THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.
BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH.

Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Sunday Bee, one year	$2.00
Saturday Bee, one year	1.50
Daily Bee, without Sunday, one year	4.00
Daily Bee, and Sunday, one year	6.00

DELIVERED BY CARRIER.

Evening and Sunday Bee, per month	60c
Evening, without Sunday, per month	25c
Daily Bee, including Sunday, per mo.	65c
Daily Bee, without Sunday, per month	15c

Address all complaints of irregularities in deliveries to City Circulation Dept.

REMITTANCE.

Remit by draft, express or postal order, payable to The Bee Publishing company. Only 2-cent stamps received in payment of small accounts. Personal checks, except on Omaha and eastern exchange, not accepted.

OFFICES:

Omaha—The Bee Building.
South Omaha—2318 N Street.
Council Bluffs, 14 North Main Street.
Lincoln—26 Little Building.
Chicago—901 Hearst Building.
New York—Room 1106, 286 Fifth Avenue.
St. Louis—505 New Bank of Commerce.
Washington—726 Fourteenth St., N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Communications relating to news and editorial matter should be addressed Omaha Bee, Editorial department.

NOVEMBER CIRCULATION.

52,068

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 November, 1913, was 52,068. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 3d day of December, 1913. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.
(Seal.)

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

You can almost hear Huerta mumbling "carramba."

Now the question is, Can Uncle Sam can the Can trust?

Owners of cold storage eggs are as touchy on the age question as women.

Mrs. Pankhurst got away with her $20,000 in time to escape the income tax.

And when the end comes, Senor Huerta may lay a lot of blame for recent results on Senor Villa.

The policeman promoted to be mayor of Indianapolis may be expected to do some club swinging.

The weather man may delay the wintry blasts, but he can't postpone the advent of Christmas a single hour.

Cole Blease deserves some token of appreciation from President Wilson, whom he continues to boost by denunciation.

The proceedings to test the constitutionality of the income tax law are brought in the name of a former actress. Going back to the stage?

A big banquet is to be given by the South Omaha Pioneer Historical society. And South Omaha was nothing but a farm thirty years ago!

Those Mexicans have our sympathy. If you went to a movie, only to be captured by a recruiting officer, wouldn't it make you mad, too?

But while he is talking about it before clubs and church societies, his colleagues down at Washington are putting the bill into shape without him.

Between the high cost of living, the seductions of the auto and the reductions of the tornado, our country clubs seem to have caught it coming and going.

One thousand six hundred and twenty-nine Omaha postal savings depositors' accounts exceed an average of $100 apiece. Mighty good showing by comparison.

Mr. Rockefeller's touching tribute to sunlight may be taken in the form of peeve at the modern methods of illumination, threatening to supplant his glorious old oil lamps.

If sex hygiene literature actually used in the school room and desired for home consumption soils the mails there must be something wrong with our ideas on the mails.

The fact that a few Frisco insiders cleaned up $7,000,000 by the sale to it of subsidiary stocks is another reason why we cannot afford to adopt the plan of letting up on official scrutiny of railroad activities.

One of Sulzer's patent points in his round-the-country speeches is that Murphy once told a satrap, in answer to a query, "I don't know what Sulzer will do; we never owned him." "Bill" is a great joker.

That New Jersey man with two wives, who eloped with the daughter of one, taking along the daughter of the other, must be as bad off for trouble as the Chicago woman about to adopt fifteen children, each of different nationality.

The Los Angeles Times publishes a photo of a beautiful pair of feminine shoulders and a neck, concealing the head, underscored thus: "Guess to whom it belongs and win a pair of theater tickets." Heavens, are they that familiar out there?

A Good Graft—Hit It.

