

..FURS..

Specials for This Week:

Genuine Sealskin Jackets and Blouses, London dyed, \$175 and up.
Natural Otter Box Coats and Blouses, in stock and made to order, \$125 and up.
Genuine Leipzig dyed Persian Lamb Box Coats and Blouses, \$115 and up.
Siberian Squirrel Blouses, very choice American Leipzig dye, \$65.00 and up.
Near Seal Electric Seal and Blended Coney Blouses and Automobile Coats, \$25 and up.

Scarfs, Collarettes, Storm Collars, in every conceivable style.
Everything new and at the right price.

Ermine, Chinchilla, Sable, Baum, Martin, Black Martin Otter, Beaver, Mink, Etc.

Every garment is made in our own work rooms Fit, material and style guaranteed.

Fine furs remodeled and repaired at moderate prices.

Buy direct, save the middleman's profit.

G. E. Shukert

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\$25.00

To California

These very cheap one way tickets to California will be sold only a few days longer, until October 31st, inclusive

If you expect to go to California on these rates, you should apply early for berths in the Burlington's daily through tourist sleepers, running to Los Angeles and San Francisco, via Denver, with daylight ride through scenic Colorado.

The cost of through tourist sleeper berth from the Missouri river is \$5.75. Better go early and keep ahead of the crowds that move on the last selling days of these cheap tickets.

Burlington
Route

Berths, folders tickets, etc., at
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GOLD TOP

THE PERFECT BEER

How refreshing after a hard day's work

Pure Barley Malt
Highest Grade Hops
Pure Spring Water

Give this beer the exquisite flavor that comes only when perfectly brewed and aged.
We will send a case to your home.

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Home Visitors Excursion

October 19th (only)

To all points in Indiana and Ohio.
Many points in Kentucky, Michigan, New York, Ontario, Pennsylvania and West Virginia.
Be pleased to give all information. Call at Wabash City Ticket Office 1601 Farnam St., Telephone Doug. 355 or address,
Harry E. Moores, G. A. P. D. Wabash R. R. Omaha, Neb.

Curious Capers of Dan Cupid

Romance on a Church Roof.
GEORGE L. KINGERY of Syracuse, N. Y., and Miss Edith May Paxton of Chicago, accompanied by Mrs. Paxton, the girl's mother; Miss Minnie Brush, her school chum, and Walter T. McCabe, are on their way to Milan to be married in the cathedral. They are not rich, but they are determined to be married in this costliest house of worship in the world, which also is one of the largest.

Neither a religious feeling nor a desire to be married in a famous place caused them to decide upon it as the spot for exchanging vows, says the Chicago Tribune. It was because on the roof of the cathedral Kingery saved Miss Paxton, perhaps, from a death which would have been one of the oddest deaths on record. For Miss Paxton was lost in the forest of spires and statues that cover the three acres of roof, lost in a petrified forest of rare marble. Separated from her friends with whom she was traveling, with darkness coming on, the girl, who had waited entranced by the beautiful sunset view, grew alarmed, and, in panic ran up and down stairs and across the roof, until, when near the foot of the great spire on which the image of the Virgin stands, she slipped and fell.

Half an hour later, when the last rays of light were causing the rare marble to glow red, the girl recovered her senses to find herself in the arms of a handsome, sun-browned young man.

The man was Kingery. He, being among the last to descend from the tower of the Virgin, had heard her cries for help, and, running through the forest of sculpture and the maze of towers on the roof, had found her unconscious at the foot of a flight of stairs down which she had fallen.

Kingery, half carrying, half supporting the injured girl, had managed to reach the stairs that lead down into the interior of the vast cathedral, only to discover that they were left alone and that to escape that night was out of the question.

The night fell a brilliant Italian night, with the stars hanging like ripe russet apples in a field of deepest purple. Below them they could see the lights of the Piazza del Duomo. To the north, outlined in black against the night sky, rose the Alps, and to the south, stretched miles and miles of plain, dotted with lights of villages and hamlets and farmhouses.

The noise of the city, the hum of night life, came up to them like the hum of bees. They were alone, together, surrounded by ghostly images, spires of most delicate marble.

As fellow-countrymen in distress they became friends, and during the night, while she slept wrapped in his coat to shield her from the dew, Kingery watched and, when she awakened, they talked in whispers, overawed by the beauty of their surroundings.

