

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

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DECEMBER SUNDAY CIRCULATION.

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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average Sunday circulation for the month of December, 1914, was 45,029.

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January 31

Thought for the Day

Selected by Alice Foster

Faith is the subtle chain that binds us to the infinite; the voice of a deep life within.—Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

Mr. Groundhog, it will soon be up to you.

Only two more days for filling the bill hopper. Don't crowd, there!

It would take a whole fleet of four passenger jitneys to put a dent in the strap hangers' armament.

How can any county board have a better chairman than ours, whose chairman is Best? Help!

Taking candy from a child is reprehensible, but taking nickels from a street car company is amusing.

Big league magnates are accused of trading ball players for dogs. Well, some ball players are worth a good dog.

Unlike other lines of business, railroad managers seldom feel the pulsing thrill of a bargain rush from their patrons.

"Deserving democrats of Nebraska" should remember that throwing one-term bombs at the White House violates the laws of neutrals.

Sport Note—The Allies are expecting soon to sign up Rou Mania, the clever little player who covered left field in the recent Balkan series.

"Soldiers Need New Outfits Every Month," says a headline. Alas, but too many of them do not, and never will again.

And why should our fee-grabbing district court clerk try to name the judges on the bench to whose orders he is subject?

That ship purchase bill will never shift the corn belt until one of our senators tacks on to it some provision to set our prairie schooners afloat again.

Our law-makers should not overlook the needful preparations for the appropriate celebration of Nebraska's semi-centennial of statehood, which is only two years off.

Most of the musty, mold-covered, hold-up bills have been pulled out again down at Lincoln, and some new ones, too. Many of them are so familiar that they need no introduction.

Congressman Hibson can see at short range more war spoils than any of his associates armed with a star-searching telescope. For a man who claims to be a strict teetotaler his mental jim-jams are inexplicable.

President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor does not like the veto of the literacy test immigration bill, and does not hesitate to say so. Now, really, we do not believe President Wilson expected his veto to please Mr. Gompers.

Scientific Selection of Life Risks. It is the boast of one of the big life insurance companies of the country in its annual report that the mortality of its policy holders during the year is only 63 per cent of the expected, being "proof," as it says, "of the impartial and scientific character of the selection."

No one will question that a mortality so far below "the expected" is a feather in the cap of any insurance company, and to that extent contributes to its surplus and stability.

But it must prove also something besides impartial and scientific selection, because it is positive evidence that the tables of expected mortality greatly overshoot the mark. If these tables are wrong by 37 per cent, or even by 20 per cent, or 10 per cent, the error is against the policy holder, who buys insurance at a rate higher than the true actuarial basis would require, and the fact that some, or all, of the excess collections come back as so-called dividends does not alter the situation.

One of these fine days one of the old established life companies, passing under a new and progressive, or, shall we say, reckless, management, will startle the world by computing premiums on actual experience, and then the rest will have to follow suit.

Abatement of War Fever.

From the accounts constantly coming to us from the war arena, and the combatant countries, it would seem that the bitter personal animosities blatantly manifested on both sides at the start were being gradually softened, and the mutual acerbities steadily losing their force. While no signs of yielding is given by either set of allies, the possibility of sincere conviction and well-intentioned motive, and the absence of cause for individual hatred, is apparently being recognized more and more. This is what we read between the lines of the reports about the fraternizing of the outposts, and the comradeship of the interned soldiers of many nations in Holland. It is what we see in the equal treatment and tender solicitude for friend and foe alike in the hospitals, in the missions of mercy of the different Red Cross corps disregarding nationality, and, finally, in the tributes of respect to the fallen heroes and of admiration of the daring exploits under whatever flag the act of bravery is performed.

We fancy we can discern over here, in our own America a similar tendency away from the harshness of tone and intolerant distrust of one another of the opposing champions of the allies or Germans. The noisy debate as to which is most to blame seems to be quieting down, and the recriminations and recriminations growing less severe. Perhaps it is well that opportunity was given to work off the high pressure steam in the forum and through newspaper columns, for the effect has been, with exceptions, of course, to broaden our visions and make us see the conflicting viewpoints. The partisans over here may be no less partisan, but they are readier to concede the right to hold a different opinion. We confidently believe the time is not far distant, if not already here, when our debates on the war will produce light, and not heat, and American judgment will help to formulate the dispassionate verdict of history.

