

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
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JULY CIRCULATION
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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.
Dwight Williams, circulation manager, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of July, 1912, was 51,109.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

Weather like this puts the pumpkin in one's mouth.
Perhaps Judge Archbald thinks it may all be forgotten by December 3.

Out in California prejudiced folks refer to him as the "itinerant governor."
L'il Awrbah has evidently started out to capture the world's retiring championship.

Br'er Weish, our esteemed weather prophet, sure made good on that last rainy forecast.
It is also a safe guess that the Bull Moozers will meet more than one ballot to nominate.

Possibly you have heard that old one about "father goes to the circus only to please the children." Dear father!
Perhaps our own auto bandits felt that it was up to them to keep Omaha in the procession of really up-to-date cities.

"Mexicans Believe Orozco in Straits," says a headline. He will be in worse than that if he keeps on bantering Uncle Sam.
The colonel says he forced Governor Deneen's hand. Perhaps, but would he have done so if he had known just what the hand held?

Omaha's bachelor maids decline to admit their uselessness. What is more to the point, they have the goods to show that refute the charge.
At any rate, "Jerry" Howard played safe with the penalties of the campaign publicity law by keeping his contribution below the \$1,000 mark.

A jaunt to Quebec in midsummer at Uncle Sam's expense would be welcomed by most anybody, to say nothing of an overworked United States senator.
One of the chautauqua spellbinders doing the Nebraska circuit labels himself, "The poet of 1900 and now." Yes, but will anyone list him as a poet in 1920?

A Kansas City paper reprints a story of a "near duel" from its files forty years ago. And the next day two Missouri editors pull off a real duel. And yet Missouri is a progressive state.
The drowning of nine little boys scouts out on an imaginary reconnoiter is not calculated to give new stimulus to this movement that requires careful culture to make it worth while.

The signboard of the Bull Moose party bears two mottoes on its opposite faces. Viewed from one side it reads, "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none," and on the other side, "No negroes need apply."
The long list of orators invited to speak at Omaha's Labor day celebration under inhibition not to talk politics, strangely omits the name of William J. Bryan, the only Nebraska orator who never talks politics.

It is interesting to note that the man who received that flash from hades, purporting to be the only authoritative message from the inferno since Reporter Dante's story, is the same man who is working on a new national law.
Colored voters will please take notice of these seditious words in a press dispatch telling about the contests settled by the bull moozers before their convention. "Twelve negroes contesting the seats of twelve white delegates from Alabama were ruled out."

Coming Events Cast Shadows Before.

I wish to congratulate the Illinois progressives on their stand for a third ticket. This is the course that I am most happy to say has been decided upon in Indiana, Michigan, Missouri, and while there are certain states where the conditions render it unnecessary, I am firmly convinced that it is the course that must normally be followed and certainly in all cases unless there is a ticket already in the field which the progressives are willing to endorse, and the nominees on which are openly and without equivocation in favor of the progressive electoral ticket.—The Colonel's Latest.

If coming events cast their shadows before, a complete party ticket in Nebraska must be on the colonel's schedule if not already imminent. His demand for an electoral ticket in Nebraska separate from both old parties has already been made and if the program here outlined is to include this state, then every candidate named in the republican primary last April will be called on to line up with the third party electors under threat of having a third party competitor put in the field, because the difference between conditions in Nebraska are not appreciably different from those in Indiana, Michigan, Missouri and Illinois.

Car Shortage.

Three prime causes are cited by those predicting a serious freight car shortage this autumn—lack of sufficient coal as a result of trouble at the mines, deteriorated rolling stock occasioned by shop strikes and the unusually heavy demands of traffic, due largely to immense crops. Another cause might be given, namely, the common practice of withholding large numbers of cars from active use. This is done extensively by dilatory shippers, who have a habit of appropriating cars for storage purposes, taking their own time to unload them. Cars often stand for days on a siding when they should and could as easily be promptly emptied and sent directly back into service. This is an imposition, in a way, on the railroads, and yet it would seem that the railroads could, if they would, put a stop to it.

