

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, s. c. Dwight Williams, circulation manager, says that the average Sunday circulation for the month of July, 1915, was 47,003. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 24 day of August, 1915. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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August 29

Thought for the Day

Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise from outward things, what'er you may believe. There is an utmost center in all, Where truth abides in fullness. —Browning.

Optimism is human sunshine. Its rays destroy the germs of gloom.

Observe that "Billy" Sunday appropriately begins his soul-saving engagement on a Sunday.

Auto speeders rarely realize where they are going, but they usually arrive—at the hospital or the cemetery.

The deficiency of summer heat in the north is not surprising in view of the excess consumption on the Texas border.

It may be nobody's business what Georgia does, but Georgia will not object to outside help in handling the cotton crop.

A coalition ministry is brewing in Russia. What Russia needs most is a combination of men who are not addicted to backward steps.

Watchful waiting is also the policy of the flock of democratic lawyers eager to land the appointment to our Nebraska federal judgeship vacancy.

Minnesota is trying to make out a little discrepancy in the appraisal of the Weyerhaeuser estate to the tune of the difference between \$1,300,000 and \$30,000,000. A mere bagatelle!

Russia's Holy Synod orders three days of fasting and prayer as a national offering for divine support. Meanwhile the god of battle insures safety by sticking to the side with the heaviest artillery.

A majority of the governors at the Boston convention agree that the country is unprepared to resist invasion. There is no doubt of the preparedness of the governors to sense a popular campaign issue.

If public service corporations want to know what puts them in bad with the people, let them take a look at the situation in Blair, thrown into sudden darkness by the local lighting company as a matter of reprisal.

Well, it is interesting to note that our amiable democratic contemporary, which did its best to prevent Mr. Jardine from becoming a city commissioner, already concedes that he is "making a gratifying success" at the job.

Courts and Fixed Prices.

Federal courts are approaching with great caution the question whether maintenance of fixed prices constitutes restraint of trade under the Sherman law. A number of decisions by the lower courts in which the question was raised, in nearly all cases turned upon the means employed in maintaining and enforcing uniform prices to the consumer.

The latest deliverance on the question comes from the federal district court of Buffalo in the government suit against the Eastman Kodak company of Rochester. In this, as in preceding cases, the government contended that every attempt to fix the price at which purchasers must sell the goods in itself constituted an unlawful act. The court did not uphold that point, so far as the published report shows, but concerned itself with the means, not the end. Thus the defendant company required its agents to deal exclusively in its goods on penalty of being denied necessary supplies. The company had obtained a monopoly of foreign-made photographic paper and controlled from 75 to 80 per cent of the trade of the United States. Because of its use of this great advantage for holding dealers to its terms, the court pronounced its methods unlawful.

The chief point of interest in this case, as in the Lumber trust, Watch trust and similar cases previously decided, is not that price-fixing is unlawful, but that combinations, threats, boycotting and like efforts to coerce customers will not be tolerated by the courts. In the Cream of Wheat case, recently decided, Judge Hough upheld the defendant's right to refuse goods to a purchaser who cut the fixed price.

Price regulation involves such vast interests in the business world that the courts must necessarily treat each on its own merits, the one object in view being to prevent oppression of dealers and keep the public from being gouged by higher prices because of stifled competition.

The Faded Glamour of War.

The difficulties experienced in drumming up recruits in those countries which depend on voluntary enlistments, and the periodic talk about resorting to conscription, grimly reminds us that the glamor of war has almost wholly faded from the great European conflict at arms. There are various impelling forces that lead men to enlist who do not have to go to the front, but the excitement and glory of fighting just for the sake of the fight are no longer the drawing cards they once were.

An apt illustration is given in a current magazine describing the recruiting in Paris of a corps of alleged "American volunteers" eager to uphold the standard of France and the cause of humanity. A graphic picture is given of a young fellow making his application, and supplying the necessary information in answer to questions including his patriotic desire to defend the honor of the country, and then asking, "When do I get my first meal?" only to be disappointed at being told that he is not to report for duty and rations until the next week.

