

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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It was a blissful time, not a bully time, in 1904.

Are the American people tired of being called liars?

And yet planked steak is not a staple with boarding houses.

At 75 Mr. Morgan seems to hold his health as well as his wealth.

"If the average musical comedy is worth \$2—" Who said it was?

King Ak-Sar-Ben certainly plays in a run of luck which other show men must envy.

"Two more aviators dead."—News item. Stopped taking the trouble to get their names?

It would seem that there are still more explosions to come in that dynamite conspiracy.

The fellow who tries to scull through life on a soft pedal usually gets plenty of hard knocks.

Well, if those Roosevelt electors admit they are wearing stolen republican livery, why don't they take it off?

Omaha Greeks express their readiness to respond whenever their country calls to arms, but Omaha Turks are not yet speaking up.

"All crooked trusts should be put in the hands of a receiver."—The Big Voice. And as a receiver I proved in 1904 that I was not so bad.

One reason why the wheat farmer should vote the republican ticket is that price of his wheat has advanced 87 per cent since 1898.

Denver may buy the floats from Omaha, but it should realize in so doing it is getting eighteen years of valuable experience for nothing.

Nevada gold mines reopen, Montana miners accept scale, Balkans war averted—my, pretty soon we may hear that the Mad Mullah is smiling.

Why should the bull moosers be asking for \$1 and \$5 donations when all they have to do is to go to Flinn or Perkins and get it in \$100,000 chunks?

If Governor Wilson does not believe in pensioning Civil war veterans who are able to work a little for themselves, how about able-bodied college professors?

The colonel declared under oath that he never knew of that \$100,000 contribution until Archibald testified to the fact a few weeks ago. Such innocence deserves reward.

Governor Harmon happened to be in Lincoln a few minutes while Governor Wilson and Mr. Bryan were there together, but having long ago stepped aside, the Ohio executive moved on.

"We talked over how we could handle the mountain states," said Governor Wilson after his conference with Mr. Bryan. A month from now they will be talking over how the mountain states handled them.

The Bee regrets to sound a single discordant note, but it cannot help saying that with few exceptions, the response of our merchants and business men to the request that they decorate for Ak-Sar-Ben visitors, would put to shame a country village. In times gone by our business places have presented a gala appearance for Ak-Sar-Ben week that was a real credit to the city. A revival of public spirit and patriotism will be due next year.

Prosperity Talks II

Just to remind us that the prosperity which the country has been enjoying under republican policies as applied by President Taft is not confined to the cities, but is spread also through the rural communities, convincing testimony is furnished ready to hand from a good democratic source, in this cutting from Edgar Howard's Columbus Telegram:

Six months ago The Telegram advanced the claim that within two years from that day the best corn land in this part of Nebraska would be selling at \$30 per acre. Our view of the situation was ridiculed by many persons. But in view of recent sales of such land in this part of the state we believe that we really fixed the day of \$30 corn land too far ahead. A few days ago there was sold in Columbus a full 100 acres of farm land at \$17.50 per acre, and the new owner admits that he would have paid a still higher price, had it been necessary. The land in question is practically without improvements, the owner buying it for its land value alone. It is not bringing that fancy price on the plea that it is close enough to the city to be regarded as suburban in any fair sense, for indeed it is nearly three miles from the business section of the city. The new owner paid \$17.50 per acre for the land because he believes that by intelligent farming he can make it pay good interest on that valuation.

The steady increase in farm values permeates every section of the state, and it goes without saying that such a condition can only reflect a prosperity of the farmer due to a ready market for his products at good prices. This demand for farm products at the prices they bring, in turn reflects an increased consuming power of the workingman—of the mechanic and laborer—because employed at good wages in mill and factory, and at all their various occupations. Considering his relative share of this prosperity, the farmer ought to be the last one of all to want a change.

Reform with a Vengeance. One of the first tasks our new reform democratic sheriff undertook to perform after he was inducted into office was to knock out the law providing for jail feeding by contract in order to return to the old jail feeding graft which had long been discarded. In this he was unsuccessful, but it is not his fault that the county continues to have its prisoners fed for 19 cents a day with the same food which used to cost it 45 cents a day. Unabashed by this setback, however, our reform democratic sheriff has been trying to restore the graft basis for feeding state prisoners by rendering bills to the state at the rate of 50 cents a day for what the contractor is doing for the county for 19 cents a day. When the state auditor rejected the preposterous claim, our reform democratic sheriff went into court down in Lancaster county to force payment and, losing again, has given notice that he will appeal to the supreme court.