But we are quite accustomed to this annual autumnal car shortage scare and this year the enormous crop harvests help us, as frequently before, to bear up under the weight of the hardship. Yet it is to be hoped that the predictions of the scarcity of cars has been overdrawn, for it would be too bad to levy any extraneous impositions upon the products of our labor in field and factory now.

Democrats and Labor.

The democrats have determined upon a special effort to get the labor vote in the present campaign. They are profuse in their platform platitudes and pledges; they promise to create a department of labor as a cabinet office and have a bill for that purpose now pending. This new-born concern for labor must be very interesting to the latter, especially since it avoids entirely mention of child labor laws, for which the unions are so insistently clamoring. But it would be highly inconsistent for the democracy, with its cornerstone in the southern states, to condemn child labor, which forms the principal cog in the pivotal industry of the south, its cotton mills.

When the American Federation of Labor was meeting in Atlanta, Hoke Smith, now senator from Georgia, poured out his panegyrics within hearing of the busy hum of these cotton mills where little children were toiling long hours under miserable conditions for a pittance. And the painful knowledge of this dulled all ears to Mr. Smith's fervent concern for labor. So it will be, we imagine, when democracy comes to make a sham fight, ignoring these poor little serfs in the cotton mills of the south, whose case constitutes one of the vital elements of the labor problem of today.

Individual Efficiency.

The benefits of the agitation for higher efficiency in social and industrial realms must be measured by the number of individuals aroused, for the individual, of course, is the unit of action. And it will not do to leave the work of arousing the individual entirely to the moral influence of the movement. It is safe to say that most of us operate on a basis somewhat short of 100 per cent. The average individual does not produce up to the maximum of his ability, although the cause of this differs with different persons. With some, it is indolence, with others, ignorance, vanity, dishonesty or lack of proper training. The discovery of the cause must, in most cases, be left for the individual. All outside influence can hope to do is to inspire a determination to make the discovery.

But what a prolific world of achievements this would be with every individual making his powers serve him and his fellows to their utmost! Perhaps the results would overrun us. But that will not become a dire consequence for a long while, long enough to allow for all the energy that may be expended in this task of arousing the latent ambition and resources.

The people of New York can clean up their city, however, whenever they determine to do it.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES AUGUST 6.

Thirty Years Ago—

The funeral of the late William Aust was one of the most impressive ever held in Omaha. The tolling of the fire bells was the signal for assembling the cortege, headed by the Union Pacific band, followed by the fire department in full uniform; the Mannerchor Singing society, the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Knights of Pythias. The pallbearers were August Boehme, Samuel Motz, Rudolph Trötschel and Henry Seitel. Other knights of Pythias past chancellors, Zera Stevens and J. W. Nichols of Engine Company No. 1, and John Baumer and John Boeckhoff of the Mannerchor.

Captain Sam B. Jones is back from Grand Island, having been out there to arrange for the approaching Grand Army of the Republic reunion.

Miss McCartney, traveling saleslady of Charles McDonald of Omaha, accompanied the Board of Trade excursion as far as Grand Island. She is the first traveling saleslady to take the grip in Nebraska.

Postmaster Hall has returned from the west. Henry Dohle has just returned from the east, where he purchased the usual large stock of boots and shoes for the fall trade.

Miss Carrie McConnell is back from the west. C. H. Patterson, father of Mr. Ashville Patterson and J. B. Patterson of this city, died at his son's residence. The remains will be taken back to Porter county, New York, for interment.

John G. Willis' family carriage horse, that was hurt in a runaway, died.

Twenty Years Ago—

The "incinerating dog-day weather" had no terrors for the Gentlemen's Roadster club, whether it did or not for the poor horses that ran. Kittie Bird beat Charles S. in the first two heats of the 240 trot, time, 1:21. Bob Wells tried to send Buffalo Girl a fast mile in the closing event and would have succeeded but for a bad break in the second quarter. As it was she made 2:38.

John M. Thurston and Henry Homan were telling about catching sixty trout that weighed an even 100 pounds, in Idaho on their fishing excursion.

After much parleying, the Union Pacific and their telegraphers came to an amicable settlement which raised the wages of nearly every man from \$5 to \$2 a month.

