

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

NEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND SEVENTEENTH. Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION table with columns for By carrier, By mail, and rates for Daily and Sunday, Daily without Sunday, Evening and Sunday, and Sunday only.

REMITTANCE Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only two-cent postage stamps received in payment of small accounts.

ADVERTISING RATES Omaha-The Bee Building, South Omaha-218 N. Street, Council Bluffs-14 North Main street, Lincoln-38 Little Building, Chicago-90 Hearst Building, New York-Room 190, 28 Fifth Avenue, St. Louis-36 New Bank of Commerce, Washington-78 Fourteenth St., N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE Address communications relating to news and editorial matter to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

FEBRUARY CIRCULATION 51,715

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 February, 1914, was 51,715.

Dwight Williams, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 24 day of March, 1914. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Come on out, Mr. Groundhog, we are all ready to concede your vindication.

The Los Angeles Times discusses "America's Panama Rights." As if we had any.

Dr. Elliot at 80 is about the right age at which most men would care to tackle that five-foot shelf of books.

The church as an advertiser is the subject of an Omaha pastor's sermon. Which shows that the light is breaking.

"A gradual return to normal spring temperatures," says the forecaster. For them kind words, thanks, colonel.

As a letter writer "Uncle Dan" Stephens would be a much greater success if he knew better when to cut it short.

And yet the tax on business must never become prohibitive, for the best interests of wage worker as well as of employer.

Tango cafes are now closed at 2 a. m. along Broadway. They must think those New Yorkers want to sleep this sweet life all away.

Mary Garden is ordered to cough up \$1,335 for some clothes she recently bought. She must wear them after she leaves the stage, though.

Still, if our city commissioners would confine themselves to playing the old-fashioned game of checkers they might do as well and avoid much grief.

Today's styles for women's attire are pronounced more sanitary than those of thirty or forty years ago. So were the Garden-of-Eden styles.

In the obituary of a Chicago banker it is noted that he belonged to every country club in Cook county. And still he died at the youthful age of 60.

Never mind, the description of the catastrophe in the rapids of the Amazon will be a thriller when the colonel reaches that part of his narrative.

It is gratifying to have the assurance of President Walker of the School board that whatever retrenchment measures are to be taken, the efficiency of the schools, with particular reference to the welfare of the pupils, will control. There's a difference between using an axe and using a pruning knife.

Something must have happened somewhere, for a vigorous cry of "robbery" against the Water board has found its way into the columns of a local contemporary that heretofore has steadfastly proclaimed that the Water board boss could do no wrong. Or did it slip in merely through accidental oversight?

In any other country the situation confronting us with reference to the supply of radium would be solved forthwith by slapping on an almost prohibitive export duty. Our federal constitution, however, prohibits levying taxes or imposing any discrimination upon exports, so that we will have to work it out some other way.

At a glance, one perceives an arduous task in solving the egg problem, for it involves the handling of two obstreperous factors, the perverse hen, who does the laying, and the boy who totes the eggs from the nest to the house. Just as soon as our experts find a way of persuading Miss Biddy to adjust her production to the varying shades of consumption demands and the boy to be careful and not drop half a haulful of eggs on the ground every time he makes a cleaning, just so soon will we find ourselves well on the way to a complete simplification of this irritating situation.

But this element of waste is a serious factor in all our economic problems, even the government, itself, which former Senator Aldrich once said could be equally well run for \$300,000,000 less a year. And Louis D. Brandeis contends that the railroads waste at least \$1,000,000 a day through inefficient management. The hen and the boy, therefore, have plenty of company. In the meantime, with all this taking up of the slack, we must allow something as the natural profit and loss discount, so long as it remains only "human to err."

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A telegram from Massillon, O., tells of the death there of William Henry Steffen, father of the late Rev. Mr. Steffen of Omaha, at the ripe old age of 81.

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Now for the Spring Clean-Up.

With the advent of gentle springtime, it is up to us to proceed systematically with our clean-up of streets, yards and vacant lots. A year ago we had the tornado debris to call forth a concerted effort at such work, to which two days were given, with splendid results. Happily, no such disaster provokes our heroism this year, but our civic pride should inspire us all. While the city officials are making a thorough clean-up of the streets, every householder should do the same for his own premises, so that the city may start out with a freshness to correspond with the freshness of the season. Of course, this is always done by many, but not all. And it should be done for sanitary reasons even more than for appearances. The winter's accumulations of trash of any sort should be as speedily removed as possible, and one and all should do their part.

The Flood of Bills.

