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### SOME INNS OF OLD ENGLAND

One the Oldest Inhabited House in the Island.

### ANCIENT OLD HOSTELRIES BUSY

Hostelry Where King John Put Up—Stray Notes from Peashen in St. Albans to Fox in Guisborough.

ST. ALBANS, England, Sept. 27.—As full of charm and welcome to the wanderer today are some of the inns of old England as ever they were in the days of the picturesque coach and horseback locomotion. To be sure, mine host rarely stands now in the doorway, as he is pictured in some of the old prints, but his greeting, when he is in personal attendance, is polite or hearty as fits the occasion, and that of his son, daughter or servant is respectful and is distinctly a welcome. There is not about it that air of tolerance only which too often characterizes the personnel of the small country hotel at home.

Only once in the course of rambles in the south, the north and the midland counties of England has the writer on the present visit come upon one of the "accommodating" landlords with whom all are familiar who travel at times among the small communities of the United States, and that time, to be strictly accurate, was at what should be described rather as a small hotel than as an inn. It was at a smart summering place in Yorkshire, and should have been an inn, but the two summer hotels of the resort were too much in their pretentious dignity for this, the third and last—and eldest of the three—of the public houses of the place, or rather, it should be said, too much for the modesty of the landlord, so he called his inn a hotel.

Upon being asked if he had a room for the traveler on a crowded Saturday night when his competitors were overrun with week-enders, he turned to his young woman clerk and asked her—it seemed as if a bit of New York state or Connecticut or Long Island had been momentarily transported to the neighborhood of old York—if she could "accommodate the gentleman with a room." She could, she could even give him a choice of rooms. But usually the reception at the inns is of the more agreeable kind, and furthermore it does not mean the exorbitant bill which is too often forthcoming from the hotels in the larger English cities, even as in those of France.

Indeed, there is a quality of the administration of these inns which one cannot help feeling would be welcome at home, even in some larger hotels there, and it is met with almost at the door. The travel-

ler's good faith is accepted as a matter of course, and, as two friends met by the way—an American and his wife—said, just because people happen to be wanderers about in England for a little while they are not treated here by innkeepers with suspicion, as too often happens, it must be confessed, at home.

One can scarcely help thinking about the English inns, once at St. Albans, for they fairly cluster here, though it is only a short run from London. Here at St. Albans one touches the days of the Great Charter, the Wars of the Roses and the Roman occupation of Britain all in a bunch without doing any sight seeing in the typical sense, and finds modern comfort at ancient inns at the same time.

Set down for tea in the shaded rear garden of a unique inn, the Round House, as it is familiarly called, although its form is hexagonal: Ye Old Fighting Cocks, with its proud and undisturbed claim to being the oldest inhabited house in England, an inn whose front yard is a bewildering mass of multi-colored flowers growing shoulder high. Before you is the ancient British Causeway, over which the Roman soldier Christian or Christian soldier St. Alban passed to martyrdom in A. D. 303, and you walk across it later to the remains of the Roman walls near which systematic excavations are soon to be begun in the confident hope of revealing valuable archaeological remains.

Could there be a better name for an inn than Ye Old Fighting Cocks, with the sign of the pugnacious birds swinging from the roof over the narrow street and within a few paces of the place of service of the comforting cup that cheers? A great place for inns, St. Albans. What could be better than the Bonnie Snood, or indeed the Peashen? As fine, those, as that of Ye Old Shipplanch in Loggerhead Yard, Whitby; with its outside painting of some ancient ship launching and the figure of "The Smuggler" in bold relief set into its street wall below.

The Peashen, said to relate, has been rebuilt and so modernized that one almost feels himself in a metropolitan hotel and does not wonder at the line of automobiles drawn up in front of it at the tea hour. One can hardly escape the reflection that sooner or later the name, too, must be reconstructed. How can a gentle peasant stand before the motor car?

Not so with the robust name, the Grange, on an inn a few yards away, established in 1361. One can fancy it standing while the roster of England's kings ventures. Its commodious courtyard is inviting from the street and the inn itself is entered not from the sidewalk direct, but from within the passageway to the court, like the abode of the concierge in a Paris residence. Nor is this suggestion of over-canalized customs the only reminder in St. Albans of the land which England once largely owned and a handful of whose people once conquered England. The French influence in the architecture of the town is so marked as to surprise a visitor fresh from or familiar with old French towns, who has immediately cooled an appreciative vision by gazing upon the rectilinear structures of modern English places.

