LIKE TURNING THE LEAVES OF A GIANT STYLE BOOK

A daily visit to this great style center of apparel for young people, now when the new things for Autumnal wear are appearing, will reveal the latest and best expressions from the foremost style sources of America. Like turning the leaves of the style book, we want you to look at the splendid array assembled for your inspection.

New things, only the few hours behind New York City styles that it has taken the fastest express trains to get here, have been "tripping" into the store daily for the past fortnight, and we especially emphasize early selections, as of most everything there is only on or two of a kind, and duplication is impossible.

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tried to rope and tie by the aid of the vice president of the United States, who, by the way, seems now to be trying to find the present address of Dr. Cook.

There was one noticeable question yelled from every frantic crowd:

"How about 1912?"

The colonel gave way to laughter at most all of these blunt questions and turned them off as a joke. But with the masses it was a serious question and finally he replied that it was too serious for his consideration at the present moment.

One of the noteworthy changes as the trip progressed was the difference in the tone of applause the farther west we got. The nearer he got to Wyoming the sharper the shouts became, until here they rang like yelps instead of cheers. The natural voice of the east had given way to the sharp, high-pitched barks of the plains of the west. To describe the reception at Cheyenne would be to review all of the wilder west of the last twenty years. Everything was set in the natural stage except the buffalo and he was even represented by his skulls.

We of the other world thought the cowboy and plainsman with the Indian had gone, but that is not literally the case. He had gone, but gone from all other places to Cheyenne, it seemed to us.

Come to Meet Their Idol.

Picture all of the west that remains, meeting at a given point to celebrate their old idol, then you have a conception of the scene as it existed here today. It was the parade of the wild pictures of the late Frederinc Remington. It was as though his models were paying tribute to the memory of the men, who left their fame to endure all time.

No wonder it inspired Theodore Roosevelt to praise the work of Remington and deplore his loss. A monument to his memory is all too slight a recognition of the painter of the west.

What a day! Who, having seen it, could ever forget it?

From the Pacific came pioneers of '49 and '50 to see and hear a man from the north, south, east and west. They had driven and ridden and even walked. Indians and their squaws even were present. United States army officers of every rank, cowboys of every shade and cayuses and bronchos of every color, "buckers" of every brand. There were horses that bawled like catle and cattle that galloped like gazelles. There was a speech that rang with sincerity and a vast multitude of men, women and children that devoured every word. Dust from the flitting hoofs of cows and ponies rose up like an aerial drapery and hung like curtains from the sky.

The lariat took the place of cane, spurs jingled instead of loose change and the sounds that rose up from the seething mass of humanity seemed to mould into one welcoming shout of greeting to Colonel Roosevelt, the westerner.

It was a great day for one man, it was one big show fully worth the powder.

Broncbos bucked so hard they seemed to jar the plains, steers were roped so quickly that it looked to be automatic.

It was the one show that came up to the street parade and posters. They called it "The Annual Round-Up," and it surely was.

Colonel Reviews Parade.

The parade through the streets of Cheyenne, headed by Colonel Roosevelt in an automobile, began the day of festivities. Everywhere there were crowds of men, women and children, cowboys and cowgirls on horseback and straying Sioux Indians awaiting to see the visitor.

The new city rising amid small cabins that had survived the transformation of the city from the crude settlement of the early days greatly interested the colonel. He responded with cordiality to the greetings of the throng as he passed along. Reaching the reviewing stand erected for the occasion in the center of the city Colonel Roosevelt reviewed the troops, the detachment of cowboys and cowgirls, a remnant of the Sioux and the various organizations taking part in the parade.

As Colonel Roosevelt took his place in the reviewing stand the head of the parade swung by, led by Charles Irwin of Cheyenne, who forced his mount up to the railing for a grasp of Roosevelt's hand. Following the Frontier day's committee came Brigadier General Ralph Hoyt, commandant at Fort D. A. Russell, at the head of a battalion of the Eighteenth infantry, which was followed by the mountain batteries of the Fourth field artillery and the colored troopers of the Ninth cavalry under Colonel Dyer.