The most striking parts of the report on reform of legislative procedure are to be found in the tables giving the number of bills annually or biennially proposed in the different states. For last year in the forty-eight states the flood of bills totaled the staggering aggregate of 55,873, and adding in the figures for the preceding year, which involves little duplication because most of the states have only biennial sessions, this total becomes 72,188.

Equally significant is the exhibit going back a series of years, indicating that the number of bills is steadily increasing in nearly every one of the states. At one time it was supposed, and urged, that the establishment of a professional bill-drafting agency, such as we have in our legislative reference bureau, would check the outpour of impossible or unnecessary proposals. The experience, not only of Nebraska, but of most of the states as well, seems to have proved otherwise, if not precisely the opposite, for the states which furnish a department for bill-drafting as an aid to the law-makers show no diminution of bills, but, on the contrary, a continued and often notable increase. The curtailment of the time limit for introducing bills, accomplished by an amendment to our Nebraska constitution, was expected to help toward fewer and better measures, but, as we all know, the result was disappointing.

The only explanation offered is "the seeming desire to regulate all human activity by law—a law for each conceivable idea of merit"—which is plausible enough except that too many of the ideas have no conceivable merit. Yet no satisfactory means has been devised for sifting them out and heading them off before they encumber the legislative files. In other words, the only visible safety valve is election to our legislatures of law-makers possessing ordinary intelligence and enough common sense to put on the brakes and kill off the freak schemes and impracticable proposals with which our statute books are menaced.

The School Girl and Dame Fashion.

"One of the most serious problems of the educator to day is the problem of the school girl—the most loyal devotee to the Goddess of Fashion," says the president of the Omaha Woman's club, in line with a thought expressed on more than one occasion by The Bee. "How can knowledge be instilled in the heads piled high with false tresses? As one teacher wearily sighed, 'If they were more concerned with what went into their heads than what went on, we might hope to accomplish something.'"

But the problem will never be solved by the school alone. It calls for the serious co-operation of the home. Of course, it is difficult because it is a virtue of sweet femininity to wish to appear beautiful and attractive and a virtue we should hate to lose, so there is a delicate distinction between proper and improper adornments—at least, many go on that supposition. Clearly this fault is more the mother's than the girl's; if it were not, perhaps the mother would be at school and the girl at home.

If the distinction referred to is so delicate the boundary between propriety and impropriety may have to be determined by letting the girl wear whatever she wishes up to the time it begins to interfere with her work in the school room. Perhaps no girl is overdressing whose mind is not diverted by these artificials from her schooling, yet even then she may be setting a bad example with pernicious effect on her schoolmates. The parents are, or ought to be, the best qualified to pass judgment and correct follies and they make egregious blunders whenever they ignore their duty and attempt to slough it onto the teacher.

That Element of Waste.

Government experts compute a \$200,000,000 waste in our annual egg production; that is, that while our egg crop amounts to \$500,000,000 a year it should come up to \$700,000,000, on the basis of the number of eggs laid. From the hen house to the consumer they figure \$50,000,000 worth of eggs broken and destroyed and \$150,000,000 worth spoiled in poor handling, presumably in storage and otherwise. Again, the hen, being a perverse creature, invariably lays more eggs in the warm months than people consume and fewer in the winter, thus arbitrarily ignoring the fine points in the ancient law of supply and demand.

At a glance, one perceives an arduous task in solving the egg problem, for it involves the handling of two obstreperous factors, the perverse hen, who does the laying, and the boy who totes the eggs from the nest to the house. Just as soon as our experts find a way of persuading Miss Biddy to adjust her production to the varying shades of consumption demands and the boy to be careful and not drop half a haulful of eggs on the ground every time he makes a cleaning, just so soon will we find ourselves well on the way to a complete simplification of this irritating situation.

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The Bee's Letter Box

Short Sermons and Church Gossip. OMAHA, March 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: A reader signing "H.L." says every Sunday would be "go-to-church" Sunday if ministers preached short sermons. Of course I don't know what he considers a short sermon, but if he is a regular church attendant he knows that the average sermon these days is not more than thirty minutes, many not more than twenty.

But no one can say that if the sermons were shorter every Sunday would be a "go-to-church" Sunday. People who go to church with a religious purpose are not afraid to listen to good preaching, regardless of time. Our friend I fear is merely echoing something he heard a good long while ago when sermons really were of great length. He certainly is away behind time with his wall. It will become a people of our character and day to complain of the little time spent once a week in spiritual devotion, as compared with the six big busy days and nights given to other things.

