

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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NOVEMBER CIRCULATION.

53,716

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of November, 1915, was 53,716.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 24 day of December, 1915. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

December 24

Thought for the Day

Selected by Wm. L. Mack

The beauty of men and of things in life remains only a passing pulse-beat of experience. We cannot hold our mind to one object because life pushes us forward and demands from us the attitude of knowing without a chance to find repose and quietude. To cut the single experience really away from everything else it must be transformed and this transformation is the mission of Art.

—Hugo Munsterberg.

Where were the Zapalistas when the Villistas went down and out?

The Christmas tree overshadows all competitors, as the upstanding feature of the hour.

Dispensing good cheer and good will yield dividends greater than money can measure.

Reports of a break up in the socialist party in Germany foreshadows early realization of one of the mainstays of war.

November piled another half billion on Uncle Sam's towering trade balance. The pyramid is nearing the propping stage.

Filling a long-felt hotel want in Omaha justified the enterprise from the start. An early dividend sweetens assurances of success.

A higher quality of glue is needed to make asbestos whiskers stick to the chins of amateur Santa Clauses, but safety justifies the extra expense.

American securities constitute the last financial trench of warring governments. Their mobilization under government control capitalizes future safety.

"Peter the Great" of yesterday is now a king without a country. His cousin perished in a drive on a New York Austrian. When greatness mounts the toboggan willing hands provide the push.

Britain's Parliament voted another million of men for war service. Lord Derby's recruiting staff apparently has not buried the ghost of conscription.

Nebraska editors were all too busy taking care of Christmas advertising to write editorials last week, which shows the holiday season is appreciated by the molders of thought here for other reasons than its pure joy.

It remained for a Massachusetts man to intimate broadly that Colonel Bryan should be searched to discover how much peace propaganda revenue sticks to pockets. This is the cruelest slam on grape juice patriotism that has come out of the sixty-fourth congress.

British traders are said to have a war boycott and blacklist in operation against traders suspected of pro-German leanings. These are trade weapons that cut both ways. A nation whose lifeblood springs from foreign trade takes big risks in handling double-edged tools.

The collapse of a Pittsburgh bank in which the savings of school children was centered is a melancholy experience. The lessons of thrift taught in the schools and put into practice impose on the grownups of Pittsburgh the duty of protecting the children from loss. Otherwise the lessons of thrift, like the savings, are lost.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

In a debate at Creighton college on the question of the right of the Indian to citizenship Masters Whalen and Shannon in his affirmative won a victory over Masters Doran and John Furry.

General Manager Callawa of the Union Pacific returned from Boston, where he attended a meeting of the directors. He denied an knowledge of a change in the management of the Union Pacific.

S. P. Morse gave a Christmas dinner to his employees, at which addresses were made by Messrs. Morse, Lowe and Ferguson.

W. A. L. Gibson and C. J. Smith addressed a meeting of the Irish Land League held in Cunningham hall.

The musical program for St. Philomena's cathedral for Christmas contains the names of the following musicians: Misses Fannie Arnold, choir leaders; E. Kennedy, C. Roeder, M. McNamara, D. Johnson, Mrs. McCaffrey and Messrs. McCreehy, H. R. Bish and J. P. Murphy.

Carelessness, Criminal or Otherwise.

Another tragedy has been added to Omaha's long list through the careless handling of firearms. A little girl, innocent of any wrongdoing, has been shot and mortally wounded by a watchman, who sets up as his excuse that he fired to scare away loiterers near the city dump.

First of all, the question comes up, Why should a watchman at a refuse dump be armed at all? Does he guard anything of value? Has he any duty to perform that cannot be well done without the use of firearms?

If it be conceded that he has a possible need for a weapon, what right has he to discharge it indiscriminately? If he cannot enforce the little authority that rests on him without such demonstration he is unfit for the place, and not to be trusted with arms of any kind.

It is high time that steps were being taken by those in power to check the propensity of minor officials to resort to pistol practice on any and all occasions. This can best be accomplished by disarming all whose duties do not bring them into danger of their lives, and where self-defense may require the use of deadly weapons. By no stretch of imagination can a dump watchman be included in such a list.