For reform with a vengeance, can you beat it?

To the Credit of Base Ball. The authorities of base ball announce that they have resorted to every available means of preventing fraud in the printing or handling of tickets to the world's championship games between Boston and New York clubs. They have worked upon this task for months and conclude their efforts in the belief that, for the first time, they have completely succeeded in shutting out the crooked speculator and gambler, who, as parasites, have sought for years to fasten themselves upon the game.

This is to the credit and honor of base ball. It should command new admiration, inspire new zeal in a sport that has from the first defied crookedness and therefore survived. It now is a business in which some \$30,000,000 annually change hands. It employs thousands directly and indirectly and stirs the cockles of the American heart in a way nothing else quite can. Long may it live and it will so long as its votaries are men like those who have met the crook and beaten him at every turn and trick. Of course, from the purely selfish side, men with their all invested in the game are too shrewd but to see that the minute it is contaminated with gambling it is dead.

A Combination Hard to Beat. Sam Blythe gets off this one in the ante-chamber of his Who's Who page:

Representative Dudley M. Hughes of Georgia is called a farmer statesman and devotes much of his time to the agricultural interests of his district.

He has requests for many new kinds of seeds, and a time ago he received this letter:

Dear Dud: Sam Yopp's been telling me of a new seed tomatte the movement is growing. I'm writing to you in hopes you will send me some of the seeds.

Assuming that fact beats fiction, at least one member of congress has a lifetime lease on his job. For how can such a combination suffer defeat? In the first place, a democrat in Georgia; next, himself, a farmer, and third, close enough to his constituents to be addressed by them in the mail as "Dear Dud." There may be another good single-handed officeholder or two in that house, but none to match "Dear Dud." The government may safely rely on his eminent services indefinitely.

All of which only goes to show that it is not what a statesman does at Washington so much as how he works things at home that holds him in his seat.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

OCT. 8.

Thirty Years Ago—The Young Men's Christian association have secured a lease for two years on what was formerly known as Standard hall and the five rooms adjoining, which will be fitted up at once for parlors, reading rooms, secretary's office and gymnasium and with one of the best halls in Omaha.

Thirty-five additional seats have been placed in the Dodge Street Presbyterian church.

Tickets are being sold for the first annual ball of the Plumbers', Gas and Steam Fitters' Protective association.

Frank Higby has been promoted to be owner of the shops at Golden, Colo. He is a brother of Ira P. Higby and Beecher Higby of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lyman of Salt Lake City are in town.

Hon. J. J. Dickey and wife are back from the west.

The building of gutters on various streets is causing the destruction of a great many fine trees and makes a great difference in the appearance of the streets.

Hon. M. E. Reese and his daughter, Miss Daisy, are registered at the Paxton from Wahoo.

Twenty Years Ago—Lieutenant E. V. Bookmaker of the Second infantry returned after a three months' trip in Europe.

Private Secretary Morrissey of the governor's official family came up from Lincoln to cast a witty and watchful eye over the political situation in Douglas county and bring greetings to the Smoots braves.

J. C. Ish announced that he was planning a business block at Thirteenth and Jones streets to cost \$40,000.

W. W. Lowe sold his interests in the L. & L. Pharmacy at sixteenth and Farnam streets to his partner, T. F. Lewis.

J. H. McConnell, superintendent of motive power of the Union Pacific, was expected home in a few days from Europe.

Judge E. M. Stenberg was proudly displaying some corn grown on his Douglas county farm, which he said would go sixty bushels to the acre.

M. Hayken received the sad news that his daughter, Josie, 30 years of age, had died in Chicago, and Mr. Hayken left at once for that city.

Ten Years Ago—Walter J. Austin, head accountant of Armour's in Sioux City, and Miss Selma K. Fleming, step-daughter of L. D. Vogel, were married at 8 p. m., at the home of the bride's parents, 1235 South Thirty-second street, with Miss Blanche Howard as maid of honor and Walter Barnell of Sioux City, as best man; while Marjory Howland was ring-bearer. They departed later in the evening for Washington and New York, on a wedding trip.

