

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of September, 1913, was 50,085.

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

One snow flurry does not make a winter. General Sherman doubtless would so classify Mexico also.

But if Mrs. Pankhurst were Mr. Pankhurst, would her plight elicit any sympathy? Julian Hawthorne joins T. M. Osborne's avvil chorus on the conditions of penitentiaries.

Missouri has not asked for the extradition of the fugitive St. Louis leper located at Juarez, Mexico. Better than all the experimental plans for reform of city government is the right kind of men in the offices.

Those immigration officers who barred Mrs. Pankhurst evidently wish to protect us from bomb-astic speeches. A Missouri apple orchard is now in full bloom—St. Louis Republic of October 18. Show us, even though we are not from Missouri.

A Chicago teamster testifies under oath that he got drunk drinking grape juice. A word to the wise is sufficient, Mr. Bryan. If a crooked lawyer was ever disbarred for unprofessional practice in this jurisdiction, the memory of man runneth not back that far.

A lot of cattle have already come in free under the new tariff across our northern and southern borders. Notice the slump in the price of beef? An exchange says a cat can climb a fifty-foot tree in four seconds. That is twelve and one-half feet to the second. Well, that is some climbing, but we don't doubt it.

Lady Cook proposes to brand all the soiled men as well as the soiled women as a solvent for the social evil. And she made that proposition in Pittsburgh, too. Here is a man suing his mother-in-law for \$500,000 for alienating his wife's affections. Chances are he is sore because she separated him from a straight chance at that \$500,000.

How fortunate that the Dutch line steamer that went down had no managing director aboard to lose his head and make a fool of himself like the astine Imay on the Titanic. Every once in a while the police record looks like one of those old-fashioned Saturday nights just to remind us how different it now is in Omaha from what it used to be in frontier times.

Emperor William said it is God's will that Germany be strong and bear courageously, on hearing the news of the airship fatalities. And that is asking little of a race as strong and courageous as the Germans. The law that forbids autoists to dash by corners while street cars are taking on and letting off passengers may have to be revised to fit the rubber-necks if Dame Fashion does not loosen up on her dress patterns.

The Commercial Club Journal announces the loss of an industry which Omaha might have had by furnishing a little capital. Some cities have a revolving fund subscribed by its public spirited people for this very purpose. Another bill has just gone through the senate to dry up another channel of campaign funds. This is one of those places, however, where observance of existing laws limiting campaign expenditures would make more laws unnecessary.

Tammany's Impeachment.

No one doubts Sulzer when he says: Murphy controlled the assembly and ordered the impeachment. He controlled most of the members of the court and dictated the procedure and wrote the judgment. He was the judge and jury, the prosecutor and the bailiff.

Will the people of the Empire state, having the opportunity to remove the Tammany boss from power, exercise it and thus complete a work of political renovation, the latter part of which is incomparably more important than the former? Or will they continue to let this oldest and most arrogant of political trusts dominate them?

Sulzer may be right also in pronouncing his impeachment trial a farce, whether he is or not in calling it "a political lynching," at which he received less consideration than accorded a horse thief in the frontier days. He certainly is correct, though, in saying that his conviction is "the consummation of a deep-laid political conspiracy to oust me from office." His paraphrase of Wolsley, "Had I served the boss with half the zeal I did the state, William Sulzer would never have been impeached," is only a dramatic effort at making a martyr of himself, but it all serves to impress the fact that he is out because he refused longer to serve the man and the powers that are in. There is, as he says, a higher court than Tammany, the court of public opinion, and it is to be hoped that that court will evict Tammany from the citadel along with Sulzer.

Another Ideal Shattered. Who would have believed it? But it must be so, for the camera man would have no object in falsifying. Here is a photographic likeness of our old friend, "Dick" Metcalf, formerly of Nebraska, now governor of the Panama zone, with his good wife at his side, taken in his new habitat, as big as life and twice as natural, with the notable exception that he is wearing a silk hat, popularly known as a stovepipe, where the familiar felt slouch used to be. We observe that the tile is tilted almost at the angle that the soft hat used to sit, and that "Dick" looks by no means comfortable trying to balance it on his head. But there he stands long enough at any rate for the snapshot to catch him, and more than likely he posed for it for home consumption.

