

ACRES

ACRES

Keystone Park Addition

OPENING

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1907

Keystone Park adjoins the village of Benson on the west, extending north from Main Street to Military Avenue; being a sub-division of the "Keystone Stock Farm," containing 550 acres of the most beautifully lying land in Douglas County. We have sub-divided this into

Only 78 Tracts of from 2 to 20 Acres Each

Fronting on beautiful winding drives, lined on each side with two rows of healthy shade trees, every tract having a building site with a beautiful and commanding view. To appreciate its beauty you must see it.

The Finest Spot in Douglas County for a Country Home.

Plats Ready by Opening Day.

Prices Reasonable.

Some one will be on the ground all day today to show parties over it, although stakes are not all set. Make your selection now, as 78 tracts are not very many and will not last long at the rate people are inquiring for them. Nearly one-fifth of entire acreage has already been spoken for. CAN QUOTE PRICES NOW.

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS THIS WEEK

We will take you out any time by appointment this week and show you the land. We will plant trees or shrubs free, you to pay wholesale prices for kind you want. On Saturday, May 11th, for parties interested or who contemplate purchasing acres we will run automobiles from the end of car in Benson over the land and return to end of car line. Autos will leave car line every hour and half hour from 10:00 a. m. until 6:00 p. m. If interested, do not fail to see it.

Payne Investment Co.
Main Floor, New York Life Building
Telephone Douglas 1781.

D. V. Sholes Co.
110 Board of Trade Building
Telephone Douglas 49.

BLIND IN A HURRY TO READ

They Want to Learn Now That They Have a Magazine.

FEATS DONE BY PEOPLE WHO CAN'T SEE

Increased Demands on Mrs. Kellock, Teacher of the Adult Blind-Sunshine Brought by Books Into Darkened Lives.

NEW YORK, May 4.—Mrs. Frances Kellock, the teacher for the adult blind employed by the Public Library for the Blind, finds that her work has been greatly increased by the publication of the Matilda Ziegler Magazine.

"Since the first number came out in March," she said to a Sun reporter, "it seems as if every blind person in this city had determined to learn to read, and what's more, they don't want to miss another number of that magazine. It's the most wonderful thing that ever happened to them."

"Lots of my old people who read only the Moon type have sent to me post haste to teach them the New York type of the American Braille. You know the Moon is the easiest type to learn, but now that the magazine is published in these two systems even the timid are learning to read them."

"I go everywhere from Mount Vernon to the Battery. One day I spent at Blackwell's island. Some of my pupils live in tenement cellars and others in luxurious homes. They are of all ages and all classes."

One Example of Work.
"One of them is an old Irishman who lives alone in a rear tenement down in Greenwich village. One day when I was in his neighborhood I ran in to see him. He came to the door himself, and when I announced that I'd come to see him he asked: 'What can you be wanting of an old man like me, lady?'"

"I went right to the point and said, 'I've come to teach you to read so that you'll have something to do when you are here alone.'"

"What, lady? Not funny books so that I can laugh? Why, it seems as if there isn't anything I'd like so much."

"I gave him his first lesson that day, and in a few weeks I told him that he was doing splendidly. He remonstrated: 'Don't be telling me that now. It means you won't be coming any more.'"

"One time I was late in getting to his place and went clattering over the paving stones of the yard in a great hurry. He was waiting for me with one of his bits of blarney."

"I thought I heard an angel's footsteps, and here she comes," he said.

when I think of what my Savior did for me."

"He was living in a barren, desolate home, too, with scarcely a chair or a table. I just set to work to bring a little sunshine into his life. I was determined that blessed old hero should learn to read, no matter how long it took."

"He was afraid he was too old. It's strange how little confidence the blind have. Even when they are most eager they never say, 'I'm sure I can learn.' It's always, 'Oh, do you think I could ever read a book?'"

"Well, I left him a Moon alphabet and told him I'd come in again soon and start him on the primer. The book he wanted to read most was Garfield's life, and it wasn't long before I brought him the first volume. But, bless his heart, even then he didn't believe he could ever read it."

"But I said he must try and I'd come back in two weeks and see how he was getting on. Well, it was in less than a week that I was in the library and saw that very book."

"What's this?" I asked the librarian. "That pupil of yours on Barrow street sent this back and wanted the second volume."

"Well, you know, I just sat down and read, 'Thank God for that.' Since then he's read as many as four books a week, and now I've had to teach him the New York Point so that he can read the Magazine."

