

# THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

**FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.**  
**VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.**  
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**NOVEMBER CIRCULATION.**  
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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: I, **Dwight Williams**, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, depose and say that the average circulation for the month of November, 1915, was 53,716.

**DWIGHT WILLIAMS**, Circulation Manager, Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 24 day of December, 1915.  
**ROBERT HUNTER**, Notary Public.

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December 25

### Thought for the Day

Selected by Edwin O. Grover

**The Spirit of Christmas.**  
 I am thinking of you today, because it is Christmas, and I wish you happiness; and tomorrow, because it will be the day after Christmas, I shall still wish you happiness; and so on through the year. I may not be able to tell you about it every day, because I may be far away; or because both of us may be very busy; or perhaps because I cannot even afford to pay the postage on so many letters; or find the time to write them. But that makes no difference; the thought and the wish will be here just the same. Whatever joy or success comes to you will make me glad. Without pretense, and in plain words good will to you is what I mean, in the spirit of Christmas.  
*—Henry Van Dyke.*

### Merry Christmas!

In the simplified spelling rules of the allies, Gallipoli becomes a gallop.

The morning of the day after lifts a warning finger for moderation the day before.

Sunday arrives at the proper time to soothe the blows of sound and rest the wearied elders. Cheer up!

The spirit of the day yields cheer and refreshment in increasing quantities the longer it is cultivated.

It looks as though King Constantine drew encouragement from the assurance that a nation can be "too proud to fight."

The twilight zone between interstate and intrastate regulation hardly radiates enough light to brighten a Christmas tree.

Adams county, Ohio, again donned the panoply of citizenship. Its flock of four-bit natives have fully recovered from the shock of a judicial slap on the sleeve.

The famous bridge of Siles in Venice now connects two divisions of a war hospital. Unlike its storied past, those who cross over bear hope and encouragement.

Reading between the lines of the bankers' appeal, it is their belief that Britain's Christmas tree looks its best when trimmed with mobilized American securities.

Railroad Christmas trees were not loaded as generously as the kiddies anticipated, but the L. C. C. Santa Claus knew the boys have not been as good as they could be.

Bill, the state railroad commissions may console themselves with the knowledge that the cost of figuring four-tenths of a cent a mile puts a painful gash in the profits.

Responsibility for the Eastland disaster is placed upon ineffective laws and inefficient inspection by Secretary Redfield. But the secretary fails to explain what lake steamboat inspectors are paid for.

No doubt the political department of the democratic mail service is responsible for the non-arrival of Colonel Roosevelt's gift for President Wilson's honeymoon Christmas tree. An investigating committee is in order.

Predictions of foreign-born Americans returning to their native land in large numbers at the close of the war are idle chatter. Most of it springs from aroused war passions, which will quickly subside when the cause vanishes. The lure of material betterment exploited in some quarters becomes an absurdity beside the certainty of erasing war debt burdens piling up by the warring nations.

**Twelve Years Ago**  
*This Day in Omaha*

The Christmas weather was ideal, just cold enough to be bracing, with bright sunshines.  
 The employees of L. E. Williams presented him with a gold-headed cane.  
 Miss Lizzie Cantfield, who has been attending school at Rockford, is home for the holidays.  
 The social event of the week was a banquet and reception given by the Omaha club. It was attended by more than a hundred of Omaha's leading citizens and their wives.

**Christmas.**  
 Each of the several holidays has its own peculiar significance, and properly so, because each is set apart for special reasons. None of these days exceeds Christmas in its tender appeal or its reverential aspect. While Christmas has the quality of intimate connection with the fundamentals of Christian religion, it is fraught with such associations as make its application world-wide, without regard to the sectarian considerations that may attach to the day. It is a time of rejoicing for the Christian, because it commemorates the Nativity of Christ, on Whom the church is founded. To those of this faith, it has a sanctity that surpasses all other days of the year. In this regard it marks an event of priceless importance in the world's history.

Since that night the shepherds watched their flocks on the Judean hills, changes of utmost magnitude and immeasurable effect have been wrought in the affairs of man through the agency of the Babe that then lay in the manger at Bethlehem. Through all the world has permeated His teachings, and their influence has been for good.

