REDMOND SCORES ANOTHER VICTORY

Secures Delay of Final Action on Budget Till Winter Session of House.

STILL RULES SITUATION

Meanwhile Conference Between British Party Leaders on Lords' Veto Hangs Fire and Outcome Seems Very Doubtful.

BY T. P. O'CONNOR.
(Special cable to The Chicago Tribune. Copyright, 1910, by The Tribune Company.)

LONDON, July 2.—Redmond scored again last week. I have pointed to the difficulty of his voting for the budget while the conference on the veto bill was proceeding, and the veto struggle held up for weeks. Redmond once more was face to face with the same perplexing situation as he was some months ago, namely, the impossibility of reconciling Ireland to the acceptance of the budget until Ireland was convinced that a strenuous and hopeful campaign against the House of Lords was given as compensation.

With the veto guns silenced for the moment by the conference, and the budget with no relief on the whisky tax coming on immediately, the situation for some days of last week was decidedly menacing. If the government had insisted on proceeding through all the stages of the budget and at the same time had indefinitely prolonged the conference and the pause in the veto fight, Redmond would have been obliged to vote against the budget and destroy the budget and the government.

Winter Session Clears Situation.

Such a step, though inevitable, must also have brought some grave calamities, such as the postponement of the fight against the Lords, the postponement of home rule, the exasperation of the Liberals and therefore the creation of two anti-Irish parties in British politics instead of one.

There were accordingly many anxious hours for Redmond last week, but the situation was enormously cleared. Asquith's promise of a Winter session, coupled with a postponement of the later stages of the budget to these sittings, leaves Redmond master of the situation.

By the time the Winter sittings begin, one of two things will have happened. Either the government and the Tories will have agreed to compromise on the veto or the conference will have broken up and the veto fight once more will be raging with the old fury. If the government makes a compromise hostile to home rule Redmond can defeat the budget and overthrow the government. If the government enters once more into a courageous fight against the Lords, Irish opinion will back Redmond in swallowing the budget as Ireland's price for a real fight against the Lords and for home rule.

Redmond Coming to America.

An incidental advantage of the Winter sittings is that Redmond, Devlin and Boyle, who will go on an American tour beginning with the Buffalo convention, can remain four to six weeks in America, where all indications reaching us promise a most fruitful campaign.

Though the prospects therefore are now enormously brighter than last week, Redmond's difficulties are not entirely removed. Lloyd-George made an enormous blunder in yielding to the clamor of the ultra-temperance party and the renewing of the whisky tax. The results on the Irish whisky trade will be serious, though greatly exaggerated, and O'Brien and Healy will make this tax a weapon with which to attack Redmond, but this game was tried in the Spring and ended in a hopeless failure, and the faction is dying hourly in volume.

O'Brien's insane speeches and his open alliance with the Tories are driving the people from his ranks and Healy is doomed in Louth. In addition, the temperance movement in Ireland has made such gigantic strides in the last two years that the anti-whisky sentiment will largely discount the sentiment against the whisky tax.

Conference Situation Doubtful.

The conference situation still is mysterious and nebulous. The general impression is that it must end in a failure. This was reflected in the widespread rumor that the conference already had burst up. The impatience among the Radicals also has reached such a high point that a written remonstrance would have been presented to Asquith if the soothing tongue of the Master of Elibank, the chief Liberal whip, had not calmed the mutineers.

The result of all this pressure must be to hurry up the conference and strengthen the Liberal negotiators against any weak concessions to the Tories. Winston Churchill still speaks hopefully of the possibility of a compromise in conference, and the two successes of the Liberals in two recent by-elections will help the Liberals and weaken the Tories. In any case, however, Redmond's success in getting the Winter sittings has pleased the Radicals as much as the Irish. Once again Redmond has shown himself the real leader of the English Radicals and has made the Radical as well as the Irish tactics win.

Progressive Hopes High.

Thus the week which began in gloom and uncertainty ends in energy, confidence and a closer union of the English and Irish progressive forces and the near future promises either the acceptance by the Tories of some compromise which will give the Liberals and Irish most of what they want or an immediate and more violent renewal of the campaign against the present powers of the House of Lords.