Nor does one have to leave his subject of the inns to behold the French influence. Just around the corner—but one should not go so hastily here, for on the way is the Red Lion inn—everywhere in England there is a Red Lion inn, if not all as are well known as Washington Irving's at Stratford—and its rooms and halls are charming with delightful old prints of coaching and the chase and bird shooting and old English life and customs. So the Red Lion deserves a visit. Just around the corner, however, is the "Old French Row" of houses, a relic of the early days, and adjoining the Fleur de Lis Inn, where King John put up. Down on the channel coast, where the people are in daily communication with France, the buildings are for the most part distinctly English, but here in the street of the old French row, and elsewhere in St. Albans, an every hand appear buildings which bring to mind old cross-channel structures.

The Red Lion, more modern and undoubtedly more comfortable than any ancient inn knew how to be, but with the aspect and feeling of traditional ease, served, looks out upon the tower plaza, and itself towers above the Fleur de Lis, but is humble and refreshing. So near to the old French Row it seemed not strange to find here in the Red Lion a French waiter, though the wanderer might go for a year and a day among the inns of the small English towns and never find another one. Usually it is the English countryman or country girl, sometimes the landlady's son or daughter, who is encountered at service in the inns.

Our Frenchman therefore had the interest in this place of novelty. And how proud he was when he produced the salad dressing. One quickly drops the habit of expecting vinaigrette or French dressing at British country hotels. Travelers are not even expected to make their dressing for themselves. But when oil and vinegar were asked for Francois's face beamed. He fetched the dressing prepared, instead, and set it down with a smile of satisfaction.

"I have made it myself," he said.

For things French he was all alert. Not so for things English. What country was

St. Albans in? It was in Hants. That much he knew, and in that form he knew it. Hampshire was a world and territory to him unknown. He brought to mind—because, as the Irishman said, he was so different—an old English writer and general factotum at the Royal hotel at Slough, to whose devoted head at least the last seven years have not brought seven gray hairs and who fits into his place at that inn—for though hotel by name, an inn it is still—as though for seventy years he must have worked there, if indeed he did not acquire his post by descent.

"There's no trouble carvin' when there's enough to carve," says he to the traveler reluctant to tackle for himself the huge joint of roasted beef, red and juicy, which takes up the places of two people on the long table. Later he brings your modest bill receipted, as are nearly all the inn bills in England, "with thanks," a delicate attention in pennance which strikes the American afresh each time by its recurring novelty. It is met with in the north as in the south.

Al! those inns of the north. A feeling of comfort and well being comes over the wanderer at the very sight of The Fox, at Guisborough, without so much as entering it; quaint, picturesque, of little stature, with small windows agreeable to look upon in its coat of yellow that some of our handsome colonial buildings have, The Fox is a joy to the memory. And what complaisance in the name—not The Fix Inn, the generic term is unnecessary in the identification of the ancient hostelry; just The Fox, with its old time mount for the stage coach passengers, and such horseback travelers as cared not to vault into their saddles or were unable to do so after the copious entertainment of the tap room. The mount is not a carriage block, but a flight of solid stone steps, the treads followed by the feet of generations and it stands close to the inn wall, indicating the conditions of the days when there were no sidewalks and the tavern was veritably by the roadside.

There is another inn of rugged name at Guisborough. The Buck, but a sight of the titular animal over the door makes one glad that The Fox is so agreeable, and those seeking gentler names can find The Black Swan Inn, just over the way. Perhaps it is the inn habit, fallen into in rambling in the country, that leads one back during a stop over in London, to dine again among Americans at Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, which perhaps may still rank as an inn, though existing now only as an eating and drinking place, and as its proprietor will tell you, owing its continued existence only to American visitors. But it was a visit well repaid, this last one to the Cheshire Cheese.

There sat in one corner an American couple of the type one sometimes sees and heard about in the land. She was sharp featured and wore hewed spectacles with heavy gold frames. She hadn't seen forty nor had she long been married. He was fat, slightly, with a voice as heavy as hers was sharp and with that finality of intonation that gives great public questions on the cracker box of the village store. One might guess that she had the money—had saved it—and that he had not been unconsoling of the fact when he wedded her, but that he was not going to let a little thing like that diminish his dignity or self-esteem.

"She wanted to know which corner Dr. Johnson had sat in. She was in it, but hadn't read the tablet. He called the waiter, a new and young one, who made up in volubility what he lacked in instruction in that part of the history of the place of which American visitors are avid. "Do you mean Dr. Johnson, sir?" "You mean Dr. Johnson, sir?" "Who's he?" while the bride articulated a reminiscence.

"He's the man that started the English language, sir; the other one was only a playwright. He used to sit there, sir." The bride looked around her, pleased, but tried to keep her eye at the same time on a pamphlet which told her of a chair of Dr. Johnson's brought over from the Mitre.

