

AUTO EXPOSITION ALL WEEK

Entire Row is in Gala Attire for the Great Event.

LATEST MODELS ON EXHIBITION

Extension of Ak-Sar-Ben Lighting System Out Farnam Street Secured by The Bee and the Street is Brilliant.

Omaha's Automobile exposition, the first affair of this particular nature, in which the entire automobile row is made a special show room, will begin Monday and continue throughout the week. The entire row will be brilliantly lighted each night: each garage is especially decorated; the 1911 car models are on exhibition and special salesmen will be on the floor to show them and explain their fine points.

It is an affair of equal importance to that of the annual automobile show, which is held in the Auditorium. The annual show gives the prospective buyer an opportunity to see all makes of cars under one roof and compare them at close range, while the present exposition does not, but in spite of this it is expected by many that more people will look at autos this week than during the auto show in the winter, since this is the Ak-Sar-Ben festival season and many will come to make merry at the festival and take in the auto exposition at the same time.

Whether one buys a car or not, the exposition attracts an excellent opportunity for shopping and hundreds are expected to look at the cars who will buy later in the season. It takes time to study the improvements in the new models and compare the advantages of the various makes, and the prospective buyer who spends a few hours in the garages this week, if he does not buy now, will be better prepared to make an intelligent selection when he comes to the mid-winter show.

Great Chance for Dealers. This is a great opportunity for automobile dealers from out in the state and they will come from all sections this week. Many could not wait until this week and were in last week.

The lighting on automobile row, Farnam street from Eighteen to Twenty-fourth streets, is a part of the Ak-Sar-Ben lighting system this year and the street is lighted as brilliantly as any other part of the city. This part of Farnam street was never lighted with Ak-Sar-Ben bulbs before, but this year The Bee, wishing to assist the automobile dealers in the extension of their trade and to afford an added attraction for Ak-Sar-Ben visitors, secured the extension of the festival lighting system out Farnam to Twenty-fourth. The dealers were quick to realize their opportunity and immediately decided to hold an exposition. Each individual firm has vied with the others in trying to make its place the most attractive and the garages are resplendent with Ak-Sar-Ben flags and pennants and red, green and yellow lights, the colors of Ak-Sar-Ben. Even the grocers, butchers and other tradesmen along the street have felt the carnival spirit and their places of business are handsomely decorated.

Some of the decoration stunts in the garages are unique in character. The Marion Automobile company, for example, has placed a Marion car on a revolving table, decorated with red, green and yellow lights. The Cadillac garage is beautifully embellished with flags in Ak-Sar-Ben colors and R. R. Kimball's establishment is likewise beautiful.

The E-M-F. company received a shipment of 120 cars last week—a whole train load, twenty-five cars, each carrying six autos. It is planned to take a long string of these cars, decorate them with Ak-Sar-Ben colors and run them in a parade about the streets.

Many visitors in the city will have their first opportunity of inspecting a portable garage. The Kirkland-Hicken company has one on the south side of Farnam street, at Twenty-first. The garage, with a car inside, is decorated with lights.

BACK TO THE BOOTJACK
Not for Use, but for Memories of the Tool of the Fathers.

Time was when there was at least one bootjack in every home, for in those days father and son wore boots, and when boots were wet or tight a bootjack was a necessity.

Then all of a sudden, some fifty years or thereabout ago, the great majority of men took to wearing shoes. Then in many homes the bootjack passed out of use and out of sight and out of mind. There are many persons of the present generation who never saw a bootjack or even heard of one. And still there are some who are still some men who wear boots, either as their customary foot apparel or at times in pursuit of labor or recreation.

There are still some fine old gentlemen who continue to wear fine calfskin boots. There are hundreds of thousands of farmers who still wear boots, but in the boots worn by farmers there has been also a wonderful revolution. Where once they all wore cowhide boots, now almost without exception they wear rubber boots, and if they buy with them the socks intended to be worn with them the rubber boots pull off easily and there is no need of a bootjack.

The original bootjack was made of a strip of wood a foot or more in length by three or four inches in width and an inch or so in thickness. You sawed out a deep notch in one end of this piece of wood or you rounded out there a deep opening to put the heel of the boot into, and a little back of this notch you nailed across the under side of the board a cleat to raise that end of the bootjack off the floor. Then you put one foot on the bootjack at the end on the floor and you put the other heel in that foot to try to pull it out of the boot. Many a man and many a boy has had to do some right smart tugging to get his boots off, even with a bootjack.—New York Sun.