The Unity of Learning.

In the report of President Lowell of Harvard we have a clear restatement of an old truism which too many people are accustomed to ignore. "All history is one," said Freeman, the great historian, meaning that the chronicle of human progress contains no lines of demarcation separating times or places, but that each event is the outgrowth of some previous happening and co-related to all other events. Varying, but not changing, the thought, President Lowell declares:

An attempt to split learning into blocks sharply separated from one another is futile, for it has been truly said that the object of every fresh thinker is to cut a new diagonal through the field of knowledge.

In practical application, therefore, the interests of the professors, he says, cannot be arbitrarily confined or their studies limited by the boundaries of faculties; but, on the contrary, such an idea should be discouraged. Not that instruction should not be specialized—not that danger lies in the existence of too many faculties, but rather in too little intercourse between the members of the different faculties, and, still more, in a lack of cohesion within the faculties themselves.

What President Lowell is arguing for has its bearing upon the organization of all our universities and colleges, and perhaps upon all our secondary schools, too. Appreciating the need in these days for everyone to specialize within a definitely fixed field, yet we must never fail to impress the fact that in the geography of learning all the oceans run together, and all the continents and islands are in some way, no matter how remotely, connected.

Rising Cost of Government.

It does not require official statistics to prove the growing cost of government. Every taxpayer knows it because it touches the pocket nerve. But few know the taxing rate of speed at which the country is traveling, and statistics on this point are of interest in showing the pace in Nebraska.

A census bulletin just issued makes a comparative exhibit of the income and outgo of states and the present value of state property. A series of tables show population, revenue from several sources, as well as expenditures for various purposes, and the per capita of receipts and expenses, compiled from the official records of the different states.

According to these tables the revenue receipts of Nebraska in 1903 was \$2,028,621, or \$1.33 per capita. In 1913 the state's revenue amounted to \$3,761,392, or \$3.05 per capita. The cost of the state government in 1903 was \$2,153,771, equal to \$1.85 per capita, while in 1913 it had jumped up to \$3,672,297, or \$2.90 per capita, an increase of 55 cents per head in ten years.

From 1903 to 1913 the state's population increased 11.5 per cent, while its revenue increased 85.4 per cent, and general property taxes increased 77.3 per cent. Besides, quite a number of new revenue sources are listed in 1913 overlooked ten years before. The actual increase in cost of the state government is 65.9 per cent.

At the beginning of the statistical decade Nebraska had a floating debt which required in interest payments of \$74,514. This has been wiped out and no interest charge is reported for the year 1913.

The Nebraska taxpayer, however, is more fortunate than some of his neighbors. Iowa, with a stationary population, shows an increase of 101.5 per cent in revenues and a 91.1 per cent in cost of government. Kansas shows increases of 93 and 73.7 per cent, respectively. But these neighboring states have considerably more state property than Nebraska to show for the money. Iowa state property is valued at \$20,545,223; Kansas, \$18,342,808, and Nebraska, \$5,788,615.

Needless to add that the rising cost of state government is duplicated in local as well as national government, and altogether constitutes a condition which calls loudly for the brakes.

A staunch defender of "public office a family snap" thinks the anti-nepotism law would be unavailing because all the officers would trade their relatives into jobs under one another. Get away from that delusion! The anti-nepotism bill prohibits loading the payroll with brothers, sisters, cousins and aunts, "directly or indirectly." If it did not threaten the graft the pie counter brigade would not be so unanimous against it.

Views, Reviews and Interviews

BY VICTOR ROSEWATER.