"Where is the Mitre?" she asked.

"It isn't," said the boy.

"What's the Mitre?" asked the husband.

"It was a tavern," said the boy, and hastened to the kitchen for more information.

Pittsburg, Kan., Officers Fined

Kansas Supreme Court Finds Police Judge, Police and Firemen Guilty of Licensing Joints.

TOPEKA, Kan., Oct. 3.—J. E. Holden, police judge of Pittsburg, Kan., was fined \$100, seven policemen were fined \$50 each, eight firemen \$25 each, twelve liquor sellers \$50 each and Frank Linski \$1,000 by the state supreme court today for contempt for participating in a fine system of licensing joints or illicit saloons in Pittsburg.

Linski, who received the heaviest fine, it is alleged, was the man who collected money from the joints with which the city officers were paid their salaries. The policemen and firemen were fined for accepting the money in violation of the supreme court injunction, and the liquor men for paying the money to Linski after the injunction was granted.

### STUDENT LIFE IN RUSSIA

A Burst of Color Marks the Resumption of Studies.

### RIOT OF HUES NOW AT HAND

Blue, Black, Green, Yellow, Orange and Red Uniforms Distinguish Schools—University Frowned on By Officials.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 13.—A copious outburst of brand new colors in the attire of strollers in the St. Petersburg streets announces this week the beginning of a fresh year for the academic youths of Russia. The university and the high schools require all their inmates to wear distinctive uniforms and the resumption of their studies is a spectacle proclaimed at large.

Students for the ordinary university diplomas, classical, mathematical or philological, wear a dark blue band round their flat-topped caps, black short jackets with two rows of brass buttons down the front, and bright indigo blue trousers. The polytechnic youths have green for their professional color, with a crossed sash and a hammer of brass on their shoulder straps; the commercial school orange, the marine school yellow and black and the military academy red.

The typical Russian student is the university youth, for it is his personality that stamps itself chiefly on the life and literature of the country. The others have already specialized by preparing themselves for their careers in after life, and have to that intent settled down. The polytechnicians furnish frequent exceptions, for although they are ostensibly for railroad work, forestry and mines the prizes in those spheres in a state owned system go mostly by ministerial favor and the rank and file of the graduates have ample occasion for radical agitation.

The great yellow ochre barrack squares on Vassilisky Ostroff, which are the university buildings, are the seat of the social as well as the academic life of the students although they may lodge anywhere in rooms in the capital, for there is no intramural college residence. The newcomers through the corridors and recreation halls getting used to their fresh uniforms.

Hundreds of them line up in queues at the doors of the chanceries waiting to be instructed in the complicated process of matriculation. Their passports must be in order, their class fees paid, papers produced to show that they have performed their military service. It takes many of them hours to have their status put straight, for the committee of seniors which used to help through the freshmen with counsel learned from experience is abolished because of its alleged subversive activity in national politics.

In the main corridor the students group themselves among old school fellows or neighbors from the same province. Notices and advertisements are often indiscriminately on the walls. One offered to buy a sword for his uniform, for attendance at the university constitutes the scholar a gentleman in the historic sense of a person entitled to bear side arms. On festive occasions the minority of well-off students like to don their academic awards not much more formidable than toy dirks to look at.

This year the attendance at the university has declined somewhat. The slump in candidates for the military academies which followed the Japanese war has passed off and now the career of an army officer is as fashionable as ever. That has drawn some young men away from the universities.

During the height of the political struggles the universities were an attraction for agitated ambitions which they are not now. Many Russians see in the diminished numbers a healthy sign that young people are more willing than they were to look for their life's work outside of government employment. Hitherto the great majority of university diplomas have served their owners only for entry into the lower ranks of the technicians, where they were destined to grow old, idle and pensioned among the myriad drones of the civil service.

The university is a democratic institution, and as such is viewed with nervous apprehension by the old guard at the imperial court, and especially by the orthodox church, whose educational system is kept scrupulously out of touch with university life. Probably less than 5 per cent of the students regard their university course simply as the completion of a liberal education which they can afford themselves by starting on a comfortable journey through life. The general antipathy of the Romanoffs to the university idea causes much of this aloofness of young men of this class. Kaiser Wilhelm and most of his sons have been proud to be students at Bonn, but it is not recorded that any of the czar's relations have yet darkened a university door in Russia.

Athletics count for practically nothing in Russian student life. There are no university foot ball or rowing clubs, although those games are played by the youth of the business houses here. The minister of education is urging Swedish gymnastics on the schools and colleges, but after boyhood students seem to look on the exercises rather as imposed tasks.