Holding Up Parcel Post.

Quite a hubbub has been aroused by the action of the British government in its interception of packages being sent through the mails under parcel post. Several steamers have been overhauled on the high seas and this mail removed. Protests have been lodged against the practice by the Scandinavian government, as well as by the government of the United States. It would seem, however, that the British have a point in their favor on this issue.

If contraband of war cannot be carried as freight or express, it should not be permitted to go through the mails. This is the contention of the British government. First class mail matter will not be molested, nor will packages that do not contain forbidden articles. So long as a belligerent has the unquestioned right to search a vessel in order to determine what cargo it carries, the extension of that right to include parcel post as subject to the inquisition does not seem unreasonable.

Break in the Daniels Board.

The resignation of Henry A. Wise Wood from the advisory board of the Naval Department serves to emphasize weakness of that body pointed out when its selection was announced by the secretary of the navy last summer. Mr. Daniels at that time seemed full of the idea that it was prudent, and patriotic as well, to secure the help of men whose ability and experience would carry confidence to the public in the plans under consideration for the extension of national defense. Recognized leaders in their several lines were called, and Mr. Wood was selected as a representative of aeronautics, his well established position in this industry making him a possible source of great service in the preparation of the aerial arm of the national defense board. Events have established that whatever intention the secretary of the navy may have had when the advisory board was chosen, he has paid little or no heed to its advice.

For the program laid by experts he has substituted his own plans. Mr. Wood feels he cannot give his sanction to the course adopted by Mr. Daniels and, therefore, withdraws from the advisory board.

Advocates of particular forms of defense have been insistent each on his own peculiar plan, but the public did place great faith in the announcement of the administration that only the wisest counsel would prevail. It is not a partisan question, and ought to partake of no political feature. Rejection of plans formulated by competent boards, however, is not calculated to retain the trust of the people in the purely patriotic purposes of the administration.

Meanest Man on Earth. The meanest man on earth has been discovered many times, in as many different communities, but Omaha now has a candidate for the honor whose claims to the doubtful distinction ought easily to qualify him for first place in the ranks of the despicable. Last spring one of our citizens aroused a very distinct uproar by telling how he ate all the meat and used all the tobacco consumed in his home, while his wife and children worked, as they should. This man compares to the present candidate about as a tallow dip to a great searchlight in luminosity when it comes to downright, perverse cussedness.

An appeal was sent to Mrs. Doane of the Associated Charities by a woman whose mouth is devoid of teeth, and who hoped she might be supplied with a set of artificial graders. Through The Bee an Omaha dentist of high standing willing to donate the teeth was found, and the poor woman looked forward with great expectancy to being able to masticate whatever provender might fall to her lot for Christmas day and the future.

Her husband, strong in his manly pride, refuses to allow her to accept the teeth. She chose him for better or for worse, and now that she is getting the worst of it, he proposes she shall taste it all, no matter how bitter. The Bee regrets the name of this man must be concealed in order to protect his wife, but it presents him as a claimant whose right will scarcely be disputed to the distinction of being known as the meanest man in the world.

The announcement of a threatened exodus of eastern suffragists to the "free states" of the west vastly swells the holiday joy of the anti. The latter cordially endorse the move and intimate a readiness to escort the exodus to the station with band music and other symbols of unrestrained ecstacy. It is exceedingly doubtful if the suffragists will contribute voluntarily to the noisy happiness of the opposition.

"Shirt-sleeved" diplomacy is not more popular now than when "Uncle Dick" Olney wrote to Lord Salisbury, but it is just as effective in getting results. Nations may have no morals, but they are in the way of learning something about plain dealing.

Christmas at the Front

THE following remarkable description by an officer at the front of how the British and German ceased hostilities at his part of the line on Christmas day 1914, appeared in the London Daily Mail:

Christmas will remain engraven on the memory of many British soldiers who were in our trenches here as one of the most extraordinary days of their lives. For on that day British and Germans ceased fighting with each other for an interval, came out into the open between their respective firing lines, buried their dead, and held a short service in their memory.

