

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Sunday Bee, one year, \$2.50; Saturday Bee, one year, \$1.50; Daily Bee (without Sunday), one year, \$1.50; Daily Bee and Sunday, one year, \$3.50.

DELIVERED BY CARRIER. Evening Bee (without Sunday), per week, 10c; Evening Bee (with Sunday), per week, 15c; Daily Bee (including Sunday), per week, 15c; Daily Bee (without Sunday), per week, 10c.

OFFICES. Omaha—The Bee Building, South Omaha—Twenty-fourth and N. Council Bluffs—B Scott Street, Lincoln—611 Little Building, Chicago—524 Marquette Building, New York—Rooms 130-140 No. 34 West Thirty-third Street, Washington—22 Fourteenth Street, N. W.

COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO NEWS AND EDITORIAL MATTER SHOULD BE ADDRESSED: Omaha Bee, Editorial Department. REMITTANCES. Remit by draft, express or postal order payable to The Bee Publishing Company.

STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION. State of Nebraska, Douglas county, ss: George B. Tschuck, treasurer of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the actual number of full and complete copies of The Daily Morning, Evening and Sunday Bee printed during the month of September, 1910, was as follows:

Circulation table with columns for copies and totals. Total copies: 1,303,370. Returned Copies: 8,544. Net Total: 1,294,826.

GEO. B. TSCHUCK, Treasurer. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this thirtieth day of September, 1910.

M. B. WALKER, Notary Public.

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

Rebo has put the ban on gambling. G'wah!

King Ak-Sar-Ben is doing tolerably well, thank you.

Looks as if it were up to Edgar Howard to take the lid off.

The colonel certainly knew how to stack those Saratoga chips.

Lot us hope that "silence" degree is never applied at Wellesley.

Chinese Boxers are about to rise again. Make them take the count.

"Shall Texas be cut in two?" asks the St. Louis Times. No, shoot it up.

Chicago club women say they have found the milk in the coconuts. No taint.

The college yell with tiger appendage would be appropriate for Dr. Wilson's campaign.

Now that Governor Haskell and Lee O'Neill Browne have both been "vindicated," let the sleuths get after the rest.

The district court has resumed operations at the old stand. The mills of justice never complain about slack business.

Booker Washington has dined with the king of Denmark. The late Dr. Cook episode, however, "sorter" takes the edge of glamour off it.

David B. Hill has come back. What about Fingy Connors, the man who was tossed over the transom to make way for Dix as state chairman?

As between New Orleans and San Francisco the Commercial club is wavering. How happy 't would be if 't other dear lover were only away.

"What is a scavenger campaign?" asks a correspondent. That is a campaign in which democratic-corporation candidates are unmasked by republican newspapers.

We used to think when children that the nursery rhyme about the "Cow jumped over the moon" was a fable, but the price of meat today proves how wrong we were.

The second day's registration in Omaha proves to be much better than the first day's registration. It had to go it some better to insure a large part of our voters against being disfranchised.

David B. Hill, the plumed knight of democracy, with his "I am a democrat" feather in his hat, has awakened the ranks again in New York. Another hopeful sign for Stimson.

It seems that the doctor's name was originally Thomas Woodrow Wilson. His rise as a scholar was too rapid for the "Thomas," but now that he has come down to politics, what an asset just plain "Tom" would be.

In the success of Colonel Roosevelt at Saratoga the New York World sees the rise of the menacing nationalism, but in the absolutism of Boss Murphy at Rochester it refuses to see democracy's surrender to the corrupt powers and pretends to see something decent.

The Spirit of Democracy.

The revolution in Portugal is but a natural step in the progress of the human race toward the ultimate goal of popular self-government. It may be attributed in the local analysis to this cause or that, but in the end it comes back to the one fundamental fact that the people of Portugal have, like the people of empires through the ages, tired of proscriptive and determined to secure for themselves and their posterity a larger share in the blessings of government.

The example of America has borne its fruit. Assimilation of Europeans has had much to do with the progress of the principle of self-government abroad. Popular government is no longer a theory and these people are awake to that fact. The force of competition has brought them to a comparative study which has resulted vastly in favor of the newer form of authority. Measuring the success of the United States by the rule of Portuguese or Spanish progress has convinced them that there is something radically wrong with the principle of their government, something lacking which the sovereignty of a people possesses.