General Charles F. Manderson, in discussing the tariff so prominently brought forward, said the American people had better "let well enough alone." He saw trouble in Cuban reciprocity, saying, "Scratch a suffering Cuban and you uncover a grasping sugar refiner."

The report of the finance committee of St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church showed that in two weeks' time \$5,100 had been pledged against the debt of \$10,000. The annual election resulted: President, M. J. Kennard; secretary, J. R. Piper; treasurer, L. M. Talmage; trustee for five years, George H. Payne; finance committee, L. M. Talmage, S. P. Boetwick and John D. Ware.

The McKinley club decided to leave it to a committee, consisting of Frank Crawford, H. H. Claiborne, H. A. Foster and C. G. McDonald, to fix a time to receive and endorse the various republican nominees, legislative, congressional and otherwise, and have a sort of ratification rally.

Mulal Hadif, the ex-sultan of Morocco, took back to Tangier more than \$00,000 worth of souvenirs bought during his stay in France. His purchases are extensive. They include cows, phonographs, pianos, fountain pens, dolls and even sugar.

William C. Graves, superintendent of a home for aged men in Chicago, says that "only one man in 10,000 is self-supporting at the age of 70 years, according to the statistics. In the United States former wage-earners 65 years and older dependent on public and private charity, at a cost of \$250,000,000 a year.

Miss Margaret Preston Draper pulled the cord the other day at Milford, Mass., releasing flags and exposing to view the statue of her father, the late Gen. William Franklin Draper, which her mother had given to the little town, from which he went to the war at the age of 17, winning the brevet of brigadier general at the age of 23.

Prince Pignatelli, a Spanish nobleman of shady repute and antecedents, is headed for New York and an American heiress. "Piggy" was chased out of Paris recently as a low-down gambler with no other means of support, and is now in need of a bunch of Uncle Sam's unvalued circulating medium.

When Uncle Jimmy decided to change his party affiliation, he didn't straddle a barb wire fence and whistle for both sides. Instead, he resigned his membership in a political club, shed his slouch hat and cut off his whiskers. Jimmy takes his straight and doesn't care who knows it.

Mrs. J. W. Wadsworth, jr., wife of the republican nominee for lieutenant governor of New York, has been working this fall in the campaign of her husband for nomination, and she expects to continue her work to help elect him to office.

She was an active figure at the Saratoga convention last week, when the ticket was named. She was, before her marriage, Miss Alice Hay, daughter of the late secretary of state.

"ANGELS" AND "GOLD BRICKS"

Pennsylvania's Bull Moose Patriot and His Pile.

A Measure of Purity. New York Tribune. So "Bill" Flinn disinterestedly gave more than \$100,000 from his own pocket to carry the Pennsylvania primaries for Roosevelt? No wonder the colonel is convinced that he is a pure patriot. He is even a purer patriot than George W. Perkins or Frank A. Munsey, who gave less than \$40,000 apiece to promote the colonel's preliminary center.

A Peerless Champion. New York Sun. "I have no ambitions politically," said William Flinn, telling his simple story under oath in Washington, "and I hope to continue my interests in politics in the future. I am not averse to contributing to the things I believe in." A peerless champion of popular rights, he has the money to gratify his whims, even his fancy to aid in the United States senate to hold up the hands of Theodore Roosevelt. A practical champion, William Flinn!

"Onward, Christian Soldiers." New York World. It cost William Flinn, the Pittsburgh contractor-boss, \$14,000 to stand at Armageddon and battle for the Lord. But it was cheap at that. According to the wicked Penrose, Flinn once offered \$1,000,000 for a United States senatorship in Pennsylvania. That, of course, is a deliberate and unqualified falsehood, but it helps to show what the office is really worth. If Flinn can now get the senatorship for a paltry \$144,000, besides making the country "a better place for his children," it is a great bargain, in view of the high cost of living elsewhere. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

Shaming the Tightwads. Philadelphia Record. According to Mr. Flinn, whose word we have no occasion to doubt, numerous thousands of Pennsylvania patriots now so strenuously opposed to one-man control of public affairs in this commonwealth were such tightwads during the days when Colonel Roosevelt's cause needed the cash to meet the necessary expenses of a strenuous campaign, in which thousands of officeholders were contributing to the other side, that they permitted Mr. Flinn to pay practically all of the expenses of that fight.

