

CENTENNIAL OF ST. LOUIS

City to Observe Hundredth Anniversary of Its Incorporation.

CHURCH BELLS TO RING SUNDAY

Through the Week There Will Be Balloon and Aeroplane Races, the Velled Prophet and Other Attractions.

THIS, Oct. 3—A week's celebration of the centennial anniversary of the incorporation of St. Louis will begin tomorrow, when the bells of 444 churches within the city limits will be rung in honor of the occasion.

Two men—Glen H. Curtiss, aviator, and Dr. Cook, explorer—will divide the honors to be accorded to individuals. Mr. Curtiss, beginning Wednesday, will make daily flights, weather permitting, from Art Hill, Forest park, where a great natural amphitheater is capable of accommodating scores of thousands of people.

The Sunday observances will be of a religious and historical nature. Special services will be held in the churches, and songs of praise and thanksgiving will be sung by thousands of Sunday school children. In the afternoon, tableaux marking the places of historical interest will be unveiled. These latter will commemorate all important events from the landing of Pierre LaSalle in 1764, to the building of the new municipal structures, the laying of whose cornerstone will be an important feature of the week.

Balloon Races Monday. The balloon races will be started Monday. Two events are on the program, the first limited to spherical air craft of 40,000 cubic feet capacity or less, and the second by larger balloons of up to 80,000 cubic feet. Seven distances and two endurance prizes are offered for these contests.

In the evening the streets will be illuminated for the first time, and the opening band concerts will be given.

Tuesday will be a period of pageantry. The United States torpedo boat flotilla, consisting of the MacDonough, Wilkes, Tinge and Thornton, will lead a parade on the Mississippi river, in which scores of motor boats, river packets and other vessels will take part.

The evening will see the Velled Prophet arrive in greater pomp than has been his wont for years. The floats of his parade will be unusually elaborate, and the ball with which the celebration ends will be one of the most brilliant functions at which he has ever presided.

Glen H. Curtiss is scheduled to inaugurate his flights Wednesday, following the review of a "municipal pageant" by the mayors of 1,000 American cities, who have been invited to witness the doings of the week as the guests of the city.

Thursday 300 floats, representing the industrial progress of a century, will wind through the streets.

Friday will witness a series of aeroplane contests in which some startling results are anticipated. Half a dozen inventors of the United States, many of them as yet obscure, have signified their intention to participate. The prizes of \$1,000 and a gold medal, and \$500 and a silver medal, for the best flights, will be given to the operators of the machines which make the longest flights out from and back to a starting square 300 feet in dimensions.

The street pageant this day will be a combined educational, historical and military parade in which students, floats and regiments and national soldiery will appear.

Saturday's program includes a race for dirigible balloons, with Baldwin, Beachey and Knabenshue as the chief contestants; the release of the two score unguaged spherical balloons of 2,000 cubic feet capacity; a parade of 500 automobiles and the dedication of "Fairground," a new public park.

As many as possible of the centennial decorations and illuminations are to be preserved until after President Taft's visit later in the month.

AN ELECTION IN MACEDONIA

Events Preceding the Finding of the Corpse of a Murdered Christian.

The new gendarme of the district had been instructed by the foreign officers in charge of the gendarmerie school at Salonica, and he knew therefore that when he discovered the corpse of a Christian in the high road he must report the fact in just the same way as he would if the dead man had been a true believer. Equally was to reign in the Ottoman empire. So the kaimakam, or mayor, of the town outside of which the body was found received a visit from the gendarme.

The body was identified as that of a Greek named Pericles, a big dealer and buyer of cocoons, a man of 40-odd years, with a wife and eleven children and grandchildren. Though in the matter of family and personal appearance Pericles was unmistakably a Greek, he differed from the great majority of his race in the quality of brain matter contained in his fat, round head.

He was a reasoning man. In politics as well as in commerce he took views that were practical. He was possessed of no visionary ideas about the race to which he belonged. He did not believe that he should swindle and lie, as one has to do to maintain existence in Turkey, and then insult the ancient Greeks by laying claim to direct descent from them. Yet he loved his people and nourished hope for them.