The throne of Lisbon may endure for years to come and it may not, but no matter, the fact that it totters is proof enough that this still leaven of popular rights, this spirit of democracy, is at work and it is but a matter of time until it comes forth in the fullness of its power, whether the form be that of a republic or not. It will not be a continuation long of present conditions. The fact that the army and navy are with the republicans in Portugal is important as indicating the character of this revolution.

Safety Appliances Imperative.

Railways—interurban lines, chiefly—and mines seem to be engaged in a grim struggle to destroy human life, for in the last two weeks the fatalities from both have come in quick succession. A morning dispatch tells of thirty-one lives snuffed out in a trolley car wreck and an afternoon report chronicles a mine explosion with seventy-two men entombed. These are the latest of a series of such disasters spread over a wide area of country.

It probably would be folly to attempt a common explanation for all such mishaps and yet it must be apparent to everybody that one thing is wrong and fundamentally responsible for all. Reckless niggardliness and criminal carelessness is rampant in the management of these enterprises. If available safety appliances were used, such wholesale destruction of life would not occur. Of course mining is a hazardous business and riding on swiftly-moving electric and steam cars is fraught with danger, but that is all the more reason why those responsible should learn to operate these enterprises without deadly results. It is just as much a part of their business as is the science of operating them so as to increase revenues.

Add furthermore, the immense headway the steam railroads have made toward the reduction of the number of fatal accidents is proof that it is possible to avoid these catastrophes. A block system is as feasible on a trolley line as a steam railroad. If the federal and state authorities will take an active hand in seeing that as much heed is given to conserving life on interurbans and in mines as to producing revenue, the casualty lists will be materially shortened.

The Common Leveler.

Gradually, steadily as his administration progressed, President Taft has been getting closer to the people, or, rather, the people have been getting closer to him, for they have come to know and appreciate him better. But an event has just transpired that removes all barriers of distinction between the chief executive and the humblest citizen. They are on a common level now. The president is out house hunting.

Not in Washington. He has the White House left for at least two years more and fair prospects for four years after that. But he has lost his summer cottage at beautiful Beverly. You see, the president, not being a man of large means, is a renter, a plain, ordinary house renter. And the woman—a widow—his landlady, has declined to renew the lease for another two years. Of course the president has been a very desirable tenant, paying his rent regularly, so far as known at the first of each month, and has given annoyance to no one, unless it be that his secret service men have been a little too promiscuous in their inquiry of other people. But in the long run, he has been satisfactory as a renter. The landlady simply wants the place herself to turn into a garden.

That exhibition of American independence, of unconscious ignorance of rank and fame, remarkable as it is, must, in itself, have impressed the president profoundly. But the point is that in this country no man not owning his home is immune from that one stern necessity of house-hunting at some stage or other in his career. One might imagine that all the home-owners of Beverly would be only too eager to have the president of the United States as their tenant, but it seems not, for he has already spent two

weeks hunting and has not found a place yet.

What a serious thought this must give those who think our chief executive is too liberally paid! Where is the chief executive elsewhere in the world who has to go house hunting? Summer palaces with most are as common as winter mansions. But we are a republic and the president is our official head, to be honored, but not worshipped.

We would just like to suggest to President Taft that he try the want ad columns.

Who is Captain of the Ship?

The democrats profess to see in present conditions the opportunity of their lifetime. Under a safe and sane leadership and management, they assert, victory for them is certain. That brings up the question. Who is their leader? Who is captain of this old ship that is flying its colors so proudly? Is it Harmon of Ohio, Bailey of Texas, Wilson of New Jersey, Champ Clark of Missouri, Bryan of Nebraska or Mack or Murphy of New York?

Surely this is an interesting and variegated array of talent. There is the professional political boss, the man who deals the cards for the corrupt powers in politics; there is the moralist and scholar; there is the reformer and reactionary, in fact, a type of every school of present-day politics. If from this galaxy a leader cannot be chosen, then it would be difficult to select one.

But who will it be? Mr. Bryan has led the party through three national campaigns to dismal defeat; in fact, he is charged as having scuttled the ship of Cleveland and Hendricks. Chairman Mack has managed Bryan's campaign and hence lost. Dr. Wilson is wholly an experiment, a man who could never be thought of for a leader on whom the hot pot could unite. Bailey—would Bailey with his oil record do? Harmon might be adroit enough, for he was educated in that old school of Cleveland politics, where pupils learned a lot if at all. Champ Clark is the floor leader in the lower house of congress, the keynote sounder of the present campaign and looks like the logical man. But Champ Clark ranks more as a humorist. Then there is Murphy left—Boss Murphy of Tammany; the man who held the New York state convention in the hollow of his hand, named the candidate and dictated the platform in the interests of the corporations. Will Murphy do? Not if the leader has to go without a mask.

