

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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OCTOBER CIRCULATION. 55,104

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 October, 1914, was 55,104.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 8th day of November, 1914. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Boost for Omaha! Democratic war tax hit you yet? Evidently the people are still ruling.

That first snow was hardly worth counting. The patriotic citizen does not travel afar to knock his home town.

But of all the mysteries of the war, commend us to the torpedo boat called B-9.

Remember those old-fashioned Novembers when the ground was white with snow? Of course, if Tammany really must have a new chief, why there is "the same old Bill."

The boasts of self-made men may account for the popular demand for maximum efficiency. Assuming that it was an "honest" election, the people must have gotten what they wanted.

One can almost hear Champ Clark roughly humming to himself, "They gotta stop kickin' my dog around."

Incidentally, Mexico has been rid of Huerta for several months, but our American troops are still hold on to Vera Cruz.

If the cattle contagion can be kept from spreading into Nebraska, we will have an extra reason for observing the coming Thanksgiving.

When Homer located the Elysian fields, the abode of supreme happiness, in the west, of course he meant Nebraska, especially during the autumn season.

Senator Cummins gets a new lease on his official seat by a handsome majority. Iowa insists on being represented at Washington by big men, and stands by them.

It was old "Abe" Lincoln who said: "You can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time."

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." If the quarantine does not catch this territory, the stock yards and packing houses at South Omaha will have to work overtime.

Villa wants it understood that he is going to uphold the hands of the new provisional president in peace and order, even if he and his whole army have to plunge Mexico into war again.

This war abounds in anomalies. For example, Serbia, the firebrand that touched it off, is lost in the shuffle of the troops and the "first decisive victory" is won in the orient, thousands of miles from the original base of operations.

Greece took little Epirus during the Balkan war, but was caught with the goods by the other powers, who made her drop it. Now, while the powers are watching each other, Greece again lays hands on Epirus and gets away with it un-molested.

Omaha has just been entertaining a convention of Nebraska's brightest school teachers, with thousands of unescorted women traversing the streets day and night, without the slightest interference by either "gunmen" or "pick-pockets." Please, Miss Teacher, tell about it after you reach home.

There are always many reasons for observing the spirit of Thanksgiving day, but one reason, this year, obscures all others. Governor Morehead has caught the idea when he says in his proclamation:

Nebraska joins with the other states of the union, in praise for the fact that while the eastern world is being reeked in the throes of war, involving whole nations in utter desolation, we are at peace. The blessing of which, we see in the contrast, more clearly than ever before. May He who guides the stars in their course, mercifully preserve us from war, and under the lead of those in high authority let us follow in the path that leads to a perpetual peace.

The blessings of peace are greater than all other blessings.

It will take more than six weeks' campaign to counteract the poison against Omaha that has been spread throughout Nebraska by political demagogues and their yellow newspaper organs leading people to believe that they cannot walk the streets here without being assaulted by "gunmen" or board a street car without having their pockets picked. Down with the knackers and maligners!

A recess appointment has this advantage for the hungry democrat over the other kind; that the favored person takes possession at once without waiting for an exchange of civilities between the warring patronage dispensers.

The Suffragists' Program.

It is quite natural that the suffrage workers, notwithstanding the defeat of the suffrage amendment in Nebraska, should immediately take stock with a view to deciding on future plans. According to the Lincoln Journal, which purports to speak by the card, the battle will be taken up again, "probably in 1915," by which time the growth in the number of suffrage states will do away with what "it calls the only real argument against immediate suffrage here;" that other states are trying the matter out, and their experience should guide us to a more safe conclusion. This must be taken to mean that the women desiring votes will not make any demand upon the coming legislature to submit an amendment in 1916. The presumption is that the members of the legislature as representatives of distinct constituencies must regard the vote on suffrage in their respective districts the same as an instruction, in which case a majority of the lawmakers, regardless of personal views, will find themselves representing districts that voted against woman suffrage. It must be remembered, too, that to secure submission by the legislature requires a three-fifths affirmative vote in each house, which presents a still further obstacle.