Congressman Barton should have encouraging approval of his effort to kill the mileage graft as practiced by our distinguished representatives in the two houses of congress. To be sure, this graft poses as being ancient and honorable, and traces its lineage back to the stage coach days of Washington, Adams and Jefferson. But if there is any good reason why a congressman or senator should put his hand in the treasury and transfer money to his own purse under pretense of mileage it has yet to be advanced. The railroad fare from Omaha to Washington, for example, is $27.50, and the expense of sleeping car accommodations, meals enroute, taxis and tips for an ordinary traveler would bring it up to possibly $45. So when a congressman collects traveling expenses at the rate of 20 cents a mile for nearly 1,400 miles, and charges $275 up to the government, over $225 is pure graft for his personal pocket. As Congressman Barton declares, business houses and private corporations, and most public bodies, while gladly paying actual traveling expenses, would never stand for such a system of padded accounts. It is pretty near time for congress to say goodbye to the age of canal boats and carryalls and get aboard the twentieth century transcontinental flyer that annihilates distance at from 2 to 3 cents a mile.

Our American Melting Pots.

George Ade rises to the defense of his home city, Chicago, against which moralists inveigh when they have nothing else to do, as they commonly do with other cities. Says the journalist-humorist-playwright:

In all essentials of everyday life Chicago is very similar to every other large city in the world.

Your Chicago business man is no more concerned about profits than the cotton broker of Liverpool.

The city is unsettled and in a formative stage because 2,000,000 people have suddenly poured in here.

While Chicago is changing from a camp to a world's capital, along comes Floyd Dell and complains because tea is not poured in the salons.

All the physical conditions are improving; there is less crime.

The important thing is that Chicago knows what it wants to make of itself and is working hard.

This last and the third point, relating to Chicago's formative stage with the influx of population, seems to us to form the crux of the argument for all cities, that, like Chicago, know what they want and are working toward it. A city thus aroused can afford to have faults and fault-finders. As a matter of fact, our average American city is a melting pot, into which the elements of all races from all points of the compass are constantly being poured. Naturally, the result is one of confusion and unsettlement, but so long as the process of assimilation and refinement is going on, as we see that it is, there is no occasion for serious alarm.

Pruning the Wall Street Tree.

Speaking of unsatisfactory financial conditions, the Wall Street Journal declares it is "revealing no secrets" to say that an unprecedented number of stock exchanges and banking houses will go out of business at the beginning of the year or will reorganize into other combinations, and then uses this as a text for these "few plain comments" upon "dry rot" in the banking and brokerage business:

What kills the old-fashioned brokerage firm, with names familiar to those who follow the backstairs gossip called "society news," is the overhead charges. A house at Newport, another on Long Island, a third in the south, a cottage in the Adirondacks, a dozen expensive club memberships, and half as many automobiles for each partner in the firm, makes up an expenditure which only boom times or the depletion of capital can meet. The old days when the broker with a bowing acquaintance with William H. Vanderbilt or J. Pierpont Morgan could secure speculative business on the strength of his alleged "inside information" have gone. They will not return. Thanks to the modern methods of publicity, the customer requires to be shown. The modern broker must learn his business, and burn the midnight oil, or its electric equivalent, in the study of the securities in which he deals. The golf caddy is not a necessity, and for a time, at any rate, the Meadowbrook anise-seed bag may be laid up in lavender.

But that shaking off the dry rot is what is needed, and make way for something better, is also just as vigorously asserted by this Wall street organ. "Painful as the process may be," it declares, "the ultimate fruit of the tree will be better, cleaner and more valuable, with the old and useless wood cut out, and with plenty of deep digging to let the daylight into the roots." In this hope all of us will gladly join.

Speaking of the currency bill, Edgar Howard in his Columbus Telegram says:

The caucus decree will be opposed by Senator Hitchcock and some other Standard Oil republican senators.

Now, here's where we protest! It may be "some other Standard Oil senator," but not some other "Standard Oil republican senator."

The Los Angeles Times discredits the criticism of newspapers 1,000 miles and more from Hetch Hetchy as of value with reference to the proper disposition of that great possession, yet here is John Temple Graves of one of Hearst's New York papers, 3,000 miles away, giving "The Truth About Hetch Hetchy."

