

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR
BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH

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50,401

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 June, 1913, was 50,401.

ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Anyway, this is not a good time to market bonds.

Every now and then it almost rains in Omaha.

New York is looking for a slogan. How would "Kill the Tiger" do?

City Treasurer Ure is now a Brutus. Then Howell must be our Caesar.

Peace is inevitable in both Mexico and the Balkans, for the millennium is surely coming.

"It is better to be a pliker than a pauper," says the Atchison Globe. But why be a pliker?

Mr. Bryan's Chautauqua prices seem to knock galley west that old saw that "talk is cheap."

Our guess is that it cost the taxpayers of Douglas county close to \$3 a vote. What's your guess?

Sir Thomas Lipton always comes in that "Let us forget" spirit of Kipling's with his challenges.

"I'm getting tired of these denials," says Mulhall. Then, toll the truth, and nothing but the truth.

Hello, the government is now after the Telephone trust, which will make business for the trouble department.

The late Count Tolstol is now assured immortal fame; they are going to burn some of his posthumous works.

Incidentally, the court may have to determine whether dealing in conversation is transacting interstate commerce.

The bold, bad men were too much for her, so Mrs. Ella Flagg Young resigned as superintendent of Chicago's schools.

The day may come when all historians but one will rank Bunker Hill alongside of San Juan in military importance.

If the Water board had piled up \$1,000,000 in the banks by overcharging the people, the Water board organettes would still applaud.

An umpire knocked out by a club owner sues for \$35,000 damages, contending he is permanently disabled. As if the services of an umpire could ever be worth \$35,000.

Even the "crook-el" charge that it cheapens parcels post to lower rates and increase weights is not apt to injure the service or impair its popularity. Some things are better cheaper.

Yes, but suppose the gas company showed a profit of \$265,000 over and above all operating expenses and full interest on watered stocks and bonds, would not folks be demanding rate induction below \$1 a thousand? And would the gas company be able to make any kind of a defense against it?

Employees of the state insurance department have been given a hunch that their services may not be required by the insurance commissioner taking charge under the new insurance law. Well, what did the new law transfer the insurance work from the auditor's office for, anyway? To the victors belong the spoils.

It seems that our distinguished secretary of war politely declined the invitation extended to him from our democratic United States senator to be the luncheon guest of our Commercial club when visiting this city, but now reconsiders and accepts through General Leonard Wood when the invitation is pressed by the club. What's the answer?

The New Trust Busting.
The suit instituted by direction of the attorney general to un-merge the telephone monopoly in the Pacific coast states for violation of the Sherman anti-trust law will be wildly hailed by democrats everywhere as being the determination of the Wilson administration to put the monopolies and trusts out of business. So far as it goes, the dissolution suit is good if the government can establish the unlawful acts it alleges. But it is to be noticed that in proceeding against this Telephone trust Mr. Wilson's attorney general is following exactly in the footsteps of Mr. Taft's attorney general, who in one term dissolved more trusts than all the preceding administrations.

The significance of the present action, however, is that it is brought as a civil trust, and not as a criminal prosecution. Did you ever hear democratic orators declaim that guilt is personal? Did you ever read democratic newspapers decrying civil suits to dissolve mergers as useless? Did you ever see democratic platforms insisting that the only way to put the trusts out of business is to put trust magnates behind bars? But here is our democratic attorney general charging the Telephone trust with all sorts of unlawful acts that defy the anti-trust law, but establishing nothing to warrant a criminal prosecution of anybody.

Relief for the Needy.
If that tornado bond election, which cost the taxpayers several thousand dollars, had only put the money in circulation among those who need it, it might not have to be regarded as a total loss, but with our election commissioner's special hand-picked corps of society gentlemen, lawyers, capitalists and real estate agents taking all the coin for sitting around as judges and clerks of election, it is at least open to dispute whether this relief fund has been well distributed.

As to Styles.
Some of the fables of fashion as expressed in present styles are enough to provoke harsh words and harsher thoughts of sensible folk. But did anyone ever know of an instance where public criticism affected the styles? It is art, you know, and art has just the dandiest little way of dovetailing itself into the practical affairs of business. Freaks and fads exist because they pay. Styles thrive on sensation.

