

FOOTBALL PERILS FOR UNFIT.

Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Minnesota and institutions of like rank are not represented in the season's list of dead and the critically injured at football. Of the big teams in the country that at West Point, lost Cadet Byrne, who died of his hurts, and that at Annapolis saw Cadet Wilson disabled by fractured vertebrae, Cadet Byrne received his fatal injury when he returned to the game in a weakened condition after having been retired for a slighter hurt, says New York World. From the rolls of the football dead and of those critically hurt it can be seen that the majority of victims came from high school teams and from amateur eleven's of irregular training. We read of one death from lung trouble due to exposure on the field, of another from overexertion and of a student of Dickinson seminary in Pennsylvania who was prostrated by st. yechine taken to stimulate his heart action during a contest. All these facts support the contention of those unwavering advocates of the game who contend that the supreme perils of football are chiefly for the unfit. Perhaps it is true that the direct road to a saving reform in football lies in a more rigid regard for physical fitness among players than in much tinkering with the rules.

The multiplicity of flying devices leads inevitably to discussion as to the advisability of establishing rules for regulating aerial navigation. One genius has suggested that certain strata be designated as routes for certain classes of airships, though just how these routes are to be marked or "buoyed" is not explained. But a complication difficult of adjustment may arise if the contention of some lawyers is correct. This is that under the common law, which comes from England and in turn was based on the old Roman code, a property holder owns the air above his head, with no limit to height. This, in English-speaking countries, at least, would make a trespasser of any aviator who flies above another's land, and if identified and caught the flying man could be punished accordingly. All these things are conjectures, of course. Still, it is evident that if travel by the air route shall ever become general there will be many novel points to be considered.

It sounds like older and not better times to hear of orders for the pursuit of pirates. The British ship Rowanmore reported that she was attacked by a piratical schooner in Bahaman waters, and the United States government has directed that the revenue cutter Windom shall proceed from Galveston to the Bahamas in search of the rover of the seas. Other cutters will join the Windom and, adds the dispatch, "for the first time in many years American armed vessels will search for pirates." This smacks more of the times of the buccaniers and the black flag with skull and crossbones flung out by sailing vessels directed by skillful though wicked navigators than of the days of steam, wireless telegraphy and other modern improvements. But a fleet of modern revenue cutters would make short work of any pirate craft that offered resistance.

Every time that we make up our mind that there's no such thing as pirate gold buried hither and yon, something occurs to change our belief and to get us all on edge again, says Boston Herald. The recent severe storm along the coast of Yucatan is said to have uncovered thousands of last century English and Spanish coins buried by the old pirate Lafitte, and again into our souls comes that old boyhood unrest and belief that if we started out with a proper digging outfit and a reliable map we could unearth treasure galore. When people find a pot of gold why in the name of Captain Kidd can't they keep still about it and let us tend to our blissful knitting?

There is no longer the slightest doubt that China is well on the road to civilization of the modern brand—in fact, the most civilized civilization that can possibly be imagined. And as usual the impetus comes from the United States. The Chinese are developing a special liking for two first-class American institutions—phonographs and ice cream. The popularity of the latter article is said to be really phenomenal.

Thirty-eight hundred dollars for a small copy or two of Poe's poems comes rather late to relieve the monetary stringency which Poe experienced during his life.

A New York policeman has inherited \$1,000,000. That is not the regulation way for a New York policeman to get so much money.

All football players except the dead ones will now devote a brief season to recovering

Odd News From Big Cities

Stories of Strange Happenings in the Metropolitan Towns

Hobo Sleeps in a Millinery Store



BUFFALO, N. Y.—It is not becoming to a millinery establishment to have a specimen of the genus hobo asleep in the display room.

"Didn't someone come in?" asked Miss Godfrey, milliner at Allen and College streets of one of her assistants one afternoon recently.

"Oh!" screamed the assistant, who stepped into the display room.

"A mouse! Is it a mouse?" cried Miss Godfrey.

"No. It's a horrid man, sleeping in the Morris chair," said the assistant, rushing breathlessly into the rear of the establishment.

