

### THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER  
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR  
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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.  
Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of July, 1913, was 50,142. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.

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

But we will have thirty September mornings before the count is finished.

Those midsummer "robber rats" water bills—they are money-savers, are they?

Mercury high-spots under the 100 mark will not get even a second glance hereafter.

Sulzer may yet rally popular sentiment to him if Cole Blease persists in condemning him.

Secretary Bryan might do Huerta a good turn by introducing him to a fat chaouta or circuit.

Sunday ball is bad, indeed, when played as the Omaha ball team plays it to lose two games a day.

Mr. Hearst always has the happy solution to fall back of promoting a political party of his own.

The fact must not be overlooked that there is a spirit of patriotism in Mexico as well as in the United States.

Home rule is a dandy slogan for our amiable democratic contemporary to tie to, but only when it is working its way.

Our election commissioner has appointed the son of a district judge to be chief clerk of his office. Keeping close to the court?

Lillian Russell sees Berlin like a bird.—Headline.

Lillian has seen most of the world from a more or less elevated stage.

A relative of Jesse James was arrested in California for failing to provide for his household. That is one thing Jesse never did.

The Baltimore Sun refers to J. Ham Lewis as "the spectacular senator." Why not "senate loner" for the sake of another alliteration?

So far as we are concerned, those law-makers at Washington may raise the tax rate on incomes in excess of \$100,000 a year as high as they like.

Thus far there is a democrat at each corner in that three-cornered majority contest in New York, which suggests the wisdom of making it square fight.

We have to give it to President Wilson for providing for his official family. Now it is Secretary Tamm's brother placed in a comfortable \$3,500 customs chair.

Charles F. Murphy of Tammany has a summer home at Good Ground, I. I. His former friend and playmate, Governor Sulzer, would no doubt like to jerk the earth from under him.

The most gratifying thing about the easement in the Mexican situation is the welcome opportunity it affords Colonel Bryan of forcing the persistent old wolf a few feet further from his door.

Yes, Brother Wood, we are all waiting breathlessly for you to give us the details of your proposed plan to build a duplicate set of mains to furnish the hydrants with undiluted essence of Missouri river fluid.

That much advertised bull moose national conference at Chicago shrunk to be merely a picnic of local enthusiasts, with but two or three imported speakers from the outside. Not a good season for politic crops.

Our election commissioner is going to ask the supreme court to reverse the Judge English decision that folled his attempt at wholesale disfranchisement of foreign-born voters. And yet he talks glibly about enforcing the Bertillon registration in a liberal manner.

### Some Dry Facts.

The figures furnished by the local weather bureau show that 9.55 inches of rain fell in Omaha between May 1 and August 31, of this year—in other words, for a period of four months. More than half that amount fell in May, 5.27 inches as against 4.38 inches for June, July and August combined. August was the driest of all, and the driest August in the history of the local weather office, yielding but .48 inches of rain, which is so slight as to be practically negligible. Only on five days in August did even a few drops of rain fall, the minimum being .01 and the maximum 1.12 inches. And yet in deficiency of rainfall since March 1 we are ahead of the record of either 1911 or 1912. The deficiency up to August 31 for the present year was 6.22 inches, for 1912 7.33 inches, for 1911 12.84 inches. But that is no consolation to folks who have sweated and suffered as we have for three months virtually without cessation. In August there were but seven days on which the mercury did not go above 90, while on ten days it reached, or exceeded, 100.

One of the anomalies of this unprecedented season has been the utter unreliability of all data by which weather forecasts are determined. The one thing made good is the verity of the saying that "All signs fall in dry weather." Our sympathies to the weather man, with the earnest hope that he will never strike such a tough job again.

### The Right Idea.

The people of Lincoln have an agreement among themselves that no acceleration of prices ought to be permitted during the week of the fair. In some special cases the expense of preparing for extra service may justify a slight increase in rates, but as a rule the profits arising from the fair trade ought to come from the increased volume of business and not from advanced prices. The State fair will be worth nothing to this community unless it sends visitors away with a kindly feeling toward the city and a knowledge that it is peopled by friendly, public-spirited, liberal Nebraskans, and not by a crowd of mercenaries who look upon a gathering of this kind only as an opportunity to rake in a few unearned dollars.—Lincoln Journal.