In a word, the lure of the military glory has lost most of its force in these days of trench-digging, barbed-wire straining, periscope-shooting and mechanical battlefield mowing. Feats of heroism commanding applause for brave men are still being performed daily, but they are so numerous that rarely are they conspicuous enough to tempt emulation by the venturesome. Warfare in these modern days is a humdrum business that men engage in because they must, and not because they want to.

Teaching Tyrant Man a Lesson.

If all the women were to go on strike for just one day, what an illustration it would be to tyrant man of the importance of the gentler sex to his daily comfort. This was the thought of a New York woman, eager to contribute to the cause of "votes for women," and she soon enlisted much support for the plan. Discussion followed, and all the miseries due to interruption of the orderly round of civilized existence were portrayed in word and picture, until it seemed as if the very stars in their courses might be halted for that fated day. Happily, it is not to be. The women have relented, having shown man just about where he would land if woman ever let go her hold, even for a moment. Properly impressed, man admits it, and having been taught the lesson, things will go on just as they have been going with the help of woman's gentle hands. But, wouldn't woman have suffered to some extent had the strike been called? She might, you know. For woman has to eat and drink, and rides on the cars, and uses the telephone, and does other things that would be interfered with by the cessation of activity incident to such a strike. Maybe this thought occurred to the promoters of the movement, and they were just a little bit worried over the possible flareback.

Permanent Wire Communication.

Drawing lessons from sad experience during the recent hurricanes, Texas newspapers are ardent and advocating some system of permanent wire communication to do away with the chief source of agony incident to the storm, arising from the inability of people to convey information to their friends. Attention is called to the fact that this was the condition fifteen years ago when Galveston was cut off from the rest of the world for several days, the same embarrassment being repeated more than once. "Why is it not feasible," asks the Houston Post, "to lay a cable connecting Galveston and other coast cities with the rest of the world?"

This is in accord with the suggestion made by The Bee at the time of our Omaha tornado, when we saw how dire distress was multiplied by the interruption of all means of communication. We urged it upon telegraph and telephone companies to meet at once the ultimate necessity of underground wire conduits for at least trunk line connections between the most important population centers, something that must come to some day, assuming that the wireless cannot overcome the interference of the elements, and it can be done at an expenditure of little more than is now annually used for replacement after storm havoc. A coastwise cable might possibly fit in with such a plan, though it could not supply the whole need, for intercommunication is as important to the interior as between shipping ports. That, however, is a question of comparative costliness of construction. If coast cables are feasible, they might perhaps in some cases be carried also inland along the river beds. But because of the circuitous mileage, we take it that underground conduits on railroad rights-of-way would be more economical in the long run, and certainly more serviceable. For ourselves, we cannot help but believe the day is not far distant when we will have permanent ocean-to-ocean wire communication along the main transcontinental highway with connecting laterals, making it the nation's arterial system for instantaneous transmission of intelligence from center to circumference.

A Tragedy and Its Lesson.

The shock the public must have received from the news of the death of Mrs. Pershing and her three children will not be lessened by knowledge that nine others have lost their lives through being burned in bed at the Presidio at San Francisco. This naturally suggests something that has been neglected at this important military post. The Pershings were quartered in a frame building, hurriedly built seventeen years ago, at a time when a large number of troops were unexpectedly brought into rendezvous at that post. With other similar structures, it was intended only for temporary use, but for all these years it has been in service. Inadequacy of fire protection at the Presidio has been a matter of knowledge in the army for a long time. Our national disregard for such details now bears its fruit in a tragedy that might have been prevented by a little timely preparation. Will the lesson be taken home, and fire-proof structures be provided at permanent army posts, or will our soldiers still be left liable to burning to death in bed?

Omaha is about due for several new viaducts. But the first in order is one out on Dodge street, lack of which compels every person living in Dundee to go over a dangerous grade crossing on every trip downtown and back.

Views, Reviews and Interviews

BY VICTOR ROSEWATER.