Sundry peeps were taken at the sleeping man by everyone in the house. But the sleeper slept on and a few minutes developed his snoring powers. As his breath spread about, it became noticeable that he was not particular in the brand of liquor which he had imbibed. A kindly neighbor tried a hand at arousing the hobo, who snorted viciously. The telephone was resorted to and Tim Canty at police station No. 3 was notified.

Tim consulted the map and discov-

ered that Allen and College streets were in the tenth precinct. He wired to Desk Sergeant Alt. There is no patrol wagon in the Tenth precinct, so Policeman Mahaney took a stroll over to the millinery store.

Customers had arrived at the store. Folk who were not customers were peeping through the windows and enjoying the sport. What might be the consequence if the sleeper were roughly aroused, was seriously discussed. He sank deeper into the chair and deeper in sleep until he was emitting a snore only once in every 45 seconds, when Mahaney arrived.

"Get up!" said Mahaney.

"Let me sleep," said the man.

"If there was a delivery wagon or a wheelbarrow handy, I'd take a chance on getting this fellow to the station," remarked Mahaney. "As it is, there is nothing left for me to do, but get a patrol wagon."

He called the wagon, which had to come from the Fifth precinct. While waiting, the Morris chair and its weary burden were switched into a side room. Three big policemen carried the man to the wagon. It was a heavy job.

A rap on the sole of his shoe with a nightstick and a good shaking brought the sleeper to his senses long enough at the station for him to say, "John Sweeney, 62, no home. Now lay me away, where I can finish sleeping this off."

How Much Is a Silk Kimono Worth?



For half an hour it puzzled Surveyor Taylor and two or three of his men assistants to discover what the garment was.

"It looks to me like the court gown of the Queen of Zanzibar," said Clay Miller, who measures steamboats and superintends the loading of merchandise at the customhouse depot.

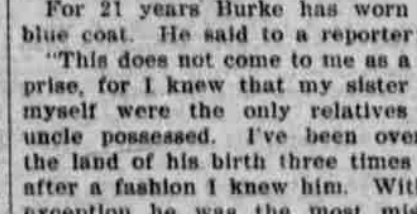
"Don't you men know anything at all?" exclaimed one of the women clerks, pushing her way through the puzzled group. "Why that's a kimono."

"What in the thunder is a kimono?" inquired Deputy Sam Barber. "They don't have that kind of thing down in Bath county where I came from."

Finally, when the officials decided that there was nothing dangerous about the garment, they started in fixing the value. It was estimated to be worth all the way from \$1.50 to \$150. The kimono was finally carried to a department store where the silk buyer said it was worth \$14.

Later the kimono was bundled into a box and started back to the Somerset postmaster with instructions to charge the owner \$8.20 duty.

"Cop Has \$1,000,000, Still Walks Beat



"My boy, always save a part of what you earn. If you earn \$10, save at least one."

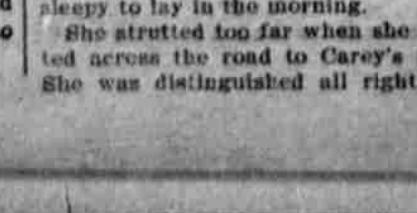
"That sounded fine, but at the time I couldn't afford to save a cent. I know my uncle had stocks in many corporations, yet he continually pleaded poverty and railed at me for spending a farthing."

"What I got married on the strength of this money? No, sir; I've lived to the age of 42 single and I guess I'll get along some more. Still, you never can tell. I suppose I'll be the talk of Tipperary and all the fond mothers will give me invitations galore to their homes. I have four years to go before I can receive my pension and I'll stick it out to the end, for I reason that the money is mine, even though I am a millionaire."

"I'll take more enjoyment in receiving my annual pension money than in getting a big check from my uncle's estate. I feel as if I'd earned the city's money."

The uncle was Martin Burke. He lived in Tallavara, Templemore, Tipperary.

Dyes Tails of Hens Purple and Green



as Mrs. Albers had intended. She was so unlike other cacklers that Carey's plain, old-fashioned hens would not stand for it.

They clucked about her at first and clucked things that would have caused most any other hen to run the straightest zigzag she knew how to her own roost. But pride had got such a strange hold on Henrietta that the more they clucked the more she strutted. Finally they flew at and slew Henrietta.