Isn't it a little strange, though, that while men will put up with the grossest sort of inefficiency in all other spheres of endeavor they demand perfection in the church, in the hands of the same old, erring humans who run the rest of the world? Perhaps it is a way of salving a troubled conscience. Most men feel that they ought to go to church; know that the church represents what is best in life; that it appeals to the best in men, and, of course, it takes a stout-hearted man or a badly calloused conscience to turn away from such a conviction. He cannot do so without trying to justify himself, and that is why some men offer these pitiful palliations, thinking that a poor excuse is better than none.

It takes more than a preacher to make a church, or even a good sermon, and if the laity is in earnest it will not stand back and shirk its part just because it may be able with the microscope of a fault-finding mind to discover a weak point or two in the preacher or his sermons. BRASS TACKS.

Training Our Teachers.

OMAHA, March 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: What is the matter with our daughters, are they not doing their duty as teachers in our public schools? Are they not proficient to hold the position as public school teachers in Omaha? Do we have to go outside of Omaha to solicit girls for instructors in our own public schools? What is the matter with our own training school? Is it not capable to train our own girls from our own high school for our own use in our own schools? And why should we have to go outside to solicit girls for our teaching staff at a greater expense to the people?

I thought that our school system is one of the finest in the land, so acknowledged by everybody everywhere. Is not the success of our school system responsive to the efforts of our school teachers, a great many of whom are graduates from our own training school? Why is it that many other cities maintain such training schools for the very purpose we maintain our training school and we never hear of any other city trying to abolish their own institutions in order to patronize outsiders.

Do we in Omaha possess so little patriotism and local pride as to tolerate even the mere intimation of such intention—and by whom? by our own members of the school board? I can hardly believe that such a move is contemplated by anyone, and particularly by members of the board.

I, as taxpayer and father of a teacher graduated from our own training school, most emphatically protest against such a contemplated move, and I am sure that a great many patrons and taxpayers take the same position. Our city will not stand for such a move, and the Board of Education should think twice before doing anything of the kind. TAXPAYER.

Editorial Snapshots

Louisville Courier-Journal: Evidently things are in a bad way abroad. The Englishman burns, riots and smashes because the "pig" got justice. In France the woman shoots—for the same reason.

St. Louis Journal: Nebraska also is getting excited over the taxation question. The fact seems to be that the only state in which voters are not more or less excited over taxation is one in which the voters are naturally somewhat somnolent.

Houston Post: If Cone Johnson becomes solicitor for the Department of State, we hope Secretary Bryan will not be so rude as to taunt Cone about ripping the names of the Bryan electors from the ticket he voted in 1898. There are some things that Cone prefers to forget.

Indianapolis News: It appears that the farmers upstate in New York are displeased with the prospect of giving work to New York's unemployed. The farmers help, but they do not care for the city men now marching the streets of the city. They want I WU Workers, not I Won't Workers.

Baltimore American: A state's attorney in Chicago says it is almost impossible to convict a woman of murder when she is good looking enough or is able to shed tears and faint sufficiently to excite the sympathy of a jury. This offsets the charge against women that in similar cases they would be influenced by handsome criminals and eloquent lawyers. After all, human nature is the same, regardless of sex.

Tabloids of Science

Portable crematories have been suggested to follow the army in warfare. It is said that about 1,400 earth tremors were recorded in various parts of Japan last year.

A water pipe may be bent without buckling if filled with water and a cork driven in each end.

Before baking potatoes let them stand in hot water for fifteen minutes. They will require only half the time for baking.

Of interest to farmers is a recently patented device to scatter by evenly as it is delivered into a mow by a fork.

A vent in one side of a new frying pan, which is partially covered, directs the odors of cooking into the stove and up the chimney.

Duralium is the name that has been given in Germany to several light but tough alloys in which aluminum plays the chief part.

Aimed at Omaha

Nebraska City Press: The head of the anti-saloon league in Nebraska expresses the optimistic opinion that Omaha is obeying the 8 o'clock law under the administration of a new commissioner of police. Has the anti-saloon league man been in Omaha lately?

Howells Journal: There is a move on foot to get Jim Dahlman into the congressional race in the Omaha district. Jim has had pretty much his own way down there for some years, and he hardly thinks the sober, intelligent voters of that district will send him to congress. Just think how they would feel if he should make the kind of speech in the capital of the nation that he made when he thought he had been elected governor of Nebraska. He would surely prove a poor advertisement for Nebraska. Better keep him at home.