This is the right idea, but might hard, as the experience of every city proves, to put into practical effect. A summer resort community that lives off of tourists may go on the theory of getting all that can be gotten without thought of a possible second chance at the pot, but a city or town aiming to build itself up as a permanent business center must do the right thing by its visitors every day in the year and all the time. The obligation to do the right thing, moreover, devolves upon every person doing business in the place regardless of the kind of business. Omaha, we believe, comes as near living up to the desired rule as any city, but an ever watchful vigilance must not abate.

### Federal Judges Take a Hand.

What is said to be the first interstate conference of judges in the history of the United States is being held by federal jurists from our nine circuits at Montreal in conjunction with the American Bar association meeting. But it promises such a good start toward needed reforms in judicial procedure that we may well wish it will not be the last such conference, the aim of which is "to eliminate delay and reduce the expense of litigation."

The judges express the wish to have the courts released from some of the statutes that now bind them and left free to make their own rules. If that is necessary to conserve more effectually the constitutional guarantee of a "speedy," as well as fair and impartial, trial, very well, but the common opinion is that judges are not wholly blameless for the increase of the time and expense of court actions. The lawyer, of course, is a chief offender in splitting hairs and stretching technical points, but it is just here where it seems judges could, by their rules and rulings, expedite litigation and justice if they would.

This criticism really applies more to state than to federal judges in these days, but the example of the federal courts will not be lost on the state courts.

### The News of the Week.

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year, (technically speaking, according to the way the late Mr. Julius Caesar arranged things), and one of the saddest facts soon will be the absence from our Monday morning news of that thrilling little weekly epitome of the race for batting honors between the Honorable Ty Cobb and Joe Jackson.

It is the early rater that gets the paper off the front porch, and the first thing his half-opened eyes seek as he stinks back in his pajamas is this bit of news. There are the resume and prospectus of congress and the Mexican situation and the weather, but what are they beside the latest dope on Messrs. Cobb and Jackson's struggle for batting supremacy?

Oh, you think that is not important? Readers do not care for it! Then you do not agree with the men who conduct the great professional news services and the daily papers all over the land, whose business it is to know what folks wish to read. Let this appetizing little morsel be omitted and see what becomes of the rest of the "regular fan's" breakfast.

### Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES  
SEPTEMBER 2, 1900

**Thirty Years Ago—**  
A news item from Los Angeles chronicles the arrival there of Mr. and Mrs. McKoon and Master Merritt McKoon, Mr. and Mrs. King, Mrs. Pritchard, Mr. and Mrs. Jacobson, and Mr. William Horner, all of whom have come from Omaha to locate there.  
President Saxe called a business meeting of the Sans Ceremonie club to make plans for the coming season.  
Miss Carter, who had been the guest of Mrs. Wakefield, returned to St. Joseph.  
Miss Fannie and Nellie Butterfield are back from a summer in New York City.  
The new German daily, the Nebraska Tribune, has been launched, published by Festner and edited by Messrs. Schnacke and Weinhagen.  
Mr. E. P. Crowell, father of our good looking deputy sheriff, is in the city visiting his sons.  
Miss Stella Rosewater has left for Cleveland to resume her studies at school, this being her senior year.  
Jim Haynes, at the Ocean Pacific ticket office, went out to Grand Island.  
Canfield's Overhall factory, 1107 Harney street, third floor, is eager to give employment to fifteen girls.  
Miss Hattie Long and Miss Minnie McKenna are back from a pleasant visit to friends at Grand Island.  
John Ed Bradsy, former engineer of Engine company No. 1, died at his residence, 814 North Eighteenth street.

