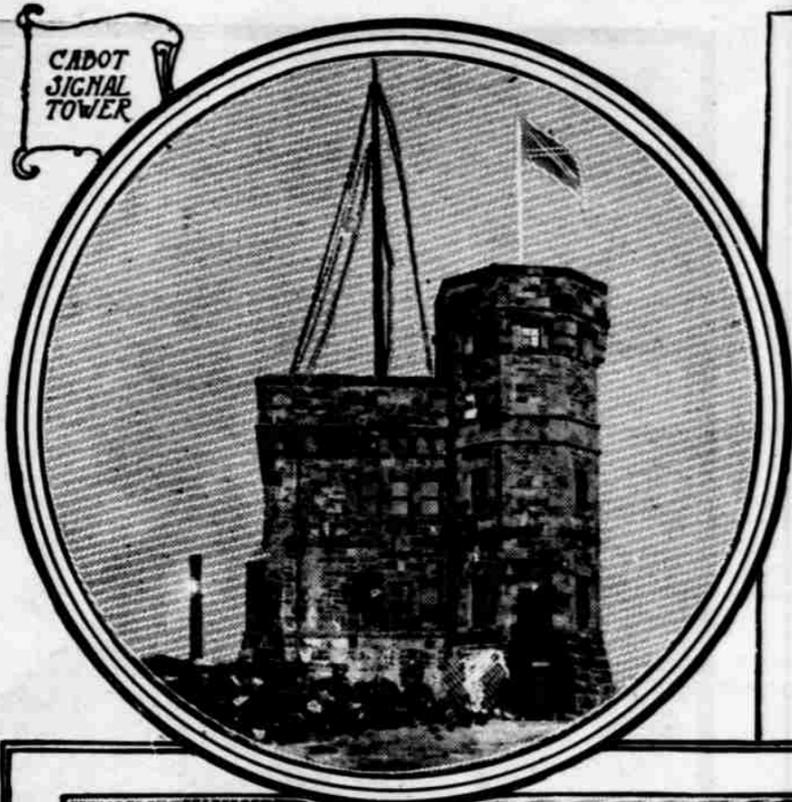
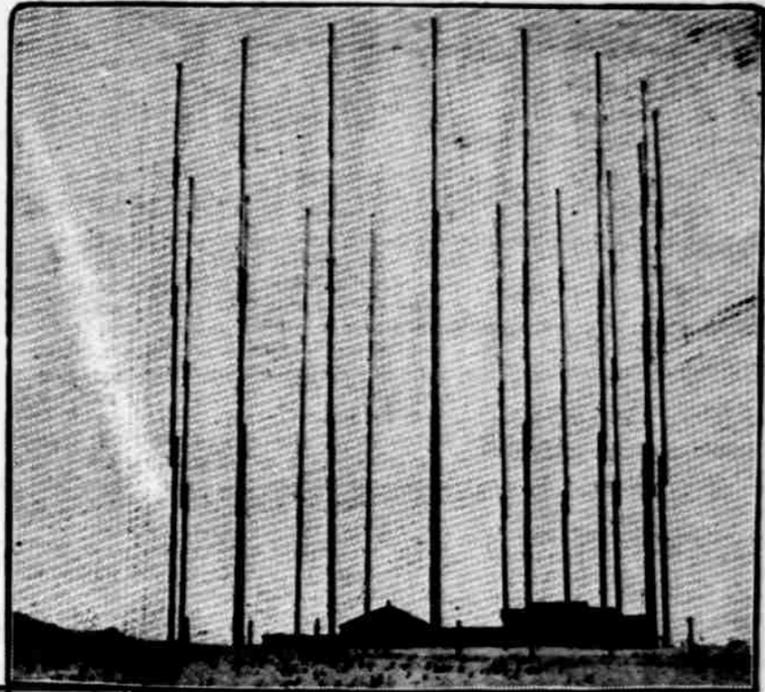


MARCONI TO INSTALL HIS WIRELESS MESSAGE PLANT



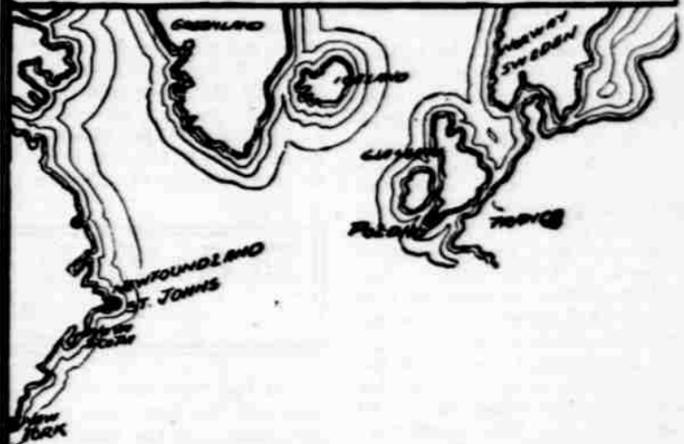
CABOT SIGNAL TOWER



POLDHU MARCONI STATION CORNWALL, WHENCE SIGNAL CAME



MARCONI AT HIS INSTRUMENT IN STATION ON SIGNAL HILL



MARCONI TO INSTALL HIS WIRELESS MESSAGE PLANT.