Grand Island Independent: The restaurant men of Omaha want an ordinance that will artificially give them a higher percentage—legislation for special interests, in other words. They want the serving of lunches, even though paid for and of meals, forbidden in places in which beer and wines are sold. It could probably easily be proven that there is comparatively less intemperate drinking when those seeking refreshment can at the same time partake of a meal or lunch, than when men have no other privilege than of drinking only at the bar. In the larger centers the most orderly of the saloons are those which are at the same time eating places. But that is frankly not the point. Certain of the competition must be put out of business by legislation.

Kearney Times: Carrying bonds in the cities of Nebraska for every notion that enters the minds of the money-spending schemers has taken a decided turn against voting these bonds, and even Omaha last week covered all of these bond propositions for millions of dollars under a mountain of ballots, none of the propositions getting a chance to smile. The people have become decidedly careful about bond voting, deciding that the "fool and his money are soon parted."

Hastings Tribune: Omaha's dog catcher is going to perform his official duties in an automobile. Guess that's going some.

West Point Democrat: The Omaha Bee says "One of the most witheringly harmful conditions in our state is the senseless anti-Omaha feeling that prevails over the state." Well, it is admitted at last. If Omaha would lend a helping hand to the country town for better train service, for instance, on all lines running into Omaha, and even Omaha last week covered all of these bond propositions for millions of dollars under a mountain of ballots, none of the propositions getting a chance to smile. The people have become decidedly careful about bond voting, deciding that the "fool and his money are soon parted."

Twice Told Tales

A Colner of Words. There used to be a war veteran in Owen county Kentucky, who was always running for office and never getting it. He was a candidate by profession, breeding and instinct. He also had the gift of tongues. When he needed a word and couldn't find it he made up one out of his head and went right on. One, in delivering an impromptu eulogy over a dead resident of his town, he said of him: "And, finally, our friend was, above all, a man of great majesty and general understanding throughout the neighborhood."

At another time he was making the race for county judge. He and his opponent were holding a joint debate. He thought some of the other man's statements rather reflected on him and up he jumped. "Mr. Green," he demanded, "are you trying to reconitate upon my feelings?" "Not at all," said the other man, wondering what reconicate meant. "Then sir, in that case I extend to you the olive branch of peace," said the colner of language.—Saturday Evening Post.

A Dangerous Occupation.

A revival service was held in a little southern town not long ago. One of the young men in attendance, thinking to occasion some perplexing thought for the preacher, sent up a note to the platform with the request that the question therein asked should be answered publicly.

"Reverend Sir: As you have announced that you are seeking to enlighten young men, kindly tell me who was Cain's wife?"

The preacher read the note carefully, and then, during the breathless silence which reigned, said: "I love young men, especially those inquiring for truth, and should like to give this young man a word of advice. It is this: Don't lose your soul's salvation looking after other people's wives."—Harper's Magazine.

Choking Off a Bore.

An English judge, Sir Henry Hawkins, was presiding over a very long and tedious trial, and listening as attentively as he could to a protracted and wearying speech from an eminent counsel, learned in the law.

Presently Sir Henry pencilled a brief note and sent it to the lawyer in question. Opening it, that gentleman read as follows:

"Patience Competition. Gold Medal—Sir Henry Hawkins. Honorable Mention—Job. Counsel's display of oratory came to an abrupt end.—Boston Transcript.

People and Events

Sure thing the backbone of winter is broken, but you can't tell what brand of besetting Medicine Hat may put over. Keep your heavy shirt on.

F. L. Hennecke, a proud and fearless man of Bucyrus, O., while carrying some dynamite alighted and fell. A hole in the ground marks the spot from which Mr. Hennecke aviated.

The Westinghouse fortune, estimated at \$25,000,000, goes almost wholly to the widow and children. Certain employees are given a year's salary each and similar bequests are made to household help.

The James J. Hill building, to be built at St. Paul at a cost of \$3,000,000, is to be a monument to the "empire builder" of the north and northwest. The principal tenants of the building will be "Uncle Sam's" two railroads and the First National Bank.

In a catch-at-catch-an, go-as-you-please oyster eating contest in the grill room of the American hotel, St. Louis, recently, George C. Monroe of Salt Lake City defeated Albert H. James of Palmyra, Mo., by a score of 250 to 185 oysters. The oyster wrestling was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic crowd.

Eugene Tracey, car inspector, employed by the New York Central lines in the Union City yards, Indianapolis, Ind., met his son, Charles Tracey, for the first time in thirty-five years, while at his daily vocation. The father and son were separated at Cedarville, O., thirty-five years ago, and each thought the other dead.

