



# The Moshier-Lampman

## College Is the Leading Business College of the West For the Following Reasons

### REASON NUMBER 1

Because we teach Moshier Shorthand, the system that is getting results unheard of by other methods. Think of it: students still in their teens going directly from the school-room to positions as court reporters after less than one year's study. That is exactly what students have done who were taught Moshier Shorthand by Moshier-Lampman teachers in the Moshier-Lampman College. A system and a school that can do this can naturally graduate the very best office stenographers. The simplicity, speed and legibility of Moshier Shorthand are not combined in any other system. Results tell. We can show results that will convince the most skeptical. Students of our shorthand department receive the personal instruction of the author of the most widely used method of "Touch" Typewriting in America. If you wish to learn a system of shorthand and typewriting that will make a first-class stenographer of you in the shortest possible time, attend the Moshier-Lampman College. Moshier Shorthand writers are occupying the best stenographic positions in the business offices of Omaha today. If you are a Gregg writer and wish to increase your speed and prepare to earn a larger salary [at our college school] and learn the Moshier improvements on Gregg Shorthand.

### REASON NUMBER 2

BECAUSE THE MOSHIER-LAMPMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE HAS THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO USE THE "NEW CENTURY METHOD" OF TEACHING BOOKKEEPING IN THE CITY OF OMAHA. This modern, up-to-date method is superior to any other used in the West for three reasons: First—it gives the student a practical grasp of the subject, because it requires him to handle all the cash and draw up and use every check, note, draft, and every other commercial paper called for in the transactions he records. Second—it saves the student's time, because it does not require him to drag through weary weeks of dull theoretical work. This practical method of instruction turns on the subject with a relish and interest that is the keynote of success in school work. Third—This saving of time means a saving of tuition, and a larger salary, for the practical mastery of the subject gained by the student of bookkeeping who studies the "NEW CENTURY METHOD" makes a more skillful and therefore a more valuable bookkeeper of him.

### REASON NUMBER 3

Because the MOSHIER-LAMPMAN College makes good writers of its students by following the sensible plan of giving them the PERSONAL INSTRUCTION of an expert penman—one of the best in the world. Do not imagine that writing is a gift and that but few can learn it; it is no more difficult to learn Penmanship than it is to learn Arithmetic, English, or anything else, provided you have a competent teacher. The work executed by our students and published in our catalogue proves that our teacher of penmanship has the ability to impart his wonderful skill to his students. Nothing will help you more in securing and holding a first-class position than the ability to write a magnificent hand. Write us, mentioning this ad and we will send you some work by students that will astonish you.

### REASON NUMBER 4

Because the Moshier-Lampman Business College is the best place in the West to learn Business English, and the only place in the West where you can get the Cody System of business correspondence. Because the Moshier-Lampman College has the exclusive right to teach this system in Omaha for the next three years. What is the Cody System? It is a book compiled by one of the most skilled business writers in the world for the use of business men in the live business correspondence encountered every day in the best modern offices. "Salesmanship on Paper," "Collections," "Ad Writing," "Circular Writing," and scores of other important topics are handled in a masterful way. No Kindergarten work about the Cody System. It teaches "How to write letters that pull" and that is what every business man and every business student wants to know.

## The Proof

The best proof of the superiority of the Moshier-Lampman teachers and courses of study, is the superior quality of Moshier-Lampman graduates, and the fact that we are not able to fill half the positions offered us.

Another very striking proof is the marvelous and unprecedented growth of the Moshier-Lampman College. Although this school opened its doors for business only a little over two years ago, it has forged ahead until it has overtaken and passed other schools that are twenty-five years old. It was larger at two years of age than the largest business college in Nebraska was at five years of age.

Another proof of its superiority is the fact that probably seventy-five per cent of its students have come to it either directly from other colleges or have been sent by their brothers, sisters or friends who have attended other colleges. Such facts as these, and facts they are, need no comment. If you wish to attend a live, progressive, up-to-date school that can give you the very best courses of instruction, the most able teachers, and fit you in every way to make the biggest success of yourself, attend the Moshier-Lampman College. Our catalogue is the spiciest, most interesting exponent of business education published in the West, and every word of it is guaranteed. Send for a free copy.