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

DECEMBER 5.

Thirty Years Ago—

Falconer's hall, corner Fifteenth and Douglas, has been transformed into a fairy bower for a bazar for the benefit of the child's hospital, under the auspices of Bishop and Mrs. Clarkson, assisted by the women of Trinity. They expect to realize $2,000 for the bazar.

The Sans Ceremonie hop took place in the large dining room of the Millard, with music by Hoffman's orchestra. Those attending were: Messrs. Wilbur, Carrier, Deuel, Sharp, Muir, Crary, Remington, Darling, Beach, Wells, Rogers, Raff, Peck, Morgan, Johnson, Wakeley, McMillan, Jewett and M. F. Rapp, and the Misses McCormick, Lyons, Lake, Chambers, Thompkins, Ijams, Richardson, Knight, Balcombe, Reed, Heth, O'Reilly, Morgan, Davis, the Misses Sharp and Miss Bishop of Denver.

Frank Vodica entered into partnership with Mr. Papatz, opening a tailoring establishment at Eleventh and Harney.

Rev. Father O'Connor returns from Fremont to resume his position in the cathedral here.

"The Spanish Students" are booked for a four nights' engagement at the Academy of Music.

The Union Pacific has added twelve new engines to its rolling stock.

A test was made under the direction of Fire Chief Butler of the new standpipe and fire escapes recently erected on the south front of the Millard hotel.

Twenty Years Ago—

Fire destroyed a barn and two horses in the rear of 1219 Chicago street at night. The barn belonged to Mrs. R. L. Lucas, the nags to L. Levy.

Jimmy Pinkerton, 18 years of age, broke a leg while coasting on Thirty-second street. Dr. Davis was called to set the fractured member.

J. S. Hatfied, state head of the A. P. A., was in town rounding up and infusing the "boys."

Mrs. George A. Bennett, grand president of the Daughters of Rebekah, left for Beatrice to attend the funeral of Mrs. Curley, for years a prominent member of that order.

Mrs. Mattie Blackwell of Muscatine, Ia., moved to Omaha to reside permanently. She and her son, Warren Blackwell, a real estate dealer, occupied 2202 Woolworth avenue, but were building a handsome brick home of their own near Thirty-sixth on Farnam street.

"The Crust of Society" was presented to a good-sized house at the Fifteenth Street theater.

Dr. McCrann was being congratulated on the birth of "a brand new baby boy."

General Manager Dickinson of the Union Pacific left for Chicago to attend a meeting of the general managers of several railroads to decide the question of issuing passes to certain interests.

Ten Years Ago—

The Omaha Business Men's association was preparing to give a rousing reception to D. M. Parry, president of the National Manufacturers' association, who was scheduled for a speech here December 11.

The Board of Review had to prolong its session until midnight, but by so doing managed to boost a good many assessments, all of which brought grief to a good many hearts. In some cases assessments of business concerns were doubled and trebled over the firms' own figures of valuation.

"Herrmann, the marvelous, mysterious, sensational" sleight-of-hand man, was at the Boyd.

The annual meeting of the Gideons, a traveling man's Christian organization, was held at the Young Men's Christian association, when these officers for the state organization were elected: W. J. Hill of Lincoln, president; E. F. Deright, A. B. Ridgway, C. P. Michael and C. C. Johnson, vice presidents; S. E. Hart of Lincoln, chaplain; W. H. Stanley, secretary-treasurer.

C. M. Butt, a young lawyer of Biroka, Wis., was the guest of Charles E. Williamson.

People Talked About

Mrs. Hannah Greensides of New York, on her ninety-ninth birthday calculated that she had slept 365,000 hours of her life away.

"Uncle" John Martin, the oldest resident of Rumford, Me., has been presented by the local theater with a complimentary pass which will be good the rest of his life. He is 88 years old.

