BRIEF CITY NEWS

Sarcophagus.

Electric Fans—Burgess-Granden Co.

Have Root Print It—New Beacon Press.

Fidelity Storage & Van Co.—Doug. 1516

When you take a vacation leave your silverware, etc., in Omaha Safe Deposit Co.'s burglar-proof vault. 1618 Farnam St.

The Flatiron—Omaha's high grade family hotel. 17th & St. Mary's. Transient rms.

Munger to Hot Springs—Federal Judge William H. Munger has gone to Hot Springs, S. D., to take the baths for the remainder of the month.

Omaha View Improvers Meet—There will be a called meeting of the Omaha View Improvement club Thursday evening at the home of G. R. Rathburn, Thirty-first and Corby streets, at 7:30 o'clock.

Negress Bound Over—Frankie Williams, a negress, charged with removing $275 from the person of Oscar A. Meade, ruralite, was bound over to the district court Wednesday morning on bonds placed at $2,000.

Inspect Summer School—President Stearns and five members of the Board of Education of Logan, Ia., motored to Omaha to inspect the work in the domestic science department of the summer high school.

Take Auto Trip—Father Harrington, pastor of St. Cecelia's, and Father McCarthy, pastor of St. Peter's church, have gone by automobile to Vista on a visit to Father Felix McCarthy, who is pastor of the Catholic church there.

Commercial Executives Coming Here—Dates for the annual meeting of the Central Association of Commercial Club Executives have been set at September 22, 23 and 24. The meeting will be held at the Omaha Commercial club.

Manufacturers to Meet Tonight—The monthly meeting of the Omaha and Nebraska Manufacturers associations will be held tonight at the Commercial club. Mutual insurance will be further discussed.

Olive Heine Wants Divorce—Olive Heine has applied for a divorce from John J. Heine, alleging that they were married in 1904 at Wahoo, and that he has for the last two years neglected her and grossly and cruelly failed and refused to provide for and support her and her child.

Install New Elevators—Hayden Bros. have about completed the installation of a new cluster of passenger elevators to run from the basement to the top floor of their big building. These will be quick service, large passenger elevators, which will assist materially in handling the crowds which continually fill this store.

Big Engines are Here—All of the forty-five Class Z freight engines ordered by the Northwestern last winter have arrived and gone into service. These engines are of the latest standard type, superheated and equipped with eight driving wheels, each. The wheels measure sixty-one inches in diameter. The engines, including tenders, weigh 403,300 pounds, each.

Makes New Face in an Hour—the Latest

(From Town Tattler.)

You can now so transform your face, in less than an hour, that you'll look like one fresh from the Fountain of Youth. Just cover the face with parafied plastoid jelly, let it dry, and wash off in from 15 minutes to an hour. As it dries on the face you feel a delightfully soothing sensation, and your mirror shows a delicate girlish bloom mounting your cheeks. You also feel the facial tissue tightening—so suddenly it may startle you, though it is no cause for anxiety. Parafied plastoid jelly is entirely harmless, even if it gets into the eyes. The treatment seems also to put a sparkle in the eyes. It gives the face a beautifully rounded contour and fresh, healthy color.

The general rejuvenating effect of this peculiar substance is so marvelous that the drug stores are selling more and more of it every day. The new treatment is creating a sensation. Many ladies use it before going out to any social affair.—Advertisement.

NEW PAINT BRINGS PATHOS

Mementos of Days Gone By Removed from City Jail by Workmen.

OLD-TIMERS SIGH FOR THE PAST

"Them Was the Days," They Say—Lost Souvenir Clippings and Mementos Brings On Feeling of Sadness.

An unkempt man with a three-day beard on his face and dressed in a shirt open at the neck and overalls that were once white, spat tobacco juice leisurely into the paint pail at his side. With a dirty handkerchief he mopped the sweat from his brow. Then he dipped his brush into the pail and slopped and sloshed at the interior wall of police headquarters until the smelter whistle blew. His brush dropped into the pail. Rapidly he slid from the scaffold and in another moment he was gone.

A moment later a little, old, gray policeman stood staring at the walls where a few moments before the painter had been working. The gray policeman sighed. "All gone," he muttered under his breath. "And when the others come to take our places they'll never know." He too mopped his face with a dirty handkerchief, but it was not sweat that dimmed his eyes. "I guess I'm gettin' sentimental in my old days," he muttered as he walked to a chair beside the cell room window. Then his gaze rested on the freshly painted wall before him, but his eyes did not see the new paint.