Yum, yum, just wait till Secretary of the Interior Lane gets his Alaskan railway to running down into the middle west and we will all be eating venison, the choicest of meats. What a day that will be for us to laugh at the greedy packer, who has been toasting us his bits of beef and mutton and pork at those fabulous prices.

Why, there are 40,000 wild reindeer right now feeding on 100,000,000 acres of moss in Alaska, says Mr. Lane, and it will be no trick at all to run that number up to 40,000,000 in a few good seasons of careful breeding. That can at least be done by the time the through railroad is completed from the interior of Alaska to its terminus at Omaha.

Lobbyists and Lobbyists.
There are lobbyists in Washington—always have been and always will be," says Sam Blythe, and everybody familiar with the facts knows that is true. "The trouble with the usual lobby hunters is that they are not definite in their terms. They use the word lobbyist always in the sense of briber. There are numerous lobbyists who are not bribers and never will be."

From the Mulhalling going on at Washington we are not to conclude that lobbying is a thing of the past, any more than that all lobbyists have done or would do some things which Mulhall confesses. Business has its legitimate rights at the national as well as state legislatures, but only so long as it makes use of without abusing them can there be no cause for complaint.

If these exposes help to separate the goats from the sheep, to draw proper distinctions between lobbyists and lobbyists, they may serve some good and useful ends, when followed by proper disposition of the goats, horns, butting propensities and all.

If the way the voters swarmed out to seize their first opportunity to inscribe their autographs in the poll books under the new Bertillon election system is the measure of popular endorsement of the new law, it's a scream.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha
COMPILED FROM BEE FILES
JULY 26, 1913

Thirty Years Ago—
Two new law partnerships are announced, one between Colonel Smythe and Bennett, and another between C. J. Greene and R. W. Breckenridge.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of George Heyn, the leading photographer, to Miss Sabina Hirschman of Detroit, to take place in that city, August 4.

The barbers are up in arms over a new order by Mayor Chase for removal of barber poles, and have appointed a committee, headed by Howard Crossley, to remonstrate.

The Omaha Glee club is planning on a combined hunt and concert tour in the state next month, in wagons to be furnished by J. H. McHanna. The itinerary is to take in Fremont, West Point, Tekamah and Blair, with fishing and hunting in between.

Mr. C. E. Smith, the proprietor of a popular boarding house, is the father of a fine little daughter.

The Union Pacific coal department has been moved to the floor over Strang's building, and the offices vacated in the headquarters building will be occupied by H. H. Gobel, purchasing agent.

The call for Rebekah lodge is signed by Mrs. R. A. Livesey, secretary.

T. J. Fitzmorris, 642 South Sixteenth street, is so distressed over the loss of a small dun cow, with a white spot on the forehead, that he is willing to pay a reward for its return.

Twenty Years Ago—
Judge Dundy of the federal court announced he had all the evidence now under advisement in the maximum freight rate law and would render an early decision.

The wholesale drug firm of Blake, Bruce & Co. was dissolved. Mr. Charles F. Blake, the senior member, retired and turned the business over to the other members of the firm.

A fair-sized audience of colored people greeted Mrs. M. R. Rodgers-Webb at Hartman hall, where she criticized the position of former Senator John J. Ingalls and Hon. J. F. Burton of Wichita on the negro question. She eulogized Jefferson Davis and condemned the north as "a great moral coward" that had never done its duty toward the negro.

City Prosecutor H. E. Cochran returned from Colorado, where he fished, hunted and put on a good tan and several pounds of flesh.

A Prince, father of Counselman Sol Prince, was gravely ill, his death being imminent.

William Anderson, formerly of the Murray returned there to call "front," from the same old stand, as he did not like to be away at all.

Charles F. Beindorff, architect of the city hall, was engaged in an interesting little argument with the city council trying to convince it that the city still owed him \$4,000, balance due on his part in putting up its new building.

Ten Years Ago—
The Omaha ball team took a double-header from Milwaukee, making it four straight. The Rockies were last in the race and Milwaukee second. Sanders held the Brewers to six hits in the first game and Henderson and Companion won the latter. Seven thousand fans saw the games.