Hasty Reformation. The man who was about to move out was showing the prospective tenant through the building. "In this attic," he said, "you will find a lot of 'inlaid' books left here by somebody who occupies the house before I moved in. You can do what you please with them, of course." "I see. How long have you lived here, Mr. Squallop?" "Since 1897." "You?" said the other, picking up one of the volumes and looking at the title page. "This book, I notice, was printed in 1897." "Mr. Squallop," said Mr. Squallop, after a painful pause, "I have decided to tell you the truth about these books. I bought them and put them up here myself."—Chicago Tribune.

OMAHA MANAGER FOR THE REGAL AUTO COMPANY.



R. H. SCHMITTIEL.

R. H. Schmittiel, who recently came to Omaha as manager of the Regal Motor company business in Nebraska, western Iowa, Colorado and Wyoming, is one of the most thorough going automobile men in Omaha. A salesman? Well, a regular salesman is this popular fellow and he is getting orders pretty regularly, too. With all this going on, a mystery. Yes, everybody is puzzled. The answer cannot be gained by either talking or looking at him. The question still to be solved along auto row is whether Schmittiel is Irish or German. Anyhow, his efforts have been constantly recognized and he has been promoted from one position of responsibility and trust until he landed in his present berth.

FLANDERS "TWENTY" GLIDDEN PATHFINDER

Participants in the Glidden tour of 1911, which starts from New York October 14, with Jacksonville, Fla., as its destination, and ten days of running time in which to make the trip, will have the advantage of the most graphic road directions with which an event of this kind was ever favored.

A. L. Westgard, the American Automobile association's official pilot, is a civil engineer by trade and a map-maker by specialty. On the trip of the Flanders "20" pathfinder, he divided the entire run into strips of about 40 miles each, and made of each strip a road map, showing every crossing, bridge, ford or other land mark, including grades, road-surface and other information. All of it will be available for the use of each tourist. In fact, one will be able to tell at a glance every detail of the highway which lies ahead. The graphic nature of the strip-map system will make the highway an open book, even to those who have never traveled it.

BRANDS OF DOMESTIC HUMOR

Newspaper Surgeon Ruthlessly Dissects Prevailing Style of Smiles.

"Humorists of the present cycle," remarked the editor of a humorous but successful periodical as he accepted a match from a prospective contributor, who had also supplied the fuel for it, "seem to be either bachelors or married men, though just why they should be I don't quite clearly see."

The prospective contributor shook his head as though he couldn't see very well, either, and the editor went on. "Now," he said, fumbling over a pile of manuscript on his desk, "let me read you a few of the things we have to contend with. Here is one evidently between two bachelors. Says one, 'I'm going to get married,' and the other replies, 'Ah, looking for trouble, are you?' What's the use of making marriage any worse than it is? But here's another. A young man, still in the rainbow zone, says, 'Miss Clara has such lovely little feet.' And a married man or a bachelor, sours, replies, 'Don't judge her by that, young fellow. You can't always tell by the size of a woman's feet what kind of a kicker she may be.'"

"As though the right kind of a woman was ever a kicker. But here is another one after marriage. The wife says, 'I could have married a better man than you are, anyhow,' and the husband comes back:—'Well, why in thunder didn't you?' All of which makes me tired, and no relief in the next one. Two men meet and one says, 'I saw Hilker on the street today and he looked lonesome.' To which the other answers, 'He is. His wife's at home.' Now, that ain't fair to the wife, is it?"

