

The Christian Home Orphanage

Council Bluffs, Iowa

Founded in 1882

Non-sectarian in character. It receives children from any part of the country free of all charge.

It does not charge any fee for placing children in private families.

It receives not only those children who are well and strong physically and mentally, but those little afflicted and deformed bodies that no one wants.



VIEW OF THE HOME GROUNDS, LOOKING WEST. MEMORIAL BUILDING IN THE FOREGROUND—CHRISTIAN HOME ORPHANAGE.

It does not separate families of young children. It maintains its own school.

It has no endowment, but is supported entirely by the voluntary contributions of charitable people in all parts of the country.

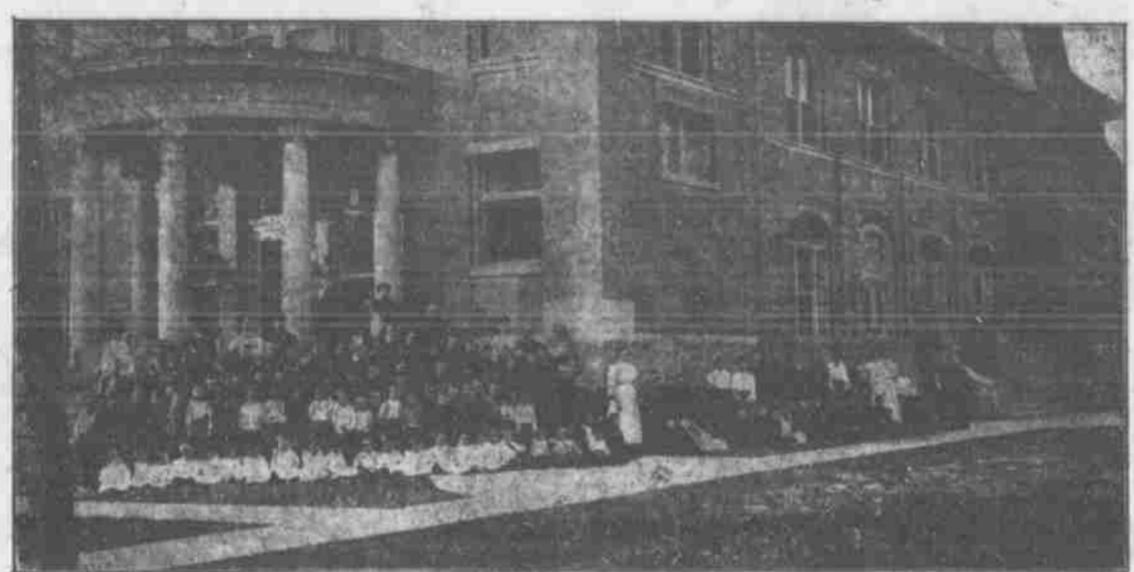
It employs no solicitors or traveling agents.

It has no branches.

It has constantly under its care an average of 200.

Space will not permit of a publication of other views of the home and grounds, but the institution is open to visitors every day in the week, and a cordial invitation is extended to you to visit the home. For further information address the manager,

H. R. LEMEN, Council Bluffs, Iowa



GIRLS' DORMITORY AND SOME OF THE CHILDREN AND WORKERS—CHRISTIAN HOME ORPHANAGE.

WHO DOES YOUR ELECTROTYPING?

OUR FACILITIES for quickly filling your orders in the highest type of perfection are unsurpassed in the West.

Our plant is installed with the very latest devices in modern machinery. Our employes are competent and reliable. We insure you the most satisfactory business relations.

Great Western Type Foundry—Omaha, Neb.

Tales That Are Timely and Have Morals as Well as Points Attached

Very Dangerous.

NOTHING so much vexes a physician as to be turned out from his comfortable fireside and to find on his arrival that nothing, or next to nothing, is the matter with the patient.

There lives in a fashionable district a rich man who, although he is physically and constitutionally strong, believes himself to be a confirmed invalid. Time after time he has disappeared to bed and sent off post-haste for his doctor for some imaginary ailment. Some time ago, at about midnight, the doctor was summoned in hot haste and told to bring all appliances necessary for a terrible flesh wound. Half dressed, he simply flew round to his patient's house, only to find that he had grazed his arm slightly.

"It is awful, doctor!" he exclaimed. "I hope there is no danger?"