Is it possible that a good part of the \$14,000 spent by Mr. Flinn was paid to

some of the non-contributors who were and are most noisy in their advocacy of the Third Term?

A Scandalous Confession. Philadelphia Ledger. William Flinn stated under oath yesterday that he expended \$144,308 of his own funds last spring to carry the primaries for Roosevelt and become the republican boss of Pennsylvania. This extraordinary confession could be made only by a man of immense wealth. Flinn is a rich man, very rich, and he amassed his millions out of politico-municipal contracts at Pittsburgh. It was in consequence of the close alliance between municipal politics and municipal jobs that he was enabled to make this stupendous contribution to win a state primary for Roosevelt, and unblushingly confess participation in a scandal surpassing any revelation yet made in this remarkable campaign.

Another Gold Brick. New York World. Commenting on the Harriman contribution in 1904, the Press admits that both the republican national and state tickets "profited by the expenditure" of this money, but insists that "all the letters that passed between Roosevelt and Harriman are full of evidence that Roosevelt showed no favor to him." In other words, after Harriman's money "turned" 50,000 votes for Mr. Roosevelt "in the city of New York alone, making a difference of 100,000 votes in the general result," Harriman found that Roosevelt had sold him a gold brick, just as Flinn sold Quay a gold brick.

Ideals and Doughbags. St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The Roosevelt manager, testifying as to the distribution of the Roosevelt nomination fund, said that Governor Hadley could tell more of such distributions in Missouri, as the governor had urged called upon the committee more than once for money, to be used, as he indicated, mainly in St. Louis and St. Joseph.

In the Roosevelt managers in Missouri were well supplied with money, was known to everybody who had to meet the campaign. But that Governor Hadley was the solicitor of these funds, and aware of how and where they were used, is a revelation. It seems that he has exacted of the managers of the Taft campaign a higher standard than he has himself observed in some respects.

LIST TO THE WORDS OF JOB

Heads the Republican Ticket in the Empire State.

"This country is more prosperous than ever before—than any country was before. The complaint is against the ratio of distribution of prosperity which is the fruit of our scheme of things. And there is a good deal of justification for the complaint. A lot of people aren't getting that kind of justice that goes by the name of the 'square deal'."

"But it isn't a square deal when one fellow deals all the time. A lot of the agitation that has stirred things up comes from fellows who want to do all the dealing. And people are going to suspect the squareness of any deal where one fellow or one side does all of it."

The speaker was Job Elmer Hedges, republican candidate for governor of New York. Half a score of reporters were grilling him a few hours after he had won the nomination. The reporters were sounding the depths of the man, and the clear cut picture of the situation came in response to a question on the spirit of the bull moose movement. It is typical of the quaint and effective way in which Job Elmer Hedges expresses his convictions.

The main objection urged against the nomination of Hedges was his humorous bent, a tendency to be "funny," which appeals a class of sombre mortals whose hearts never reflect the sunshine of life. "They have urged it against me," he said to the reporters. "Somebody advised me in case I had the opportunity to get on that platform and accept the nomination for governor, not to tell any funny story. Well, I didn't. Now, as a matter of fact, I have never told ten stories in my life. I wish I could. I can't remember the blamed things. But I can see a contrast, and recognize the psychology of a situation. And the reason I can see them is that I know men; I can tell what they are thinking about, and put the thing so that it will get to them. Whether I am elected or not, I expect to be just myself, and conduct myself so that when I put the lights out at night I can go to bed without being ashamed of Job Hedges."

Mr. Hedges is the author of a book called "Common Sense in Politics," which bristles with epigrams. A few of these may serve to illustrate his more cynical humor, although the book which is a serious effort, is lacking in the cheer which enlivens his after-dinner addresses.

"Statesmen and politicians," he writes, "cry 'Go to the public,' but their policy is to keep away from it."

"Men claiming to speak for the public roar about the necessity of taking the public into their confidence. They know better. They know that they only tell the public what they think it is wise for it to know."

"It is sometimes asserted that it is a disgrace to die rich. It is safe to say, however, that the men who have uttered those statements have drawn their wills."