Instead he saw himself a young man—a new addition to the Omaha police department. And all of the other old timers were new then. The same power that made the years roll back from his shoulders brought before his vision adventures of years gone by—sensational shooting frays, mysteries, incidents full of fun or pathos. He saw dead men and live ones; in each stirring adventure he was a figure, or maybe it was a brother officer that was a figure.

A jangling telephone roused him from the day dream and he rose to answer. "Those that come after 'll forget—all gone now," he mumbled, and he took down the receiver.

Andy Fahey's meditations are exactly the same as those of every other old time policeman who views the inside of police headquarters now.

Mementos All Gone.

The ruthless brushes of unsentimental painters or hammers of material carpenters in rehabilitating the old city jail building have removed forever hundreds of reminders of days gone by. A cartoon clipped from a newspaper of many years ago; a clipping commending an officer for an act of bravery or discretion; a blood stain that marked the spot where a noted character's life ebbed away—they're all gone, and with them tender and cherished memories.

No more will a green young policeman waiting about the station for "roll call" move slowly about from wall to wall, with mouth agape as he reads sensational accounts of momentous events of long ago or laughs with glee at a funny cartoon that illustrates the discomfiture of a "bull" who in the long ago was green, too.

Before the painters came, the police station's walls were plentifully smeared with these mementoes that were so dear to the hearts of the old time policemen. Theye were commendable examples for the new generation of police.

On the door of the captain's office was a cartoon showing Steve Maloney, now detective chief, as a manipulator of a three-shell game. In the same cartoon Mogy Bernstein is the "come-on." Another clipping is from a local paper commending Officer Peter Dillon for his presence of mind in not killing an inebriated prisoner who suddenly shot him through the neck, although Dillon could have justified the act.

Bullet Hole is Warning.

In one corner of the room is a tiny hole, the size of a lead pencil. That is where a "green copper" toying with a new revolver left a trade-mark, and incidentally almost ended the career of Tom Mitchell, now deceased.

On another wall were clippings which roasted the police department to a rich brown, and clippings that praised the department to the high heavens. One clipping told of Detective Dan Lahey, who, upon hearing unseemly sounds from a third story of a building at Thirteenth street and Douglas, entered, to be soundly beaten by negro lodge men, who, while initiating a fellow, discovered the detective and mistook him for a prying spy. Another story of a sergeant who heard a preacher exhort his flock and say: "He is chief." The swelled one thought the preacher meant him and immediately thanked the clergyman for the exaggerated compliment.

In the surgeon's office were blood stains where Jack Curtin, the man who years ago killed Officer Smith, lost some of his life blood.

An engraving of the late chief of police, John J. Donahue, beloved by his men, is gone, as is a reminder of the late Captain Mostyn and also one that brought back to life Captain John Savage.

The present crop of newspaper reporters on police duty feel the existing depression too, for there were many marks left by fourth estaters who in the long ago covered the "bloody run" just as they are doing, giving the reading public its quota of sensation and recording the events that in the shape of newspaper clippings were pasted on the police station walls.

As each of the old timers meditates, and his mind goes back to the days of adventure, to his brain comes the same thought that occurs to all:

"Them was the days, boys, them was the days!"

Many Nuns Taking Summer Course at Creighton School

Creighton university's first session for teachers, which opened June 23, numbers among its matriculates students from over a very large area. Among the registrations of over 100, are noted some from as far away as Indiana, Texas, New Mexico, Wyoming and Colorado, not to mention localities nearer Omaha.

One of the unique features of the enrollment is the large number of nuns who are engaged the rest of the year in teaching at parochial schools. Ten different orders of sisters are represented as follows:

Sisters of Charity, Franciscans, Sisters of Loretto, School Sisters of St. Francis, Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Notre Dame, Sisters of Humility and Presentation sisters.

Thirty-two courses are offered and many of the sisters are taking advantage to secure a higher knowledge in the studies they are teaching and to qualify them for certificates which would entitle them to teach in public schools.

The work of the session is being conducted at the College of Arts, the College of Medicine and the College of Law.

