

HE SAW THE DANGER

And Averted It in Time—Mr. C. Jacobs, One of Lincoln's Respected Citizens, Tells His Own Story—Abundant of Proof That "The Dennis Treatment" for Cataract is an Unqualified Success.



CHARLES JACOBS.

The above is a good likeness of the gentleman whose name appears below it. He lives on E street, between 27th and 28th, and is a bricklayer well known in Lincoln. He said to a reporter: "I suffered extremely with Cataract for a long time and was growing worse daily. I had heard of Dr. Dennis' successful treatment of Cataract and concluded to consult him. I began treatment with him about July 15th, and am now entirely well. I had no hope of getting relief so soon. Before I began treating with him I was hardly able to work at all, hawked and coughed a great deal, was weak and seemed to have no strength; did not sleep well, poor appetite, nose stopped up, headache, ringing in ears, dizzy. Now I am free from them all and I believe I am entirely cured and can work as hard as any man. The treatment did not cause me to lose any time from my business, whatever. I gladly recommend Dr. Dennis to anyone having Cataract as I had."

"The Dennis Treatment"

For Cataract in all its forms, is uniformly successful to both physician and patient. It is based on a correct theory demonstrated to be the right one. See Dr. C. Warren Dennis, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Surgeon and Specialist in Cataract, graduate of three medical colleges; 10 years' experience. Hundreds of cases successfully treated. Charges reasonable. Consultation free. Correspondence solicited. Patients at a distance treated by correspondence, references, many of the best people in Lincoln, who have been cured. Office, over First National Bank, 10th and O Streets, 9 to 12, 2 to 5, and 7:30 to 9:30; Sundays 8 to 5 p. m.

EXPENSIVE LIVING!

No matter what others do or say, we still give you the Newest and Best Grades of SHOES At LOWER PRICES than others. You can save money by buying your Boots and Shoes of WEBSTER & ROGERS, 1043 O Street.

C. L. RICHARDS, ATTORNEY. RICHARDS BLOCK LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

REMOVAL

Lincoln Shirt Factory To 1402 O Street.

In its new location this establishment will have better facilities than ever for turning out first-class work, and an increased line of Gents' Furnishing Goods will always be on sale. To our business has been added a

LADIES' TAILORING DEPARTMENT In which garments of all kinds will be made to order and anything from the smallest undervest to the finest Dress or Cloak will be skillfully executed and made on short notice. In this department we employ one of the best cutters and fitters in the country and satisfaction is guaranteed in every particular. Our factory will hereafter be known as the Lincoln Shirt Mfg. Co.

A. Katzenstein, Sr., Manager. Call and see us. Cor. 10th and O Sts.

For SUPERIOR WORK

GO TO SMALL'S Steam Laundry 2014-16 O Street. Office 138 N. 11th St. Tele. 579.

Leading HOYDEN PHOTOGRAPHER! Fine Rust Cabinets \$3 per dozen. Special rates to students. Call and see our work. Open from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Sundays. Studio, 1214 O Street.



\$3000 A YEAR! I am looking for help in making daily one of our products... W.C. ALLEN, Box 480, Any City, Maine.

TWO DAYS IN CHICAGO.

FALTER WELLMAN DESCRIBES A VISIT TO A GREAT CITY.

Are They Busy There? Well, Yes. Cigarettes? No. Cigars and Drinks? We Should Smile. Negligee Suits? Not Any. A Big World's Fair? With a Whoop.

[Special Correspondence.] WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.—Having had a day or two in Chicago—a sort of hop, skip and jump view of the "typical American city"—I'll tell you something about it. I am not going to describe the



TOO BUSY TO GO OUT TO LUNCH, town, nor to analyze it, merely to give you some street car and conversational impressions. Every letter about Chicago I have read started off with something to the effect that all the people there are in a hurry all the time, and this letter need not be any exception to the rule. I went into the office of an old friend of mine, a broker on the board of trade, and found him and his partner eating sandwiches and pie while watching the ticker that was clicking out the quotations. "Too busy to go out to lunch, you see. George, wire Mr. Smithers for more margins on that deal of his. When did you get in? Yes, wire Jones that he'd better buy now if he wants to get in. Has Chicago changed much since you were here? How are your folks? Come in and see me when you can. Yes, I'm awfully busy now with wheat jumping around at a lively rate."

In the office of one of the biggest operators on change—a millionaire—I saw a queer spectacle. The operator was in his office, sitting in an improvised barber's chair, being shaved. Near by was a young woman stenographer taking down her employer's dictation. It was funny to see the man dictate letters and telegrams while the razor was playing about his fat face. "You see," explained one of the clerks whom I knew, "he's too busy to go out to a barber shop, and so he sends for the barber to come to the office. The barber gets fifty cents for a shave and twenty-five cents extra if he keeps the lather out of the boss' mouth while he is dictating. Chicago people are busy, and generally in a hurry, but they find time to dine. I think they are the greatest diners in the world. In no other city have a seen so many palatial restaurants, and the town is literally full of big clubs, each with a large cafe. I was in the office of a lawyer, waiting for him to finish some pressing work, and when that was done we were going out to a dinner. The dinner was to be at 7, and it was then 6:30. My dress suit was at a hotel but a



DICTATING UNDER DIFFICULTIES. short distance away, and as I left to dress I wondered how my friend was going to get over home—three miles away on the West Side—dress and return, all in half an hour. "Remember, sharp?" he exclaimed, as I went out the door. By dint of extra haste I managed to dress and reach the club at sharp 7. My friend was there before me, having shaved and dressed meanwhile, radiant and happy with not the slightest evidence of fatigue. During the evening I asked him how he had managed it. "Easily enough," he replied. "I keep two dress suits, one at home and one at my office. My office boy is my valet, and he has been trained to have everything ready for me to slip into. We are so busy in Chicago that we have to contrive in every way possible to save time."

