

HOME OF THE SIMPLE LIFE

Section of South Africa Where Standpatism is the Rule.

RURAL PICTURES FROM BOERDORP

Balloon Ascension a Mystery to the Natives and Letter Writing an Unusual Occupation.

A few days ago Capt. Spelterini, the famous aeronaut, made the first balloon ascent ever witnessed in the Transvaal, rising to a height of 7,000 feet above Johannesburg. As he was descending near the Free State border two Boer farmers noticed the strange apparition in the sky. They were much perturbed. They seized their Mausers and deliberated whether it would not be advisable to shoot the mysterious aerial intruder, which seemed to them to be some unknown monster of the air. Happily they hesitated long enough to see that there were human beings in the curious globe. But the incident should serve to remind those who expect exceedingly rapid development in rural South Africa that many of the quaint ideas of the simple Voortrekkers still cling to the soil. The old type of Boer farmer is disappearing before the advance of education. But he is going slowly. If you read the Dutch papers you will still find very earnest and very indignant correspondents protesting that the destruction of locusts is a blasphemous attempt to oppose the will of the Almighty, who had sent the scourge as a punishment for the sinfulness of the people. You will find farmers declaring that the natural diseases of stock should not be interfered with, and suggesting that all the government veterinary surgeons should be turned out of the country.

Simplicity of the Boers. The traders and prospectors in the Transvaal tell many a delightful story of the simplicity of these old Voortrekkers, whose hospitality unfortunately was often but ill repaid. One of the best known of these stories relates how a well-known mining magnate purchased a rich gold bearing farm. It was at the time that the Boers first began to realize that some of the intruding strangers into their country were unaccountably willing to pay large sums for land. Prices rose, not because the farmers had the faintest idea of the value of the sums they demanded, but simply because the large amounts sounded well in their ears. So when this magnate wished to buy a particular farm he was met with a demand for \$100,000 in gold. The owner would not hear of anything less. He did not know what \$100,000 meant, but the sound of the globular sum pleased him. At last the mining man consented. The trans-

fer deeds were drawn up and were to be signed on a given night.

When the evening came the magnate drove up to the farm with a bag of gold. All was ready, but the Boer insisted that the money must be counted out before his eyes. The other agreed. He set out 1,000 sovereigns in lines on one side of the table. "There is a thousand pounds," he said. Then at right angles he laid out 100 gold coins. "That is 100 pounds," he explained, "so you have the hundred thousand pounds."

And the Boer signed the deeds and trekked away into the unknown with the gold, happy in the thought that he had sold his farm for a record price. It is not difficult to believe such a story, when one remembers that the chosen legislators of these old Boers advanced publicly in the Randzaal those quaint ideas, reprinted in an appendix to Sir Percy Fitzpatrick's book, "The Transvaal From Within."

Letter Writing a Monstrosity. "He could not see," he said, "why people always wanted to be writing letters. He wrote none himself. In the days of his youth he had written a letter and had not been afraid to travel fifty miles and more on horseback and by wagon to post it, and now people complained if they had to go a mile." These old farmers were horrified to hear that godless people in Johannesburg had insulted the Almighty by firing bombs at the sky in time of drought to endeavor to bring rain. The Rand railway was only built through the subterfuge of calling it a "tram." Fierce discussions arose on a proposal to destroy locusts, and some members were so offended at the idea affected by their more up-to-date colleagues that they proposed that the size and shape of the neckties worn by legislators should be defined by law.

At one time in Johannesburg oranges were at famine prices, and an oriental trader went out with a cart to a farm on which there were many trees. He offered 5 shillings a 100 for the fruit, and in order to keep count arranged that for each 100 oranges placed on the cart he should put a "ticky" (a 3-penny piece) in the farmer's hat. When the hat had become about half full of "ticky" the trader purposely looked away for a few moments. The Boer did just what the trader expected. He hurriedly plunged a hand into the hat and thrust a handful of "ticky" into his pocket. And when the trader paid for the oranges according to the number of "ticky" in the hat the Boer did not realize that he had robbed himself of 4 shillings 9 pence for every "ticky" he had put into his pocket. But the Boer was never a match for the East End dealer. A farmer who had had some transactions with a trader took the precaution of arming himself with a ready reckoner. The trader worked out

the account by a form of mental arithmetic peculiarly his own.

Arithmetic Out of Date. "But," objected the Boer, gazed at the result, "this is wrong. I have done the sum with a ready reckoner and it is different."