Each face of the dusky riders was split with a wide grin as the command, eyes right, faced them at the former president, who grinned and waved his hat in return.

Cowboys Ride at Gallop.

Then came the feature of the parade. With their band playing "Auld Lang Syne" 1,500 cowpunchers, each on his best mount and headed by the best rough riders of the world, flashed by the stand, in a gallop, with a waving hat and shrill cowboy yells of greeting. The steady pace of the regulars was too slow for the range riders and they urged their sweating mounts past the stand in a gallop with yells of "Hello, Teddy," and flashes from silver mounted saddles, pouring from the cloud of dust.

Close behind the cowmen rode 200 Sioux and Shoshone braves, squaws and papooses, braves in black and red war paint and war bonnets. The war cry that once made the residents of Cheyenne feel for their scalps burst out as they passed, and Goes Along, squaw of Charlie Two-Bonnets, blew a kiss to Colonel Roosevelt. A team of buffalo driven to a wagon plowed stolidly past the stand wearing trotting boots like a park team. The Japanese delegation closed the parade. It halted in front of the stand and shouted three "banzais," while the colonel smiled and waved his hat.

Interested in Indians.

Colonel Roosevelt watched the parade with the closest attention. He stood at the front of the reviewing stand, with Governor Brooks on one side and General Smith on the other. When the colors were carried by he took off his hat and stood at attention, head thrown back, heels close together, like a soldier. When the Indians rode by, yelling their war cries, the colonel waved his hat at them and, turning to Governor Brooks, said: "Twenty-seven years ago we shot one of these Sioux in a brush on the plains and the Indians shot a cowpuncher. I stood off several of them for two hours."

The colonel liked the cowboys, but he did not think they looked quite as they used to when he lived in the west.

"Look at the chaps the boys are wearing," he said, "they are a good deal prettier than we used to see when I was out here."

The cowboys were galloping past the grandstand, when the crowd on the sidewalks grew so dense that it broke out of bounds and scores of persons were pushed into the street. The cowboys threw their horses on their haunches to avoid a collision, and as their companions galloped up from behind it looked as if there would be a dangerous crush of horses in front of the reviewing stand. In a minute it was all over. Colonel Roosevelt smiled again and said: "Twenty-six years ago I saw 600 cowboys ride into Glendive, Mont., on dead run. They pulled up their horses just like that massed in the middle of the street. This is just like old times."

Luncheon at Hotel.

When the parade was over, Colonel Roosevelt said:

"It was very fine. I enjoyed it very much indeed."

Quickly taken to the Inter-Ocean hotel, where a suite of rooms had been reserved for him, Colonel Roosevelt took luncheon with Governor Brooks, Senators Warren, Borah, James Garfield, and the members of his party.

His time was largely taken up in talking to his hosts of this city.

Colonel Roosevelt left the hotel in an automobile at 12:30 o'clock for the frontier grounds, a mile and a half north of the city. A long string of automobiles followed him as well as an escort of frontiersmen on horseback, headed by Charles Irwin of Cheyenne and W. L. Stone of Cheyenne, chairman of the frontier committee.

"Buffalo" Vernon, "Pecos" Dick Stanley and Sam Scoville, three of the famous horsemen who were to compete in the finals of the championship riding contest this afternoon, rode beside Colonel Roosevelt's automobile to the frontier grounds, where thousands of spectators were waiting to hear the colonel's speech and participate in the afternoon's sports.

Colonel Roosevelt's Address.

