

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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

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JULY CIRCULATION. 53,977

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of July, 1915, was 53,977.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 23 day of August, 1915. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Thought for the Day. Dear Lord, kind Lord, Gracious Lord, I pray That will look on all I love, Tenderly today! Weed their hearts of weariness, Scatter every care down a waste of agonizing Winnings of the air. Bring unto the sorrowing all relief from pain; Let the lips of laughter overflow again; And with all the needy O, divide I pray, This vast treasure of content that is mine, today. —James Whitcomb Riley.

Omaha taxpayers are definitely in the 99-cent class. Begin saving now.

It is again watchful waiting on the part of the people of the United States.

England no longer doubts the genuineness of the thrills "made in Germany."

Kaiser Bill is the boss copper of Russia. When he says "Move on," Czar Nic moves.

At least one war report may be accepted without reserve. Austria and Italy are shooting up the Alps.

Galveston and neighboring towns are considerably damaged, but their stock of courage is invincible.

Never before was the saying more directly in point for an American president: Be sure you're right—then go ahead.

Reports from Petrograd indicate that Czar Nicholas considers the milder climate of Moscow an essential first aid for his present anxiety of mind.

Chairman Walsh is bound to be heard. Like the steam calliope in a circus parade, he makes more noise than all his associates, but produces far less results at the box office.

The receiver of the bankrupt city of Nashville signalled his administration by chopping off 25 per cent of the salaries. Truly these are times painfully prolific in shudders.

No limit to the ruthlessness of war appears. Germany has stricken all English words from its menu cards, and England has retaliated by banishing the prefix "German" from a local grade of measles.

Twelve-cylinder automobiles are promised. To the uninitiated increased power seems a waste of energy. Experience shows that a clean "get-away" from a knockdown can readily be made with present facilities.

Every plan of co-operation in rural credits which contemplates high interest charges deserves a frost at the outset. Any rate beyond 7 per cent is more for the benefit of the investor than the farmer. The cloak of public philanthropy will bear watching.

In the opinion of the supreme court of Colorado, coal companies go beyond their legitimate functions when they assume the task of providing judges to try strikers whose indictments they procured. The writ of prohibition against Judge Hillyer presiding in the cases checkmates a repetition of judicial scandal.

Whatever else the war in Europe may be doing, it is affording the doctors plenty of opportunity for exploring the human body under all sorts of strange and abnormal conditions. Many interesting and some valuable discoveries are being made from time to time, and now and then comes an announcement that holds the layman's attention. One of these is just sent out from the German trenches. It is to the effect that a great many of the soldiers are suffering from "athlete's heart." This means that the heart has become dilated through great physical strain, and that its action becomes accelerated sometimes to a point that is really dangerous. This particular by-product of the war will add nothing useful to the knowledge gained through other phases of the strife, but is of interest as showing that nature still continues to take toll of all who persist in demanding too much of her.

Gulf coast towns need not flatter themselves with the notion that they are the only ones developing a race of webfeet. There are others.

Off Again at Half Cock. The great state of Nebraska pays its attorney general the magnificent salary of \$2,000. Perhaps we have no business to expect to receive more than our money's worth, but still that is no excuse for our present attorney general going off so often at half cock as he has again in his learned opinion that we have nothing but three vacancies on our State Railway commission. Mr. Attorney General arrives at this conclusion because none of the commissioners have ever filed a \$50,000 bond prescribed by the constitution for officers of the executive department.

It is greatly to be feared that the attorney general has merely let the wish be father to the thought, for despite his imposing array of quotations from the statutes, he is quite unconvincing. The trouble is that he has picked up a printed copy of the constitution which happens to have the railway commission amendment inserted as a section of the article headed "Executive Department." The railway commission section, however, no more belongs there than it does in the article headed "Legislative," "Judicial" or "Railroad Corporations," for it was submitted and adopted as an addition to our fundamental law without specifying the particular place where it should be printed, and technically should be appended at the end of the whole document. Under these circumstances, the section requiring the officers of the executive department to give bonds not less than \$50,000 applies no more to the members of the State Railway commission than to members of the Board of Control or the Board of University Regents—in other words, it does not apply at all.

Before undertaking to make appointments to fill the imaginary vacancies, Governor Morehead will do well to get an opinion from another lawyer.

