

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR
BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 12TH
Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Daily, one year, \$1.00
Saturday, one year, 1.50
Daily, one year, 1.00
Daily, one year, 1.00

DELIVERED BY CARRIER:
Evening and Sunday, per month, 25c
Evening, without Sunday, per month, 25c
Daily, including Sunday, per month, 50c
Daily, without Sunday, per month, 40c

REMITTANCE:
Remit by draft, express or postal order, payable to The Bee Publishing Company.

OFFICERS:
Omaha—The Bee Building,
South Omaha—215 N. Street,

CORRESPONDENCE:
Communications relating to news and editorial matters 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.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 11th day of December, 1913.
ROBERT HUNTER,
Notary Public.

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

The auto bandit is the latest—but we will have the airship bandit in due time.

A fair, but fat, beauty doctor tells "how to be slender though fat." How can she remember that far back?

Periodical reminders keep coming up that the unwritten law carries more force than the written law.

The report of that congressional lobby investigating committee strikes a stunning blow with the soft end of a feather duster.

And after forty-two years Alasco-Lorraine still seems dissatisfied with its German rule. How long would it take to Americanize Mexico?

President Wilson is surely having his share of luck in rescuing messenger boys from auto accidents and little girls from horseback mishaps.

The girls attending an eastern seminary are wearing monocles as a fad, showing the drift toward democracy of our educational institutions.

"Some people," exclaims Mr. Hapgood, as if on second thought, "might call Mr. Brandeis a radical." Whatever suggested such a thought?

The perfect infinitive of the verb, "to invest" is "to investate."—New Orleans Picayune.

But actually, it has no imperative mood.

Our learned media have been discussing headaches. Before they go much further some one will rise up and tell them there "ain't no such thing."

And now the women election officials in Kansas object to their men colleagues smoking. Here is certainly grounds for a demand for equal rights.

Secretary of War Garrison refuses to reopen the Brownville case. The secretary evidently does not want to borrow trouble even though the colonel is way off in South America.

One day reports of the Texas floods estimate the dead at sixty-five, the next day at 150 and vice versa, showing that they must have caught the ebb and flow of the tide, too.

Senator Hitchcock told them on his return to Washington that the Nebraska bankers are with him on his currency bill. Now, let his newspaper take a tip and stop pretending the opposite.

Now that the lobby committee's report is in, why ask for any more official investigations at the hands of the present congress, when we might as well save both the time and money required?

Superintendent Ella Flagg Young of Chicago has discovered that motion pictures are hard on the eyes of school children. Likewise on the eyes of adults, but, like everything else, only when overdone.

The Chicago Tribune says 100,000 idle men, many of them industrious and eager to work, are tramping the streets of that city. Chicago is always the mecca for idle men at this time of the year, but not so many. What relation to this distressing situation, can any one tell, does the recently enacted democratic tariff law sustain?

High Finance and Rates.

It must be discouraging to certain railroads seeking authority to charge higher freight rates to be confronted by such cases as those of the New Haven and Frisco. While unfair to impute devious methods to the management of all roads simply because revealed in the affairs of a few, the disclosures nevertheless create a suspicion as to their extent. Behind this suspicion inevitably lurks a belief, however general one may not say, that but for these practices certain roads might make satisfactory returns on investment without increasing rates.

Certainly it was not inadequate or noncompensatory rates that caused the trouble with either the New Haven or the Frisco, but an unjustifiable system of finance by those in control. Now, it is natural for the public to demand, before acceding to the request for higher rates, full information as to the possible extent of these practices. If they are carried on in the "invisible government" of a few roads, what about the others and exactly what relation does the element of rates bear to the proper management and profits of an honestly operated road?

The public is not given to understand just what level of rates is deemed necessary to enable the railroads to earn "proper" dividends, and it never will know until the atmosphere is cleared of all the befogging side issues.

The Moral Awakening.

Give thanks that all this agitation for an aroused conscience in public and private affairs is not in vain. For proof we have conclusive evidence that the moral awakening has reached to the very citadel of big business, as witness the following communication just at hand:

NEW YORK, Dec. 6.—To the Editor of The Bee: We regret exceedingly to learn that part of the advance sheets of our December bulletin, "United States Securities and Government Finances," were mailed with insufficient postage, and we ask you to accept the enclosed stamp to reimburse you for the extra postage charged.

THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK.
The Bee hereby publicly acknowledges receipt of the two-cent postage stamp because we believe such close attention to the ethical proprieties on the part of an institution as small as the arch-exponent of high finance deserves appreciative acknowledgment as encouragement to continue along the right path.

