



EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM A. POYNTER.

What to do with our ex-governors is a question that has never greatly vexed the people of Nebraska, nor puzzled the gentlemen most vitally concerned. Live in Lincoln is the logical answer and the soundest course.

Ex-Governor William A. Poynter solved it for himself and solved it right when, at the conclusion of his term of office a little over a year ago, he settled in Lincoln. This, notwithstanding the enticements that lie in previous life in the country and the possession of a fine farm. Mr. Poynter was called from Boone county to perform the duties of chief executive. His record was made so recently that specific attention to it need not be called. It was the record of a clean and honest man, and made under trying circumstances.

Mr. Poynter still gives supervision to his large farm, while at the same time he is at the head of one of the best fraternal insurance societies in existence in the state, the American Order of Protection. The family occupies a nice home on South Twenty-seventh street, and he is an active participant in the social, business and religious affairs of the city.

Years of service in the legislature and upon the state board of agriculture testify to Mr. Poynter's interest in his state, and he never loses an opportunity to promote the welfare of his neighborhood, city and state. He is a native of Illinois and has been a resident of Nebraska since 1878. His family consists of himself, his wife, his son and daughter. His son graduated this year from the Omaha medical college, while his daughter took a degree at the same time from the university conservatory of music.

Mr. Poynter is himself a college-bred man and holds a degree of A. B. and an honorary degree of Ph. D. from the same institution, Eureka college of Illinois. He is a successful farmer, statesman and business man.

in single file with cord that was guaranteed to prevent any of them straying.

Who would sacrifice as much for the painting of a church? Miss Dora Nelson has been toiling for nine months on a quilt on the 480 patches of which she has been working the names of the people at ten cents per name. When finished the cloth will be hung in the church as an ornament. It is nearly done and the last names are being accompanied with dollars instead of dimes. The proceeds will be spent with the paint man, and the church will bear some new colors.

Use dynamite in setting trees. That is the newest way of doing it and it works to perfection, some say. Editor Baird of the Cedar Rapids Outlook is its advocate, having seen it used elsewhere. After digging the usual pit for the roots, drive a stake or some suitable substitute a fair distance still farther below in the center of the hole. Then insert a small stick of dynamite. When it is exploded with a fuse it is found to have loosened the ground as far as ten feet around. It is then an easy matter for the roots to take hold and burrow and moisture has freer ingress.

A minister recently became insane in Fullerton, Nance county. He was discovered one morning shouting and screaming from the spars of a telephone pole. He had climbed out amongst the wires from his bedroom window on the second floor of a building, the pole being near. With religious conviction he believed that a black woman dressed in white had pursued him to that retreat.

What is the matter with cattle near Leigh? The question has been put to Professor A. T. Peters of the state

school of agriculture. Some of the stockmen have discovered bunches on the backs of their animals, sometimes as many as fifty to a cow. When they come the animal grows thin and weak as if suffering from dyspepsia and consumption combined. When the bunches are squeezed, out jump little worms of smart dimensions that seem very embodiments of appetite.

On the Other Side of the Glove Counter

"With good customers this counter is all right. Otherwise it's a perfect Hades."

A tall sprightly looking sales woman in a Lincoln store was the speaker. She stood behind the glove counter, and it was of this branch of the dry good business that she expressed her opinion.

"You see we've got to fit the gloves. The customer sits over there. We lean forward at a very awkward angle and earn our salaries. We've got to take the gloves and fit them on the hands of the customer. Not one but both. It's not snap. Just let your visitor get sour and snappy. Then you're in for a time of it.

"People generally leave their gloves until the very last thing. Then they come here tired and fagged after their shopping and too cross for any use. They are sure of the size they wear and are dead certain that the old gloves were a quarter too large.

"First comes shade, kind, size and price. When you have steered your customer through these small things, the real work commences. Leaning over the counter the gloves are started on the hand. Rubbing and coaxing gets them sliding on the fingers and the first stage is over.

"Trouble generally starts right here.

"The customer may get impatient and try to aid the fitting process by pushing between the fingers. This must be prevented because it ruins the shape of the glove.

"The least slip and your fair purchaser get mad. Be slow about fitting and she's sure the gloves are too small. Be too quick and the articles are entirely too large. Double edged diplomacy must be liberally applied or the tyrant in front of the counter may bounce out, after complaining to the floor walker. Of course one can't afford to let this happen.

"After they are snugly fitted, the customer may decide she wanted an entirely different shade. You mustn't let her change because the stock man will throw it into you good and proper. Still you mustn't let the customer think she has to take them because then she won't. Rub on more diplomacy.

"Of course some are real nice when they come to buy gloves and they are a joy to talk to. But they're women with very little shopping to do.

"Since beginning work at the glove counter the muscles of my fingers have increased to twice their former size. The muscles of the shoulders are also developed by the work."

"Were there any pretty dresses in the play?"

"Oh, yes. The poor deserted wife who had to take in sewing for a living, suffered agonies in a lovely white silk gown, with chiffon ruffles, and a dream of a pearl-colored plush opera cloak lined with white fur."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

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