Dr. George L. Miller writes to The Bee denouncing the reports that dogs have rabies and pointing out that rabies are usually the sign of fertile imaginations. He pleaded that dogs be given plenty of fresh water to drink and not muzzled.

S. Lawrence, employed at the Western Tinware company's plant, while scuffling with a friend at his hotel home, the Andrews house, broke a small elbow bone.

W. W. Connor, chief mail clerk at the postoffice, who returned from Sac City, Ia., where he spent three weeks on a farm, said that during his harvest moon received a day and their board and were scarce at that time.

Robert M. Myers died at the home of his son, J. J. Myers, 1533 South Nineteenth street. He was a member of the George Crook post, Grand Army of the Republic, of Omaha and the Odd Fellows' lodge of Glenwood, Ia.

H. J. Gonden, for two years city editor of The Bee, left with Mrs. Gonden for Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota, to spend a few weeks. On his return he expected to assume the management of the new Krug theater.

People Talked About

Miss Daisy D. Savage, deputy in the city clerk's office in Albany, Ore., had the pleasure of making out her own marriage license. When T. D. Babb, her fiancé, appeared at the office to secure the license the city clerk insisted that Miss Savage officiate.

Parties and policies at home have precious little interest for Colonel Lafayette Young of Des Moines these summer days. The colonel is away over in Serbia's capital, sipping up the ravages of war and telling the New York Herald all about the scene.

George B. Cox of Cincinnati, republican boss of Hamilton county, admits in an interview that the party boss has seen his best days. Sure thing, George, old top; younger hands have grabbed the life line at the pie counter.

Senator J. Ham Lewis of Illinois put up the most effective line of talk in favor of chauntaling as a vacation exercise for the secretary of state. Bright and early next morning Senator Lewis blew into the secretary's office seeking a few slabs of pie for famished constituents. Wouldn't that beat you?

Mrs. Susan Sine, 32 years old, will come from Kentucky to take part in the suffrage demonstration to be held in Washington on July 21.

Dah O'Leary, now staying in Portland, Ore., walked seventy miles to Mount Hood on his seventeenth birthday. Mr. O'Leary's record for 100 miles is eighteen hours and fifty minutes, while a walk of 100 miles in twenty-four hours was once a normal thing for him.

When Vincent Astor provided free transportation to the shore, with food, etc., thrown in, for the poor women and children of New York City—5,000 of them at a time—he's making a very good use of his money.

In Other Lands

History Repeats Itself.
Thirty-seven years ago the American correspondent of the New York Herald the distinguished Ohioan, J. A. MacGahan, drifted into the Balkans and witnessed with his own eyes the horrors of Turkish infamy and cruelty, murder and rapine, that the civilized world was aroused to protest in the name of humanity. Gladstone, for England, denounced the barbarity of the Moslems, and Russia found in the horrors of the situation ample warrant for the war of 1876-77, which wrested the Balkan states from Turkish rule.

The whirlwind of time brought man's changes, but some more amazing than the transformation of the Bulgarian from an object of sympathy and admiration to one of world-wide condemnation. The atrocious inhumanity of the Moslem toward the Bulgarian is rivaled if not surpassed by the murderous, lustful treatment of aged men, women and children by the Bulgarian army in Macedonia and Thrace. Cities and villages which the Bulgars could not hold against the Turks and Greeks have been looted and burned, aged noncombatants murdered, men, women and children burned, crucified or otherwise put to death. The truth of the devastation and death comes from too many credible sources to be successfully denied. Ministers, consuls and the king of Greece politically affirm a series of crimes by the Bulgars shocking to every instinct of humanity. Thus the bright particular star of the east, small dun cow, with a white spot on the forehead, that he is willing to pay a reward for its return.