Colonel Roosevelt in his speech said:

"When, at the close of my hunting trip in Africa, I reached the borders of civilization, the first invitation I accepted was this, to visit the capital of Wyoming on the day when the people of the frontier came together to commemorate their achievements; I was glad it was so, because I have a peculiar feeling for the men and women of what used to be called the 'Far West,' and especially for those of the cattle country. For a number of years I lived on a ranch on the Little Missouri, sharing work and play, good fortune and bad fortune with my neighbors, working on the roundup, serving as delegate from the Little Missouri roundup district to the Montana Stock Growers' association, and even at times acting as deputy sheriff at my end of the county. I count those years as among the most valuable of my life, because nothing breeds such community of feeling as to work with one's own fellow men at their life tasks, and to learn to know their feelings by actually sharing them. The man of the west, throughout the successive stages of western growth, has always been one of the two or three most typical figures—indeed, I am tempted to say, the most typical figure—in American life, and no man can really understand our country and appreciate what it really is and what it promises unless he has the fullest and closest sympathy with the ideals and aspirations of the west. The prime reason for this is to be found in the fact that the westerner is so good an American. He is an American first and foremost; for this is the great lesson, friends, that all of us need to learn and to keep, the lesson that it is unimportant whether a man lives north or south, east or west, provided he is genuinely and in good faith an American, that he feels every part of the United States as his own, and that he is honestly desirous to uphold the interests of all other Americans in whatever sections of the country they may dwell.

Sees Farmer Move Wheat.

"A hundred years ago, when men spoke of the west they meant the country between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi. Fifty years ago the white man's west took in Minnesota, Iowa and Kansas and then skipped across to California and Oregon. The country of the great plains and the Rockies, the country in which you whom I am now addressing lead your lives and do your work, has grown up within my own lifetime. I myself saw and took part in the closing years of the pioneer period and it was my great privilege to work side by side with the pioneers—the ranchmen, the miners, the cow-punchers, the mule-skinners, the bull-whackers—who actually opened up the country. I have seen the herds and flocks of the cattlemen and sheepmen supplant the game; I have seen the fortunate movement by which the small farm has tended gradually to take the place of the great unfenced ranch. I now travel in every comfort on railways across lands which when I first rode across them, were still the home of the Indian and the buffalo, and I find cities where one can obtain not merely comfort, but luxury, in the places where thirty years ago there was not a building beyond a log hut or a dobie house. The men who did this work were engaged in the final stages of conquering the continent; and it was their privilege to do one of the great works of all time, to do their part in the performance of an epic feat in the history of the progress of mankind.

West Stands for Progress.

"I have used the word progress. The west stands for growth, for progress. So must the whole American people stand. A great democracy must be progressive or it will soon cease to be either great or democratic. No nation, no state, no party, can stand still. It must either go forward or go backward; and it becomes useless if it goes backward. Therefore I greet you, men of the west, and I stand for progress as all men must stand who are progressive.

"The pioneers and their immediate successors won victory only by proving that they possess the great, masterful qualities which lie at the fountain of national greatness. There are certain well-meaning men of intellectual cultivation, but lacking mental and moral robustness, who complain continually that they find American life, and especially the life of those American communities emerging from the pioneer stage, crude and without genius or beauty. Genius is a fine thing for a nation, but character is a still finer thing, and though beauty is good, strength is an even greater good.

"The men who have made this great republic of the west what it is, and especially the men who have turned it into a continental commonwealth, have possessed in the highest degree the great verile virtues of strength, courage, energy and undaunted and unwavering resolution. Their typical leaders—of whom Abraham Lincoln, though the most exceptional, was the most typical—have possessed keen intelligence, and a character not merely strong but lofty, a character exalted by the fact that great power was accompanied by a high and fine determination to use this great power for the common good, for the advancement of mankind.

New Application of Old Principles.

"The pioneer days are over, save in a few places; and the more complex life of today calls for a greater variety of good qualities than were needed on the frontier. There is need at present to encourage the development of new abilities which can be brought to high perfection only by a kind of training useless in pioneer times; but these new qualities can only supplement, and never supplant, the old, homely virtues; the need for the special and distinctive pioneer virtues is as great as ever. In other words, as our civilization grows older and more complex, while it is true that we need to develop men whose lives are devoted wholly to the pursuit of special objects, it is yet also true that we need a grater and not a less development of the fundamental frontier virtues. These virtues include the power of self help, together with the power of joining with other for mutual help, and, what is especially important, the feeling of comradeship, of social good-fellowship. Any man who had the good fortune to live among the old frontier conditions must, in looking back, realize how vital was this feeling of general comradeship and social fellowship. There were good men and bad men in the new communities just as in the old communities, and the conditions on the frontier were such that the qualities of the good and bad alike were rather more strikingly manifested than in older communities; but among the men who tried to lead hard-working, decent lives, there was a feeling of genuine democracy, which represented an approach to the American ideal which we certainly should do everything in our power to preserve. We did not try to say that men were equal when they were not equal, but we did our best to secure something like an equality of opportunity and an equality of reward for good service; and, moreover each man expected to be received, and, on the whole, was received wherever he went, on the footing that his merits warranted.

