

**Professional Directory.**

Office.....618 } **Dr. Benj. F. Bailey** } Office, Zehring Block } 9 to 10 a. m.  
 Res.....671 } } Residence, 1313 C street } 12 to 12:30  
 Evenings, by appointment. Sundays 12 to 1 p. m. and by appointment.

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

DENTISTS

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

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Office.....633 } **Oliver Johnson, D.D.S.** } Office over Harley's }  
 drug store } 1105 O street }

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Phone...L1042 } **Dr. Ruth M. Wood.** } 612 So. 16th St. } Hours: 10 to 12  
 } A. M.; 2 to 4 P. M.

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129 South Eleventh Street.

their woes. Man, the wisest of all creatures in some ways, is a fool of nature in others. But one rather expects more instinctive wisdom from our clear-eyed brothers of the air. Yet it is true that they build their nests too small for the hungry brood they bring into the world. Out in the prairie grass the little fellows could get their start safely enough. This the robins should know. But they seem to like city ways and trees best. For this, too, we must be thankful, though when we consider that the end of life for the robin is to raise more robins we think we could give him a pointer. Let him build a larger nest. We are wiser than thou, robin.

Nearly all the fires that have occurred lately have called the whole fire department up through Our Street. The kid says that unless care is taken, every time the alarm is given, the fire horses will strike out for Our Street. Incidentally it might be remarked that the department does its work in very short order, so that it is hardly worth while for people down town to leave their business and come out to help. Yet on these blistering days, when the pavement is a red-hot stove, the curious come in troops and droves, on bicycles, in carriages, on foot. The neighbor's little black-eyed boy told me once, after the had enjoyed the distinction of having a very small fire in their house: "There were 'bout a billion people here." So I do not go to fires, for it would be embarrassing to think of one's self as one in a billion.

"That knife," remarked the Inveterate Whittler as he handed it over to me to sharpen my pencil, "gave me considerable trouble the other day. I lost track of it, and as I'd had it for four years I made up my mind it had to be found. So I went down and asked the Italian at the fruit stand where I bought some plums. No, he hadn't seen any knife. Then I worked my memory and concluded I might have left the thing out at a shop about a mile away. I walked out there; couldn't find it there. Then I figured around in my mind again and it came to me that the last place where I'd used it was down on the shady side of the barn where I sit and watch that corn curl up. And there it was, stuck in the side of the barn. It's a pretty good knife."

The Whittler and his knife must not be parted. If I were a man I should be an Inveterate Whittler myself. It is so much more unique, cleaner and decenter than to be an inveterate smoker. Yet a man must do something in his lazy hours while he sits on the porch. I have never seen a picturequely lazy woman. There, there, yes, I have seen lazy ones, and if they would only learn to whittle—

Here is one pair of ears and a complete set of nerves that did no homage to the Fourth. I happened to know of a safe retreat, a cottage in an orchard of appleless apple trees. Thither I hied in the early morning away from the cannon cracker and the terrible pistol. They disturbed not my musings nor slumbers of the night. The wind in the apple trees, the bird songs far and near were all the sounds that greeted me as I sat in that little porch, looking at the broad sweep of oat field between the spreading but unburdened branches. There it was easy to meditate upon the joy of quietude, even on an ungloriously torrid Fourth. Some day after the cannon cracker has been raised to its highest state of demoniacal perfection, so that it will awake from their peace the dead who were ready to die, kill, maim or make blind or deaf whosoever touches one, perhaps dotting parents will cease buying death and blindness for their offspring. If only the Fourth

were left out of the calendar, Mr. Bryan!

But there, it is no use getting into a stew about it here on this far-away porch where no sound disturbs me. I can be as selfish as everyone else is on the Fourth, and enjoy the quiet while they enjoy their noise. Let the whole city burn, I shall not know it till afterwards. And if at night we catch glimpses of the rockets and Roman candles it will be a sight without the sound. Who will invent for us noiseless firecrackers, noiseless rockets, and who will inaugurate the glorious noiseless Fourth?

I did not know mocking birds favored this region with their seraphic presence. Yet I am sure that long-tailed grayish warbler there in the dead tree is a mocking bird. Smith, who has lived in the south, corroborates my belief, and will you forgive me if I chase the creature around a little just to see what he looks like? He does not appreciate my admiration, for he flies at my approach. I go back to the porch a while and he returns to the dead tree and calls and sings and mimics. No other tree suits him so well, seemingly. I am afraid he has a streak of vanity in him, with all his timidity. But who would not be vain if he could sing like that—drowning out the song of thrush or robin or meadow-lark. No need to sing.

"Listen to the mockingbird."

You cannot hear anything else. In the night he sings, too, and at all hours of the day. Always charming, always full of melody. If you wish to dispute, and say the mocking bird lives in the warm climate of the south, I may make weather remarks—a line of argument to be avoided when possible.

**LITERARY NOTES.**

A leading article in the July Magazine Number of The Outlook, which is the midsummer number, as the August Magazine Number is devoted to educational subjects, is "The Spirit of the New World as Interpreted by the Pan-American Exposition," by Hamilton W. Mabie. This subject, on which Mr. Mabie writes with his usual insight and charm, is profusely illustrated by reproductions from drawings of the beautiful architectural features of the exposition.

**The Brotherhood of Nations.**

How much nearer to each other the nations of the world seem to be today, and really are today, than was the case a few decades ago. When weeks and months were required for communication between the United States and Europe, the countries of the old world appeared to be a long way off. Now the circumference of old earth is belted with telegraph and cable lines in every possible direction. What happens today in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, South America, and the great islands of the sea is made known to us tomorrow by such newspapers like The Chicago Record-Herald, whose foreign news correspondents are located in every important city in the world outside of the United States. In addition to its own staff correspondents, The Chicago Record-Herald enjoys the foreign news service of The New York Herald, famous for many years for the reliability of its foreign news and also of The New York Tribune, and of that great co-operative newsgathering organization, The Associated Press. No other daily newspaper in America possesses facilities so varied and extensive for covering the news of all nations.