Throughout the scientific world there is a general feeling that within a few days important news may be expected from Glace Bay, Cape Briton, N. S., where Signor Marconi is pursuing his investigations in wireless telegraphy. Lately the doings of the great inventor have been shrouded in deepest mystery, but Marconi has promised that within a very short time a wireless commercial message service will be an accomplished fact. At any moment the news may now be expected that messages and not merely signal signs have been flashed across the Atlantic, from Nova Scotia to Poldhu, Cornwall, England. The first message will probably take the form of a congratulatory Marconigram from Gov. Gen. Minto, of Canada, to King Edward.

Pranks of the Servants

"Women who employ servants are certainly to be pitied," remarked a much-enduring housekeeper the other day: "They are at the mercy of their servants. I have heard of the tramp hieroglyphics, which are frequently written on the outside of houses and at the entrance of country places, each of which has a meaning that is understood by every member of the hobo fraternity, although the marks are perfectly unintelligible and unnoticeable to the householder."

"But, although I have been keeping house and employing servants for a number of years, I have just learned that a certain class of servants, who might well be called domestic tramps, because they are always changing places, actually boycott a house where they have been employed, and not been suited, by writing their opinions of the family in places where the newly employed servants can easily find them."

"Cooks have come and gone without any apparent reason whatever. Waitresses and chambermaids, who would appear pleased at first, would leave without notice. I did not know what to do. I could not understand why. I had to haunt intelligence offices and be constantly changing servants. I have always been kind to my girls, giving them easy work, regular hours and kind treatment."

"This year, however, has been an awful one. I could not solve the mystery and could not imagine why I was so unpop-

ular, until I employed a new servant who told me the secret.

"When I came here," she said, "I found writings everywhere, on the shelves, on the kitchen table and upstairs in my room, and they all stated that this place was a hard one, and that you were a cranky woman. One girl had written them and all the rest of the servants had signed them."

"The girl also told me that she had decided to leave her signature and avault like the rest, but that I looked pleasant, so she decided to stay, and see for herself."

"I had discharged the first girl, and the others, scared by her graphic account, had left on their own accord, but not until they had added their names to the score against me. It is really a wonder that I ever got a girl to stay at all."

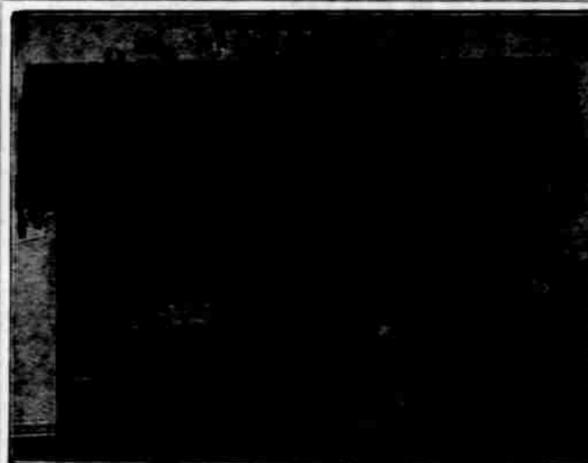
Another instance of the tricks of malicious servants is furnished by the case of that of a certain woman, who is kind-hearted and generous in the extreme, who dismissed a French maid because she had no character. After that she found she could not replace her. After a series of unsuccessful attempts she answered an advertisement that seemed promising and requested the applicant to call upon her. For reply she received a postal card with one word, "Connue," written upon it.

"It shocked me," she exclaimed. "I felt as if I were a bad character."

A South Lincoln woman employed a colored girl to work for her. The girl lived in the city, but near the outskirts. The woman noticed provisions disappearing and, upon investigation, found that her girl (who went home nights) always carried a pound of butter or a

loaf of bread, or something similar, home to her family, who were in reduced circumstances. If all the tricks of servants

were to be enumerated, some one would have to publish a book and call it "The Pranks of Servants."



This Picture

was made from a kodak photo of a Nebraska baby whose parents reside at Fairfield, Nebraska, and own a

Schaff Bros. Piano.

The Schaff Bros. Co. are using this cut for a catch "ad." all over the United States, and call it "Cupid at Play on the Schaff Bros. Piano." By the way, have you seen the new 20th Century High Grade Schaff Bros. Piano? It is one of the finest Pianos made, and can be seen at the ware-rooms of the

Matthews Piano Co. 1120 St. Lincoln, Nebraska

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