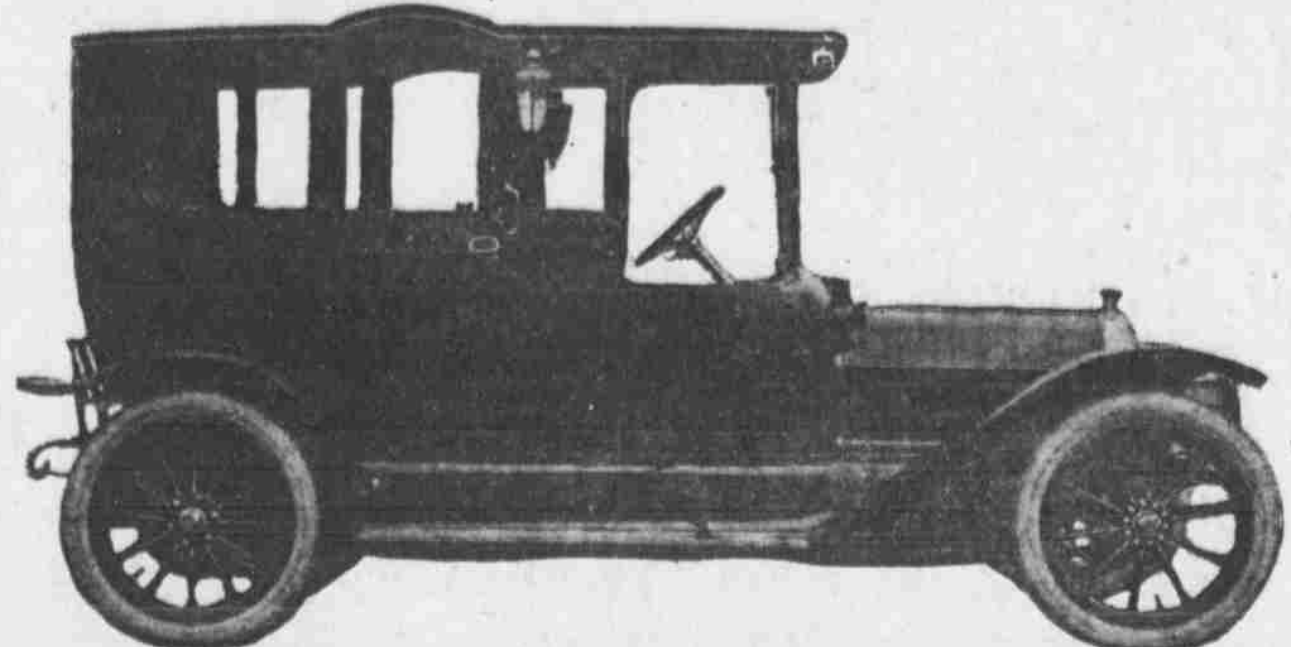
"Maybe Mr. Hilker had something else the matter with him," ventured the visitor, but the editor passed it and went on. "Here's one hitting at the widows," he said, picking up one tied with a purple ribbon. "One person says, 'She's a widow.' All right. Her husband is dead.' And the other unfeelingly answers, 'Couldn't she get rid of him any other way?'"

"Not satisfied with knocking the widows, the same writer hits the old maids. He makes Mrs. A. say to Miss Z.: 'You should have a husband at your age, my dear. There's no trouble getting married if you go about it right,' and Miss Z. takes her fling by replying, 'I suppose the trouble comes afterward, does it?' Now, I don't believe there is any old maid alive who looks that way at marriage."

"Certainly the dead ones don't," again ventured the visitor, but got no response, for the editor went on with his quotation from the joke supplies. "Now, will you listen to this? By heck, these jokesmiths even go into history to bang at the sacred institution. Here's one makes a man say, 'Well, you may say what you please about the way the English treated Napoleon, but I think they were very considerate.' To which the woman is made to reply that she didn't see how that could be, and the man says, 'Because they didn't send his wife to St. Helena with him.' It's a shame to slap right and left like that at marriage, isn't it? And the worst of it is that the public like to read such jokes and we have to print them."

The visitor was silent for a moment. "Well, I don't know as it counts for much," he said. "You see, I wrote most

Car of Class That is Getting Great Attention



Every Pierce-Arrow model is completely equipped for the road, this equipment comprising a top and glass front, power air pump for tires, trunk rack, two gas head lamps and gas tank, two side and one rear tail lamp for either oil or electricity, one electric number lamp, horn and full set of tools, gasoline gauge on dash, odometer, coat and blanket rail, extra tire carrier, folding foot rest on touring and enclosed cars, sprag on all models except on thirty-six horsepower

of these jokes, and my wife wrote the others, and I just came in to see what you intended to do with them."—New York Herald.

CHANTS THE TRIBE'S TRAGEDY

An Indian, in Mourful Fantomime, Reveals Fate of His Comrades.

In the weird pantomime, which in all ages has been the medium which people of different tongues converse, an Indian found in the mountain wilderness near Oroville, Cal., told the story of his

wanderings. That he is the last surviving member of the Deer Creek tribe, long believed to be extinct, at one time regarded as the most savage aborigines in America, there remains no doubt.

He is a savage of the most primitive type. He speaks no dialect that can be recognized. He understands no word spoken to him.

But with gestures more eloquent and expressive than could have been the spoken word, he laid bare the tragedy of his people in a silence broken only by his mournful incantations chanted to

the Great Spirit, when his story dealt with death.

Wilder than other tribes, the Deer Creek Indians fled before the white man's approach—fled into mountain fastnesses where they lived as the beasts.

They suffered and starved. They number dwindled till only four remained—three braves and a squaw.

The wild waters of a mountain torrent carried to death two of the braves.

The Indian just found and his "mahala" had wandered on and on, until she, too, was called by death.

With the idea that he might lead the

authorities to his hiding place, the man was taken to the place, where he was captured. By signs they managed to convey to him what was desired. The idea grasped, he proceeded in pantomime and by signs to tell the story of his wanderings.

Indians from the whole countryside have been brought to talk with him, and white men acquainted with many Indian languages have also been here. To all he is an enigma. None of them can understand him, nor can he understand any of them.

The Deer Creek Indians were originally proud and warlike. Their frequent depredations upon the white settlers led to an organized war against them.