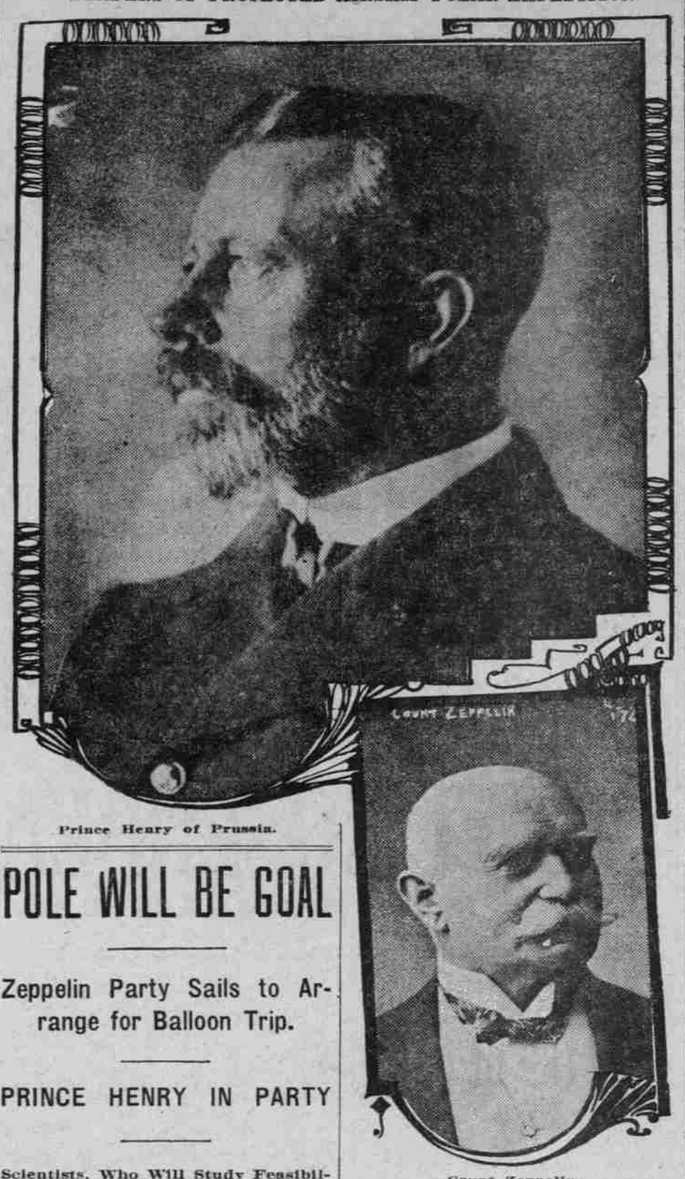
Town to Celebrate Railway.

SPRINGFIELD, Or., July 2.—When the Springfield bridge is completed and the Portland, Eugene & Eastern sends its first car into Springfield, it is planned to hold a big celebration to commemorate the coming of the first street railway. The bridge will probably be completed by September 20.

Germany Tries Out War Dirigibles.

POSEN, Prussia, July 2.—Military aeronautic maneuvers on the most extensive scale began here today and will continue throughout the month. They are being carried on by trained army aeronauts. All the types of dirigibles, aeroplanes and special balloons will be utilized.

LEADERS OF PROJECTED AIRSHIP POLAR EXPEDITION.



Prince Henry of Prussia.

Count Zeppelin.

POLE WILL BE GOAL

Zeppelin Party Sails to Arrange for Balloon Trip.

PRINCE HENRY IN PARTY

Scientists, Who Will Study Feasibility of Voyage, in View of Polar Conditions, Are Included in Company.

KIEL, Germany, July 2.—With a view of determining the practicability of the voyage to the North Pole by airship, which Count von Zeppelin is said to be determined to take if he can obtain any assurances that it has a reasonable chance of success, a party of notable men left today on the Mainze for Spitzenbergen.

Prince Henry of Prussia leads the expedition, and accompanying him are several scientists, chosen especially for their knowledge of polar conditions. They will consider all the possibilities, as well as the difficulties, of the journey through the air, and if their report is favorable they will make preliminary arrangements for the trip, the final start on which will be made as soon as possible.