How We Have Advanced. "President Wilson started for Philadelphia by motor," begins an item in the current news of the day. Shades of the fathers! When George Washington traveled between Mount Vernon and Philadelphia, it was a journey of days, "on foot or a-horse," and now it is just the matter of a morning's ride in an auto. The finest trains that run on railroads make frequent trips between the cities, but even the opulent luxury of these triumphs of transportation is eschewed by the president for the more alluring pleasure and privacy of his machine. Moreover, George Washington fell ill of a slight cold, and died because of the crudeness of the medical science of his time, while Woodrow Wilson is privileged to take his morning drive to Philadelphia to consult his oculist. These contrasts serve slightly to mark our progress in ways of living, but what would Andrew Jackson, riding into Washington from the Hermitage, or "Tom" Jefferson, traveling from Monticello to call on Washington at Mount Vernon, have to say about it?

Race Prejudice and Religious Intolerance. A friend sends us this cutting from "The True Voice," which is circulated as a semi-official organ of the local Catholic diocese, with the question, "What do you think of that?"

The lynching of Leo Frank, the convicted Georgia murderer, has been denounced by the press in all the northern states. It was a crime; but it was no worse an hundred of other such crimes that have been committed even in northern states. We never believed that the nation-wide agitation in favor of Frank was wise. The plea that he had not a fair trial was an unproved assumption. The forces behind the agitation only intensified the feeling against him. It was not a mob that lynched Frank. That was the work of a determined, cool-headed set of men, who were convinced of his guilt. They will not be punished. They knew that when they planned their ghastly deed.

In answer to the question, "The Bee without hesitation says it thinks 'The True Voice,' in this outburst, is not the true voice of our friends and neighbors who profess the Catholic faith, who, we know, neither sympathize with, nor condone, the brutal mob murder of Leo Frank. To tell us that to suggest that Frank had not a fair trial is 'an unproved assumption' is an insult to popular intelligence. When the judge who presided over the court had expressed doubt as to Frank's guilt, and wrote a letter to that effect, when two of the most respected justices of the United States supreme court are on record favoring a new trial that would be fair to him, when the governor of Georgia has been run out of the state for exercising a small particle of the divine quality of mercy, when a fellow convict was incited by the surcharged atmosphere to attempt butcher-knife assassination, and finally when this man's life is snuffed out by lawless lynchers without a hand being raised by the constituted authorities to save him—for any one to say in the face of these undisputed facts that 'the plea that he had not a fair trial was an unproved assumption' indicates inoculation with that responsible for Georgia's shame.

But what passes our understanding is that any voice breathing the spirit of the Catholic church should fail to note the connection between race prejudice and religious persecution, two names for the same thing. Today the unreasoning mob assaults a negro—tomorrow a Jew—the next day a Catholic—as it happens to be infuriated by a passion against the color or the race or the religion of the victim. We confess to surprise and pain that the frenzy that destroyed Frank should evoke palliation from such a source.

By-Product of the War. Whatever else the war in Europe may be doing, it is affording the doctors plenty of opportunity for exploring the human body under all sorts of strange and abnormal conditions. Many interesting and some valuable discoveries are being made from time to time, and now and then comes an announcement that holds the layman's attention. One of these is just sent out from the German trenches. It is to the effect that a great many of the soldiers are suffering from "athlete's heart." This means that the heart has become dilated through great physical strain, and that its action becomes accelerated sometimes to a point that is really dangerous. This particular by-product of the war will add nothing useful to the knowledge gained through other phases of the strife, but is of interest as showing that nature still continues to take toll of all who persist in demanding too much of her.

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Equity in Everyday Life. OMAHA, AUG. 22.—To the Editor of The Bee: A recent issue of the American Political Science Review contains an estimate of the book, Eupitania, published by Dr. W. O. Henry of Omaha. The editor's comment is quite favorable. The work is in many respects remarkable. Briefly stated the author has sought to outline the line of conduct of individuals in many situations of every day life. It is something of a treatise on "how to do right" in all circumstances, and particularly how to shape one's conduct so as to do right by ones self, also, by his neighbor. Dr. Henry has drawn on his imagination for the creation of the state of society of people located in the "Land of Equity."