Mrs. Albers is planning to whitewash the tails, possibly this week.

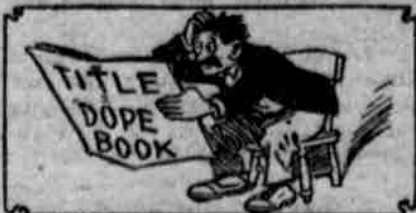
Absent-Minded Electrician.

Francis Wilson declares that an electrician who lives in New Rochelle is the most absent-minded man in the world. Mr. Wilson's door bell got out of order and refused to ring. Meeting the electrician, who was also a friend, he asked him to call and make the repairs. Several days afterward he reminded him that the matter had not been attended to and inquired when he could find it convenient to look in after it. The electrician explained: "I called at your house the same day you asked me and rang your front door bell again and again and nobody paid the slightest attention to me."

At the National Capital

Gossip of People and Events Gathered in Washington

How to Address Government Officials



WASHINGTON.—Most people on coming to Washington for the first time and about to meet a public official are greatly perplexed as to the form in which they shall address him. Naturally uniformity is desired in this respect by all government officials and for that reason there is an established manner in which to greet public officials with whom one may come in contact. The social code which governs social intercourse in the official set in the national capital supplies a prescribed form which it is necessary to follow if one would be correct in his dealings with officials, whether of a social or a business nature.

There are some titled officials in the army and navy who are granted a higher rank socially by courtesy than they are actually entitled to. For instance, lieutenant commanders in the navy are, by courtesy, in social life called commanders, while those below that rank lose their official title and are addressed as plain "Mister."

The same rule applies to the staff officers of the navy. Likewise the assistant secretaries of executive departments are called "Mister," and the reason for this is obvious. It is not an easy matter to introduce a naval officer by the long and harsh-sounding title of "lieutenant-commander," or to refer to the first lieutenant of an executive department as "Mr. Assistant Secretary," while it would be more

incorrect to address him as "Mr. Secretary," which title is reserved for his chief. Likewise it is decidedly bad form to address or speak of the wife of any public official including the title of her husband. The wife of the president is always addressed as Mrs. Taft, for instance, and not as "Mrs. President;" nor is the wife of a senator "Mrs. Senator Black;" nor the wife of an army official "Mrs. Gen. Blank."

Such women in Washington are known and addressed as "Mrs. Blank."

A list of titles which it is proper to use in Washington in personal intercourse is as follows:

The president—"Mr. President."
The vice-president—"Mr. Vice-President."
Members of the cabinet—
Secretaries of state, treasury, war, navy, interior, agriculture and commerce and labor—"Mr. Secretary."
The attorney general—"Mr. Attorney General."
The postmaster general—"Mr. Postmaster General."
An ambassador—"Mr. Ambassador," or "Your Excellency."
A minister—"Mr. Minister."

All other members of the diplomatic corps, unless they have titles—"Mr. —." The chief justice of the supreme court—"Mr. Chief Justice."
Associate justices—"Mr. Justice."
United States senator—"Senator."
General, major general, brigadier general—"General."
Colonel and lieutenant colonel—"Colonel."

Majors and captains are given their respective titles. All officers of the rank below the rank of captain are addressed as "Mr. —." Officers of the medical department below the rank of captain are addressed as "Doctor."
Admiral and rear admiral—"Admiral."
Commodores, captains and commanders are addressed by their respective titles.

Recently the state department has promulgated an order that all correspondence addressed to the secretary of state shall read, "The Honorable, The Secretary of State."

Nagel's Department Caused Commotion



There was a commotion, almost consternation, in the state department a short time ago when the energetic and active Assistant Secretary McHarg of the department of commerce and labor went over and talked United States statutes against international law in the department.

There was Assistant Secretary Adee, who is so steeped in international law that it exudes from every pore, and Solicitor Hoyt, who has been so long a legal adviser of the government that he knows everything in the way of law that ever pertains to the United States, and Commissioner of Navigation Chamberlain, who has been studying navigation interests ever since the first part of Cleveland's last term.