Grafted on the religious observance of this day, is the secular practice of making merry the persistence of pagan custom, modified and generally subdued, but not altogether eradicated by the fathers of the church. Feasting and rejoicing, family reunions and the giving of gifts, the exchange of compliments and felicitations between friends, all mark this day as one above all other days for the expression of those better, kindlier sentiments and holier emotions that must sometime, even in the most sordid of lives, force expression. The world would be much happier if the Christmas spirit were spread out more generally through the other 364 days of the calendar. Perhaps in time this will be so.

The Bee wishes each and all a Merry Christmas.

### Did Ford Fail?

Henry Ford is on his way home from Europe, sick and without having achieved his high plan of bringing peace to Europe. But did he altogether fail? He undertook to accomplish something which most of us felt to be impossible. In this he followed the destiny of all dreamers. A worthy ambition led him to set his mark on the attainment of the impossible and his optimistic courage carried him as far forward as he might physically press. His faith was of the quality that moves mountains, and without this faith little is done in life. Henry Ford did not "get the boys out of the trenches for Christmas." He may not have achieved anything in the direction of peace for Europe, but he has furnished the world with another fine example of devotion to an ideal. This example may soon be forgotten in the swirl of daily life, but it will be somewhere remembered, and in time will serve as an inspiration for another. Ford's mission, therefore, has not been wholly in vain. "A dreamer lives forever, while a worker dies in a day," sang the poet, and his prophecy applies to Henry Ford.

### Our Foreign Commerce.

Figures just given out show the foreign trade of the United States to have reached an unprecedented point, the volume for November alone amounting to more than \$500,000,000. For the year the total will reach fully \$5,000,000,000, a figure never before attained. This is unquestionably the result of the war, because more than three-fifths of the total is made up of exports. From this great outgoing stream of merchandise arises the counter current of incoming gold. The total imports of gold for the last twelve months is almost \$400,000,000, which compares with a net outward movement of the year previous of nearly \$175,000,000, making a change to the advantage of the United States of more than \$575,000,000 in gold alone.

These figures tell concretely the story of the material share of the United States in the war so far as it has progressed. They mean the maintenance of the present level of high prices and wages, at least until the war is ended. What will happen then is already a subject for speculation by the far-sighted, who seek to determine in advance, if possible, the condition of this country in relation to its own and the world's business under peace conditions. Until that time no one can say exactly what will take place, but if Americans are as prudent as they are enterprising, they need not fear the result of readjustment.

### Peace in Base Ball.

The signing of a peace pact by the warring base ball factions is a welcome Christmas gift to the followers of the game. If it means anything at all, it is better days for base ball. This popular American sport, truly a national game, has a warm place in the popular heart, and whatever touches it touches all the people. It is the one sport that has been successfully commercialized, this result being made possible by reason of the confidence of the public in the rigid honesty of the professional players. This faith has been sadly disturbed in the last few years through quarrels and disputes among the men who have their money invested in the business. The final disaster of the last season was required to bring these men to a realization of their folly. If the peace now established is pursued with sincerity, the greatest of all outdoor sports will be soon restored to prosperous popularity.

A fine example of brotherly forbearance comes from South Africa in the release of General De Wet from the penalty of treason. The noted Boer cavalry commander, honored as "the Sheridan of the Veldt," undertook to lead a revolt against British rule in South Africa, which was quickly suppressed by his former companion-in-arms, General Louis Botha, president of the South African union. Lifelong friendship wisely tempers misadvised zeal with mercy.

A member of a foreign relief committee doing business at Chicago announces without qualification that "the Americans are the only angels left in the world." Sentiments of like import have been heard around stage doors, but this is the first time the angelic sweep takes in the whole nation. If your pin feathers have not yet sprouted a contribution to the fund will probably start something.

## World Needs Men

Christmas Message from Cardinal Gibbons in New York Independent.

