

IN THE LIMELIGHT

TO HEAD MONEY HEPTARCHY



J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., whom Thomas Ryan says is to head an American financial heptarchy, recently has been visiting some of the vast property interests to which he is to fall heir. Young Morgan marveled at the huge steel plants in Pittsburgh, a part of the United States Steel corporation—the trust—which is controlled by his father. He also visited the mills at Gary, Ind., which are growing so rapidly, and found much to ponder over there.

Although the impression is far from general, young Morgan is in many ways much like his father. He may not have the latter's organizing genius; that remains to be seen.

But he has the dominating personality and aptitude for business that made the elder Morgan even a decade ago and before he crowned his organization exploits with the formation of all industrial combinations—the United States Steel corporation—such a towering figure in the financial world. And for years the younger man has taken an active part in the affairs of both the London and New York houses of J. P. Morgan & Co. But it was not until a year ago that J. P. Morgan, Jr., entered the domain of corporate finance and management.

His election to the directorate and finance committee of the United States Steel corporation and his entrance to the National City bank board of directors indicated unmistakably the purpose of the father to familiarize the son with more important views than devolved upon him in the ordinary routine of even so great a banking concern as that of J. P. Morgan & Co. Young Morgan is much like his father, physically, as well as mentally. He is tall, robust and fine looking. The temperaments of the two men, however, have little in common. Morgan, Sr., is brusque and saturnine. Morgan, Jr., is genial. What is called personal magnetism is one of the assets that have made him extremely popular in both business and society.

He is also an athlete and outdoor man, his heir to \$200,000,000 and the most lucrative banking business in the world, and an ardent sportsman. Seldom does he miss the New York Yacht club's races on Long Island sound, where even in the worst of weather and in his oilskins, looking like the hardest of Gloucester fishermen, he handles his smart 20-footer with mastery and ease.

GORST EGYPT'S REAL RULER



The famous speech which Col. Theodore Roosevelt made in London, following the one which he made in Egypt, has attracted attention to that country, and to Sir Eldon Gorst, British agent and consul general in Egypt, who was the real ruler in that part of John Bull's domain.

Sir Eldon Gorst succeeded Lord Cromer in Egypt a little more than three years ago, but previously he had had much experience in that country. He first went to Cairo in 1886 as an attaché and was promoted gradually to his present position. The criticism against him is that he is too conciliatory; that he has not been sufficiently firm in dealing with the Nationalist press which ever goes so far as to advocate assassination of the British government representatives. He is a native of New Zealand and is forty-nine years of age. Recently Sir Edward Grey, foreign secretary in the British cabinet, eulogized Gorst and his administration of Egyptian affairs, but in spite of this Gorst is to be replaced by Sir Arthur Hardinge, cousin of the newly-appointed viceroy of India. There is an effort to make it appear that the Roosevelt speech had nothing to do with Gorst's removal, but the people generally accept the idea that the government is taking the ex-president's advice and will rule in Egypt with a curb bit in the future.

Egypt owes her present prosperity to the security which comes with the "foreign yoke," but there exists a Nationalist party, the ambition of which is independence. Mr. Roosevelt, in addressing these Nationalists, bluntly told them they were not fit for self-government and would not be for several generations.

In England, Mr. Roosevelt followed this up by telling the British their duty was plain. In effect he said that if Great Britain had no right in Egypt it should get out. If it had a right there, then it should rule with a firm hand and establish and maintain order at all costs.

OLD GUERRILLA CHIEF OUT



Col. John S. Mosby, the famous Confederate guerrilla of Civil War days has lost his position as a special attorney in the department of justice, after eight years there.

In the absence of Attorney General Wickham no explanation was made at the department. Old age, that nightmare of supernannated government employees, it is understood, was the main reason for the dismissal.

Col. Mosby is about seventy-three years of age. To his old friends he appears active and energetic. He has been blind in one eye since he was a young man, and lately has been getting deaf. The colonel's history as a fighting man, his achievements with a small band of guerrillas during the great war between the states, has given him a place in history that has marked him for distinction for many years. He was appointed a special attorney of the department early in the first part of the Roosevelt administration, and was assigned to break up the cattlemen's operations against government lands in the middle west. His fearlessness in this work, in spite of numerous threats, won him the appreciation of President Roosevelt. The colonel was one of the investigators of the case which recently led to the sensational charges made by Senator Gore, and his dismissal so soon afterward is regarded as significant.