Our chaplain had come with the colonel to officiate at the funeral in our trench of one of our Scottish soldiers. During the progress of the solemn rites it was noticed that one or two fellows were standing outside. No attention was paid to this till the service ended, when the colonel shouted: "Come inside, men." The reply was that some Germans were standing outside their trench. Gradually more and more of the enemy—some of them officers by their uniform—appeared, none of them armed.

At last our commanding officer resolved to get out and see for himself. The chaplain jumped up into the open at his heels, and crossing a ditch which runs down the middle of the field between the lines cried: "Does any one speak English?" As reply a private stepped forward, and then to our amazement we saw our chaplain cross the ditch, salute the German commander and his staff, and begin to talk with them. Almost at the same time a hare burst into view and ran along between the trenches.

All at once Germans came scurrying from their trenches and British from theirs, and a marvelous thing happened. It was all like a football match, the hare being the football, the gray tunicked Germans the one side and the killed "jocks" the other. The same was won by the Germans, who captured the prize. But more was secured than a hare—a sudden friendship had been struck up, the truce of God had been called, and for the rest of Christmas day not a shot was fired along our section.

Dotted over the sixty yards separating the trenches were scores and scores of dead soldiers, and soon spades were flung up by the comrades on guard in both trenches, and by instinct each side set to dig graves for their dead. Our padre had seized his chance and found the German commander very ready to agree that after the dead had been buried a short religious service should take place.

He told us that the German commander, and his officers were as anxious as the British could be to keep Christmas as a day of peace. That was quite in keeping with the behavior of the Germans, who had kept up only an occasional firing on Christmas eve and were very busy singing carols and glaces.

We did not know all that was being said, but afterwards we asked the padre two questions. The one was, "Why did you and the German commander take off your hats to one another?" What happened as we learned, was: The German took his cigar case out and offered the padre a cigar, which was accepted. The padre said: "May I be allowed not to smoke, but to keep this as a souvenir of Christmas here and of meeting you on Christmas day?" The answer, with a laugh, was: "Oh, yes, but can't you give me a souvenir?" Then the bats came off. For the souvenir the padre gave was the copy of "The Soldier's Prayer" which he had carried in the lining of his cap since the war began, and the German officer, in accepting it, took off his cap and put the slip in its lining, saying as he did it: "I value this because what it says, and when the war is over I shall take it out and give it as a keepsake to my youngest child."

The second question was, "What was in the note book the German commander showed you?" The answer was that he had been shown the name and address in England of a certain brave English officer. He had been killed, and as he was dying the commander happened to pass and saw him struggling to get something out of a pocket. He went up and helped the dying officer, and the thing he saw in the pocket was a photograph of his wife. The commander said, "I held it before him, and he lay looking at it till he died a few minutes after." Our padre took down the name and address and has been able to pass on the information to the bereaved home.

The whole German staff showed a fine spirit of respect during the service for the dead. On one side of the ditch half way between the two lines stood German officers with their soldiers about them; on the other the officers of the British regiment. In the section with our soldiers about them, and between us and our chaplain, an interpreter, and a German divinity student serving with their army. Our chaplain read the twenty-third Psalm in English, the German student reading it after him in German. Then a short prayer, which the chaplain had written on a postcard and the interpreter had turned into German was read, sentence by sentence. For the soldier after the English form had been read.

It was a memorable sight to see officers and men who had been fighting, and, as I write, are fighting against one another as fiercely as ever, bareheaded, reverent, and keeping sacred truce as they did homage to the memory of the dead on Christmas day, 1914.

Twice Told Tales. Wonderful Music. In the lobby of a hotel the other afternoon reference was made to the charm of music, when this little narrative was recalled by Congressman James S. Davenport of Oregon.

Some time ago two little boys, who were playing on a lot, stopped an Indian man long enough to boast about the prowess of their respective fathers.

"My father plays the cornet," proudly declared one of the youngsters, and he is the best player in the whole town.

"He is, is he?" defiantly rejoined the other. "Well, when my father plays every man stops work."

"Don't believe it," was the prompt declaration of the first. "What does he play?"

"What does he play?" answered the second. "Why, he plays the 6 o'clock whistle at the foundry."