WHAT is the greatest need of our times for the betterment of Christian society? Is it churches? Temples of worship are indeed very necessary. The construction of elegant and well adorned houses of worship is an evidence of the faith and devotion of the people. But they are not the most essential thing for our day. The primitive Christians paid homage to God in the catacombs, and some of our forefathers adored their Lord under the canopy of heaven, in secluded mountains, and in caves of the earth. And they were the best of Christians. Moreover, what would be the use of churches if we had no worshippers to frequent them?

Is it schools that are most needed? Christian schools are indeed demanded, for the preservation of the faith and morals of the rising generation. A parish is not complete without a school. But they do not constitute the essential requisite. There have been dark periods in the church's history when Christian schools were not tolerated, and their absence was supplied by heroic mothers who nourished the seeds of religion in the hearts of their children.

Is it hospitals and asylums that our time calls for? Hospitals are indeed the landmarks of Christian civilization, and contribute immensely to the alleviation of human suffering. But they do not constitute the greatest need of our day. They relieve the misery of only a small portion of the community.

Does the country need majestic and colossal state houses for our legislative bodies? The convention that met in Philadelphia in 1776, to devise the most momentous constitution ever framed for the civil guidance of a nation, met in a hall not conspicuous for its majestic proportions.

The call of the times is for men, sturdy Christian men, and women, too, endowed with the courage of their convictions. We need men who are controlled by conscience rather than by expediency, men who are guided by principle rather than by popularity, men who are influenced by a sense of duty and not by self-interest, who are swayed by a spirit of patriotism rather than by a desire of political preferment. Above all, we need men of strong Christian faith who are allowed to uphold their religious convictions in the face of obloquy and popular prejudice. In a word, we need men and women of upright Christian character.

But this fidelity to religious and moral principles demands no small measure of heroic virtue. Many a soldier who fearlessly rushed to the cannon's mouth has quailed before the shafts of ridicule. The man who calmly fulfills a duty against public clamor displays a higher courage than the captain who captures cities. The man who acts up to his conscience has but one master, and that master is God. But the slave of human opinion has as many masters as there are individuals whose censures he dreads, or whose smiles he secures at the expense of duty.

That is why I not only am hopeful, but feel a certain assurance that the republic of the United States will continue for innumerable generations to come. I base my belief on the genius and good sense of our public men, the wisdom of our legislation, and on the patriotism of our people at large. The evidence of these characteristics of our nation that the republic will persevere is all the stronger because we are a religious nation.

Amid the continual changes in human institutions, the church is the one institution that never changes. Amid the universal ruins of earthly monuments, it is the one monument that stands proudly pre-eminent. Amid the general destruction of kingdoms, its kingdom is never destroyed. Ever ancient and ever new, time writes no wrinkles on its divine brow.

The church has seen the birth of every government in the world, and it is not at all improbable that it shall also witness the death of them all, and chant their requiem. It was more than 1,600 years ago, and chant their requiem. It was more than 1,600 years ago, when Columbus discovered our continent, and the foundation of our republic is as yesterday to it. When Columbus discovered our continent, and the foundation of our republic is as yesterday to it. When Columbus discovered our continent, and the foundation of our republic is as yesterday to it.

## Twice Told Tales

**No Spills to Share.**  
 An old negro was charged with chicken stealing, and the judge said:  
 "Where's your lawyer, uncle?"  
 "Ain't got none, Judge."  
 "But you ought to have one," returned the court.  
 "I'll assign one to defend you."  
 "No, sah, no sah, please don't do dat," begged the defendant.  
 "Why not?" persisted the judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"  
 "Well, Ah'll tell yo', Judge," said the old man confidentially. "Ah wants ter en'ly dem chickens mahself."—Ladies Home Journal.

**A Shot From Wifey.**  
 McGinnis is no Adonis, and his temper is in direct ratio to his lack of personal beauty. Mrs. McGinnis also is rather peppery of temper and is rather inclined to "get back" at her husband during the course of a quarrel.  
 One such altercation had been had the other evening, but things soon quieted down and McGinnis had regained his temper and thought his wife had, too. But he was suddenly seized with the idea of smiling at Mac had been playing with the baby and observed:  
 "Every time the baby looks into my face, he smiles."  
 "Well," said wife, with an ominous gleam in her eye, "it may not be exactly polite of baby, but it shows he has a sense of humor."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## People and Events

A man in Oregon cheerfully admits that he has not taken a bath in fifty years. Which proves the country stands for many things in the interest of liberty.