Colonel Mosby became a Republican some time after the Civil war, he believing that to be the best method for securing concessions to the south. He was a special favorite of General Grant, who kept him in the best federal positions to be had and consulted him often as to important government matters.

It is probable that Colonel Mosby will now devote his time to writing a book of the Civil war, in which he took such a conspicuous part.

RAIL CHIEF HAS A SCHOOL



H. E. Byram, vice-president of the Burlington system, has been teaching school in St. Louis. Naturally it is a railroad school and notable from the fact that the occasion was the first upon which the man who recently shouldered the responsibilities of operation of the Burlington System had been in St. Louis.

From the time Mr. Byram left the Chicago headquarters he became a peripatetic pedagogue—a traveling teacher as it were—for he is going all over the Burlington System, meeting members of the operating and traffic staff at division and district headquarters and holding little education all meetings.

He had a school composed of local celebrities in St. Louis. One was W. A. Talon, assistant general passenger agent, who is studying the question of how to make easy, comfortable and safe riding for passengers. Then there was William Gray, general freight agent of the Missouri district lines. He has up for solution the question of the rapid, correct and safe transportation of freight at compensatory rates.

Tom Knight is making a deep study of how to be a division superintendent and Theodore Rowan is just finishing an elaborate course on promotion in the ranks of the general passenger department.

J. G. Delaplaine has made large advances in the art of "guiding right" the victims of "wanderlust" if they are braved west of Chicago and St. Louis. His last examination papers showed a remarkably high average.

The vice-presidential pedagogue has the task of teaching other people to take his job from him—when they get good enough.

That's why F. H. Ustick was in school despite the hot weather. All the 49 division superintendents on the system are in educational training to succeed Mr. Ustick and other general superintendents and all of the office boys are in line of promotion.

Mr. Byram holds a session of school in Hannibal, Brookfield, Kansas City, E. Joseph and Omaha.

This happens at least twice a year and railroad men will continue to "go to school," even in their maturer years, because they believe there is always something to learn about running a railroad and its business.

MAY YET BE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE



JOHN M. WARD.

COTCH TO FIGHT JACK JOHNSON? NEVER!

Report That Champion Wrestler Will Turn Pugilist and Become the "White Man's Hope," Is Only an Advertising Scheme—Trouble Again Threatened in the National League.

By KNOCKOUT.

Do you remember reading in this paper along about the time the Jeffries-Johnson match was made that there was a plan to have Frank Gotch, the world's champion wrestler, turn pugilist and fight Jack Johnson, if the big bellermaker failed to win?

Well, it was printed whether you read it or not, and now the scheme has been sprung. Let me say right at the start off that Frank Gotch never will be seen in the ring with Jack Johnson. Gotch is too smart. In fact he's about the smartest athlete in the country, if not the world. Gotch is strong, Gotch is game and as a wrestler has no peer. But there's all the difference in the world between wrestling and fighting, and a different set of muscles entirely is developed in the two games.

Jim Corbett, according to report, was going to give several months of his valuable time to teaching Gotch the fine points of the fighting game to make of the wrestler "the white man's hope," a position Jeffries held until July 4. Corbett is in the show business. Gotch has been on the stage and probably will be again next winter. That's the answer, dear reader. Both know the value of getting their names in print in connection with such a story. No, Frank Gotch never will fight Johnson and if he does he's too smart to have any old has been teaching him the business. It would be Gotch for Tommy Ryan or Billy Delaney. Corbett wouldn't do.

As I predicted last week, Tommy Ryan has come out with the declaration that he intends to prime his protégé, Con O'Kelly, to fight Johnson. Foxy Tommy says he can make O'Kelly into a scrapper in a year, and will then challenge Johnson for the championship. About all the Harp has now is size, but he'll know how to fight when Ryan gets through with him. They all do. But will he be able to whip Johnson? It's a safe guess the odds would be five to one on Johnson should the pair be matched at the end of a year. Fighters are not made that quickly. They must have plenty of hard knocks and they don't get them in a gymnasium. It is probable that at the end of a year there'll be no place in the United States where a championship fight can be pulled off anyway.

It's remarkable how this agitation against the showing of the moving pictures of the Reno battle has grown. Maj. Dick Sylvester, superintendent of police in Washington, started it the day after the battle, when because of a riot between blacks and whites in the national capital, he said he would not permit the pictures to be shown because of the anti-negro feeling engendered there.