"Now, so far as possible these qualities and the conditions that bring about these qualities should be kept in the great states which are growing out of the old frontier communities. We need to strive for the general social betterment of the people as a whole, and yet to encourage individual liberty and set high reward on individual initiative up to the point where they become detrimental to the general welfare. In continually and earnestly striving for this betterment of social and economic conditions in our complex industrial civilization we should work in the old frontier spirit of rugged strength and courage and yet with the old frontier spirit of brotherly comradeship and good will. I do not mean that we should refrain from hating wrong; on the contrary, I would preach fiery wrath against wrong. But I would not preach such wrath against the wrong-doer, save in those cases where his wrong-doing really is due to evil moral attributes on his part, and not to a wrong or false system, of which he is almost as much the victim as the beneficiary. Sometimes a wrong represents the deliberate wickedness of the wrong-doer, in which case the remedy is to punish him; but sometimes it represents the effects of a false social system, in which case the right course is to alter what is false in the system. Both principles need to be kept in view as guides to our conduct, and it is necessary sometimes to work in accordance with one and sometimes in accordance with the other.

Tribute to Remington.

"Before ending I wish to say a word on something which I believe should especially interest all men who live in the open country, and especially all men who during the last thirty years have lived and worked on ranches, or have done their life work in the wilder parts of our land, on the great plains or among the mountains. The phase of our national life in which the stockman, the mining prospector, the frontier farmer and their associates were the chief characters, was not only a very important, but also a very picturesque phase. Often such a phase passes without any great artist arising to commemorate it. The old-time back woodsman, for instance, the man of the back country who lived in the eastern forests through which the waters ran eastward to the Atlantic and westward to the Mississippi, passed away without any painter or sculptor arising who possessed at once both the keenness of vision to see what a vital and picturesque figure the backwoodsman was, and the genius adequately to present that figure. The artists who saw the picturesqueness of the backwoodsman lacked the genius adequately to commemorate it, while the artists of real ability unfortunately had their eyes turned towards Europe and lacked the robust originality—which the novelist Cooper showed—to see where their chance lay to do a great work. But in our generation, for our good fortune, a great artist arose who was capable of seeing and of recording the infinite picturesqueness of the life of the plains and the Rockies. Of course, I speak of Frederick Remington. He was one of those Americans who by his achievements distinctly deserved well of America. He worked with pencil, with brush, with chisel; he was both a painter and a sculptor. His pictures and his few bronzes are equally good. When my own regiment, a typically western regiment recruited from the men of the great plains and the mountains, was disbanded at Montauk Point, the officers and enlisted men joined in giving me Remington's bronze bronco buster, a gift which I thought peculiarly appropriate coming from such a body of men. In Remington's pictures all the most vivid and characteristic features of the western pioneer life which is just closing were set forth, and he has commemorated forever the men of the plains and the mountains as they actually were. The cowboy is his favorite type, but the mining prospector, the frontier farmer, the man who guides ox wagon or mule team, the soldier, the Indian—all appear. Now I wish very much that these men themselves would in turn provide a monument for the great artist, the sum of whose activities represents such a feature of American achievement, and, above all, represents the commemoration of some of the most interesting figures that have ever appeared on the stage of American life. A statue should be raised to Remington by some really first-class artist. Here at Cheyenne in this gathering many hundreds of the men have come together who were themselves typical leaders in and representatives of the very life which Remington so portrayed that it will always live. I hope that these men will join together, arrange the appointment of a committee, and start to raise funds for the erection of a statue.