Some of the idle red-light hotels in Chicago have the windows plastered with posters hanging showing the folly of reform which "deprives the city of business."

Retiring Governor Walsh of Massachusetts spurred an offer of \$25,000 a week as a "movie" actor. The size of the wage suggests considerable financial wind in Bay State movie circles.

A great reform based on the Golden Rule idea impends in Chicago. It has been decided that persons between 17 and 21 years of age shall not be arrested for violations of city ordinances, but ordered to report to the municipal court.

For thirty-one days' attendance as a witness in the New Haven case former General Manager Mellen pulled down \$6,150 in witness fees, besides an overtime allowance. According to accepted standards a wage of \$1.50 a day is progressive starvation, but the government isn't worrying.

Under the war law shortening drinking hours London public houses cork the bottles on the minute, but remain open and serve tea, coffee, beer tea, and other soft drinks. The scheme does not draw much patronage and rather quivers the claim that the saloon is a poor man's club.

The dry belt around New Carlisle, O., has been drawn so tight that the natives bark to good old cider, especially the quality that conceals the pop. Farmers have discovered that by running the cider through a cream separator the water is extracted and the remains carry a kick that is good for several blocks.



**Husking Corn.**  
**VALLEY, Neb., Dec. 24.**—To the Editor of The Bee: I was quite amused to see in The Bee an account of the poor, bleeding husker's hands. This beats all. The writer of it must belong to the crowd who are trying to hurt the corn-raisers by magnifying twelve or fifteen bushels per acre into a bumper crop. The boy doesn't go to the field with bleeding hands, nor half-starved and half-clothed. He has a breakfast of potatoes, pancakes and hot coffee, with cream and sugar. Then he hitches up the mules, puts on a pair of cotton-flannel mittens, with the woolly side out and the skinny side in, a "Bryan O' Lion" coat, and then whack, whack, goes the husking for fifty to a hundred bushels per day. The Topeka Capital seems to be like the men who write to make titbits—only shows his wain of wit.

### THE NURTERS FARMS.

**Oath of a Soldier.**  
**ST. MARY, Neb., Dec. 20.**—To the Editor of The Bee: I quote the following extract from a speech made by Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany in 1914, to his recruits, from a weekly press by Gibson Gardner:  
 "Recruits! Before the altar and servant of God you have given me the oath of allegiance. You are too young to know the full meaning of what you have said, but your first care must be to obey implicitly all orders and directions. You have sworn fidelity to me as your children of my guard, you are my soldiers, you have surrendered yourselves to me, body and soul. Only one enemy can exist for you—my enemy. With the present socialist machinations, it may happen that I shall order you to shoot your own relatives, your brothers, or even your parents, which God forbid—and then you are bound in duty implicitly to obey my orders."

Think of it my friends. An official assuming the authority to wring such an oath out of a human being. I am not singling this out to cast any reflections on Kaiser Wilhelm or the German government, for all crowned heads and monarchies assume the same authority. And you, my American citizen, when you join the army—are you immune to the above? Not at all. When you take the oath of a soldier the same obedience is expected from you, although the import may not be pointed out to you in plain language. The recent Ludlum, Colo., massacre is yet fresh in our minds. The officials ordered the soldiers to shoot at liberators upon the inhabitants of Ludlum, and they obeyed. The result was that innocent and inoffensive women and children were shot down in cold blood without remorse. Think of it! A human being so far forgetting his God as to swear his good away at the behest of an official wearing a uniform. You go to your house of worship and there kneel and pray, "Defend us, O Lord, we beseech thee, from all danger of soul and body," etc., and then swear it away. Perish the thought. Psalms 40:2; "Understand these things, you that forget God: lest he snatch you away and there shall be none to deliver you."

