

A. H. RAWITZER TAKES ACID

Omaha Business Man Causes His Own Death with Poison.

BODY IS FOUND IN THE GARAGE

Tent and Awning Manufacturer Had Been Dead Some Time When a Doctor Was Summoned to Give Medical Aid.

Albert H. Rawitzer, 1904 South Thirty-seventh street, president of the Scott-Rawitzer Manufacturing company, prominent Omaha business man, caused his own death at 2:30 o'clock yesterday morning by taking carbolic acid.

Although a statement issued by Stack & Falconer, Omaha undertakers, who will take charge of the body, asserted that the death was accidental, a different view of the tragedy was taken at an office of Coroner Butler of Council Bluffs, according to whose books Mr. Rawitzer met death "by taking carbolic acid."

Friends to whom Mr. Rawitzer had talked intimately of his affairs said that he had been greatly concerned lately over business matters not concerned with the tent and awning company, of which he was the head.

Stack & Falconer, undertakers, made the following statement: Mr. Rawitzer had a bottle of prozoid, used as a germicide, in the house, and a bottle of carbolic acid. He kept these in the garage so the baby would not get them. We think he accidentally got the wrong bottle.

Immediately on discovery of the body Dr. Roy A. Dodge, who has a cottage at Carter Lake club, was called. He found that Mr. Rawitzer had been dead for some time.

Mr. Rawitzer was 43 years of age and had been in business in Omaha thirty-five years. He was a member of the Commercial club, the Omaha Manufacturers' association, the Elks club, the Field club and was a Shriner and Scottish Rite Mason. He leaves a widow, who was Miss Nona Keeline of Council Bluffs, and five sons and a baby daughter. Albert H. Rawitzer, Jr., lives in Los Angeles, Cal., and the other sons reside in Omaha.

OMAHA BUSINESS MAN WHO TAKES HIS OWN LIFE.



ALBERT H. RAWITZER.

May Reimburse Hotel Man Who Prepares for Big Dinner

Proprietor Housfield of the Auburn Hotel, Auburn, Neb., is out about \$30 or more because the Omaha automobile golf fellowship bonstors did not get to Auburn at the intended time. The bonstors were washed out and the tourists charged their course from Beatrice. Previously they had ordered dinner at this hotel at Auburn. The hotel prepared for a big dinner. Through a mistake the hotel keeper was not properly notified in the morning that the route of the crowd had been changed. Much of the dinner had been prepared necessarily was wasted. The Omaha Commercial club has sent to Auburn for a definite statement of what was lost and the intention is to reimburse the hotel keeper for it.

INDIAN DANCES AND RITES

Peculiar Expressions of Mock Terror and High Glee Among the Participants.

For several years Alanson Skinner of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, has been conducting expeditions among the Indians of the north-west, having visited the tribes of the Cree, the Ojibway, and the Menominee. He is now organizing another expedition, and will set out soon to continue his work of exploration and research among tribes of the northwest in the interests of the museum.

A report of his work in the field last summer, including descriptions of the various ceremonials, dances, and customs of the Indians of the northwest, has been published recently by the museum. Much of the data was obtained from Indians among whom were Charlie Assiniboine, Chief Walter, Jacob Bear and Andrew Bear, Spotted One and Four Clouds.

The collector of Indian data and trophies was initiated into the famous ceremony of the Medicine Lodge, which is practiced by the Menominee and other tribes of the northwest. The dances and ceremonies described by Mr. Skinner include the Windigoan, or cannibal dance; the Big Dogs dance, the prairie chicken, the sacred pipestem, and the peacemaking dance.

"Certain men used to dream of pawk, a skeleton being, with glaring eyes," Mr. Skinner says, "which was sometimes seen flitting through the air, and obtained from him the right to be Windigoan or cannibal dancers."

"Such a man made for himself a costume of rags with a hideous mask having an enormous, crooked, beak-like nose. The whole being daubed with paint. He also provided himself with a feathered staff hung with deer's hoof rattles. After a council the Indians agreed to perform this dance, although it was very unusual."

"A man's dance was held, and just at dusk, when the dance was started in the log cabin used for that purpose, three dancers were seen approaching. One bore a cane ornamental with owl feathers and down, and others carried green branches with strips of colored cloth tied to them. As they drew near they paused, danced in a circle, performed ludicrous gyrations, appeared to be terrified at stumps, fled from dogs, and were overcome at faces made by bystanders."