When early in the morning they climbed to the upper gallery of the cathedral, he helping her because of her sprained ankle, they had an experience which few, if any, ever have enjoyed.

The two, hand in hand, as if they had known each other for years, descended and ascended the guide who came to open the roof doors, by their appearance. Instead of upbraiding the guide for locking them upon the roof for the night Kingery pressed money into his hand silently and descended.

Kingery saw her afterwards at Venice, and then in Paris. In fact he changed his route and before they parted in Paris he had received permission to call on her at her home on the North Side in Chicago.

That was three years ago. Kingery, who is the manager of a big mercantile house in Syracuse, lost no time in traveling to Chicago, and after his first visit they were engaged.

Lonely Woman Nabbed.
The first romance and the first wedding to take place on the Minneapolis & St. Louis railroad has occurred at Florence, Ia.

Not only is it the first wedding, but it marks the marrying off of the only woman in the town of Florence, the culmination of a spirited rivalry for her hand among the pioneer residents of the booming town.

There were great doings in honor of the event, the entire town, including the rejected suitors, joining in the celebration. Little Cupid carried on his machinations to the accompaniment of rattling dishes and the incense of ham and eggs, but his arrows were none the less deadly.

A few days ago Emma Sheppard was the only woman in Florence.

She still claims this distinction, but now signs herself "Mrs. W. P. Austin."

When the town was first started and a horde of men thronged there, living in tents and whatever they could get to shelter them, the cry was for food.

Miss Sheppard saw her opportunity. She was an eastern woman, delicate and with cultured associations.

The rough conditions daunted her for a time, but back in Iowa were parents dependent upon her—parents who had expended their means in giving her an education.

The result was that the delicate artistry of her cuisine was so attractive that the denizens of the boom town flocked to her table with an enthusiasm that would have put to shame the sated diners at expensive city restaurants.

Dodged the Rice Throwers.
A young couple married the other day in New Jersey disappeared in very peculiar manner.

"The Fortune Teller," a musical comedy that was popular some seasons ago, one of the comedians remarked that he had a joke and that he wanted a comic opera written to put the joke in. Judging from some of the submerged musical comedies and comic operas that have flattered a little while and then sunk since that day some librettists have achieved the task of writing a piece without first having even one joke. The problem of getting more than one is serious, and the question of comedy for the stage, its derivation and history, is one of the most interesting side-lights that the stage furnishes.

Comedy, of course, is something that makes the people laugh, and in their efforts to make the people laugh comedians have gone to strange lengths. They have fallen downstairs like Francis Wilson, tumbled out of airplanes like Joe Weber and Lew Fields, slipped and been slapped in the face, been belabored with bladders and slapsticks and generally have adopted almost any expedient that would win a snicker or a guffaw from the audience. When Shakespeare told the players to scowch those tricks, that while they tickled the ears of the groundlings they made the judicious grieve, he was not talking to the comedians.

Ask any first-class comedian to give you his opinion of the mental standard of the average audience and he will answer that the average audience loves horseplay better than it loves finesse; that it wants its effects thrown on with a trowel instead of placed on delicately with a brush, and that the comedian who gets the laughs is the comedian whose conduct upon the stage is not governed by the highest sense of refinement. "If you are too refined," they

say, "you can't get the laughs." There certainly is nothing refined or perlor like in the comedy of the Rogers brothers, for instance, who talk into each other's faces and kick each other in the stomach. Yet the Rogers brothers are at the head of their own show and are coining money.

A comedy line is nothing in itself. Its effectiveness all depends upon the context and upon the manner of its delivery. There are some parts regarded as "actor proof"—that is, they are supposed to be so good that no actor can fail in them. Closer study of the stage, however, reveals the fact that the number of these actor proof parts is much smaller than is supposed, and that, after all, the laughs come only to him who can make the lines get them, and that they do not lie in the lines themselves.

Much of the comedy that is heard over the footlights comes from the race track. Much more comes from the bar room. There are in the theatrical business some clever actors who are bar room or dressing room comedians rather than stage comedians. They are full of invention and the stories they tell in bar rooms and in their dressing rooms are plenty good enough to go on the stage.

