

SIGHTSEERS IN THE TOWER

Tourists and Native in a London Show Place.

PATIENCE OF THE ENGLISHMAN

Will and Wisdom of the Best Eaters—Education of Infant Minds—Instruments of Torture that Interested Women.

LONDON, AUG. 18.—The Tower of London is the Mecca of the tourist. Westminster Abbey holds its own as time goes on, and you are always sure of finding a goodly number of sightseers in the Poet's Corner, but comparing it with the Tower in this respect is as if you compared a cemetery with Coney Island. On bank holiday, the first week of August, there were 12,000 visitors, and the average daily attendance is approximately 1,500. The fine extended one day recently from the gateway past the dock, where every sort of bag, even to the vanity bag, is taken away to the entrances of the Beauchamp, White and Bloody towers.

The Tower is like Ellis Island, usually reserved by the middle class Englishman to show to his cousin from the country. In which classification every place, especially America, is included. It is the joy of the personally conducting manager, for its sights, like boarding house hash, are cheap and wholesome.

It takes a long time to get around, and after climbing up and down stairs even the most rabid sightseer is content to go home and rest. For sixpence you can see the armor worn by Henry VIII and can stand on the very spot where one of the kings of England was at prayer. "When the bloody hose in the executioner's clove is skulled," so you hear a guide tell a party who are from New Jersey and who stand one after the other on the identical bit of paving, breathing heavily as if they thought themselves back in the Hudson tunnel.

No Places for Bombs. This, of course, is after you see a very smart young woman, and she is rather in the minority, for the smart young women don't congregate here, objecting strenuously to being separated from a champagne, colored, pinkish, melon shaped bag with twisted handles. She is with an English woman who, explains to her at great length that some ten or twenty years ago a man came in with a leather kit and strolling through the Tower deliberately took out a dynamite bomb and dropped it. A corner was knocked off one of the twenty-foot thick blocks of stone, and naturally since then London, which establishes precedents and keeps to them, has guarded the Tower against any similar experience.

"But I couldn't get a bomb or anything else in it," explains the girl, opening it wide and showing to the guard the contents, which consist of two handkerchiefs, a powder puff and tiny hand mirror, a stick of camellia for the lips and a pencil for the eyebrows, a curling iron, one clean sock and a package of chewing gum, with a vinaigrette, smelling salts and two false puffs, which had blown off and had not been replaced, as she was too unselfish to keep the things for herself.

The guard examines each carefully, while a line of 100 or more English citizens keep perfectly still and do not voice a single objection, the only restiveness shown being from the American contingent, who wonder how so softly if they are to be kept there all day. The London crowd will stay put. It resembles a fire cracker dampened to prevent mischief. Later one of the best eaters tells you what a well behaved lot of people formed the Bank Holiday procession.

Behavior of the Crowd. "Give you my word, m'm," he says, "not a sound, and they'd stand 'awit an' 'our before they could get into a p'lice, and when they got in there was such a crowd. We just said to 'em, 'Pawse hon and hout!' and they pawse hon and hout without seeing a thing and not saying a word."

"Well behaved crowd I call that. Don't believe you 'ave it big America, like that?"

DIARRHOEA Quickly Cured by WAKEFIELD'S Blackberry Balsam Read This Letter. I have used Wakefield's Blackberry Balsam for over forty years. I am not given to writing letters of this kind, in fact never did before in my life, but I do wish to say to you, it has never failed me in one single instance nor any of my friends. I have recommended it to all my friends, and I tell them very candidly there is nothing just as good. The fact is I have never found anything just as good and I never expect to. I can sincerely recommend it to any one young or old for all Bowel Troubles. It has certainly helped me when nothing else would.

W. E. PARKER, 15 E. 5th St., Chicago. Wakefield's Blackberry Balsam has been the best and most reliable remedy for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum and Cholera Morbus for 63 years. While it is quick and positive in its action, it is unlike other remedies in that it is harmless and does not constipate. It simply checks the trouble and puts the stomach and bowels in their natural, regular condition. Of the millions of bottles that have been sold in the past 63 years never has a case been reported where a cure was not effected when directions were followed, even after other remedies had failed. Every home should have a bottle or more on hand ready for sudden attacks. Full size bottle, 25c, or 2 for \$1.00, everywhere.

And they'd pile sixpence apiece and threepence for each child. Wonderful, I call it. I think the theater has educated them, standing for the pit you know. In ten minutes an Irish crowd would be fighting."

A young Englishman who wears a soft woolen cap and bicycle tweeds listens attentively, and then says to his companion: "He's right about that, jolly right you know. I was at Southend when the fleet was there and a single policeman kept a crowd of 5,000 for forty minutes at one of the gates and there wasn't a protest, not a man or suffragette tried to pawse. Jolly sort, I say, too."