AFTER SPEECH COMES RACES

Frontiersmen Throw Themselves with Spirit Into Contests.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Aug. 27.—When Colonel Roosevelt arrived at Frontier park at 1:20 o'clock this afternoon, Captain Hardy, a marksman, was engaged in making a portrait of the colonel with bullets on big targets.

A crowded grandstand with hundreds of cowboys and cowgirls drawn up on horseback in front of it provided an attendance of several thousand people to hear Colonel Roosevelt's address and to witness the games.

The colonel was greeted by cheers and was soon presented to the assemblage by Governor Brooks.

"Wyoming is particularly honored by having with us the best known man in the world," said Governor Brooks. "It is my pleasure to introduce to you the ideal American, the man of the east and of the west."

At once entering upon his prepared address he was occasionally applauded, his reference to the progress of the western country calling forth approval from the assemblage.

Patiently the great crowd sat under the hot sun that beat down upon the broad plain in the midst of which the park is located.

Might Change Rules.

Reading from his manuscript, Colonel Roosevelt now and then departed from its text.

"I don't care," he said, "how patriotic a man is if he runs away from the time of danger."

His reference to the punishment that should be given wrongdoers in public and private life was greeted with cheers.

"If the rules of the game are wrong we should change the rules rather than blame the men who follow them," he said, amid yells by the cowboys and girls.

When the name of Frederic Remington was mentioned in connection with the suggestion that a great memorial be erected to the memory of the artist there was a cheer of shouting. Mrs. Remington, wife of the artist, occupied a seat on the reviewing stand.

Concluding his remarks, amid cheers, the band played "Garry Owen" known to be a favorite air of Colonel Roosevelt's. The colonel then went down the reviewing stand and on a big, white gelding, accompanied former oGvernor Barthot of Wisconsin in a canter across the race track.

Then began a series of exciting racing events. The first of them was a half mile dash, or "women's cow ponies race," in which little girls contested with their elders. The quick handling of horses was demonstrated in a "potato race," in which men on spirited steeds speared potatoes and contended in landing them in a selected goal.

Talks to Cowboys.

In quick succession following pony races and wild maneuvers by the Ninth Cavlary, which earlier in the day had been Colonel Roosevelt's escort of honor.

"I'm here to see what you fellows can do on the hurricane deck of a broncho," Colonel Roosevelt said, as a group of cowboys gathered about him, mounted on their horses. Colonel Roosevelt saw all that the wild west of today had to show him in the way of deeds of skill and daring, and said that the spirit of the west was still alive.

As Colonel Roosevelt watched the cowboys at their work, heard the Indians yell, and saw the familiar sights of more than twenty years ago, when he was a plainsman, the spirit of it all came over him again, and he climbed down from the flag-draped reviewing stand, and mounted a big white horse. He galloped around the half-mile track at Frontier park, and past the crowded granstand, while cowboys yelled, Indians gave war whoop and the rest of the crowd joined in a tremendous shout. He dismounted after one lap, smiling his delight, and went back to his place to see the rest of the fun.

Nothing Formal.

There was no formality about Roosevelt today at Cheyenne. Every cowboy, who had drawn a year's pay and could get here came.

There were thousands of them, with a good many cow girls. They came on horseback from scores of miles around, some of them from points hundreds of miles away. The streets were thronged with men and women on horseback, in their picturesque attire of many colors. There were a good many thousands of other persons, too, eastern tourists and the tradesmen and plain farmers of the region, but they got little attention. It was the day of the old wild west.

By the time Colonel Rooseevlt arrived here, shortly after 9 o'clock this morning, the celebration was well under way. He was met at the station by thousands of citizens and an escort of cavalrymen, and then there was a parade. The exhibition at the park followed, and then there came a dinner which Governor Brooks gave to the ex-president. A smoker at the Industrial club and a theater party, both of which Colonel Roosevelt attended, wound up the dav.

