

THE SUNDAY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

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Having crossed the Rio Grande, each president advanced toward home.

There is no question about it now that the football season is past the kick-off.

But of course in newly financing the Walsh roads the Vanderbilts will use their own money.

There is probably no truth in the rumor that when Mr. Taft stepped on the border line he bent it.

The base ball writers may now retire to their kloos to study up some new slang for next summer.

Revelations in the James H. Eckels estate show that in the financial world all that passes current is not gold.

The author of "Hands Across the Sea" may now put out a revised version, "Hands Across the Rio Grande."

The sharpshooting at Cook's Mt. McKinley low-down record does pretty good execution for a single Barrill.

Those who look upon a glass darkly will be suspicious of the report that Taft and Diaz had a cordial exchange behind closed doors.

Government advice that there is no failure of the Nicaraguan revolutionary crop shows that there are some things that always escape the drouth.

The hospital nurses who went on strike to demonstrate that the superintendent was wrong in calling them fools, may have proved their point, and proved the point of the superintendent at the same time.

The Illinois Federation of Woman's Clubs has gone on record in favor of race suicide as a rebuke to man for existing industrial conditions, just as though King Stork were a monarch that could be resolved or legislated out of office.

The flippant epithet of the show girl who lured a prosperous lawyer into bank robbery and suicide, that he was a "fine chap, free with money," is a modern commentary on the ancient proverb of Solomon for such cases made and provided.

Now that the state is taxing forest lands, all the farmers in Massachusetts are chopping down their woods, and the old song is being changed to "Assessors, Spare Those Trees." As a conservator of natural resources the special tax is not a Pinchot.

Chairman Hayward has made a good start at producing a political dictionary. Those nonpartisan democrats must appreciate the definition that describes a "nonpartisan" as a republican who votes the democratic ticket, while the democrat who votes the republican ticket is still a "traitor."

The democratic wire-pullers are trying to estimate how many populists in Nebraska are going to be fooled into voting the democratic ticket as a result of the polite perjury by which the democratic nominees have taken oath that they affiliate with the populist party in order to get their names printed on the official ballot labeled once as democrats and a second time as populists. Intelligent populists ought to be on to this time-worn trick by this time.

City Planning.

According to a writer in a newly-launched periodical, the American City, there are two important phases of city planning, cities planned largely in advance of population and established cities replanned or remodeled to meet new conditions.

A city laid out for a particular purpose and with a view of meeting future requirements would naturally have advantages over a city developed by fortuitous circumstances from a village or town whose founders had no notion what was to come. The deliberately planned city is the exception, although we have numerous notable examples, such as Washington designed to be the national capital, our own Nebraska state capital named after Lincoln and Gary, expressly built to be the center of the steel industry. Omaha was originally laid out as a townsite upon a scale that looked to its eventual development into a great city, but unfortunately the far-sighted ideas which animated the originators were temporarily lost by those who came after, with the consequence that the additions to the original townsite are not fully in keeping.

The second class of cities spring up almost without guidance, and have to be remodeled from time to time to meet the ever-changing demands. Nearly all of the cities of the old world, and a vast majority of the cities on this side of the Atlantic, belong in this class. In fact, so rapid has been the population growth of our large urban centers and so tremendous the strides of science in devising new solutions for city problems that even those cities built from the start according to plans and specifications find now and then that avoidable or unavoidable mistakes have been made, and that they, too, are under the necessity of adapting themselves to new conditions.

The real difficulties, therefore, confronting the American city, even more than the old world city, arise from failure to plan far enough ahead, both in original designing and subsequent remodeling. We have usually gone about it on piecemeal and patchwork order and a hand-to-mouth system of municipal housekeeping, leaving it to the next generation to undo and do over. Fortunately, there are indications of a gradual awakening, and here and there practical beginnings toward a real city plan. Washington, as the national capital, with unlimited resources, is still our municipal model for the physical aspect, but other cities are also taking steps toward the location of civic centers, the cultivation of municipal art, the creation of traffic approaches, the development of parkways and boulevards and the clearing of waterfronts in such a way that the work will be reasonably permanent. This movement should be, and eventually will be, taken up by all the great American cities that have a future before them. The city that refuses to plan for future needs and neglects its opportunities too long will fall irrevocably behind in the procession.

Evils of Divorce.