SINCE all the military hats, caps, plumes and helmets were thrown into the ring across the war last summer, I have been reading war books emanating from all sources, presenting all sides of the issues, until I feel as if I had been vaccinated with war literature. I have been pouring over Bernhard books, and Arnold Bennett book and red, white and blue papers galore. There are so many of them that it is almost impossible to pick out any particularly overshadowing contribution, or, in fact, to keep the content of the different war volumes separate and distinct in mind. But the war book which I have last read opens up a vista in a way not expected from the source. It is entitled "Austria-Hungary and the War," and is advanced-noticed by its publishers as "a comprehensive presentation of the political forces and historical developments which led to the initial clash of arms." The author is Ernest Ludwig, consul for Austria-Hungary in Cleveland, and a profane has been written by Konstantin Theodor Dumba, the ambassador of Austria-Hungary to the United States. It is a thorough explanation and defense of Austria's course in the Serbian incident—an explanation which the author admits is "lacking in the technical requirements of neutrality," but, as he trusts, "not lacking in impartiality," and it makes out a fairly good case. Yet I doubt if a counterpart can be found anywhere of this candid expression of opinion incorporated by Mr. Ludwig into his foreword.

"I venture the prediction that this war will be of short duration. Both sides will soon see the uselessness of continuing the struggle when the forces are about even and neither side can totally destroy the other. I believe, however, that the gain will be with our side. A slight gain, perhaps, but still a gain. I base this belief on the fact becoming more and more apparent that the people of Austria-Hungary and Germany are linked in a much firmer union than the people of our present allied armies."

Just read that over once or twice if you want to get a line on what is running through the minds of some of the well informed people on both sides of the war game.

Hiding on Mr. Wattles' pay-as-you-enter jitney with my armful of war books, I was accosted by lawyer C. G. Meeman, who had also pre-empted standing room on the platform.

"Are you loaded down that way every morning? You should have material there for some strong editorials today."

"I don't know how strong they will be," I retorted, "but if they match these books they surely will be weighty."

Talking to a coal man whom you all know, I learned some old weather facts last week. "Yes, we receive a great many complaints from our customers these days. It's perfectly natural to complain of the quality of the fuel when the house just won't heat up. We always have more such complaints, however, the first cold snap of the season, although it later becomes much colder, perhaps because by that time people get used to their furnace troubles and do not insist on blaming them all on our coal men."

"This is the trouble, people have mounted their furnaces hard than when the usual slow fire does the work. Do not understand me to say that the quality of the coal is never at fault—coal varies, and it is possible that we do not always get the best shipped out to us. We dealers have to take it as it comes, especially furnace coal, and we know all of our consignments are not up to standard. But what I started to say was that the impurities in the coal, which are always there, in greater or less degree, seem to be thrown off unnoted in the usual burning. Not so, however, when the drafts are full on and the contents of the firebox are reduced under pressure to a molten mass. Then the coal does all sorts of things that well-behaved coal ought not to do—it throws out sulphurous gas and forces it into the house; it makes clinkers that clog the grates; it leaves great heaps of ashes that at other times seem to be consumed. When all these things happen at the same time, when a man has one continuous session with his furnace in a dark or dirty cellar, I don't wonder that he develops a sulphurous streak himself and tries to take it out on the coal man."

Once upon a time the notion was widely prevalent that the below-zero days of mid-winter were the harvest time for the plumber. I confess I cherished that idea, myself, recollecting the former frequency of bursted water pipes and outdoor fires in excavations of hard-frozen ground with a benumbed plumber working at the bottom.

"Nothing to it any more! Nothing to it at all!" was the assurance of Henry Kruger in response to the suggestion that his craft might be getting "ick" over through the active co-operation of Jack Frost. "There used to be work for the plumber in thawing and patching frozen pipes, but that was before all the houses were heated continuously as they are now. Stove fires would go out, and besides, the plumbing drains were exposed so that, fire or no fire, zero weather would catch them. Nowadays no house is left without some heat in winter unless the water is first turned off. The modern plumber is also better done up, the service pipes and drains are down deep enough to be below the frost lines. Say what you will about all this inspection and what it adds to the cost of building, this shows you what has been accomplished by it, and that in the long run it is money saved several times over. No, the plumber of today would go to the poor house if he depended on billboards to supply him with paying jobs; the whole year's repair work is small beside the new houses, and the business of the plumber is on the same basis as other legitimate business."

Twice Told Tales

Based on Him. Mrs. Fethick Lawrence, the noted English suffragette, said the other day to a New York reporter: "Your idea of my militant is that we are virgins, tartars, man-haters. But, as a matter of fact, we have in our ranks some of the most elegant and fascinating women in London society."