One of the guards stops another young chap who is smoking a pipe lustily and asks in a stage whisper which has rather a tartar brogue about it: "Are you from Glasgow?" and again, to the imperious nod that the taciturn visitor bestows, continues: "I ken it by the pe-coo-lar accent. It was the young laddy with you that gave the lo-cal-tee awa'."

"Young laddies always get everything awa'," finally states the taciturn one as he follows his party Beauchamp tower way, exchanging a stealthy nod with his confessor.

Gun Carriages Explained. Miss Know-it-all steps in front of the plain wooden structure which is placarded "Gun carriage which carried the remains of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria," and, turning to her party, says triumphantly: "There, that's the third one we've seen, one in Dublin and one at Windsor. I'll believe the story they tell now that there's a skull of Cromwell on exhibition in one place when he was a man and another smaller skull that he wore when he was a boy."

"Madam," interrupts the pained and perturbed voice of a very courtly beefeater, whose enormous size, which is not hidden in the least by the peculiar cut of his costume, prevents his looking as majestic as he would like. "Madam, I am pleased to inform you that you did see another gun carriage at Dublin and another at Windsor. You will allow me to explain."

He gives the huge brass buckle that designates his waist line a rack to port and continues: "The queen died, if you remember, on the 16th of Sept. and from Osborne, on the boat she was carried on one of these; when the remains reached Paddington they were carried across London to Waterloo on another, and when they reached Windsor it was necessary to have still another, so you see there are three gun carriages extant at the present moment of my incumbency. Thank you."

The thank you was a sixpence. Stones Might Burn. Another beefeater with a sense of humor holds a warning finger to a cigarette smoking tourist. "Sorry, can't allow it, sir. Might set fire to one of the paving stones or a dungeon wall."

The tourist thanks him for the warning as he extinguishes the cause of alarm. "Never thought of that. Suppose these old stones are jolly well combustible."

"Indeed they are, sir; they're only thirty feet thick here, sir. Never can tell what damage a thirty-foot thick stone might do if it caught fire."

A man passes with two small children hanging to either knee of his trousers. He carries another one aloft and is accompanied by his wife, behind whom tags a fourth at the end of a straightened arm. The man is turning the leaves of his Baedeker with a wet thumb and his face is a map of wrinkles. The wife's shrill voice demands: "Where's Whistler's Mother?"

"My dear," you hear the man say, with an added line of worry creasing his noble brow. "That was at the Luxembourg."

"Oh, so it was. We've been there, haven't we?"

The man changes the child and Baedeker wets the other thumb and says: "Yes, my dear," patiently.

His children are being educated! Others are, too. There are hundreds of them, all ages and sizes, and before the tour of the tower is over another one of the beefeaters confesses to you that personally they make him tired.

SEPTEMBER-SALE



Tomorrow, Monday, we inaugurate our twenty-second annual September Furniture Sale FAR SURPASSING ANY SALE event of the ENTIRE YEAR. It is an opportune time that offers special inducements to the thrifty and economical buyer. This great September Sale represents a DISTINCT SAVING TO YOU OF FROM 25% TO 50%. It's a sale of such great magnitude that it cannot be compared with any other, as the OPPORTUNITIES TO SAVE MONEY ARE VASTLY GREATER.

This Magnificent \$18 Pedestal Extension Table \$12.50



Terms 50c WEEKLY

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These 3-room outfits are positively the best value obtainable anywhere. They include everything necessary for starting house-keeping. Also include beside the regular furniture and carpets, crockery, tinware, silverware, etc.



It will pay you to come many miles to attend this sale. Extra special values, never before offered.

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Our great SEPTEMBER SALE offers you AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY to buy many articles in our establishment at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. Our new fall stock is now most complete and ready for your very careful inspection. Every article sold during this sale is FULLY GUARANTEED and is sold on its merits. All goods are EXACTLY AS DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED. YOU SAVE MONEY BY BUYING DURING THIS SALE.

Terms 7.50 Cash, \$5 Monthly

SEPTEMBER SALE OF CARPETS, RUGS AND LARGE ASSORTMENT. 600 Ingrain Carpet, heavy quality, Sept. sale price, 39c. 70c all wool Ingrain Carpets, best quality, Sept. sale price, 59c. 1500 Brussels Carpet, very heavy quality, Sept. sale price, 89c. Velvet Carpets, very pretty patterns, \$1.50 values, Sept. sale price, 89c. \$7.00 art. reversible Rugs, 3x12 size, Sept. sale price, \$3.98. \$10 Ingrain Rugs, very heavy quality, Sept. sale price, \$5.95. Axminster Carpets, very pretty patterns, \$1.50 values, Sept. sale price, 38c. 115 Brussels Rugs, very large assortment, Sept. sale price, \$10.75. \$18.50 Brussels Rugs, 3x12 size, good quality, Sept. sale price, \$13.50. 40c Oil Cloth, for bath room or kitchen, Sept. sale price, 27c. \$2.50 Nottingham Lace Curtains, full size, Sept. sale price, \$1.89. \$5 Lace Curtains, fine texture, Sept. sale price, \$2.95. \$7.50 Tapestry for Rugs, beautiful patterns, Sept. sale price, \$3.95.