Count von Zeppelin is getting old, and he is impatient to be off on his perilous journey. He is a soldier by instinct and the adventurous spirt that made him a soldier in the American Civil War does not abate. He is not daunted by recent reverses and is said to have said that he sees no reason why, with a fair start, he should not go to the North Pole and make a safe return, thus being the first explorer to achieve so important a distinction through the medium of the air.

The party will investigate the facilities for establishing a plant to equip the Count's balloon and on the return voyage, if one is made, will carry not only one of the strongest dirigible balloons ever made, but all the apparatus needed for its reproduction, if necessary, and will also have a generating plant for gas.

This will be the first effort to find the Pole by balloon since the expedition of the ill-fated Andree, of whom no news ever has come.

James Kennedy Dies in Hospital.

NEW YORK, July 2.—James Kennedy, known to sporting men all over the United States, died of pneumonia in Roosevelt Hospital here this week. He was 68 years old, and leaves an estate worth over $500,000. Many of his old associates and friends learned with surprise today that just before going to the hospital, he had been married. His widow was formerly a nurse. The pair met in the West and were married two weeks ago.

Mr. Kennedy was taken seriously ill at Hot Springs, two months ago, and came East on the advice of his physicians three weeks ago.

OREGON CITY YOUNG WOMAN ELECTED GODDESS OF LIBERTY FOR FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

Miss Letha Jackson.

OREGON CITY, Or., July 2.—(Special.)—Miss Letha Jackson is the successful contestant for Goddess of Liberty, and will preside at the celebration in Oregon City next Monday. When the final count was made this morning Miss Jackson had 25,090 votes, and Miss Clara Fields was a close second with 23,830. Much interest was taken in the contest, which lasted several weeks, and the Fourth of July committee is $668 to the good as a result. Miss Jackson is one of the most popular young women in the city, and will make an ideal Goddess of Liberty.

CATHOLICS RESENT INSULT

Cardinal Logue Writes Regarding Oath King Must Take.

LONDON, July 2. — (Special.) — The following letter from Cardinal Logue on the subject of the King's Accession Declaration appears in the Tablet:

"I beg to say that I have on a former occasion expressed in very strong terms my views regarding the declaration which is forced upon the King by a law passed in an age of intolerance and persecution.

"Though I think it needless to repeat those terms, I still believe they are justified by the wanton insult which the declaration in question heaps upon Catholics.

"It is hard to see why, of all the King's subjects, Catholics alone should be selected as the objects of indignities and insults, or why their most sacred beliefs should be held up to reprobation. It seems the higher legal authorities hold that the declaration as it stands is not only unnecessary, but even useless for the object for which it was meant. This renders the offense to Catholic feelings the more wanton and unjustifiable. I think, moreover, that some clauses of this declaration are little less offensive to his Majesty the King than they are to Catholics.

They seem to treat the ruler of a great empire as if he were a slippery trickster who would endeavor by equivocation or a secret arrangement with the Pope to mislead his subjects and tamper with the sanctity of an oath. The wording as it stands is far from complimentary to either the King or the Pope."

SPAIN HAS MANY PLOTS

Alfonso Learns New Game While Dangers Multiply.

MADRID, July 2. — Special.) — Though Queen Victoria Eugenie is leaving for England for a change of air in the Isle of Wight it seems unlikely that King Alfonso will get away this Summer.

So disturbed are conditions in Spain just now that he is wanted at the center of things, but he is glad enough to arrange for the Queen to be outside the danger zone. Republicans and anarchists are alike plotting and the police are making almost as many reports of alleged regicide schemes as Sultan Abdul Hamid's secret agents used to present at Yildiz Kiosk.

But Alfonso is of different caliber to Abdul Hamid. He thrives on danger. To while away the time he brought back with him from London a month ago a whole array of playing cards designed for a new variety of "patience," that took his fancy in the British capital. With these he is making the best of dull times at home in Spain.

FINAL COOKING LESSON.