The tip has gone out from influential quarters in Missouri that if advanced women will boost the corned pipe instead of the cigarette, suffrage will sweep the state from Robideaux bluffs to the Ozarks. The Showmen's contend, with an air of loyalty, that women cannot look or act the native masochist part unless decorated with a Missouri meerschaum.

Mrs. Alice Stebbins Wells of Los Angeles, always called the first policewoman of the country, seems to be on a long leave of absence from her duties, or maybe she is now on the emeritus list and does not have to "report for the chief," as others have to do. She is now in Albany, N. Y., telling them how much better they could run their city with policewomen.

JOLLIES FROM JUDGE.

"Is old Hardscassel keeping Lent?" "No; but you can bet his money is!"

"May I print a kiss upon your lips?" "Yes, provided you promise not to publish it."

"Now, Freddie, once for all, will you wash your face and hands?" "Sure thing, it's once for all!"

Base—How are you buying your books? "Base—Two dollars down and a dollar every time the collector sees me first."

Mother—What makes you think he is getting serious? "Father—He has stopped bringing me gifts and uses my tobacco."

"You can't write verse on some subjects. Now, for instance, what poetry is there in a pork chop?" "I can see you've never been real hungry."

"What are you making such a fuss about? I thought being executor of an estate was a soft thing." "Perhaps it is sometimes, but I have to wind up the affairs of a clockmaker."

Dunbar—Did the woman who sued Polard for turning her down and marrying Miss Doubleday get anything? "Sprague—No; but she got more than Miss Doubleday did."

Madge—She says she hasn't any time to shop or go to the theater. She must be a very busy woman. "Marjorie—She certainly is. She's dancing all the time."

Father—And has that young promoter cornered your heart yet? "Fessie—No; but he is beginning to hard out that 'one of our representatives will call upon you' line of talk."

SONG OF THE WOMEN.

Forum Magazine. We do not come with pleading, O masters set our toll and our measure—the rhythm of your delight. Since we have been and playing and mother to bear you a son, but now is the playing a woman and the toll of the slave is done.

We are proud and fearless, O brothers—right comrades of fearless men. And you who are afloat shall know us the sweeter now and then, for only the free and noble is mate to the noble and free. And the bondswoman's son is unworthy the son of the free man to be.

We have visioned a distant vision that shall know the end of night; The weak, the poor and the thwarted we have been in living light.

We do not cry to you—follow the vision—follow with us, O brothers, comrades, lovers, the quest is a holy quest. Out with the dawning, out of the breaking morn. They are calling to us united—the voices of those unborn.

This is the song of the women, sung to the marching feet, the and daughters of mothers out in the crowded street. Yes, and the mother of mothers, white with the passing years— This is the chant of the women, and wise is he who hears.

Advertisement for Gold Dust disinfectant. Includes image of a woman cleaning and text: "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 R.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY CHICAGO 'Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work!'"

In selecting an office location keep in mind that the business center is moving west.

With the Court House, the new hotel, the City Hall, the Library, the new Masonic building, two theaters and all kinds of other business all west of 17th Street, there is no question as to the future.

The Bee Building

offers the best office location in Omaha for the present and the future. When the new Court House plaza is complete it will be a delightful and refreshing outlook.

Here are a few offices we can offer you now:

- Three fine offices, single or en suite, on the fourth floor; north light; 300, 600 or 950 square feet; will arrange partitions and decorate to suit tenant; water, heat and modern electric lights free. Prices on application.
Large corner room, fifth floor, with vault and water; also adjoining rooms en suite if desired; 400 to 800 square feet, as needed; north and east windows; 17th Street side of the building; newly varnished and decorated; can be occupied at once \$40.00, \$62.50, \$85.00
Fine east side room on sixth floor, with two private offices and reception room; water, heat and light free; 320 square feet; very desirable for lawyer, doctor, real estate, etc. \$30.00
Nice room on beautiful court, with vault, water and private office; newly decorated; ready now, at \$18.00
Other rooms \$10.00 to \$50.00

For offices apply to the Superintendent, Room 103, The Bee Building Co.

Advertisement for Horlick's Old Sazon Bran. Includes image of a man and text: "Horlick's Old Sazon Bran WITH THAT RARE OLD TANG. Protect Yourself Ask for ORIGINAL GENUINE. The Food Drink for all Ages—Others are Imitations."

TWENTY years of "grindstone" plodding has made some firms successful without Advertising. But—with advertising, they could have achieved equal or greater success in one quarter the time.