

AUTOMOBILES

TO OXFORD BY THE THAMES

English Scenery Seen on a Leisurely Journey.

VARIED PROCESSION OF CRAFT

Houseboats at Henley—Panoramas of Mansions, Cottages and Green Fields — Women Studying Hard at Oxford.

LONDON, Aug. 18.—Just why the Folly Bridge should lead from the Angel House at Henley-on-the-Thames you do not know or ask, being satisfied that such is the fact and that the fact is a pleasant one.

It is the lengthening shadows of the bridge, in the tiny garden on the river front, that you dine on the eve of the coming trip, Oxford way. For to get to the famous university town, while it may be reached in an hour and a quarter by rail from London, requires two entire days if you take the water course, a journey by winding paths and pleasure intervals at the many locks.

Below Henley the river is comparatively uninteresting. Therefore you will do well to follow the advice of the knowing and begin the river trip at Henley which will give you a landing in the lone twilight, which leads to the huge, Gothic structures of Oxford an added attraction.

Some one has said that the reason the Englishman is more athletic than his American contemporary is that he has the long hours after dinner in which to get his outside exercise and certainly if the river at Henley is an example of this summing up of national characteristics you are inclined to believe that there is truth in the statement. For as you drink your after dinner coffee in the garden and the waiter with furrowed brow returns to a leafy arbor in order to jot up long rows of figures on a tiny blue slip of paper, which will later—perhaps half an hour if he is a more expert mathematician than his class gets daily—be presented as your bill, you will notice plenty of evidence of this.

You note a pretty girl who is punting a boatload under the arch of the bridge. The punt is long, narrow and apparently light, and the hook of the punting pole finds the river bed easily and with practiced ease the boatwoman avoids collision with the jutting edge of granite, over which a sculptured head of Isis marks the keynote.

Following her comes a swift rover in a shell. He has on the regulation flannels and his boat is like an arrow in its course. With a dextrous turn he avoids touching a Canadian canoe holding a man and maid who are looking in each others' faces and forgetting to paddle. There is much excuse for this temporary aberration, for the girl is dainty and pretty as a flower, her light hair curling about her uncovered forehead, a red tie marking her low colored waist, while the browned youth with her wears a scarlet sash over his white suit.

After them comes a randan (treble sculling) pleasure skiff with a merry party who are singing and laughing, and next in the procession is a boat with a tent cover, which an old boatman explains holds a camping party. All along the Thames the next day you see these tenting parties.

The river at Henley is not wide. A stone throw by a man's hand would easily touch the further shore and perhaps one throw by a woman's too, for the London woman is becoming an expert stone slinger. You think of this as you see a suffragette punt come in sight, with cushions of purple, green and white, and a suffragette pennant flying audaciously. There is a young man in it leaning languidly on the velvet square and a vigorous maiden punts him with decisive hook through the channel course. The villagers on the bridge applaud.

"It's as hit should be," says one waterman. "We've took our turn."

Another in awe-struck tone. "It's a Duchess."

It is in one of William Black's novels that the heroine asks, "Is Henley the prettiest place in the world, I wonder?" To compare beautiful places is a task as to compare beautiful flowers or beautiful faces, but you leave the next morning with regret, boarding the small steamer at 9 o'clock promptly, the day's long trip to be accomplished and the Oxford landing made and trains caught only by observing absolute punctuality.

The steamer leaves at Folly Bridge and you turn your back to it and to the adjoining gardens of the famous Red Lion Inn, where are breakfasting a party of Americans whose motors are grinding and rumbling in the nearby garage. George III, his queen and daughters breakfasted it may be in the very spot where the chatter of the American party accompanies the churning of the paddle as the salute of good-by and bon voyage is made.

It is a day with great patches of sunlight on flower and field, and cavernous clouds, quickly forming and swiftly disappearing, blotting out for a moment the blue of the water, the green of the meadows and the kaleidoscope display of horticultural altitudes, but there is no rain, a fact always noteworthy in a country where a rainless day has been counted the rare accomplishment, the wet June giving place to a wetter July with a promise of the wettest August on record. The steamer holding perhaps 200 passengers is not filled at any moment of the day except for the last ten minutes run to Oxford. People come and go at the various landings, and there is opportunity for an uninterrupted study of human nature. There are many summer lovers who pick out villa sites and picturesque British citizens whose wives are addressed as "Missus" discuss the difference that the motor cars have made in the river life.