John H. McGurk, one time proprietor of the notorious resort known as Suicide hall on the Bowery, who died in California in January last, left an estate valued at $162,739, according to the appraisal filed in New York recently.

Another American girl's name is added to the long list of disappointing matrimonial alliances with foreigners. The daughter of Robert J. Wynne, former American consul general at London, has just divorced her British soldier husband.

Editor John F. Dalton of the Manson (Ia.) Democrat is abundantly provided with society editors for many years to come. A prize group of six daughters puts Daddy Dalton in the "Don't Worry club," so far as his society column is concerned.

Mayor-elect Jerwyn of Scranton, Pa., has given notice that during his term at the city hall the rich citizens who get drunk in public places will not be tenderly sent to their homes in taxicabs; they'll ride in the patrol wagon, just as poor citizens do.

The astonishing report comes from Chicago that among the 300 would-be policewomen examined for appointment on the force, some aspirants weighed 250 pounds, while the maximum regulation weight is 180 pounds. Slander! No woman carrying even 200 pounds of adipose could be pulled within a mile of a weighing scales.

Mrs. Sayre writes a good letter to the house thanking the members for the gift of the diamond necklace. If by unanimous consent this document is printed in the Congressional Record the literary style of that dull journal will be improved by sincerity and good sense and we shall have preserved for future White House brides a worthy model.

A resident of the uplift state of Wisconsin addressed a letter to "Hon. John G. Carlisle, secretary of the treasury," requesting treasury documents "in order that I may keep abreast of the times." Mr. Carlisle was secretary of the treasury twenty years ago, and died August 1, 1910. The Wisconsin standpatter needs something more than public documents to accelerate his pace

Twice Told Tales

The Explanation.

Sweetly smiled Miss Ruth St. Denis, the dancer, the other evening when reference was made to the antics of college boys. She said she was reminded of an incident that happened in one of the big eastern cities.

One afternoon a cop was standing on a corner, when he saw a youth coming down the street with his coat turned inside out and wearing only one shoe. The officer wasn't a bit surprised, for the town was full of people of that kind. He was merely curious.

"Say, young man," he observed as the youth came abreast of him, "what's the answer?"

"I don't get you, Mr. Policeman," returned the youth lining up in front of the cop. "You'll have to come again."

"What I mean is this," said the officer, "what are you doing decked out like Hallowe'en at this late day?"

"Oh, it's this way," smilingly explained the youth. "I'm taking a course in a correspondence school and yesterday the sophomores wrote to me and told me to haze myself."—New York Tribune.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Bayard Veiller, at a luncheon, was accused of writing broad plays in order to make money; but Mr. Veiller insisted vehemently that he writes such plays in order to do good.

"My accounts," he said, "put me in the position of the benevolent old gentleman.

"A benevolent old gentleman was walking in Central park when the loud sobs of a little girl arrested him.

"'What is the matter, my child?' he asked.

"'Boo, hoo, hoo! I've lost my penny!' cried the little girl.

"The benevolent old gentleman drew a penny from his pocket, and extending it, he said with a beatific smile:

"'Here's your penny, my dear child. And now stop crying.'

"The little girl, instead of thanking the benevolent old gentleman gratefully, stamped her foot and said with scornfully flashing eyes:

"'Oh, you wicked old man, you had my penny all the time!'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Homelike Church.

He had been around from church to church trying to find a congenial congregation, and finally he stopped in a little church just as the congregation read with the minister:

"We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done."

The man dropped into a pew with a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness," he said, "I've found my crowd at last."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Political Tips

Former Mayor McGuire of Syracuse, N. Y., a reformer of some distinction, adds to his political laurels an indictment for soliciting campaign contributions.

"Uncle Ike" Stephenson, the Wisconsin lumber king, who spent $107,000 in campaigning for the United States senatorship, is now defendant in a suit for $9,000 for services rendered in that juicy contest.