**Twenty Years Ago—**  
Fire broke out at Courtland beach in the evening while the Bicketts were doing their aerial act and caused great excitement, but only about \$200 of loss.  
The seventh installment of a series of lectures by George Francis Train and Mayor Bemis was given at the Boyd building.  
John Ed Bradsy, former engineer of Engine company No. 1, died at his residence, 814 North Eighteenth street.  
A "Turkish Bath" was on the boards at the Farnam street theater as the new bill of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hayward issued invitations to their marriage ceremony of their niece, Miss Kate Pyfer to Mr. Allick McWhiggin of Missouri Valley, Ia., at their residence, 427 Burdette street, September 5.  
Mrs. E. Parrotte Sweeney and her sister, Miss Parrotte, left for Milwaukee, Chicago and eastern points.  
Miss Emma Whitmore and her nephew, Master George Whitmore, returned from Chicago and the east.  
A. H. Waterhouse and J. P. Smith of Weeping Water were in the city.

**Ten Years Ago—**  
Mayor Moore pronounced City Attorney C. C. Wright's objection to Ben F. Thomas as second assistant city attorney, appointed by the mayor, as unjust. Mr. Wright desired the appointment of A. G. Killick, who like himself, was a democrat, while Thomas was a republican.  
Records for the month of August showed a total precipitation of 12.35 inches, which was the heaviest for that month in the history of the local weather bureau.  
Shmonek Bloom left for a three weeks' trip in Michigan and Ohio.  
Counsellman Huntingdon, J. W. Van Oldier and M. J. Greevy, constituting a board of appraisers, started upon their work.

Word reached friends here of the death in Chicago of John C. Bodman, well known in Omaha, where for years he was connected with the Union Pacific as a telegrapher.  
F. A. Nash, president of the Omaha Electric Light and Power company, appeared before the Omaha Real Estate exchange and urged his proposition for an exclusive street lighting contract. He implied the realty men to believe that while he had been a corporation man for many years he placed his citizenship in Omaha, which dated back thirty years, far above his corporation affiliations, and would not think of doing anything inimical to the public interests. Rather would he let his own corporation interests suffer.

### People Talked About

Count that day lost whose low descending sun brings no Caucus roar from Washington.  
The report that Miss Ida Tarbell has taken to aviation for amusement is calculated to what John D. Rockefeller's interest in flying machine activities.

Not long ago Deputy Recorder Ahlers of St. Louis issued the license for the marriage of Fred A. Knuts and Sarah B. Wright; last week he received by parcel post two leaves of bread specially baked for him by the wife.

Joseph B. Miller, 54, and Horace Worcester, 77, of East Bridgewater, have qualified as blueberry pickers of the first class. Together they picked twenty-five quarts of berries during a recent trip to the Halifax woods.

One of the salesmen of the collapsed de luxe book house in Chicago puts in a claim for commissions amounting to \$2,484 on sales made. The "relief" in the de luxe business may be grasped by one of \$2,834 commission on the sale of an edition of Mark Twain's works.

Lem Buhler of Middletown, Mo., when standing in front of a grocery store, got in the way of a beam of sunlight which was reflected through a prism of glass onto his whiskers. In a moment they caught fire and burned him so painfully that he may lose the sight of one eye.

Miss Margaret Carnegie, daughter of Andrew Carnegie, formerly owning a real church at Greich, in Scotland, one day last week before a large crowd. She made no speech except to announce that she would present the church with a font of Iona marble. It was Miss Carnegie's first public appearance.

Some captious people in St. Louis object to the weather bureau pagoda on the ground floor of streets, for the reason that the thermometer on hot days exposes the fallacies of St. Louis' claims as an ideal summer resort. They would have these barefaced things situated to the roofs or the cellars. It becomes combettors to chide or mock the taste of St. Louisians. Rather are they deserving of sympathy and hopeful cheer. Fortunate people of Omaha, Council Bluffs, South Omaha, Dundee, Benson, Florence, Bellevue and other adjoining townships only faintly realizing what a real summer looks like, cherishing the justice of the St. Louis kick. Ditch the thermometer and look pleasant.