RETURNING from a recent vacation trip to California, one of the members of The Bee's staff, Thomas J. Fitzmorris, brought back with him a most interesting, and, I believe, unique newspaper file bearing on one phase of Omaha history. The imprint on the outside explains the contents as the first five volumes of "The High School Journal"—only the second issue is missing, and also part of one of the subsequent numbers. The old settlers, and some, who, like me, have more lately gone into the "senior citizens" class, will have a distinct, or indistinct, remembrance of this publication, which was started originally as a student enterprise of the Omaha High school, the first copies coming off the press in 1874, with the title, "The High School."

It was to be a monthly journal to take the place of a proposed manuscript newspaper, suggested as an addition to the customary Friday afternoon literary exercises, for the purpose of disseminating correct intelligence about the school, and promoting its growth and welfare. The editorial roster was made up as follows: Editor-in-chief, Henry D. Estabrook; assistant editor, Stacia Crowley; local editors, John Creighton and Charles Redick; cutting editors, George Megeath and Kate E. C. Copeland; soliciting agents, Nathan Cray and Lucius Wakeley; mailing agent, Arthur Huntington; and Ernest Kennison; advertising agent, Fred Knight, the latter's place soon falling to George Magrath.

After five issues had appeared the High School Publishing association, which was responsible for it, gave way to G. W. Megeath & Company as publishers, who in turn were succeeded by J. F. McCartney, calling himself "manager." The publication remained in the control of Mr. McCartney as editor and publisher throughout its existence. Mr. McCartney became city clerk, then joining a brother out west, both of whom have since died. In the meanwhile, the name of the paper was changed to "The High School Journal," and the character of its contents, at first almost wholly relating to the school and its activities, broadened out to include many features that had nothing to do with the school. This file of the Journal had passed into the possession of Miss Elizabeth F. McCartney, a sister of the McCartney brothers, who gave up her residence in Omaha a few years ago to join her mother in Los Angeles, and now, since her mother's death, is living in San Francisco.

It goes without saying that this file of The High School Journal is full of informational and suggestive material to freshen up a person's memory along lines connected with high school events. The initial number, for example, gives the annual report of the then superintendent of schools, A. F. Nightingale, who in his introductory paragraph calls attention to the fact that a new Board of Education consisting of two members from each of the six wards of the city, was in charge of the public schools, having been elected in accordance with the special law introduced by Mr. Edward Rosewater, and passed by the legislature in the winter of 1871. The call for the fourth annual meeting of the National Educational association, to be held in Detroit, discloses the fact also that the national secretary was A. P. Marble, presumably then at Peoria, Ill., who afterwards became superintendent of our Omaha schools. The July, 1875, number contains a detailed and exhaustive account of the first Omaha High school commencement, including several of the essays in vogue at the time, which I am sure had come to be wholly overlooked—that an alumni association was organized by the first graduating class without loss of a moment's time, with Stacia Crowley as president; Blanche Deuel, Henry Curry, Addie Gladstone and Margaret McCague as vice presidents; Fannie Wilson as secretary and Bertha Isaacs as treasurer. There are still other interesting items to which I may refer hereafter.

Perhaps nothing more is to be gained by reverting to the federal judgeship fight of eighteen years ago, but it will do no harm to verify a few points that seem to have been left somewhat indefinite. The Munger appointment was, in fact, sent to the senate on February 1, more than a month before President Cleveland exited from office, and, according to the record, was officially made, it was tipped off to The Bee, as disclosed by our newspaper files, by someone fully advised of the situation, who said: "You may state as a positive fact that President Cleveland will today send to the senate the name of William H. Munger of Fremont for the position of judge of the United States federal court here in Omaha." It is interesting to note that the name of Munger was not mentioned in the report of the senate, and that the name of Munger had been sent in first he would have had to be put to the test, and, as it was, the name of Munger will be withdrawn, the name of Munger will be sent to the senate."