"At the conclusion of their antics the people came forward and gave them tobacco with prayers for good luck. The clowns accepted the tobacco with pantomimes of terror. They then pretended to smell the gift, and as each for himself was sure that it was a morsel of the precious wood he bent backward and forward, shaking with guffaws. According to tradition, whatever they were told not to do that they straightway did. Afterward they withdrew, but paused long enough for a photograph. The costumes are now in the museum."

The Wettigokan dance is another one in the series described by Mr. Skinner. "According to Four Clouds, when all the people camped together some one might announce that he would make a Wettigokan dance, so a tent was set up in the center of the camp, apparently in imitation of a soldier's lodge, and before it was placed a rod thickly hung with antelope hoofs or red claws," Mr. Skinner says.

The maker of the ceremony, who was always a man who had dreamed he had the right to do so, set about making for himself a suit of grotesque clothes and a mask with a very long nose and small eyes and mouth. When the costume was completed he donned it and began to sneak about the camp peering into lodges. If he found a man at home he would enter and point at him with his staff, and that man was then obliged to rise and join him."

Other ceremonies recorded are the big dog's dance, the dancers carrying bone whistles and little painted sticks with beaded streamers and brass jinglers pendant; the round dance, a popular performance, in which the participants dance in a circle around a large drum; the horse dance, the "throwing way dance," introduced by the government; the sacred pipestem dance, given before going to war, and the peacemaking dance, with lighted pipes and song.—New York Times.

Join the Swappers' Club. Membership free. Call at Bee office.

"TEMPEST" FOR WELLESLEY

Shakespeare's Play Given for Benefit of the College Fund.

IS STAGED IN HANSCOM PARK

Open Air Performance Satisfactory in Every Detail and is Enjoyed by a Large Audience.

The Social Settlement Dramatic club gave an outdoor performance of Shakespeare's Tempest for the benefit of the endowment and restoration fund of Wellesley college at Hanscom park last night before a large audience which fully appreciated both the drama and the acceptable conditions under which it was produced. The same production was given a short time ago at the Brandeis theater, but those who saw it both there and last night in the open, agreed that the open air performance was the better.

The play, which was under the direction of Miss Mary Irene Wallace, was staged in the southwestern corner of the park where the sloping hills form a very natural amphitheater. No trouble was experienced in hearing the players and the lighting effects were excellent, so that it was easy to see every move of the actors. Several other Shakespearean plays have been given at Hanscom park before, but this is the first time the Tempest has been played.

Sponsors for Performance. The Wellesley alumni who encouraged the performance are: Mesdames James C. Dahlman, A. C. McClure, John A. McCague and Christie; Misses Lydia McCague, Corinne Searle, Gretchen McConegan, Gertrude Schermerhorn, Nona Fritchard, May Somers, Ora Ambler, Eunice Fritchard, Edith Fitchkiner, Alice Buchanan, Myrtle Busk and Claudia Galloway. The cast: Alonso, king of Naples... Thomas Craig Sebastian, his brother... Tom Berry Prospero, the rightful duke of Milan... Antonio, his brother... Ray Corley Ferdinand, son of the king of Naples... Duke of Milan... James Ostrom Gonnalo, an honest old counselor... Charles Stenoka Francisco, lord of the island... John Chisborad Caliban, a savage and deformed slave... John Chisborad Ariel, a spirit... Mamie Lank Isle Trinculo, a jester... Anselm Cerny Stephano, a drunken butler... W. F. Sadi Miranda, daughter of Prospero... Avilda Moore Elves, fairies, nymphs, reapers. Scene—An enchanted isle.

GRATITUDE WITH BARK ON

Heroic Rescue of Chicago Lawyer and the Subsequent Proceedings.

The group at the club were telling of strange adventures which they had encountered or heard about in various parts of the world.

"But the most horrible experience of all," said the baldheaded man, "is to be mired in a quicksand, feeling yourself slip inch by inch, deeper and deeper, powerless to escape, while you watch a rising tide come rolling toward you."

"The crowd all shuddered. "How did you finally get out?" asked the man with a dyed mustache.