Twenty-three third-class cities in Pennsylvania, with populations ranging from 5,000 to 100,000, take on the commission form of government early in the new year. The last legislature granted cities the right to change from the old system.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean writes that six democratic senators will insurge with Senator Hitchcock on the currency bill, namely: Newlands of Nevada, Smith of Maryland, Tillman of South Carolina, Vardaman of Mississippi, Thompson of Kansas and Myers of Montana.

Admirers of Roger Sullivan of Chicago have launched his boom for the United States senate. Roger is launded as the "greatest statesman of the day," "the most sagacious leader of the democracy of the nation," but his greatest achievement lies in his artistic pen picture of William Jennings Bryan, which he executed some five years ago.

"Commodore" Kuehnle of Atlantic City, N. J., two years ago helped to "put over" a $300,000 water contract as member of the city council, later winning a penitentiary sentence for his smooth work. Kuehnle ascribes his downfall to former Governor Wilson, whose pernicious activity in purging the famous resort spoiled an unusually good thing for political crooks. The wonder of the conviction, just affirmed by the state supreme court, is that a man worth a million could be steered to the penitentiary for a political deal.

Odd Bits of Life

Mrs. A. E. Faught of Augusta, Me., has an interesting relic in the form of a bill entitling the bearer to "two Spanish milled dollars or their value in gold or silver." The bill was issued February 17, 1776.

One of the youngest betters who lost on the recent election was Miss Evelyn Campbell of Guilford, Me., who is 10 years old. She has just completed a pair of mittens which she knitted herself in payment of the bet.

Gustave Meinflesh was kicked violently on the nose by a cow while milking on his farm in Redwood Falls, Minn. When he recovered he was completely cured of stammering, to which he had been subject because of an infirmity of the throat.

After making a large quantity of soft soap and forming it into cakes, Mrs. Lillie Adams of Laurel, Del., left it in the yard to cool. Going out later she found that it had been devoured by a flock of buzzards, some of which were still fighting over the crumbs.

John Rodemeyer, editor and humorist, 50 years old, never loved but one girl. He married her recently in Canaan, Conn. Her name was Jenny Brown. They were sweethearts of youth. She married another man and a decade later Rodemeyer founded the Bachelors' club. The membership dwindled until only he and F. C. Capewell of Hartford were left. Now Capewell is alone.

Miss Mary Rock, who died at Chambersburg, Pa., recently at the age of 73, had lived for fifty-six years of that time on milk, water, coffee and candy alone, as she imagined she could not eat solid foods. An autopsy immediately following the woman's death revealed the fact that her digestive organs were in perfect condition and she might easily have eaten anything she wanted to.

The Bee's Letter Box

Southern View of the Negro.

SOUTH OMAHA, Dec. 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: Upon reading your editorial headed "Worse than Jim Crow Laws," referring to a Florida law prohibiting white teachers of negro schools and vice versa, I feel constrained to attempt to correct what seems a misapprehension.

In the first place, there are educated negro men and women in sufficient numbers in the south to teach the children of their own race and I think it only just to allow them to do so without the interference of write people however philanthropically inclined.

The Florida legislature in passing such a law is doing you a great favor in preventing your over-zealous daughters (your sons seem never to be affected in just that direction) in their ignorance of the true state of affairs, plunging themselves into a very undesirable situation.

Such instruction as Booker T. Washington is giving the youth of his race at Tuskegee is a great boon to them and as such is appreciated by both white and blacks. Such people will never be put out of business.

The south has given the negro a home ever since the north learned it could not use them to advantage. Constant contact with him has imparted a knowledge of his disposition and needs, a knowledge that can be gained in no other way.

There the negro is respected, just so far as he respects himself (which, in districts where there has been no outside intervention is considerable). If he has no self-respect the lack is allowed for in the child-like irresponsibility of his nature. SOUTHERNER.

Keeping in the Limelight.