Parties of young people, sometimes national and always broad, come on at one lock and depart at the next. Many Americans, usually with guide books and always with comparisons in favor of the land of the stars and stripes, are nevertheless interested and enthusiastic.

Their enthusiasm becomes most emphatic when Alfred G. Vanderbilt's huge boat, anchored just below Henley, comes into view with "Venture" placarded across the facade. It is as large as one pictures Noah's ark and seems as if it might have taken an equal time in the building. It is cream colored with a great deal of Christmas cake adorning and is covered with a mass of foliage, one end a palm garden. The captain informs the restlessness American contingent that Mr. Vanderbilt has paid \$100 for the position, a particularly favorable one; but with the exception of a few tea parties the owner has not spent much time there, except during Regatta week.

An elderly Britisher is not impressed by its magnificence. "To my taste the next,

he says, pointing at the boat moored in the neighboring backwater.

It is a dream of a boat and the summer lovers move nearer each other. Like the Venture is it creamy white, but the sides are smooth; it is smaller and more trimly put together, the companionway a narrow stairway with iron railing, the projection of the upper deck measured with hanging baskets of maidenhair fern, and boxes of the delicate green tracery outlining the outer edge all about. The windows are covered with snowy ruffled curtains and a scarlet pennon is the only colorful bit.

There are other houseboats in the colony—twenty, thirty or forty—and each is attractive in its special way. Some of them are two stories and a half high, with accommodations for forty or fifty, others of two stories with the roof garden for half a dozen tenants.

All are masses of foliage, one a bed of scarlet geraniums, another tiers of white lilies and tall palms. One is tinted pink, and great yellow hearted geraniums are the chosen flower, and there is one of champagne color with purple iris. This is stationed in a shady backwater with pond lilies about it.

The Red Rover has red awnings, red cushions and red silk curtains at the many windows. The names of some of them show a laudable desire on the part of the owners that they shall not be mistaken for apartment houses or seaside villas. Their nomenclature is of the Daphne, Neptune, Water Witch class and of the two last you note the River god has rows of delect boxes at the window ledges blooming with blue stalks of hastings, and the City, a pale lemon two storied boat with floating curtains of yellow mull and a golden tinted awning over big easy chairs cretonne covered, has every available bit of space holding towering rosebushes, heavy with dark pink blossoms.

It is soon after the colony of houseboats is passed that the first of the locks is entered, these being thirty-three in all from Putney. The history of one is the history of all, a slow stopping of the steamer and the gurgling of imprisoned waters against the green coated sides of the lock. Old men of the waterman type, the same of the world over, with strongly bearded, weather beaten faces and faded eyes lean on the gate bars, companioned sometimes by younger men who have stopped their labor of angling, rowing or skiff repairing to take their turns at this work.

There is neither delay nor hurry. You recall a day on the Lachine canal, when the locks were opened by habitaants and the queer French songs, half gay, half sad, punctuated the rising and falling of the water. Here no sound is heard, no chatting and no songs. The stability of the British nation at work is triumphantly maintained. There is neither hurry nor delay, neither joy nor sorrow, a taciturn indifference of temperament and the smoothness of well ordered work done, with no happiness in the doing.

And after the first lock is traversed the panorama of river scenery is spread out like the slowly appearing and disappearing surface of a moving picture. Its diversity surprises, yet the framing is always the same. There are stately mansions with castellated roofs, long flights of steps leading from the water, with coping which are vine covered so that no trace of the granite beneath is visible.

Next to these are watermen's cottages, pink or delicate brown or white, covered with clambering roses set in velvet green. There is a meadow black with crows, the one next to it holds a flock of sheep, many flocks in fact, shepherded by a youth with orange cap; a group of Troyn cattle and then thick wooded slopes, with underbrush and in the branches singing birds. There are houses of varying styles of architecture, the Queen Anne and Tudor, but all having a cleanly washed and newly opened look. Not a faded flower, a grimy wall, a dusty blade of grass is seen.