It is about as difficult to pick the leader as it would be to try to assimilate these discordant elements. Think of Dr. Wilson, the scholar and university president, joining hands with Boss Murphy of Tammany, to win the battle. Or think of Mr. Bryan uniting forces with Governor Harmon, who defied his famous order to "prepare to stand aside." If we had not seen Mr. Bryan, the moralist and reformer, seeking and accepting the aid of Boss Murphy in 1908 we might think such an association incongruous too, but the possibilities of politics to produce strange alliances are limitless.

Omaha's Ak-Sar-Ben Visitors.

Ak-Sar-Ben week is bringing Omaha, as usual, great throngs of out-of-town visitors upon both business and pleasure bent. Omaha would be at its best for strangers at this season of the year from the very bounty of nature, but it outdoes itself by lending nature a helping hand in the way of decorations, illuminations, amusements, street pageants and the universal welcoming hand. Nothing goes so far to remove prejudice, born of misrepresentation or ignorance, as does personal contact and observation, and that is why the intermixture of Ak-Sar-Ben visitors with our own people is so productive of permanent benefits.

While Omaha is ready to extend its hospitality to out-of-town visitors whenever they may appear among us, they are doubly welcome when they come to pay homage to Ak-Sar-Ben at the same time they recognize Omaha's position as the market town of this whole western territory. To our Ak-Sar-Ben visitors the latch string is out and they have but to make their wishes known. And now democratic organs and orators will indulge in crocodile tears for Senator La Follette, Senator La Follette is running for re-election in Wisconsin, and the democrats could show their appreciation of his worth and ability by calling off all opposition to him, to say nothing of this helping him on the road to recovery by relieving him of the strain and worry incident to a campaign. This is but another case, however, where democratic professions are for gallery consumption only.

Replying to Congressman Hitchcock's bluff challenge for a series of debates, Senator Burkett calls his attention to the fact that Mr. Bryan, himself, says Hitchcock, in his newspaper, will "deceive" and "misrepresent the issue" and not treat his readers with "ordinary honesty." Yet Mr. Bryan is advising the people to send Hitchcock to the United States senate. Would Mr. Bryan wittingly "deceive" anybody?

It is urged for the democratic candidate for secretary of state that if elected to that office he will in it duplicate the record he made as speaker in the last legislature. Well, we don't know about that. One record such as was made by the speaker of our late

democratic legislature ought to be enough for the good people of Nebraska. Try a better argument.

The New York World must have missed reading human nature if it thinks it can fool the people of New York by holding up Henry L. Stimson, a clean, able, fearless candidate of his party in derision, while it praises the man whom Boss Murphy forced onto the democracy without giving anyone else a voice in naming the man who should run for governor.

Senator Burkett reminds Congressman Hitchcock unpleasantly of the latter's pleasure jaunt to Europe while the tariff bill was up for passage in congress. That reminds us, Mr. Hitchcock has never ventured to supply the information as to just what he was doing here in Omaha when the railroad rate bill was being voted on at Washington.

Nebraska's next governor will have a lot of things to do that have no bearing whatever on the question of county option. In fact, if the legislature fails to pass a county option bill the governor may never have even a say on that question.

What is the matter with "one of the ablest lawyers and best democrats of central Nebraska" that he should hide his light under the bushel of anonymity? Is he ashamed of it? Or is he afraid someone will accuse him of being paid?

Dr. Cook's periodical threat to pull his original records on us sounds like the menacing wall of an injured woman who has some "letters" that would not look well in print. Come on with your old record, who's afraid?

Lincoln's census population is 43,973 and Topeka's census population is 43,684. That's running it neck and neck between the capital of Nebraska and the capital of Kansas.

It is not every day Nor everywhere that 5,000 picked troops of the United States regular army can be seen in military maneuvers as they may be seen at Omaha this week.

Nothing for His Trouble.

St. Louis Times. Governor Carroll of Iowa has been acquitted, but so long as he has no town lots to show for his trouble he cannot be put in Governor Haskell's class.