The trader paused a moment. "Let me see it," he said, taking the book. "Ah!" he exclaimed. "I thought so. This ready reckoner is last year's. It is out of date!"

And the Boer accepted the explanation without a suspicion of doubt. And these incidents, which have their parallel today, show that change is working but slowly in South Africa.—Johannesburg letter in Chicago Inter Ocean.

FINED FOR HIS INDUSTRY

Some Pithy Remarks of the Kansas Brand on the Activity of the Assessor.

There are some queer things about our system of taxation. Here is an example: Once upon a time the editor of this paper became possessed of the laudable ambition to own a home. Having managed to save up a few dollars, he purchased upon the payment plan some property which had been taken in on mortgage by an eastern investment company. The house was in such bad repair that it was not fit for occupancy. The cellar was full of stagnant water, weeds grew rankly about the house, the porches were rotted and sagging, the house unpainted. The lot was a couple of feet above the sidewalk, and the earth had washed and caved, making it impassable. The place was an eyesore and a menace to health; we wanted a home and saw its possibilities.

It was located in a good neighborhood and from it we had a beautiful view over a pretty valley. Being rather handy with tools, we went to work before and after office hours. We repaired the porches, painted the house, sodded and terraced the yard and drained the cellar and put in curbing and parking. We worked early and late, until at last we had, as many people told us, one of the prettiest homes in the town—and then the assessor came around and doubled our taxes. We were fined because we had worked hard and converted disorder into order, useless into beauty, and had wiped out a plague spot in the neighborhood. It is also true that the owner of a few vacant lots adjoining our place immediately advanced them in price, but neglected to cut the tall weeds that grew on them. It may be added that his taxes were not increased, notwithstanding the fact that he held his lots at a higher price. We have told this story because the statement itself ought to cause someone to do some hard thinking. There surely is something radically wrong with a system of taxation in which a person is fined for merely being industrious.—Delphos (Kan.) Republican.

LOCHINVAR AT THE WHEEL

Fascinations of Chauffeurs Prove Irresistible to Heiresses.

SEARCHING FOR SAFEGUARDS

Captain of the Joy Ride Supersedes the Matinee Idol as the Mascot Line Hero of the Hour.

What is society going to do about it? Here are its young women, members of the most exclusive circles in this country and connected by marriage with some of the greatest families of Europe, running off with handsome young chauffeurs and declaring they like it and have nothing to regret. Such a situation is baffling to the most astute of parents and guardians. Daughters must exist. Chauffeurs must exist. One can't, at all times, drive one's own automobile. Therefore, it is necessary that these dashing, able mechanically intelligent persons should not be wholly exterminated from the surface of the earth. Then how are our daughters to be guarded from these strangely dangerous things, these creatures gifted with uncanny powers of fascination, which enable them to charm away from our protecting guardianship girls who have been so carefully brought up, that, as we had supposed, no one of less estate than a million, save and except some impetuous foreign noble, has ever gained the honor of acquaintance?

It is safe to say that when the disappearance of Miss Julia French and her marriage to Mr. Joseph Geraghty, a handsome chauffeur, was chronicled, about ten days ago, 10,000 mothers of attractive daughters sat up and gasped hard, and straightaway put the family chauffeur under a microscope. Here was a new danger threatening their marketable array of offspring. How were they going to solve the problem thus presented—how guard against the threatened danger with that easy grace that deceives the onlookers by seeming to ignore the existence of danger, even while it compasses the undoing of the enemy? All Precautions Taken. So far as human forethought could go, everything had already been done to guard the flock from invasion from without. The bars were up against all comers of lesser rank, against all who could show no long line of cultivated ancestors or who were not able to compensate for the lack by their superior financial standing. Then came the shock of Miss Julia French's marriage to Joseph Geraghty. And all of a sudden the structure seemed to go stumbling down, flattened to earth by the dashing onslaught of an invincible young knight, who blares his challenge with a motor horn and comes on pellmell over the clattering, falling wall into the sacred inclosure, snatches

his heiress away, while the onlookers gasp in astonishment, and is gone at the rate of seventy miles an hour over the country into the great "without" from which he sprang.

The heiress has deserted the glittering possibilities, which might have been realized for her if she had only been wise and waited. She has braved the region beyond the wall, with its threat of poverty, obscurity and social obloquy. The wall has failed to protect her from her fiery captor, and the reason and logic, which should have taught her to resist his pleas have proved equally futile. The families of young and desirable debutantes with brilliant futures find themselves in the midst of social chaos. They shudder and gather their broods more closely about them, and appoint whole beves of lynx-eyed maiden aunts to watch their young nieces night and day, and they look at their chauffeurs and those of their friends through fog-foguettes and field glasses and microscopes and from every possible point of view, and they wonder how it came about, and how innumerable other elopements of a like nature came about, and what is to be done about it, anyway.