Suffrage in South Carolina.

From sunny southland our fellow townsman, T. W. Blackburn, sends us a cutting from the editorial columns of the Columbia (S. C.) State, which he denominates as "entertainingly frank" with which characterization we fully agree. The editor of The State, discussing votes for women, tells why, although he has been printing "excellent and able articles" written by "the champions of the emancipation of women," equal suffrage is not an issue in South Carolina, and proceeds to give the reasons:

In South Carolina we have about 230,000 males of voting age. The central and principal policy of our politics is the exclusion of 165,000 of these possible voters from the polls because they are negroes. If there is one thing that we do not accept in this state it is the principle of universal manhood suffrage. Much the less do we believe in universal suffrage with the "manhood" omitted as a qualifier.

What is more important, however, is the fact that we have not learned the proper use of manhood suffrage when it is confined to whites. Everybody knows that in recent years we have failed to conduct a white man's primary free from fraud and corruption. With a little electorate of possibly 165,000 votes, less than that of some of the great cities, our elections have come to be farcical in many parts of the state. We lack either the intelligence or the courage to prosecute bribe-takers and bribe-takers. Our corrupt practices laws are honored in the breach. We have so far neglected to arrange a party enrollment that is even a reasonable check on illegal voting and repeating.

These things being true, we suggest that long discourses about the extension of the ballot to women in South Carolina, whether it be a scheme sound or rotten in theory, are absurd.

In South Carolina the only logical argument for woman suffrage at this time would be conditioned upon the men surrendering the ballot, upon confessed failure to use it intelligently, and turning it over to the women for their exclusive use.

All of which, while, of course, having no direct application in Nebraska, makes at least interesting reading.

New life is engendered in the camp of California mooseurs, with Governor Johnson urging on the hosts of Armageddon with the battle cry, "Fight, fight, fight," and Francis Heney and Chester Rowell clashing for the right to supplant Senator Perkins at Washington, an honor toward which the governor casts a furtive glance ever and anon.

The next election down in Mexico will be held in July, when it is hoped the necessary number of votes may be cast. Presumably, by that time the number of eligible voters will be reduced so that the proportion to make a valid election will not call for so many.

How strongly opposed the bankers are to that part of our senator's bill which relieves them of the necessity of furnishing the capital for regional banks is likewise illustrated by the Kansas bankers who are almost unanimously for it.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM THE FILES

DECEMBER 11.

Thirty Years Ago—Mr. Willis of Chicago, agent for a patent fire extinguisher, gives an exhibition this afternoon. A large bonfire was built on Capitol avenue, and was quickly put out by the fire extinguisher. It is a liquid preparation carried in a bottle.

E. V. Smith and family left again for Los Angeles, where they will make their future home. Mr. Smith was one of the old timers in Omaha, and the founder of Smith's addition. Mrs. M. G. McKoon, who accompanied Mrs. Jacobs from California, returned from that state with the family of Mr. Smith.

Women's evening dresses, light shawls and wraps cleaned and colored, and all lace cleaned to order by Mrs. O'Dell, 322 North Sixteenth street.

James Kitchen of the Paxton left for a two-week trip through the west. P. C. Himebaugh, who has been in poor health, left for southern California, where he will remain during the winter. Here is a paid announcement. "Five dollars" reward. A saloonkeeper who was loaned a watch last Saturday for drinks, obtain the reward by sending his name, care this office.

Miss Nellie Fuller and Master Bertie Bliss, who made such a hit here, will return for exhibitions during the holidays.

Contractor Canfield has completed the grading of Cumming street, and discharged his force for the winter. Registered at the Paxton are C. E. Magoon and A. G. Reason of Lincoln. "Ell Perkins," of lecture notoriety, was in the city for a short time.

Mrs. S. A. Herman has gone to San Francisco to visit with relatives.

Twenty Years Ago—C. J. Howley, editor of the Crete Democrat, called at The Bee office on a friendly visit.

O. G. Ballard, the Apollo of the Paxton hotel clerical staff, went to Lexington, Mo., for a few days vacation. Miss Rose Copley of the city clerk's office resumed her work after two weeks of illness.

Tom Murray, proprietor of the Murray hotel, was reported as sinking rapidly; his death being hourly expected.

Louis P. Swift, treasurer of the Swift Packing company, Mrs. Swift and child of Chicago, were in the city.