Fine Cemetery Promoter.

Chicago Inter Ocean. The sixth Vanderbilt cup automobile race, with five cars wrecked, four men killed and a score of persons injured, seems to have been a quite lively little business.

Was it a Swallow?

Nippon Kyu Engei. Senator A. B. C. of Iowa denies that insurgency will swallow Roosevelt. Politicians outside the A. B. C. class know that Teddy is the whale and insurgency the Jonah, already.

Our Birthday Book

October 6, 1910.

Albert J. Beveridge, United States senator from Indiana, was born October 6, 1862. He came by his office holding proclivities honestly by being born in Ohio. He is a lawyer, author and orator, and is right now putting up a hot fight for reelection. Judge Jacob Treiber of the United States bench for the district of Arkansas, is 67 years old today. He is a native of Germany and was appointed to his present position by President McKinley. He has held court in Omaha, giving the lawyers here quite a jar by his brisk, business-like methods.

George Westinghouse, the big manufacturer, is celebrating his sixty-fourth birthday. He was born at Central Bridge, N. Y., and at 15 years of age invented a rotary engine. His name is identified with the development and perfection of electric machinery. George Horace Lorimer, editor of the Saturday Evening Post, was born October 6, 1868, in Louisville. He made his first big hit as an author of "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son."

Josiah W. Taylor, United States senator from Texas, with pipe lines to Standard Oil on the side, is 47 years old. He was born in Mississippi, but left the state early for his health, locating in Texas, where he worked his way to congress, and later secured promotion from the house to the senate.

John L. McCague, president of the McCague Investment company, is just 54 years old. He was born in Cairo, Egypt, where he spent his first five years. He was for seven years in the auditing department of the Union Pacific, but since 1899 has been associated with his brother, Charles, in the real estate and investment business. He served on the school board for two terms.

Fred F. Paffenrath, local manager and auditor for Nicolli the Tailor, was born October 6, 1886, in New York City. He came west in the summer of 1888, entering the employ of Nicolli the Tailor in Chicago, before he had turned the first year of his life in the United States. He worked for the Kansas City branch, and two years later to the Omaha branch. He has been active in business organizations and also in Ak-Sar-Ben.

Bryce Crawford, attorney at law and po-lice judge for Omaha, is celebrating his forty-first birthday today. He was born a Spartan, Ill., and educated in the University of Kansas, being admitted in 1889 to the bar in Omaha, where he has since practiced law.

B. C. Wade, until recently general secretary of the Young Men's Christian association at Omaha, was born October 6, 1861, at Whitehall, Wis. He learned the printer's trade in Minnesota in the early eighties, going into Young Men's Christian association work first at Helena, Mont., in 1887.

Robert F. Glider, artist and archaeologist, was born October 6, 1854, at Flushing, N. Y. He has done newspaper work in Omaha, at one time on The Bee, and is a brother of Richard Watson Glider.

Ernest E. Beale, vice president of the Central Coal and Coke company, was born October 6, 1869, in Van Buren county, Iowa. He came to Omaha from Seneca, Kan., and has been in the coal business here since 1897.

William A. Kelley, superintendent of the registry division in the Omaha postoffice, is 35. He was born at Merrickville, Canada, and was a printer and foreman of The Bee in its early days. He has been in the postal service since 1891, and served two terms on the Board of Education.

Around New York

Ripples on the Current of Life As Seen in the Great American Metropolis from Day to Day.

Bread sold by weight is one of several reforms effected by the New York Bureau of Weights and Measures as a result of the crusade for honesty and the square deal. The change went into effect last Saturday, causing outbursts of criticism among bakers, some pleasure and much indifference among purchasers. In most of the large bakeries signs were posted in conspicuous places, informing the customers of the innovation and quoting prices under which bread would be sold hereafter. A well known establishment on the east side notified its patrons that its "rye, rye-walrich and home-made" loaves were selling at 5 cents each, "just as they always did," but that in accordance with the city ordinance the customer must ask for "sixteen ounces instead of a loaf."

Most of the bakers notified customers to whom bread was delivered at the house that they were sending them no more ounces instead of the usual loaf. As a rule, it was not possible to discern any difference.

The customers who were observed as they entered a large bakery were not only indifferent to the new system, but laughingly refused to wait while the bread was weighed.