Thrown into Consternation. If, they say, it was only the case of the chauffeur of one's own family it might be managed. But that isn't enough to guard against, because it seems that the chauffeurs of one's friends are equally dangerous. There was Miss French, who eloped with a chauffeur only occasionally employed by her family, and whom she had met at a motor school, where she had gone to learn how to run a car herself. There was Miss Silvey Spear, the young daughter of W. A. Spear of Atlanta, Ga. heiress to more than \$1,000,000, and who secretly married young Russell Thomas, who acted as a chauffeur in the neighborhood, but who was not especially employed by her father. Then there was Miss Madeline Zigler, daughter of a wealthy woman of Pittsburgh, who ran away with a chauffeur only occasionally employed by her mother, but whom she had found time and opportunity to meet elsewhere than at home.

It is a question, after all, of looking the chauffeur over, estimating his attractions, and seeking to arrive at the secret of his peculiar fascination for women. There can be no doubt that he has such fascination. Anyone who reads the newspapers will acknowledge at once that this is the day of the girl and the chauffeur. Where is the matinee idol of other years? He simply doesn't exist since the chauffeur came into his own. Where is the horseman who once dazzled the young society woman whom he met in the course of business? He is too slow for the girl of today, and the chauffeur has long since completely supplanted him. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Choate celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at their home in Stockbridge, Mass., last Monday. Nearly 600 invited guests attended the reception.

BLACK CAT UNITES LOVERS

Strange Animal Looked Upon as Mysterious Mascot in Pennsylvania Home.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Carpenter of Reading, Pa., who a few days ago announced their marriage, which occurred last May, declare that they were reunited by means of a stray black cat.

There is a general belief in Berks county that if a homeless black cat comes to a home and refuses to leave, its presence will bring good fortune, sooner or later. Last April a black cat came to the home of Mrs. Mary Butz, a widow. Her husband, Henry Butz, died a number of years ago. When a young girl, Mrs. Butz was courted by Albert Carpenter, and was engaged to be married, when the engagement was broken off because of the illness of her father. Carpenter then left for the west, and had not been heard of or seen since.

When the black cat arrived at the home

of Mrs. Butz she made repeated efforts to drive it away, but failed. A neighbor warned her not to do so, as it meant good luck. Three days later the same neighbor noticed in a paper that there was a letter for Mrs. Butz in the "dead letter" office at Reinholds station, Mrs. Butz's former home, and she told her about it.

Mrs. Butz called for the letter, and to her great surprise, it was a message from her old sweetheart. She immediately answered, and he came east and their wedding followed. Carpenter had been in the ranch business in Montana, had made a fortune, and came east to hunt his old sweetheart. While at West Center he wrote her the letter. The most important person in the Carpenter home today is the black cat. Neither will part with the animal, saying that it was through the cat they were reunited.

Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter are both about 60 years old. Carpenter is a civil war veteran.



Clothes Just Suited to the Healthy, Sport-Loving American Boy

An authority on children once said: "From 10 to 16 years of age any boy may be said to be in the savage stage. So give him outdoor freedom he craves, but dress him to enjoy that freedom, then he will learn to respect himself and earn the respect of his fellows. You'll Find Ideal Boys' Clothes Here—"Best Ever," "Woolly Boy," "Double Wear," "Indestructible," "Preis Made Tuffnut" and several other splendid brands, shown in complete assortments of styles, colors and patterns, at \$2.95 up to \$10.00. So well tailored so well styled, so well featured that most economical mothers will readily recognize their superior merit.

HAYDEN BROTHERS

Advertisement for R&G Corsets. This is a charming corset, R. & G. model C98, for figures of average proportions. The bust is of medium height and the skirt of average length. Strongly boned throughout, prettily trimmed with lace and carries supporters front, side and back. Though not extreme in style, this model is admirably adapted to suit the prevailing fashions in close fitting gowns. It displays the figure of moderate build to excellent advantage. One of the most popular of the many R. & G. styles. Sizes 18 to 30, made in Coutille, C98. \$2.00

Advertisement for HAYDEN'S COAL SUPPLY. A neat saving in your coal bill if you'll be sure to use HAYDEN'S ROYAL Lump or Nut; per ton... \$6.50. Hot, clean, lasting—for furnace or range. HAYDEN'S SPECIAL, Lump or Nut; at, ton... \$6.00. Coal Department in Our Grocery Section.