William Whisker of the Omaha Outfitters company was preparing to leave for Hull, England, his old home, for a four months' visit.

C. B. Rustin and Charles Balbach went to Boise, Idaho, where they were figuring on buying the Plowman mine in the Neal district, from which, it was said, Mr. Balbach had offered \$40,000. Mr. Rustin was otherwise interested in western mines, he having had experience in that line of business while president of the smelter.

A telegram was received from Captain Patrick Mostry of the Omaha police force in New York, saying he had secured extradition papers for the man he went to get and would leave forthwith for Omaha with his man.

Ten Years Ago—Colonel Welsh of the weather bureau hoisted his peaky old cow flag.

Tom Flynn, jailer under Sheriff John Power, learned by a practical demonstration that it does not pay to buck the boss. He was given an object lesson to that effect by the sheriff, who let the official ax fall upon his official head as a reward to Flynn for running against him for the nomination of sheriff in the recent democratic contest.

D. M. Parry of Indianapolis, president of the National Manufacturers' association, addressed the Omaha Business Men's association at Washington hall in the evening. Two sentinels stood guard and thus challenged all who fain would enter: "Show your cards, gentlemen, and give your numbers, please. Both cards—the old and the new." Mr. Parry pleaded strongly for the compact organization of employers, declaring that lack of organization was weakness. He inveighed against the eight-hour day proposition in an interview with a reporter for The Bee. Melbourne McDowell and Miss Florence Stone appeared as the top-liners in "A Captain of Navarre" at the Boyd.

Anos H. Merchart, formerly assistant general freight agent of the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad, was elected secretary of the new Grain exchange.

In the Creighton college oratorical contest for the selection of a representative to the state contest, W. A. Scholl won first place, using Ulysses S. Grant as his theme; Frank Jenal, "Anarchy," second. April 1, 1902.

In fastening our grip upon a town we should see that there is a proper monopoly of transportation. All approaches to the town must be properly secured. If there are any free county roads they should be turned over to private parties and made toll roads. The old farmer who has his load to town will be somewhat discouraged after he has made it at a couple of toll gates and also paid his town license and his state autotruck license.

The people of this country have become license-crazy; they are a law-ridden people. Man once had ten laws, but he more than that and has made millions. Modern laws are far better than the old style and are expressed in deeper, if not clearer language. We have laws for and against almost anything we can think of.

Here and There Italy has joined several other European nations in prohibiting the manufacture, importation and sale of absinthe.

Bloux City is putting some vim into the movement to secure the erection of a new court house for Woodbury county. The question will go to the voters for settlement at an election next March.

The German government has ordered the construction of a plant which will use government coal and be capable of producing 6,000,000 gallons of benzol, the new fuel, annually.

The total value of all classes of property in the state of Illinois is \$7,381,198,552, according to the footings of the State Board of Equalization. The state tax levy amounts to 75 cents on the \$100 valuation.

Experts figure that Pittsburgh's yearly soot emissions would make a pile 100 feet in diameter and 900 feet high or larger than the Washington monument. The money waste and damage are estimated at \$2,000,000 yearly.

How to Raise the Cost of Living

Harold C. Ridleyger in the Forum. The cost of living can be raised, lowered or kept as it is, and can therefore be studied from three points of view. Nor does it matter much on which point we fix our attention; the most important thing is to study the subject.

If we are in a small town where living is cheap, how would we raise the cost? It is like raising a flag, a simple matter if we pull on the tight rope, and the rope is of many strands, intertwined and tightly twisted.

In a small town there may not be a food monopoly, and that should be attended to at once. By all means get the food men together and have them work toward a common end. That will not be difficult as their interests are all alike, and an organization can be effected readily, after which the great problem can be considered in its various phases.

To begin with—food monopolists must have a markethouse. The town council can build that out of the public funds, and the structure can be the ordinary shed type, with stalls to be rented to the people—our people.

That will take care of a large share of the food supply, and our board of managers can fix prices better under this centralized system. The owners of stores and smaller shops in the town will be glad to come in with us, and if they do not see fit to do so we can have a few conversations with those who supply them with vegetables and other products.

If the supply men sell to stores outside our organization, we will buy nothing from those supply men, and that ought to be a strong argument in our favor. Besides, we can buy out half the shops in town, especially after we get well on the road toward cornering the market and have secured much of the trade formerly handled by the small trader.