Under these conditions, the suffrage people will do well to cross one bridge at a time, and while they may feel encouraged to keep up their propaganda, 1915 is far enough off for a lot of things to happen in the interval.

Long and Short Haul Again.

The opening of the Panama canal promises to resurrect the old contention about the long and short haul, because the railroads in asking authority to make competitive rates to Pacific coast ports insist on being allowed to reduce their charges on through business without reducing rates in the inter-mountain country over intervening territory. It is explained on behalf of the railroads that they cannot afford to meet canal competition, if they are obliged to make corresponding reductions to intermediate points, and that they would rather surrender the other business to the canal if forced to an alternative. On the other side, the only direct benefit which interior points can have from the nation's investment in the canal, to which they have all contributed, must come from reduced transportation charges on the goods they consume, and these reductions can come only through the effect of the competition between water and rail rates. If the coast points alone are to have the advantage accruing from canal traffic, then the canal will prove to be a detriment to the people of the interior cities.

This is a much bigger problem than would appear on the surface, affecting as it must the industrial development of the whole western country, and it will devolve on the Interstate Commerce commission to treat it on broad lines and in a far-seeing way.

Will Bourbonism Strike Now?

President Wilson has never been free of opposition within his own party. "The New Freedom" as a lash in the hands of Mr. Bryan chased the money devils out of the temple at Baltimore, but it left very bitter resentment in their hearts. Bourbonism is still an element in democracy. The Bourbons have been much too discreet, of course, to attack the president openly so long as he appeared strong abroad, but now a test has come. The late election returns fail to show very much strength for the administration, whose failure of endorsement almost lost it control of the next house, together with some governors and state legislatures. Will this break-down for "The New Freedom" give Bourbonism its opportunity? Will the old guard feel courageous enough to come from under cover now and begin what it has all along intended doing—launching an anti-Wilson fight whenever occasion presented? President Wilson has done well in mollifying certain well-known belligerents, but at that if the battle starts and some of these old warriors once get a good sniff of powder, there is no telling what might happen. Seriously, it begins to look as if by 1916 we might be having an old-time democratic family quarrel as good as any ever waged in the palmiest days of the "Peerless Leader."

Is This the Way to End the War?

The president of the Los Angeles Municipal Charities commission is quoted in a published declaration as saying that relief sent to the non-combatants in Europe only means prolonging the war and should be kept at home for our own needy.

In other words, do nothing to stanch the blood of the wounded, appease the cry of the hungry or succor the widow or orphan. Let the ghoul of war devour their prey unmolested so that soon they will have no more prey to devour, when peace will be restored. Away with army surgeons, Red Cross nurses, hospitals and other agencies for caring for the maimed and miserable on the field or in the home.

What a philosophy! We all want the war ended, but hardly in this way.

Reason for Thanksgiving.

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What the University Oves Coupland OMAHA, Nov. 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: Now that the question of university removal has been settled, I think we all agree that leaving such a matter to a referendum was a misuse of the elective franchise. It is safe to say that not 5 per cent of the votes cast were based upon a fair understanding of the question. Thousands of voters never even heard of a university and do not understand the meaning of the word.

Can anybody doubt that if the question to abolish the State university altogether were put to such a referendum vote what the result would be? Removal to the farm campus was defeated because of the supposed cost to the taxpayer. On that argument you have only to show the people of Nebraska that less than 2 per cent of the school population attends the State university, and that the State university uses up about one-third of the taxes of the state. The farmers of the state might save the agricultural college, but there would be nothing left of the colleges on the downtown campus.

However, as a result of the agitation for removal the State university is indebted to Regent George Coupland of Elgin, Neb., for \$200,000 that they have for physical plant. The majority of the Board of Regents considered it an inflexible dream and a risky proposition to ask for any such sum, in view of the fact that past experience showed that no legislature had been willing to appropriate more than \$50,000 at one time for buildings. It was contended that a plan for a building fund of \$2,000,000 might result in no appropriation at all, but with the courage of his convictions, Regent Coupland worked night and day through two legislatures at his own cost and at the expense of his health to bring about an appropriation of the need for a large sum of money for the university.