Byram Hears Good Reports on Crops All Over the State

Accompanied by T. E. Calvert, chief engineer; H. E. Byram, vice president in charge of operation on the Burlington, arrived yesterday and an hour later left for the west on an inspection tour of the Nebraska lines, General Manager Holdrege going with them.

Vice President Byram, long a resident of Nebraska, while at the stationed remarked: "I have been hearing the wonderful stories of the crops that are being raised out here this year and have come out to see for myself. Everything indicates that Nebraska is finishing up the harvesting of the most bountiful grain crop in its history and I am glad of it, for I have more than a passing interest in the state, it having been my home for so many years."

Mr. Byram stated that his trip at this time has no significance. He is just out for the purpose of getting a lineup on the crop and ascertain what is going to be needed in the way of equipment to handle the business.

ANY WOMAN'S HAT FOR $5

Brandeis Stores Announce Their Annual Choice of the Millinery Department Saturday.

For one day only, we offer the unrestricted choice of any woman's hat in our entire millinery department (with the exception of Panamas) at $5.

Thousands wait for this sale every year, because it offers bargain opportunities that cannot be equaled at any other time. All the dress hats, all the evening hats, all the trimmed hats, all the street hats—no matter whether the former selling price was $10, $12.50, $15, $20 or even $25. For one day, Saturday, at one price, $5.

J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS.
—Advertisement.

DR. CLARKE LEAVES FOR EXTENSIVE EUROPEAN TOUR

Rev. A. S. C. Clarke, D. D., of Evanston, Ill., formerly pastor of Lowe Avenue Presbyterian church of Omaha, has gone to Europe for an extensive tour. The word received by friends here says he left Chicago last Saturday for New York to take his steamer.

Dr. Clarke is a native of North Ireland and is familiar, not only with the British Isles, but with parts of the continent, which he has visited, as well. This tour, however, is planned on a more elaborate scale than any he has yet taken

Army of Green Bugs Swoops Down Upon Night Workers

Singing war songs in a fierce guttural chant, 'leventeen decillions of "I. W. W. bugs" decended upon Omaha and vicinity Tuesday night and ere the flight was over scored a victory that their human namesakes seem unlikely to accomplish. The bugs, refusing to work themselves, and disporting in large numbers about every available light, kept every night toiler that could be reached from his task, and then at daybreak suddenly departed to whence they came to rest up for another attack tonight.

The invading army entered the city from all points, and at the same time on a signal given by their leader. In troops, detachments, battalions and companies, the "I. W. W bugs" fell upon their victims where ever a blazing light showed human life. In many cases they met sturdy resistance, but eventually they scored complete victory.

Around street corner lamps were millions of "I. W. W. Bugs," who stood upon their constitutional rights to be wherever it pleased them most. And like countless of their human brethren, the bugs were incinerated by the lamp, about which they buzzed. Every lamp globe was filled with dead bugs and on the street underneath for several feet around were layers of dead bugs.

One of the invaders, taken prisoner, was found to be a pygmy grasshopper of decidedly militant temperament. He chewed tobacco with great energy and spat with the accuracy of a veteran. Asked the purpose of the invasion, he said that it was simply a demonstration to teach humility to man. Incidentally, the prisoner said that subjects of the bug kingdom expected to get their "rights" from humanity by the concerted attack.

When the insect army came hundreds of night toilers deserted their posts, and, turning out their electric lamps, left the enemy in possession. The more valiant turned on every available light about them and closed all windows to prevent more bugs from entering. Then the invaders already engaged in combat with their intended victim became separated in swarms about the various lights and were either burned to death or succeeded in routing the toiler.

Close inspection of the individual invader shows him to be a vagrant insect of the orthopterous class, although he is only the thickness of a toothpick and about an eighth of an inch long. The "I. W. W. Bug" feeds upon occasional handouts whenever he cannot take his sustenance by main force; he derives amusement by going merry-go-round riding about an electric light, and annoying poor laboring human beings. The "I. W. W. Bug" apparently has no profession or occupation and his chief purpose in life seems to be to reduce all other living things to his social stratum.

B. H. S.

Coal Baron Accidentally Killed.

BERWICK, Pa., July 9.—Baird Snyder, jr., one of the wealthiest coal operators in the anthracite regions, died early today from injuries received in an automobile accident, when the machine skidded into a tree at the bottom of a steep hill, turned over and pinned him beneath.