Instead of being instantly approved, the confirmation did not come until two weeks later, or on February 15. The Bee's editorial comment upon the Munger nomination at the time it was sent in indicates what the fight was all about. It was pointed out in Nebraska that there should be any controversy over the filling of the vacant federal judgeship. The Bee believed, and still believes, it would have been for the best interests of the party to have had Judge McHugh confirmed, because the appointment was one properly belonging to the present democratic administration, and because it would have strengthened the party with sound money men throughout the state, who believed this much recognition should be given to the sound money democrats for their work in opposition to the free silver candidates last fall. The same reasons apply to the nomination of Mr. Munger, although his activity in behalf of the sound money cause was not so pronounced, nor his connection with the party organization so intimate, as that of Judge McHugh. It is already plain that the silverites would prefer to have the confirmation of this new nomination also defeated in order to estrange the republicans and sound money democrats with the rest of the party from the present administration. Documentary evidence is usually better than mere memory, even for those who are the moving actors.



Architect Myers has submitted plans for a new city hall building for inspection. The provide quarters for the school board on the third floor, together with the city library, and contemplate a building four stories high, with a basement, surmounted by a tower reaching 284 feet.

Word has been received from Pulaski, N. Y., of the death of J. B. French, a former well-known pioneer grocer of this city. His brother, E. K. French, left to attend the funeral.

Mrs. R. C. Patterson, who has been spending a month at Lake Minnetonka, is back.

Judge McCulloch's father, T. H. McCulloch, has returned from Moonmouth, Ill., and will take up permanent residence in this city.

The game between the Union Pacific and the Leavenworth resulted in a score of 2 to 3 for the home talent.

Bank clearings for the past week footed up the total of \$2,078,475.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Dillon returned from the east.

Louis Heller, the well-known commission merchant, is back home from a trip north.

Prof. J. S. Satterly of Council Bluffs has accepted an invitation to a chair in the Creighton college faculty.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Washington Post: A good clergyman says Reno divorces will be no good in heaven, but there are lots of possessors for whom the information contains only the mildest interest.

Buffalo Express: Out in Illinois the ministers are taking regular lessons in a movie school with a view to using film shows for church exercises. Our eastern clergymen are not quite so modest. They know that their sermons are more attractive than anything that can be put on the screen.

Brooklyn Eagle: The American Bible society has sent to the Land of the Pharos, in the last year, 170,867 Bibles. German protests against the filling of war orders are to be expected. A bullet is often deflected or deadened by a Bible near the heart. So far, however, no power has yet made Bibles contraband, though they give aid and comfort to the enemy.

Kansas City Star: A Kind Words club has been organized in New York City by Bishop Charles D. Williams of Detroit. Anyone may become a member who will promise never to speak unkindly. This kind words movement is a good thing; but a person doesn't have to go to New York to get all the benefits of it. The words of Bishop Williams are worth repeating and emphasizing: "Those who are strong and big and sure of themselves never resort to harsh language. Unkind words are only for the petulant, the weak, the ineffectual."

MUSINGS OF A CYNIC.

Flattery is the salt we sprinkle on the tail of vanity.

Of two evils we are apt to choose the one we enjoy most.

The best years of a pessimist's life are always behind him.

The telephone ring isn't always a belle. A bell always rings as it is tolled.

Some people never even express an opinion without sending it collect.

Even the fellow with a family tree may prefer to branch out for himself.

A pessimist is a person who would look for splinters in a club sandwich.

Some people are good natured only when they have nothing else to do.

Women are naturally generous. Where one woman will keep a secret, ninety-nine will give it away.

One of the greatest factors in demonstrating the uncertainty of life is the sure thing.

Some people are so unfortunate that they can't even tumble into luck without hurting themselves.

Many a man deludes himself with the idea that he was born to command, and then goes off and gets married.—New York Times.

TABLOIDS OF SCIENCE.

Japanese government experts have succeeded in raising tobacco in Korea from American seed.

A seedless tomato of large size has been bred by an amateur horticulturist in California.

The fiber of the water hyacinth is utilized in French Indo-China in the manufacture of rope, twine and matting.

British scientists have discovered that a nut allied to the nutmeg that grows in Brazil yields an oil of much value in the manufacture of soap.

Sawdust has been found to be a more effective extinguisher of fire in burning liquids than sand, as it cuts off the supply of oxygen more quickly.