Other cities picked it up and the movement grew into such proportions that the men who bought the right to show the pictures and exhibit them grew alarmed and decided not to show them just yet. It is understood that Jeffries received \$60,000, Johnson \$50,000 and Rickard \$50,000 or \$60,000 for their share in the pictures, which, in addition to the expense of taking and staging them, probably meant an outlay of \$200,000. No wonder the promoters were alarmed by the movement started in Washington. They expected to clean up a million dollars. With many big cities closed against

them, they'll do well to get their money back. Which means the prize fight game in this country is on its last legs. The Johnson-Little quarrel and counter charges of faking between them has added another blow, and it's safe to bet that Johnson will have to go to England or Australia if he wants to fight again.

About the time the baseball season closes you'll hear more talk about troubles in the National League. From all accounts the official life of Thomas J. Lynch, the president of the organization, is by no means a bed of roses. There's dissatisfaction among the magnates and it is probable that Mr. Lynch will not be re-elected without a fight. The faction that wanted to make John M. Ward president last winter is said to be still in favor of putting him at the head of the league. Mr. Lynch didn't add to his popularity when he stopped the newspaper photographers taking pictures of the players while the game is going on.

UMPIRE SHERIDAN QUIT BECAUSE EYES ARE BAD

John F. Sheridan, the American league umpire, who suddenly announced his intention of quitting the game just before the contest between Washington and New York recently, told President Johnson at Chicago that his eyes are going back on him and that as he would have to wear glasses, he had decided to quit the game for good. Mr. Johnson sent the umpire to an eye specialist and hopes that Jack can be influenced to don umpire togs again.

"An accident common to ball players started me on the downward path of umpiring," says Sheridan. "In youth I aspired to be a bold athlete, and got along very well until I went to Chattanooga, Tenn., to play second base with a pig iron arm. That was in the spring of 1888. Early in the season they used the acid test on the arm and it was a case of tin can for me. They had passed the iron age in Dixie. Henry Grady, the silver-tongued statesman, was president of the Southern league at that time. He must have thought my voice sounded ripe for the business, so he offered me a soft snap umpiring at \$75 per month. I needed the money, but had I known then what I know now I would not have needed the money. Sometimes a fellow can get along without it. However, I was a youngster far from my sunny California home, and the \$75 per week looked good before I got busy. I was assigned to Macon, Ga., as the society papers say, and I umpired since then."

Naps Get New College Player.
The Naps recently picked a new outfielder, a college player named James H. Rutherford. Rutherford starred with the Cornell varsity team last year and again this season. Scout Sam Kennedy put his stamp of approval on the youngster after seeing him under fire in a couple of big college games.

Will Jones Ever Come Back?
Fielder Jones, manager of the White Sox team in 1906, has severed his connection with the Chebells, Wash. team and may not be able to resist the yearning to join the Chicago team

down at the piano and began "pawing the ivories" with unusual ardor. While he was playing his daughter came into the room with a companion.

"Daddy, stop playing," she said. "Somewhat surprised the father wanted to know why he should cease entertaining himself. The little girl was not inclined to explain.

Finally she said, "Why, the neighbors have a lot of company."

"Is that all?" commented daddy, with fine scorn. "Well, if they don't like my playing they can close their

BYRNE SAYS BASEBALL IS A POOR PROFESSION FOR YOUTH TO CHOOSE

By BOBBY BYRNE.

(Copyright, 1910, by Joseph B. Bowles.)
You ask me to tell how I happened to get into baseball as a profession in order to keep young and aspiring players. If they asked me I would tell them everything I could to keep them from starting. Not that I knock the profession, but I think it is a poor one to choose, not because of the life itself, but because of its temptations, and hardships, and, worse than that, the small chances of being really successful.

If I had it to do over again I do not think I ever would become a professional ball player. In spite of the fact that I love the game and love to play it. I think a young fellow would do better to devote himself to some other line than to take the chances of success in the national game, for even when he wins he loses.

I wanted to be a ball player and was educated at the game in a good school, on the lots around St. Louis. I think that ball players develop faster when they are in the neighborhood of some major league team. One or two of the players on a "prairie" team are at every game the big leagues play. They see how the game is played, and being at that age as imitative as monkeys, they work the same things on their own teams and teach all the other boys. I have noticed that when any city has a pennant winning club the quality of baseball played by the boys and the amateurs in that vicinity is much improved.