Little Sydney had reached the mature age of 3, and was about to discard petticoats for the more manly raiment of knickerbockers. The mother had determined to make the occasion a memorable one. The breakfast table was laden with good things, and the newly breeched infant led into the room.

"Ah!" exclaimed the proud mother, "now you are a little man!" Sydney was in ecstasies. Displaying his garments to their full advantage, he edged close to his mother and whispered:

"Can I call pa Bill now?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Difference. A young girl who had been born and brought up in a boarding house somewhere was suddenly transplanted into a wealthy home. After she had been there a month a friend of her patroness said:

"I expect you notice a great difference between your present and your former surroundings." "Oh, yes," said the girl. "There, when a man and a girl walk out together, everybody always says, 'Will he marry her?' Here they say, 'Will she have him?'"—New York Times.

The Bee's Letter Box

Suggestions for Mr. Kennedy.

OMAHA, Dec. 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: Do you not think Mr. Kennedy could render more valuable service to Omaha and its people if he would use his talent in the attempt to get for the people of Omaha cheaper electric light, gas, telephone, street car fares, also for an oil pipe line from Wyoming to Omaha, interurban lines leading out of Omaha in many directions, and the making of Omaha the terminals for the lines running east of Omaha. What is the use of harping on the opening of the Missouri river between Omaha and St. Louis? If opened, Omaha merchants would not use it. Let Mr. K. get a move on himself in the right direction, if he wants to help the people of Omaha at large, and not a few property holders or money lenders. Give the small property holders now living here some benefits. When he has done so, then he can go after something that never can be done. J. E. SCOTT.

To the Public in General.

OMAHA, Dec. 21.—To the Editor of The Bee: Since there has appeared criticism in the public press of charity institutions, and especially of the Salvation Army, as to their accounting of the means given them, I feel it my duty to state the following:

As a public accountant I was called to audit the books of the Salvation Army Industrial department and was surprised at the precision involved in their book-keeping methods. Before that I, among others, felt rather doubtful in regard to their accounting, and asked myself in case of the public in general so requesting, can they make a showing how the means received have been disbursed? But I found that everything is accounted for to the smallest item. In fact, many business houses do not keep books with such precision.

Every cent disbursed is covered by a voucher and the books are balanced every week. Although there may be preferred another system, still the books are so definite that at a glance any accountant can make the most exact report wished for.

All journalizing, whereby many a time defalcation and dishonesty is concealed, is entirely eliminated from their books. To give the public an idea of different headings in their books I might mention "receipts"—garments, shoes, paper, razors, furniture, etc., paid meals, paid beds, donations. "Disbursements"—salaries, employes' meals, charity meals, employes' beds, charity beds, given-away garments and shoes, fuel and light, laundry, horse-shoeing, blacksmithing, horse feed, groceries, meat, milk, other charities. Therefore, in its place, the accounting is fully up to Hayden's or Brandeis', and the account unimpeachable and I suppose mostly made in ignorance of facts.

It is not always the best policy to publish the receipts and disbursements, but I am sure Ensign Kline has no objections to show the books to anyone interested.

In regard to "commercialism," I must say that it takes sagacious, Christian commercialism in the Salvation Army Home. I noticed one day in the store-room a man wanting to buy a pair of old shoes. The price was 25 cents, which he did not want to pay. An old lady trying to make the sale, after the man left, that any man who wants a pair of shoes and can pay for them, they are certainly worth that price. I looked at the shoes, and judged that the wearing capacity was \$1; that's commercialism. But another time a man wanted an overcoat to keep him warm on the tracks, as he was going on railroad work, and the garment was gladly given him without price, and that is also commercialism. A down-and-out carpenter came along and was given work to fix up old furniture at \$1 a day, bed and meals until he could get something better; that is another example of commercialism, and I could tell of many others. It will take all the commercialism there is in a man to conduct the Industrial Home, and it would tax a capacity of a first-class merchant and the patience of Job and the manning of the Union Pacific to run it, at the munificent salary of Ensign Kline.