### The Bees Letter Box

**Evil of Fear-Gear Eye Glasses.**  
OMAHA, Sept. 1.—To the Editor of The Bee: Just a word in regard to the sale of 10-cent spectacles. We have passed laws prohibiting the sale of adulterated foods because injurious to the public health, but what is more important than the human eye? Why not prohibit the sale of "fakel spectacles"? A doctor must have a license to practice, a lawyer to sue, a licensee to set up his prescriptions, but no one need have a license to sell spectacles. Any fakel can buy a stock of window glass and palm it off to the public in lieu of spectacles. Twenty-five per cent of the people who wear glasses in Omaha are using the cheap 10-cent variety on sale at the 19-cent store. If you don't believe it just stop at the spectacle counter in any one of the 10-cent stores and count the number of people who buy 10-cent spectacles. It will surprise you. Why, I even know of children, 5 and 6 years old, who are wearing 10-cent spectacles, but the parents of these same children would shrink at the thought of giving their children medicines adulterated with poison. Of course, the average man, woman or child will take the word of a storekeeper for anything.

Why have we expert opticians and eye specialists? Are they all fakel? If not then why do we go to them and spend three-fifths of the cost of the human eye without first having a license to practice? Now, this is going on not only in Omaha, but in every city over 5,000 population in the United States.

It is not right that the American people should ruin their eyesight by using window glass when they can have their eyes tested by some reliable optician for \$5 or \$10. Some say they can't afford it. Well, that's strange. I should think they couldn't afford to have their eyesight ruined for the small sum of \$5 or \$10.

Why should we not stop the sale of these so-called spectacles to save the eyesight of the American people?  
FRED O. LANGE,  
2001 Bure Street.

**Wants Another Postal Consolidation.**  
NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—To the Editor of The Bee: A simple three-line amendment to the parcel post laws will put printed matter into parcel post. In other words, as the department recommends, consolidate third and fourth class matter.

out the sample and send the catalogue with half an ounce of garden seeds or asbestos roofing by parcel post. Leave out the sample and send the catalogue separately, and it costs 1-cent a pound. This is too foolish for argument, and I only need the statement to show its common sense. Why not have it done at once?  
J. D. HOLMES.

**An Argument for Center Street.**  
OMAHA, Sept. 1.—To the Editor of The Bee: In regard to the car line extension to the southwest, I wish to call attention of our city officials to the problem of repairing and repaving Center street. This is the main automobile road into Omaha from Lincoln and many points in the state. Its disastrous condition has given many a bad impression of the city. It has recently been repaired some, but before long it must be replaced.

Our property fronting on the street will not be worth the cost of repaving it. We are denied car service. With a car line out Center street we may hope to secure enough benefit to bear the expense of repaving, otherwise it will have to go in its present condition or be replaced out of funds of the city at large.

This alone is sufficient reason for insisting upon the route out Center street. If the company cannot be required to do this in the interest of the city, then we cannot require their co-operation in building a city.  
FRANK E. HENNINGAN,  
4001 Center Street.

**Reason.**  
GENOA, Neb., Aug. 21.—To the Editor of The Bee: Although I am in no degree a believer in Mr. Wooster's dogmatic and immature ideas, I deplore the fact that in our church we have those who exhibit such intolerance as Rev. Steger manifests in his article, "A Careful Diagnosis of the Case," and heartily commend the spirit expressed in Mr. Echols' letters, "Fairplay" and "In the Interest of Truth."

Stubbornness and intolerance are not attributes of our highest nature, which urges that every question be argued before the bar of reason. The thoroughness of the inquiry depends upon the development and efficiency of the faculty. Thus we have the four stages of reasoning: dogmatism, agnosticism, skepticism and criticism established.

Those whom we would class as dogmatists, agnostics and skeptics, draw their conclusions based on prejudice, false analogies, lack of knowledge and wrong impressions, consequently wrong conceptions of life itself.

Two phases of our one-horse philosophy hang on to their conclusions with bulldog tenacity, due to stubbornness and intolerance and never reach the highest stage of reasoning, namely, criticism. The true philosopher is a critic, seeking to know the truth for truth sake.

Why not give Mr. Wooster the benefit of a doubt, believing that he is trying to weigh his conclusions by having others analyze them in their light. Instead of hitting him as hard as we can, why not telling him he is wrong without giving any reason for saying so.  
H. A. J.

**Alfalfa for the Roadbeds.**  
DAVID CITY, Neb., Sept. 1.—To the Editor of The Bee: I was pleased to read your editorial advocating the raising of alfalfa along the public highways by our farmers, and I trust you will agitate this question until the objects sought are accomplished, furnishing our farmers by adding largely to the income from waste land and bringing prosperity to all kinds of business in this state.