The obvious lesson of the census bureau's report concerning its special investigation of marriage and divorce, is that a uniform and rigid law on the subject for all the states would restrict that tendency of the divorce rate, which, in the language of the census report, is "to increase like the velocity of a falling body." Broadly speaking, the greatest increase is shown as the investigation proceeds westward, which is accounted for by the fact that many of the western states have by liberal laws invited the importation of impudent matrimonial partners in the east who sought secluded and easy means for severing their bonds.

The report, covering the last twenty years, indicates a much higher ratio with each five-year period. The fact that of late the agitation against easy divorce has been widespread and extraordinarily active, together with the fact that several states have amended their laws in the direction of reform, is very likely to show, when another five years shall have passed, that the crest of the wave has been reached and that the awakening of the American conscience to this problem has produced measurable results.

South Dakota, the most notorious resort for easterners eager for quick sundering of marital ties, has by legal enactment closed its doors on the divorce colonists, but there is still work to be done in spreading the restriction policy among some of the other lax states. Nebraska's share in rendering the divorce situation more wholesome has been marked by increasing the term of residence required from six months to one year for causes arising within the state and to two years for causes arising out of the state. This would effectually operate against the mere divorce colonist. In addition, Nebraska now stipulates that a divorce shall not be operative until the lapse of six months after the issuance of a decree, which would deter those intent upon remarriage from securing accommodation divorces. Thus the pleaders for restricted divorce laws have made a distinct gain.

Another gain for their cause is shown by the new Nebraska enactments requiring county judges to furnish to the state a detailed record of all marriages, and requiring also from clerks of the district courts specific returns in all divorce cases. An unfortunate omission is shown in the marriage statistics act, in not requiring inquiry as to whether either party to a marriage had been divorced. The divorce statistics requirements are more thorough, including detailed enumeration of all causes alleged for

annulment. An excellent stipulation, too, is the detailed return of the number of children affected by the decree because therein is suggested the greatest problem of the divorce evil.

Neglect of the children is one of the glaring offenses following the average divorce. With the home broken up, and the mother in most cases having to earn her living, the children are subjected to influences from which home life would shield them, and too many of them either commit some offense or become dependents and either find their way into the juvenile court or reform school or else have to be sheltered by some charitable institution. It is because of the children especially that most judges regard the ordinary divorce with displeasure. But as a rule only one side of the case is presented to the court, that of the applicant, the suit is not contested, and the evidence is such as the lawyer in the case has indicated is likely to warrant a decree. The opinion of observing judges that the majority of divorces result from family quarrels which in most cases could be adjusted, is probably well founded, and is an argument for the making of every effort to get both sides of the controversy presented before the court.

The Food Test.

Trying to solve the Cook-Peary polar puzzle is now the popular game. In the current Outlook George Kennan, who has had some experience in controversies involving veracity himself, applies the food test to Dr. Cook's claims, and the deliberately formed and solemnly rendered judgment is that "the story of the alleged achievement must be dismissed as in the highest degree improbable, if not absolutely incredible and impossible."

It must be conceded that Mr. Kennan's application of the food test is decidedly ingenious and worthy of comparison with Dr. Wiley's laboratory tests on the efficiency of various forms of nutriment. Mr. Kennan starts out with the list of supplies which Dr. Cook says he took with him on the two sledges with which he made his final dash to the pole, and proceeds by quantitative analysis to show that these materials would not have sufficed to maintain life for the men and dogs with the degree of energy needed to make the trip over polar courses for eighty days. The advantage of the food test as supplying the necessary evidence entirely extraneous from the testimony of the Eskimos, whose truthfulness might be questioned, is self-evident, and accepting Mr. Kennan's premises and his methods of deduction there is no getting away from his conclusions.

And still, Mr. Kennan's food test depends on a question of human veracity because it is all built up by taking as correct the list given by Dr. Cook detailing the contents of the two sledges. If Dr. Cook is not to be believed as to the polar dash, how is his list of supplies to be accepted without verification? And what is to stop him from amending his story by flinging some additional food hidden somewhere at the right place in the neck of time, or moving up some muck-oxen and polar bears which came in so handily to be killed on the return trip. Mr. Kennan says no man ever went eighty days in the polar altitudes on the limited supplies Dr. Cook says he had, but there is Dr. Cook staring us in the face, alive and healthy, and quite able to deliver all the lectures for which he has engagements.

The food test is doubtless scientific, and must have afforded Mr. Kennan wholesome entertainment in working it out mathematically, but even with the answer corresponding to that given in the back of the book it still leaves the puzzle as tortuous as before.

The Musical Invasion.