Some of the comedy that is seen and heard on the stage today goes back to the mining camps. Leadville, Butte and Cripple Creek in the early days had music halls in which rough and ready variety performances were given. Some of the funniest comedy that the stage in this country has seen sprang from those unpretentious surroundings. Cheap burlesque houses in San Francisco were the green houses in which many good strokes of comedy came into life. June McCree, one of the funniest comedians in vaudeville, got his start in a San Francisco burlesque house and,

incidental fashion from the gaze of the guests who had gone out from New York to view the ceremony. As they were preparing to depart two beautiful horses were brought to the front of the house. The happy pair appeared in immaculate riding dress, mounted the horses, which were wedding presents, and rode away at a gait rapid enough to avoid the usual delay that attends such departures made in a carriage or a motor. In spite of the general impression among the guests, the two did not ride far. They changed the horses for a motor a short distance away.

Bride with Ominous Name.
The dreams of wedded bliss that have been making happy Mitchell Jasper, an Indian living in Delta county, Michigan, will be rudely disturbed if his fiancée makes good her name. To the county clerk she meekly confided that she is Miss Mary Kick-a-Hole-in-the-Sky when Jasper appeared to procure the marriage license.

To make matters worse, the name of Jasper's mother-in-law to be is Afraid-of-No-Man, and judging by her countenance and determined manner of speech, this is no misnomer.

The date of the wedding has not been set, and since Jasper has become more thoroughly acquainted with his fiancée's mother he fears that he has discovered to his regret the art of self-defense before he leads the redoubtable young Indian girl to the altar.

Wife Cheaper Than Dinner.
"Get married or treat," was the edict of the Mask and Wig club of Vineland, N. J., to the club president, Ernest Smith, member of the firm of H. Smith & Sons, jewelers and optometrists. At the annual meeting of the club last fall Smith pulled the "fatal straw," which meant a wedding for him or a banquet for the members at his expense. Now news comes from California that he has escaped through the bonds of matrimony.

When Miss Corena Lush left for the Golden state Smith soon followed, and the wedding took place September 20 in Riverside, Cal. It is now up to the club to prepare a banquet for the couple on their return.

Belgian Marriage Mart.
Two thousand bachelors from all parts of Belgium, many from France and some from Germany, swept down on the village of Ecaussines-Lalain to find brides, says the Brussels correspondent of the London Express.

It was the fourth yearly marriage mart, as established by the maids of Ecaussines, and as there are only ninety-seven marriageable young women in that quaint little place the supply of matrimonial partners fell deplorably short of the demand. All the same, the proceedings were a great success.

The men began to arrive early in the morning, but it was toward noon before trainloads of them appeared. There were all sorts and conditions of men. One man of 72 had traveled all the way from Luxembourg to find a wife, to whom he proposed a dowry that would place her beyond want. There were tradesmen, clerks, mechanics, miners, laborers; indeed, no branch of trade appeared to be unrepresented.

Gay banners of welcome, triumphal arches with mottoes of encouragement for prospective husbands, figures of Cupid and hearts pierced by arrows were to be seen everywhere; but the local authority had not accepted the young women's proposal to name the main streets, "place de Plan-calais," "place conjugale" and "place de la Concordie."

At noon the bachelors were formally welcomed at the gates of the village by the spinster committee. Last year's president and several members of the committee are now married as the result of the festivities twelve months ago and others had been elected in their places.

All marched to the "Grande Place," where there was an open air concert. The bands played nothing but nuptial marches and love songs. At the close an adjournment was made to the town hall, where the young women took their places at tables, on which stood bowls of punch and such mottoes as "Hope On," "Love," "Be Trusting," and "Have Faith."

A vacant chair was left beside each girl and at a given signal the men with matrimonial intent made a rush to secure the seats. Then coffee and a sweet cake were served, followed by a bonbon tasting of florice. When this was over the woman president made a speech on "The Art of Pleasing Man," which was wildly applauded. Dancing in the open air ended the program of the festivities.

Hundreds of letters, many of them very amusing, were received this year from intending husbands. A railway official from Paris anxiously inquired whether in the event of not finding a girl to his taste he could refuse to marry and would be allowed to leave quietly.

Some bachelors from Gilly (France) explained that they were young, good looking and earning £12 a month and were anxious to find wives from Ecaussines, where the girls are renowned for their good looks and quiet domestic life.