Owning a number of farms, I noticed that the weeds growing along the highway and seeding our adjoining farm land could be displaced by alfalfa, and some three years ago tried to persuade our county board to grant permission to each farmer to utilize about twelve feet of the public roads for alfalfa, basing my argument on the decision of a chief justice of the United States, declaring that which was not prohibited by law could be appropriated for the public good. As there was no law on the statute books the county board did not wish to assume the responsibility of granting this permission. Senator C. M. Skiles sought to have a law passed to meet this request, but it was not possible to get the required support of our legislators. The objections were made that there was

a law to compel the cutting of weeds along the highways, but the farmers are unusually busy about this time and cannot neglect important work on their fields, and that in some places sixty-six feet of highway is necessary for traffic, but by leaving this with the discretion of the county board no unwise permissions of this sort will be granted to impede travel.

Alfalfa skirting the public roads would produce a fine parking effect, as alfalfa is generally green, even in the driest weather; it would prevent dust forming and have a cooling effect, pleasing the eye, and the feed furnished for all kinds of stock would bring hundreds of thousands of dollars as additional income. To confine the travel to about thirty-two feet in the center, would harden the roadbed, and fine highways would be the result. It would add many dollars as additional income. To confine the travel to about thirty-two feet in the center, would harden the roadbed, and fine highways would be the result. It would add many dollars to the value of the land, and increase the wealth of this state.

THOMAS WOLFE.

**Wooster to Echols.**  
SILVER CREEK, Neb., Aug. 21.—To the Editor of The Bee: I must again interrupt the regular course of this very irregular religious discussion in an attempt to assuage some of the heartaches of my young friend, Francis H. Echols, of Columbus. I have known Francis for some years, and am proud to be able to call him my friend and an old friend.

By nature of brilliant mind, and filled with enthusiasm, he has his ideas and his ambitions, and spread out before him, I see a brilliant future. The only thing I can think of to prevent the boy's full realization of it is to use a vulgar term, that he should get the "big head," and do so many of our young men and women who graduate at our colleges and universities and vainly imagine themselves to be far superior to the common herd of mortal men.

Francis need not let his mind be perturbed because of the Columbus party who, in a despicable way, assumed to persecute him—a man too ignorant to understand plain "United States," and so much of an ass that he could refer ironically to a familiar quotation from Shakespeare as a "learned and refined expression for dying." He can now see that his egoism has given him several months ago to sign his own proper name in his articles, was good.

When it first occurred to me to say of the "anonymous gentleman from Columbus" that he "thought he was a Christian, but evidently was not," I considered that I was paying him a very high compliment. He showed by his letter that he was fair-minded, honorable, upright, kindly, benevolent, and without a revengeful or vindictive spirit. Such persons are very rare among Christians, and to say of such a one without qualification that he is a Christian, is to cast on him undeserved suspicion. However, I do not think young Echols' religion will hurt him very much. That solid substratum of excellence given him by nature ought to be a strong shield against that, and his many sterling natural qualities ought to have a strong uplifting tendency as to the Christians with whom he may be associated.

My young friend Echols advised Mr. John Roto to get a Bible with the sayings of Christ in black-face type and to study them carefully. If Mr. Roto should do so, among those sayings of Christ he would find the following:

"If any man come to me and hate not his father, mother, and wife, and children, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." (Luke 14, 26.)

Substitute the word "Christian" in the above passage for the word "disciple," and the meaning is precisely the same. But Francis Echols does not hate that father of his, nor that dear old mother who brought him into the world and nursed him at her breast, therefore Francis Echols is not a Christian. But he is something far better.

"I have my belief—a belief that a Christ who teaches brotherly love and kindness is daily with us," says my young friend, Echols. But how much of brotherly love and kindness can be found in the following words of Christ? Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I come not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And man's foes shall be those of his own household. (Matt. 10, 34, 35, 36.)