Rivalry in cities where grand opera is an established thing has grown to such proportions as to constitute a warfare of enthusiasm; invasion of other cities is the order of the day; everywhere the demand for high-grade music is increasing; and America may be said to be undergoing a musical awakening which it is to be hoped will lead to permanent results. The hunger for grand opera is being satisfied in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. Such cities as St. Louis are being listed for consideration as likely to support a permanent winter season. Des Moines and lesser cities are eagerly subscribing \$15,000 or more for a single night of the great artists. The musical world is agreed that the demand for opera throughout America amounts almost to a craze. It is not, then, the time to consider the feasibility of established opera, not only in the great cities, but also in every city of more than 100,000 people? Extravagant grand opera is, of course, out of the question, but experienced stars are agreed that English opera of a high grade is possible in American cities, just as native opera is a success in the lesser cities abroad.

In a recent interview Mme. Gadski endorsed this view. She sees every opportunity for music to flourish here. "American girls astonish me with their marvelous voices," she said, "and what a pity it is that they cannot use them without going to Europe. There are six American singers now in grand opera in Berlin, and wherever I go in America I find voices that should be in opera. But it costs money for European study, and there is danger for the girls so far from home. Produce grand opera in your little cities, where the young people can go and sing and do something with their voices, and your big cities will draw from them instead of going to Europe for their best talent. Amer-

ica can support grand opera from her own resources. You have the voices awaiting development. You have the means—you have more money than Germany, and you love music no less." From the fact that enthusiasts for native opera are springing up in every city of size in the country, under the inspiration of the great musical awakening that has spread over the land, it is likely that another season, given impetus by the subscription series promised in various centers this winter, will find serious attempts at organized English opera being promoted in cities which a few years ago looked upon such entertainment as a luxury beyond hope.

Misplaced Modesty.

Destruction of one's "children of the brain" has been depicted by modern playwrights with tragic force, but no stagecraft has equalled the convincing sense of loss which the world feels when an author condemns to ashes his unmarketed fruits. Cremation of manuscript has been a familiar literary tragedy since the days when Collins burned his odes. The poet's frenzy is sometimes a misguided one and the artistic temperament on occasions has wrought a destruction of mental product that is a lamentable loss to mankind.

Minds eager under the stimulus of imagination often body forth the forms of hidden things which at a later period they deem unworthy of introduction to the world, and so destroy them. This mistaken modesty invariably afflicts the wrong men. Profuse writers there are from whose works much could have been spared, but those geniuses who produce nothing but gems of rare degree are the ones who make the world the loser by their self-rejection.

Charles Warren Stoddard wrote little, but what he wrote and published was palpitant with life and scintillant with purest ray. A book from Stoddard's pen was at once a beacon and a shrine for the cultured and discriminating reader. In his last days he wrote a number of poems which he read to friends and they pronounced them exquisite. To the dismay and grief of his followers he had them consumed on the hearth—the imperishable perished. Likewise George Meredith destroyed the manuscripts of three novels shortly before his death, depriving a mourning world of much that would have been a solace to his devotees.

In the light of an experience common to authors, it has proved to be a mercy that the end came so swiftly to Robert Louis Stevenson. For had he regained consciousness after he was stricken, and had he lingered, he unquestionably would have made away with his fragment of "Weir of Hermiston," which, incomplete as it is, remains his masterpiece.

Men are not the best judges of their own works. Seasoned and critical comrades who have lived in the atmosphere of creative genius always exist in the case of such men as Stoddard and Meredith, and it is a pity that when the despondent mood for destruction comes upon these falsely modest creators of real literature some interfering hand is not alert to let the letters live in the flaming word instead of perish in the blaze of coals.

Hands Across the Border.

To the American citizen the interchange of presidential courtesies over the international border line of the United States and Mexico is significant as emphasizing the stability and the guarantee of American institutions. Were two European monarchs to meet similarly, the peoples and press of all nations would be disturbed for weeks in speculation over the significance of the occasion, and the exchange of a few words at such a conference might alter international destinies. But the whole world has viewed with equanimity the meeting of President Taft and President Diaz for what it is, a pleasing expression of sentiment, of no political moment. The form of government of the United States of America and the form of government of the United States of Mexico, modeled after our own, alike preclude the possibility of any alliance or unity of policy resultant from the two presidents making a distinguished guest of each other. What was said in the privacy of their greetings need disturb no one; at the most it could have been only the informal assurance of esteem in the accustomed language of diplomacy and good breeding. Two neighbors whose families had been on good terms for a long time, but who had never called upon each other, might thus break the ice of social amenities without involving in any way the separate family interests.