### H. SCHUMANN.

**Idea for Monument.**  
**OMAHA, Dec. 23.**—To the Editor of The Bee: Reading in papers about an arch of welcome or a monument or something to show our respect to the present and the past, I would suggest a monument to consist of four individuals, two men and two women, facing each other, that is one man (the soldier) with nothing to represent the soldier but a blue overcoat with brass buttons; the woman to wear an old-fashioned shaker bonnet like they wore in war times; then the pioneer man to wear the farmer's garb of fifty years ago and the pioneer woman to wear "the old gray bonnet, with the blue ribbons on it."  
 The man and woman that represent the soldier and the man and woman that represent the pioneers will face each other, and the man that stands for the soldier will clasp the hand of the woman that stands for the pioneer and the man that stands for the pioneer will clasp the hand of the woman that stands for the soldier. This monument to be placed in front of the court house in Omaha, Neb. I believe that the money to build it could be raised right here in Omaha.

### EDITORIAL SNAPSHOTS

**Pittsburgh Dispatch:** This promises to be the session in which the democratic majority in congress will make a fool of itself.  
**Boston Transcript:** Some of those short-sighted democratic senators seem to be laboring under the delusion that their control of the United States senate will be perpetual.  
**Washington Post:** Every time the fighting nations vote themselves a few extra billions we feel inclined to draw the line at giving them credit for their good intentions.  
**Pittsburgh Dispatch:** It is easy to select a place for a national convention and to go through the form of making a nomination for the next president, but the election is always in the lap of the gods.  
**Philadelphia Record:** A large emigration from the United States to Germany, Austria and Italy is expected after the war by the steamship agents. This contradicts the assumption that we are to suffer from an overwhelming flood of immigration. In the absence of any definite information, one guess may be as good as another.  
**St. Louis Globe Democrat:** Our best known long range weather forecaster tells us that that June 15, the day of the meeting of the Democratic National convention in St. Louis, will be an ideal day, but from the 16th to the 20th there will be severe thunderstorms. "If, can well believe this, St. Louis will supply the sunshine; the entire country will furnish the thunder as soon as the convention adjourns."  
**Baltimore American:** The women of France and Germany have come to the front also in their work in the fields and in the towns at all industries which were left at a standstill by the need of the men in the army. They have harvested the crops and done the work of the men in keeping off famine from the land, and they have showed both their willingness and their ability to shoulder the burdens in addition to their own, and if their countrymen forget them when the need of their services is past, there is little gratitude left in the world. But they will probably see to it themselves that they are not forgotten, for all this is going to promote the cause of feminism more than any other agency which it could employ.

## Out of the Ordinary

The rarest plant in the world is the silverword, a species of cactus, which grows only on the most inaccessible slopes of Hawaiian volcanoes.  
 Each of the thirty-odd million wage earners of the United States loses on an average of nine days each year through sickness, at an average cost of \$1 a day.  
 The witch tree of Nevada is so luminous that a person standing near it can read ordinary print easily after dark. The tree itself can be seen for a mile on the darkest night.  
 Michael McCloskey, an employe of the Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia, has two little fingers on each hand, and two little toes on each foot. All the extra digits are perfectly developed.  
 Toronto has a street naming committee which is raking the city map with a fine-toothed comb for the purpose of destroying all German street names. Many such names have been found and ruthlessly stamped out.  
 Six million miles or more on the Atlantic highway without shipwreck is the record of Howard Ernest Hinsley, purser of the American liner St. Louis. Having reached the age of 30 years, he gave notice, on the last trip of the vessel, of his determination to retire from the sea. He claims the record of having crossed the Atlantic 3,000 times.

### CHRISTMAS CHEER.

"I made 'em laugh, didn't I?" said the comedian.  
 "I dunno 'a you forced 'em," replied the spy house manager. "We always laugh, cause we got to in order to get our money's worth."—Washington Star.  
 "I sent my present to Nellie Shybocks when she was at her club, and I knew all the girls and fellows would gather around to see her open it."  
 "Why, I thought you didn't like Nellie."  
 "I can't bear her. The present was a nice long hair switch."—Baltimore American.