"Oh, I wasn't I, but I saw the whole thing," replied the baldhead. "I was with a surveying party down on the coast of the Gulf of California. There was a Chicago lawyer with us who had come down to look at some mining claims. He separated from us. We went back to look for him. After a while we heard him yelling—such shrieks as you would not think could come from a human being. There he was, sunk to his armpits and the tide within a few feet of him. And we all knew it was certain death for any man to go out to help him."

"But you did not leave him there to die?" gasped the man with the dyed mustache.

"No; we got him out. There was an Arizona cowboy with us and he threw a rope over the fellow's shoulders. We had to draw him nearly 300 feet before he got solid footing."

The crowd all looked relieved.

"But the queerest part of it all was the self-possession that the man showed as soon as he found he was safe," resumed the story-teller.

"What did he do?" eagerly asked the man with the dyed mustache.

"Why, he told the cowboy that it was assault and battery, punishable by two years' imprisonment, to lasso a man with a rope, and proposed that the rescue pay him \$10 as a retainer to defend him from the charge. The man was a Chicago lawyer, you know."—Buffalo Express.

Unappreciated Consolation. "I'm afraid," said the general manager of the "glittering array of gorgeous splendor," when they had pulled him out of the wreck, "that the show is ruined."

"Don't be discouraged," replied the head ringmaster. "We may be able to straighten things up sufficiently to go on giving performances."

"No, there's no chance. Luck been against me all season. I give up. Look at the lion's cage over there. Smashed all to nothing and poor old Leo as dead as a last year's best seller."

"But the elephants are all right, most of the horses have been saved and not a performer has been hurt. The wreck isn't half as bad as it looks."

"Say, confound you, maybe you don't know that the circus insured for \$25,000 more than it's worth."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Pointed Paragraphs. A street car runs twice as fast when you are trying to catch it as it does after you have caught it.

When a young man mixes rye with his wild oats he gets a crop! But a girl doesn't mind having red hair unless nature so endowed her.

An ounce of prevention may not be worth a pound of cure, but it costs less.

An easy feat to put one's foot in it when one attempts to stand on one's dignity.

Of course there is no fool killer. If there were the world would have been depopulated long ago.

This institution is the only one in the central west with separate buildings situated in their own ample grounds, yet entirely distinct, and rendering it possible to classify cases. The one building being fitted for and devoted to the treatment of non-contagious and non-mental diseases, no others being admitted; the other Rest Cottage being designed for and devoted to the exclusive treatment of select mental cases requiring for a time watchful care and special nursing.

HONOR GRADUATE OF SOUTH OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL



Emily Nystrom

BRIEF CITY NEWS

Electric Fans—Burgess-Graden Co. Bath, fitted, moved to 1804 Farnam.

Have Boot Print It—Now Beacon Press. Life Monthly Income—Gould, Bee Bldg.

Fidelity Storage & Van Co. Doug. 1519.

When you know gas lighting you prefer it. Omaha Gas Co., 1509 Howard St.

Dr. You to Go on Vacation—Dr. Claude T. Uren will leave Omaha Sunday for a month's vacation in the Black Hills.

Civil Service Exams—Civil service examination for the position of immigrant inspector will be held at the federal building on June 17.

Creighton Men Banquet Monday—Twenty-five members of the 1913 class of the college of arts of Creighton university will hold their annual reunion banquet at Hotel Rome Monday evening.

Baby Girl at Kisser Home—A bouncing, eight-pound baby girl has arrived at the home of Henry F. Kisser, prominent Omaha book man. Both mother and baby are reported as doing splendidly.

Darnell Bound Over—Charles M. Darnell, charged with sending obscene matter through the mails to his former wife, waived hearing before United States Commissioner Herbert S. Daniel and was bound over to the grand jury under a \$500 bond of \$500.

Pointed Paragraphs. Some bill collectors are as hard to shake as a guilty conscience.

An ideal husband and an ideal wife are seldom married to each other.

However, a girl never breaks into the splinter class until she gets angry when called one.

Only a fool man would think of judging a woman's cooking by the apologies she makes for it.