### Address MOSHIER & LAMPMAN, Seventeenth and Farnam Streets, Omaha, Neb.

### JOHN BROWN AT NORTH ELBA

#### Reminiscences of Him on His Adirondack Farm.

### STORIES OF HIS HOME LIFE

#### Benjamin R. Brewster of Lake Placid Was a Member of His Family at the Time of the Harper's Ferry Raid.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—Benjamin R. Brewster, a retired lumber man of Lake Placid, remembers John Brown as he was fifty years ago on the eve of the Harper's Ferry raid, the semi-centennial of which desperate adventure falls upon October 16, next. Mr. Brewster's memory of the man and of the event that so moved the people of this country half a century ago is the more lively because the Harper's Ferry raid widowed his sister, Martha, who had recently married John Brown's son, Oliver, one of the little group who marched with old Osawatimie to free the slaves and perished in the attempt. Mr. Brewster, hale and stocky, and looking nearly a decade less than his 63 years, sat in his comfortable house overlooking the valley of the wild little stream that flows between his hill porch and the Lake Placid railway station and talked of John Brown, his family and his companions. Few men now living know so many of the Harper's Ferry raiders, for not only his brother-in-law followed John Brown in that adventure, but so did two of the neighboring Thompson boys, whose sisters were married to two of Brown's sons. The strong, active boy of 19 went to live with the Browns on their high, rocky farm, still about the highest cultivated land in the state. In the most restless year of John Brown's restless life, namely, the winter of 1859, when Brown, after having been forced to postpone his undertaking by the treachery of his drill master, was again preparing for it, this time with greater secrecy than ever.

"Of course," said Mr. Brewster, "I as a mere boy was not taken into the secret, but I remember John Brown and all his family well, for I went to school with the younger children before I became a member of the family. The Browns had been settled on the farm for a good many years and were known pretty well to their few neighbors, though nobody saw much of John Brown. He came and went about his secret business of running off slaves and preparing for his work in Kansas and for the Harper's Ferry raid. I walked to school with the Brown children. You can almost see from here the little school house down there in the valley. "We were poor, as almost everybody else was up here, and as the Browns certainly were, and I had to work for board, lodging and a little wages. I lived in the family for two falls and winters and I never knew better or kinder people. Mr. Brown was like a mother to me. I remember that she gave me the very first money I ever earned. When I had been at the place a little while she came to me one day, saying that she'd been watching and found that I did my work faithfully, and then she put a gold dollar into my hand, the first coin I'd ever seen. "It is a curious fact that, vivid as was the impression that John Brown made upon those with whom he came in contact, there is a difference of recollection as to the appearance of the man. This is partly owing to the fact that late in life he ex-

changed his smooth shaven face for a bearded one, and there is even a difference of tradition as to the height and figure of the man.

"What did he look like?" said Mr. Brewster in answer to a question, and then he crossed to the wall of his library and showed an unusually well executed crayon portrait of Brown, with head and bust considerably less than life size, but extremely clear and characteristic. The picture was copied from a photograph, which in turn may have been taken from life or from the full length, life size portrait in oils which hangs in the Boston Athenaeum. It shows the great, spade-like white beard and heavy white mustache which John Brown grew to disguise his countenance when he decided on postponing the Harper's Ferry raid to return to Kansas after the Doyle murders.

"That," said Mr. Brewster, "is exactly the man as I remember him. I gave a better copy to be hung in the capitol at Albany. He was nearly six feet tall, but spare, though broadshouldered. As I recall him he was erect and although then 40 years old, strong and active.

"His sons were much like him in height and shape. My brother-in-law, Oliver Brown, was one of the best made young men I ever saw. John Brown never stayed long at the farm when I was there, but I saw him often and heard him speak in his everyday life with the family. He seldom worked much about the place, but I remember working half a day with him smoothing up a piece of rough ground that had been cleared of timber.

"He was not like most bosses, or at least not like those who boss public jobs," said Mr. Brewster, with a reminiscent smile, evidently born of his experience as president of the village, "for he worked longer harder than everybody else, stopping only now and then to give orders and hardly speaking a word at any other time. He seemed deep in thought."

"John Brown struck me, boy as I was, as the firmest kind of believer in his religious faith. He had family prayers morning and evening and said grace before meals. His eye was keen, but one of the kindest I ever looked into. "Sometimes of an evening he'd stand up and talk to the family. His voice was deep, clear and pleasant. One night I remember he said very solemnly to his wife and children that, although the times seemed discouraging, they should know that the darkest hour came before dawn, the blackest clouds often before clearing weather."

Possibly this speech of John Brown's, a mere commonplace of traditional human wisdom, was apropos of the hard fortunes of the family or in prospect of the deliverance he was expecting to bear to the slaves. At any rate, in the summer after Mr. Brewster went to live with the Browns the family was reduced in number by the departure of several for the mountain farm in Maryland three or four miles from the Virginia line and within easy striking distance of Harper's Ferry.