Never Gives One Up.
"As long as a pupil really wants to learn I never give him up," said the teacher in reply to a question as to the length of her course. "I've had them learn in a week and I have one pupil that I taught regularly for a year and a half before she could read with any facility."

"It's a wonder to me how they ever learn at all. I myself read their books with my eyes. If they are very nervous—as many are—they find it difficult. Then some of them have poor circulation in their fingers and that dulls their sense of touch."

"One of my pupils used to say, 'Days when I can feel I can't think, and when I can think I can't feel.' It took her months to learn; now she reads and writes beautifully."

"They are very ambitious and so persevering, but sometimes they get discouraged and tell me I needn't come again; but I say, 'Goodness, you needn't think I won't come. We'll keep at this if it takes five years.' Then when I see them really reading you don't know the satisfaction it gives me. For of all the burdens God has given I think blindness is the hardest to bear."

Reading makes the greatest difference in their lives. They often tell me that it's next best to having their sight back again. You see, my pupils have all gone blind since they have grown up."

Birth of the Library.
"Richard Ferry, who was the first president of the library, used to say that if it began to bring as much happiness into the lives of the blind as he hoped, it would matter for the blind to the matter free has carried our books to all the blind of the city."

HALE OLD TEA TASTERS

Sampling the Tiptle of Womanhood Proves Good for the Health of Men.

Tasting tea for a living is the occupation of twelve men in Boston. There were thirteen, but the death of Michael Gillett a few days ago broke the ranks.

Michael Gillett was hale and hearty up to the day of his death, despite the assertion that tea is injurious when taken frequently or in large quantities. Mr. Gillett was 74 when he died, and had never had the services of a doctor during the period of his occupation as a tea taster.

What are a tea taster's duties? He must distinguish the mixture of two blends; point out, in each separate instance, if the mixtures are of equal grades; he must know to a nicety the difference between a pure brand and an inferior one; he must know the taste of every individual sort of tea—not an easy thing, when it is remembered that brands of tea are many, and the blends are constantly being reblended.

In ten years time a tea taster cannot be deceived as to the history or nationality of any tea in the world. He can prevent his firm from being deceived, for he has drunk tea with milk, cream, lemon straight, served according to the peculiar wish of every nation. He is sent to China, Japan, Russia, India, to study the tea brew of each tea drinking nation.

Tea tasters are seldom seen at work, but H. L. MacLean of Broad street is an exception in this respect. "Twenty years in the business," said Mr. MacLean, "and I am not yet dead. How do I taste tea? Well, I put the sample in covered cups, made specially for the purpose, and skim along eight or ten cups at a time."

"I put milk in some to test the color, cream in others to test the quality and lemon in some to test the nature of the mixture."

"I seldom taste more than a quarter teaspoon of each cup and only swallow enough to get the simple taste. One sip is enough for me to determine all I want to know."

"Does tea hurt me? Well, I drink two or three cups several times a day with my meals, and it hasn't hurt me yet. I never drink tea without straining, as it stews if you drink it with the leaves."

"Never add hot water to the tea left on the leaves. It makes it strong and bitter; it tannin then and not tea. I never allow tea to stand more than seven minutes and I never weakens it."

"There are not more than a few genuine tea tasters, and only three in Canada, where I hail from. Tea tasting is a science in the East, but is practically neglected here."

If you have anything to trade advertise in the Ad Exchange columns of The Bee Want Ad page.

PIGMIES MUCH LIKE APES

Found Living in Trees in the Tropical African Forest.

CANNIBALS NOT GIVEN TO RACE SUICIDE

Viscount Mountmorres the First Writer to Have a Glimpse of Their-Hopeful View of Congo Natives' Future.

The report which Viscount Mountmorres made to the British Foreign office of his eight months of investigations in the Congo Free State has just been published. He adopted the unusual plan of keeping away from the beaten paths and the main lines of communication as much as possible.

He covered about 3,400 miles—a large part of the way on foot or in native canoes manned by blacks whom he picked up at the villages. He has nothing to say of the cannibals and writes only of peoples who are not yet well known to readers of African literature.

He followed, to be sure, one well traveled route, the Ubangi river, the largest tributary of the Congo; but what he has to say about the Ubangi tribes is new. It is a curious fact that though some of the most flourishing stations of the whites are scattered along this great river scarcely a book has been written that even mentions these leading tribes.