Into this gathering came McHarg in his forceful manner, and remarked

that his department had decided to let the ships plying between the United States and Central and South American ports clear for their destinations. Tones of international law were brought forth and diplomatic etiquette produced and quoted to show that it invited grave international complications if American ships should sail from our ports during internecine conflicts and insurgent movements in the Central American states.

When McHarg brought out the statutes of the United States and showed that the collectors of customs would be subject to damages if they held these ships when there was no state of war existing in any of the countries, but simply little insurrections. He told the officials of the state department that he didn't want to embarrass their diplomacy, but the department of commerce and labor had decided to let the ships have their clearance papers. That was what happened.

Up to the present time no one has heard of the wreck or ruin of the diplomacy that exists between the government of the United States and those of the Central American States.

Taft Baffles the Secret Service Men



PRESIDENT TAFT has thrown a bombshell into the ranks of that portion of the secret service which is assigned to the duty of protecting the chief executive of the nation from assassination. It is a soft job for the secret service men and often leads to something better, several of those who formerly guarded presidents now holding government positions that pay well and make the holder a man of some consequence in his home territory.

It is feared among Chief Wilkie's men that some of them will have to be looking for other jobs if the president continues to go out for long walks through the busiest streets of Washington unprotected. The president has "had the laugh" on several of the sleuths recently when, without mak-

ing any announcement of his intentions, he left the White House and started out for a walk. Generally he has been accompanied by some cabinet official, but none of Wilkie's men was along.

On his last walk the president was accompanied by his brother, Charles P. Taft, the millionaire Cincinnati. They walked up to the capitol and strolled through its wide halls.

So far as runs the memory of Alonzo Stewart, deputy sergeant at arms of the senate, and that is a full generation, it was the first time that a president has visited the capitol on the Sabbath day.

On another occasion the president walked through Pennsylvania avenue, Washington's most prominent business street. He was wearing a sack coat and a gray sweater.

"That looks like President Taft," remarked one man as President Taft passed the five-cent theaters on the avenue. Brig. Gen. Clarence Edwards, who was with the president, giggled and the president smiled. Mr. Taft did not look much like himself in his sack coat with sweater underneath.

Three Cornered Jar for Weather Man



"FUNNY organization, this weather bureau of ours!" exclaimed a member of a group of four in the smoking compartment of a Pennsylvania train bound east from Chicago. "I see it predicts general rains for today," and he held the paper sideways to dodge the glare of a brilliant Indian summer sun.

"Yes," said the man on the sofa. "I always take my rain coat when they promise fair weather and wear a

panama if they say it's going to snow."

"At my home," interjected the third member of the group, "my wife has a standing order with our confectioner to send up ice cream whenever we see the cold wave flag flying."

The mild-looking man with the twinkling brown eyes said nothing.

They were all strangers to one another. The three who had spoken were on their way to New York. At Harrisburg the mild man with the brown eyes arose, gathered up his baggage and, bowing to the group, produced three visiting cards. He distributed them and, smiling, took an abrupt departure. Then the others looked at the cards. They read:

"Willis L. Moore, Chief of the Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C."

NATURAL INFERENCE.



"I don't like that Jones girl. She's always running people down!"
"Goodness! I didn't know she had an automobile!"

Temperamental Toilet Table.

A very aged Englishman many years ago gave this advice to his daughter in a letter as to what a lady's dressing table should contain:

The best beautifier a young lady can use is good humor. The best renovator truth; the best rouge is modesty; the best eyewater is the tears of sympathy; the best gargle for the voice is cheerfulness; the best wash for smoothing wrinkles is contentment; the best cure for deafness is attention; the best mirror is reflection, and the whitest powder is innocence.

Reason Enough.

"His feelings are greatly hurt since he lost his job."

"No wonder he's hurt. He fell from a high position."

Wife and women may be alike, in some respects, but age improves wine.

Nebraska Directory

Uncle Sam Breakfast Food Co. Gentlemen:

I have been using your food for several months and found it indispensable. After October 1st I will be located in New York. Is your food sold there? If not I will try to get some grocer to order some—I cannot measure in dollars and cents its value to me.

R. L. Collet, Sioux City, Iowa.

UNCLE SAM will cure you also of CONSTIPATION.

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