SAFE PIANO BUYING

Whatever piano you buy, whether high priced or low priced, you do not want to buy anything without first seeing the Steinway. Remember that seeing costs nothing and is essential to a wise purchase. If you want the best piano made you must come here for it for we are sole agents for the matchless Steinway pianos in the state of Nebraska and Western Iowa. If you want the best piano value at moderate cost you will come here for it for we have pianos at \$125, \$150, \$190 and so on up. Each one chosen by expert knowledge from the whole field as being best worth its price, and our guarantee stands back of every one sold. Here you find safe buying. Only one price, accommodating terms or your money back if you want it. Notice our rare bargains in Player values and Pianos returned from rental, from Schools, Conservatories and private families. These instruments are all worth double the money but we must move them regardless of cost because we need the room for large shipments of new instruments now in transit.



Table listing piano models and prices: \$250 Chase and Baker Player, now \$50; \$250 Pianola Player, now \$75; \$350 Angolus Player, now \$100; \$450 Mahogany Player Piano, now \$225; \$300 Majestic Electric Piano, now \$225; \$550 Schubert Player Piano, now \$225; \$650 Berty-Wood Electric Piano, now \$300; \$900 Welte Mignon Electric Player, now \$500; \$850 A. B. Chase Baby Grand, now \$375; \$275 Davis & Sons, now \$118; \$400 Ivers & Pond Upright, now \$135; \$300 Mahogany Upright, now \$145; \$375 Malcolm Love, Mahogany case, now \$155; \$350 Hampton, Mahogany case, now \$175; \$425 Steger, Walnut case, now \$225; \$450 Dull finish Mahogany Patent Grand, now \$185; \$450 Steger, Oak case, now \$185; \$500 Vose & Sons, Oak case, now \$195.

We are the only representatives for new Steinway, Weber, Hardman, Emerson, Steger & Sons, McPhail, Lindeman & Sons and Schmolzer & Mueller Pianos and the Acolian Company's full line of Pianola Player Pianos in Nebraska and western Iowa, and guarantee to save the customer a handsome profit on any instrument of guaranteed value. You are cordially invited to pay us a visit of inspection without obligation to purchase. Beautiful pianos for rent \$3.50 per month and up. Six months rental allowed if purchased. Now is the time to investigate—for our prices were never so low and our terms never more favorable. Write for free catalogue, prices and full information about our special offerings to June buyers.

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CANT GET PRESENTS BACK

Feminine Court and Legal Court Hand Two Sets of Mittens to One Man.

Old-fashioned lawyers used to say that under our laws women had more privileges and fewer responsibilities than anybody except babies. Not content with that, Justice Rosenthal has announced, in the sixth municipal court of New York, a doctrine which extends with the spirit of the new feminism. Under this ruling a woman is free to take all the presents she can get from a man and then hold on to them when she "shakes" him for somebody else.

The case was unusual because few men care to take to court such a grievance as that of Joseph A. Dunn, the plaintiff in the action before Justice Rosenthal. Mr. Dunn had been paying such attentions to a young woman as commonly precede an engagement. In the course of that devotion he had made handsome presents of jewelry and spent money with a lavishness peculiar to love's young dream.

When he came to propose, however, the girl refused him, and, in his anger, Dunn totted up his gifts to a total of \$296, and brought suit for the sum. The justice has a high idea of the cash value of sentiment. He told Dunn that one kiss was worth \$296, that he had been amply paid

for his expenditure by the company of the girl at dances and theaters, and that he had no case. The decision will be received with acclaim in diverse feminine circles. Justice Rosenthal may consider himself lucky, indeed, if the chorus girls do not insist on setting up his statue in Long Acre square. He has raised the morality of the lobster palaces to the dignity of a judicial precedent.—Brooklyn Eagle.

MIGHTY FACTORS IN WAR GAME

Some Reflections on Army Guns Prompted by Death of Noted Inventor.

The cable has brought from Europe news of the death, at Stuttgart, Germany, at the age of 73 years, of Peter Paul von Mauser, inventor of the rifle bearing his name. Von Mauser manufactured this weapon in great numbers, and several nations have been armed with it. It is only one of several, however, that should acknowledge the Dreyse name as its forerunner. With the invention of the needle gun, which raised Prussia from the deepest humiliation to be the dominant military power of Europe, is a rare chapter of romance. In the year 1806, John Nicholas Dreyse, a Prussian lad, 13 years old, a locksmith, chanced upon the field of Jena. The battle had just been fought. The field was covered with the Prussian dead. As he walked among his dead countrymen he picked up and examined the musket with which they had been sent out to wage hopeless combat with Napoleon's veterans. It was the poorest musket in Europe. He resolved that he could amend that weapon. And in his purpose lay the destiny of Germany and France.