Mountmorres has now supplied the lacking information. He also pushed far through the great tropical forest and came across the lowest type of pigmies, of which we had previously heard only vague reports. Mountmorres in fact saw them only for a minute, but he is the first writer who has seen them at all.

He was forcing his way through the dense forest when some tiny arrows fell close to him and looking up in the trees he saw what seemed to be a number of chimpanzees springing from branch to branch and then stopping to look at the intruder, after the manner of the larger apes. He thinks that none of them was over three feet nine inches in height.

They were entirely naked, had features as flat and forehead as receding as the chimpanzee, and, if it were not for their use of the bow and arrow, they would be taken for apes. They showed their teeth and jabbered just as apes do, and it was difficult to imagine that the noises they emitted could form an intelligent language.

All we had heard of them was that they live in the trees. The explorer had no opportunity to investigate this question, for he would have been compelled to fire on the pigmies in self-defense if he had remained under those trees.

Mr. Wislet, a state official, told him that he had broken in upon a group of these strange little people in exactly the same way, and he assured the explorer that he had seen their habitations, which consist of shelters in the forks of the trees made by plaiting the smaller boughs together. Another white man in the neighborhood also told him that he had seen them retreating into just such shelters as Mr. Wislet described.

As for Mountmorres, he was so busy watching the little men and women springing from one branch to another with the agility of monkeys that it did not occur to him to look for any shelters.

The most remarkable feature of the Congo cannibals on the lower Ubangi is their profligacy. A family of twenty wives and four or five children is by no means a rarity, and sometimes a man brings forward over 100 of his own offspring.

NEW REMEDY FOR DYSENTERY

French Physician Secures Satisfactory Results from Treatment by Serum from Horses.

PARIS, May 4.—(Special).—A communication has just been made to the Academy of Medicine by Dr. Vaillard announcing the satisfactory results that continue to be obtained in the cure of bacillary dysentery by the use of a serum obtained from horses.

During the last year 248 cases of bacillary dysentery were treated by him and other practitioners according to this method, with the result that the mortality due to that infection was measurably diminished. A few hours only after the first injection the abdominal pains become less severe. The treatment is all the more effective in proportion as it is applied in the early stage of the malady.

Dr. Vaillard affirms that anti-dysenteric serum is the only specific remedy for bacillary dysentery.

Had Stomach Trouble Cured.
Having been sick for the last two years with a bad stomach trouble, a friend gave me a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They did me so much good that I bought a bottle of them and have used twelve bottles in all. Today I am well of a bad stomach trouble.—Mrs. John Love, Cooper, Maine.

TRAMP PHOTOGRAPHY PAYS

All Want Pictures, Says the Man Who Has Tried It.

TALE TOLD BY MAN FROM MISSOURI

Backwoodsman Hesitates to Go to Town for that Purpose, but He'll Pay the Man Who Comes to Him.

MACON, Mo., May 4.—"From an examination of the latter day magazines one would think only good looking people had their pictures taken, but the truth is homely people furnish more bread and meat to the camera than the handsome."

"I've learned that curious lesson of human nature. It's harder to get a beauty before a camera than it is a homely person. Why, the Lord only knows, I can't find the answer to that fact. The people of the back country are the best patrons when you get out among 'em. They're shy about going into the towns and facing the picture box, but when you get out where they live they line up brave as soldiers."

"The tramp photographer's harvest comes from up settlements off the railroads. We often put up our tent in a place that had only a blacksmith shop and a combination postoffice and store. During the five years we were roughing it this way my partner, Jim Dawson, and I made \$15,000 apiece. I've never done anything like that in my town studio."

Advance Work Counts.
"Our photos were the old red glow finish and would last longer as the subject. A man traveled two weeks ahead selling for 25 cents tickets good for \$1 on an order for a dozen photos which were listed at \$3. The advance man kept all he made on sale of tickets and was no expense to us. He drove up in a buggy with his sweetheart and the three additional heads—the girl and two horses. In some communities, where they'd stand for it, we posed young lovers with their arms entwined in a painted flower garden. This was a very fetching design and cost 25 cents on top of the list. There were instances where those pictures figured later in breach of promise suits."

"One day in the northwestern part of Missouri Jim and I were invited to attend a picnic back in the woods and to bring our picture box along. Dinner was served under the trees, the girls and boys sitting around a big cloth. Jim, who had strolled off by himself, suddenly returned and showed me a little garter snake he had captured."