Two friends, a butcher and a butcher's assistant, asked to be recommended to two nice girls by the president, but so mixed up their qualifications that it seemed as if the butcher shaved his animals with anti-septic treatment and the hairdresser slaughtered his customers humanely.

New Stage Jokes Are Few

IN "The Fortune Teller," a musical comedy that was popular some seasons ago, one of the comedians remarked that he had a joke and that he wanted a comic opera written to put the joke in. Judging from some of the submerged musical comedies and comic operas that have flattered a little while and then sunk since that day some librettists have achieved the task of writing a piece without first having even one joke. The problem of getting more than one is serious, and the question of comedy for the stage, its derivation and history, is one of the most interesting side-lights that the stage furnishes.

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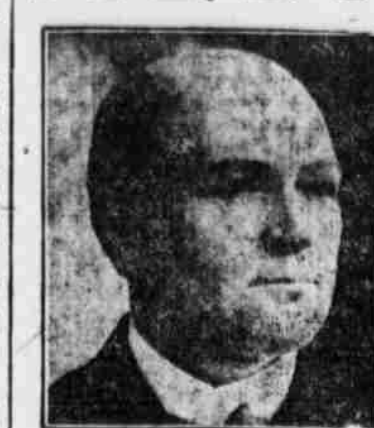
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Men, if you want successful treatment and honest dealings, why not go to the reliable State Medical Institute, where you are not deceived by deceptive or unbusinesslike propositions. Such statements are misleading and are used for the purpose of obtaining patronage. Honest doctors of recognized ability do not resort to such methods. We do not say that we will treat you without any money in advance for the purpose of securing patronage, and then when you call demand money payments and notes signed for in advance of reasonable charges; neither do we promise to cure you in three or four days, knowing it will take longer; nor do we try to secure patronage by offering to refund money paid if a cure is not effected. We do not accept any cases we cannot cure. We guarantee a safe and lasting cure in the quickest possible time, without leaving injurious after-effects in the system and at the lowest cost possible for honest, skillful and successful treatment.

RELIABILITY

The State Medical Institute does not mislead the sick and afflicted into the belief that it is going to give free treatment, or for next to nothing, or for less than it can conscientiously be worth. The State Medical Institute does not resort to scheming methods. The sick should beware of, and avoid any who hold out false inducements in their announcements, which appear alluring, and in many cases deceive the weak, sick, suffering man, who like the drowning man will grasp at a straw in an effort to be saved. How many weak, nervous, drowning, sinking men are grasping at straws today to get cured of their ailments (diseases), which are dragging them down to the bottom of the sea of despair and misery? Why not awaken to the realization of the fact today that boasting promises of quick cures, misleading statements and unbusinesslike propositions to the afflicted are but straws that will sink you deeper and deeper into the sea of despair. Why grasp at such straws when you can secure the substantial treatment of the Honest, Skillful, Reliable Specialists of the State Medical Institute who will not deceive you with any false promises, but will save you and restore you to health, strength and vigor, and place you safely within the boundary line of prosperity and enjoyment of life.

SUCCESS

If we could see and treat all men when the first symptoms show themselves there would soon be little need for so-called specialists in chronic diseases, and there would be few men seeking a rejuvenation of their physical, mental and vital powers, and there would also be few marked with the stamp of Constitutional Blood Poison, and the sufferers from STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS, NERVO-SEXUAL DEBILITY, IMPOTENCY, RECTAL, KIDNEY and URINARY DISEASES and their complications would be reduced to a minimum. But as long as men continue to disregard the golden advice, "A stitch in time saves nine," and continue to neglect themselves or to exercise indifference or poor judgment in consulting the right specialists at the outset, just so long will there be multitudes of chronic sufferers. You should carefully avoid all uncertain, experimental, dangerous or half-way treatment, for upon the success of the first treatment depends whether you will be promptly restored to health again, with all taint of the poisonous disease removed from your system, or whether it will be allowed to become chronic and subject you to future recurrences of the disease, with the various resulting complications, etc.