There is a man on the towpath in his shirt sleeves dragging a boat containing two gaily attired girls, and under some hanging branches a man and a maid are having cakes and tea, the water boiled by a spirit lamp. There is a row of young mapsles garlanded together with wreaths of crimson ramblers, edging a moss covered wall and beyond, camping grounds, where parties are stretched about on the turf chatting, eating luncheon, napping.

The conversation on board takes an American twist, and with the rare information and accuracy which has been noted before you find yourself confronted by a middle aged couple asking if tennis has to be played on the asphalt in America. Your admiration of the velvet turf has led to the belief that they have none at all in the states and they demand if it is not hard before. "If they were all on the same subject I could not, of course, but the different subjects rest you."

Another tells you that she is studying science and is looking forward to the lecture of Marconi, and another, politically bent, is equally eager for the coming of Lloyd George and speaks feelingly of the many free libraries, the comfort and help provided by the efficient corps of secretaries and other officials. Another, an American girl, who has refused an invitation to take a long motor jaunting through the British Isles, says convincingly: "I'd rather be a ghost at Oxford than an heiress on Fifth avenue."

COUNTY BOARD INVITES ALL TO TALK OF COURT HOUSE
Wants Any Citizen Who Has Suggestion or Criticism to Make It.

A resolution inviting the Commercial club, all improvement clubs and all citizens interested to confer with it at any time upon the progress of the new court house has been passed by the Board of County Commissioners. Commissioner Trainor prepared the resolution which states that the recent criticism of the material used by the builders has led some people to believe that the board was not trying to have an honest building constructed for the county. This misapprehension can be corrected, they think, if all interested will confer with the board at any time and as often as is desired while the work is going on. "We are the ones most interested in getting good work done," said Mr. Trainor, "and if any one can give us help we will be thankful for it."

Our Own Minstrels.
"Mistah Walkah kin yo' tell me de difference 'ween a yachted in a bowl o' cooked oawn stah an' a man like yo' tryin' to make a killing on de board o' trade?"
"No, George, I can't answer that one. What is de difference between a pebble in a bowl o' corn starch and a man like me trying to make a killing on de board o' trade?"
"De ome an' a pit in de puddin' an' de yachted am a puddin' in de pit."
"Ladies and gentlemen the eminent vocalist, Mmo. Way Uppin Gee, will now sing the popular and touching ballad, entitled 'Yo' Mustn't Kiss Me Grandpa, Yo' Have Been Chewing Tobacco.'—Chicago Tribune.

One of the Most Complete Garages in the West



DENISE BARKALOW, PROPRIETOR

The growth of the automobile business in Omaha has necessitated enlarging the houses used as garages. Many of these houses were formerly erected for various lines of business and in instances were not adapted to the automobile line.

Where the growth of dealers trade has warranted it, exclusive automobile houses have been erected, with every convenience and facility for taking care of cars, for repairing cars, and for showing cars to prospective buyers. One of the foremost of these concerns to enlarge its place of business and to put in every convenience for its patrons, and to open one of the best ap-

pointed garages in the west, is the Electric garage.

This elegant new brick structure has just been completed at considerable outlay at 2315 Farnam. It is the farthest house west in the row, and is high enough to overlook the rest of the row, and perhaps to make a better show.

The building to be used as a garage is 44x125 feet, and the office and rear shop and show room is 23x125 feet.

The building is provided with burrap panning, metal ceiling, and is light and airy. The office is finished in hard pine. Provision is made for an odometer daily, recording accurately the mileage of the car. The garage has the keep at present

of thirty-five cars, and is able to double this number.

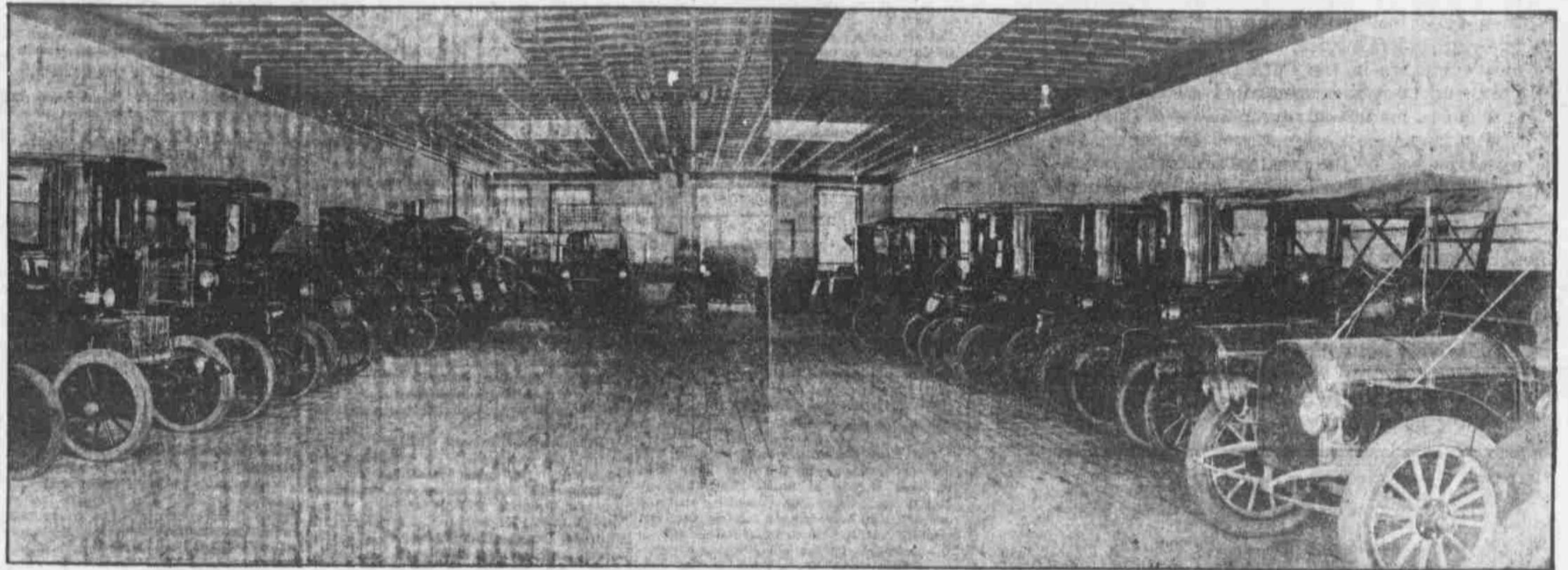
The Electric garage is owned by Denise Barkalow, who equipped himself at Yale for the business, and he is considered one of the best posted men in mechanical engineering in this part of the country. He comes of one of the old families in Nebraska—the son of Mr. S. D. Barkalow. He began in the automobile business in Omaha two years ago, and has made a wonderful success. He has the faculty of surrounding himself with capable men, and has earned the reputation of "delivering the goods"—of doing precisely what he engages to do.

In charge of the garage is Walter Anderson. He is an expert battery man and

one of the first to go into auto repairing in the city and the first to undertake the care of electric cars here. Stanley Ineson, who was at Yale with Mr. Barkalow, is in charge of the sales room and has charge of the office.

The new home of the Baker Electric has now become the home of the Ranch-Lang, the Detroit Electric and of the Packard.

The wonderful success of the electric garage is a monument to the thrift and energy and business ability of this young Omaha, and emphasizes again the fact that this city furnishes about as many, if not more, good business men than other cities, and the most beautiful feature of it is that they do not leave home to begin.



INTERIOR OF THE ELECTRIC GARAGE.

is provided at nominal cost. Many have been turned away this summer.

A majority of the English girls are certified teachers or preparing for this profession, a few are lecturers, a very few drawn by the desire of mental improvement without other ulterior motive; one of these is very young and wears a wedding ring and another is in widow's weeds. One white haired woman tells you that she plans to take five lectures a day and that it is not at all tiring; she has done it before. "If they were all on the same subject I could not, of course, but the different subjects rest you."

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FROM CROTON TO CATSKILL

Waters from Rip Van Winkle's Mountains for "Little Old New York."

MILLIONS FOR A NEW SUPPLY

One of the Greatest Engineering Enterprises Undertaken, Estimated to Cost \$152,000,000.—Second to Panama Canal.

Catskill mountain water, gathered from brooks that have been fed by melting snows and copious rains, and have tumbled over rocky slopes into the streams of the mountain valleys, will in a few years be served to the inhabitants of New York City. The project ranks as the greatest municipal water supply enterprise ever undertaken, and as an engineering work is probably second only to the Panama canal. The need of the water is much greater than is realized by a majority of the citizens or by the guardians of their interests.

