, the daughter of aristocratic southern ancestry. Until recently she was accredited with possessing excellent judgment, but when her prospective marriage was announced these who knew of her perhaps began to wonder. It is patent that she is exceptionally courageous. The bridegroom purports to be an editor. He is not a politician, financier, society leader nor pillar in the church. In fact, he is not much of anything important. He is no genius and has not mounted the ladder of fame so high that he is at all isolated from his fellow men. He is kept too busy endeavoring to keep out of the red at the bank to have much time for dreaming of future greatness. Congratulations for him are at this time emphatically in order."

**Our Lady of the Cannon.** Germany's greatest hetras, Miss Antoinette Bertha Krupp, virtually owner of the gigantic ordnance works at Essen, sets an example which some American belles might profitably emulate. She is engaged to a countryman, Gustav von Behlen and Halbach, secretary of the Prussian legation at the Vatican. The bride-to-be is 29 years of age, a modest, kind-hearted, unassuming young woman. She practically owns the entire City of Essen, where the Krupp works are situated, its 100,000 inhabitants being almost as much her subjects as though she were a queen in fact. "Queen Krupp" is one of the titles given her by her employes, while she is known from one end of Germany to the other by her other title, a title which appeals to the whole nation—"Our Lady of the Cannon." The income of Miss Krupp, who inherited the works on the death of her father in November, 1905, is steadily increasing, and will probably continue to increase year by year until the advent of untimely pension. In 1905 she received a sum approximating \$5,000,000 from her possessions, and this amount is likely to be exceeded this year. When Miss Krupp's father died his wealth was established at \$100,000,000, of which he left about \$100,000,000 to Bertha, representing the value of the works and the other supplementary properties. His second daughter, Barbara, and his widow, were well provided for from other sources. As a consequence of her inheriting the main Krupp estate, the City of Essen became virtually Miss Krupp's private property. In that city alone she has 40,000 workers tolling for her, and with the employes of the large number of other Krupp holdings it is estimated that Miss Krupp has nearly 200,000 persons dependent upon her for a living, when the families of the workers are taken into account.

"But the paying teller, after one glance