It was the education that the two legislatures received on the question of removal that made them realize not only what a great university should be, but how inadequately we had been provided with buildings in years past. In the hope and belief that that money would be spent to remove the university to the farm the sum of \$2,000,000 was ultimately provided. During his long term as regent of the State university, Mr. Coupland has each year given several months of his own time without expense to the state to what was to him a labor of love. As one of the leading farmers in Nebraska, he intensely interested in the agricultural development of the state, a student and a scholar, he was peculiarly fitted to aid and render the most valuable service of any regent on the board and it is a sad commentary on the state that it allowed the Lincoln campus committee to defeat such a man by misrepresentation and slander.

Every friend of the State university and especially the agricultural interests of the state of Nebraska will sincerely regret Regent Coupland's retirement. Without his untiring labors, his optimism, and his personality the sum of \$2,000,000 would never have been appropriated. I know that to him the consciousness of having done his duty is sufficient reward, but it will always remain a matter of regret to his many friends that the cause nearest his heart, the desire to build up one great university on the farm campus, was defeated by the methods employed. E. L. HALLER.

Makes Twenty Years the Limit.

OMAHA, Nov. 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: It was with considerable satisfaction that the prohibitionists read of the state-wide prohibition of the liquor traffic in Oregon, Washington, Colorado and Utah. I do not pretend to be a prophet, neither am I a forerunner of events, but I venture the statement that inside of twenty years the United States will be a saloonless nation.

The manufacture of liquor should be for medicinal purposes only (if pharmaceutical purposes require it) and the output should be controlled by the government, from a federal distillery or brewery.

The year 1914 will see a new nation; a nation of sobriety; a nation of stalwart men and women; a nation whose morals will have reached the acme of perfection. B. B. M.

Let Germany Feed the Belgians.

LINCOLN, Nov. 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: What is the real reason behind this frantic attempt to stampede America into assuming the support of the former Belgians? Belgium is now under German control, and the one-time Belgians are in fact German subjects, under the rule of officials appointed at Berlin. Belgium is a rich and powerful nation and does not need the charity of America to feed its subjects. A correspondent of the New York Sun quotes Privy Counselor Wittling, one of the leading financiers of the German empire, as saying the other day:

We are making ample preparations for three years. Something like 200 factories for turning potatoes into flour for bread are being established. There is plenty of meat. We had an excellent crop and it has all been harvested and put away.

All our large cities report cases of European rascals leaving their families to be supported by American charity, while they hid in a war that has already brought to us much industrial disturbance and heavy financial loss. Let Germany feed its conquered subjects from its own large purse and its three years' store of supplies and not ask the charity of America until assistance is really necessary. F. J. IRWIN.

Tabloids of Science

A telegraph wire in the open country lasts four times as long as one in the city. Scientists have figured that about 36,000,000 babies are born each year, or at a rate of about seventy a minute.

Railroads in southern Russia are preserving their ties by soaking them in a strong solution of crude sea salt.

At 530 feet below the surface of the water the amount of illumination is about the same as that on the surface, on a clear but moonless night.

Because of modern fashions, a Philadelphia scientist has figured that women must eat 10 per cent more food than formerly to maintain their normal temperatures.

Vertical circles of electric lights have been erected at Berlin to guide aviators who can tell how near they are to the ground by observing the angles of the circles.

It is reported that the nerve of a city dweller stands the stress of battle better than men who have lived in the country. The explanation is that the city type of man has become habituated to noise, and terrific noise is a stimulant of battle.

Meteoric Career of Heinze

Genius of the Copper Camp.

Out of college at 19, a mine worker in Butte, Mont., at 23, a mine owner at 25, boss of the copper camp at 29, victor over the Amalgamated at 32, high financier in Wall Street at 35, dead at 42, briefly outlines the meteoric career of Fritz Augustus Heinze of Butte and New York, a few days ago.