BRADSHAW, Neb., Dec. 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: There seems to be a natural tendency in man to desire a place in the limelight of human events—with some that tendency is more prominent and persistent than it is with others. For instance, there is our old soldier friend, Charles Wooster, who never misses an occasion to get right out in the most brilliant spot, even though he is compelled sometimes to go way down into old Pennsylanvia for a suitable subject. When Wooster wants to give the Christian religion a dig his imagination is wonderfully elastic. Wooster, however, is our fellow man, and though he may not know it, he has an immortal soul.

The writer hereof believes in the fatherhood of God and the fellowship and brotherhood of man, and our sympathy goes out to any man, no matter who he may be, especially when we find him trying to defend a fabricated principle that is no principle at all. "It is hard to kick against the pricks." It would be hardly fair to set up that Wooster is not sincere in the premises he seems so anxious to vindicate; yet in the Bible, which is acknowledged by all right thinking men to be the word of God, it says: "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." Placing the largest degree of charity possible upon Wooster's views, real or imaginary, we can only say he surely is mistaken. But let us be charitable towards the old comrade, for there are some pretty good reasons for skepticism and infidelity, especially when one has not received the knocking down that Paul did while on his way to Damascus, and we look around about us and see the arrant hypocracy exhibited on all sides and in all professions in life.

JOHN B. DEY.

Purpose of Religion.

KEARNEY, Neb., Dec. 3.—To the Editor of The Bee: Will you let me answer through your paper the question of F. J. Irwin of Lincoln in regard to the brakeman and the bishop?

My view is, if it was no bishop, it would be no railroad or no need of a brakeman. When God made man He laid in his mind that he should worship something greater than himself. God knew that the people in their ignorant state were unable to know what God was, therefore He gave us the religion to teach us a better life. If there were no religion the people would live and be no more than cattle. Therefore the people had to be lifted up to something higher than themselves. No religion is true because the people through their ignorance was unable to know God in the right light; therefore they have to believe in fakes because the truth was so great that they are unable to understand it. But as soon as people become so enlightened then we have no need of religion any more and will pass out of existence the same as wornout garments, but then God will be before us a God and then every knee shall bow and every tongue shall give honor to Him and all those who have done wrong will be ashamed, and then God shall be our Father and we shall be His children, but that time has not come yet, and therefore we shall have to have religion for a teaching for the ignorant.

J. H. CARLSON.

Chance for Food Inspectors.

OMAHA, Dec. 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: I notice by your paper that on the morning of December 1 the Illinois Central had a very bad wreck in the north end of their yards in Council Bluffs, whereby they put several cars of cattle and hogs in the ditch, and they were badly crippled, bruised, had broken legs and ribs, etc.

Now, if people will stop and consider, they will know that cattle and hogs in a mangled condition are bound to be feverish and unfit for food, and some of the local markets in Council Bluffs are buying up this stock, killing same, and offering it as first-class beef and pork. This should be stopped.

Why have we pure food inspectors and inspectors of cattle and hog industry, if such things can go on? It seems to me that we pay these inspectors to be on the lookout for just such cases.

A READER.

National Bird Exonerated.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Government figures exonerate the great American hen from the charge, so to speak, of laying down on her job, and thus forcing up the price of eggs. It is not the fault of the hen, but of base human greed. Thus the slight tarnish on a reputation hitherto filled with glory has been removed by all the force of an official utterance.

Mauling the Middleman.

Baltimore American.

A Nebraska man wants to raise vegetables and ship them to customers by parcel post, and Uncle Sam thinks such a scheme might prove a success. But the success of the parcel post in this direction will soon cause calls on each community for funds to erect an asylum for the poor indigent middlemen.

TOLD FOR FUN.

"Pa, tell me one thing about army and navy officers."

"What is it, son?"

"Is it when they get tired that they put on their fatigue uniform?"—Baltimore American.

"How did your son, the college foot ball star, fare in the big game?"

"He's in the hospital."

"Hurt in the game?"

"No, in the celebration."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I love to go into a 10-cent store."

"Why so?"

"Even a man with a dollar bill can bust into one of those places and buy recklessly."—Courier-Journal.