The first regular team I made was the Arcades at Springfield, Mo., which was quite a team, merely because we had one fellow who knew the game well and could teach us. It is easier to teach boys than to teach men, as they will obey without a question if they think the leader knows what he is doing. I picked up the game rapidly. The hardest thing I had to learn was when to throw. I think I must have thrown away half the games we played before I learned not to throw when there was no chance to get the runner. I think that is one of the first things a young player should learn; to look before he throws and only throw when he has a chance to make a play. The next thing, it seems to me, is to learn to handle one's feet and to keep in the game all the time, and be in position to move when the ball is hit or before.

I played around in the Trolley league at St. Louis, and then took a chance and went to Shreveport, La., where I made good right off the reel. I started well, but got to thinking that the old heads down there were not as good as the "kids" in the Trolley league, until they began to show me things I never had heard about. Luckily I had



Bobby Byrne.

sense enough to see they were right and I followed them. The first thing I knew I was back in the big league at St. Louis. The biggest thing I had learned was that, no matter how far a fellow gets up in the business, there still is a lot he does not know, and by dint of watching and learning I held on, and stal am learning and willing to learn. When I know it all I'll quit, or be released.

Jennings After Star Twirlers.
Hughie Jennings, manager of the Detroit Tigers, needs good pitchers badly. He is said to have made offers for Walter Johnson of the Nationals and Frank Smith of the Chicago White Sox. If these reports are true Hughie certainly isn't a miser in his wishes. Comiskey might trade Smith for Ty Cobb and Tom Noyes might let Johnson go for a barrel of two of coin. This said Detroit offered Washington \$20,000 for the battery, Johnson and Street. President Noyes says it isn't true. Maybe that settles it and maybe it doesn't. Catcher Beckendorf of Detroit has been sold to Washington.

Ray Looks Like a Star.
Guess that new pitcher for the St. Louis Browns must be a little Ray of sunshine. Any lad fresh from the bush who can stack against the Tigers and beat them twice in one series does not need to work very hard the rest of the year. Took a barrel of nerve and lots of the real goods to turn the trick against the demons, Cobb, Crawford & Co. (Limited).

Quoted for First Time.
When Josh Devere was banished for his part in the chastising of the gallant Brooklyn rooters who abused Davlin some days ago, it was the first time in his career he was put out of a game.

windows," and he attacked the piano with renewed vigor.

"Yes, but daddy," pleaded the daughter, as she glided over to her parent and put her arm over his neck, "they'll think it was I playing."

That settled it. He stopped.

Duty to Self.
Do what thy manhood bids thee do from none but self expect applause; be noblest lives and noblest dies, who wakes and keeps his self made laws.—The Fastidious

LIVES SAVED AT SMALL COST

Figures Showing Expenditures For the Maintenance of Tuberculosis Sanatoriums.

In a comparative study of the cost of maintenance in thirty tuberculosis sanatoriums the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis found that the food cost in most of the institutions represented one-third of the annual expenditures. The average daily food cost per patient was \$0.544. The expenditures for salaries and wages represented nearly another third, being \$0.481 per day per patient out of a total of \$1.669. The fuel, oil and light cost was \$0.206 per capita per diem, or about one-tenth of the total cost. The daily cost in the several institutions ranged all the way from \$0.946 per patient to \$2.555. In the far west and southwest, as in Colorado and New Mexico and California, the cost was higher than in the east, in New York and New England, being \$2.025 per patient as against \$1.748. The total expenditures of the thirty institutions were \$1,363,353.28, while the total receipts from all sources were \$1,548,525.74. More than 70 per cent of the receipts were received from public funds and private benefactions, only 28.8 per cent being from patients. Stated in another way only 35 per cent of the total expenditures were received from patients, the remainder being made up from other sources.

A WARNING.



Man at Telephone—Let me have the gas office, please.

Operator—Certainly. But you know we don't allow any swearing over our lines.

Silenced the Critic.

Charles Sumner, when in London, gave a ready reply. At a dinner given in his honor, he spoke of "the ashes" of some dead hero. "Ashes! What American English!" rudely broke in an Englishman; "dust you mean, Mr. Sumner. We don't burn our dead in this country." "Yet," instantly replied Mr. Sumner, with a courteous smile, "your poet Gray tells us that 'Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.'" The American was not criticized again that evening.