Miss Tracy's cooking school, at Christensen Hall, Eleventh and Yamhill streets, will close Tuesday, July 5, with a lesson on fancy pastry. Beginning Thursday, July 7, Miss Tracy will give a series of lectures at Woodmen Hall, East Alder and Sixth streets. The Portland Gas & Coke Company, which organized the cooking school conducted by Miss Tracy, is anxious its East Portland patrons may have the benefit of Miss Tracy's instruction at a convenient location and have therefore engaged Woodmen Hall, where Miss Tracy will lecture each Tuesday and Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. These lessons will be free to the public, and will, no doubt, be taken advantage of by the housewives of East Portland, as well as the young ladies now free from school duties.

RENO DRAWS MEN OF LITERARY FAME

Rex Beach Acclaims John L. Sullivan as Dean of American Letters.

TWO CHAMPIONS COMPARED

Jeffries and Johnson Form Strong Contrast—Vast Sum Will Be Won Even by Loser of Titanic Battle on July 4.

(Continued From First Page.)

sporting writers are so feebly represented. I lament at the absence of "Walloping" Dean Howells, of New England. He may not possess the literary style of a Joe Choynski or an Abe Attell, but he has a certain following, nevertheless. And "Battling" Henry James, the Devonshire demon. Why did not some enterprising editor commission him to write the story of this fight? His diction is stilted, perhaps, and lacking in the fluent ease and grace of Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, but he is entitled to be heard.

It is discouraging, to say the least, for us fagged-out authors who burn the midnight welsbach in a ceaseless sordid effort to make wolf poison and forestall the landlord when we realize that we have missed the short cut to fame and glory. To the youthful aspirant for literary honors I recommend roadwork and dumb-bells instead of rhetoric and English, the doeskin glove in place of the calfskin binding. And should the climb to Mount Parnassus seem long and arduous, let him find comfort in the meditation that even Tom Sharkey was once a sailor.

Army of Fans Gathers.

But I do not wish to give the impression that Reno is purely a literary center. Far from it. The sweet and gentle art of harmony is represented here. The realm of music has sent a representative to the fight in the person of the world's champion Marathon piano player, who boasts of raising teased melody from a piano for 61 consecutive hours without leaving his seat. And in addition to these men of prominence, an army of unknowns is rapidly gathering. They come tripping forth from Pullmans, day coaches and smokers; they come tumbling down from flat-topped boxcars or creeping forth from between the trucks, their faces black with dust, their bodies scarred by the print of brakebeams. They are coming from England and Hawaii, from Australia and Alaska, in special trains and side-door steppers, but whether they chance to be globetrotters or grangers, home bodies or hobos, gentlemen or grafters, they are all red-blooded, full-fashioned men with the age-old primitive love of fighting in their veins.

There are no mollycoddles in Reno this night.

The eve of the greatest battle of the century finds this little frontier city packed and jammed by an eager, optimistic, healthy breed of men, who, on Monday, will file out through the heat and glare and dust to a great unpainted open-air arena, there to offer homage on the altar of individual excellence. And should next Monday prove that their country was in peril and in need of them to safeguard her honor, these same men would go forth willingly, gaily to do her service, even at the cost of blood. It was men like these and like their less fortunate brothers who will follow the fight story as it comes flashing over the wires, who opened their veins at Shiloh or went roaring down to death and glory across the field of Gettysburg. These are the men our forefathers bred in the wilderness, these are the men who make nations. In Reno tonight there are few weaklings.

Great Prize Is at Stake.

Now that we have seen something of what this battle means to the American man, let us look for an instant at what it signifies to the contestants. I am informed that instead of fighting for a purse of $101,000, as previously announced, there will be offered at the ringside on Monday a bonus of $10,000 to each participant in addition to the original sum. With 75 per cent of the purse as the winner's share and 25 per cent for the loser's portion, here is what victory will mean in cold dollars and cents. To Jeffries it will mean $75,750, purse money and $10,000 bonus, which, added to $66,666, the sum for which he sold his interest in the pictures, will bring him a total of $152,416, if he proves the better man. In that case Johnson, who sold his picture rights for $50,000, will receive, in addition to that sum, $25,250 as his share of the purse, plus $10,000 bonus, a total of $85,250, rather a substantial and soul-easing balm to a defeated warrior, particularly inasmuch as he, like Jeffries, has already made the cost of his training expenses from preliminary exhibitions. On the other hand, should the Texas assassin overwhelm his antagonist, he will net the tidy sum of $145,750, while the Redwood giant will be forced to content himself with a meager $101,916—great figures, truly.