Treason, betrayal and disunion have ever been the handmaids of Turkish power in Europe. Centuries ago when the hosts of Mohammed menaced the capital of Constantinople, rival regions of the cross, instead of uniting against the enemy, wasted their energies in fruitless religious contention. Thousands of able-bodied defenders who might have manned the city walls were gathered in and about St. Sophia and induced by pious monks to swear eternal opposition to a union with the Latin church, condemned as the "infidel" faith of the west. And while these delirious assemblies were shouting defiance at the western church the Moslems were scaling the city walls, soon thereafter taking possession of the famous Christian temple which the followers of Islam have held undisturbed possession of for 600 years. Conditions have changed in these centuries, but the spirit of Christian discord and intolerance is hardly less today than when the legions of Mohammed routed the divided followers of the cross at Constantinople. The difference lies in national rivalries supplanting religious hatreds. Rivalry and greed checked Russia at the gates of Constantinople in 1877 and stripped the city of its fairer prizes of war, Greece and lust for power prompted the Bulgarian king to turn a victorious army upon his allies, destroying by one stroke nearly all the good achieved under the banners of the cross. Never was the bubble of overweening ambition so quickly shattered. King Ferdinand is shorn not only of the fruits of victory, honors as well as territory, but will be fortunate if he holds his crown. The treaty of Berlin gave the opportunities of disunion and quickly seized them. Kirk Killaseh, Lule Burgas and Adrianople, Bulgaria's prizes of war, once more are in Moslem hands, with no power in sight to loosen the grip.

Who Will Put Them Out?
The ignominious trimming of Bulgaria, while yet flush with the wine of victory, excites little commiseration from any quarter. Like the American frontiersman who, on recovering consciousness from the effect of a boast that he had slain any man in his country," exclaimed, "Evidently I covered too much territory," so with Bulgaria boast of whipping all creation in the Balkans. Whipped and stripped on every side the government not only sues for peace but begs for mercy. Had the dashing Envers Bey passed up the chance of recovering lost Turkish territory, the great powers would have been content to let the war dogs chew themselves into a condition of helplessness. But with Turkey violating the recently signed London treaty, establishing the Ottoman boundary on a line from Rhoe, on the Aegean sea, to Media, on the Black sea, raises a question of national honor calling for mighty delicate treatment. Will the powers get together in a demand for Turkey's retirement behind the treaty line? It is possible, but the probabilities are against it. Political considerations impel the Young Turks now in power to hold the recovered territory, especially the shrine-templed city of Adrianople, unless again driven out by force. No local force is available. The Balkan states are exhausted by war, and their recovery will take years, even if a reunion is possible. Force, then, must come from the powers. Their interests in this direction are so diverse and their rivalries so fierce that the unexpected will surely happen should they send a joint expeditionary force to exact compliance with the treaty of London. To the charge of duplicity with respect to treaty obligations, the Turks can cite numerous precedents in which the Big Six do not shun as defenders of the letter or spirit of written instruments.

It Won't Go Down.
OMAHA, July 25.—To the Editor of The Bee: That talk about rates charged for public utilities in other cities, having no bearing on rates charged here, does not go down with me. It does not go with other folks, who, like me, have moved here from other cities. When I lived in Lincoln I paid only 15 cents for water, for which I was charged 25 cents here. Over in Council Bluffs, with one-fifth the population, I am told, gas sells for the same price it does here. I read in the paper not long ago where our Water board manager, while visiting in Minneapolis and in Milwaukee, made a special inquiry to learn that gas was sold cheaper there than here, but was careful to shut his eyes to the much lower price charged for water. If the price in other cities has nothing to do with the case, why waste their time? I am for lower rates all along the line, and the lower the better. G. M.

That Threat If You Don't Pay.
OMAHA, July 25.—To the Editor of The Bee: "If this bill is not paid promptly will be turned off." Of the four public service utilities, gas, electric light, telephone and water, gas for which one the bills come to the consumer, each month underscored by that insulting threat: "No private concern would use such language as this to its patrons, and the boss of the Water board wouldn't if he were running a private instead of public enterprise."

Objects to Sunday Dapcing.
OMAHA, July 25.—To the Editor of The Bee: While myself and wife were enroute to Denver, and as we had heard a great deal of Omaha, stopped here over Sunday. We think you have a great deal of attention to one fact that surprised us. We took several street car rides, and got off at Krug's park, which we found a very pleasant place, but for one great exception, which was the dancing that was going on in full swing. Young girls and boys that did not seem to need any introduction, seemed to spend their whole time in a mad whirl.