Jennie Elizabeth Carlson, daughter of Mrs. Christina Carlson, 1237 North 20th street, died at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Snyder were in their new cottage at 2217 Capitol avenue. Mayor Bemis appointed Frank B. Miller, a local newspaper man, as his private secretary.

J. W. Carpenter took out a building permit for a dwelling at 2626 Seward street to cost \$2,500.

Ten Years Ago—

The real estate transfers for the day amounted to \$26,175.

Mrs. Maggie Glennon, 1707 Webster street, was badly burned as the result of a gasoline stove explosion, which also did \$50 damage by fire to her house.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Cameron of Schuyler were spending the week with the parents of Mrs. Cameron, Presiding Elder and Mrs. J. W. Jennings.

Chief Donahue addressed a contingent of Omaha Pacific strike leaders and warned them against committing any deeds of violence.

Sheriff John Power returned from Lincoln, where he attended a meeting of county officers of the state, who had a scheme on foot to get the legislature to pass a bill lengthening their terms of office for four years. Power said that while he was not concerned for his own personal fortunes he favored the movement.

County Superintendent Bodwell made a report showing there were 27,439 children of school age in the county.

Matthew J. Greevy returned from Wyoming, where he bought the Albany group of claims in the Douglas creek district for an eastern syndicate for \$100,000. They were full sized claims, with all timber and water necessary for quick development.

People Talked About

Eclipsing the test, complained of by many army officers, who are required to ride ninety miles in three days, Miss Marion Crocker of San Francisco, who was one of last season's most admired debutantes, has established a new record for women by riding one hundred and two miles in fourteen hours.

A gentleman's agreement on the price of coal among Iowa dealers attracts the attention of state officials who are moving for a look into the combine. Dealers protest that there is keen competition in the business. Officials admit it, with the reservation that competition does not reach prices. The latter are uniform and unchangeable.

A Pittsburgh genius is trying to convince the War department that his sedative bullet coated with a preparation of morphine not only penetrates the enemy, but produces sweet dreams. As the inventor declined to test his claims with his own persons, war promoters must worry along without dreamless sleep.

Ex-Senator Cyrus E. Woods, once a reporter on a Harrisburg (Pa.) newspaper and now minister to Portugal, has started golf playing in the Lusitanian kingdom and is one of the leading exponents of the ancient game. He finds a number of Englishmen in that country as well as some Americans to play, and ideal links have been laid out near Lisbon.

Annoyed by the nocturnal cryings of a neighbor's baby, Miss Sarah Davenport, of Wilton, Conn., decided that phonograph music was preferable, and, purchasing an instrument, placed it on the porch, with a man employed to run it from 10 p. m. to 3 a. m. nightly. The neighbors have threatened to "have the law on her," but they don't know what law to invoke.

The upraised hand of the mighty umpire stopped the game and settled a crowd of 1,000 fans while a funeral procession wound into a cemetery adjoining the ball park at Caldwell. N. J., last Sunday. The solemn rites over the body of a young man, "Play ball," causing an instantaneous transition from grave to gay. The home team had its winning clothes on.

NEBRASKA CELEBRATION AT BOISE

BRINGS MESSAGES BY WIRELESS

According to the Boise Capital News the celebration there last week by the Nebraska-Idaho club marked a great gathering of former residents of the Tree Planter state and not the least of the bit was made by those messages produced by wireless out of the sleeve of Colonel E. E. Gillespie, master of ceremonies. In charge of the performance:

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 1, 1912.—E. E. Gillespie, Nebraska-Idaho club; Governor Aldrich has been contemplating a trip to Boise to attend the meeting of western governors, and accepting the invitation of your club to attend the third annual picnic today. For the last two days he has had his hands full attending to a "white elephant" and a "red bull moose." This has kept him pretty busy. In fact, so busy that I haven't seen him since yesterday. When he arose at 5 a. m., preparatory to taking the train for Boise, and while he was emptying the water from the wash bowl out of the executive chamber window he accidentally dropped the bowl and contents on a sleeping figure under his window and "woke up" the sleeper, who proved to be Bud Lindsay, who proved to be one so close to the executive mansion. This aroused his suspicion and hurrying to the capitol building he saw a figure crouching under the executive office window, who proved to be Lieutenant Governor Morehead taking measurements of the executive chair. From that time on no one has been able to trace his movements, and if he drops in on you from an airship, at the White City today, give him some of that frozen corn juice and I am sure that will revive him, and

JIM DAHLMAN, Mayor (fourth term) and Departed Candidate for Governor Against Aldrich Two Years Ago.

