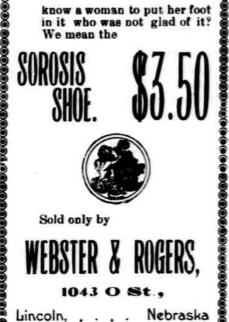
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their woes. Man, the wiscet of all crea- were left out of the calendar. Mr. tures in some ways, is a fool of nature in Bryan! others. But one rather expects more But there, it is no use getting into a instinctive wisdom from our clear-eyed stew about it here on this far-away brothers of the air. Yet it is true that porch where no sound disturbs me. I they build their nests too small for the can be as selfish as everyone else is on hungry brood they bring into the world. the Fourth, and enjoy the quiet while Out in the prairie grass the little fellows they enjoy their noise. Let the whole could get their start safely enough. city burn, I shall not know it till after-This the robins should know. But they wards. And if at night we catch seem to like city ways and trees best. glimpsee of the rockets and Roman For this, too, we must be thankful, candles it will be a sight without the though when we consider that the end sound. Who will invent for us noiseof life for the robin is to raise more rob- less firecrackers, noiseless rockets, and ins we think we could give him a point- who will inaugurate the glorious noiseer. Let him build a larger nest. We less Fourth? are wiser than thou, robin.

for people down town to leave their bus. I go back to the porch a while and he inees and come out to help. Yet on returns to the dead tree and calls and these blistering days, when the pave- sings and mimics. No other tree suits ment is a red-hot stove, the curious him so well, seemingly. I am afraid he come in troops and droves, on bicycles, has a streak of vanity in him, with all in carriagee, on foot. The neighbor's his timidity. But who would not be little black-eyed boy told me once, after vain if he could sing like that—drownthe had enjoyed the distinction of hav- ing out the song of thrush or robin or ing a very small fire in their house: meadow-lark. No need to sing. 'There were 'bout a billion people here." So I do not go to firee, 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 consid erable trouble the other day. I lost track of it, and as I'd had it for four avoided when possible. years I made up my mind it had to be found. So I went down and asked the Italian et 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 protty 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 picture-quely lazy woman. There, there, yes, I have seen lazy ones, and if they would only learn to whittle----

for their offspring. If only the Fourth news of all nations.

I did not know mocking birds favored Nearly all the fires that have occur- this region with their seraphic presence. red lately have called the whole fire de- Yet I am sure that long-tailed grayish partment up through Our Street. The warbler there in the dead tree is a kid says that unless care is taken, every mocking bird. Smith, who has lived in time the alarm is given, the fire horses the south, corroborates my belief, and will strike out for Our Street. Inci- will you forgive me if I chase the creadentally it might be remarked that the ture around a little just to see what he department does its work in very short looks like? He does not appreciate my order, so that it is hardly worth while admiration, for he flies at my approach.

"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 tives in the warm climate of the south, I may make weather remarks-a line of argument to be

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 expo-

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 months were required for communica-Here is one pair of ears and a com- tion between the United States and Euplete set of nerves that did no homage rope, the countries of the old world apto the Fourth. I happened to know of peared to be a long way off. Now the a safe retreat, a cottage in an orchard of circumference of old earth is belted with appleless apple trees. Thither I hied telegraph and cable lines in every posin the early morning away from the sible direction. What happens today in cannon cracker and the terrible pistol. Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, South They disturbed not my musings nor America, and the great islands of the slumbers of the night. The wind in sea is made known to us tomorrow by the apple trees, the bird songs far and such newspapers like The Chicago Recnear were all the sounds that greeted ord-Herald, whose foreign news correme as I sat in that little porch, looking spondents are located in every imporat the broad sweep of oat field between tant city in the world outside of the the spreading but unburdened branches. United States. In addition to its own There it was easy to meditate upon the staff correspondents, The Chicago Recjoy of quietude, even on an ungloriously ord-Herald enjoys the foreign news sertorrid Fourth. Some day after the vice of The New York Herald, famous cannon cracker has been raised to its for many years for the reliability of its highest state of demoniacal perfection, foreign news and also of The New York so that it will awake from their peace Tribune, and of that great co-operative the dead who were ready to die, kill, newsgathering organization, The Assomaim or make blind or deaf whosoever ciated Press. No other daily newspatouches one, perhaps doting parents per in America possesses facilities so will cease buying death and blindness varied and extensive for covering the