



Ak-Sar-Ben Week Specials

We offer you during this time a large selection of 15 JEWELLED, THIN MODEL, WATCHES, in 20 year guaranteed case for \$9.50, regular price \$12.50. This price is made for Ak-Sar-Ben week only.

Ladies' "O" size, open face, richly engraved case, guaranteed movement, which sells regularly for \$13.00, Ak-Sar-Ben week price \$10.00.

Boys' Watch, Swiss Movement, fine time piece, in a neat, nickel case, regular \$6.00, during Ak-Sar-Ben week only \$5.00.

Some Diamond Ring Bargains

We had mounted especially for this sale a lot of choice small stones in Tiffany and Fancy Settings, your choice of these for \$20.

Ak-Sar-Ben Visitors

will be welcome and will appreciate a visit to our new Electric Sighted and Mirrored Cut Glass and fine Art Goods Rooms. Such a display as we are now offering is not to be found in any other western city.

SOUVENIRS—To take home with you—Sterling Silver Spoons from 75c to \$3.50; Wedgwood Vases from 60c up; Aluminum Pin Trays 10c; Japanese Pin Trays with Public Building in Bowl, 25c.

Leave your name and address for one of our 1908 finely illustrated catalogues which will be issued in November.

MAWHINNEY & RYAN CO.

Diamond Importers and Jewelers.

Fifteenth and Douglas Streets



Where Do You Get Your Cuts?

This is an important question that means much to you in illustrating your catalogue or advertising. Our employes take an interest in every engraving that goes through our house. They are anxious to give you the quality that will bring this firm more business. x x x

We solicit your orders both large and small.

Our Specialties: Commercial designing, mechanical drawings, general illustrations, half-tones, zinc etchings and wood engravings. x

BAKER BROS. ENGRAVING COMPANY OMAHA



Adventures that Marked Trip Around the World

(Continued from Page Seven.)

cal purgatory and later shanghaied by the pirate crew of Samson, pilot to the king.

One at a time the chosen ones sit on the north pole of the miniature earth. It starts to revolve on an imaginary axis, whose points are fixed at Monte Carlo and Broken Bow. This new earth owned by the king knows no orbit and does not use its poles. It runs as lawless as a motorcycle and Greenland's icy mountains are soon tumbling down beneath equatorial suns. When the candidate who was seated in a comfortable chair somewhere north of the Hudson bay reaches a point somewhere opposite the Panama canal, Samson, the powerful, removes the force of gravitation from his earth and the candidate is pitched off into a great white space which looks like a milky way without the cream skimmed, but which is in reality a big-sheet made of canvass and held up by four untrusty members of the crew.

About the time the candidate realizes that the force of gravity has been removed from around him and that he is to shoot with the comets toward the Ursa major, he sees the milky way and decides he would rather dive into it than to stick to the chair and depend on his muscles to hold him on the earth while the point at which he is hanging is whirled recklessly through the unexplored regions of the south frigid zone—and he dives straight toward the milky way.

But the same old moon is shining, and it's the same old milky way, for it is never

reached, the sheet being quickly withdrawn by the would-be rescuers, the candidate falls like a chunk of putty on a pine slab to a big mattress of hay many feet below.

While the misguided one gathers himself up from the soft folds of the mattress, the crew of Samson's ship takes advantage of his bewilderment and the audience becomes strangely aware that someone is about to be shanghaied.

The seamanship of Samson is above reproach, but it was with difficulty that he secured anyone to man his ship this year without resorting to the methods of the tramp sea captains and during the short season he got a name on the high seas which would make Jack London's "Sea Wolf" look like an innocent Venetian gondolier.

The candidates were dressed hurriedly in yellow silencers or white musling nightgowns and driven across the gang plank. Once the plank was drawn in, they were destined to take the full voyage and a few to feel the warm breath of a deep sea shark as he pressed them affectionately against his palate.

Gregoire Zerald Sarpy is said to have invented a keelboat which would run safely among the snags of the Missouri river, but the man who built Samson's galleon made a craft which would sail up a spiral stairway or carry cargoes of candidates up Salt creek.

With the ringing of the bell and tooting of the first whistle the candidates began paying the penalty of the first days of naval life, which is generally exacted by nature from the youngest little middy or the rawest grif-

fin, viz., seasickness. Then the spray began to splash down on the captives, not up from the salt, brackish sea, but from the pails of water placed about on the poop deck to make the trip damp enough to be realistic. Something about the water splashing down over the top of the deck above into the faces and over slickers helped the candidates recover their sea legs.