And in this matter, if in no other, it would seem that Christ has made good as witness the blood of untold millions shed in his name; the crusades, the persecutions of Christians and by Christians, the wars against the Huguenots and Albigenses; the duke of Alva in the Low Countries, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and last the late war of the Balkan Christians against the Turks, helped Christ to make good his above words by slaughtering men by the scores of thousands and outraging women and girls in a way almost to rival similar work by Moses and Joshua, and their followers, under the direct command of God.

And this is the Christ (the God) I am commanded to love (!) under penalty of an eternity in the fires of hell! Verily, brimstone licks good to me.  
CHARLES WOOSTER.

### Twice Told Tales

**Fighting and Praying.**  
McCarthy got into an argument with Casey about the efficacy of prayer.  
"I can't see that that's anything in it," asserted Casey. "O' never got anything out of it."  
"Well," said McCarthy, "don't you know when there's a war it's always the people that pray that win the fight?"  
"How about the Chinese?" asked Casey. "They're great people to pray, and yet they got licked, and licked bad."  
"Oh, well," explained McCarthy, "no way could understand this when they prayed."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

**What He Thought.**  
"There!" said Hooligan. "There, Misher Mooligan, see that wond'rous tunnel, an' here comes the train! Watch now an' let the wind whistle through your whiskers! Begorra, but 'tis a sight to make a man—there, look at that now!"

The train whizzed past them and was swallowed up in the darkness of the tunnel.  
"An' what Misher Mooligan," said Mr. Hooligan. "What do you think of that now?"  
"Well, Mr. Hooligan," said Mr. Mooligan, "I'm thinking what would happen if the train missed the hole, so I am."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

### Editorial Snapshots

Chicago Record-Herald. Mr. Bryan is being introduced at southern chautauques as "the greatest living statesman." It is sometimes hard to live up to the remarks of introducers.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: The rabid advocates of asset currency have not yet proposed that pawn tickets be added to warehouse receipts as a currency basis. Why the omission of any hard-up coin?

Washington Post: If a resolution ever deserved to pass unanimously it is that of the Cuming county, Nebraska, democratic committee, which reads: "Resolved, That in our opinion the money question is paramount to all others at all times."

Baltimore American: The wife of the vice president advises wives not to nag their husbands and to avoid fads. If her advice is generally adopted in the homes of the nation, it will be well worth the advance that is proposed in her husband's salary.

Philadelphia Ledger: Secretary Daniels shows his newspaper training in getting over his district without loss of time. That is the only way to find out what conditions. A cabinet officer should investigate his field personally, just as carefully as a president of a railroad inspects his line or the head of a great corporation visits his agencies. It is a business matter. One trouble is that with the best intentions in the world Americans make very difficult this sort of seeking after information. They overload the visiting secretary with banquets and other kinds of hospitality. There is no reason why he should be feasted and serenaded to exhaustion any more than the president of the railroad or of the corporation.

Sweetheart, I read your letters o'er; Each one a page from out your life, And whisper soft, "Je vous adore"— Ah, me! 'Tis pain cuts like a knife. The golden ringlet of your hair I kiss as I these lines ignite— Were you but here my love I share! Good night, Dear Heart, Dear Heart, good night.

### GRINS AND GROANS.

Interne (trying to cheer him up)—The only real trouble with you, my friend, is that your right knee is large enough for two ordinary knees.  
Patient (with symptoms of elephantiasis)—Yes, that's my knee plus ultra.—Chicago Tribune.

First Drummer—Confound it! Half the sales I make don't stick.  
Second Drummer—Get into my line and you'll have no trouble. I sell moulinas.—Boston Transcript.

"They say the English language is growing at the rate of five words a day." "Great Caesar, think of the vocabulary of the wiser who sit up for their husbands in 1910."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"It's molasses that catches the flies." "I've ventured the fond mother to her eluistic daughter."  
"But, mother," objected the daughter, "then they'll say I'm too struck up."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### GOOD NIGHT, DEAR HEART.

Paul T. Gilbert in Chicago Inter-Ocean. Tonight, dear, in my loneliness, You seem again to come to me, To bring a smile, a soft caress, From over Memory's silent sea. Together in this sacred hour, As slowly fades the dying light, We part again in fancy's bowers— Good night, Dear Heart— Good night, Dear Heart, good night.

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