The jobber who deals in novelties sold on the sidewalks by the street fakery was sorting a job lot of cheap fountain pens, obsolete mechanical toys and the like.

"Those will do for lower Broadway and Wall street," he commented as he finished his task.

"What do you think? I thought the wisest people on earth frequented lower Broadway and Wall street," said the visitor.

"They do," was the answer, "and so do a lot of people not so wise. It is like this: The downtown district is always full of sidewalk tourists, visitors from the country and folks from back in Jersey in for a day's pleasure. They visit Trinity church and the stock exchange and they are in a holiday mood."

"Now they have never seen the little jimcracks that were new to the average New Yorker five years ago or more. They have never bought a fountain pen for a quarter nor have they ever seen an indelible pencil offered for a nickel. They may never have seen the little cheap puzzles and other novelties that New Yorkers have become tired of through over familiarity. Consequently the stuff we can sell nowhere else goes at knock-down prices to the cheap fakery who frequent Wall street, Broad street and the sidewalk in front of old Trinity."

The advent of a new department store in New York, one of the most gigantic of them all, has apparently stirred those already in possession to a greater activity. One of them has branched out with a real estate department.

An immense tract of land has been bought on the Hackensack river, near Hackensack, N. J., and is being laid out in avenues and streets, upon which hundreds of houses are to be erected. The woman who goes to the store to purchase a safety pin or a jar of pickles can also pick up a house and lot. If she happens to see the bargain counter in the landed corner of the building, another store is making arrangements to do something in balloons and airships.

Still another is making an advertising drive, over its savings bank annex, it never sells on account, but the customer who has a deposit in its bank can have goods charged against the same.

A man can open a savings account in his own name, or that of his wife or child. He can add as much or as little as he pleases, at any time, and earn interest at the 4 per cent rate during each hour it is there. It is compounded every three months, and can be withdrawn at any time.

Each deposit account customer also receives a 3 per cent dividend on deposit account purchases; this in addition to the regular 4 per cent interest. The newest slogan of the store is: "Open a deposit account. Do your shopping on it, and share in the profit on your purchase."

Statistics compiled by Frederick S. Crum for The Spectator show there has been a notable reduction in street accidents in New York City in the last thirty-five years. The fatal accident rate for all forms of street car accidents has been reduced by more than one-half in that period, notwithstanding the fact that a faster type of street car is in general use as compared with the old style cars. Statistics of accidents compiled by the department of health of New York City are used to prove that it is a great deal safer to cross the streets in this city at present than it has been for many years.

Taking into account all of the fatalities from wagons, trucks, bicycles, motorcycles, automobiles and all other vehicles, except street cars, the rate was \$31 per 100,000 of population in 1905-1909, compared with a rate of \$19 for the earlier period. The actual number of fatalities from these causes increased more than four times in the thirty-five year interval, but the rate was reduced by about one-half. Mr. Crum contends:

In the aggregate, the street accident rate is shown to have fallen from 45.6 in the early seventies to 20.67 in the five years, 1905-1909.

From 1905 to 1909, inclusive, 210 persons were killed in the streets of Manhattan and the Bronx by automobiles, and electric street cars caused a toll of 53 deaths for the same interval. Last year sixty-five deaths were caused by automobiles and 89 persons were fatally injured by street cars.

Requesting the delivery of a baby girl, the following letter addressed to "The Stork, care of Mr. Snyder, superintendent, Central park," reached the office of Park Commissioner Stover:

"Dear Mr. Stork: I would like to have a baby girl, but if you have no girl please send a baby boy. I have only one big brother, and would like to have a baby to play with."

The epistle, written in a childish hand, was signed "Martha Grants, 9 years old, 461 Fifty-fourth street, Brooklyn," and there was a postscript, which read:

"Be sure to bring a baby girl and boy, too, because it will be too much for my mamma."

One of Sixth avenue's deaf, dumb, blind and feeble beggars now presents a new appeal to the public. On the lapel of his coat is pinned a printed sign which says:

"In case of rain carry me into Tony Ferrar's place." Few of those who stop to read know where Tony Ferrar's place is, but a few of the more curious take the trouble to find out. Tony, they learn, is an Americanized Italian, who runs a boot-black stand on a side street.

"Did you give him permission to wear that sign?" some one asked.