Alas and alack! How democratic ideals and common-people customs vanish into thin air with promotion to exalted position! The Senate and Hetch Hetchy. The senate's postponement of action on the Hetch Hetchy bill—passed by the house—until December indicates a desire for a more general expression of public opinion than has been had on this measure, subtracting one of the most scenic portions of Yosemite from the public domain and giving it over to the city of San Francisco for water supply purposes.

Whether Hetch Hetchy should be taken from the federal government for a nominal sum, as provided in the bill, or not, it is important that the people to whom this precious heritage belongs should have time in which to acquaint themselves with the proceedings and interpose objections if desirable. Such persistent opposition to the proposal has arisen from some familiar with the situation as to assume the form of a vigorous campaign of education. This, of itself, challenges attention. San Francisco's claims may be sound, but they should not be acceded to by congress without the utmost deliberation. The bill was pushed through to say the least, and it is to the credit of the senate's amenability to popular interests that it has scotched the proceedings. More than merely one city's water supply is here at stake. Congress must not dispose of so valuable a part of the people's scenic playground without fullest consultation with the people.

That howl against increase of parcel post weights seems to have completely died out. Obviously, it was started by the express companies, not with any idea of having the new order then made revoked, but to head off whatever else may be coming. Frise Packages. Cleveland Plain Dealer. A New York woman is suing for divorce because she thinks her husband is too "old-fashioned." An old-fashioned husband may be somewhat of a bore now-a-days, but how many husbands would be pleased to have their wives a little more old-fashioned!

Baffling Lingo. Philadelphia Ledger. The dullest person can understand the Declaration of Independence or Lincoln's Gettysburg address, but the keenest minds are baffled by the phraseology of the rules governing base ball and foot ball.

What They Are Paid For. Indianapolis News. Let the members of the house who are beginning to kick about working overtime remember that they are paid for 365 days' service every year except leap year when they are paid for 366 days.

Home Economists. Washington Post. The Department of Agriculture says pop corn popped at home will weigh 28.50 out of 30; but why not drink heartily from the bathroom spigot and save the other 1.50?

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

OCTOBER 20.

Thirty Years Ago—Both republican and democratic primaries were held for county conventions scheduled the first of the week.

The remains of the late John G. Jacobs who died in Riverside, Cal., arrived accompanied by Mrs. Jacobs and Mrs. M. G. McKoon, and are stopping temporarily at the residence of Mr. Edwin Davis. It has been decided to have the body taken to East Berlin, Penn., by Mr. Will Baker of the Jacobs establishment, accompanied by R. C. Jordan as the representative of the Masonic fraternity.

The Jay State Cattle company have bought the Creighton herd for \$700,000. A public night school is to be opened in the Woodworth block, on Douglas between Thirtieth and Fourteenth, with Mr. Fisher in charge assisted by Mr. Scott.

In the Second ward the nominee for justice of the peace is Mr. Louis Berka, who is a Bohemian, and a practicing lawyer. All speak highly of his ability, and his election will, no doubt, be pleasing to the people of that locality.

The Union Pacific boys are talking some of converting their ball ground into a skating rink this winter.

Those who will assist in the coming benefit concert for Miss Lizzie Calderwood are: Miss Lizzie Pennell, contralto; Mr. Edward Rath, baritone; Mr. Jay Northrop, tenor; Mr. R. France, basso; Mr. Felix Blankenfeld, pianist; the Philomathian society string quartette and the Omaha Glee club quartette composed of F. B. Smith, W. B. Wilkins, C. L. Deuel, H. D. Eastbrook, and Mr. Franklin S. Smith, director.

Twenty Years Ago—The weekly discussions of the Current Topics club, which aroused such intense interest a year before, were reinaugurated with a review of the principal events of the week by Major Halford at the Young Men's Christian association. Others who participated were Rev. Dr. J. T. Duray, Rev. A. W. Clark, Judge Berka and C. S. Lobinger.