The farmers and hucksters who bring food to town and sell it from house to house are very annoying, and it is a question how best to get rid of them. If they are allowed to engage in such business they should be made to pay a high license. That goes without saying, and our political friends in the city council will back us up in the matter. The more licenses collected, the more funds to advance salaries of city clerks and other officials. It would probably be best, however, to prohibit the selling of vegetables and fruits from house to house, or, at any rate to limit it to the owners of farms. Nor should a fellow townsmen be allowed to buy from the farmers and then do a peddling business.

There are various arguments that may be advanced to support us in this matter, some of which will appeal to one class of citizens and some to the others. One argument is that the merchants of the town, who pay taxes, should be protected. The idea of protection has the right ring to it and sounds plausible to those who have been advocating protection as a national asset. Our town should be protected from the encroachments of the farmer, and we should use every means in our power to carry out this idea. If anyone dares to say that the consumer is the one to be protected, that man must have the finger of scorn pointed at him. Pointing the finger of scorn is a rare art, and if we have the power to do it, it must be acquired before we go much further. We should learn, also, how to express righteous indignation when occasion requires, as the mental attitude harmonizes with the pointing finger.

The health officer should be on our side, and it would be well to have him make a few remarks about the desirability of concentrating the food supply into one district. He might state that the microbes can be more readily stamped out under such conditions. If a huckster drops a potato in the street, and the street cleaner neglect to get it, the potato will rot and breed microbes; or if a chicken is killed in the town, there is danger of contagion of some kind, it does not matter what.

Farmers no longer annoy us by bringing meat to town. At one time, a countryman would slaughter a cow and hang it to the limb of a tree for drying. Of course, this was not healthy, so we had laws passed to prohibit the killing of cattle except in our abattoirs, where there are government inspectors to see whose meat it is. Quite an amusing incident occurred when the bill was before congress. Some rustic inserted a clause to compel the stamping of the date of killing on the meat. It did not take long to convince congress that the ink from the stamp would have a deleterious effect on the meat, and the objectionable clause was removed. Think of eating a piece of steak whose obituary was dated April 1, 1902!

Twice Told Tales At a recent banquet reference was made to the helping hand, which recalled to Governor Frank M. Byrne of South Dakota an incident that happened in a western town.

One morning the governor said, a rather commanding looking woman entered a newspaper office and asked to see the editor. The editor was promptly produced.

"In your paper this morning," said the woman in a cold, hard voice, "you say that Mr. Jones is a bribe-taker, a swindler, a mudslinger and a crook."

"It is a matter of politics, madame," said the editor, apologetically. "I am very sorry that we are compelled to make statements of that kind on your account, for I take it that you are a relative."

"I am his wife's mother," answered the visitor, "and I want to say that you haven't told more than half of the truth. The next time you want to publish his biography I wish you would send a reporter to see me."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

He Capitalized. His wife met him at the door. His dinner had been waiting for thirty minutes but she was smiling sweetly. Her hair was done up in a becoming style, and she looked ten years younger than usual.

She put her arms around his neck, drew his head down, and kissed him sweetly.

"Give me your hat and coat," she said. "I will hang them away, for I can see that you are tired. Have you had a hard day at the office, dear?"

"Yes," he replied. "I'm all fagged out."

"I'm sorry. But never mind. I feel sure that things will take a turn for the better soon. I've got a surprise for you—the maid has prepared a nice chicken stew, the kind you like so well. Shall I run upstairs and get your slippers?"

"Never mind, little woman," he replied, pushing his hand into his pocket. "How much do you want?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Cold Shower. Miss Gladys Raymond, the new golf champion, was talking in Wilmington about the royal game's difficulties.

"When I began to play," she said, "I had a crusty old Scot for caddy. After I had worked very hard for some months I asked this crusty old Scot one day:

"Well, Saunders, how am I getting on?"

Under answered gruffly: "Ter no makin' a fool of yerself, but y'll never be a gowfer!"—Baltimore Sun.

The Bee's Letter Box

Another Word for the Tramp. OMAHA, Dec. 10.—To the Editor of The Bee: One of the most un-Christian and unscientific customs of civilization is the protection of monopolists and its consequent distastefulness of the opportunities of the masses, and then making the man a criminal by law who, because of these conditions, is unable to keep his head above water. The human race has made grand progress along many lines, but on this, one of the most vital, if not the most vital, it is living in the savage past.

The custom is not only un-Christian and unscientific, but it is deplorable. WILLIS HULSPETH.