We usually have up here about the middle of October.

"I think the family must have set up all night. At any rate we were in and out until a late hour, sometimes under the stars, sometimes indoors beside the lamp. The grown folks knew what was going on four or five hundred miles south and the women realized that their husbands and brothers were taking their lives in a desperate undertaking, but they were quiet and self-controlled. "News traveled slowly up here in those days and it was some time after the raid that we learned, by way of Elizabethtown, then the gateway of the Adirondacks, how the undertaking had failed, at least for the time being. Even then the widowed women showed no great feeling because they had been schooled by John Brown and his wife in patience.

"I don't remember the details of the trial except as I have read them since, but I remember well when John Brown's body was brought home early in December, a few days after the hanging. The upper part of the house was unfinished, because the Browns were not well enough off to do more than keep a shelter over their heads, and the stairway ended opposite a room that had not been walled off. "The coffin was carried up the stairs and placed on the floor of that open room, so that looking up one could see one end of it. Next day was the funeral. There were a good many of our scattered neighbors up at the farm. Most of them must have been surprised to learn that the John Brown who had come and gone so mysteriously among them for eight or ten years had exhibited at the Essex county fair the first Devon cattle ever seen in North Elba township was the same with the man who had made such a stir in his warfare on slavery.

"We buried him with his feet toward the big boulder upon which he had no longer carved the initials 'J. B.' and where it was understood that he had wished to lie. His widow visited the spot fifteen or twenty years ago. She is dead now and buried out in California, though I think she ought to lie here beside her husband. None of the family came back alive at the time of the Elba campaign, and my sister Martha died the next March in child birth."

Kate Field some years ago raised money for the purchase of the John Brown house and the grave site. The place was presented to the state of New York, and the state now maintains a caretaker in the house. The boulder and the grave have been enclosed in an iron fence and the marble stone at the head of the grave has been framed in wood to protect it from relic hunters, who had begun to chip it to bits.

Through the sheet of glass that covers the stone, which is a memorial not only to John Brown but to his father and his son Oliver, one may read that John Brown was born May 9, 1800, and that he died at Charlesown, Va., December 2, 1859. The boulder at the foot of the grave is marked in large deep cut letters "John Brown." Above the grave there waves from a tall flag pole the Stars and Stripes.

**Idaho's Long Bridge.** "In my state we are building the longest wagon bridge in the world," said J. A. McCurdy of Boise, Idaho. "This tremendously long bridge, located at Sandpoint, Idaho, is a county bridge and is 9,250 feet long, or nearly two miles. The structure will cross the Bend d'Orville river and the lower end of a big lake. It will be completed by the end of this month, and will be open for traffic by October 15. More than 400 piles were driven, extending 1,500 feet. When I saw it the bridge was completed almost into the bed of the river channel. The draw across the middle of the bridge will be eighty-five feet long one of the longest in the world. It will have a rise of seventy-five feet above low water mark.—Washington Post.

### PLANTING THE PHLOX BED

#### Perennial Varieties Easy to Start and to Grow.

### SELECTION MATTER OF TASTE

#### How to Get Large, Finely Colored Trusses of Blooms—This is the Best Time of Year for Setting Out Phlox.

"From now until the middle of November is the best time to plant perennial garden phlox," declared a woman who has done much with the flowers. "There are few plants easier to start and raise to perfection than the perennial phlox. I have more than 100 varieties, and all of them produce beautiful trusses of flowers in abundance, with comparatively little care. "I plant them everywhere, but find them most satisfactory on my rose beds. This isn't because they grow or flower best there, but because so many persons are deceived by their blooms and say that my roses bloom the whole summer long. Of course, the truth is that the roses are over and done with before the phlox begins to open, and in the early spring and summer the foliage of the phlox adds to the beauty of the rose bed.

"Phlox will grow in sun or shade, but it appears to best advantage in partial shade. When protected from the hot rays of the sun the blooms give a better color and last longer. This is especially true of the lighter shades, the lilacs and violets, in particular. The brilliant reds and crimsons are also much more effective when grown in shade. When the colors are not so readily affected by the sun, they are not so readily affected by the sun.

"In preparing for planting phlox, the land should be spaded deep, two feet is not too much, and where the land is new I always have it trenched. Phlox does best in rich sandy loam and where fertilizer is necessary, as it usually is, well rotted horse manure is the best. The plants should be set so that the crown is about two inches below the surface, and the soil should be pressed firmly about it.