In the absence of any direct political significance the event becomes a manifestation of good fellowship, which, nevertheless, will have its influence in establishing a more neighborly feeling on each side of the boundary line. The moral effect obtains without any embarrassing entanglement. And because it is good to have the respect and good will of people, and to feel respect and good will for others, the Taft-Diaz handshake across the boundary is a notable and encouraging incident in the lives of the two vigorous neighbor nations. Both peoples are big and growing, and in their executive representatives are personified those great and fine qualities of soldierly spirit and broad statesmanship which will leave a wholesome and lasting impression on both sides of the border.

One particular manifestation stands forth by contrast that will appeal to the fundamental American faith in simplicity, just as it has stood forth whenever that simplicity has been brought into close relationship with the display and pomp of foreign customs. The quiet dignity of the gentleman in plain black was as effective in comparison with the official uniform and golden medals of the Mexican president, as was Franklin's plain dress amid the glitter of the European courts.

The United States has done an impressive thing in the eyes of all nations in its straightforward and uncalculated exchange of presidential courtesies over the Mexican border.

Mr. Bryan gives as another reason for side-stepping the proposed tariff debate with Senator Bailey that he is "unwilling to assume that there is no one among Mr. Bailey's opponents in Texas competent to represent those who differ with him." That opens the way for Senator Bailey, if he really wants to debate with Mr. Bryan. All he has to do is to come to Nebraska and assume that no one here can speak for Mr. Bryan as well as the sage of Fairview.

What prodigious fun the college larks afford this year! The humor of tarring and feathering a freshman and leaving him to shiver in the open prairie is at once apparent; and the idea of leading a nervous girl into the depths of a dark and lonely forest and then abandoning her till daylight is bound to generate glee. How considerate of the faculties not to permit studies to interfere with such joyifying mirth!

The argument of the New Jersey judge, who set aside a jury's verdict of damages against a railway company for the loss of a little girl's leg, that "the verdict failed to give due weight to the skill with which mechanical surgery adapts an artificial limb," may be good law, but it will not strike a popular chord with parents of children who have to cross tracks.

Having gone through the rigors of polar climate unscathed, nothing like a volley of open letters and sworn affidavits is likely to faze Dr. Cook. Quite the contrary this additional force advertising must be welcome as furnishing grist to the box office mill.

Getting Next.

By going to bed while his one suit of clothes was getting dry President Taft snuggled close to the public's great, throbbing bosom.

Why He Fell Down.

Charles R. Crane lacked one requisite of a successful diplomat: He had never learned the knack of using language to conceal what he was trying to say.

Hurricane Dodged a Few. That hurricane which wrecked so many cigar factories at Key West kindly left many other places where they make near-Havana cigars, undisturbed and ready for business.

The Way to Find Out.

Sir Edward Seymour's declaration that Emperor William is the only person who knows whether there will be war between Germany and England indicates that it might be money saved for England to send someone to ask him about it.

Supremacy of the Big Stick.

Twenty-five thousand dollars is the price paid for the privilege of printing the first narrative of Dr. Cook's discovery of the pole. By comparison with the dollar-a-word rate for East African adventures, this seems like mere hack hire.

Faced the Music Bravely.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Mr. Crane of Chicago loses the Chinese mission because he talked too much to a newspaper reporter, and it must be added, to his credit, that he did not try to save his office by declaring, as politicians generally do, that the reporter had misrepresented him.

Where Regulation is Needed.

This whole business of exploration has got to be regulated by law. There is still one pole to discover, and there are several highest mountains to be climbed. Perhaps an international bureau of exploration might be created which would preserve some portions of our too small planet for the enjoyment of future explorers, and which would enforce such regulations of exploration that the controversies now raging over one pole and two mountains shall not be repeated.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

Coal shovels are brightening up October past the trimming on the pumpkin all right.

Even the proofreaders cannot agree on a uniform spell of the names of Cook's Eskimos.

The coming comet is doing pretty well as a flyer, but look at the satiating qualities of chewable beef!

If Commander Peary would hit the lecture box office for a few of those \$5,000 bunches he would feel better.

"Look out; I am going to shoot," said a Philadelphia boy to his cousin. He did. A funeral followed. Local authorities said it was accidental and let it go at that.

The Roman revivalist holding forth in Chicago complains that the sinners he is polishing are a cheap lot. They are crowding the contribution box with coppers.

The first conspicuous offender to feel the mighty fist of the anti-smoke campaigners in Chicago are smoking cars on elevated trains. They have been put out of business.