COMMONER OFFICE, LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 1, 1912.—Colonel E. E. Gillespie, Care Timothy Regan, Boise: Your invitation to be present at the third annual picnic of the Nebraska-Idaho club received. I understand Governor Aldrich has started for Boise for the purpose of inducing enough Bull Moozers to return to Nebraska and re-elect him governor, and as I performed that important function two years ago, I can't for the life of me, see why I shouldn't be allowed to do so again, unless it be that misery don't like company, and I certainly feel miserable.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

FALLS CITY, Neb., Aug. 1, 1912.—Col.

VISIT OF AN AMERICAN TO

THE LATE EMPEROR OF JAPAN

As Described by Hamilton Holt in the Independent.

Jimmu, the first emperor of Japan, ascended the throne ninety-seven years after Romulus founded the city of Rome. If we may accept Roman and Japanese traditions. From that day to this his descendants in unbroken succession have ruled over the Land of the Rising Sun. Mutsuhito, who died in the early morning of July 30, was the 121st of the imperial line. He was born in Kyoto November 3, 1859, in a pretty villa, near the gate of a park adjoining the palace grounds and now within a stone's throw of Doshisha university, the greatest Christian institution of higher learning in the Far East. The house was pointed out to me when I was there last October, but visitors are not allowed to enter it.

It was my great privilege to be presented to this man, who though the "Son of Heaven," voluntarily gave his people self-government without a revolution or even the slightest threat of pressure from below.

Our invitation came to us through the American embassy at Tokio. Mr. Lindsay Russell and I were told to wear full evening dress, with white waistcoats and gloves, though the ceremony was to take place at 10 o'clock in the morning. Our wives were to wear high-necked reception dresses of any color but black. At 9:30 o'clock we assembled at the embassy, and from there drove with the American charge and his wife, who were to introduce us, to the palace.

The palace is in the very heart of the city. It is surrounded by a moat and massive ramparts of stone, surmounting which are ancient and gnarled pines, which used to ambush the archers in feudal times. The palace originally belonged to the Shogun or military ruler of Japan, but since Tokio, then called Yedo, was made the capital, it has been constantly used as the home of the emperor.

Before it is an extensive stretch of turf, which occupies the area between the second and third or innermost moat. We crossed the bridge that brought us to this space without being detained by the guards, the embassy livery evidently being a sufficient passport. After passing through the double hedge known as Nishi Bashi and driving for a minute or two through the beautifully kept grounds, we arrived at the front entrance of the imperial residence. The canon of Japanese architecture as well as art is the elegance of simplicity. Consequently we were not surprised to find the palace a very broad and long one-story building, furnished simply, but in the most exquisite Japanese taste.

Though the ordinary Japanese home has no furniture, the palace was furnished in European style, though the walls and ceilings of the rooms were Japanese.

We were met at the door by liveried attendants, our wraps taken, and then we were ushered by the master of ceremonies and his aides along a red carpeted hallway of beautiful Japanese polished wood to the waiting room, furnished in European fashion. Promptly at the appointed second the ladies were taken to the audience room of the empress, and Mr. Russell and I to that of the emperor. The halls of all Japanese houses are next to the outer walls and the various rooms open into the halls. Consequently the halls are light and the rooms are dark. As we approached the dark threshold of the audience room we halted, and then, at the proper signal, Mr. Russell walked in with the charge. They gave us each the honor of a separate audience instead of having us both go together. I had hardly time to look out of the window of the hall upon a lovely bit of typical Japanese garden landscape when I saw Mr. Russell beckoning out of the room. The gentleman at my side whispered "Proceed."