Why Eggs Come High. OMAHA, Dec. 10.—To the Editor of The Bee: The price of eggs is exciting much comment at the present time and many ridiculous cartoons are appearing in the daily papers. At the same time there is general condemnation of cold storage, the one thing that has heretofore equalized egg prices between summer and winter.

It is within my recollection, just before the general adoption of cold storage for the preservation of food products, that during the spring and early summer eggs would be worth 8 to 10 cents per dozen. Then, in the midst of an ordinarily severe winter the price would go up to 50 or 75 cents per dozen.

After cold storage had been proven effective for preserving eggs the price soon became equalized, ranging between 15 and 25 cents per dozen the year round, with feed about half the cost of the present time.

So long as it is possible for any family, in town or country, to keep one or two dozen chickens in the back yard, with little or no expense for feed or care, it is no more possible for any person, corporation or combination to corner the egg supply than it would be to corner the bread supply so long as there is flour for sale in the market and housewives willing and competent to turn it into bread.

With the present high prices for feed there is little or no profit in eggs at 20 cents a dozen, except in case of the backyard flock, fed principally from table and kitchen scraps. Here it is most all profit and it is surprising that more people do not put in a few hens instead of consuming an ancient product and kicking about the price.

Eggs will continue to be eggs, and will steadily advance in price just so long as people continue to do two things. First, sell their eggs during spring and early summer because of good prices, instead of hatching and raising more chickens. Second, avoid the small expense and labor incident to keeping a small home flock.

There is no complaint from those who keep chickens about the high price of eggs. Such complaint comes exclusively from those who do not raise chickens; who don't want to be bothered with them; who want someone else to do it for them at a price less than cost of feed.

For several years there has been an increasing demand for eggs and a decreasing supply—the latter due to high prices for grain and other feed, unsuitable breeding and hatching seasons, and good egg prices that tempted the selling of eggs for culinary purposes rather than their use in incubation.

What is a good, fresh egg from well fed, healthy stock really worth? If we have been accustomed to paying 10 cents a dozen, then we will consider 20 cents a dozen as extraordinary and inexcusable. If, however, we had been used to paying 10 cents a dozen, then we would consider 50 cents a dozen a downright bargain.

Personally, I would much prefer a couple of good, fresh eggs at 5 cents apiece rather than 10 cents' worth of beefsteak. But then, preferences don't count. We have to pay a premium if we want goods of any kind that are scarce, and just so long as the great majority of home owners prefer to consume rather than produce, then just so long will eggs maintain or advance in price. GEORGE H. LEE.

Willing to Help At a recent banquet reference was made to the helping hand, which recalled to Governor Frank M. Byrne of South Dakota an incident that happened in a western town.

One morning the governor said, a rather commanding looking woman entered a newspaper office and asked to see the editor. The editor was promptly produced.

"In your paper this morning," said the woman in a cold, hard voice, "you say that Mr. Jones is a bribe-taker, a swindler, a mudslinger and a crook."

"It is a matter of politics, madame," said the editor, apologetically. "I am very sorry that we are compelled to make statements of that kind on your account, for I take it that you are a relative."

"I am his wife's mother," answered the visitor, "and I want to say that you haven't told more than half of the truth. The next time you want to publish his biography I wish you would send a reporter to see me."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

He Capitalized. His wife met him at the door. His dinner had been waiting for thirty minutes but she was smiling sweetly. Her hair was done up in a becoming style, and she looked ten years younger than usual.

She put her arms around his neck, drew his head down, and kissed him sweetly.

"Give me your hat and coat," she said. "I will hang them away, for I can see that you are tired. Have you had a hard day at the office, dear?"

"Yes," he replied. "I'm all fagged out."

"I'm sorry. But never mind. I feel sure that things will take a turn for the better soon. I've got a surprise for you—the maid has prepared a nice chicken stew, the kind you like so well. Shall I run upstairs and get your slippers?"

"Never mind, little woman," he replied, pushing his hand into his pocket. "How much do you want?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Cold Shower. Miss Gladys Raymond, the new golf champion, was talking in Wilmington about the royal game's difficulties.

"When I began to play," she said, "I had a crusty old Scot for caddy. After I had worked very hard for some months I asked this crusty old Scot one day:

"Well, Saunders, how am I getting on?"

Under answered gruffly: "Ter no makin' a fool of yerself, but y'll never be a gowfer!"—Baltimore Sun.

Odd Bits of Life

A Tennessee farmer has applied for an injunction to prevent his relations from visiting him. Harrison Vance, a farmer in Northfield, N. J., set a large trap for the thieves who he thought had been stealing hay. The next morning he found two of his own cows in the trap.