Two years ago a surveying party drove the Indians from their last hiding place. As far as could be ascertained, the remnant of the once proud tribe at that time consisted of four braves and a squaw.

It is believed that the Indian captured is the only survivor of his land, and hence the least civilized man in America.—San Francisco Examiner.

BACHELORS DO THE TRICK

Sew on Buttons, Darn Socks and Mend Things—Independent of Women.

Is the "slump" in the marriage market due to the increasing domesticity of the modern bachelor, who does not need a woman to look after him? Bachelors are becoming more and more domesticated, a woman well known in the social world says. "They can sew on buttons, darn socks and mend rents in their clothing. 'Gradually they are becoming independent of women's aid in these matters. They can look after themselves instead of marrying in order to get a woman to do these things."

"The growing domesticity of young men and the increasing worldliness of young women is, I am sure, responsible for the present slump in the matrimonial market. 'I know young men who have purchased their little 'housewives' and calmly set to work in their leisure hours darning their socks or sewing buttons on their coats."

"They enjoy the work. 'It is soothing after business hours,' they say, as they puff at a pipe and commence stitching a torn glove."

An interesting opinion on this subject was also obtained from a well known needlework expert.

"An increasing number of young men," she said, "are taking an interest in sewing generally. They are certainly becoming more domesticated."

"On the other hand, the twentieth century girl can think only of golf, hockey, theaters and dances—everything else is 'rot.'"

Inquiries made at a department store show that large numbers of "housewives" (bags containing needles, cotton, wool, etc.) are now sold to young men.

"Even middle-aged men are devotees of the needle," said a salesman. "They sometimes bring with them a piece of colored wool. 'I want a skein of wool this color,' they say, 'to mend my socks.'"

"It is chiefly among bachelors, however, that this domestic phase has become so prominent. They probably find the work of 'mending' congenial and restful for the mind."

"If men are content to do their own sewing and mending, marriages, when they are made, will be more ideal than they have been in the past," a well known novelist said.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Coughed Up a Staple.

Ernest Heeren, 14 years old, of 44 Oak street, Corona, Long Island, a patient in St. Mary's hospital, Manhattan, coughed up a mating tack he swallowed eight years ago. After the nurse in attendance discovered the bit of metal in the boy's mouth, two surgeons who had operated on him three times without success in an effort to get the two-pointed tack, or staple, said the youngster will live. No attention was paid to the incident of eight years ago, but in the last few months Heeren's lungs were affected, and it was thought he was suffering from consumption. An X-ray examination disclosed the staple, and an operation was decided on. The nurse found her patient coughing early yesterday, and although the boy was asleep, she detected the hard substance in his mouth. The doctors say the wound in the lungs will heal.—New York Mail.

A Total Eclipse of the functions of stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels is quickly disposed of with Electric Bitters, 50c. For sale by Beaton Drug Co.

Rambler

1912 - Cross Country - \$1650

IT'S 38 horse-power, five-passenger, with 120-inch wheel base and 36 x 4-inch wheels and tires. It's long, it's low, it's roomy. Low, with drop frame—long, with front axle set forward and straight line torpedo body. Roomy, with 27 inches from front seat to dash and 30 inches from seat to seat in tonneau. No outside door latches. Enclosed ventilated front and hooded dash. A car of exceeding beauty, finished in English Purple Lake—it's a rare shade of deep maroon—trimmed in nickel. Radiator to conform to body lines, high and distinctive in appearance. Fenders with sweeping grace. Powerful brakes. To drive this car is exhilarating. It runs like a spirited horse. You touch the throttle and it's away. It's the Rambler Cross Country and the flag-bearer for 1912.

Equipment, Bosch magneto. Fine large, black and nickel headlights with Prest-o-lite tank. Black and nickel side and tail oil lamps; large tool box; tool roll with complete tool outfit. Roomy, folding roof rail; foot rest, jack, pump and tire kit. Top, with envelope, \$50—wind shield \$35. Demountable Wheel, less tire, with brackets and tools, \$30. Self starter \$175.

Rambler Motor Car Company
2052-2054 Farnam Street
Omaha, Nebraska

1912	
Fifty H. P. Models	
Country Club, 5 pass.	\$2250
Valkyrie, 4 pass.	2250
Moraine, 7 pass.	2500
Metropolitan, 7 pass. torpedo	2850
Greyhound, 6 pass. torpedo	2850
Knickerbocker, 7 pass. Berlin type Limousine	4200

1912
Thirty-eight H. P. Models

Cross Country, 5 pass.	\$1650
Suburban, 4 pass.	1650
Roadster, 2 pass.	1600
Sedan, 4 pass. enclosed	2500
Gotham, 5 pass. cab side	
Limousine	2750