"Indeed there is, for if the fellow whom I have sent for some plaster does not run like a race horse the wound will be healed before he can possibly get back!"—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Starts in Right Direction.

Some years ago Hon. Elijah Morse and Abner Upham witnessed the hanging of a man at Dedham. While they were driving home the subject of sin and its punishment came up.

"Brother Upham," remarked Mr. Morse, who was a rigid orthodox in belief, "I suppose, according to your belief, that this man, who has been found guilty of murder by his fellow men, and hanged because he is not a fit person to be at large among his kind, has now gone straight to heaven."

It is necessary to explain that the incident took place before gallows were equipped with trap doors, and it was the duty of the executioner to give the rope, fastened about the neck of the condemned, to the man who was to be hanged.

"It is not for me to judge a fellow man," Brother Morse, replied Deacon Upham, who was an ardent Universalist, gravely, "although there was a twinkle in his eye."

"But I must say that the last I saw of the unfortunate fellow he was heading that way."—*Dedham Herald.*

Twain Becomes a Critic.

A successful young novelist was praising the critical powers of Mark Twain.

"Once had the honor of reading a tale of mine to Mr. Clemens," he said, "and, thanks to his criticism, the tale was greatly improved. Originally it was too high flown; he brought it down to earth and made it homelier and truer."

"For instance, the tale consisted with these words:

"Mabel's lovely eyes dropped for answer, a faint flush tinted her cheek, and she gave him both her hands; and there, in the old orchard, in the shade of the heavy fruited trees, he drew her to his breast, and, raising her long ringlets to his lips, kissed them reverently."

"Mr. Clemens, at this ending, Mew a

Slightly Mistaken.

The official in charge of the grounds at Mount Vernon not long ago came upon a woman kneeling before a building not far from the monument. She was bathed in tears. Thinking that the woman was in trouble, the director gently inquired whether he might be of service to her.

"No, thank you," sobbed the woman. "I am not in trouble, but my patriotic feelings overcame me when I first gazed upon the tomb of the Father of His Country."

"Pardon me, madam," said the director with a smile; "but you have made a slight mistake. This is not the tomb of Washington, but his ice house."—*New York Times.*

Over the Wire.

At Tarrant, Wis., a justice of the peace entered a charge against a rural resident who failed to appear for a hearing. Straightway the court called up the alleged offender on the 'phone, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Hello, John," said the court. "I wish you would come down today."

"What for?"

"The town marshal has sworn out a warrant against you for beating him up election day. I want to try you."

"Can't do it, judge. I'm too busy."

"I'll have to send a constable after you."

"But I am busy husking corn and building a fence around my oat forty. Why don't you try me now?"

"All right. Are you guilty?"

"Yep."

"Five dollars."

"All right, judge. I will send it down by the rural mail carrier. Goodbye!"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Lawyers Weep in Court.

In a case recently tried in Fall River before Judge Bell, Dr. George L. Walton of Boston appeared as a witness for the defense.

The plaintiff claimed that he had been severely injured by a car leaving the rails and that he had suffered as a result of this injury for over two years and was still suffering.

Dr. Walton testified that he had examined the plaintiff and that in his opinion the symptoms that the plaintiff complained of were within his own control and were not genuine.

Upon cross-examination Waldo Reed of Fall River took each symptom separately and made each into a question which ended with, "Do you believe that to be a genuine symptom, doctor?" and to each question Dr. Walton said "No."

The star question was reached and Reed's voice trembled with emotion as he asked, "Dr. Walton, when pressure was applied to this man's back between his shoulder blades tears came to his eyes; do you believe this to be a genuine symptom?"

"No," said Walton.

"Dr. Walton, can a man make tears come to his eyes without a cause?"

"Hum," said Walton. "I've seen lawyers do it in court."—*Boston Herald.*

Gentle Door Taps.

A story of extraordinary deafness was unfolded at a recent meeting of a medical society in Philadelphia. An elderly woman, exceedingly hard of hearing, lived near the river. One afternoon a warship fired a salute of ten guns. The woman, alone in her little house, waited until the booming ceased. Then she smoothed her dress,

brushed her hair back in a quiet manner, and said, sweetly, "Come in."—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Testimonial.

There is a clever and gallant young fellow attached to the British embassy at Washington who since his advent into the official set at the national capital has achieved quite a reputation as a wit.