J. W. Smith, a prominent politician of Cluster county, stopped at the Delone hotel en route to Washington. Milton Doolittle of Holt county, democratic candidate for regent of the University of Nebraska, was at the Paxton enroute to the World's fair.

There was a new garbage ordinance before the city council conforming to the McDonald contract, which was to go into effect January 1, 1904. It provided exclusive rights to the contractors. Colonel and Mrs. Al Fairbrother, who had been visiting old friends here, returned to their home in Durham, N. C., where the colonel was the editor of an aggressive little newspaper.

As the discussion of the powers of the Union Pacific west of that and other tracts existing between that and other roads, General Manager Dickinson took the ground that some of the roads, the Milwaukee and Rock Island in particular, had certain vested rights in the Union Pacific which could not be superceded by any power of a receiver.

Ten Years Ago—Frank A. Cook, captain of commissary in the United States army, who was appointed commandant of the high school cadets, was graduated from West Point in 1885, and once took part in a fight with old Geronimo, the fierce Indian chief.

The city council passed the ordinance vacating parts of four streets and making other valuable concessions to the Great Western railroad for terminal facilities. The Nebraska Daughters of the American Revolution were honored in their convention by the presence of the president-general, Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, wife of the vice president of the United States, and the vice president-general, Mrs. J. H. Crossman of New York.

William A. Bourke, president of the Omaha base ball team, left for St. Louis to attend a meeting of the officials and delegates composing the National Association of Base Ball Clubs, the minor leagues.

The first annual meeting of the alumni of Sacred Heart convent was held and these officers elected: President, Mrs. Clara Creighton Daugherty; vice president, Mrs. Sadie Nash Cartan; secretary, Miss May McNamara; recorder, Miss Bertha Baumer; treasurer, Miss Anna Mullen. Bishop Sennell was to have been present to address the association, but went to St. Louis to attend the funeral of Archbishop Ryan, and President M. P. Dowling of Creighton university made the address instead.

For several years experiments in grape culture have been conducted on a small scale in the Launa basin to the east of the city of Terson, Mexico. These experiments have demonstrated that the section is the equal of the best grape-producing lands in Europe and the United States, both in soil and climate.

In the southern part of Lower California are valuable opnx beds. These are owned and exploited by an American company, which disposes of its entire product in the United States. The value of the opnx shipments from this district to the United States during 1912 was \$25,000.

An official census of the output of genuine maple syrup in Vermont shows that last spring 4,082,000 pounds of maple sugar and 45,000 gallons of maple syrup were produced in the state. To obtain this amount 5,078,975 trees were tapped, which number is a little over one-half the trees available for tapping.

Davenport, Ia., breaks into the front page last week with the promotion story of the Western Implement and Motor company, which raked in \$200,000 from stock sales and was thrown into the hands of a receiver without enough money to pay office rent. Hundreds of duped investors are holding the sack.

Eight alternative plans for flood control submitted by engineers to Dayton, O., involve an outlay ranging from \$7,000,000 to \$13,000,000. The basis of all plans contemplate storage reservoirs and channels to convey flood waters converging in the city. Surveying is still proceeding. The city expects and hopes carrying out the plan yet to be adopted.

Personal Liberty. Pittsburgh Dispatch. Personal liberty is making some advance in England. A man who went on a hunger strike in one of the prisons was not interfered with and starved to death. If they gave the militant women the same freedom they would steer clear of exercising it.

Woman's Work. Indianapolis News. The London male prisoner who went on hunger strike is now in the hands of the undertaker, and it is understood that hunger striking will hereafter be regarded as woman's work.

Twice Told Tales

Roosevelt Was Shocked.

This is the verbatim report of a recent conversation between Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and one of his warmest admirers. The admirer is a newspaper man who has reported some hundreds of the colonel's speeches. They were in mild and harmless talk the other day, when the newspaper man fell an impulse for candor burning within him.

"Do you know, colonel," said he, "I have often found a great similarity between you and Colonel Bryan?"

The Roosevelt teeth snapped within an inch of his jugular.