The celebration at the park, which is set in the midst of the brown plains of Wyoming, a mile and a half north of the city, was the star attraction at the park, and Sand Creek came next. Sand Creek is sadl to eb the wickedest horse in the world, and after a long combat he bested Al Whitney, one of the most skillful horsemen that the west has. Colonel Roosevelt watched the struggle, and after it was over, he shook the hand of Whitney and complimented him.

MONITOR AMPHITRITE WILL WINTER IN MEMPHIS

Ship Unable to Reach St. Louis Because of Low Stage of the River.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 27.—Owing to the low stage of the water in the Mississippi river the United States monitor Amphitrite, which reached this port several weeks ago on its journey to St. Louis, where it will be used as a training ship for the Missouri naval reserves will remain anchored off the Memphis wharf all winter.

The Navy department is taking advantage of the enforced stop here to completely overhaul the machinery of the war vessel.

Twenty-seven enlisted men remain on board the Monitor, this number being sufficient to keep up the routine work.

Walks Through Plate Glass Window.

DEADWOOD, S. D., Aug. 27.—(Special.)—During the snowstorm here, William Frazer of Rochford, a guest at the hotel, ran through the big plate glass window of the Franklin hotel, entailing a loss of $200 to an insurance company. Frazer was in a hurry to get across the street and walked through the glass before he saw it. He escaped with a few slight cuts on the hands.

ENDURANCE RACERS HOME

Cars Come Along Before Dark After Hard Run.

CHILLY FOR SOME OF THE RIDERS

Cold Wave Comes After They Leave Omaha and When They Are Not Prepared for Such Weather.

The White machine, driven interchangeably by E. A. Mockett and C. A. Sadler, was the first to cross the finish line of the first annual endurance run of the Omaha Motor club.

It was just 4:23 o'clock Friday afternoon when the machine speeded up Harney street and was checked in at the Paxton-Mitchell garage by President Ole Hibner of the Motor club, who had that work in charge. The leading car was followed closely by the huge Franklin driven by Guy L. Smith and B. C. Russell, which checked in officially at 4:27. Almost all of the remaining machines had checked in by 6 o'clock, at which time there were only three cars out. These came in later in the evening, being well scattered.

As rapidly as the cars were checked in they were washed and parked upon the south side of Harney street, where they will remain until 9 o'clock this morning, at which time they are to be delivered over to the Technical committee, with Otto C. Nestman at its head, for a thorough examination. Absolutely no information is accessible yet as to the standing of the cars. Said President Hibner at a late hour last night: "It will be tomorrow evening, at least, before we are able to announce which car has won the different trophies. I do not even know yet if any of the cars came through with a perfect score."

Women Come in Late.

Miss Bessie Amos and her party in the Chalmers "30" were the next to the last to arrive at the finish line, checking in at 6:57. On this account the plucky young woman in whom so much interest has been felt and whose late finish was due to tire troubles near Fremont, missed the applause which would have been hers had she arrived earlier in the evening. Throughout all the trouble, and despite the delay in arriving, the feminine autoist showed the stoicism which is supposed to characterize automobile drivers of the sterner sex.

The motor truck, which has also attracted a lot of attention along the way, will not arrive in Omaha until this morning. Just out of Columbus one of the smaller chains in the mechanism broke and although the break was not a serious one, it was decided to lay over in Columbus for the night. This giant machine, by stealing a march on the faster cars in the morning, and running at unheard of hours of the night, has managed to keep well in the running and had it not been for the accident would undoubtedly have finished last night.

Of the cars which started, the Cole 30, driven by Fay Knott, and the Chalmers, driven by E. H. Sprague and John Parthurst, retired from the race, the former on account of a broken steering knuckle and the latter on account of a broken axle. The remaining cars finished. It was the irony of fate that the little Maxwell which so majestically headed the procession when it left Omaha, should be the last to cross the finish line, it being well into the night before the little car reached the garage.

The motorists are all enthusiastic about the run and between nursing the newly sunburned faces and telling how it feels to crank up on a winter-like morning hundreds of miles from the source of supply and with only summer clothing, they declared their intention of pulling off a similar run next year. Otto P. Nestman, who has managed the tour reports that upon the first day the roads, especially in the neighborhood of Nebraska City were very muddy and that on the second day's run considerable gumbo was struck. Friday's route is said, however, to have lain along ideal roads and the fast time made, bears out that statement.