One of the queer things about Chicago is the sudden changes in wealth and social station going on all the time. "What has become of George S—?" I asked one of our mutual friends. "The last I knew of him he was getting twenty dollars a week on The Tribune, and afraid of being fired." "He was fired, and a good thing for him it turned out to be. He got into real estate, simply as a broker looking up snaps for other people, and now he is worth \$40,000, and getting rich rapidly." "And how is W— getting along?" I inquired concerning another old friend. "The last time I saw him he told me of a steam yacht he was about to buy up at Lake Geneva." "Oh, W— isn't buying steam yachts now. He lost three hundred thousand on wheat in a week, and is now a clerk in a commission house."

One thing I like about the people of Chicago is their aversion to cigarettes. You see very few men smoking cigarettes here. A wholesale tobacconist told me this was the poorest market in the United States, comparatively, for the little smokers. It is a tremendously big market for cigars, and they are nearly

all five cent cigars at that. How much of the unpopularity of the cigarette is due to Mr. P. D. Armour—"Uncle Phil"—I don't know, but probably a good deal of it. As I entered Mr. Armour's office to pay my respects to the "Prince of Pork" I saw two young men from New York pause again before a placard in the anteroom—"Leave your cigarettes here." Mr. Armour hates a cigarette as he does a liar. The saloon is a great institution in Chicago. They have here, they tell me, something like 5,000 saloons, and they expect to have 2,000 more by the time the World's fair opens. The Chicago saloon is a gorgeous affair. They show you one on Clark street which is said to contain the finest frescoing in America. Another, on Washington street, is a poem in onyx and marble. Chicago people are proud of their saloons. Charles Lederer, the well known artist, told me a story of a North Side neighbor of his, a pastor, who had a country clergyman in tow, showing him the sights of the town. As both were very devout men and earnest Prohibitionists, the visitor from the country was much astonished when his host stopped him in front of a wine and whiskey shop and proudly exclaimed: "Just take a look inside there, and see if you don't think that great. This is one of our finest drinking places, and men who have traveled say it is one of the finest in the world."

A feature of Chicago which I don't like is the remnant of ruralism one sees on the streets in the shape of horses and buggies. As soon as a Chicago man begins to feel himself somebody—and this is when he makes a snug little sum of money—he buys, not a carriage, but a buggy and a horse. With this he drives down town in the morning, just like a countryman going to the village. He is too proud to keep a coachman, so he drives himself. It is considered snobbish to keep a coachman in Chicago unless you are very wealthy. What does he do with the horse and buggy during



"ONE OF OUR FINEST SALOONS," the day, you ask. That's the worst of it. He ties the animal to the curb in front of his office or store, and at noon goes out and feeds the horse out of a bag or box on the sidewalk.

One thing the men don't do here is to wear negligee suits in summer. The first day I was here it was hot, and so I went out on the street in a white flannel outfit, with a pair of red shoes and a sash as broad, though not as long, as the one Speaker Reed used to wear. The newsboys and the bootblacks pointed the finger of scorn at me, men and women stopped on the street, hurried though they were, to take a good look at me. Two hours of this was all I could stand. The only satisfaction I got out of it was the consciousness of being comfortably dressed on a hot day.

Next morning I put on another summer suit, more in Chicago's style, I thought, and an outing shirt. It was as nice and cool as anything could be. Imagine my surprise on going out on the street to see half the men wearing overcoats and some of the women wearing seal-skin capes over their shoulders! Chicago had had one of her numerous and sudden changes of weather. I nearly froze to death before noon, and expected to have to wade snowdrifts in getting back to the hotel. But, luckily for me, I did neither.

"And how about the World's fair?" I asked one of the solid citizens.

"Oh, that's all right. We have had a dence of a time over it. You ought to have been in some of the meetings of the directors and heard the big men curse each other and quarrel and threaten to ruin the fair if they could not have their own way. It was positively shocking. A stranger would have said the whole thing would break up in a row. But the men who quarreled and cursed one another and threatened to rip things knew



as well as the rest of us that they couldn't stop the fair; that nothing could stop it. There is sublime confidence here in Chicago genius, Chicago pluck, Chicago energy. No matter what quarrels or obstacles arise, no matter what congress does or doesn't do, we know we have said we were going to have the greatest fair the world ever saw, and every man of us believes we will keep our word. We may quarrel and curse and bluster, but that is nothing. It is simply our way. We get there just the same. WALTER WELLMAN.

JUST A LITTLE SUNSHINE

LIFE'S STORY.

Used by permission of Hitchcock & McCargo Publishing Co., New York.

Arr. by MONROE H. ROSENFELD. By FREDERICK SOLOMON.

Musical score for 'Just a Little Sunshine' with piano and vocal parts. Includes lyrics: 'Just a little sunshine, Just a little rain, Just a little happiness, Just a little pain, Just a little long-ing, Just a little gold. Then the great eventful tale of life is told.'

Copyright, 1899 by Bessie W. Hitchcock.



Telephone 176,

OFFICE 1001 O Street.

Moving Household Goods and Pianos a Specialty

100 Finest Engraved

Calling Cards, \$2.50

Wessel Printing Co.