TRUE SPECIALISTS

Don't allow disease or weakness to take away all the pleasure of living. Life is beautiful when you possess perfect health. You should not become discouraged and lose your grip on life because inferior and unreliable treatment has failed to help you. Our special treatment fees the time and money as well as mental suffering. If you require treatment, and your case is a curable one, you will be treated honestly and skillfully and restored to health within the briefest possible period and at the least possible expense. We will make a thorough, searching and scientific examination of your ailment, an examination that will disclose your true physical condition, without a knowledge of which you are groping in the dark and without a thorough understanding of which no physician or specialist should treat you.

The State Medical Institute desires to warn all men to beware of misleading statements by which they may be deceived in an effort to regain their health.

MAN'S FINEST FOR MARRIAGE

There is nothing of more supreme importance to a man who is contemplating marriage than to know that he is in a perfectly healthy condition in every respect, and that he is free from all ailments, which he may have while there lurks in the system some blighting weakness or poisonous taint or private or blood diseases. Any man whose system has at any time been polluted with poisonous private diseases, or whose depleted manhood forbids any possibility of matrimonial happiness should consult the specialists of the State Medical Institute.

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OMAHA, NEBRASKA

strangely enough, the sketch which he is now playing to the best audiences in the country is the story of a man who has been amused his rough admirers more than twenty years ago.

Stories told around hotels are softened and twisted into such shape that they can be used on the stage. The average actor is a great story teller and a good audience for a good story teller. Out of this fact come many of the best pieces of comedy on the stage.

Comedy that is premeditated, worked out and rehearsed in cold blood not always is a sure fire hit. For instance, one of the greatest lines that every was heard in a Weber and Fields show was an impromptu by Pete Dalley. It was upon the occasion of Lillian Russell's first appearance at the Weber and Fields music hall. She appeared on the stage wearing a glittering tiara. "I am sorry," said Dalley, as soon as the actress came upon the stage, "I am sorry that you are ill."

Taken aback, Miss Russell stammered out: "What makes you think I am ill?" "I see," said Dalley, "that you've got a lot of cracked ice on your head." While that little jest was unpremeditated, there was another Dalley "wheeler" that seemed impromptu, but that was the result of long rehearsal. Dalley used to enter just after a burst of laughter in the wings. His entrance lines were: "Jolly dogs, these stage hands." It seemed to everybody that he thought up those lines on the spur of the moment. As a matter of fact, Edgar Smith, who wrote the libretto, had them in the first draft of his work.

Some of the comedy comes from the old masters. Sheridan has been plundered freely. So has Oliver Goldsmith. So has

Rabelais, and so have many ancient masters of wit and humor. The comic papers help some and the almanacs have been used. Twisted a little, some of the old-time jests keep reappearing in the most modern offerings and the comedians who know that people always will laugh at what they have laughed at before, but that they are chary about laughing at new things, have no hesitancy in using the old material in the new way.

Good Shoes For The Army
"Uncle Sam keeps well in mind the saying, 'A man is not well dressed unless he wears a good pair of shoes,'" said a government inspector, "for he takes care that the army is fitted out with the most comfortable and latest of footwear."

"To be sure, he does not go in for upper jawed, darting soles or twisted, ugly toes, but he provides the finest of leather and insists that the boots for his soldiers shall be well made. His inspectors look after the shoes at every process in their manufacture and any short cut of leather or negligently placed nails that might result in corns or sore feet are pointed out with condemning fingers and the boots are thrown aside."

"Once in a while the style in army shoes changes and then a big batch of shoes will be thrown on the market, which merchants eagerly gobble up. The man who buys those shoes will not get a new style army shoe, but he gets the finest shoe on the market for high-grade leather and good workmanship."

"The United States army marching shoe of today has a cap and in a shoe for a man to be proud of. The cap is not only over the toe, but across the heel, and it gives just that touch of ornamentation which the well-dressed man likes."

"Its sole is only moderately heavy and the leather is the best box calf. It is light and has five eyelets at the bottom of the lacing, then five hooks, and at the top of the shoe is another eyelet, a combination of fastenings which has been tried out and found to be the best for getting the shoe on quickly and for strength."

"The garrison shoe is built on similar lines, only it is six and a half inches high and has a plain toe. Some of them have caps at toe and heel, but for the most part they are plain."

"Contrary to popular belief, Uncle Sam does allow his soldier boys to wear a low shoe or oxford, although it is never worn on the march. They are more for undress and are made of dongola kid and are called gymnasium shoes."—Washington Post.



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