According to a German scientist, a particle of water evaporated from the ocean is condensed and returns in ten days, but it remains there 3,400 years before being evaporated again.

To obtain a powerful searchlight with comparatively weak current, a Frenchman has mounted a number of tungsten lamps on a revolving disk, each in turn being illuminated briefly and their combined rays being collected by a reflector.

The odor of clove has been known to destroy microbes in thirty-five minutes; thyme in thirty-five minutes. In forty-five minutes common wild yerbena is found effective, while the odor of some ceranium flowers has destroyed various forms of microbes in fifty minutes.

AROUND THE CITIES.

Milwaukee has banished the cabaret and 400 entertainers are seeking new jobs.

Philadelphia expects to register 300,000 boys and girls in the public schools at the opening of September 7.

Pittsburgh fears a labor famine, so great is the run on the mills, and sends a loud call to idle hands to come on.

The women's clubs of Beverly, N. J., are pushing a crusade against study movies and insist on a stricter censorship of films.

New York will open in December a million-dollar club house built by women for women, but restricted to members of the Colony club.

Topka authorities are wrestling with jitter regulation. A stiff license fee is proposed as a means of protecting home jitneys from competition by outsiders on rush days.

Battle Creek, Mich., reports that bay rum causes more drunkenness there than regular booze. The chief of police advises B. C. women to "Carrie Nation" the drug stores.

A commission of three members appointed by the mayor has completed plans for a \$200,000 sewer system for Milwaukee. To avoid local politics the work will be bossed by an imported manager.

St. Louis City's water office business shows a marked shrinkage during June, July and August. Business experts are wondering whether the shrinkage is due to idle lawn sprinklers or the backlogging of the people to one bath in three months.

For the three months ending July 1 the street railway company of St. Joe lost to the jitneys \$24,304. Receipts were that much short of the income for the first quarter of the year. Jitneys solemnly assert they did not set half the money.

New York engineers last Sunday utilized the rising tide as a means of lifting and removing on boats an old bridge over Harlem river and putting a new and larger bridge in its place. Both jobs were done and traffic resumed in twelve hours.

The mayor of Wichita, Kas., serves notice on all concerned that henceforth all reports of booze will be checked up by the city authorities and consciences will get the goods on proof of interstate commerce and pledges of being good. As a means to the end the city hall is to be made a clearing house for wet

People and Events

Civic pride has reached new heights of glory in New York. The silver anniversary of the invention of the Manhattan cocktail has been duly celebrated.

Wisconsin handles the jitneys without gloves, referendum or recall. A new state law requires bonds of from \$2,500 to \$5,000 from each driver, a schedule of routes and hours, and supervision by the State Railroad commission.

So confident are the New Jersey suffragists of winning the fight this fall that one of the vocalists of the cause at Bloomfield announces that she will run against her husband for the office of town clerk. Keeping a public job in the family softens the edge of a family feud.

To escape the persistent attentions of male flirts one of Chicago's policemen, Georgiana Juul, arrayed herself in spotless white, with shoes to match, and reported for duty. The vision so dazzled the chairmen at headquarters that Georgiana fled from the attention of her brother cops.

A woman of 30 at Lynhurst, N. J., was haled into court for horse-whipping the editor of a weekly paper. She caught the scribe while he was cranking his automobile and every swing scored. No reason for the stinging is given, but her indignation probably got beyond control on finding a weekly editor without a self-starter.

In the opinion of a Long Island judge a woman may be so unconventional as to take baths in her veranda, or dash about her back yard clad only in deep thought, and yet be thoroughly competent to manage her own affairs without the assistance of grown-up children. Such flashes of courtly wisdom dim the glory of Solomon.

A rare specimen of the meek and lowly husband, for the locality, was haled into a Pittsburgh court on the charge of desertion. It was shown that he obeyed every command of his wife, gave her all his money, helped her to do the housework, didn't smoke in the house, rush the can, or expectorate on the porch floor. For all that he was humiliated for failing to provide more spending money for his wife. Tame? Say, he gave her his arm as they marched out of court.