Those "whiskered fellows" with the chins at Christmas time soliciting at the street corners are not of the Salvation Army, and the public should be wise to the fact. All collections for the Army made on the corners are solicited only by members of the Army corps in whom the Army has confidence. It was a good suggestion that such solicitors should have a box similar to those used on the street cars, but that is a cash register would be better, and taking the underlying principle as right, I would suggest that the same be done with all church deacons, so that instead of their, as now, walking up and down the aisles with a plate, they carry a cash register on their backs. HENRY LINDEMAN.

German in the Schools.

SCOTT'S BLUFF, Neb., Dec. 21.—To the Editor of The Bee: In referring to Mr. E. L. Ireland's letter in The Bee of December 15, regarding teaching of German in the public schools of Omaha, Mr. Ireland is away behind the times. He evidently has not read the Imperial edict, as announced at the various sessions of the Reichstag at San Francisco, Cincinnati and other places the last season, viz: "German-Americans, you must preserve in your children the language and customs of the Fatherland." He evidently does not know that the Nebraska Reichstag had brought suit at Nebraska City to compel the school board to teach German.

The German language and customs are so much superior to our own that we should try to Germanize ourselves instead of trying to Americanize the Germans in this country. Why, in one institution in Germany there are over 30,000 students busy day and night manufacturing German youth. The institution was founded years ago by Prof. Krupp and is very popular at present. The attendance has more than doubled in the last eighteen months.

Mr. Ireland certainly has not read Prof. Hugo Muensterberg's warning to President Wilson that unless Mr. Wilson desists in his foolish and persistent efforts to protect American lives and American rights on the high seas, the German-Americans will vote him out of the White House.

In the face of these facts how can Mr. Ireland have the nerve to murmur against using public funds to teach a foreign language. J. F. WEYBRIGHT.

Chance for Prosperity.

Indianapolis News: Income tax for the last fiscal year was paid by \$2,515 individuals, or not quite one for each 300 of population, which indicates that prosperity has quite a little work ahead of it before all of us will be rolling in wealth.

Tips on Home Topics

Boston Transcript: Or why not appeal to "Vmas"? Detroit Free Press: A man ought to be allowed to own an automobile without being saddled with the national debt.

Washington Post: As faith is said to move mountains we are beginning to feel that General Goethals will have to call on the preachers before long.

Springfield Republican: A thousand "educated women," it is said, have been employed by the British war office to censor all outward American mails. It cannot be denied that the evidence of education in some of the previous censoring has not been over-conspicuous.

Baltimore American: A Colorado judge has registered a vow not to have his hair cut or submit to a shave until Henry Ford and his peace party have accomplished their mission of restoring peace in Europe. How the growing of hair is to help this object is one of the dark mysteries of human nature. So is the fact that the registers of this vow is occupying a judicial position.

Chicago Herald: The November receipts of the fifty largest postoffices through which one-half the postal revenue comes were \$12,349,450, an increase of 13.43 per cent as compared with last year and of 7.72 per cent as compared with November, 1913. As postal receipts very accurately reflect business conditions this country's growth in prosperity is made evident.

Springfield Republican: "Alfalfa Bill," otherwise Representative William H. Murray of Oklahoma, who had his nickname bracketed after his regular one in the congressional directory a few years ago, is no longer alone in the field, for in the volume soon to appear it will be made known that Representative J. H. Davis of Texas and "Cyclone Bill" are one and the same. Cyclone's whisker is more pronounced, more rampant and more widely distributed on cheek and jaw than has any seen in the national legislative halls for these many years, huh?

Springfield Republican: Another national highway system is proposed by Representative Stephens of California as a defense measure. The roads, according to his plan, would be built by army engineers and run from Los Angeles to Jacksonville, to New York, then to Portland, Me., and to Chicago, Minneapolis, the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho and Washington and down the Pacific slope. His estimate \$100,000,000 as the maximum cost—a low figure, surely; the price of a handful of battleships. But any good road is potentially military and defensive and has the great advantage also of being highly valuable in peace.

CHEERY CHAFF.

"Is your cook impertinent?" "Well, rather. She couldn't be any worse if she was one of my own daughters."—Litt.