Sir Henry Morgan and his buccaneers sacked the City of Panama and laid waste the seat of Spanish culture in New Granada for a sum scarcely greater. In those days a gentle and peace-loving people were driven into bondage and oceans of blood were spilled in the name of the Church and his Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain. Today the church and the clergy inveigh against the Reno battle, where a descendant of slaves, a man freed from a race of burden-bearers, will stand forth as the equal of his white brother, and where less than a pint of gore will flow.

Love of Skill Attracts.

It seems to me that all this clamor against prizefighting arises from a basic misapprehension of the motives that raised the sport to prominence. Those who assail it on the grounds of brutality and bestial depravity assume a false premise in their reasoning. People do not attend boxing exhibitions from gross Roman desire to see physical punishment inflicted or to glory at the painful impact of padded glove on naked flesh. In describing a contest of this sort once before, I called attention to the fact that it was not the effect of blows that brought forth the deafening, hoarse-voiced roar from the multitude, but the skill and cunning behind it; the superlative mastery of an intricate science, requiring more daring, more courage, more brilliance than any other sport. The flower of our Nation will applaud a son or brother's portion in some gridiron maneuver that may chance to leave in its wake a writhing athlete, not out of cruelty, not from any desire to gloat upon misery, but from pure admiration of the game. We even have a President who loves to stand upon the side line.

These same people will cheer at a display of baseball brilliance, even though a runner spikes a baseman or sprains his ankle in sliding for the plate. College professors will hang over a chess board at some clash between celebrities, working themselves into a gentle, enthusiastic perspiration in following the hourly moves, but it is not the chagrin nor the mental anguish of the vanquished champion that causes them to applaud the final checkmate. And so it is with boxing, or prizefighting, if you choose to call it by that brutalizing title.

The other day I sat amid perhaps 500 men, women and children at Jeffries' outdoor training platform while he boxed. They were average people, those 500, come to see and admire the last thing in bodily perfection and, although the big fellow manhandled his opponents shamefully at times and they were frequently in distress when he solved their methods of defense and planted his hairy fist on jaw or body, we all applauded madly. His helpers were nice, pleasant men, much weaker and smaller than himself and, had he been ruled by anger instead of by a desire to perfect his science, we would have hissed him and fallen upon him bodily. But, as it was, we rejoiced at the privilege of witnessing so marvelous a display of cunning, agility and skill. We applauded the game.

Two Men Form Strong Contrast.

So much has been written regarding the physical condition of the two athletes, their personal peculiarities, mental qualities and so forth, that it is useless for me to go further with it. They are strongly contrasted, not only in build and color, but in disposition and social habits.

At Jeffries' quarters you behold a vine-embowered cottage, surrounded by a fence with a large readable sign, "Private. Keep Out," and inside the cottage there is silence, peace. He has the white man's sense of privacy.

At Rick's roadhouse, where Johnson lives, you find yourself in a honky-tonk. A pair of muscular pianists and a fiddler poison the air with ragtime, there are two roulette tables going constantly, drunken men abound. The rooms, the porches, the yards are packed with all classes and conditions of people. They elbow their way upstairs to the quarters of "Li'l Artha," they pinch his muscles and prod him in the ribs to discover his condition. When he moves, he sweeps a retinue with him. His managers whisper him to death, apparently, and yet he remains serene, smiling, unconcerned through all the distracting bedlam.

I have a mental photograph of the distorted remains of the stranger who would presume to thrust a curious finger into Jeffries' ribs.

Jeff Ignores Governor.

Johnson is never so serious as when he stands like an ebony statue beside his bass viol. Jeff becomes a beaming boy only when he grasps a bamboo fishing rod. When Jeffries was introduced to Governor Dickerson, the big Californian rose slowly from his bench and shook hands with a mumbled greeting, then reseated himself with his back to his distinguished visitor and began playing with a fox terrier, completely ignoring the chief executive of the state. He has been known to carry unopened letters for days before bothering to read them, and not until his pockets became bulged to bursting would he consent to run them over. To demonstrate further, on one occasion he was handed a telegram which he regarded heavily for some time, turning it about as if to recognize the handwriting, muttering, "Humph, I wonder who that's from?" Finally, giving up his idle speculation, he thrust it carelessly into his pocket with the words, "Well, I'll open it tomorrow." He abhors an audience and will allow a hundred correspondents to cool their heels outside his quarters hour after hour without going to the pains of informing them whether he will work or fish that day. He is truly regal in his disregard for others.