One afternoon the clever attaché was receiving the finishing touches at the hands of a pretty manicurist on Connecticut avenue, when, with limpid eyes, she looked at him and said:

"We are so grateful for any testimonials from our patrons. Do you mind?"

"On the contrary, I should be delighted," responded the Briton. Then, taking a card, he wrote thereon the following and handed it to her:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends."—*New York Tribune.*

Sense and Scents.

A friend of William Jennings Bryan from Nebraska told of an experience Mrs. Bryan had when she and her husband were crossing one of the European frontiers while they were traveling around the world.

Mrs. Bryan thought the customs officer said to her: "Madam, have you any sense?"

"What do you mean, sir?" Mrs. Bryan asked, frigidly.

"Have you any sense?"

"Just as the peerless leader was about to peel his coat and go after the customs officer it was discovered that the officer meant "cents," and was asking if Mrs. Bryan had any perfume in her trunk."—*New York World.*

On His Ear.

A member of the Philadelphia bar tells of a queer old character in Altoona who for a long time was the judge of a police court in that town.

On one occasion, during a session of his court, there was such an amount of conversation and laughter in the courtroom that his honor became very angry and confused. Suddenly, in great wrath, he shouted:

"Silence here! We have decided about a dozen cases this morning, and I haven't heard a word of one of them!"—*Harper's Weekly.*

Testing the Boy's Vacation.

The late Barney Owens, the noted old horseman of Point Breeze, had a fine sense of humor and at a dinner that he gave one Christmas to some New Jersey politicians, he impressed his guests a good deal with a toast that he proposed.

"A toast to politics," he began. "A toast to politics and politicians."

"I know a man whose son is 19 years old. To find out what his son's tastes were this man put in the boy's room one day a Bible, a bottle of whisky and a \$5 bill.

"If he takes the Bible," the father said to himself, "it's a sign he's going to be a preacher. If he takes the money he'll be a business man. If he takes the whisky he'll be no good—a drunkard."

"And he crawled under the bed and waited for the boy to come in.

"When the boy came he was whistling. He sat at the table like a shot and took the money and put it in his pocket. He took the Bible and put it under his arm. He snorkled the bottle of whisky, took two or three drinks, smacked his lips and went out whistling again.

"By Jingo," said the father, crawling out from under the bed, 'he's going to be a politician.'"—*Chicago Chronicle.*

Two Permits to Wed.

A CLEVELAND in the marriage license office in Allegheny county, Pa., was badly confused when he was called on for the second time in a few minutes.

The first call was for a marriage license for Miss Lydia May Seaton of Sharpsburg, a Pittsburgh suburb. The second license was for a different man than the one for whom the license had been issued before and when the clerk asked questions Miss Seaton, who rode up in her auto with her intended No. 2, pulled the other license out of her purse and tossed it on the counter.

"I don't want that one. You may have it. I've changed my mind and here is the man I intend to marry. I won't marry Mr. Kughen, so there."

It was some time before Miss Seaton and her latest fiancé could be fixed out properly and when they left Miss Seaton was happy to get angry. She smiled and tripped out to her auto with her newest and only one.

The case has the license office in spasms. On October 18 Miss Seaton whirled up in her auto, having Edward Kughen with her, and they took out a license to marry. Miss Seaton is well known, has money and for years has been regarded as one of the social leaders of Sharpsburg. It appears that some hitch came and then came Alexander Johnston of Mount Savage, Md., who had known Miss Seaton some time before. It was all off with Kughen, even though his marriage license had been issued. Miss Seaton declares she will marry Johnston.

Family Steps a Wedding.

William Kirkland, a young man living at 125 Lynch street, Brooklyn, was left "waiting at the church" by a girl who had promised to become his bride.

The girl in this case, Miss Kate Smith, is 17 years old. It appears that Miss Smith had been willing enough to become Mrs. Kirkland, but her family had spotted the plans of the lovers. Kirkland and Miss Smith recently decided to be married. Kirkland, it was arranged, should go to St. Boniface's church, in Buffalo street, on Thanksgiving eve, where Miss Smith would join him. The girl also invited two or three of her friends to meet her there. Recently, however, Miss Smith's elder sister learned of the intended marriage and Kate was informed that, while the family

Hitch in Deal for Wife.