**KABIBBLE KARET**  
**DEAR MR. KABIBBLE:**  
**WHY DO THE BRIDES FOLKS ALWAYS CRY WHEN SHE REACHES THE ALTAR?**  
**OPEN EXTREME LAUGHTER BRINGS ON YEARS!**

"Housewarming over at Flubdub's?"  
 "Naw, he don't own no house, dat they are going to burn up the mortgage on his automobile."—Philadelphia Bulletin.  
 "What a beautiful woman!"  
 "I'm glad you think so. That is my wife."  
 "I congratulate you on it."  
 "be a pleasure to lose every argument to a woman like that."—Detroit.  
 The floor walker was very tired and the boss told him to take a day off.  
 "Getting away from the Christmas shoppers for a day will do you good," he considered said.  
 But the next day the floor walker didn't seem rested.  
 "My wife made me go shopping with her," he explained.—Louisville Courier Journal.  
 "Well," said the traveler, beamingly, "I have just sent my daily telegram to my wife telling her that I am as fit as a fiddle."  
 "You are right—thats right," said the weary gentleman in the corner. "I wish ya'd do me a favor, my friend. Just send a telegram to my wife fme, will ya—"

Believe her I'm as bloomin' as a bass violin!"  
 "No," said the other. "I think I'd better say you are as tight as a drum, eh?"  
 —New York Times.  
 "I always like to meet a fellow who came from a farm," remarked Congressman Flubdub.  
 "Yes. You can advise him to go back to it if he isn't a success, and congratulate him on leaving it if he is."—Pittsburgh Post.  
**THE CHRISTMAS COMRADE**  
 Minna Irving in Leslie's. Behold him by the cottage hearth And in the palace hall, When from the glittering Christmas tree Its fruits enchanted fall. His glory shines in every light Among the branches green, And on each faintly holly wreath In berries red is seen.  
 He comes on Christmas eve to bless Each gift from priceless pearls For beauty's breast to painted toys For little boys and girls to come. Since He was born at Bethlehem And in a manger lay, His gentle Presence sanctifies The joys of Christmas day.  
 He stands beside the soldier, too, Across the ocean foam, In trenches deep with sudden snow, And brings his thoughts of home. Though all the Christmas bells are mute Where war's fierce engines flow, He shares the country's lonely watch. A comrade ever true.  
 O bugles! stop your call to arms, Ye silent rolling drums, For with a gift from heaven above The Christmas Comrade comes. His voice in every ear bids The cruel war to cease, For lo! He wears the world The Christmas gift of peace.

## SOOTHE RED ROUGH AND ITCHING HANDS IN ONE NIGHT WITH CUTICURA SOAP AND CUTICURA OINTMENT THEY WORK WONDERS



Soak the hands in hot Cuticura Soap-suds. Dry and gently rub the Ointment into the hands some minutes.  
**Samples Free by Mail**  
 Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free with 12-c. box. Address post-card "Cuticura," Dept. 40, Boston.

## PARKER'S HAIR BALSAEM

A relief preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For restoring color and beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 25c. and 50c. at Drugstore.

## FLORENCE

is to be given next and believe me she is a very pretty dolly. She has such sweet winning ways that we would like to have her go to some little girl that didn't get a doll for Xmas. She would make that little girl so happy.  
 Put on your thinking caps little Busy Bees, and see if you cannot remember some such little girl, and try to make her happy by collecting a few pictures to help her win Florence.



Florence will be given free to the little girl under 12 years of age that brings or mails us the largest number of dolls' pictures cut out of the Daily and Sunday Bee before 4 p. m., Friday, December 31.  
 Remember, you must send your pictures in ONE DAY EARLIER this week, because Saturday is New Year's Day, so the CONTEST WILL CLOSE AT 4 P. M. FRIDAY, instead of Saturday.  
 Florence pictures will be in The Bee every day this week. Cut them out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you too. See how many pictures of Florence you can get, and be sure to turn them in to The Bee office before 4 p. m. Friday, December 31.

**You Can See Florence at The Bee Office**

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**Persistence is the cardinal virtue in advertising; no matter how good advertising may be in other respects, it must be run frequently and constantly to be really successful.**