Johnson, on the contrary, is ever obliging and, should his plans be suddenly changed, will put himself out to send a messenger into town to forestall an idle trip of the newspaper men. He reads his mail also, and books as well. The other day I saw a strange picture. He stood beside a roulette table in the parlor of his training quarters, hedged about by serried ranks of wide-eyed spectators and, while he laid his money down to bait the imp of chance, he held two volumes jealously beneath his arm. When he mounted to his rooms later he took them with him. I read the title on each and was amazed to find it "A History of the Warfare of Modern Science and Theology."

When these two gladiators step to the center of the ring on Monday afternoon they will represent not only the highest physical types of their respective races, but also two utterly different and distinctive patterns of the human animal. The outcome of their bickering is bound to be of surpassing interest.

Tex Rickard Wins Admiration.

But there is one other big figure who will stalk through this drama on Independence day, and while countless reams of paper have been devoted to the actual contestants, no one has thought to describe Tex Rickard in a human way. Nevertheless, he is bigger than either of the other men, and has ever been the object of a certain admiration on my part. We met first 12 years ago in a little Yukon mining camp, when the first snows of the Arctic Winter were sweeping down upon us. He was a quiet, frank-faced, youthful chap, with a keen, dark eye and a mouth ready to curl in friendly smiles or tighten into ominous lines. His speech was quick and his tongue had the twist of a Texan cowboy. His hand was always open to grasp the palm of a friend distressed or to clench in defense of those he cared for. He had made and lost some $50,000 in the upper country the year before, but ate his meager ration of "pork bosom" and brown beans as cheerfully as the rest of us, who were likewise frowned upon by fortune.

When Spring came we both went to chopping cordwood to pay the fiddler. In the course of a few weeks he hewed out another fortune sufficient to take him to Nome and leave a bankable balance of $35, by which token I concede him to be a better axeman than I. He landed on the shores of Behring Sea 12 years ago next Monday with two ounces of dust in his "kick." Three months and 20 days later he sailed out with $40,000 in the purser's keeping. For the next five Summers he averaged close to $100,000 and grubstaked every broken "sour-dough" who came to him for help. Then, aspiring to a metropolitan existence, he journeyed forth to Seattle, where he lost it all.

Fortune Made and Lost.

When the first news of Goldfield wandered forth across the desert, he traced it back immediately, landing among the scattered shacks of that camp with his belongings in a bandana handkerchief. Before long there was another Northern saloon with Tex Rickard's name upon the signboard and in the wild days that followed the sawdust floor of his place was bed and lodging for the homeless hundreds who had gathered at the lure of gold. It was a hotel, a haven and a home for the hard-ridden of fortune. Those who wished to gamble and to drink were free to do so; those who lacked means to buy shelter from the deadly "poganip," or Winter fog, were welcome to its warmth. They slept back of the bar, beneath the crap tables or beside the stove.

In its brief span of life the Northern made a round million dollars profit and the money Tex did not give away he put into mines. He had gone East to sell out his properties and had a deal all but consummated for $500,000, when the panic came. When it had gone, he was broke again and doing his own assessment work. But the fates seem to joy in juggling with him. An unexpected option fell due and saved him from utter ruin, the money coming in during the last few days of grace. Times brightened, the pendulum swung slowly back, and Tex Rickard drew a full breath once more. He disposed of $15,000 worth of copper claims, his other interests became of value.

Had not Governor Gillett, of California, heeded the voice of the great minority and banished the Jeffries-Johnson fight to Reno, Tex would have reaped a quarter of a million profit from the contest. His arena was built to hold over $700,000 in paid admissions and it now looks as if an army would have clamored outside its closed gates when the gong sent forth its message. As it is, he will make a fortune and I admire his courage. He is still the same genial human soul he was when packing cordwood on the Yukon, his purse is open now as then to the needy, his hospitality as generous as when he spread the flaps of his little tent and bade the hungry "musher" share the contents of his frying-pan.

