

Professional Directory.

Office 418 } **Dr. Benj. F. Bailey** } Office, Zehring Block } 9 to 10 a. m.
 Res. 671. } } Residence, 1213 C street } 12 to 12:30
 Evenings, by appointment. Sundays 12 to 1 p. m. and by appointment. } 2 to 4 p. m.

{ **Dr. J. B. Trickey,** } Office, 1035 O street..... } 9 to 12 a. m.
 Refractionist only } } 1 to 4 p. m.

DENTISTS

Office 530. } **Louis N. Wentz, D.D.S.** } Office, rooms 26, 27 and }
 } 1, Brownell Block, 137 } 11th street.

Office 632 } **Oliver Johnson, D.D.S.** } Office over Harley's }
 } drug store } 1105 O street }

Phone... L1042 } **Dr. Ruth M. Wood.** } 612 So. 16th St. } Hours: 10 to 1 }
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porch I see robin and blackbird and woodpecker dart away down the hill from the mulberry tree. And the old willow tree by the barn—do not look for any bugs on its venerable trunk. The woodpecker brought his whole family there to give them their early lessons in tapping; if I were another woodpecker I should hunt another tree.

Down behind the barn is an old dead locust tree which reaches up straight and stiff above the green branches about it. There a brown thrush, I think it is, sits many an evening and sings its rapture forth. The blackbirds stop their quarreling around the water barrel close by—another special convenience for the birds—and sit around in the dead tree as a respectful congregation while the soloist sings. Their taste is commendable. I sit on my porch.

The mourning dove that rests patiently on her nest in the apple tree does not understand my ornithological craze. She flew in terrible affright when we climbed the tree to see the one pretty egg. There will be another tree climbing some day, when the yellow mouth gapes for worms. Why did they build so close to the house? Out on the hills there is peace, worms wriggle, and cats are not everywhere.

The joy and the tribulation of my heart these days, however, is the old barrel under the apple tree. I am not thinking of going into the business of robin incubation, but there is the barrel and down in the barrel are two young robins, and on the edge of the barrel frequently is the old robin with something that squirms in his beak. It nearly breaks his heart to go down into that hole, I know, for he deliberates long and hops from the tree to the barrel and back and forth before he feels that it is safe to venture. His call is very, very short, but it grieves me that the barrel is not transparent. The first baby robin who hopped by the porch is very tame and docile; he was the inhabitant of the barrel for several days before the other one fell from the nest in the cata'pa tree and fluttered through the grass. There was a dreadful commotion in the robin community when I put Robin II. into the barrel. The whole clan perched in the tree of heaven and jawed me, and the old robin who had seemed from the first to understand the philosophy of the barrel, though disliking the necessity, seemed dazed at finding two where before was one. If I went near the bird-cage all that day there were at least four robins protesting from trees near by, and I felt as if my mother were scolding me. It occurred to me that Robin II. must have fallen from another nest than Robin I. Now I am almost sure of it, for Robin II. is pining and hungry enough to let me stuff mulberries into his yellow throat, and Robin I. is fat, and though tame and willing to sit on my hand, he demonstrates ability to fly occasionally. I wonder if he gets all the worms, and if Robin II. is regarded as an interloper? If the barrel were only transparent!

There! Where is that cat? Every time the wren talks that way I know Mr. Cat is sneaking around. The wren follows the cat and sasses him; on the fence, up in a tree, very low in the cedar, the little warrior sits, keeping up that chatter that he seems to mean for a hiss. The cat will sit and meow under the cedar with the wren up among the branches not two feet from his nose. Then he either feels his powerlessness to get through any such tangle of branches or else concludes that the wren would make hardly a mouthful anyway, and he hangs his head and stalks off, only to be followed by the persistent little tease. Not until the enemy is out of sight does the wren change his note to the happy little warble we all know. The day of the war, when Robin II. came, the cat crept into the yard. The wren and the robins saw it before I did;

in a few minutes the tree of heaven was full of a noisy army. The blackbirds, a wood-pecker and other neighbors came over to see what all the clatter was about. It subsided after a time and a little muscular exercise on my part. Never mind, children; your pet is reasonably safe. I never succeeded in throwing a stone where I aimed it in my life. I have the word of a university professor that this cat is a very intelligent animal. He certainly is. Imagine my feelings upon hearing that at four o'clock in the morning after an evening when several stones had changed locations, his cata'pa had been found lying in majesty beside my barrel. Advice: When raising young robins in a barrel put a screen over the top at bird bed time.

In the matter of diet, can some good bird doctor tell me if it is proper to give infant robins water to drink? Is there some secret hydraulic system by which the little birdies in the nest are refreshed in the days of hotness? I observe that a spoon does not work very well.

Perhaps my porch ornithology profits little. But when I see shut-in places where never a tree gives lodgment for a bird, where no patch of grass nor flower bed allures the worm-hunter, where only sparrows chatter all day long, I think how lonesome it would be to live there. There are blind ones who live among trees who have never chirped back to the robin, nor noticed with sympathetic joy the happiness of the wren. But to some the birds are very sweet messengers. I think of a cozy stone cottage out on a country road close by a great tangle and thicket of trees, a Nebraska forest. Out of it and into it dart thrush and thrasher, oriole and canary, scarlet tanager and red-breasted grosbeak, and their songs and calls make the day beautiful with melody. With all their joyousness they miss the one thing that is best. In their wildness they do not know what sweetness they bring to their gentle friend who sits by the deep window when she is able, and sometimes steps out of doors to learn to know them better, to name them by their color and song and call. If the wild creatures only knew how to be loved!

* * *

The blessed rain. We sit and laugh half tearfully, saying it came because you left your umbrella at home, or because the weather prophet of the family had foretold its coming, or because the day was blue Monday. All the time we know, down in the part of us that keeps the sacred silence while our idle tongues chatter on, that He gave who alone can give. What though we read the weather maps day after day we still must know this, we still must feel the thrill of worship with the thrill of victory.

Can you sit still in a darkened room while the trees sing their majestic song? Out on the side porch—what matter if the drops spray your face—you can feel as one of the rejoicing chorus, look up with the flowers and the grass, sway with the trees. Drench, drench, on the leaves, on the roofs. Let us give thanks.

A glory is upon the earth and in the sky, from the oncoming of the great long "roller" in the west and the first joyous tones of the branches till at last the day dies with a blaze of gold all over the sky—how prettily the leaves dance on that bright floor—and the arch of promise perfect in the east. The wind sweeps up and follows the sun through the night. The birds huddle in their swaying nests under the soft benediction of the rain. In their hearts, perhaps, is something of that unexpressed gratitude which we of greater destiny shut in behind frivolous words.

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Summer has its paradoxes. Coal is going up, and so is the thermometer.

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