Dr. Henry lays a great seal of stress on the importance of teaching people on lines of personal accountability and individual responsibility. He says that "real worth, will power, and moral strength" can come in no other way. Equitarians touch on so many subjects bearing upon the experiences of every

Bryan On Chautauqua

It was an old Bryan, and a very tired Bryan, that spoke last night in the chautauqua tent in Independence. The work he is doing would tear down any man. He is making a flying trip around the chautauqua circuit, speaking at one place in the afternoon, catching a train and making a jump of a hundred miles or so to get to another town and another chautauqua at night.

The manager of the chautauqua said there were 1,200 persons in the tent last night. The last time Bryan spoke at Independence a much greater crowd gathered to hear him, committees were there to greet him, all the leading democratic politicians were out to shake hands. He was lionized.

There was none of that last night. Bryan came into the dressing tent behind the stage while the Klittler band was playing a piece. There were only two persons there waiting for him. One was a newspaper reporter. The other was a daughter of a Nebraska congressman, who is in a hospital here.

Only those two. Not one politician there to meet him. Not a city nor a county official, nor a state nor government official, nor a candidate for office. No one to welcome him.

There was something pathetic in the sight of William Jennings Bryan standing there alone in the semi-darkness of the dressing tent, the hot air heavy with the scent of tramped dog fennel, on one side a bandstand with its underlying changing from his Klittler. Bryan waited there for his cue to go on.

The audience had listened for an hour to indifferent music by a band that played last winter in a restaurant in this city. There was a short intermission and Bryan was introduced by Rev. A. G. Pearson, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Independence, who spoke highly of Mr. Bryan as a Christian gentleman. That pleased Bryan. His face glowed with pleasure and he shook Mr. Pearson's hand and thanked him for his kind words.

He wore the same sort of a wrinkled black alpaca coat that he has worn on all his speaking tours since he began in 1895 as the free silver candidate for the presidency. But the long, black, waving hair that covered his head in abundance then is almost gone—just a fringe of it behind his ears—the whole dome of his head bald. The ever present smile, the springy step, were gone, too. He was no longer as corpulent as he used to be. There was the beginning of a hump appearing between his shoulders. Bryan was showing his age.

Mr. Bryan's voice was hoarse, and he saved it all he could. He gave one the impression of an exceedingly tired man who was working when he ought to have been asleep and resting; but who was bound to go through with it. He said a palm leaf fan and occasionally he waved it in front of his face with one quick gesture. As he spoke under a row of hot electric bulbs perspiration gathered in beads on his bald head, face and neck, and trickled down in tiny streams that glistened in the electric light. In the middle of his lecture he stopped, leaned over and spoke in an undertone to a man in the front seat. The man went out and returned with a bowl of cracked ice, which he placed on the stand in front of Bryan.

Bryan thrust his right hand eagerly into it, as an over heated horse plunges its nostrils beneath the cooling water in a tank. He clasped a chunk of the ice and held it until his hand was cold; then he put the chilled palm of his hand to his forehead and slid it up and back over the bald place. This he did over and over again throughout the balance of his speech. If he took his hand from the cracked ice to make a gesture with it, he quickly returned it again to the bowl. Then he kept on rubbing and rubbing his head with his cold palm.

At first Bryan had little applause. The first greeting of the audience as he walked out was decidedly cool. The majority there were holders of season tickets in the chautauqua and there were more women than men in the audience. It might have been that Bryan was no more to them than any other speaker of the week. At any rate he did not get as much applause as was given the band that preceded him, and not nearly as much as was given a member of the band who gave imitations of Harry Lauder and sang "Tipperary."

There was scarcely a ripple of applause until Bryan was almost half through his speech. Then he mentioned the name of President Wilson, and the audience broke into an applause that was in most emphatic manner what its opinion was of the president. After that it sort of warmed up to Bryan, probably on account of his apparent sincerity, and his worn look, and the effort he was making.

"The War and Its Lessons to Us" was the subject of his speech. He divided it into three parts: The war as it is and its injury to us; its cause and the way out, and the road to permanent peace. He did not mention the horrors of the war and the industrial and financial losses from it; said it was the result of the doctrine of "might makes right" and of preparedness; said the nation that was best prepared for war was the first one into it and asserted: "If our country was as ready as the jinroes would like to have it, we would have been into the war long before this." He said he believed in setting the people before the facts, that if they wanted war or not, and those who voted for it ought to go first with all the flags editors on the firing line. He closed by declaring that the treaties he and President Wilson had negotiated would make permanent peace for this country when all of them had been signed up.