Titanic Struggle at Hand.

We are waiting here in the lull before the battle. Ere many hours we favored ones will witness a titanic struggle the like of which shook the crags and filled the frowning valleys with its clangor in the days before men wore clothes and learned to read and write. Two cave-men will give battle, but instead of rock and bludgeon being called to play a part with death as the price of defeat, the issue will be settled with padded mitts and the victor will annex a thing of letters to his name.

May the fight be waged in fairness is the simple wish of all of us. Should it prove by any chance that weak human nature has been corrupted by the taint of gold, the truth will leak out and we will be regretful. Should it prove to be a clean, manly struggle for supremacy, we will rejoice in acclaiming the victor, be he white or black, be he Jim or Jack. It will prove a spectacle to rouse the blood of any sane and healthy man. May the best one win, for physical prowess is too clean a thing to soil, pugilism is too great a sport to die.

Oxford Honors Won by Americans.

OXFORD, England, July 2.—Several American Rhodes scholars have received honors for the last collegiate year. F. W. Metzger, of Washington, takes first-class honors in school of jurisprudence; F. D. Griffiths, of California, F. E. Hohan, of Utah, and W. T. Stockton, of Florida, take second class, and R. E. Blake, of Tennessee, and S. H. Blalock, of Washington, third class. R. W. Burgess, of Rhode Island, took third class in school mathematics.

Special Announcement

Our Store Will Remain Closed All Day Monday, July 4th

Roberts Bros.
THIRD AND MORRISON

See Announcement in Tomorrow's Paper Our Great July Sale

Summer Goods Tuesday

H B Litt
Established 1879
351 Washington Street

Final Clearance Sale

Suits of Scotch Homespun, Basket Weaves, Shepherd Checks, Mannish Suitings, English Pencil Stripes, White Serges, Pongee, Tussor Shantung and Taffeta on sale as follows:

Formerly $60 to $75 At $41

Formerly $45 to $60 At $33

Formerly $35 to $45 At $24

Formerly $25 to $35 At $17

Linen Suits 1-4 Off

Odd Lines of Waists $2.75

Remainder of Our Hats at 2-3 Off

Dressmaking and Tailoring to Order

NO PAIN NO PAIN

No More Fear of the Dental Chair, Nor a High Dental Bill

CONTINUED LOW RATES FOR THIS MONTH

The teeth we are making without the old and clumsy plates are proving a winner, at a price that you will agree is satisfactory to you. It is what you want. No trouble to answer questions.

WHY PAY MORE?

Full Set, that fit.....$5.00
Gold Crown, 22K.....$3.50
Bridge Teeth, 22K.....$3.50
Gold Fillings $1.00
Silver Fillings 50c

If you are nervous or have heart trouble, the Electro Painless System will do the work when others fail. All work warranted ten years.

Bank reference. Open evenings and Sundays. Lady Attendant.

ELECTRO
PAINLESS DENTISTS
Corner Fifth and Washington, Across from Perkins Hotel.

DR. CHARLES FLESH FOOD THE GREAT BEAUTIFIER

is a sure remedy for Hollow Cheeks, a Scrawny neck, Thin Shoulders and Arms as well as "Crow's Feet" about the eyes and lines around the mouth.

FOR DEVELOPING THE BUST

and to restore those shrunken through nursing or sickness, making them plump and rounding them into a beautiful contour, nothing equals this wonderful preparation. ON SALE AT

The OWL DRUG CO.

FREE—Just send us your name and address plainly written and we will send you a small sample of our Flesh Food, together with our useful little book, "Art of Massage," which explains by illustrated lessons just how to care for your face and form.

DR. CHARLES FLESH FOOD CO.,
752 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Have Your Eyes Examined

now. You may not like glasses, but do you like red eye lids, headaches and wrinkles better? We fit glasses for comfort, rest and ease, and give each case our personal attention. Optics is our constant study and we take a personal interest in every case. Good work and low prices is our motto. Established 1896. No extra charge for our scientific examination.

DALLAS OPTICAL PARLORS
218-219 FAILING BLDG.,
Cor. Third and Washington Streets.
Second Floor. Take Elevator.