The cars, their drivers and the time at which each reached the end of the run follow:

12—White, E. A. Mocket and C. A. Sadler, 4:23.
13—Franklin, Guy L. Smith and B. C. Russell, 4:27.
4—Buick, A. B. Cameron, 4:27.
8—Columbia, William Hall, 4:32.
10—Velie, E. Silver, 4:35.
11—Midland, C. H. Carney and W. E. Nutting, 4:50.
2—Buick, H. E. Obderkirk, 5:09.
5—Buick, M. C. Duggan, 5:14.
22—Chalmers 30, Dr. L. C. Soucup and J. Rachman, 5:15.
1—Chalmers 30, H. E. Fredrickson, 5:19.
17—Ford, J. M. Monnich, 5:19.
20—Ford, Max Gottberg, 5:20.
21—Chalmers 30, Walter Smith and Frank Walker, 5:22.
3—Buick, A. L. Stahlew, 5:35.
7—Maxwell, L. E. Doty, 5:35.
9—Kissel Car, C. B. Bogue.
18—Stoddard Courier, A. Merrill, 5:51.
15—Hupmobile, W. F. Huffmann, 6:36.
23—Chalmers 30, Miss Bessie Amos and Miss Chelsea Jones, 6:57.
6—Maxwell, R. A. Doty, 10:00.

The pathfinding and confetti car was the first machine into the city, arriving at a few minutes after 4. The official car, a Kissell car, arrived at 4:15. The two press cars were also well among the leaders of the tour, both pulling into the garage between 4 and 5 o'clock.

Alleged Cattle Rustlers Arrested.

BELLE FOURCHE, S. D., Aug. 27.—(Special.)—Hjalmer and Matt Erickson, brothers living on a ranch near here, are under arrest and a third brother, Otto, is wanted by the Butte county authorities, charged with cattle 'rusling". It is charged that the Ericksons stole several yearlings from Peter Summervald, a rancher living on the Belle Fourche river ten miles below here. Otto Eric'so'n was convicted of killing Jim Gi..ott in the Cave Hills some years ago and sentenced to four years in the penitentiary, but was pardoned.

The Weather

For Nebraska—Probably showers.
For Iowa—Generally fair.
Temperature at Omaha yesterday:

Hour.	Deg.
5 a. m.	57
6 a. m.	57
7 a. m.	56
8 a. m.	58
9 a. m.	63
10 a. m.	67
11 a. m.	70
12 m.	73
1 p. m.	73
2 p. m.	74
3 p. m.	75
4 p. m.	76
5 p. m.	77
6 p. m.	78
7 p. m.	76
8 p. m.	75

Local Record.

OFFICE OF THE WEATHER BUREAU, OMAHA, Aug. 27.—Official record of temperature and precipitation compared with the corresponding period of the last three years:

	1910.	1909.	1908.	1907.
Maximum temperature	78	87	81	87
Minimum temperature	58	72	62	66
Mean temperature	67	84	72	76
Precipitation	.00	.00	.00	.00

Temperature and precipitation departures from the normal at Omaha since March 1, and compared with the last two years:

Normal temperature	72
Deficiency for the day	5
Total excess since March 1	646
Normal precipitation	.11 inch
Deficiency for the day	.11 inch
Total rainfall since March 1	6.88 inches
Deficiency since March 1	14.61 inches
Deficiency for cor. period, 1909	2.90 inches
Deficiency for cor. period, 1908	.10 inch

L. A. WELSH, Local Forecaster.

SHEEP HERDER IS ARRESTED

John Matson Charged with Grazing Sheep in Black Hills Forest Reserve Illegally.