The best location for a lawyer

is in a building close to the Court House and the City Hall. The lawyer's time is all he has to sell. Every step and every minute saved means money to the busy man. It is a great thing to have only a few steps to go when the weather is very cold or very hot, or very stormy. The building nearest to the Court House is

THE BEE BUILDING

You will find it advantageous to move before cold weather. While there are not a great number of the best of them from which to choose, there are some very choice ones offered below:

- Room 300-302—Very attractive suite of rooms directly in front of the elevators, facing Farnam street. Has been occupied for years by a prominent physician, and would make desirable quarters for any line of work. This space containing 508 square feet will be vacated Oct. 15th. Superintendent will be pleased to show this suite at any time. Rent, per month... \$92.50
- Room 320—is a choice corner office having a north and west exposure, making two desirable rooms could be made. There are 211 square feet, suitable for tenant, and there being a vault in the room, it affords extra protection for valuables. Rent, per month... \$40.00
- Room 322—Has a partition which makes two good sized rooms, private office and reception room. Two large windows furnish plenty of light from the north. This space is 16-3x20, and rental price reasonable. Rent, per month... \$23.00
- Room 340—is a small well arranged room facing 17th street, having splendid light and ventilation. The size of room is 12x16-6. Rent, per month... \$16.00
- Room 344—Faces the east and is so arranged that by putting in a partition, two desirable rooms could be made. There are 211 square feet. Rent, per month... \$20.00

THE BEE BUILDING CO. Bee Business Office. 17th and Farnam Sts.

BRANDEIS STORES

Monday--A Notable Event Sale of Women's Sample Tailored Suits at \$25

300 sample tailored suits bought from a New York maker at half their value \$25

This manufacturer turned out only suits of the most fashionable character and these were his samples. Every correct style feature of this season is represented and every popular high grade fabric is here. Every garment is an exclusive style and has no duplicates. Not a Suit in the lot worth less than \$35.00—most of them worth as high as \$55.00; Monday at \$25

Great Showing of High Class Furs

Brandeis is first to show the authentic styles and the newest and most exclusive features in dependable furs. Brandeis is one store where you can buy your furs in perfect confidence. Brandeis reputation is behind every fur sold. In fur coats our stock is more complete than the other combined stocks in Omaha. These prices positively cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

Advertisement for Women's Winter Coats. From a recent big purchase. These new reversible coats and popular double face cloth coats—in 3 big bargain groups, \$15, \$19 and \$25. New Velour Coats. Just received beautiful dressy silk faced velours, plain and braid trimmed with large collars and side buttoned effects, go at \$35, \$39 and \$49. New Long Black Broadcloth Coats. More popular and dressier than ever this season, \$25 and \$35. New Lace and Chiffon Waists. The new season's daintiest novelties, beautifully made, delicate shades, at \$10. The New Hook on Waist. The newest thing—just one hook for fastening—Monday, \$5. New Tailored Linen and Lingerie Waists, at \$1.98, \$2.50, \$2.98 and \$3.98.

52-inch Genuine Hudson Seal Coats at... \$159
52-inch Genuine Near Seal Coats with raccoon collars and cuffs at... \$75
52-inch Genuine Hudson Bay Beaver Coats— at... \$198
52-inch Electric Seal Coats at... \$69
52-inch Fine Silky, lustrous Russian Pony Coat at... \$49
52-inch Fine Selected and Matched Russian Pony Coat, at... \$89

A full length, 52-in., genuine Alaska Seal Coat—new fall staple cut; worth \$1,100.00—special at... \$795
A full 52-in., genuine Seal Coat, large collar and cuffs; guaranteed brocade lining; worth \$900.00; special at... \$595

Genuine Mink Sets, at... \$40, \$65, \$80, \$95 and \$150
Fine Black Fox Sets, at... \$39, \$49, \$69, \$75 and \$108
Red and Cross Fox Sets, at... \$35, \$49 and \$69
Fine Brown Marten Sets, at... \$49, \$75, \$89 and \$98
Black and Natural Raccoon Sets, at \$39, \$40, \$59, \$65
Blended Sable Squirrel Sets, at... \$25, \$35 and \$49
Blended Brook Mink Sets, at \$12.50, \$15, \$19 and \$25
Blue and Black Wolf Sets, at... \$19, \$25, \$35 and \$49