Some of Mr. Hedges' lighter humor may be gleaned from these extracts from his speeches:

"Politicians and lawyers are supposed to keep secrets, but there is always the desire to whisper things confidentially to one's intimate friends. When a man tells his brother something there is one man to whom the confidence has been told. When he tells his partner there are two, but when he tells a third man there are three, because three ones always read that way."

"The difference between a politician and a statesman is simple. Anyone will tell you that a politician is always trying to do some one for something and any statesman will tell you that he is always trying to do something for some one."

"In politics there are always those who are prone to question even apparent facts. These voters remind me of the experience of a friend of mine who boarded a Thirty-fourth street crosswalk car bound for Long Island ferry. He was anxious to get to his destination, and knowing that New York cars do not always have their forward steps properly turned, he accosted the conductor who collected his fare and demanded:

"Does this car stop at the ferry?" "Begorra, if it don't we'll land in the river," was the response."

"A wealthy man had disappeared under circumstances which strongly suggested suicide. The family were searching the morgues and hospitals for him when word was received that the body of a man bearing a strong resemblance to him was lying in an undertaking establishment. The son hastened to the place and identified the body as that of his father. As he was turning away, rigor mortis began to set in and the jaw of the corpse dropped, displaying a set of false teeth."

"That isn't my dad!" cried the sorrowing youth.

"The undertaker seized the body and shook it vigorously, saying, 'You fool, if you'd kept your mouth shut, you'd get a first-class funeral.'"

NEBRASKA PRESS COMMENT. Valparaiso Visitor: Nebraska will remain in the republican column. Republicanism and prosperity go hand in hand.

Callaway Queen: The writer has always admired Theodore Roosevelt above William Howard Taft. We still admire Mr. Roosevelt as a man, but having been a republican all our life we do not feel that we care to follow him into a new party until he demonstrates that he has something better for the people than the republican party has been for the past many years.

West Point Republican: So long as he posed as a friend of the people, fighting their battles as a free, thinking public man, Roosevelt deceived many people who thought him worthy of admiration. As a disappointed candidate for office, botching and doing all he can to destroy the party which made him, he begins to dwindle mightily in public esteem. He is headed for a very small hole, where soon he will be hidden entirely.

Atchison Graphic: Here is an illuminating "poll" for the Nebraska State Journal, since that organ takes so much interest in straw votes. A recent automobile poll was taken in which there were four men. The vote on president stood thus: two for Dubs, one for Taft and one for Wilson. The moral of this is; if you want to take a straw vote to prove the strength of the party you are in favor of, don't take it until you strike a crowd in which you know a majority of your party men are present.

Grand Island Independent: The Omaha Bee reported that the applause, at the time of Roosevelt's visit at Omaha, lasted ninety seconds. The Central City Nonpareil took offense and quoted a Central City man as saying that it lasted all of ten minutes. The Bee thereupon produced the report of the Omaha bull moose paper to the effect that the demonstration kept up "almost a minute" and that of the democratic organ to the effect that the applause lasted 120 seconds by an actual stop-watch count. As first thought all this might seem irrelevant and immaterial. But it isn't. For noise is one of the issues in this campaign.

Wayne Herald: Naturally the democrats have been tossing bouquets at the Dakota City Eagle for breaking former political ties and coming out for their party and candidates, and in return the Eagle editor bushes as proudly as a young man whose matrimonial engagement has just been announced. It is reasonable to presume that the Eagle man has abandoned the republican party on his suspicion that it will be defeated and put out of business. He was postmaster at Dakota City for a long time as a republican, and held a position in the state legislature when it was republican. It is supposed he is not holding any office at present. If the contemplation of some great principle, not supported by the republican party, has led him to quit the party which favored him, but which he thinks is now doomed to defeat, he does not explain it. And some other former office holders besides the Eagle editor have turned, either openly or covertly, against the hand which, though now of uncertain future, they eagerly and successfully sought for favors in time past. And no adequate justification for such a course has yet been offered.

SMILING REMARKS.

"Don't you sometimes long for peace and quiet?" "No," replied the Mexican. "War, with its like the elevated railway system in some of your large cities. Nobody would be able to sleep if he couldn't hear it."—Washington Star.

"I would have you to know, sir, we came over with William the Conqueror. 'It must have been some kind of a conqueror who could make you come over with anything.'"—Baltimore American.