Surely there had been a hard lot. He

was not a man to find continual excuses for the ignominious flight of his people in the late war with Turkey. Neither did he boast for the future that every Hellenic would sacrifice his last blood drop on the altar of Cretan independence. So they called him a coward. And in the streets they taunted him with such names as "Bulgarian" and "Armenian," spitting after they pronounced these words.

It was at the time of the elections for the first Ottoman parliament. The voting district had been so arranged by the government that neither the Bulgarians nor the Greeks could bring in a majority. These rival Christians were to cut each other's throats, politically speaking, while the Turkish delegate should ride in upon a solid Mohammedan vote. There was no chance for the Christian nominee.

This the Bulgarians saw, and being practical people some of them took no interest in the election, while others voted in the preliminaries for the best Turk who was proposed. But the Greeks could vote only for members of their own proud race.

They were going to have their rights! They would meet at the churches and go in a body to the polls; this would show their strength and valor. They flourished revolvers and long knives, which the new order of things permitted all men to carry. But they were sure of winning the election in any case by sheer weight of numbers. The Greeks, they numbered thousands, a hundred thousand, in this district alone, while the Bulgarians and the Turks could be counted, they said, oh, on the fingers.

At one of the meetings of his party Pericles pointed out that it did not matter what the numbers of respective communities were the Young Turks meant to have the election. They meant to have a majority of Mohammedans represented in the parliament from Macedonia as well as from Asia Minor.

This statement set the meeting in a tumult. Some of the assembly were ready to throw things at the speaker. The thing was an outrage. Greeks would have their rights. They would try peaceful means first. The bishop would write at once to the patriarch and the Turks would be given the warning in ample time.

The stout, perspiring pope, at whose residence the meeting was held and who acted as chairman, gathered up his long black skirts and scurried out of the crowded room to draft the protest to Constantinople. His blood was at such a pitch that he could not wait.

The protest was one of a thousand that went to the patriarch from every town which held a Greek community on either shore of the Egean.

At another meeting before the final election, the election for the delegate to the chamber, it was found that the Turks would have forty electors, the Bulgarians

twenty-eight and the Greeks twenty-one. It was an outrage. The Greeks would have their rights. The Turks had better not drive them too far, etc., etc.

When the other speakers had shouted themselves hoarse, two and more sometimes speaking at once, Pericles found an opportunity. But he did not speak long. He was howled down in a few minutes for his speech was not of the same character as the others.

He had nothing to say of Greek rights, Greek valor or Greek determination to depart this life, and he had the temerity to advocate that the twenty and one Greek electors should cast their vote for Ismail Effendi, an honorable Mussulman, who had on one occasion turned a rabble of his colleagues away from this town, the Christian quarter of which they had intended to plunder and destroy.

"Greeks shall vote for a Greek and none others," was the will of the meeting, which was swayed by the long-haired, long-robed sweating priest and an swaggering insurgent, once an officer in the army of Greece, who always carried a rifle upon his shoulder and wore a six-inch silver cross suspended by a purple ribbon around his neck. The cross had been given the insurgent by the priest two years before, on the arrival of the former from Athens to engage in a campaign against the Bulgarians, and he, the insurgent, received, it is said, from five to seven maddled, every member of the schismatic church whom he and his band could slay.

The final election came. Of the twenty and one Greek delegates twenty voted for the Greek candidate and one, Pericles, voted for Ismail Effendi along with ten or a dozen Bulgarians and twenty-odd Turks. Ismail, the Young Turk candidate, was of course elected.

It was two days later that the body of Pericles was found, gashed and mutilated and suspended by the feet from a mulberry tree on his cocoon farm. All the Greeks knew the reason he had been slain. It was because he had turned traitor to the cause of Hellenism.

"This insurgent, Theodorides, he is gone of course!" the Turkish kaimakam asked the gendarme who reported the find.

"Kaimakam Bey he is in the house of the Rayan priest," was the reply.

The Turkish governor lifted his eyes as much as to say "I thought so."

"If he comes out," he said, "you might arrest him."