As I entered the august presence I saw his majesty standing in the center of a group of seven or eight men. He held his hand out toward me, as if he expected me to come forward and take it. I was coached, however, to make three low bows as I entered the room, one at the threshold, one at the middle of the room and one just before I shook his hand. So I resisted the impulse to go forward, but followed out my instructions as best I could, though very awkwardly. I fear I then took the hand of the emperor. His majesty was dressed in the uniform of a generalissimo. He was taller than the majority of his subjects, but he looked older than I expected, for the pictures of him which the world's familiar news-takers years ago, when he was a young man, his complexion like a very dark, with drooping mandarin-like beard and mustache, his countenance somber and his mien impassive, and

Without a smile of welcome, such as all Japanese usually employ at a greeting, he turned quietly to the gentleman on his right, Count Nagasaki, and asked in a low, quiet voice in Japanese, how long I had been in Japan. After this was translated to me and I had replied and it was translated again to the emperor, he inquired if I had seen any enjoyable sights in Japan.

I replied that I had seen many. He then asked where I was going after I left Japan. And after he heard my reply he put out his hand again as a sign that the audience was ended. I shook it, and then backed out of the room, bowing thrice, as when I entered. It seemed as if I had hardly been in his presence two minutes.

We were then conducted to the empress's audience chamber, and went through exactly the same ceremony, the three questions asked by the empress being the same as those asked by the emperor. I have since been told that the same questions are generally asked all persons who receive the imperial audiences.

After being escorted back to the waiting room for a few minutes, we were taken to the entrance room, where we signed our names in the guest books of the emperor and empress, and then took our carriages and went home.

We saw the emperor again on his birthday, November 3, while he was reviewing the imperial troops. After all the crowd was assembled, the band struck up the wonderfully impressive national air, and he was driven into the vast parade ground in a gold, green and red lacquered carriage drawn by two superb sorrel coach horses. He sat on the back seat, while one gentleman of the court sat opposite him. He was driven around the entire hollow square in front of his troops, and then took a position in front of a pavilion, while the troops marched by between him and the band. His face was immovable and showed no sign of recognition of the crowd. In former times the face of the emperor would have been veiled from his subjects.

The crown prince was there, too. He is a slight, delicate-looking young man, with blonde hair for a Japanese. Neither the empress nor any ladies of the court were present at the review, but we caught a glimpse of her majesty once again at the palace gate when she was returning home from the opening of some hospital or charity. The car tracks that her carriage had to cross were covered with earth, so as not to bump her carriage. As she rode by in the center of a cavalcade of horsemen and carriages the people uncovered their heads, but uttered no cheer, as that was not permissible, as in olden times.

Stolen Bryannite Thunder.

In most particular the Nebraska "republican" platform sounds like the bull moose platform that has been coming in such bunches of late. Iowa bull moozers will note, however, that the recall which Judge Stevens succeeded in keeping out of the Iowa platform, is solidly spiked into the Nebraska structure. Colonel Bryan also will be surprised and disappointed to find a plank chopped and planned by himself stolen in the night and incorporated in Governor Aldrich's platform. This is the plank demanding "the passage of a law that will require the president of the United States, in sending to the senate a nomination for federal judge, to send therewith all the endorsements, written or oral, of said candidate, and objections thereto."

Equal Stroke of Yellow.

Cleveland Plain Dealer. We are told that the latest member of the Allen gang "broke down and wept" when he received his sentence. All these romantic murderers are yellow when the spotlight is turned on.

Perils in "Horse Play."

St. Louis Republic. The death of that South Carolina lodge official shot by a member who was being initiated in a side degree may hasten the time when horseplay will no longer be a part of secret society initiations.

Deadly Grief Over Titanic.

Grief over the death of her son, Jacques Futrelle, the author, who went down in the Titanic disaster, is believed to be the direct cause of the death of his mother, Mrs. Minnie Futrelle, who died in Adrian, Ga., recently.

HOW EDITORS SEE THINGS.

Philadelphia Ledger: Opportunity knocks at every man's door once, but usually a stupid servant is sent out to see what's wanted.