"Sure," said Tony. "Why not? It ain't right to let the poor devil sit out there in a pelting rain and get soaked to the skin. Folks used to let him do that, but it ain't right. Nobody wants to give him shelter, but I don't mind. This is a good place for him. He can't say a few extra nickles here, and besides," added Tony shrewdly, "What's the matter with that sign as an advertisement for my own business?"

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Greatest of modern time helps to perfect cooking. Makes Biscuit, Cake, Pastries, Crusts, Light, Delicious, Wholesome. Best families, world over, use it.



PERSONAL NOTES.

Andrew D. White shrewdly advises Cornellans to consider the postage stamp, which "sticks to one thing till it gets there."

A man in Buffalo received a sentence of five years for the theft of a copper cent. Stealing in a small way is always a precarious business.

The late "Lucky" Baldwin was lucky before and after. A surplus of widows kept the secret until the time came for dismembering the estate.

Although the population of the state is much less than that of New York City and its annex, Missouri conforts itself with its supremacy as a producer of mules and sunshine statements.

Stewart Edward White of Grand Rapids, Mich., the novelist and expert woodsman, has planned to spend about five months hunting in Africa, his plan being to cover some of the ground visited by Colonel Roosevelt in his African journey, but to visit other territory than that reached by him.

Mrs. W. S. Cowles, sister of former President Roosevelt, and wife of Rear Admiral Cowles of the United States navy, is said to be a woman of remarkable ability and is interested in politics as an English woman would be, this interest not being, as a general thing, characteristic of American women. She is said to take a personal interest in the republican candidates of Connecticut. Her home is in Farmington, in that state.

The 10th anniversary of the birth of Horace Greeley comes on February 3 of next year, and is to be observed by the residents of Chappaqua, Westchester county, New York. The old farm and homestead in which the famous editor lived when he was a candidate for president in 1872 is occupied by his daughter, Mrs. Gabrielle Greeley Glendenin. The wooden type case at which Mr. Greeley learned the printing trade is in the old home.

PROSPEROUS NEBRASKA. Satisfactory Condition Reflected by the Banks. Sioux City Tribune.

From the Nebraska Bankers' association at Omaha it comes out through the address of State Auditor Barton, who is a member of the state banking board, that the Nebraska banks are in prosperous and safe condition.

Banking in Nebraska is necessarily closely associated with the agricultural interests. Farm prosperity means prosperity for the banks. "The history of banks in Nebraska," says Auditor Barton, "is the best of any state in the union." Mr. Barton gives the state banking board credit in part for this good showing of the banking business. Not a dollar has been lost from bank failures since 1904. There has been but one failure in that time.

In 1909 the banks had deposits to the amount of \$25,849,029.77. In 1910 they have \$27,997,722.51, an increase of \$2,148,692.74. Nebraska has the largest bank deposits of any of seventeen Pacific western states except California.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Disposition of Letters of Specially Private Nature. Boston Transcript.

A little letter is a dangerous thing, but the late "Boss" Braxton of Rhode Island had studied out a plan to minimize the risk it involves. Shortly before his death he said:

"No one need fear that any trace of any transaction with me will come to light. When I get a letter from a man of specially private nature I always send it back to him. Then he knows where it is and if he keeps it where others can see it that is his lookout. And when I send one I do

Such scented censer smoke—it weaves Up from the burning autumn leaves And trails away in aimless style While lazy breezes loiter off. And through scented cathedral golden whiff Of all the summer time is gone We do not sigh as one who grieves When drifts the scent of burning leaves.

It is an cinnamon and musk And mint and north winds scents the dusk And pungent clove, and nutmeg, too, And apple buds, all delftly bent And intermingled through and through With berries of the Orient— So do we stand and know all these As echoes and memories.

Such scented censer smoke—it weaves Up from the blazing autumn leaves, And yonder trees become tall spires And streets become cathedral aisles illumed by fitful altar fires. That light our red resplendent smiles, and through it all there glimmers The glory of our olden dreams.

Advertisement for Charter Oak Stoves, Ranges, and Furnaces. Includes text: 'Used by 4 Generations', '63 Years the Leaders', 'In Millions of Homes', 'Learn more about stoves and ranges', 'GET THE WHOLE STORY', 'Illustrated descriptive books mailed free on application', 'CHARTER OAK STOVE & RANGE CO., ST. LOUIS', 'Mrs. Dealer: Millions are reading our Ads. Are you getting your share of the sales?' and an illustration of a stove.