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD

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going to put on black when you die. Tom had a broad stripe on his coat when—" "I didn't mean the very day she died, but when he ascended the throne he—" "I don't see how he could climb in that; he'd trip up. Say is that real ermine, ma? Tom's nurse had a piece round her hat last winter and Tom said it was cat fur. It looks just like cat fur." The mother tries to draw his attention to other portions of the equipment. "See, that's the crown, dear." "That thing? Tom's uncle wore one when he was in that show. But he carried a spear, and the crown was a better looker than that. Ain't there a place, ma, where they chop off people's heads? Tom wrote me there was. Said his father'd seen it." "Yes dear, it's this way." Two English girls stop and wonder in front of the gorgeous velvet and jeweled apparel. "Lovely! Perfectly sweet! Jolly, I say!! Aren't they beautiful, but they didn't barf to draw them far, you see?" A 16-year-old girl corrects her mother's manner, which offends the sense of dignity, acquired since she stepped on British soil. "Don't point about so, ma! We look like Germans in New York. You know how they always have their heads in the air staring at the skyscrapers. People'll know we're strangers if you do." Modesty of Heroism. In a quiet corner you stop to speak to a withered Beefeater whose breast carries a long, horizontal row of medals. He explains some of them, and in especially proud of the one that designates him a veteran of the Lucknow relief. "I don't suppose you hear much about that in America?" he inquires. "No reason why you should. It was fifty-two years ago and we move very quickly nowadays, but it's good to be here when you look back and think where you were then." There are forty of the Beefeaters all together, ten living outside the walls, their extreme age making them useless for any service. One of the thirty active members has just completed the census of the Tower and is very proud of the task. "You see, it is only done once in ten years," he explains. By his reckoning there are living at present within the Tower some 1,300 people, including the Beefeaters themselves, their families and the members of the battalion, which numbers some 800 men. There is a long waiting list and it is said to be very difficult to get one of the Beefeater vacancies, some of the applications being in fifteen or twenty years before the applicant hears anything from it. One must have been in service twenty-one years and the application be made with a rank as low as that of sergeant. The position is for life and the duties, which are more spectacular than real, are supposed to be a gracious reward for long and faithful service. Most of the Beefeaters have many medals and none of them needs wear an undecorated coat. The curious uniform, which one of the American girls describes as "a very perfect suffragette costume," is for every day wear of scarlet and blue, and on special occasions they put on a very gorgeous substitute of scarlet and gold. These special occasions are the annual holidays, including the king's birthday, muster day, Christmas, Ascension and Easter.

NOT AS BAD AS PICTURED

Grandma of 93 Lets Go a Happy Excursion on Her First Visit to Coney. After planning for years to visit Coney Island, which she had never seen, "Grandma" Goodwin, who is 93 years old and lives at 52 Straight street, Paterson, N. J., made the trip Friday. She had the time of her life, and it did not cost her a cent. "Grandma" Goodwin had talked for a long time about going to Coney Island. In the lawyers' offices she owned she had heard so many stories of its grandeur that she finally grew ashamed of not having visited the place which everybody else in Paterson seemed to have seen. When the men who employed "Grandma" discovered she had never made the trip they said to her: "You go there tomorrow." "She got on a White line car and rode to Hoboken. When the conductor came through she said: "I'm 'Grandma' Goodwin of Paterson and I'm taking my first trip to Coney Island." "I got your fare once," said the conductor, and he stood and chatted for a while, telling "Grandma" some of the sights at Coney Island that she could not afford to miss. Now, strange as it may seem to younger persons who have journeyed to Coney Island, "Grandma" found it impossible to pay any fare at any point on the route. Her "I'm Grandma Goodwin of Paterson, and I'm taking my first trip to Coney Island" got her all the transportation she needed, and plenty of information besides. When she reached the island she saw everything, but could spend nothing. The showmen wouldn't take her money and last night she said she had had three cups of tea, two glasses of milk and a trip in "one of those auto things" without being allowed to pay. "When I tried to pay," she said, "the men just looked at me and said: 'Go right in, grandma. It's against the rules for anybody as young as you to pay.' They are a very nice lot of men at Coney Island, polite and friendly. I know I'm not young. It was just their way to say I was, but I wish all of them could know that they have given a tired old woman the only real holiday she's had in many years."—New York Herald. See Want Ads are Business Boosters.