Chicago Record-Herald: Having found that postal savings banks did not wreck the republic, the people may refuse to believe that a parcels post will spell disaster.

Boston Transcript: President Taft's bravery is unquestioned. Now let us see if it will stand the test of an appearance in one of those red, white and blue cravats that an appreciative Russian-American has sent to him.

Springfield Republican: Iowa progressives, in their state convention, must have forgotten the short ballot reform, one of the most meritorious before the country today, when they declared in favor of the popular election of postmasters.

Baltimore American: In attempting to forecast the result in November it should not be overlooked that there is a large element of sober, thoughtful, conservative democrats who can find nothing in Wilson's radicalism to commend him. These men will vote for Taft conscious that such a vote is to the best interests of the country.

New York Tribune: Mr. Bryan has given himself a novel sensation in subscribing \$1,000 to the campaign fund of a democratic presidential candidate other than himself. He must have assured himself in advance that his money would not mingle with any contributed by Messrs. Ryan and Belmont.

Skimming the Indians. Philadelphia Record. It seems impossible for any man to act as attorney for Indians without soiling his hands. According to Congressman Mann, two ex-senators, now active in the Roosevelt movement, are participants in \$200,000 allowed by a court as legal fees for prosecuting a claim of the Uta Indians, though no legal services whatever were performed. Mr. Mann says the only service was that of lobbying in congress for a bill. Most of the alleged legal services to Indians, allowed by courts or congressional committees, have been of precisely that character.

Keeper of the Velvet. Brooklyn Eagle. The antlers of the bull moose are in velvet about twelve weeks and during that period, according to the nature-fakery who know, they are extremely sensitive to a blow. This sensitiveness is probably due to the fact that Perkins is in charge of the velvet.

Background of the deepest blue: Shades sometimes falling through: Picture quaint and rare. Hum of bee and song of bird. Tinkling bell of grazing herd. Beat the drowsy air.

Cooling breeze and limped stream. Lulling into midday dream. Bringing perfect rest. Now the sun is sinking low. Shadows to the eastward grow: Crimson is the west.

Mountain peaks in sunset flame. Putting earthly fires to shame. Filling the dazed eyes. See, the sky is in a blaze! Thus the splendid summer days All in glory die.

Smiling Remarks. Watt Smatter—Old chap, you used to be something of an acrobat. Are you doing anything in that line now, days? Hecstall Wright—Y-yes; I still keep up my grand and lofty tumbling. I'm learning to manage an aeroplane.—Chicago Tribune.

Bangs—How did old Hedywale treat you when you asked him for his daughter? Acted like a pirate, didn't he? Butts—Pirate! He acted like a free-booter!—Judge.

"George Washington never told a lie. It does not seem possible." "He knew it would be of no use." "How so?" "He married a widow, and you can't lie to a widow and get away with it."—Houston Post.

"This sensational story of mine sounds like a chapter from real life in the metropolis," said the confident author. "But," answered Bruce Pete, "the show we've got to draw the line somewhere. We couldn't think of offering our readers anything as shocking as that."—Detroit Free Press.

"Did that magician have a successful engagement in Crimison Gulch?" "The show was well patronized. But after doing a lot of tricks with cards, he made the fatal blunder of trying to sit into a poker game."—Washington Star.

"This car," said the demonstrator, "is almost human. Perhaps you have noticed." "Yes, I have," said Binks, dryly. "It reminds me of several men I know—been smoking ever since we left the garage, and the last hill we climbed it puffed like a porpoise. Haven't you something that is less human and more generally satisfactory?"—Harper's Weekly.

SUMMER DAYS.

Baltimore Sun. Lying on the velvet grass. Watching lazy cloudlets pass. In the summer days. Softest zephyrs come and go. Perfume laden, breaking low. Wafting harvest lays.

Faintly new the reaper's whirr. Strikes upon my sluggish ear. From the golden field; Overhead the branches green. Sifting sunbeams down between. Light and darkness yield.

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Short Stop Owen Bush

—clear head, keen batting eye, tinkery player, one cog in a championship team—it takes an alert brain and perfect condition to keep up the pace; that's why he

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