In the Minority. Homer Roadheaver, the right hand of Billy Sunday, said one day in Paterson: "I am a believer in radical pulpits methods, and yet another in radical hoists, as the saying is, by his own petard."

"I used to know a preacher who was troubled by a sleeping chap. This duffer used to sleep through every sermon. Sometimes he'd even snore."

"The preacher, a radical, said one hot Sunday morning in a low voice, so as not to wake the sleeper: 'All who want to go to heaven stand up.'"

"All stood up except the one man."

"Now all who want to go to the other place—up to this point the preacher had kept his voice low, but now he rapped out at the top of his lungs the two words—'stand up.'"

"Up like a shot leaped the sleeper. He looked round the church in a dazed way. Then he gave a quiet smile and said: 'Well, parson, I dunno what the votin's about, but you and me seem to be in the minority.'"

Newark News.

An Employer, Himself. Mrs. X went out to look for a cook. Meeting an elderly colored woman she said, "I am looking for someone who understands cooking and is thoroughly reliable. I am willing to pay her good wages and treat her well, but so far I've been unable to find the right person. Do you know of someone I can get?"

"Dead no, lady, I don't," was the answer.

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. X, "what shall I do?"

"I dunno, lady, leas'n you does as I has to—hire a white woman."—New York Times.

The Bee's Letter Box

Attitude of the Street Railway. OMAHA, AUG. 22.—To the Editor of The Bee: In The Bee's Letter Box this morning, "A Reader" criticizes the street railway company for not adopting the near-side stop outside of the city limits. As the street railway company desires to be fully understood in this matter, I offer the following explanation:

The street car company has at all times stated its belief to be that the far-side stop better serves its patrons than the near-side stop. It would, therefore, be inconsistent of us to adopt the near-side stop where we are not required to do so, but a weightier reason for not stopping at the near side outside of the city limits is that a large portion of our tracks outside of the city limits are on unpaved streets or dirt roads, where there is decided objection to stopping at the near side in bad weather. That our decision to adhere to the far-side stop outside of the city limits is sound is shown by the fact that residents along unpaved streets inside of the city limits promptly protested against the near-side stop on their streets, as it required them to wade through mud when they wished to board a car, and in response to these protests, the city authorities requested us to except unpaved streets from the provisions of the near-side stop ordinance.

R. A. LEUBSLEIN, Assistant General Manager.

Billy Sunday's Hell. OMAHA, AUG. 22.—To the Editor of The Bee: The weak defense attempted of Billy Sunday by Edith Darling Horlock in the Letter Box of even date would better had been omitted for all the good it has accomplished as a defense of Billy Sunday, the faker. Billy Sunday, the individual, may have admirable personal traits; he may be a good father, and a loving husband, he may be a tender-hearted and sympathetic brother to those in distress with whom he comes in contact; and notwithstanding all these admirable traits, he stands indicted before the bar of science, truth and justice as a faker.

Any man who preaches and condemns his fellow-man into a fabled, pagan hell that never existed only in the diseased mind of a religious fanatic, and this in the face of scientifically and mathematically proven facts that disprove all he says, makes him out a liar to a greater extent than even Dr. Cook.

I ask: How can people who claim to be ordinarily intelligent accept of such nonsense in this advanced age of scientific discoveries, and how can they love and respect a man who deliberately capitalizes a pagan superstition?

Let Billy hell destroy this earthly economic hell, and all other hells will automatically disappear.

JESSE T. BRILLHART, 306 Farnam Street.

It's There, Just the Same. OMAHA, AUG. 22.—To the Editor of The Bee: Your staff correspondent of Lincoln reports that Secretary of State Linncoln has discovered that the Jackson law known as house roll 340, session 1912, was not incorporated in the 1913 statute. I beg to differ and would refer to pages 172 and 173 revised statutes of 1913.

GEORGE ANTHIES.

What is a Prison? COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., Aug. 22.—To the Editor of The Bee: It seems a fitting time, when thousands of Americans, at least in the northern states, are aroused to righteous indignation over the horrible atrocity that has just been perpetrated against Leo Frank, to ask the questions, "What is a prison," and "When is a prison not a prison?"