Nothing can so quickly and completely disorganize the complex activities of a modern community as a shortage of suitable water; no single agency can so rapidly spread disease and death as a polluted water supply. For several years New York City has been using more water than its sources of supply can safely be depended upon to furnish in a series of dry years, such as have occurred within the memory of men who have scarcely reached middle age. Continuing years of abundant rainfall have masked the danger to which engineers have repeatedly called attention.

In 1905, as the result of a movement promoted by civic bodies in the days of Mayor Van Wyck and Mayor Low, a bill was introduced into the legislature, on the initiative of Mayor McClellan, which, becoming a law, enabled the city to start new systems of water supply that, with the already existing permanent works, should ultimately give New York the best and largest water supply ever known.

Present Sources of Supply.
As thousands of water-wise Americans knew, New York City ("old New York") has used Croton river water for more than two generations. Similarly from the Ridge-wood system of wells, streams and reservoirs, Brooklyn has drawn its supply, often scanty. Approximately 500,000,000 gallons of water are consumed by the metropolis every day, a stream which would flow hip deep between the buildings in Fifth avenue's fashionable shopping district at a comfortable walking pace. For every man, woman and child this allows a

daily average of 125 gallons. Or, to put it still another way, for all domestic, manufacturing and public purposes, New York uses every day water which weighs about eight times as much as its population.

Compared with the 130, 140, 200, 230, and 250 gallons used every day for every person in several flourishing cities, New York's allowance is moderate, especially when one recalls the character of business and the methods of living which prevail in the metropolis. Liberal, even lavish, domestic use of water is not waste. The very necessities of life demand that there should be a maximum supply, in order to provide for the average demands for the individual. The word "waste" should be properly interpreted. Its use in writing about water supply has been unfortunate, for it has been employed both technically and popularly to characterize quite different conditions in the economy of water. To let a dozen glassfuls flow from a faucet in order to get one cool draft is not waste so long as this is the least expensive way to get cool water. In a broad sense, to permit water to flow from the faucets through the cold winter nights is not waste, so long as this is the least expensive way to protect plumbing for the individual.

To allow even large volumes of water to spill over the lowest dam of a watershed is in no sense waste when the city has already taken from the stream all that it can use, or when the saving of occasional discharges of this sort would cost more than to get the same quantity of water, of equal or better quality, from another stream. Doubtless, some water is carelessly or wantonly wasted in New York City, but not nearly so much as some persons assume. Waste should be discouraged and curtailed, but waste of water can no more be wholly prevented than the waste of energy and time. But if all the waste which it would be reasonably practicable to stop ceased, New York would still require more water works to provide beyond peradventure for present needs and future growth.

The extent of these existing and proposed works is not readily to be comprehended, even when reduced to the common money measure. For the portion of the Catskill works needed to bring into the city every day unallegedly 500,000,000 gallons an expenditure of \$152,000,000 is estimated. But these disbursements will be spread over many years, and the burden will not fall heavily, except for possible temporary difficulties in raising ready money for construction payments. Instead, the cost of water for every person will be on the average less than 1 cent per day. Furthermore, these water works, well maintained, will not only pay interest on the investment, but in a relatively few years will pay the capital cost. It is reasonable to believe that the works will be as permanent as those of Home—Century Magazine.

How do YOU stand on the vehicle question?

Thousands of people wouldn't think of giving up the pleasures of a stylish "horse-drawn" vehicle for the finest automobile ever built—others again ridicule the idea of using any conveyance other than a fleet and heavy "touring car."

How do YOU stand? If you favor a carriage or buggy, would you buy one QUICK at an almost irresistible.

Would you, for instance, buy a snappy \$90 Open Runabout for only \$55; or, would a fine \$165 Stanhope tempt you at \$115.

Maybe a St. Louis Storm Buggy, worth \$145, would attract you at \$90, or a Governors Cart, worth \$140, at only \$90.

If you're in business you could most likely use a \$125 Delivery Wagon at \$88.

I'm selling out all vehicles in a hurry—I'll please you on the prices, but—

Can you make up your mind QUICK?

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