

STIRRING SCENES MARK THE PLAY OF "CAPTAIN MOLLY"



"Captain Molly," now being played in New York, is full of dashing action and thrilling situations. Elizabeth Tyree as "Molly Pitcher," makes a captivating heroine. The above flashlight shows the already famous court scene wherein "Molly" carries herself with distinction. Later in the season "Captain Molly" will make a tour of the west.

**Don't Sell Pistols
to Prevent Suicides**

He is a shrewd, keen observer—the man who sells revolvers from behind the counter of the hardware store. A few sharp glances from his well trained eyes enable him to detect pretty surely the purpose of the man who seeks the weapon.

Often and often does the salesman spy out the contemplative suicide or would-be murderer and by a few well chosen words divert him from the ill-formed purpose. He is the enemy of coroners and the unconscious friend and necessary accessory of the police.

One was speaking the other day of the occasions when he had to refuse to sell revolvers even to acquaintances. He hated to sit down on them but felt that to be a true friend the thing to do was to refuse to accommodate them.

"In the course of a few months," he said, "we can often tell in a minute the intention of the man who seeks to buy a revolver. An unhealthy pallor overspreads the face of the would-be suicide. In his hands there is a distinctly nervous tremor when he handles the guns. Possibly he is in a mood to tell you of his proposed course in an attempted bold, resigned way. If he does, the rest is easy. It is not error to judge that a little sympathy or urging will revive his spirits. A neat little con talk soon send him out of the house in a brighter frame of mind and the chances are that he will stay so. Perhaps it is cheating the coroner; it is certainly depriving the store of a little handy profit. But for the sake of family, if the man has one, and for the sake of his own future it is a good thing and we feel rewarded."

Not long ago a one time wealthy citizen of Lincoln sought out the gun clerk of a hardware store.

"I want a revolver," he said. His voice quaked and his whole form shook as with ague. A ghostly whiteness came into his face as he fingered and thumbed the weapons set out for his inspection.

Instantly the clerk suspected something wrong.

"What do you want of a revolver?" he asked.

"O the cats nearly bother the life out of me," was the response, and his form trembled.

Cats and dogs are the handiest animals in existence for the man who needs some plausible excuse for buying a gun that he ought not to have.

Finally the visitor plucked out a

weapon which he thought would satisfy him. He seemed to realize that the clerk did not want to sell it to him and he tried to get it into his pocket to settle the question. But he couldn't do it. His hand shook so violently that he could not find the pocket. After groping for it ineffectually for several seconds he gave it up.

"I don't believe you want this," said the clerk. "I know it isn't cats that are troubling you. You are sick. You ought not to have a gun. I can't sell it to you with a good conscience."

Roused to a pitch of wrath the would-be purchaser denounced him.

"Why can't I buy what I want here? Isn't my money just as good as anybody's? You have no right to say I shan't have this revolver. You are here to sell what anybody wants to buy and pay for. I demand the right to have what I am ready to pay for and if you want to avoid trouble you will hand that gun back."

Gently, but firmly, the clerk insisted.

"I hated to have him get angry and I hated to refuse him, but I know as well as I ever knew anything that he meant no good with that gun and I didn't let him have it. He went out showing mad, but at heart I believe he was pleased at my guess."

Later the clerk learned who the man was and telephoned his folks that he was trying to buy a revolver. They were badly frightened and commenced a tour of the hardware stores and pawnshops to see if he had bought one elsewhere. He had not and doubtless will not. When an inquest is under way no hardware merchant likes to be pointed at as the man who provided the weapon.

**A Wave of Crime
Why?**

Newspaper readers have doubtless been shocked by the great wave of crime that has been sweeping over the country for the past two or three weeks. Nebraska has not been exempt. Four or five murders, foul and brutal crimes, have been perpetrated within the state's borders, and but one of the scoundrels has been captured. For three days the past week four different man hunts were in progress in the state, three of them in the northeastern section.

The popular opinion that bloodhounds are good trailers has received a pretty severe set-back, as in neither case did the dogs run down the escaping murderers. Poses of men have half-heartedly pursued the armed despera-

does, but all of them seemed to be desirous of abandoning the chase as soon as they could consistently do so. In fact, they acted as though they hadn't lost any murderers. The career of Tracy, marked as his flight was with the dead bodies of men who sought to take him, has had a deterrent effect upon the bravery of sheriff's posses in Nebraska.

But this wave of crime—why is it? What causes it? Are the people getting worse or is life held cheaper or what is the matter? Here is what some experts say:

"The trouble," says Chief Hoagland, "lies in the fact that parents are not doing their duty. The whole matter can be traced to the homes of the land. Parents are not bringing up their children right. They don't exercise proper control of them, their conduct, their appetites, their actions. They let them run the streets at night to early become familiar with all forms of degrading vice. The parents are mostly to blame. Let them reform themselves and keep their children on the right path."

"There is too much sentiment in favor of criminals," says Detective Malone. "The laws are not strictly enforced, and sentences, instead of being

heavy, are light and not at all burdensome. Very few criminals get the limit of the law. All professional criminals ought to be shut up for all time. They are the fellows who do most of the mischief, aided and abetted by the sickly sentimentalists among the women and long-haired men. They go about preaching the gospel of mercy and the criminals laugh at them and applaud them and get out soon. This pardoning and paroling is all nonsense. It ought to be stopped. The slick criminals, the men to be dreaded and feared, are the ones who get out soon. They are shrewd enough to get some women interested and a parole or a pardon—they are practically the same—lets them out in a short time. While they are in prison they have a good time. They receive visitors in plenty, they get their cocaine and their other stimulants on the sly, they have leisure to shoot craps or play checkers and the depraved women who come to see them keep them in touch with the world of crooks and crime. There are too many people attempting to earn salaries as reformers. There must be a change or there will be still more trouble."

It is a curious fact that every young man arrested by the police is a cigarette smoker and a sufferer from disease. They learned to run the streets, early and picked up the vices of civilization. They are paying a heavy penalty but society is paying more.

GREEN GABLES.



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