A Delaware trolley conductor got 25 cents for returning \$700 to the man who lost it. Conductors will hereafter be careful not to find anything less than \$1,000.

A Williston, England, laundry proprietor, finding that he gets the best work out of his employees when they are happy and contented, has decided to give them free tickets to the theater once a week.

Joseph Barrow, a farmer of Mansfield Center, Conn., was struck by a bolt of lightning by way of his hip pocket in which he was carrying an iron monkey-wrench and a jackknife. The bolt passed down his leg, burning him severely.

JOLLIES FROM JUDGE. Willie—What did dad mean by a safe and sane Christmas? Ma—It will be no use, my dear, to ask Santa Claus for a bobbed, drum or tin whistle.

Madge—You seem annoyed about something. Did you forget you were standing under the mistletoe? Marjorie—No; but Charlie did.

"You don't seem to be an fond of Charley Dawkins as you used to be." "No, I admit that I don't care for him at all any more. Sometimes it seems as if I just couldn't wait until after Christmas to tell him so."

Dominie—Did you get all the pretty things that were on the Christmas tree? Freddie—Not much I didn't. They gave me only the ones they couldn't put away for next Christmas.

She sat beneath the mistletoe, Without the slightest fear; She felt no wild, glad tremor, though She knew he lingered near. She sat there calm and unafraid, And sleepily he yawned, for they'd been married for a year.

HIS ANNUAL PROGRAM. Philander Johnson, in Washington Star. The first week in December Mr. Growcher has to do his shopping.

His line of talk is something like a discontented owl's. He says this shopping early cry is all a needless row. If he were running things there'd be no Christmas anyhow.

The second week he takes a look into the windows gay. His smile is supercilious as he ambles on his way. If early shopping's mentioned he will give a stilly shrug and say, "I'm a spud!"

The third week he will turn his eyes away and grit his teeth And try to look annoyed when he observes a holy wreath. If you mention early shopping he will retortly bawl, "I've bot shopped early, and I don't propose to shop at all!"

But the fourth week finds him saying, as he joins the struggling line, "I must make a few exceptions for some special friends of mine." And while loading up with bundles he remarks with many a sigh, "Next year I'm going to start my Christmas shopping in July!"

Many single line merchants think they cannot compete in their advertising with the department stores. This is a vast mistake. The advantage is all on the side of the single line merchant, if he but realizes it. Any of you single line merchants, who take the trouble to measure the amount of space devoted by any department store to your particular line, will find that the amount is comparatively small. You can more than duplicate the amount of space without straining your resources. The single line advertiser has the very great advantage of making his advertising distinctive. He can individualize it in a way that is impossible as part of the department store page. In many cities, the big advertiser buys his space for less than the small advertiser. We, however, guarantee to sell space at the same rate as the largest advertiser. There is as great selling power in an inch of space in The Bee for your store as for a department of a big store. It all depends upon the goods you offer and the way you advertise them. Name the successful stores of Omaha and you will name the persistent advertisers. Why not add your name to the list? Advertising Department THE OMAHA BEE Telephone Tyler 1000

Florida, New Orleans, Cuba, Panama, Gulf Coast Resorts. All principal resorts in the south reached by quick and convenient schedules of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Solid through trains or sleeping cars from Chicago or St. Louis. Unsurpassed in the car dining car service. Round trip tourist tickets, return limit June 1st, on sale daily at reduced fares. Greater variety routes than any other line diverse routes to Florida if desired. Homeseekers' tickets on sale first and third Tuesday each month at very low rates. Very Attractive Winter Tours to Panama, Cuba and Jamaica. The Most Attractive Way South Route of the magnificent Dixie Limited, Dixie Flyer and South Atlantic Limited Trains. For full particulars, rates, tickets, descriptive illustrated booklets and sleeping car reservations, address P. W. MORROW, N. W. P. A., 332 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill. R. C. WALLIS, D. P. A., 312 North 8th St., St. Louis, Mo.

DR. BRADBURY DENTIST 1506 Farnam Street. 30 Years Same Office. Phone Doug. 1758. Extracting . . . 25c Up Fillings . . . 50c Up Bridgework . . . \$2.50 Up Crowns . . . \$2.50 Up Plates . . . \$2.00 Up. Missing Teeth supplied without Plates or Bridge-work. Nerves removed without pain. Work guaranteed ten years.