The kaimakam had no intention of making trouble for himself over a slain Christian. He knew that no end of a protest such as Greeks only are able to make, would go to the Young Turks from the patriarch if the "castle of the pope" were entered and searched.

An American insurance company paid the widow of Pericles the fair fortune of \$5,000. For, as I have said, Pericles was, like the others of his race in personal matters, a most practical man.

FREDERICK MOORE.

Short Stories

As St. Louis Lawyers Talk.

Circuit Judge Reynolds had announced that he would hear jurors who had excuses to offer for not serving, and a dozen American citizens crowded up to the bench to tell their troubles. Their excuses were as varied as those who were bidden to the feast that the Bible tells about. One had an important engagement and another could not hear very well, and another had sickness in his family, and another had duties to perform which nobody else on earth could perform, and another was going on a journey. And so it went.

The last man in the line wanted to be let off because he was a German. He might

have been excused if he had not presented his excuse wrong end forward.

"Judge," he said, "I can't understand good English."

"Oh, you'll do all right," said the judge. "There is no English spoken here."

Pleased His Majesty.

The dark monarch from sunny Africa was being shown over an engineering place in Belfast by the manager, who, in explaining the working of certain machinery, unfortunately got his coat tails caught in it, and in a moment was being whirled round at so many revolutions per minute. Luckily for the manager, his garments were unequal to the strain of more than a few revolutions, and he was hurled, disheveled and dazed, at the feet of the visitor.

That exalted personage roared with laughter, and said something to his interpreter.

"Bah," said that functionary to the manager, "his majesty say he am berry pleased with de trick, an' will you please do it again?"—Sketchy Bits.

Back to the Home Roost.

A traveler in Arkansas came to a cabin and heard a terrifying series of groans and yells. It sounded as if murder was being committed.

He rushed in and found a gigantic negro woman beating a wizened old man with a club, while he cried for mercy.

"Here, woman!" shouted the traveler, "what do you mean by beating that man?"

"He's my husband, an' I'll beat him all I likes," she replied, giving the man a few more cracks by way of emphasis.

"No matter if he is your husband, you have no right to murder him."

"Go long, white man, and luf me alone. I'll shuah beat him some moan."

"What has he done?"

"What's he done? Why, dis triflin' no-'count nigger done let de door of my chicken house open and all man chickens done gone out."

"Panaw, that's nothing. They will come back."

"Come back? No, sah, dey'll go back!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Actor and Critic.

District Attorney Jerome of New York was praising at the Union club a resourceful lawyer.

"Set him in a hole," said Mr. Jerome, "and he is out of it the very next second. It is as resourceful as an actor I recently heard about."

"This actor, at 2 or 3 o'clock one morning, got in a taxicab to drive home, and when almost there discovered that his money was spent. He had nothing for cab fare."

"A famous physician lived nearby, and the resourceful actor told the chauffeur to stop there. Then he jumped out, rang the physician's night bell and screamed up the tube in an agonized voice:

"Doctor, our baby! I've got a taxicab waiting!"

"I'll be down at once," said the doctor. "And he appeared at once, an overcoat

over his pajamas and a case of instruments under his arm.

"The actor bundled him into the taxicab."

"To 84 West 'Steenth street," he said to the chauffeur. "I'll go on to the drug-gist's."

"And the actor walked off, chuckling, for the address he had given was that of an old maid dramatic critic, who had dared to roast his last play."

A Venerable Bishop.

On Thursday, September 23, the venerable Bishop Parrot, of the Episcopal diocese of Maryland, who is soon to have a coadjutor in the person of the Rev. Dr. John Gardner Murray, celebrated the eighty-third anniversary of his birth at his home in Baltimore. After the consecration of his coadjutor on September 25, Bishop Parrot will sail for Europe to spend a year in rest and recreation. Bishop Parrot was born in New York, September 23, 1826. He was graduated from Hobart college in 1849. He was made a deacon in 1852, and a priest in 1853.

See Want Ads as Business Boosters.

"The Nebraska" Welcomes Ak-Sar-Ben Visitors

The greatest clothing store west of Chicago extends hearty greeting to the thousands of our friends who will visit Omaha and this store during the Ak-Sar-Ben festivities. We invite you to make this store your headquarters; meet your friends here, check your baggage here, use our free phones and let us help make your visit more pleasant.