Heinze made millions out of his mining ventures in Butte and lost many of them in his tussle with the financial sports of Wall Street. He learned the mining game right in the drifts of the copper camp, and his knowledge, combined with grit and dashing energy, enabled him to more than hold his own in his battles with such copper magnates as Senator Clark and Marcus.

At one time in the crisis of the fight with the Amalgamated, Heinze exercised such influence with the courts of Butte and the state at large that the Amalgamated company could not expedite judicial action until Heinze had taken \$7,000,000 worth of ore out of a drift claimed by the copper combine, and for which he had given a reimbursing bond of only \$200,000. That successful play put him \$500,000 to the good and caused the company to disincorporate to pay him \$1,000,000 for all his interests in Butte.

An Eastern Product.

Heinze was not a product of Butte. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., the youngest son of German parents. After having been graduated from Columbia young Heinze, who was then just past 19, looked about him for an outlet for that energy, both mental and physical, which has always been one of his most marked characteristics. Mines and mining had interested him from early boyhood, and he resolved to try the western country as a field for his endeavors. His father refused to sanction this plan, and for the first time young Heinze disregarded the paternal edict. He told his father that he had made up his mind and would not be persuaded to turn from the path he had chosen. Then he bought a ticket for Butte.

Heinze's advent in Butte caused no stir. He was a youth, and there was nothing in his appearance to denote that he possessed any particular genius for discovering copper mines or developing their hidden wealth. He made friends easily, and those who knew him best learned that he was an engineer, a metallurgist, had done some writing on mining topics for a technical journal and had a talent for music.

Down to Business.

Early in 1891 Heinze succeeded in raising capital and incorporating the ore purchasing company, and began the search for a smelter, in which he planned to introduce new methods in the reduction of copper ore. Experienced mining men laughed when they spoke of "Heinze's Folly." That was what they called the new smelter. They grew facetious over "fools and their money," and prophesied that the young man from Brooklyn would be traveling eastward before the year was out.

While Heinze was building his reduction works he was negotiating with James Murray, one of the oldest mine owners in Butte, for the lease of Murray's mine. They came to terms, and by the time the smelter was ready for business the young man had taken out a large quantity of ore for treatment under his new process. Under the agreement with Murray the lessee was to give him a certain percentage of the ore taken from the mine, but this percentage varied according to the grade of ore treated. Murray had assumed that the company would strive to get out only the highest grade, on which he would realize the highest percentage. Contrary to expectations, Heinze seemed satisfied with an inferior grade of ore, as his new methods of reduction brought a profit as large as was usually obtained from ore of a superior grade.

A Play that Failed.

On the day the smelting operations were to begin Murray brought suit for injunction of the contract and obtained an injunction which shut down the mine. Deprived of his source of ore supply for his smelter, Heinze, it was believed, would be unable to carry out his copper contracts and would be obliged to shut down, and, with no funds to fight Murray in the courts, the old miner was thought to be in a fair way to soon own the whole works.

It was here that the young engineer's study of the conditions in Butte came to his aid. He leased the Minnie Haley mine that had been worked by two or three companies and had been abandoned as worthless. This investment was the cause of much merit among the old timers who were friends of Murray. Heinze smiled in his quiet way and said, "Wait a while."

Within thirty days he was digging the richest ore ever mined in Butte out of the supposed worthless mine. Soon the smelter began to be smelting, and with the money taken out of the old mine Heinze defended the suit brought by Murray and won. Three years later Heinze was able to purchase for \$400,000 a mine which has since developed into a property valued at \$10,000,000.

Later on, when the fight with the Amalgamated crowd grew hot, Heinze bought one-sixth interest in the DeWitt mine for \$15,000. It was a played-out hole in the ground. Heinze knew that, but the Amalgamated crowd did not. As a part of his game the mine was put up at auction, and Heinze's straw bidders put up the price until the Amalgamated bidders offered \$80,000 and got it. Heinze cleaned up \$55,000 on the deal.