What that Petition Cost.
LINCOLN, July 25.—To the Editor of The Bee: The expenses of the Voters' Legislative league in conducting its campaign for the application of the referendum on the Nebraska City army bill were as follows:
Printing and stationery.....\$119.00
Mimeographing, duplicating letters and stenographic work..... 59.00
Stamps, postoffice box rent..... 53.32
Paid circulators..... 149.47
Railroad and supervision expenses..... 32.45
Clerical help..... 14.24
Telephone, typewriter, incidentals..... 15.75
C. A. Sorenson, acting executive secretary..... 100.00
Total.....\$623.23

Of this amount the officers of the league have paid one-half. The remainder has come from interested citizens in different parts of the state.

C. A. SORENSON, Acting Executive Secretary.

E. O. M. Favors Suffrage.
OMAHA, July 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: I fully agree with "Aunt Ann" concerning the duties incumbent upon women in relation to the family, and what children should be taught politeness, forbearance and self-respect by their parents, if they are ever expected to practice these virtues; but, like charity, begins at home, but it does not end there. The natural tendency of the mind toward evil, together with the corrupt environment of the age, are conditions that the best possible home training is not always able to overcome; and unless the internal structure of society be altered, or greatly modified, wickedness and folly will continue to predominate. Saloons and dives must be driven out, white slavery must be abolished, our literature, dance halls and play houses must be purified, and the suffrages of women are needed to accomplish this great work of reforming the laws.

It is true that the laws cannot make people good, but they can remove a great many temptations that are the prime causes of so many going bad. Whether women are less intelligent than men is not worth disputing about; but without any desire to flatter the fair sex, I hold the opinion that they are more honest and more truthful, and have more patience than the men. While men dispute for years over speculative problems, some of which do not affect our practical life one way or the other, a woman arrives at conclusions by the simplest operations of the mind. A woman is seldom wrong on any question that involves the moral training of children, but many of them are wrong when they feel themselves competent to impress the mind of a child with such a strong sense of its duty to society and itself, that it will be able to resist any and all temptations to act otherwise.

One of the best ways to prevent a child overeating is to remove the food; the best way to reform drunkards and prevent crime, poverty and wretchedness, is to remove the bottle and barrel; for the intelligence of the average man or woman is not many degrees above that of a child: I have seen men drink lemon extract, pure alcohol, bay rum, pepper sauce and vinegar, plain killers of the mind, paragon and other brands of poison; and some say there are men who drink gasoline, red ink and creosote. It is often but a few short steps from wine to stale beer, and the dance hall and alcohol are twin brothers. If voting will remedy some of the existing evils, let us all vote "early and often." E. O. M.

A Cheerful Spirit.
Senator Bristow was talking about a Washington lobby whose lobbying had failed.

"They took their shipwreck very philosophically," very cheerfully," he said. "They reminded me of the Ohio farmer in the spring floods."

"This farmer, having been flooded out, was rushing down stream with his family in a dilapidated drift. A relief boat steamed up to him and the skipper called: 'Hello, there! What do you want?'"

"The farmer, bailing with one hand and paddling with the other, answered, cheerily: 'Nothin' but wings, boss. Nothin' but wings.'"—Washington Star.

The Bees Letter Box

Why did that rich man want to commit suicide?
"Well, he got to thinking that his income of \$10,000 was only a drop in the bucket."

"So he concluded to kick the bucket."
Baltimore American.

Young Woman (at her first ball game)—Do look at the funny thing that man's got over his face. Is it a bird case? Her escort—Not exactly. It's to keep the froul out.—Boston Transcript.

"Oh, dear! Some thing else to remind me that my boy is growing up."
"What now?"
"The sheepish way he looks when I call him my little lamb!"—Life.

"Yes, I know Squiggley. I should call him a sort of modified Yankee."
"What do you mean by that?"
"Well, he never 'guesses'—he 'conjectures.'"—Chicago Tribune.