"Why have you never married?" asked a friend of a man who is noted for his ready wit. "Because," the latter answered, "white

know every man must call the sea of life an endless kind of craft, I was never inclined to a revenue cutter."—Baltimore American.

She—Kitty has received an offer to act in the movies and she's perfectly intoxicated with the idea. He—Intoxicated, eh! She expects, I suppose, to go reeling along to fame and fortune.—Boston Transcript.

"This is a toy tea set I got for my little girl's Christmas present. She likes to serve make-believe tea and make-believe sandwiches. A harmless fancy." "Perfectly. I've been to grown-up affairs where they did it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

KABIBBLE KABARET. DEAR MR. KABIBBLE, HOW CAN I KNOW THAT MY FRANCES WILL MAKE A GOOD WIFE? —IRVING FRIEDMAN. YOU'D TAKE HER FATHER'S WORD FOR IT, WOULDN'T YOU?

Jack—I'm in a quandary, sis. I want to propose to Mabel, but I'm not sure she'd accept the next I lose. His Sister (who knows)—Jack, you're like the letter "b"—in doubt when there's no need of it.—Boston Transcript.

"What possessed you to tell that ugly Miss Flatter that she had a complexion of cream and peaches?" "That was true enough. I meant sour cream and yellow peaches."—Baltimore American.

Wife—Can't you see I win at bridge the next I lose. Hub—Then why not play every other afternoon?—Indianapolis News.

No doubt the doctor spoke rashly. An inquisitive niece, seeing him return from the funeral of a wealthy patient, inebriatedly inquired: "Uncle Tom, do you attend the funerals of all your patients who die?" "Good heavens, no," said the doctor. "Do you think I have nothing to do but go to funerals?"—New York Times.

BUT ONCE A YEAR.

Douglas Mulloch, in Judge. I am a blooming optimist; I am misfortune on the wrist; There isn't anything I wist. Can't you see my sorrow. When cheated through another's guile, When panic rob me of a pile, When I'm full of vain repining, My optimism working.

I have no time for useless fears, I have no time for careless fears, I laugh at anything that sears. The heart with vain repining, I have no time for sobs or sighs; I am the cheerfulness of guys—in fact, I fairly specialise. In finding silver linings. And so this Christmas shopping crime, This yearly present-buying time, Still leaves me calm, serene, sublime, And optimistic—very. The things for dear ones all are dear, But here's a thing to give us cheer: For Christmas comes but once a year, And therefore let us be merry!

Another famous ITALIAN SWISS COLONY CALIFORNIA PRODUCT. GOLDEN STATE Extra Dry Champagne. Awarded "Grand Prix" World's Fair, San Francisco, making the fourth "Grand Prix" (three abroad) in five years. At All First-Class Cafes, Grocers and Wine Dealers.

Merry Christmas LITTLE BUSY BEES

We are going to give you FIVE DOLLS THIS WEEK, because it is Christmas, and we want you all to have a chance to win one.

LILLIAN is the biggest and prettiest and is for the little girl that sends us the most pictures. EDNA is second, IDA third, HELEN fourth and "BOBBY" is fifth ("Bobby" is a girl, but they call her "Bobby," because she plays with the boys all the time). You just ought to see her run and jump and play pump-pump-pull-away and all the rest of the outdoor games. That's what puts that sparkle in her eyes and the roses on her cheeks. I just love her myself, best of them all, because she has such winning ways—dear little "Bobby." I wonder what little girl will get her. If I was a little girl, wouldn't I try, though!

Remember, you must send your pictures in ONE DAY EARLIER this week, because Saturday is Christmas, so the CONTEST WILL CLOSE 4 P. M. FRIDAY, instead of Saturday.

These dolls will be given free to the little girls under 13 years of age, who bring or mail us the largest number of dolls' pictures cut out of The Daily and Sunday Bee before 4 p. m., Friday, December 24.

This picture of three of the dolls will be in The Bee every day this week. Cut them out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you, too. See how many pictures you can get, and be sure to turn them in to The Bee office before 4 p. m., Friday, December 24.

You Can See the Dolls at The Bee Office