Correct New Fall Styles

For Men and Boys

Never in the twenty-three years of our history has "The Nebraska" enjoyed more completely the confidence of the people than it does today; never have we been better able to satisfy the clothing needs of our thousands of loyal patrons; never have we shown a more complete assortment of new styles, such a variety of fabrics and patterns, nor better quality at such a wide range of prices.

For Ak-Sar-Ben visitors we have made special displays of our choicest garments, and expect to have the pleasure of your personal inspection.

We'll be proud to fit you perfectly in a garment that you'll be proud to wear, at any price you favor

The new fall garments we offer you are made by the very best makers in America, and have every good feature that results from splendid material and the best handwork of expert tailors.

We'll be proud to fit you perfectly in a garment that you'll be proud to wear, and at any time.

- Men's Suits - - \$10 to \$35
Men's Cravenettes and Fall Overcoats. \$10 to \$25

Our Boys' Clothing

Department Is the Most Complete in the West

This is not a rash statement nor a careless boast, but is a simple statement of fact. We devote more attention and painstaking care to securing the finest and largest assortment of Boys' Clothing than any western concern.

In fact we attribute much of the success of our men's department to the fact that we've been so successful in fitting and suiting the boys, that they have naturally worn "Nebraska" clothes from their first suit until the present time.

It's so easy to prove the truth of our statements, and so much to your interest to do so that we shall expect you to visit this department soon and inspect our—

Boy's Suits \$2.95, \$3.95 and up to \$12.45



FARNAM & FIFTEENTH STS.

"The House of High Merit"

Special Values in Women's Stylish New Fall Suits, Coats and Skirts

Women's Stunning New Fall Suits, Worth \$22.50, at \$15.00
Splendid new suits of broadcloths and fine worsteds, in the season's newest shades. New long coats 42 inches in length, new plaited skirt, and guaranteed satin linings. Handsomely tailored and finished, perfect fitting garments that are positively worth \$22.50. Special for Ak-Sar-Ben Week \$15.00

Women's Beautiful Fall Suits, Worth \$35, at \$25.
These swell suits are so varied in styles and shades that no matter what your preference, we can please you at this price. Made of the very newest and most fashionable materials in the very latest models, and beautifully tailored and finished; these suits could not be matched elsewhere at \$35.00. Special for Ak-Sar-Ben Week, at \$25.00

Women's New Long Coats, A Wonderful Value at \$10.75
Remarkably handsome coats of fine all wool kersey and swell mixtures, made in the new trimmed hip effect, poke and sleeves lined with tailors' serge. Coat full 54 inches in length. This coat is equal to any \$15.00 coat sold in Omaha. Special for Ak-Sar-Ben Week, at \$10.75