Eight years ago Heinze moved from Butte to New York with his millions and bought the Wall Street arena, narrowly escaping the covey which sent to a federal penitentiary at Atlanta his associate in speculative banking and high finance, C. W. Morse.

German Victory on Sea

Springfield Republican: The fact is that the British admiralty has rated the German ships too lightly, and is paying for its blunder. Eventually, they must be rounded up, for the odds are too great, but they have scored brilliantly thus far.

New York World: In tonnage the Chilean victory costs Great Britain less heavily than the torpedoing of the Cresay, Hogue and Aboukir, but the manner of it is a severer blow to the prestige of the older navy, and leaves it for the moment crippled in one important part of its vast field of action.

Louisville Courier Journal: The German navy continues to clip units of strength from the heavier forces of the allies, with which it would hardly be able to cope at present in a general engagement. It is uphill work for Germany to attack at sea the overwhelming forces of the first sea power now allied with those of France, Russia and Japan. The courage and success of the Germans at sea can but inspire admiration.

Chicago Tribune: Events thus far in the naval war should have taught the British not to underestimate the German sailor, for although the vast preponderance of the Anglo-French force in the German ocean would make a pitched battle there foolhardy for the German fleet, the enterprise, resourcefulness, and pluck of the crews which remain at large cannot but impress the world with the belief that German naval valor and efficiency are of the highest.

New York Post: Plainly, Britannia is having its troubles in ruling the waves. It has found a foe man worthy of its steel; and the eighteen vessels lost by it since the outbreak of the war testify that the German policy of attrition has met with some success. That its fleet is stronger today despite this, by reason of the finishing of battleships nearly completed, and the taking over of Turkish battleships and Brazilian monitors, is not to be overlooked. Its numerical superiority remains overwhelming, and can hardly be altered save by an unthinkable disaster in a great fleet action. But it can hardly be denied that the honors of the war for skill, daring and courage in the face of great odds seem thus far on the side of its adversaries.

Political Tips

Candidates who sought a vindication at the polls and got the axe instead, are at liberty to appeal from the decision at the next election.

Down in old Kentucky, according to Colonel Watterston's paper, "elections have become so respectable that a professional kicker can only kick himself."

Hon. George Fred. Williams, former United States minister to one of the Balkan states, is taking the vocal rest cure at his home in Dedham, Mass. He brought back a resigned frame of mind from foreign shores.

With some stately democratic congressmen thrown out and a like number of republican congressmen thrown into the vacant seats, not to mention countless minor jobs, (tempt republican headline makers to appropriate the title of the latest campaign book put out by the democratic congressional committee.

George W. Perkins was not very conspicuous or noisy in the off-year campaign. Just as the returns showed which way the political wind blew, Mr. Perkins, as chairman of a New York Dietary commission, announced among other conclusions that fish was just as appetizing on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays as on Fridays.

The evening before the landslide started in New York state, Colonel Roosevelt told his Oyster Bay friends, referring to Mr. Whitman: "You can't trust that type of man. The truth is not in him. He hasn't got any principle." Next day they went to the polls and helped to pile up a plurality of 120,000 for Mr. Whitman for governor.

George Ade can, if he chooses, add some fresh experience in politics to his "Country Chirrup." He took an active part in his brother, Will's, campaign for congress in the Tenth Indiana district and chipped in \$500 to aid the machinery. But Brother Will was smothered in the snowstorm of Tuesday with the rest of the progressives.

Uncle Joe Cannon's return to congress after an enforced vacation of two years is a source of great joy in his home town, Danville. It is more than a political event, for it rejuvenates the famous Danville band which has in years past, at Uncle Joe's inaugurations, filled the arching heavens with its inimitable melody. In Danville the orfframme of wigwags for Joe and the band only.

THE DUEL.