"In what way?" the colonel demanded, angrily. "What do you mean?"

"The newspaper man became panicky. He felt around for words.

"Ah," he said, "in the way you—er—manage your audiences, you know. Sort of light and shade, you know—humor and—er—sincerity—and—er—all that sort of thing."

Colonel Roosevelt's teeth clicked again. "You are a miserable piece of men," said he.

Then the conversation came to a complete and hopeless end.

Case for the Court. The conversation in the lobby of a Washington hotel turned to the great game of litigation and the bank roll required to properly play it, when Congressman Dan V. Stevens of Nebraska recalled an incident that occurred in the office of a western lawyer.

One day a man entered the office of the lawyer, said that he had had a dispute with a neighbor over the shooting of a dog and wanted the matter headed for court.

The lawyer listened to the details of the case, which did not look very promising, and then thoughtfully pondered.

"Look here, Mr. Smith," he finally remarked to the would-be client, "I don't think it would pay either you or me to carry this case to any length. Don't you think that it could be settled out of court?"

"Oh, yes," was the prompt rejoinder of Mr. Smith. "As a matter of fact, I suggested it."

"I see," the objection responded the lawyer. "The objection comes from the other side."

"Yes," said the client, just a little regretfully, "the bloomin' yap won't fight."—Washington Post.

On the Call. Jim was a new porter in the hotel, and he was putting in his first night at his new and responsible position. It was five in the morning, and so far Jim had done all he was told, and was getting on splendidly.

"Call it and 4," commanded the night clerk as he looked over his call sheet. Jim obeyed. After he had been gone for a considerable time the clerk went up to see if he had called the new porter, whom he found on the third floor. "I've got it of 'em up, but I haven't started on the other four yet."—National Food Magazine.

Progressive Taste. Case Gilbert, the well known architect, said in New York the other day: "Some of our skyscrapers in New York and Chicago are things of beauty. Others, again, are in such atrocious taste that they remind me of the Oil City farmer."

"An Oil City farmer struck oil on his farm and came straight to town and bought his wife a \$750 piano. "A week or so later he turned up again to buy a stock of college songs. "How do you like the piano by now?" the salesman asked him.

"By crissus," chuckled the farmer, "ye's customer see it now, young fellow. My old woman's painted it white to match the chest of drawers."—New York Globe.

Signs of Progress. Cattle that cover the swamps are being used not only for chair bottoms, but for the calking of barrels and for the manufacture of paper.

A crematory of equipment costing \$4,970 has been ordered from Boston by the Isthmian Canal commission to be built at Ancon, Panama.

A characteristic industry of Portugal is the manufacture of azulejos or porcelain tiles. This was inherited from the Moors, and tiles are used extensively for interior and exterior decoration of churches, convents, houses, hotels and public buildings.

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The Bee's Letter Box

Contributors are again reminded of our rule requesting reasonable brevity and the right we reserve to cut down letters exceeding 300 words.

No Segregation—But Then What? OMAHA, October 13.—To the Editor of The Bee: Referring to a criticism of Dr. Howard A. Kelly's assertion that cities which wipe out their segregation districts should be able to check the spread through the resident districts, should it not be borne in mind that Dr. Kelly predicates the statement on the efficiency and faithfulness of the city's executive and police officials? He is but expressing the growing belief that such a thing can be done in any city that really makes an earnest, efficient effort. It surely will not be argued by those conversant with the facts that such an effort has ever been made in Omaha. We may as well be candid about that. Spasmoid "raids" and "cleanups" are not to be so classed, especially when favored offenders are "tipped off" beforehand. But the point which I wish Dr. Kelly had cleared up for us is this: What is to be done after the "district" is closed and the rest of the city emptied of the undesirables? Are they to be dumped over into the next city, or might they be dumped into his neighbor's lot? The answer probably would be that each city in turn must adopt the same cleanup method, but that still leaves something to be said for the ultimate solution. Truth is, we all seem to be in the kindergarten of this great course of study. GIBBEAL.