DEADWOOD, S. D., Aug. 27.—(Special.)—Following numerous warnings of prosecution, Forest Supervisor Kelleter of the Black Hills national forest has taken the initiative in preventing sheepmen from grazing their stock on the reserve by causing the arrest of John Matson, a sheep herder near Cold Creek, employed by William McKean of Newcastle, Wyo. Matson was brought to this city and arraigned before United States Commissioner Moore and held in $500 bail for the federal court here next month.

Matson was arrested on a charge of violating the federal statute providing against the grazing of sheep on the reserves. Accoroing to the supervisor, he was driven from the reserve four times before he was arrested and since July over 20,000 sneep have been driven off the reserve.

Both herders and owners have been notified that the forestry officials are determined to uphold the law pending the appeal of the sheep owners to the Washington authorities to be permitted to graze sheep this fall on the reserves owing to the drought this summer in this section.

FRY'S SCHOOL SHOES

We're going to put school shoes on a whole army of boys and girls during the coming week.

Every one of them will be correctly fitted as regards size, width and shape of last. Every pair of shoes, too, will be the

BEST SCHOOL SHOES That Money Can Buy

The style will be correct, and the durability will give great satisfaction.

BOYS SCHOOL SHOES,
$2.00, $2.50 and $3.00
GIRLS' SCHOOL SHOES,
$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50

FRY SHOE CO.
THE SHOERS
16th and Douglas Streets.

Closed Their Doors

By Order of The Great Eastern Syndicate.

Jos. F. Bilz' Sons, 204-6 North Sixteenth street, Omaha, Neb., store was closed Saturday, August 27th, to mark and rearrange this immense $50,000 stock of this season's strictly up-to-date Suits, Cloaks, Shoes, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings, etc., thrown on the market by order of this great syndicate. These goods are to be sold at Public Sale for what they will bring, any reasonable offer being accepted. For particulars watch big circulars and newspapers.

The Great Eastern Mills Syndicate, old location of
204-6 North 16th St.
204-6 Noth 16th St.

Every advantage is with the consumer in buying his coal early: Better service, less cost, none of the disagreeable features of winter deliveries, and the added satisfaction of having the coal in your own bins.

Genuine Scranton Hard Coal $10.50 PER TON

McCAFFREY BROS. CO.
Formerly Nebraska Coal & Lime Co.
Tel. Douglas 40.
215 SOUTH SEVENTEENTH STREET
(New Omaha Nat'l Bank Bldg.)

Every Schoolboy Gets a Top

We have put in a new School Shoe for boys. Our usual dependable kind of a shoe. Made out of selected leather with a solid oak sole leather sole, an entirely new shoe at an entirely new price.

$2 a Pair for Any Size

With every pair of shoes we will give one of these magic TOPS. Every boy will want the top, and you will want the shoes when you see them. Our reputation and guarantee is back of every pair.

Bring the boy in and let us fit him to a pair of these shoes before school commences.

Drexel Shoe Co., 1419 Farnam Street

THE EYE OF EVERY School Child Should Be Examined Before Going Back to School.

They cannot progress in their studies as they should, if eye strain is sapping the vitality from other parts of the body. Constant aches and pains distract the mind. **Bring the Children to Us for Examination.**

Satisfaction Guaranteed in Every Case.

Huteson Optical Co.
218 So. 16th Street.

Fall Suits to Order $25

With the first bit of cool weather we have placed on display an almost unlimited selection of new browns and grays in fall weight.

We solicit early orders.

Every garment guaranteed perfect in fit and styles.

Suits and Overcoats to Order $25 to $50

MacCarthy-Wilson Tailoring Co.
304-306 South Sixteenth St.
Near Farnam.

CASH OR CREDIT

The purchase of a fine Diamond or Watch is a good investment. Any man can pay $1.00 a week with a ring on his finger or a watch in his pocket.

We still have some of those fine 17-jewel adjusted watches for $18.50. Pay $1.00 per week. The old reliable

FRITZ SANDWALL JEWELRY CO.
Third Floor Paxton Blk.

Do you have to brush your shoulders after combing your hair?

Try **The Fitch D.R. SHAMPOO** (Dandruff Remover)

Regular treatment every week or two by your barber will keep your head clean.