"After the planting and before the ground freezes I cover my beds with a litter of leaves and stable manure to a depth of from three to five inches. I am careful to have this mulch extend well beyond the edge of the bed. When possible I top this covering of leaves with just enough manure to prevent the leaves from being blown off. In the spring I rake off the manure and later fork it in, while I add the leaves to the compost heap.

"Young plants from cuttings are far more vigorous than old plants divided. I usually grow my plants from cuttings and sell them when they have from three to five eyes. These are as good as any to be had and when properly planted give the best results. In planting phlox it is well to remember that if a quantity of bloom is wanted large clumps should be used and where you wish to maintain such groups several years you need only fork into the ground an inch or two of manure every spring.

"Phlox, if in a congenial soil can stand a wonderful amount of water, but let a plant begin to need water and at once the character of the blooms change, both as to size and color. Plenty of water is necessary if you are trying to get large trusses of flowers and the correct colors. The effect of dry weather can be done away with in a measure by keeping the soil about the plants well stirred. I have

also used low growing and trailing plants to advantage with phlox on thirsty soil.

"When cold weather begins to make itself felt the flowers often lose their individuality. I have gone through my garden after a few chilly nights and found varieties of phlox that I had never seen before, that is, of course, when judged by the color of the freshly opened flowers. Cutting the trusses and allowing them to open in water and shade will also give unknown shades. There is a deep magenta variety, the Lord Raleigh, which if cut and allowed to open in the shade will produce a blue blossom.

"Where large trusses with large individual blossoms are desired I use young plants and pinch back the outer stems. This allows the central stems to bloom and perfect themselves before the outer stems have regained themselves. This will not only increase the size of the truss and the flowers, but it will give a succession of blooms.

"Another way is to wait until the truss is completely in bloom, then pinch out the side shoots that have started along the stem. This will start the new growth simultaneously and will bring the blooms to perfection at about the same time, and in that way the effect of large clusters.

"When doing this pinching back it is well to remember that these side shoots are as good cuttings as can be had. They should be planted in sandy loam in a sheltered location out of doors or in clean sand in a frame or a greenhouse. These will root easily and quickly and with ordinary care be ready for setting in place in the autumn in plenty of time to become strong before cold weather.

"If you want to keep your varieties true you must take care to keep the seeds from ripening and being scattered on the beds, to come up and form a tangled mass in which it is impossible to tell the old plants from the seedlings. Either the tops should be cut off before the seeds mature or the seedlings pulled up before they grow too large to be distinguished from the parent plant.

"Phlox is seldom troubled by insects; this is one of its many advantages. In particular dry seasons a red spider may become numerous enough to make the leaves look discolored and ragged and occasionally to stunt the growth. Spraying with the hose will remedy this. The only other trouble comes from the depredations of the cutworm when the shoots are tender. A good sprinkling of coal or wood ashes is all that is necessary to stop this. "I am often asked to give the ten best varieties. Of course it is largely a question of taste in color, as most varieties of phlox grow equally well. For the pure white, with large flowers and tall stems I always name the President G. von Laessberg; the Eclipse is a bright purple and tall; the Crepuscule is a grayish white ground with a bright mauve eye, tall and a very fine bloomer; the Ivesmante is a dwarf variety, with large salmon pink flowers; the Pauline is a half dwarf, with large rose pink flowers with a lighter hue; the Inspector Elpel is tall, with bright violet flowers with crimson eyes; the Heranger is tall, with large white flowers streaked with bright rose; the Rayonnant is white with an eye of pale rose; the Malador is tall, with an unusually handsome truss of large flowers of light cardinal with crimson eyes, and the Conqueror is a light vermillion red with deeper eye. They are all good varieties where these particular colors are preferred.

Jetter's Gold Top Beer delivered to any part of the city. Telephone No. 2.

### HUMAN FOOT ON GRAVESTONE

#### Remarkable Story of the Prophecy and Curse of a Condemned Witch.

Close beside the road on the outskirts of the old seaport town of Bucksport, Me., is a small family cemetery in which sleep the Bucks, who first settled the town and bequeathed to it their name and a legend. "Conspicuously prominent, the largest monument in the cemetery, is a tall granite shaft, which plainly may be seen from the road. This monument on one side bears the inscription: 'Colonel Jonathan Buck, the founder of Bucksport, A. D. 1782. Born in Haverhill, Mass., 1718. Died March 15, 1784.' "On the other side is the single word, 'Buck,' and something not cut by the skilled hand of the marble worker. On the smooth surface of the pedestal is a curious carving, which easily can be imagined to be the outline of a human foot of normal size. People who pronounce the outline to be that of a foot give credence to the legend which is one of the many strange and curious stories often told in the old town.