"A free trader ought not to think it his duty to whip his children!"

"What has that got to do with whipping children?"

"Doesn't he naturally disapprove of a duty on hides?"—Baltimore American.

"Six months," said the judge. "But why did you steal a light duck suit? A heavy overcoat is what you need."

"But I won't need no heavy overcoat six months from now, your honor."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I sold 10,000 shares of mining stock the other day for $20."

"Why? Was the man who bought them somebody you had a grudge against?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Now a few words about selling this dictionary. A woman will open the door a few inches."

"Yes."

"When she learns you are a book agent she will try to close it."

"Well?"

"At this point you insist the dictionary."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Who is that odd looking stranger sitting over yonder unnoticed in the corner? Doesn't seem to know anybody and nobody seems to have ever heard of him. You know him?"

"Yes. He just introduced himself to me. He's one of the fellows who won one of the Nobel prizes this year for something."—St. Louis Republic.

"Why do you insist so strenuous on my placing my order right now?"

"I have taken a course in a school of scientific salesmanship and, according to all rules and theories this is the psychological moment for closing this sale."—Washington Herald.

Father (grasping his son's ear)—You young scoundrel, I'll teach you how to treat your mother.

Son—Ouch! Hold on now, pa. You know you don't want me to treat mother that way.—Boston Transcript.

A TIMELY REMINDER.

Do your Christmas shopping early,
Buy your books and games and toys,
Buy your silken hose and jewels
For the good of store employes;
But do not carry the practice
Of shopping early so far
That you haven't a red cent left to spend
At the annual Big Bazaar.

If you are looking for canes—
Not the bad ones, nor hard ones, mind—
But those made of ribbons and laces,
The nifty and useful kind;
The cases for silver, for needles,
Or for use when you ride on the cars,
Just save some money until the eighth,
To spend at those Church Bazaars.

And if its bags you are seeking—
Not the punching bag or the bean—
But the kind made of beautiful ribbon,
Or linen, or silkoline—
The opera bag and the laundry,
The slipper and kensington, too,
From the clothespin bag to the jewel bag,
That Bazar wants to sell to you.

There'll be all sorts of artistic holders,
Receivers and racks galore;
And so with your early shopping,
Kind souls, do not buy yourselves poor;
But reserve from the fund you are spending
A sum that will go pretty far
Towards buying the cases and holders and bags
That you'll want from the Big Church Bazaar.

BAYOLL NE TRELE.

P. S.—
Here's a poscript that's worth heeding,
If cases and bags you abhor;
There are aprons and caps and dollies
That small girls are just crazy for;
There'll be eatables, tempting and dainty,
For which you'll be anxious to spend;
And while it is best to shop early,
Don't do it too early, my friend.

Omaha. B. N. T.

Gold Dust does what *you* can't do for dishes. It digs into the corners and cleanses and sterilizes.

GOLD DUST

cleans everything. Never be without it.

5c and larger packages.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO

"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"

Select your office location keeping this in your mind

Safety First

Fire-Proof

THE BEE BUILDING is absolutely fire-proof. No wood was used in its construction, except the finish and flooring. There is a standpipe and hose on every floor.

New Elevators

THE BEE BUILDING two years ago installed the most modern new elevators, with full width doors and modern floor signals. The rule for our conductors is "safety" and accommodation of tenants first; speed last. Only six floors; no long waits for a ride.

Pure Air

THE BEE BUILDING has light and air on four sides and a large, beautiful court in the center, giving perfect ventilation and ample light. All windows have metal weather strips, shutting out drafts and dust. With our new vacuum heating system there is no escaping steam or soot.

Exits

THE BEE BUILDING has two iron stairways on opposite sides of the building and a separate fire escape.

THE BEE BUILDING

"The building that is always new"

For offices apply to the building superintendent, room 103.

ADVERTISING insures to you an established *price* that you can count *on* and a fixed *profit* that you can count *up*.