Mrs. Rosa Cordell, 18 years old, who was married recently, is at the home of her mother, seven miles south of Perry, Okla., refusing to join her husband, Captain John P. Cordell, aged 37, until he has bought the suburban home of Stephen Richardson. On the condition that Cordell would give her mother \$1,000 and buy the Richardson property for \$5,000, Rosa Cordell married him.

Cordell has been married twice before. Cordell's second wife died two years ago, leaving four boys under 18 years of age. For a year Cordell and his four sons have lived in a comfortable home here. Because of his inability to obtain a housekeeper, Cordell for a year sought a wife, who, he said, must be under 17 years. He is wealthy, having amassed a fortune while a shoe dealer in Pleasant Hill, Mo. He bought a motor car in an effort to get a new wife. His endeavors were unsuccessful, however, until he consulted Richardson.

Richardson agreed to get Cordell a wife if he would pay \$5,000 for the Richardson farm, on which Cordell holds a mortgage. Richardson introduced Rosa Cordell, whose mother agreed to the marriage if Cordell would pay \$1,000. This money was paid to the bride, who gave it to her mother, and the marriage took place.

Following a wedding supper the bride refused to go home with Cordell until he had paid for Richardson's farm. Attorney Bentley of Wichita, Kan., who had been brought to Perry by Mrs. Cordell, argued with Cordell and the bridegroom agreed to buy the Richardson place.

When ready to draw up the papers of sale, however, it was said Richardson had

Kidnaper Girl to Wed Her.

Frustrated in his efforts to marry Giovanna Ulnida, 14 years old, who came to this country a month ago from Italy, Samuel Farino, 27 years old, resorted to determined measures to make the girl his bride, relates the Chicago Chronicle. With the assistance of his brother Charles he kidnaped Giovanna, while she was on her way home from work.

The brothers, it is declared by the Del-derie girl, seized her companion, and

Wedding Bell There for a Moment and Then...

wedding bell there for a moment and then asked: "Can I buy a marriage license here?"

Deputy County Clerk Cupid Rose informed him that he could, and soon the papers were made out.

"How much?" asked Gell.

"Three dollars," was the quick reply.

"Well, I guess I'll have to pay up," said the prospective bridegroom, "but it's pretty tough to have to buy two licenses to marry the same girl. Only yesterday I bought a marriage license over in Cathlamet, Wash., but we became frightened over the reports of high water and came over here. I was told that my Washington license was no good here, so I am getting this one. It has cost me \$5 so far for licenses alone. Wonder what the preacher will want?"

Must Not Happen Again.

In the little town of C— lived three maiden sisters by the name of Paige. They

dragged her into their home, whence a short time later she was removed and placed in a closed carriage which was waiting in the alley.

Samuel Farino accompanied the girl, Charles Farino was arrested. He denied knowing of the abduction, although he was identified. He was taken to the Chicago avenue police station, where he was questioned. Afterward he was ordered held.

The kidnaping of the girl caused much excitement in the Italian neighborhood. Young men organized themselves as a searching party and for several hours made efforts to find the girl and her abductor. Detectives, with several relatives, visited the Italian neighborhoods on the south and west sides where it was thought Farino might take the girl. Many homes were visited, but no traces of the two could be found.

The parents of the girl said they feared that Farino would do her some injury if he learned that the police were on his trail.

According to the girl's parents, Farino first met their daughter in Italy. It was because of his attentions that the family decided to come to this country. A short time after their removal Farino, with his brother, also had farewell to their parents and friends. When they arrived in Chicago they went to the home of friends a short distance from where the girl lived. Several times within the last two weeks Samuel Farino sought to obtain the consent of Ulnida for his marriage to the girl, but he was told to abandon his efforts.

A few words were spoken in Italian by Samuel Farino as he reached the girls. Before Giovanna was able to offer any resistance he had seized her about the waist and a few moments later he was hurrying back into his home. His brother, the other girl said, threatened her if she did not go to her home at once. The girl was too frightened to make any outcry.

Love Laughs at Floods.

High water in Oregon played all sorts of havoc with the wedding plans of Chauncey Lewis Gell and his intended. He had to buy two marriage licenses and to pay his hard earned dollars into the coffers of two states before the way was legally paved.

Mr. Gell appeared at the county clerk's office in Portland. He stood under the old

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