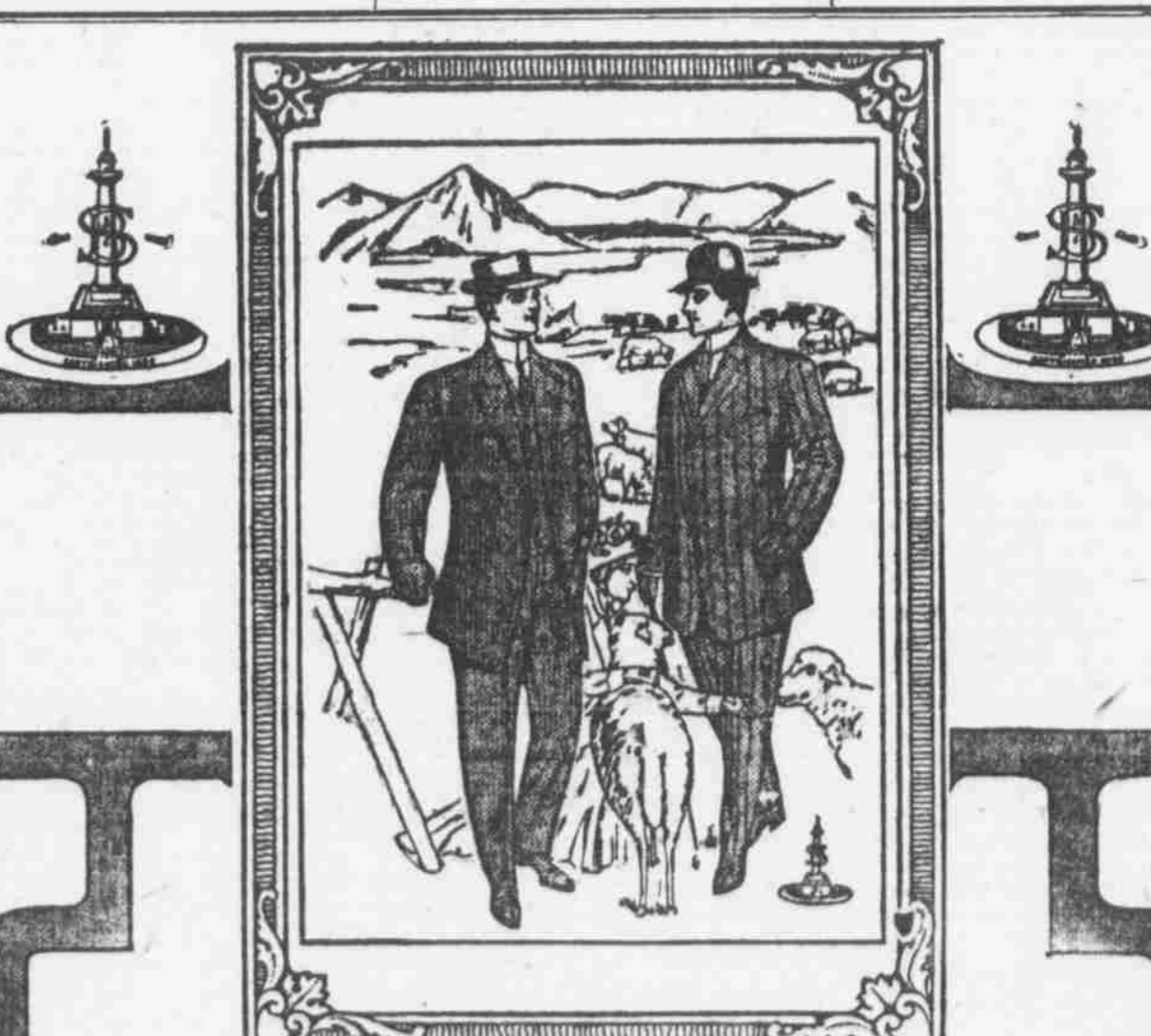
Women's New Fall Skirts, Exceptional Values at \$4.90
New Fall skirts of fine chiffon Panamas and swell mixtures in the new pleated effects. The majority were made to sell at \$7.50. Special for Ak-Sar-Ben Week \$4.90

Women's Beautiful Fall Skirts
A grand assortment of swell, new skirts in all the new materials, such as Panamas, serges and worsteds; made in the new pleated effects. These are splendid, perfect fitting skirts, actually worth \$10. Special for Ak-Sar-Ben Week \$7.90



FARNAM & FIFTEENTH STS.

"The House of High Merit"



THE style of your clothes can be no better than their tailoring, for Correct Style is the result of Conscientious Tailoring. Every stitch adds its mite to the style-might of the finished garment. "HIGH ART CLOTHES" are made with the single aim of honoring their name. Every process, every detail, every accessory, are identical with those employed by the good form "custom" tailors. Rare patterns—novel colorings—advanced style—unerring fit—consummate grace and poise—these are unmistakable characteristics of every "HIGH ART" garment. The soft symmetrical, athletic lines of "HIGH ART CLOTHES" affix to the wearer the stamp of town-bred distinction. You can probably obtain "HIGH ART CLOTHES" of your clothier. Or—we will send you, for the asking, the name of a dependable "HIGH ART" shop near you. STROUSE & BROTHERS Makers of "HIGH ART CLOTHING" BALTIMORE, MD. FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING CLOTHIERS Write for Fall and Winter Style Album

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