WHITTLED TO A POINT.

No woman ever told another woman all her secrets.

Do not trust your enemies; there are no faithful enemies.

Many a man with an abnormal chest expansion is narrow-minded.

Second thoughts are best, especially when they are less expensive.

Few men are as wicked as they like to have women think they are.

How a woman does enjoy quarreling with a man who isn't quarrelsome!

A tactful woman can see the point of a joke just as well if it isn't there.

When he encounters a chap who says "Show me," the confidence man smiles.

A patent medicine testimonial occasionally thrusts greatness upon a small man.

About the only way you can stir up a mean man's conscience is to catch him at it.

What a man would call "enthusiasm" in himself he is very apt to label "gush" in others.

Shoplifters should go into a drug store and take something for what's the matter with them.

No true woman ever takes off her hat without putting up her hand to ascertain whether her back hair is still on the job.

Sometimes a man will do a mean thing because he has confidence in his ability to square himself by offering an apology.

—Chicago News

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

Mr. Subbute-Marie, the next time you ship a crate of chickens out here, see that they don't get loose. I spent the day scouring the neighborhood and have only been able to locate ten.

Mrs. Subbute-Marie, I regret, John, I only shipped out six.—Boston Transcript.

"The spelling book's all wrong, mamma!" "Why so, Ethel?" "Because it don't look right for a little thing like a kitten to have six letters and a big cat to only have three."—Yonkers Statesman.

"You know the story of the prodigal son?" "Yes," replied the father. "He came back home and took a change on being put to work, instead of pretending to study an 'writin' home fur money."—Washington Star.

The One-I can't understand why old man Solomon was considered such a wise guy when he married 30 times.

The Others—Well, that's enough to put any man wise.—Indianapolis Star.

Cumso—When I was at Niagara Falls I went through the Cave of the Winds. "Cawker"—That's nothing. When I was at Washington, I spent an hour in the Senate gallery.—Puck.

Mrs. Crawford—What did your husband say about all the coupons you saved? Mrs. Crabsaw—He told me to get myself a Christmas present with them.—Judge.

KABIBBLE KABARET. DEAR MISTER KABIBBLE, I HAVE BEEN GOING AROUND WITH A FELLOW FOR 20 YEARS. WOULD YOU ADVISE ME TO MARRY HIM? YOU WOULD DEMAND IT!

"I dreamed last night that I owned the earth." "Was a pleasant dream." "Quite the contrary. When the first of the month came around 3,000,000 people threatened to move."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"They're a happy couple." "What makes them so?" "She can cook a dinner without burning it, look him on his knee and ask, 'Are there any fairies in your woods here, Robert?'"

"How do you happen to be in prison?" "It is the result of an accident." "You ran over some one with your auto?" "No, ma'am. I fell over a chair and walked up the owner of the house."—Houston Post.

Robert, the 4-year-old son of a scientific man, had lived in the country most of his short life. One day a caller, wishing to make friends with the little fellow, took him on his knee and asked, "Are there any fairies in your woods here, Robert?"

"No," responded Robert promptly; "but there are plenty of edible fungi."—Youth's Companion.

OLD SUNDAYS.

Jud M. Lewis in Houston Post. When Sunday bells ring softly sweet, And Sunday breezes blow, And on far hills white lambs bleat, And blossoms are like snow, And boys have washed their necks, A vision of old-time delight, My errand fancy beck.

I see the meadow where I knew Perched on a far-off hill, Beneath a cloudless sky and blue, And there's a crystal rill, Sings past the hill, and in the deeps Where amber shadows lie A speckled beauty lurks and sleeps, And hides the sordid eye.

I used to sit in Sunday school And hear the lessons read, While visions of the fishing pool Were filling up my head; And I was fond of going out And dig a worm and try To tempt that trout, or make a throw And hook a goggle-eye.

My lessons did me little good While visions such as that, Of sky and wimpling stream and wood, Were with me where I sat; And so when Sunday comes, why, then, Those visions woo me straight, If I had such a chance again I would not hesitate.

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