But as the craft moved out into the stream they were deafened by many strange noises. There sounded in the ears of the captives the roaring of water as of a huge milldam, the thrashing of heavy sprays, the thundering of many sails and shrill cries of seamen. The whole world seemed to heave giddily by and then giddily downward, and the candidates had to chase their thoughts for awhile to realize that the noises were made by the wheels on which the boat was run from one end of the den to the other, and the shrieks of seamen and thundering of sails were really the uproar and laughter of their friends in the audience.

Adventures did not end with the splashing of spray into the faces of the candidates. As the brig sheered swiftly and giddily through the long, cresting swell on the starboard tack, a keen observer could see on the left, under the arched foot of the forecastle, a shoal of sharks frolicking like goldfish in the clear waters of a mountain pool. Of a sudden one of the dusky man-eating sharks appeared at the prow of the brig, showing a row of large, sharp teeth with serrated edges. There was a rush of the innocent to see the great dogfish and then a cry of pain.

"You sot and swine," the captain shouted,

"you've pushed him overboard."

Backing away from the boat the voracious and dangerous sea monster could be seen from all decks, bearing away in the huge mouth one of the candidates who was crowded overboard by the curious.

The shark, which grabbed more than one candidate from the ship and pulled him in on a tongue stuffed with excelsior, was always running up to meet the incoming brig, making the trip on wheels and propelled by a gasoline engine or other safe motive power. It was not known to take any "dead ones" during the entire season, regardless of the tradition surrounding the sharks and their reputed appetites for lifeless things.

In a convenient port the crew and victims of the shanghai plot came ashore and were presented at the court of the king together. In all seriousness, the grand mufti gave the newcomers a charge each time the ship came in, and each time he called on visitors at the court, foreign ambassadors, rulers and those who hope to be, captains of industry, orators and those who still have pebbles in their mouth, business men and railroad managers all gathered about to praise Ak-Sar-Ben, the kingdom and throbbing, bustling metropolis, in which the throne room occupies a center location.

From the log book of Samson's craft the following extracts are taken:

June 1—Got to bed very late last evening, as we shanghaied a big bunch, and Frank Ransom and C. S. Montgomery talked, oh! ever so long. Then it was the first night of the season, but the crop is going to be large and the catch good. The sea boiled white all over and bristled with rings and bubbles, indicating many \$10 bills in sight. B. F.

Head of Ak-Sar-Ben's Royal Navy



ADMIRAL PAFFENRATH, Pride of the Navy, Tenor of the High Seas and a Wonder in His Way.

Thomas was Grand Mufti and he made me feel jealous, because his voice is better than the ship's big horn used off the shores of Barrald. SAMSON.

June 8—With a bunch of American Indians and cowboy business men aboard the old ship tonight I thought the Mackinaw would go down among other deep sea treasures. A crowd came along shore about 8 o'clock ringing sheep bells and singing in a loud tone of voice, "Omaha, My Omaha." They called themselves boosters, and the few we carried aboard were a hard bunch to handle. They talked a funny language, said to have been used on the Great Plains. One of the names I heard was Rain-in-the-Barrel and the other was Jefferis—peculiar names. But the evening was a great success. About 800 carried to the kingdom thus far. No sleep at all. S—

July 28—Wind blew a gale. Uproar, confusion, violent movements and many landsmen sick at sea. The forecastle is a roomy place, but it would not hold them all. One man, with a broad smile, called Bryan, showed he had traveled far by land and sea, both by his actions and words which he spoke before the king. Had a good time, yo-ho, yo-ho, fifteen men on a dead man's chest, but no bottle of rum. SAM.

September 15—Sold the old boat for a dry dock, after bringing the klug 1,259 good ones. All rules were broken during the evening. There is an old sea saying that a woman on board a pirate ship will keep away revenue cutters, but we decided the rule did not apply to us and were glad to sell out. What I will do for a living next year is up to Gus. SAMP.

The Two Versions.

At a dinner during the recent Episcopal convention at Richmond a young woman sitting near the bishop of London said to him:

"Bishop: I wish you would set my mind at rest as to the similarity or dissimilarity between your country and ours on one point. Does the butterfly because the tomato can?"

The bishop laughed heartily at this vivacious sally. Not so a young Englishman of his party, who, after dinner, sought his host.

"I want to know, you know," said he, "about that joke of Miss B—'s. She asked if the butter flew because tomatoes could. Pray tell me what the point is?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Buttinsky and Buttoutsky



FRANK FITCH HAD THE THANKLESS TASK OF POSING AS A CHRONIC KICKER ALL SUMMER.



WURN WAS A FAIRY, TOO.



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