These Girls of Ours. Betty—I shall not wed until I can marry a hero. Alice—Well, my dear, just show your man who proposes to you a schedule of your yearly expenses and if he doesn't balk out, he's one.—Boston Transcript.

He—I was only at a friend's, my dear, playing some games. She—What kind of games? He—Oh, harmless ones—guessing and holding hands.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"A heroine," he said, "may cook the meals for her husband." "Yes," she sadly replied, "but I've never met a man who was willing to admit that a hero might wipe the dishes for his wife."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Your hardwood floors are always so exquisitely polished," said Mrs. Jones. "How do you manage it?" "I just put chamote rompers on the children and let them play in the house." responded Mrs. Brown.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Young Mother—The question is, Mr. Bache, what are we going to make out of baby? Mr. Bache—I can't see a cent in him. If he only had two heads or three legs now, he would pay dividends.—Kansas City Times.

"Have you put by some money for a rainy day?" "Oh, yes, dear aunt." "What did you put it in?" "A gold-handled, twenty-five-dollar silk umbrella."—Baltimore American.

Miss Summit—I must answer his letter, and I want to write something that doesn't mean anything. Miss Palmdale—Why don't you tell him you love him?—Puck.

Rector—I have missed you from the church services since you received your

Broken Bow, Neb., Oct. 13.—To the Editor of The Bee: I am sorry to see the position taken by national banks in the threat to retire their circulation. If they carry this threat into action it means to retire \$780,000,000. There is only one way out. Let Mr. Wilson ask congress to repeal the law of 10 per cent tax on state bank circulation and oblige every bank that asks for the deposit of its capital to invest one-half or 50 per cent of their capital in United States state and county bonds. This 50 per cent of bonds to be deposited with the government and full face in circulation be issued to them. No tax to be laid on circulation, they to be made to keep it out.

The national bank system is a war measure and those who put it out never dreamed it would ask new life at such an expense to the nation. They have been spoiled, as it were, and no doubt think they can not be molested. It is a good system. It has made big money for those who invested in bonds at 60 cents to 70 cents on the \$1, bearing 10 per cent and then getting circulation and loaning it at from 10 to 15 per cent a month. I refer to the first twenty years of its existence. The time has come for a change. The danger is the present bill goes very near wild-cat banking. CHAR. S. HAMMOND.

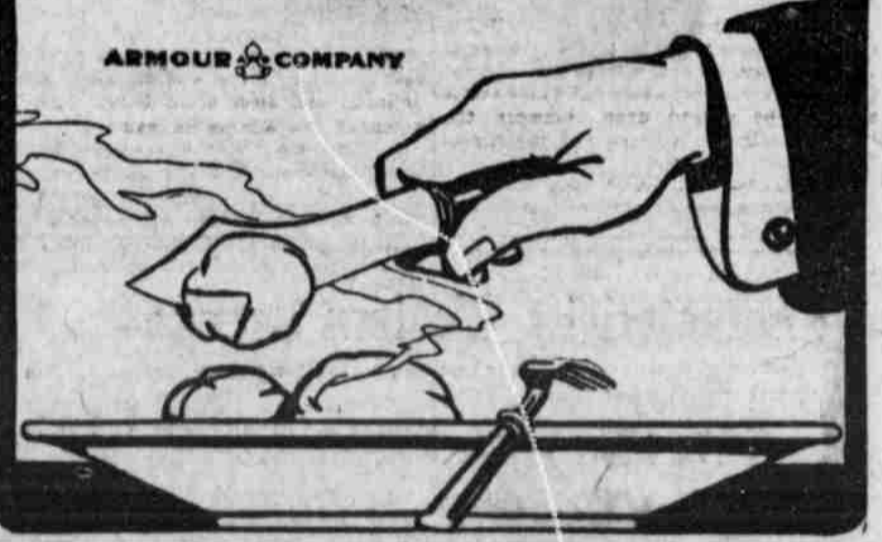
People Talked About. Cincinnati is trying to chasten unruly girls by cutting off their tresses. The capacity of Mrs. Pankhurst for militant martyrdom is a cheery asset at the box office. Publicity being free and abundant, the free list is suspended. Since Timothy L. Woodruff passed off the political stage, Senator J. Hamilton Lewis of Illinois has no competitor as an exponent of sartorial grandeur in public life. Ignoring telegrams and letters from her family, Mrs. Nettie Bauer of Baton Rouge, La., who is now visiting in Scanton, Pa., refuses to return home until she has seen snow. Marion Bray, an English woman, for thirty years a trusted nurse in prominent families in Chicago, died a fortnight ago. Her will was admitted to probate recently. In it she left her entire estate to the wealthy young men and women who had been her charge's years ago. The Italian supreme court has refused to allow Signorina Teresa Labriola to practice law in that country on the grounds that a woman cannot do anything in public life without the consent of her husband, and if she were allowed to practice law her husband might withdraw his consent. Bombita, the most famous toreador in Spain, has announced his retirement from the bull ring. He will kill his last bull October 18 for the benefit of the Bull Fighters' Benevolent Association. Bombita made his own fortune, estimated at \$500,000, entirely from the ring and has besides given away great sums in benevolence. The estate of the late Benjamin Altman, New York dry goods prince, estimated around \$20,000,000, goes almost entirely to public philanthropy. His art collection valued at \$15,000,000, is willed to the New York Metropolitan Museum. Some ranging from \$1,000 to \$5,000 were willed to old employees, the amounts being based on length of service. The balance of the estate goes to the Altman Foundation, the income to be devoted to the support of various philanthropic and charitable institutions. Mr. Altman was a bachelor.