Dreyse took his way to Paris and found employment in the workshop of a Swiss gunmaker named Paul, who was then experimenting upon a breech-loading musket, the suggestion of the great Napoleon. The musket made by Paul was unsatisfactory and never came into use. Had it been perfect Napoleon would have had Europe at his feet. With the closing of the Napoleonic wars came the invention of the percussion cap. Dreyse turned his attention to this improvement. He was still at work on the idea of a breech-loading rifle. At last, in 1825, he succeeded in constructing the breech-loading needle-gun. It was approved by the Prussian government and Dreyse entered upon its manufacture. It was first brought into action against the Danes in 1849—fifty years ago, and proved to be satisfactory. Two years later the terrible rapid fire of Dreyse's needle-gun in a campaign of seven days conquered Austria, and in 1871 vanquished her ancient enemy, France, and returned to the fatherland the two provinces of Alsace and Lothringen.—Indianapolis News.

Buffalo Bill, with Sells-Floto, to Be in Omaha June 30

Circus is coming! Circus is coming! with its roaring lions its hissing tigers, its hurrying, rushing workmen, its clowns, its blood-sweating behemoths—

(Correction: This is the truthful story, written by a truthful press agent concerning the truthful coming of a truthful circus, and, therefore, the word "behemths" should be used in the singular and not the plural. In fact, that's the expression used by everyone who stops in front of the "Big Top" wagon, where the amphibian is kept—"How singular!")

But that has nothing to do with the story. The real fact is that Tuesday, June 30, there will arrive in Omaha the Sells-Floto circus and Buffalo Bill (himself) for a one day's engagement at Twenty-first and Paul streets. And when the show comes here it will present an attraction a bit different from the usual "greatest collection, ladies-s-a-s-a-gents-s-a-s, of curiosities ever perpetrated beneath one canvas-s-a-s" for in addition to a larger circus than ever before, the Sells-Floto show also will present Buffalo Bill (himself) and the cream of the Wild West show that once was his.

And that means that Indians and clowns, cowboys and "beautiful ladies on horseback," contortionists and tick ropers, broncho-busters and tight-rope walkers will all be there in one great mixture of happiness. And, of course, there are elephants and camels and horses and soldiers and clowns and lions and tigers and all the other things that are so necessary to a circus.

There is to be a parade, of course, when the circus comes, and that will traverse the downtown streets at 10:30 o'clock on circus morning. More than that, it will be led by Buffalo Bill (himself). The circus, in spite of the additions that have been made, still adheres to the usual price of 25 cents for general admission.

FRATTLE OF THE KIDDIES.

Little Willie—Say, Nettie, what is short-cake?

Small Nettie—Any kind of cake that doesn't go round.

Teacher—Now, Lola, can you tell me from what animal we get the milk we use?

Little Lola—We get what we use from the milkman.

"What is light?" queried the teacher of the juvenile class.

"Nearly everything we buy from our grocer, papa says," replied the small boy at the foot.

Bobbie—Don't you feel tired, Mr. Bible?

Guest—No, Bobbie. Why do you ask?

Bobbie—Cause pa said he met you last night and you were carrying an awful load.

Little Leander—Say, grandpa, give me a penny, will you?

Grandpa—Why, Leander, you are too old to be begging for pennies.

Little Leander—Yes, grandpa. Make it a dime, please.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, Emil, can you tell me what the parable of the prodigal son teaches us?

Emil—Yes, ma'am. It teaches us that it pays better to be a prodigal son than a fattened calf.

One evening the mother of a small miss, aged 5, said: "I see that you are yawning. It's time you were in bed."

"Oh, that wasn't a yawn, mamma," replied Grace. "I was merely practicing a new kind of smile."

A benevolent old gentleman, seeing a little tot weeping, went up to it and said: "Now be a good boy and stop your crying."

"I can't!" sobbed the child.

"But why can't you?"

"I can't."

"Well, here's a penny; tell me why you can't be a good boy and stop crying."

"Cause I'm a girl."

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