The Deacon's Parable.
A self-conscious and egotistical young clergyman was supplying the pulpit of a country church. After the service he asked one of the deacons, a grizzled, plain-spoken man, what he thought of his morning effort.

"Waal," answered the old man, slowly, "I'll tell ye in a kind of parable. I remember Tunk Weatherbee's first deer hunt, when he was green. He followed the deer's tracks all right, but he followed 'em all day in the wrong direction."—Housekeeper.

Caught in the Rush.
"My poor man," said the sympathetic woman, "and how came you to be crippled for life?"

"I'll tell you, madam," replied the beggar. "Once I spent my vacation at a summer hotel and I was trampled down trying to get into the dining room after the first bell."

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive
About the size of your shoes, many people wear smaller shoes by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder to shake into the shoes. It cures Tired, Swollen, Aching Feet and gives rest and comfort. Sold everywhere. Beware of cheap imitations. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Ousted, Le Roy, N. Y.

As He Remembered It.
"Johnnie, what did the minister preach about today?"

"It was about something that stings like an adder and bites like a multiplier."

Why He Believes Her.
Evangeline—Rachel never can tell anything without exaggerating it.

John—That's why I believe her when she tells her age.

Red, Weak, Worn, Watery Eyes.
Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes, It Cures. Write For Eye Book. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Aromatic Effects.
"What you ought to do," said the physician, "is to take the air in an automobile or a motor boat."

"Can't I stay home and open a can of gasoline?"

The satisfying quality in Lewis' Single Binders found in no other cigar.

A crazy person thinks every one else is insane, and love is blind because it imagines everybody else is.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For Children's Coughs, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Croup, and all the ailments of the throat and chest. It is the best remedy for all these ailments.

Knock and the world will join in the anvil chorus.

Women's Secrets
There is one man in the United States who has perhaps heard more women's secrets than any other man or woman in the country. These secrets are not secrets of guilt or shame, but the secrets of suffering, and they have been confided to Dr. R. V. Pierce in the hope and expectation of advice and help. That few of these women have been disappointed in their expectations is proved by the fact that ninety-eight per cent of all women treated by Dr. Pierce have been absolutely and altogether cured. Such a record would be remarkable if the cases treated were numbered by hundreds only. But when that record applies to the treatment of more than half-a-million women, in a practice of over 40 years, it is phenomenal, and entitles Dr. Pierce to the gratitude accorded him by women, as the first of specialists in the treatment of women's diseases.

Every sick woman may consult Dr. Pierce by letter, absolutely without charge. All replies are mailed, sealed in perfectly plain envelopes, without any printing or reference whatever, upon them. Write without fear as without fee, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION
Makes Weak Women Strong,
Sick Women Well.

How He Kept the...
"I noticed," said the friend-who-could-be-trusted, after a trip through the factory where preserves are made, "that a white powder is first put in the cans, and that the preserves are then put in the white powder."

"Yes," explained the proprietor to the friend-who-could-be-trusted, "that white powder is a preservative. You see we are compelled to put the preserves in a preservative because an idiotic requirement of the government makes it unlawful for us to put a preservative in the preserves."

Where He Came In.
"Have you ever figured in a divorce suit?"

"No; the lawyers did the figuring. I just paid the bills."

Lewis' Single Binder gives the smoker rich, mellow-tasting cigar.

We are still patiently awaiting the advent of wireless politics.

A thick head is apt to generate a multitude of thin ideas.

The Handiest Remedy
is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and past experience has proven that when taken promptly at the first signal of distress a sick spell can be avoided. For Loss of Appetite, Gas on Stomach, Heartburn, Bloating, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Costiveness, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Malaria, Fever and Ague it stands unequalled. Get a bottle.

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CELEBRATED
STOMACH
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Many a man goes broke—in Health—then wealth. Blames his mind—says it don't work right; but all the time it's his *ashes*. They don't work—liver dead and the whole system gets clogged with poison. Nothing kills good, clean-cut brain action like constipation. CASCARETS will relieve and cure. Try it now.

CASCARETS is a box for a week's treatment. All drug stores. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

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I want information about a good farm for sale. I know of hundreds of buyers wanting a good farm—willing to pay your price—write me a book and let's see if we can't close a deal.

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