We are all familiar with the unsuccessful attempt made upon this man's life a short time ago, when he was cruelly lashed by a fellow convict. And this would-be slayer of Frank is one, who could have had no personal interest in the death of his victim, therefore, the fact follows, that he must have been a hired assassin. In the face of this cowardly attempt upon his life, did not Frank apply the Golden Rule and beg the state authorities to have mercy on the assailant?

It seems also in order at this time to quote a few lines from recent daily papers:

Of all the armed guards on the prison farm, not one raised a hand to protect him. The same five masked men surprised Superintendent Burke, and two guards who are said to have been asleep on the dormitory front porch.

Would it not appear that these guards are paid to protect the lives of the prisoners as well as their own lives? And is Georgia paying its guards to sleep on the dormitory front porches of prisons?

It seems that any fair-minded person who desired justice as an individual, authorities, judges, and others in the employ of the government should, understanding fully the circumstances surrounding the Frank case, should have realized the necessity of taking precautionary measures for his safety.

At the present time the public press is quoting ex-Governor Slayton in connection with the affair, as follows:

Every power of the state will be brought to bear to punish the manufacturer who has so disgraced the commonwealth. Men who would do this sort of thing are the same sort who would kill women and children and murder men from behind a fence. The words I speak here I will repeat at some time.

Ex-Governor Slayton should go down in history as being one of the bravest of the brave, for it is a great risk he is taking.

The responsibility of Frank's death lies at the door of the state of Georgia, and it should be made to account.

"A BULLY IN FRANK'S INNOCENCE."

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MIRTHFUL REMARKS.

Mamma was taking daughter to task. "I don't like the way you and Jack have over the front gate every evening," she remonstrated.

"Well, as to that, there's a great deal to be said on both sides," replied daughter—Judge.

"Did you see where a labor inspector in Massachusetts declares that in the highest section, the telephone girls work while they sleep?"

"Humph, that's nothing. I've known them to sleep while they work."—Baltimore American.

"A cozy picture, eh? A man lolling in an easy-chair, and his beautiful wife leaning over him to light his cigar. 'You haven't seen the companion picture to it, have you?'"

"Who, no?"

"It's the same man savagely chewing the end of his cigar and writing a check."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

WHITTLED TO A POINT. Many a man who is well off is well on in years.

It doesn't take a good looker long to find a husband.

There's a man who's always celebrating but not necessarily celebrated.

No candidate is as radical in office as he was during the campaign.

People would rather listen to a bank account than a hard luck story.

A woman seldom enjoys anything unless she can shed tears over it.

Those who are fond of harmony have no earthly use for chin music.

Customs inspectors are patriotic. They always go where duty calls them.

Some men would rather be abused than accumulate a lot of recited bills.

If a man is backed by money it isn't difficult for him to put on a bold front.

And many a man squanders so much on his ideals that he can't afford to marry.

A compound fracture of the neck is said to be the only sure cure for the grumbling habit.

Nothing makes a man feel so important as his ability to answer the questions of a small boy.

Rather than make an effort to reach the top, some men remain at the bottom and help to pull others down.—Chicago News.

HIGH PRICES KILLED. Beware of Cheap Prices. The General says: When we entered the field the price of good roofing was too high. With our big mills, enormous output and modern selling methods we can sell the best roofing at a reasonable price. This has been done in such a great extent that high prices have been killed. Now you get the highest quality at a reasonable price when you buy Certain-teed Roofing. But there is another great danger. Unknown goods with unknown brands and unknown qualities are being offered at prices that are too cheap for safety. It's a long, long chance you take when you buy these cheap goods. A roof is the treasure of cheap prices as well as high prices. Know that the company whose name appears on 'he goods has the ability to make a good quality roofing at a reasonable price, and that it is guaranteed by them to be the best roofing possible to be made. The company does not sell anything at a higher price, and that the price at which it is offered to you is a reasonable but not a cheap price. Certain-teed Roofing is guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years, according to whether the thickness is 1, 2 or 3 ply respectively, and remember this guarantee is backed by the largest mills in the roofing and building paper industry. Ask your dealer for these goods, and be sure they bear our name. The price is right. General Roofing Manufacturing Co. Headquarters of Roofing and Building Papers. New York City Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis Boston London Kansas City Seattle Atlanta Houston Memphis Houston Sydney

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