Rev. W. J. Harsh's sermon as pastor of the First Presbyterian church discussed temptations of the heart and body. A new incorporation is known as the Charity Union of Omaha, sponsored by Fred Nye, Herman Kuntze, Ed M. Ross, Clement Chase, W. J. Johnson, Frank Irvine and E. P. Peck. Signers are to be secured in an agreement to contribute \$1 a month to do the work, which is to investigate sickness and distress and to determine the amount of relief needed. Bartlett Campbell's great play, "Siberia," finished an engagement at the Boyd last night. Mr. Samuel Meinrath is dead at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Andrew Rosewater, 3333 Farnam street. He has also three sons living, one each in Kansas City, St. Joseph and Omaha, and had attained the age of 83 years. Clinton Snowden, with the editorial force of the New York World, is here to spend a short time visiting his old friend, Judge Hill. The Young Men's Christian association gymnasium is now in running order, and offers its benefits to any young man of good moral character for the payment of \$2 a year.

People and Events

Mount, Gilead, O., has gone dry by 282 majority. Those in need of halm can take interurban to the nearest town. Massachusetts offers to pay bounty "on every heifer calf raised to maturity." The Bay state "beefs" for a ripe steak.

A Chicago policeman shot a masher who was trying to escape and was promoted for the act. Hats off to you, Old Windy! Fourteen Japanese Red Cross nurses left for the front with the Red Cross and will join the hospital corps in England. Every one of them had seen actual service in the Japanese-Russian war.

Dr. Therrald von Bethmann-Hollweg, Imperial German chancellor, was an intimate fellow student of the present emperor at Bonn, and that intimacy has grown with the years. He was a lawyer in his earlier life, and is now 57.

Back in Wayneburg, Pa., the father of eleven children, all of them girls, was with difficulty restrained from shooting up the stock because the last daughter wasn't a boy. The discriminations of the stork oftentimes put an old-time freight rate schedule on the blink.

Charley Why, a wealthy Chinese of Stockton, Cal., enjoyed the most expensive turtle dinner on record when he dined off the only one of eleven turtles which survived a trip from China. He had to wait a year to have his order, and his appetite was keyed to the right pitch.

Diogenes may as well blow out his candle and go home. The search is over. A Pennsylvania inspector and measures in testing a scales that had been in use for forty years in a grocery at Weatherly found that the instrument allowed seventeen ounces to the pound.

More than a fear prevails that the Panama fleet will not sail through the canal at the appointed time in March. Colonel Goethals dropped a hint in Washington the other day indicating that recent alides put more earth in the ditch than can be shoveled out in six weeks.

An American newspaper man is credited with having picked a few carloads of ammunition over the Rio Grande to the Maxim crowd and was rewarded with the right million in Mexico. Hitherto the jewel has been an ornament. Now it is adorned by associations worth while.

The amen corner benches from New York are to be exhibited in San Francisco. These curios are not invested with odors of sanctity, but rather with the memory of Tom Platt, the "oaky boss," and are hooked up with the show in this way: Platt procured the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt for vice president, which led to the White House, and thus started the building of the Panama canal.

QUAINT BITS OF LIFE.

Thomas Parr of Shropshire, England, in all probability bore the palm for longevity. He lived 152 years and 9 months. Parr's case is well authenticated.

When Napoleon was a youth of 16, while at the military school at Brienne, he wrote to his mother in Corsica: "With Homer in my pocket, and my sword by my side, I hope to carve my way through the world."

A large, elaborately toed and decorated wedding cake made its second appearance at the marriage feast of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Heald, both of Portland, Ore. The cake had been kept in a sealed metal box since the wedding of the bridegroom's parents in St. Louis, Mo., forty-four years ago. It was as good as the day it was made.

Amos Perkins of Penobscot, Me., in the third generation of Perkins to occupy his home, which is 120 years old. The chimney, which is three feet in each dimension, is built of bricks which were made by hand on a neighboring farm. Among the relics of the owner is an old flintlock gun captured from the English 169 years ago.

Getting married in Burma is not entirely a pleasant operation. Custom warrants the practice of throwing stones at the bride and groom, and when recently a band of Burman youth demanded money before they would depart the law stepped in and sentenced the leaders to heavy imprisonment and corporal punishment.

At a Christmas tree festival in South Paris, Me., the gifts were taken from the tree by a young lady who had recently been married. During the distribution she found one package with a name she didn't recognize, so she laid the gift aside. As the packages disappeared she began to wonder where her own was and finally realized that the discarded package bore her new name.

NEUTRAL RIGHTS.

New York Post: The long letter to Senator Stone issued by the Department of State, and signed by Mr. Bryan, will do at least this good, that it will remind all concerned that neutrality in war time is not a matter of whim but of law.

Boston Transcript: Fortunately for its legal light and sound reasoning this state paper, like the protest to London, was prepared by the counselor of the Department of State, Mr. Lansing, and doubtless both papers profited in style by the obvious revision at the hands of the president. The Bryan signature is not without its value at home, however, and particularly in that section of the country represented by the senator addressed. Missouri and the neighboring states have long been Bryan territory, and at that distance doubtless the intimacies of official life at Washington are little known.

Indianapolis News: It appears that the treatment of Germany and Austria-Hungary forms the basis of the complaints which have been made in respect to our foreign relations. In many of the points brought to the attention of the State Department by Senator Stone it is manifest that a hold of unfairness exists. The reply of the administration, as contained in Secretary Bryan's statement, shows, first of all, that the national government is keenly alive to the situation. It is doing its utmost to preserve that neutrality which is required of this country as the principal neutral.

New York World: The United States is the one powerful nation which has undertaken to exercise all its rights in spite of a war the most lawless that the world has ever known. It has a right to the sea. It has a right to buy and sell. It traffics with Great Britain and France today because their naval strength is undiminished and their ports are open. If Germany and Austria tomorrow came into command of the ocean, it would traffic with them. Those here or elsewhere who hold that we should discontinue foreign commerce because supplies from this country may be of service to one belligerent or another, deny a sovereign right and ask us to abdicate as neutrals and become allies.

MUFFLED KNOCKS.

Honestly isn't the best policy when you are tempted to steal a kiss. When a man can't meet his bills he doesn't want to meet his creditors. After a woman has raised a few children, it makes her sick to see two young things making love.

Whether you are intoxicated with booze, or intoxicated with success, a swollen head is always the result. The reason why a girl can leave her chest naked and feel warm on a cold day, is because she is carrying a big muff.

When a man is deeply in debt he knows that he could pull out all-right, if he could just borrow enough money to pay what he owes. Somehow or other, when a man is talking over the telephone, you can always tell when there is a woman at the other end of the wire.

The woman who goes around the house looking like a scarecrow, can't blame her husband if he likes to rubber at a nice clean, well dressed girl, when he is out of the house.

Us men like to knock the women because they gossip so much. But if you want to hear some real gossip, just hang around a barroom where a bunch of men are gabbing.

After a woman has fought dishwater and dirt for a man for ten years, the man wonders why her hands are not soft and white like those of the princesses he meets downtown.

Cheer up! If you are broke on Sunday and your pants are so shiny on the seat that you have to stay home all day, you know that your name is not going to appear in the list of joy rider victims on Monday morning.

When a man is alive his wife thinks that he is so insignificant that she is surprised that a fly doesn't step on him and crush him. But when he dies she gets the idea that he was so important that she has to go into debt for five years to see that he gets the biggest funeral in town.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

AROUND THE CITIES.

Huron, S. D., put \$300,000 into new buildings last year.

A movement is on in New York City to restrict the height of skyscrapers.

Salt Lake's record for 1914 shows 1,148 deaths and 2,500 births, which is going some.

Laramie, Wyo., boasts of a building and loan association with assets well over a million.

Cheyenne is up against a capitol removal proposition in the legislature, with Casper as the objective.

The health department of New York City is an institution so vast that \$18,000,000 is required to run it this year.

Atlantic City, N. J., has decided to give experiment lessons in modern dances in the public schools one night each week.

Minneapolis councilmen are planning to push the city into the tea business as the best means of pulling the teeth of the tea trust.

The Frick coke plants in the vicinity of Uniontown, Pa., employing 18,000 men, are now running full time for the first time in ten months.

The allied street car company of St. Paul and Minneapolis took in 184,000,000 nickels last year, an increase of 4.84 per cent over 1913.

A jury in an Oregon court rendered a verdict of guilty against a man charged with cruelty to animals in shearing his sheep in winter.

Grand Island "points with pride" to a building and loan association which became a fixture in the millionaire class on the first of the year.

Seattle reports that the street car company and the jitney buses both are losing money—the former \$2,600 a day, while the average net earnings of 518 buses is \$2.35 a day.

Rev. Billy Sunday says "New York is going to hell so fast you can't see it for the dust." Rev. Frank O. Hall, a minister right on the ground, says New York is not half as bad as some of the small towns the base ball evangelist has "purified."

Residents of the village of Mount Morris, Pa., took sides in the postmasterly fight, in which two women were the chief aspirants for the job. To the feud thus engendered is chargeable the suspension of the local national bank, the officers of which were involved in the strife.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

St. Louis Republic: A St. Louis preacher says stolen wreaths are always bitter. That may be, but it isn't the bitterness that keeps a small boy from robbing a bum-babe's nest.

Detroit Free Press: A Baltimore clergyman says that whereas bridegrooms used to give \$5 or \$10 for being married, they now average about \$1. But are the knots he ties as serviceable as they used to be?

Chicago Herald: A minister from the Nebraska mission field says auto accident religion by enabling people to go long distances to church. This ought to reduce the injury to the auto's reputation caused by too much joy riding.

Louisville Courier-Journal: With the Rev. Billy Sunday removing his coat and collar in an effort to save Philadelphia and a prominent actress taking off a good deal more to get the Quakers to the theater, what is the spiritual prognosis?

Brooklyn Eagle: As a representative of the church militant, Cardinal Mercier of Malines takes first place. Germany's martial law hasn't intimidated him a particle. He fears nothing, backed by "the power that in an age of iron broke forth to curb the strong and raise the weak."

DOMESTIC PLEASANTIES.

"Why did the ladies in the days of chivalry give their gloves to the knights?" "I suppose it was to show they had an admirer on hand."—Baltimore American.

Mother—And so my little man didn't cry when he fell down. Little Man—There wasn't anybody to hear.—London Opinion.

Suitor—Mr. Simpkins, I have courted your daughter fifteen years. Mr. S.—Well, what do you want? Suitor—Marry her. Mr. S.—Well, I'll be darned! I thought you wanted a pension or something.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"There really must be something in this mental telepathy." "Why so?" "I keep thinking of Charley all day long. That must influence him, don't you see, for he calls me up every little while."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Dead men tell no tales," observed the sage. "Maybe not," replied the fool. "But their tombstones are awful liars."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Reporter—The high price of wheat may force bread up to 10 cents a loaf. Joe (the journalistic office boy)—Gee, I'm glad I brought my lunch with me.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A neighbor's little daughter, after looking for some time at Shakespeare's epitaph, which hung over the professor's fireplace, ran home. "Oh, mamma," she said, "the B's have the strongest sign in their living room. I says, 'For God's sake don't disturb the dust.'"—Boston Transcript.

"Wonderful!" said Dubbon enthusiastically, as he gazed at the new Garraway baby. "Do you wonder I am proud of him?" said Mrs. Garraway.

"No, madam, I do not," said Dubbon. "Indeed, I realize more than ever the truth of the old saying that a woman's crowning glory is her hair."—Judge.

LIFE'S LOVELINESS.

Chambers' Journal. Think lovely thoughts, that every day be blest; Look thou for God, nor fancy Him concealed; Along earth's common way the flowers will breathe His name to thee when thou shalt pass. To thy diviner self He stands revealed. His conquering power through love made manifest.

Speak lovely words, to fall like sunlight rays. Thy youth may be so long, and age so brief. To add to joy in life a little more. And take some misery out of earth's vast store. So shall thou walk with gladness and not grieve. Planting a hope in all the thorny ways.

Do lovely deeds, of brotherhood the bond; Each brother nobly lifted as each task. Each day's plain duty, teaches thee to bloom. The endless lives brave in their loneliness. Ere yet they near the Shadows and the black. And those untrodden paths that stretch beyond.

Thoughts, words, and deeds! To stand for truth in all! This is the creed that counts. Unfinching lo! Staunch fortitude, and strength of patience borne; Security, though the way be worn. Fronting the light, nor fearing to recoil. Facing the right, nor looking back to fall.

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