One of the most entertaining of the younger Russian writers, A. J. Kuprin, writes fervently on the value of boxing in education. It confers quickness of the eye, hardness of muscle, self-command and good temper. He tells the astonished Russians each that two young Americans boxed each other until one had both his eyes completely closed. At the end of the fight he was groping blindly with his right hand to shake that of his opponent as a token of perfect friendliness.

### RUSSIA IMPROVES ITS RAILROAD SYSTEM

Thirty Million Dollars Called For by Ministry of Railroads for Improvements.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 3.—The extraordinary budget of the ministry of railroads has been submitted to the Duma. It calls for \$1,500,000 for new construction in 1910. All of this amount, with the exception of \$25,000 will be expended in Siberia and on the Amur railroad. The sum of \$1,500,000 is allotted to the railroad line around Lake Balkhal and \$1,500,000 to double tracking the Transsiberian.

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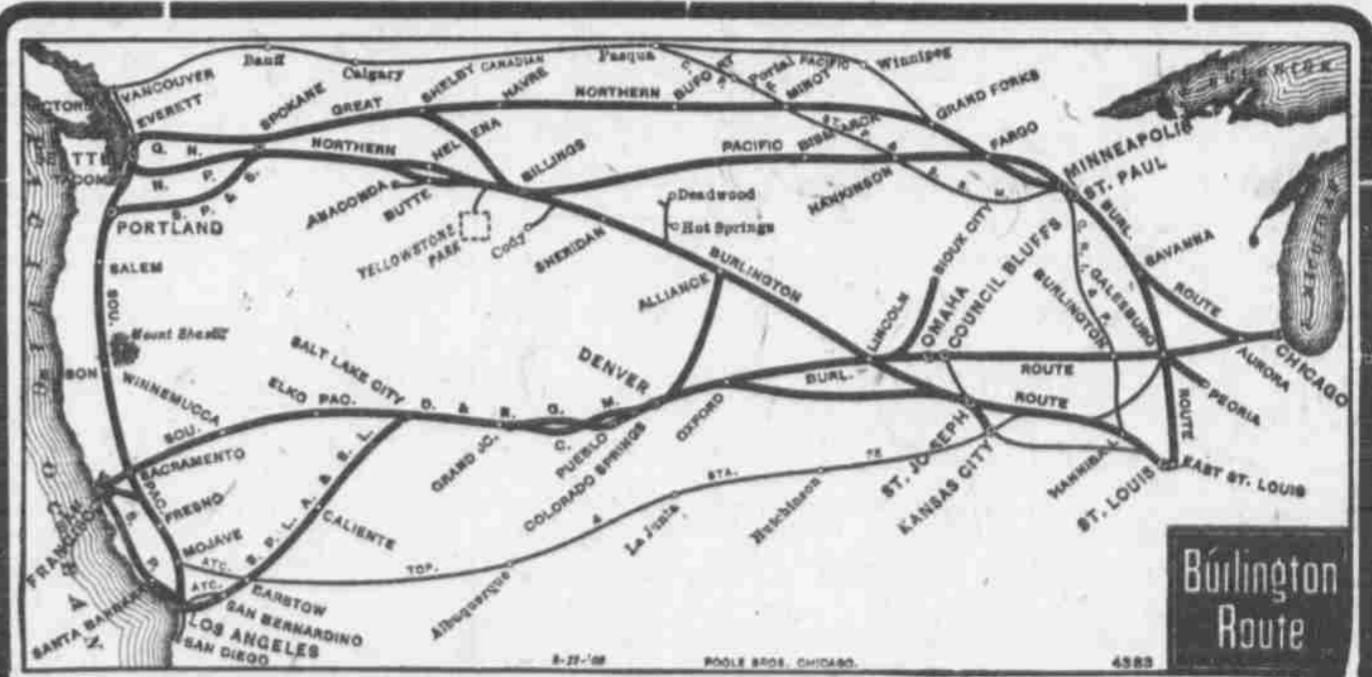
This will enable you to test the most effective means of retaining the youthful beauty of your hair. Many so-called "hair tonics" are offered to the public—they may have more or less virtue—but with ED. PINAUD'S there is absolutely no question of safety, efficiency and satisfaction. It has been used for nearly a century by people of culture, for preserving the natural beauty of the hair by removing dandruff and keeping the scalp healthy. No other hair tonic has such superior merits. You can prove this for yourself, if you will write for the sample bottle and test it.

Send 4 cents to our American Offices to-day and we will forward the sample at once. If you like the sample ask your dealer for a 50c. bottle, apply the tonic every day and watch the results.

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After the Influenza, Cough, or Sore Throat set in "Seventy-seven" is equally effective, but takes longer to cure.

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