Eugene Field. The gingham dog and the calico cat side by side on the table sat; 'Twas half past twelve, and what do you think? Nor one nor two (either had slept a wink! The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate. Appeared to know as sure as fate There was going to be a terrible fight. (I wasn't there; I simply state. What was told to me by the Chinese plate.)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow," And the calico cat replied, "Meow-ow!" The air was littered an hour or so, With bits of gingham and calico. While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place Up with its hands before its face. For it always dreaded a family row! (Now mind; I'm only telling you. What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue, And wailed, "Oh, dear, what shall we do?" But the gingham dog and the calico cat Wallowed this way and tumbled that. Employing every tooth and claw In the awful twelve, you ever saw— And, oh, how the gingham and calico flew!

(Don't fancy I exaggerate—I got my news from the Chinese plate!) Next morning, where the two had sat, They found no trace of dog or cat; And some folks think into this day, That burglars stole that pair away! But the truth about the cat and pup Is this: They ate each other up. Now what do you really think of that? (The old Dutch clock, it told me so, And that is how I came to know.)

SUNNY GEMS.

Customer: "Here, waiter. Where are the olives? Hold on. Bring me half a dozen and some crooked ones." The waiter, loudly: "Dum-dums, half a bombshell and a bowl of shrapnel!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Young Wife—"Your mother a fine cook? I don't believe it. I've heard that your father was a chronic dyspeptic." Husband—"Well, that's all right; mother learned to practice on on father."—Boston Transcript.

"So you don't think much of our friend's pretensions to statesmanship?" "Not much," replied Senator Sorathum. "He reminds me of a top balloon husily engaged in trying to give an imitation of a Zeppelin."—Washington Star.

"Bumps prides himself on being judicial in his methods." "Sure he is. If I'll arrest your attention, arraign your motives, try your patience and be sentimental in his conclusions."—Baltimore American.

"My wife made me a success," remarked the man. "I am glad to hear you say that," declared his pastor. "Yes, she has always wanted so many things that I've just had to hustle."—Kansas City Journal.

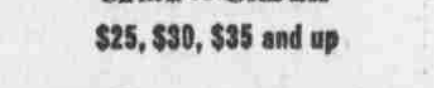
"Mrs. Chink has hit on a plan to keep her husband from smoking in the parlor." "What did she do?" "She hung the portraits of her three former husbands there."—Chicago Herald.

"Yes, papa, I saw a play." "What was the name of it?" "Uncle Tom's Bungalow." "Doesn't she mean cabin?" inquired the father, appealing to his wife. "Of course not, Charica. What does our aristocratic child know of cabins?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Lingerlong—Shall I be keeping you up too late if I stay until your clock strikes eleven?" Miss Weerleigh—"I'm afraid so; it is not a striking clock."—Boston Transcript.

"And are the divorce laws so very liberal in your section?" "Liberal in fact." They are so liberal that nobody ever heard of a woman crying at a wedding out there."—Detroit Journal.

The Sergeant—Look here, before you're served out with your uniform you'd better nip down to the wash house and get a bath. The Recruit—Well, I come 'ere to be a soldier not a bloomin' mermaid!—London Opinion.



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Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha. Dr. Worthington of Detroit has asked for time to consider his election as bishop of the diocese of Nebraska. Max Meyer and wife sailed from Southampton for New York, where they will visit relatives before returning to Omaha, about December 1. Dr. James M. Sweetman has gone to his old home in northeastern Missouri, and will return with his daughter, Stella, and his aunt, Mrs. Shearer, who will make Omaha their future home. They will reside with Mr. Shearer at 1212 Farnam. An effort is to be made to provide the members of the police force who patrol nights with lanterns to be used by them in their walks through the alleys and other dark places. Flagman George is celebrating three great events, the democratic victory; the arrival of a son, the thirtieth, at his home, and on becoming a grandfather. The boy will fly the name of Grover Cleveland Casey. Dr. Silverstein, with Max Meyer & Co., who has been quite ill for two weeks, left for Jacksonville, Fla., to regain his health.