"My dear, I see you are having some clothes made for your noodie."
"Is it the latest fad?"
"Will I serve notice right here that I don't button any dogs down the back."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Maude—I understand Mr. Pryde has stopped trying to trace his family tree. I suppose the further back he went the harder it got.
Jack—Yes, and the further back he went the harder his ancestors got.—Baltimore American.

Sapemith—I wondah how it comes that Miss Swift is always out when I call.
Grinshaw—Oh, I guess it's just her luck.—Puck.

"It's pretty hard making a living these days," sighed Hankinson.
"You bet it is," said Blithers. "Why, even the fire-insurance people are getting to be careful. A fellow can't get

more than thirty thousand dollars' insurance on a carpet-bag full of paraffin and excelsior!"—Harper's Weekly.

"Yes," exclaimed the young man with a deep drawn sigh, "I've finished my legal education at last!"
"Let me see it," said the friend, "You'll sit down and wait for clients."
"Let me see it," replied the young attorney, "I've got a job promised me in a dry goods store."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE WILLOW WHISTLE.
Minna Irving in Leslie's.
The city streets are drab and dry. No matter where I look. And memory travels back along A brown and babbling brook. Where catkins on the bending boughs Were fuzzy, green and new. And in the springtime long ago The willow whistles grew.

An ancient knife with half a blade, Dull, too, and nicked, and bent. Was all I needed when I wrought My simple instrument. And slipped the bark away, Till smooth and white as ivory Upon my palm it lay.

I cleaned it of the peary path, And out the notch with care. And played upon my sylvan flute A wild impromptu air; So piercing sweet the silver strain, So long and loud and shrill. The dulcet pipes of Pan replied From every rock and hill.

I hear the operatic stars In all their glory now. Their music lacks the witchery Within the willow bough; And when the purple lilac shakes Its feathers in the rain, The willow whistle calls to me Across the years again.

A LINE OF SMILES.

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Glacier National Park— Newly Revealed Wonderland

This region of majestic, glacier-capped mountains—the climax of the rugged grandeur of the Rockies—is reached by the Great Northern Railway from Glacier Park Station, at which point the Railway Company has constructed a hundred-thousand-dollar hotel. An automobile road has been built from this station to the interior of the Park. A detour of from one to four days can be made at the very moderate cost of from \$10 to \$25, including hotels, automobiles, launches and coaches, covering distances of from forty to one hundred and fifty miles.

THE BURLINGTON-GREAT NORTHERN EXPRESS,

from Omaha at 11:35 p. m., reaches Glacier Park Station at 8:35 p. m.; as all hotel and transportation arrangements in the Park are under the supervision of the Great Northern Railway Company, the comfort and enjoyment of tourists is assured. In making a tour of the Pacific Coast, a detour into Glacier Park will prove to be one of its most interesting features.

250 MOUNTAIN LAKES 60 LIVING GLACIERS

Peaks from 8,500 to 10,500 Feet Altitude

Free Publications—"Glacier National Park," "Over the Trails of Glacier National Park," "Hotels and Tours in Glacier National Park," "Aeroplane View of Glacier National Park."

City Ticket Office, Burlington Route, 1502 Farnam Street, Omaha.

What's the Best Line?

How often we hear that question when anyone has to travel!

We can't speak for all destinations, but for St. Paul and Minneapolis it's the Great Western.

It's the up-to-date line, most recently constructed, at the greatest expense, and ITS TRAINS GET THERE FIRST.

Night train leaves Omaha 8:10 p. m., and arrives St. Paul 7:30 a. m., Minneapolis 8:05 a. m.

Day train leaves Omaha 7:44 a. m., and arrives St. Paul 7:20 p. m., Minneapolis 7:50 p. m.

Ask F. F. BONORDEK, C. F. & T. A., 1522 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb. Phone Douglas 200.

Chicago Great Western

Parcel Post ADVERTISEMENTS

The parcel post makes it easy to reach country buyers. The city merchant can send small orders so fast that distance no longer hinders trade with the people out in the state. Let them know what you can send them by parcel post and you will improve your business. Small Bee want ads will effect the desired results. Bee Want Ad Department

Tyler 1000
The Bee Engraving Department will make a drawing and cut like this for \$3.50.