Maud—So you've accepted Jack. You must regard him in a different light from what you used to. Ethel—To tell the truth, there wasn't any light at all when I accepted him.—Boston Transcript.

"That miser is in a terrible fix." "What's the matter?" "Just as it seems getting too expensive to live, they've gone and put up the price for funerals."—Indianapolis News.

"Pa," said the smart little boy who had come home through the woods and was snarling from a line of inhabitants thereof, "do people in the moon get bites from Luna-ticks?"—Chicago News.

"Radium is constantly giving off particles of itself, yet never gets any less." "What's the matter?" "Gosh, that's the kind of stuff for a bank roll."—Puck.

"What are you figuring there?" inquired the friend. "This matinee idol gets \$300 a week. I'm told," answered the druggist. "What of it?" "I was just wondering if I could afford to hire him to draw soda for me."—Baltimore American.

"The ancient Romans seem to have got a lot of fun out of gladiators fighting to the death." "And in these times they won't even let us kill an occasional umpire!"—Baltimore American.

"Here, waiter, I ordered two lamb chops and can't find but one." "Let me see, sir. Quite true. Ah, I remember, now. I passed the open door

an' th' draftst must have blowed it away, sir." "Bring me another, waiter, and this time don't forget the windshield and the safety net."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A TELELULLABY.

London Punch. ("Mrs. — was at a whist drive at Steubenville, O. when she received a telephone message from her nurse that the baby had been crying for an hour. Soon afterward the guests were surprised to hear Mrs. — singing a lullaby into the transmitter. Telephone lullabies are now becoming quite common at this resort.")—Daily Express.)

Oh, hush thee, my babe, from thy wailing desist! Thy mother is busy whist-driving, so whist! But, if thou must still raise a piteous moan, She'll sing thee a lullaby over the phone. Secure in thy cradle, what hast thou to fear? Just keep the receiver pressed close to thy ear. And when thou art wadded to Hushaby Land, Then mother can go and continue the band.

Small cause for thy fears or thy infantile dumps. For mother is holding a fistful of trumps; Her score is colossal, and, sweet-art thou there? Of all that she wins she will give thee a share.

Nay, try to forget there's a pain in thy tum. And hark to the wires, how they buzz and hum; For thee are they making that music—hello! And baby shall have it wherever I go.

Sweet slumber attend thee, with visions of bliss; In token I send thee this telephone kiss. Weep not, then, my angel, but smother that cough; They're calling for mamma; so, baby, ring off.

Advertisement for E-Z Stove Polish. Includes image of a stove and text: 'Gives Your Stoves a Jet-Like Shine! Done in a minute—Lasts a season. E-Z Stove Polish. Never smokes, never smells—the friend of the whole family in all America's tidy homes; it's easy to apply, that's why. You want the best, so don't just ask for stove polish, but— Demand E-Z "The friend of the model housekeeper" You'll get cleanly stove polish and this beautiful Silverware. These "E-Z" Products: E-Z Liquid Stove Polish, E-Z Paste Stove Polish, E-Z Metal Polish, E-Z Furniture Polish, E-Z Shoe Dressing, E-Z Combination Metal Polish, E-Z Hand Soap. Adopt them for general use and you can quickly get a full set of this silver and extra pieces to match. This FREE Coupon Brings First Teaspoon (not back!) Sign and mail today. MARTIN & MARTIN, Dept. C, 3005 Carroll Avenue, Chicago. Send me your premium list and one of the Aristocrat teaspoons (full size) free. Enclose 10 cents in stamps to pay postage, packing, etc.

Advertisement for 'The names of all voters among the farmers of five counties tributary to Omaha are listed, with addresses, in THE BEE ATLAS of Douglas, Sarpy and Washington counties, Nebraska; and Pottawattamie and Mills counties, Iowa. It makes an excellent book for candidates for office and for all men interested in getting at the voters of the Second district. This large, handsomely bound book contains information that should be on every desk in these counties. It has maps of all roads—automobile, railroads, etc.; it shows maps of all towns and cities; contains land divisions, with names of farmers; and gives hundreds of interesting bits that you want in your possession. It will be ready October 16. It is priced at \$5.00. Send in your order now. The Bee Publishing Co. Omaha, Neb. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS