

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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9.....41,000	25.....41,770
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GEO. B. TSCHUCK, Treasurer.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 1st day of September, 1909.

M. P. WALKER, Notary Public.

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

The way to arbitrate is to arbitrate.

At any rate, Harry Whitney is taking the safe course.

If there is nothing to arbitrate it is certainly strange how so much smoke can rise from no fire.

District Attorney Jerome is up for another re-election in New York City. They can't lose Jerome.

The prices of silver and wheat have gotten too far apart to serve in a resurrection of the 16 to 1 free coinage campaign.

Setting up straw men in order to knock them down seems to be a favorite pastime for some people, both in and out of politics.

Des Moines takes the pennant. If Omaha could not have it, it ought to be near enough in Des Moines so that it will not be far out of sight.

A French physician has a cure for the sleeping sickness. Let him turn his attention next to something that will relieve the early waking habit.

New York gets a Palladium park as a souvenir of the Hudson-Fulton centennial. These permanent reminders are the best part of such celebrations.

Kansas City is trying to get Dr. Cook as a Priests of Palms attraction. St. Louis evidently made a mistake in not stipulating for state-wide territory.

The irrigationists scored first, with a promised recommendation of a \$10,000,000 issue of irrigation bonds. The deep waterways boomers will have to take what is left.

Speaking of joint debates, will Mr. Bryan demean himself by engaging in a gabfest with Senator Bailey? He will fall several notches in the public estimation if he does.

Chicago now has a scheme on foot to compel all railroads to electrify by January 1, 1912. Here is Kansas City's cue to put its union lepot scheme in the same pot.

No one will stick on any plan for arbitrating our strike troubles, providing it is immediately workable and reasonably fair. It is not the means, but the end.

While about it, the city council might order a glass case to be set up in the rotunda of the city hall to display Mayor "Jim's" famous backbone on permanent exhibition.

The best located hotel rooms fronting on the Hudson-Fulton parade are said to have commanded \$100 for their use. Still, that is not so very much more than regular New York hotel rates.

The official name of that body of water cut off from the Missouri river by the shifting of the channel thirty years ago is to be Carter lake. Mark it down on the maps with indelible ink, because force of habit growing out of calling it Cut-Off lake all this time will be hard to eradicate.

Missouri has a new statute which makes gun toting a penitentiary offense, and as a consequence the law is being attacked as inflicting a punishment which is cruel and unusual. Why is it that in framing a salutary law to abate a recognized evil the lawmakers so often overshoot the mark?

The Conservation Policy.

Pursuing his announced intention to take up the discussion of various parts of the administrative program, one at a time, President Taft has defined his position anew upon the question of the conservation of natural resources.

The activity of the federal government along a fixed line of progressive advancement for the preservation and development of the natural wealth of the country dates from the Roosevelt regime, although much work had been previously done under this heading by different individuals, societies and governmental agencies. It was to be expected that the inauguration of a new policy would coincide with private interests and interfere with preconceived notions of the rights of the individual to exploit these resources as he might see fit and would force a test in which the people took different sides in different parts of the country as they happened to be affected by the movement. Those who are opposed to the conservation of natural resources as a policy of the federal government doubtless hoped for a change with the changing administration, but, if so, they are doomed to disappointment. Mr. Taft's statement of his position and explanation of his plan of working at it differs not at all from the position of the Roosevelt administration and is clear and without equivocation.

There has been a good deal of discussion in the newspapers as to the attitude of the present administration toward the general policy of the conservation of resources, and some very unfair and altogether unfounded inferences have been drawn. The truth is my administration is pledged to follow out the policies of Mr. Roosevelt in this regard and while that pledge does not involve me in any obligation to carry them out unless I can get congress to give me full authority to do so, it does require that I take every step and exert every legitimate influence upon congress to enact legislation which shall best subserve the purposes indicated. I hope nothing will prevent our taking the further steps needed when congress meets.

The policy of the Taft administration for the conservation of natural resources, therefore, will be substantially the same as the policy of the Roosevelt administration, except that the provisional steps taken under direction of President Roosevelt will be regarded as subject to approval of congress, and every legitimate effort made to prevail upon congress to incorporate these orders into law and thus make them the settled policy of the government, reinforced by the mandates of the law, rather than merely by authority of an executive order. Mr. Roosevelt made attempts to secure such legislation, but did not have time to follow them up, and that would, in all probability, have been his program as well if his time in office still continued.

On the subject of conservation of natural resources the nation has made notable progress, and Mr. Taft's assurance makes certain that it will not, with his consent, go backward during his administration.

Shopkeepers Abroad.

The heads of two well-known mercantile establishments at Lincoln just returned from extended tours through Europe bring back some interesting observations on shopkeeping abroad. The merchants along the path of travel are said to be on the lookout for American tourists, who give them their most profitable trade, and have gotten everything down to a fine art that would tend to attract and tempt this sort of patronage. Great attention is therefore paid to the display of goods and to cordial entertainment of customers.

On the continent "every shopkeeper," we are told, "expects to take but a fraction of the price he asks for his wares, and as most tourists have but little idea of the actual value of what they buy, when they get a big reduction on the quoted price, accompanied by sorrowful exclamations of the salesman that he is losing money by the transaction, they take the goods with the fixed idea that they have secured the best bargain of the season." In the better class of stores the clerks are extremely polite, many of them speaking English, German and French, more or less fluently, and seldom is any discourtesy met with, even under provocation of failure to make the sale.

In Great Britain, and particularly in London, an innovation is in progress through the attempted introduction of American department store methods. English shopkeepers are quite out of sympathy with these enterprises and predict nothing but disaster for them. Such reports cannot fail to be instructive, although of doubtful value for our guidance, because they tend to confirm the American merchant in American ways of doing business. We have evolved a shopkeeping system of our own, and even foreigners who come to this country quickly adapt themselves to it. No one would claim perfection for American merchandising methods, and there is much room for improvement, yet neither is there any question that they are better suited to conditions here than the methods which prevail in shopkeeping abroad.

Everyone sees through his own spectacles. You can get as many different viewpoints on the strike situation in Omaha as you can find people differently situated in their business or occupation. The wholesaler whose trade comes by mail from out of town says there is nothing to it, while the retailer who counts the people in his store knows better. Night hawkers are reaping a harvest from passengers compelled to move around after dark, while the theaters and places of amusement are playing to almost

empty houses. It is safe to say, however, that 50 per cent of the 200,000 people who depend on the interrupted street railway service are for arbitration, and the sooner the better.

One Lesson Learned.

One lesson has already been learned from Omaha's street car strike, and that lesson is that we must have legislation to prevent such disturbances and interruption of public service utilities in the future.

No one need be told now that a public service corporation occupies a private business house or mercantile concern.

If a department store, or an apothecary shop, or a restaurant, closes down because employer and employees cannot work together their patrons can get what they want some other place. But when a street car system runs haphazard and shuts down at 7 o'clock at night the people must either walk or stay home.

What would be uncalled for outside interference in a labor dispute involving a factory or a business institution becomes self-protection for the public when a labor dispute seriously cripples the operation of a public service corporation.

If there is no law now providing machinery for arbitration, and making it compulsory on all parties to submit their grievances to such a board and abide by its findings and awards, a law can, and will be, framed and passed at the very next session of the legislature.

There is no school like the school of experience, and it is only because we had not before gone through the costly experience that we have just been having that we are still in Nebraska without a law for compulsory arbitration.

It may take another year before this defect can be remedied, but it may as well be put down now as settled that every political party presenting candidates for the legislature next year will pledge them to provide for compulsory arbitration between public service corporations and their employees.

Irrigation.

The promise of President Taft to recommend that congress authorize a \$10,000,000 bond issue, the proceeds to be used to complete the irrigation works now in progress and to supplement them with others called for by the plans of the reclamation bureau cannot fail to be a great stimulus to the irrigation movement. The endorsement by the president of the bond proposition is not the last word, nor does it follow as a matter of course that congress will respond with additional pressure brought to bear from those sections of the country which are chiefly interested. It means, however, that the friends of irrigation may count on help in high quarters, without which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to gain their point in congress.

While the progress of the irrigation movement may not have been all its most enthusiastic advocates pictured at the outset, there is no question that it has vindicated the judgment of those who were responsible for it. Some mistakes have doubtless been made, and the original calculation of the time required to bring tangible results fell more or less short of the mark. But in spite of this the irrigation movement has been a success as far as it has gone. It was at first thought, and the plan was embodied in the law, that by using the proceeds of the public land sales in the various reclamation districts enough money would be forthcoming to pay for the construction work, and as each development was completed the revenue derived from use of the water and payments for the land would reimburse the government for the outlay and go back into a revolving fund that would in turn be used to build successive irrigation works. But the projects first taken up have in cost overrun the estimates and likewise proved to be slower than anticipated in bringing in returns.

Additional money put at the disposal of the reclamation service ought to be considered in the nature of an advance or loan to be repaid or sunk ultimately out of the returns from the operation of the irrigation works and the sale of the reclaimed lands. It goes without saying, too, that the entire \$10,000,000, if authorized, could not be called for at once, but would doubtless take care of all the projected work for years to come. This much, at least, is certain, that with the president's enlistment as an irrigation booster the cause will not lag at the seat of government.

A protest has been lodged with the War department against General Fred Grant for riding at the head of a prohibition parade in the full military uniform of a general of the United States army, with the interrogatory whether it is permissible for an army officer to participate in such a demonstration in his official uniform. The question might have been directed to find out whether General Grant has any other riding clothes he might have worn.

A little order for 300,340 tons of steel rails, calling for an outlay of \$5,600,000, has been placed for 1910 by one of the big eastern railroads. Just a few orders of this kind will be enough to keep the mills busy for a whole season.

Without waiting for the final word, we congratulate the Lincoln Young Men's Christian association building fund boosters on their success in raising \$100,000 for a new Young Men's

Christian association home at the state capital. Success was foreordained. We have yet to hear of a Young Men's Christian association building fund campaign that failed.

Seldom does anything appear in print anywhere reflecting upon Omaha that it is not pounced on and reproduced in Lincoln newspapers, in whose eyes nothing can be done in Omaha except from questionable motives. The people who run Lincoln newspapers ought to read over again the sermon preached by President Taft last Sunday. What Mr. Taft said about impugning the integrity of public men on mere suspicion is equally true as to the motives actuating communities.

The use of the telephone for train dispatching is spreading. If the two telegraph companies have not yet swallowed one another there may not be enough for more than one bite when they finally get ready to close in.

These Esquimaux never knew until now how high they stood for honesty and truth telling. It would be a shame to have this reputation blasted should it be disclosed that no two of them can tell the same story.

The danger of fire in the White House will not, however, deter any one from accepting a presidential nomination if it is offered, so long as fire insurance policies may be had at such reasonable terms.

It is to be hoped that the Nebraska delegates to the Mining congress at Goldfield may be asked the humiliation of being called upon for a report on the condition of Nebraska mines and minerals.

Sobs from Arid Districts.

The president is a success at opening irrigation systems in the west. If he can just open a couple in the arid south he will be elected president for life.

All the Gas Gone.
New York Tribune.
Congratulations to Walter Wellman. His gas bag burst just in time to prevent his having, like other explorers, to defend his reputation for veracity.

When the Light Breaks In.

Washington Post.
When the farmers realize that a good road for an automobile means a good road for all the farmers, it will not be long before the automobilists in demanding the good road.

Now for Southern Blubber.

The British Antarctic expedition has bought a big whale to pursue polar discoveries southward. If he is wise, the discoverer will at once establish his identity and that of his prize by every means known to the resources of up-to-date civilization. He should by no means neglect a moving picture camera, though it involves the presence of another white man at the important point. The other man needn't show in the pictures.

Little Jolts Help Some.

President Taft had difficulty in convincing a member of a Colorado reception committee that he was actually the president. The incident recalls an occasion when the president went to Fort Meyer to witness the Wright brothers' aeroplane test. Approaching Miss Wright, who did not see him, he extended his hand, saying: "I fear you have forgotten me, Miss Wright. I am Mr. Taft." Mr. Taft says these "little jolts" are good for a man, as they prevent his thinking that he "fills the whole horizon."

The Courtroom West.

Boston Herald.
There are intimations that the west may have something more to say after its due as host of the present law session. There were a few thoughtful ebullitions on the appearance of the tariff speech, but on the whole the tone of the western press has been mild and complacent. There is no evidence, however, that the sentiment of the west will not constrain law representatives in congress to change their course or curb their independence.

BUILDING UP FORTUNES.

Harriman, Gould, Girard and Astor Millions.
Washington Post.
Some speculation is indulged as to whether Edward H. Harriman was a greater "captain of industry" than Jay Gould. Perhaps he gathered more money than Gould, but there were many more to acquire; the field he reaped yielded a manyfold more abundant harvest. Gould acquired \$50,000,000; Harriman \$100,000,000; the maximum estimate. But Harriman had the advantage of Gould in that he had the aid of the nation's capital, the Goulds and the Astors, and other capitalists with which to operate, and the victories of Wall Street incline to the heavier purse, just as the victories of war go to the heaviest battalions.

As for that, when we consider his opportunities Stephen Girard had a greater genius for acquisition than either Gould or Harriman. He was as daring as either and his plans even more faultless. He had more iron in the fire than both the others and all yielded a profit. The fortune he left was relatively greater than the accumulations of Gould and Harriman combined, and it is more than likely that he would have made a billion had he lived in our time. He was the most practical of men, and had a genius that looked deeper into a financial or mercantile venture than any other capitalist of our history.

The Astor fortune was built on the simplest plan. All the money the old Dutchman made he invested in real estate on Manhattan island, and his millions came from unearned increment. All rents and profits were reinvested in real estate that daily increased in value above interest, taxes and insurance. There was no venture in that, and a similar opportunity is afforded to thousands of Americans right now if they have the money with which to acquire real estate in any growing and progressive city. Fifty years ago one could have bought a square mile of land within the present city limits of Chicago, then worth a song, now worth millions.

Jay Gould testified before a congressional committee that he had ceased to make the acquisition of money his chief end; that his object was to make the transportation of products from producer to consumer cheaper. That, too, was Harriman's chief ambition. Both succeeded in that, and, like good cooks, both licked their own fingers for millions.

Famous in a Night

How an Unreported Speech Saved the East and Saved Governor Johnson a Presidential Nomination.

The late Governor Johnson of Minnesota had the unusual experience of being the possessor of a presidential nomination started by a speech that was never reported. What Henry Waterson failed to accomplish by persistent boosting was effected at the Gridiron club dinner in Washington. The unexpected happened. Press agents of the east, hitherto lukewarm and snooty, met the governor face to face, took his measure on the spot, and became his enthusiastic boosters. But the start was too late. The democratic presidential prize was already as good as clinched and the boost proved useless.

One who heard the unreported speech of Johnson writes about it in the Washington Post:

"When it became evident that only the most strenuous exertions could defeat the nomination of Mr. Bryan for a third time, a number of candidates were brought forward. There was no real enthusiasm back of any of them, the anti-Bryan democracy was simply casting about for a name. They were floundering in every direction, hoping not for an attractive, popular leader, but for somebody, anybody, who could be put forward in such a way as to shake the Bryan strength."

"Judge Gray of Delaware, Judson Harmon, now governor of Ohio, and other names were proposed and considered, after the fashion in which drowning men catch at straws. Among the rest, Governor Johnson was brought forward for the reason that he had been twice elected governor of a republican state. Nobody knew anything about Johnson; he seemed available as a vote getter; that was all."

"His Minnesota boomers committed the mistake of trying to suppress the governor's human characteristics and make a tin god of him. Their procedure was based on the theory that the opposition candidate should be one who would make a complete contrast to the character of Mr. Roosevelt. In all the press matter they sent out they toned down the real Johnson and tried to create a sort of George Washington, severe, unsmiling, austere and majestic. The very photographs they circulated were those of a wooden-faced man, and everybody who saw the somber face with its prominent nose and unsmiling eye, and ever else he is, he's a Scandinavian, sure."

"It was all one to the eastern boomers. They were not in hopes of getting a Lincoln or a Roosevelt out of the west. They were just grasping frantically at a name, any kind of a name, and all they hoped was that by hook or by crook they could land some figurehead in the White House and keep Bryan out."

"At this time, while there was a lackadaisical, spiritless movement for Gray or Johnson, or Harmon or anybody, the Gridiron club of Washington invited Governor Johnson, Judge Gray and many other national leaders to attend one of its dinners. The governor and the judge were among those who accepted. There was only a languid interest in the governor when he took his place, not at the head of the table, but at one of the side tables, and attacked the Gridiron viands."

"There were 250 guests present, the president of the United States at their head, supreme court, senate, house, the money kings of the country, generals, admirals, authors, scientists, governors, judges, among those present. In the course of the evening—rather far down the evening—the governor was introduced."

The Gridiron always introduces its speakers, not with a speech, but with a single usually addressed to the prospective speaker, and gently declaimed of him. In this case they sang a song entitled "Poor John," the burden of which was that "poor John"—that is, Johnson—wanted the nomination, but couldn't have it, because Bryan wouldn't let him.

The governor arose, and the first glimpse of him in the great dining hall of the Willard somehow dispelled every tediousness of the staid Scandinavian. He held a word of A. B. Parker. Before he had said a word, he was twinkling eyes and the new, friendly face had belied every photograph ever sent out about him, and the deep, warm voice that rang out in his first sentence with strange and happy inflections that made everybody warm to him made over John A. Johnson, made the governor completely in a second of time, to those who thought they knew what he was.

"Poor John," he said. "I appreciate the honor; but don't you think, when you look back at 1896, and at 1894, you ought to say 'Poor Bill'?"

The unexpectedness of it, the additional element of unexpectedness that was attached to its coming from "the staid Swede," set the crowd wild. The president, the speaker of the house, the justice of the supreme court, all united in one mighty shout that lasted a minute. Johnson looked out over the shouting crowd with eyes that danced.

He was so utterly different from what the ill-advised press agents had represented him. Tall, straight, with a sensitive, mobile face that changed in expression every second, he was as fine-looking and striking appearance as ever was seen in a dining hall, despite the fact that he was a man of his years. His mellow voice, full of unexpected depths and shadings, and always so calculated as to bring out to the uttermost every meaning that lay behind one of his sentences, may not have been the voice of an orator, but no orator could have made such an impression on that crowd.

And, remember, it was not the ordinary mass meeting audience. It was made up of that crowd of 250, of men to whom oratory was their daily bread; men who heard it daily in house and senate until they were sick of it. It was the most trying audience, the most cynical and skeptical audience that a man could have addressed.

It is wholly within bounds to say that no such hit was ever made before that audience—which is pretty much the same from year to year—John A. Johnson made that night.

His human enjoyment of the hit he was making and the surprise he was creating was perfectly obvious in his face and manner as he went on. He was facing such an audience as four years before, the secure country editor in Minnesota could never have expected to confront—an audience that is given to few men to confront; an audience made up of the nation's leaders in every walk of life, and an audience which takes no interest in oratory, even good oratory—and he was conquering it, establishing his dominion over it, and raising that dominion higher with every sentence.

The matter of that speech has escaped from the mind of the writer. He recalls one occasion when Johnson, in the midst of a keen, clever eulogy of Minnesota, enumerated the products in which she excelled every other state, and concluded,

Received
Highest Award
Chicago
World's Fair

Made
from Grapes
A Pure Cream of
Tartar Powder

DR. PRICE'S
CREAM
Baking Powder

makes biscuits, cakes and pastry
more digestible.

THE DUTCH.

New York Tribune.

The Dutch took Holland years ago. With bold heroic bravery, And ever since have ruled it well. For freedom, not for slavery; And later on they had sent To unknown lands exploring, And soon he took Manhattan Isle And found the place alluring.

Then up and down the Schuylkill On Half Moon sailed at leisure, And found the land quite fair to see, Which gave him joy and pleasure. And when at last he reached his home To tell his deeds of daring They toasted him with Schiedam schnapps And then began the swearing. They damned the Maas and damned the Rhine, Until the air around was blue As such damp air could be.

They then began to dig canals And dam them, too, with dikes, And fish in them for eels and sprats, With trawling nets and fykes, Then windmills built along their banks Of every kind and size, To pump up water which leaked out or Rained down from the skies.

Holstein cattle then they bought And marked them black and white, So they could see them long way off In dusky evening's light. And milk the cows each night and morn, And then make Edam cheese. They raise all kinds of ducks and geese, And from them pluck the feather To make those soft and downy beds So warm in winter weather.

They pickle everything in sight Of fish and flesh and fowl, And of the meat of sheep and swine They smoke both head and tail. They make ten thousand kinds of cake, Of sugar, nuts and spice, And cover them with fruit and cream And various kinds of ice.

They're the neatest folks on earth— A truth we're pleased to utter. Each day they scrub the house and stoop And brush the shutters, too. An honest, temperate, frugal race That can't be praised too much; For, take the Dutch, all in all, There's none can beat the Dutch.

PERSONAL NOTES.

It now costs \$21.00 an hour to run New York City. Well, Tammany must live.

William Hamilton Osborne, author of "The Red Moon," writes a story at the rate of forty words a minute—2,400 words an hour.

Several celebrating people have been robbed and beaten in the streets of New York. For the most part, however, the robbers operate with a skill that renders the beating unnecessary.

A grouchy stockholder of the Bank of England wants all women clerks discharged from the institution on the ground that they cannot keep a secret. Of course, it was wrong to tell on him. He should have been more discreet.

Glory waits in all sorts of places these days. The mayor and council of Kearny, N. J., have adopted resolutions congratulating "one of our citizens who has attained national fame during the last year," meaning a crack second baseman on one of the base ball teams.

Congressman Charles C. Reid, who has represented the Fifth district of Arkansas for the last eight years, has declined to become a candidate for the democratic nomination for governor of Arkansas. His present plan is to retire from public life at the expiration of his term in the house.

Charles L. Dickey of Canaan, Maine, according to the local paper of that place, is rejecting over the birth of the twenty-fifth baby presented to him by his wife. Any lingering suspicion that the nation is committing race suicide must disappear from that neighborhood in the face of such evidence to the contrary.

SUNNY GEMS.

"These people on Mars must be a very stupid lot."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, if they haven't time to flash us a signal or two, they might at least drop us a picture post card."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

"Did you read my story," asked the young author.

"I read the first part of it," answered the candid girl. "But after the first two pages, I thought it was so boring that I lost track of it."—Washington Star.

"We have a strike in our factory every day, off and on."

"Why, I thought you had no labor troubles there at all?"

"No more we have."

"But, then, can all this striking be going on?"

"The clocks do it."—Baltimore American.

"Say, old man," began Borrowings, "lend me your ear for a while, will you?"

"My friend," replied Wise, shrewdly suspecting a touch. "I'd gladly lend you both of them; then I wouldn't be able to hear you ask me to lend you anything else."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Hub—Why in the world do you women lace yourselves so tight?

Wife—We can't lace ourselves as tight as you men can drink yourselves.—Boston Transcript.

"Why do you women wear such large hats?"

"It is necessary, if fashion says that hats must be large, then hats must be large."—Kansas City Journal.

"Suppose fashion should decree that shoes must be large?"

"We are going to consult a specialist about our boys," says the father.

"About your boy?" echoes the friend.

"But, how can we be a perfectly healthy rugged lad?"

"I know, but we have asked him time and again what he wants to be, and he grows up and he never has said that he wants to be a railway engineer."—Life.

One Pill

Ask your doctor about Ayer's Pills, gently laxative, all vegetable. He knows why they act directly on the liver.

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

It is impossible to be well, simply impossible, if the bowels are constipated. Waste products, poisonous substances, must be removed from the body at least once each day, or there will be trouble. The dose of Ayer's Pills is small, only one pill at bedtime. All vegetable.

SPECIAL! Extraordinary!

We have just received a carload of

Boudoir Size High Grade Player-Pianos

Will place them on sale for immediate delivery at

\$375

12 Standard Sixes Rolls of Music, Scarf and Bench Free.

\$10 Sends One Home

A beautiful instrument with a rich, full tone. Everybody can play it. Our price is possible—because we placed a large order—and paid spot cash in advance for the entire lot.

DURING THE CAR STRIKE PIANO BUYERS