"Shin up a tree, Pearl," he said, "and drop this thing in the middle of 'em; it'll be worth all kinds of money to us."

Snake on the Tablecloth.
"I caught the idea and got the wriggler planted right in the center of the tablecloth. There were immediate results. Girls rolled, tumbled and twisted in every direction, amid shrieks of terror loud enough to shake the trees. While the uproar was on I could see that partner of mine coolly snapping his instrument and changing his plates. Nobody seemed to think of him but me, and I laid down the tree in a hurry to help him run."

"That ought to bring us a hundred, Pearl," he said, after we got out of range.

Reflections of a Bachelor

A woman really likes to go to church so that her neighbors can't say she doesn't. Making a reputation for good morals is making the people with whom you have it believe you are what they do."

A woman wouldn't be willing to admit she was an old maid if that was the worst way for her to go to heaven. "Let them alone," growled the grim old hero. "The Italians will fight with their hats in the best shape you've ever seen for 'em."

"I picked up a fragment of the broken glass and saw it was the negative of a barn goose a hundred miles away."

"Jim," I said, "you didn't give 'em the skirt show."

"I give 'em the plates I used," he replied. "I was clear out of fresh ones when you turned the snake loose, and so I jammed in what I had. They did just as good."

Why the "Tramp" Flourishes.
"The reason the tramp photographer gets the business is because the people of the backwoods don't like to go into a studio when they visit the larger towns. They are shy, the reason being their duds may not be quite up to the fashion standard, and they think the town artist will laugh at them. But when you go with your outfit right where they vegetate they will stand for being photographed."

"We struck a village named Browning in the winter of 1894. Then the place was unknown to fame, but soon after we arrived it was talked about from ocean to ocean because of the killing of the Meeks family by George and Bill Taylor, two wealthy bankers and stockmen. Bill was hanged, but George broke jail and is still at large."

"Well, that affair furnished business for the 'tramp photographers.' We were Johnnie on the spot. George and Bill had been among our early customers, and when newspapers began wiring for pictures we were there with the goods. We also took photographs of the scene and of the bodies. For a while we had to work night and day at printing. There were no other photographers, and the demand for the murder pictures was constant. We cleaned up an even \$1,000 on that tragedy, and orders continued to come in right up to the day of Bill's execution. That event was taken in our picture box, giving us a complete series."

Garibaldi and the Flat Fighter.
New York's experience is that aliens read much more to the dagger or pistol in quarrels than Americans. The Italians are particularly sinners in this respect, regarding the knife as the chivalrous weapon and fistfights as brutal. At least one eminent Italian would have had his people cultured by boxing. Garibaldi, the story goes, when a sea captain, was formed by two Italian sailors who were fighting early in his career. "Let them alone," growled the grim old hero. "The Italians will fight with their hats in the best shape you've ever seen for 'em."

Garibaldi and the Flat Fighter.
New York's experience is that aliens read much more to the dagger or pistol in quarrels than Americans. The Italians are particularly sinners in this respect, regarding the knife as the chivalrous weapon and fistfights as brutal. At least one eminent Italian would have had his people cultured by boxing. Garibaldi, the story goes, when a sea captain, was formed by two Italian sailors who were fighting early in his career. "Let them alone," growled the grim old hero. "The Italians will fight with their hats in the best shape you've ever seen for 'em."

Garibaldi and the Flat Fighter.
New York's experience is that aliens read much more to the dagger or pistol in quarrels than Americans. The Italians are particularly sinners in this respect, regarding the knife as the chivalrous weapon and fistfights as brutal. At least one eminent Italian would have had his people cultured by boxing. Garibaldi, the story goes, when a sea captain, was formed by two Italian sailors who were fighting early in his career. "Let them alone," growled the grim old hero. "The Italians will fight with their hats in the best shape you've ever seen for 'em."

Garibaldi and the Flat Fighter.
New York's experience is that aliens read much more to the dagger or pistol in quarrels than Americans. The Italians are particularly sinners in this respect, regarding the knife as the chivalrous weapon and fistfights as brutal. At least one eminent Italian would have had his people cultured by boxing. Garibaldi, the story goes, when a sea captain, was formed by two Italian sailors who were fighting early in his career. "Let them alone," growled the grim old hero. "The Italians will fight with their hats in the best shape you've ever seen for 'em."