Heroism on the Sea. St. Louis Globe-Democrat: What's in a name? The heroic captain of the Volturo is not named Miles, nor Purlong, nor yet Yard or Foote. He is only an Inch, but a good one. New York Sun: The best reassurance of the safety of ocean travel is in the fact that all with an officer's men of the type of the captain who played their part in the rescue of the Volturo. Philadelphia Record: The enormous value of oil in smothering the sea so that people could be taken from the Volturo in a gale is one of the inventions or discoveries which the world has made and then forgotten and rediscovered. Benjamin Franklin was keenly interested in the narrative given him by a seafaring man regarding the use of oil to prevent breakers. He found that Pilry or some other of the old Roman writers knew of instances of the sort. One might have expected seafaring men and marine underwriters to see at once the importance of this fact, but they did nothing of the sort; and a century and more went by without any further attention to it. Thirty-five or forty years ago a sea captain used oil with excellent results, told his story, and it was noticed by our hydrographic bureau, which circulated the information, invited reports from ship masters and made some experiments. Since then oil has been used a good many times. And yet it is far from being in so general use as one might expect.

uncle's legacy. You surely cannot mean to desert our fold? Mrs. Shippe Inne—Why, I'm simply obliged to, Mr. Burpall. I love the church, but now that I have my savings from Paris, I can't get down on my knees to save my soul.—Judge. "Am I the first man you have loved this season?" asked the hotel clerk. "Almost," answered the summer girl. "Who got ahead of me? You have only been here an hour." "I had a slight flirtation with the driver of the bus as we came from the station."—Louisville Courier-Journal. THE THUMBED COLLAR. E. A. Guest, in Detroit Free Press. "Go up and change your collar," moaned often says to me. "For you can't go out in that one, it's as dirty as can be. There are spots on the surface where they're very plainly show." "That is very queer," I answer. "It was clean an hour ago." "But I guess just what has happened, and in this it's clearly summed up. He who wears a collar has often got his collar thumbed. I have gone downtown 'mornings thinking I was clean and neat. And have had some kind friend stop me as I walked along the street. With the startling information that I wore a collar soiled. As he saw the prints and traces where those little thumbs had toiled, I've made this explanation—it's a shame I long have harbored—He who loves a little baby often gets his collar thumbed. And I'm rather proud I reckon to have people here allude to me as I walked along the street. They're the proudest marks I carry, and I really dread the day. When there'll be no sticky fingers, when I start to go away. To reach up and roll my neckwear, and my heart sometimes is numbed. When I think the day is coming when my collar won't be thumbed.



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