The story is that Colonel Jonathan Buck was a very stern man, upright in character and actions, and the leading spirit in his day and generation. He was the highest in civil authority, his word being law in the community.

It was his boast that the founder that the town was named, the original name being Bucksport, under which name it was incorporated. In 1817, when Maine was still a part of Massachusetts, the name was changed to Bucksport.

Colonel Buck was an out-and-out Puritan, witchcraft being to him the incarnation of blasphemy and the manifestation of the evil one. In accordance with this belief, when a certain woman was accused of witchcraft, at the first clamoring of a frightened populace Colonel Buck, as the town was suddenly turned to Colonel Buck and raising one hand to heaven, said: "The execution day came, all gathering from far and near to witness the last of this menace to the town's peace. The woman, protesting her innocence, went to the gallows cursing her judge with words so terrible and frightful that the people shuddered and clung close together, as if to gain protection one from the other.

Meanwhile Colonel Buck stood grim and unmoved, the magistrate first, last and always. All was now ready; the hangman, who stepped forward with the fatal noose, when the woman suddenly turned to Colonel Buck and raising one hand to heaven, said: "The very last my tongue shall utter. It is the spirit of the only living God which bids me speak to you. You will soon die, and over your grave the soil will erect a stone that will mark the spot where your bones lay and crumble to dust. Upon that stone the imprint of my foot shall appear, and for all time after your race has vanished from the face of the earth will the people know that you murdered a woman."

Calmly and with firm tread she turned to her executioner, and one more martyr was added to the long list due to ignorance and superstition.

Time went on and the "witch's curse" had been forgotten by nearly everyone, until a monument was erected to the founder of Bucksport.

The shaft had been in position barely a month when a faint outline was discovered on it. It grew more and more distinct until some person made out the outline of a foot. This was enough; the old, almost forgotten legend was revived. Several attempts have been made to re-

move the stain from the stone, but every effort only tends to make it plainer.

Mammoth old trees stand sentinels in the silent grounds, for visitors are no longer permitted within the inclosure, the entrance gate being locked. Hardly a day passes that people may not be seen looking in through the tall, old-fashioned iron fence at this mystery of time.—Boston Herald.

If you have anything to sell or trade and want quick action, advertise it in The Be Want Ad columns.

**Train Wrecked at Tabor, S. D.** YANKTON, S. D., Sept. 25.—(Special Telegram.)—One tramp was injured, thirty-five head of cattle were killed and eleven cars were derailed in a Milwaukee wreck at Tabor Friday afternoon. Five hundred feet of track was torn up and train service is at a standstill.

### Talks on Teeth

#### FALSE PLATES

#### Alveolar Dentists

Teeth Troubles—Are you having trouble with a partial plate? You can't set properly with it, can you? Ever heard of the Alveolar Method? Do you know it is possible to put teeth in the mouth without plates?

We are doing that work daily. A New Plan—This discovery is one of the greatest achievements ever known in the science of dentistry.

No Plates—Heretofore the dentist has demanded an anchorage in the shape of a suction plate or a "Bridge" before he could supply any teeth. We only ask for two or more teeth in either jaw, no matter whether they are tight or loose ones. If they are loose we cure the cause of the looseness. With these to work with we give you the teeth you have lost, upper and lower, big, solid, natural looking teeth, that will enable you to eat anything in comfort, practically the same comfort as you used to have when you had all your own teeth.

No Implantation—This work is not done by implanting teeth in the jaws, nor does it call for any cutting or pain. Mass of Proofs Ready—If you will come to our office in 510 N. Y. E. Bldg., Omaha, we will be glad to submit such a mass of proof from satisfied patients that you will want us to get to work on your mouth at once.

Examination Free—We make a careful examination of your case first of all, and this service is entirely free and puts the work done under no obligation to have ANY work done. We are general practitioners and do the very highest class of dental work. Don't confound us with the so-called "Dental Parlors" just because we believe in advertising.

We are doing a marvelous work, and must tell the world about it. If you cannot come to one of our offices write for our book, "Alveolar Dentistry," which tells about us and our great work. The book is free for the asking. It will be a valuable book for you if you have teeth troubles.

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Dr. E. H. L. MURPHY  
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