The melancholy fate of southern cities torn by furious storms is trifling compared with the cool-rending of Detroit and Pittsburgh as Ty Cobb and Hans Wagner recede from the spotlight.

Rich and varied as the list of divorce reasons are, there is room for more. A Milwaukee woman insists she cannot live with a husband who will not wear a necktie that matches her gown.

Announcement of a pie famine in New York, owing to a strike in the pie foundries, has not had the slightest effect on the rush to the political pie counter. The hungry are jumping on each other.

Fashion is pretty quick, but not quick enough to catch Evansonian napping. As soon as the elevated toque cast its shadow in the distance the fashionable suburb of Chicago began putting its trees in order, and wearers of the new lid are not obliged to duck.

SERMONS BOILED DOWN.

Take care of your leisure and your life will take care of itself.

Some revivals plan to cure all ills by throwing folks into fits.

He who has no time to be grateful has no power to enjoy a blessing.

How hard would be all our hearts but for our hardships and sorrows.

When a faith is dead it is customary to embalm it in obsolete phrases.

Opinions about the past can never take the place of work for the future.

Success depends not on what a man makes, but on what success makes of him.

No man has any better world before him than he is seeking to make about him.

When a man's religion is all hot air the only thing he thinks about is going up.

When men make a mockery of sin their sins are sure to make a mockery of them.

Many a man who is berating the devil has no objection to boarding free with him.

A damning heresy is to let the forms of any truth stand in the way of its facts and life.

There's no use saying "Get thee behind me, Satan," when you put him in your hot pocket.

Most of those who are worried lest we lose the liberty to go wrong would be out of business if we all went right.—Chicago Tribune.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Washington Herald: "Is hell a bore?" inquires a Chicago minister. No doubt it is; and so, likewise, is the minister who asks such a fool question.

Buffalo Express: The minister who became a street car conductor in order that he might earn an honest living ought to know a thing or two about collections.

Washington Star: The New York clergyman who has declared against ladies who wear hair not all their own evidently feels the need of doing something to keep his congregation from becoming too large.

Charleston News and Courier: A western minister declares: "If I had a little girl and thought she would ever live in Chicago, I would kill her with my own hands before she had the chance." If he only had a little girl, perhaps, he would have more sense.

Baltimore American: A woman minister in Pennsylvania has resigned because she finds the combined duties of fulfilling her pulp obligations and running a boarding house too much for her. Saving souls while serving hash certainly does seem a trifle incompatible.

Brooklyn Eagle: A washerwoman gave \$40 to convert the heathen at Dr. Simpson's missionary meeting in Manhattan. Heathen Chinese washermen are making \$18 to \$25 a week in New York as against \$5 a week earned by the average Christian washerwoman, and yet we never hear of a Chinaman spending \$60 to spread the doctrines of Confucius.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

"So you consider Old Titewad a good match, do you?"

"I sure do; he's got Bright's disease."—Cleveland Leader.

"I don't believe you, Orlando," she said, "when you tell me you never cared for any other girl."

"My word!" exclaimed the indignant youth.

"I don't believe that, either."—Chicago Tribune.

She (angrily)—That chimney does beat me!

He (mournfully)—Yes, I wish I dared do what that chimney does.

She (cheerily)—I'll smoke it with my own hands.

He (meekly)—Smoke in spite of you.—Baltimore American.

Mrs. Brooke—Have you any faith in life insurance?

Mr. Lynne—Yes, indeed; I've realized \$100,000 from two husbands, and they weren't very good ones, either.—Judge.

Scott—The married man who takes his stenographer to dinner is an idiot.

Mott—Yes; he's the idiot who rocks the boat on the sea of matrimony.—Life.

"That's right, rail and carry on because I spend an evening at the club. I don't expect to be able to make you see what attracts a man to a club."

"No, you don't make me see it, but you make me smell it, all right."—Houston Post.

A PRAYER.

Marjorie Picketal, in Scribner's.

Above my head the shields are stained with rust.

The wind has taken his spoil, the moth his part.

Dust and dead men beneath my knees, and dust.

Lord, in my heart.

Lay Thou the hand of faith upon my fears.

The priest has prayed, the silver bell has rung.

But not for him. O unforgotten tears, He was so young.

Shine, little lamp, nor let thy light grow dim.

Into what vast dream dreams, what lonely lands,

Into what greets hath death delivered him, From my hands?

Cradled in his, with half his prayers forgot, I cannot learn the road way he goes.

He whom the harvest hath remembered not Sleeps with the rose.

Shine, little lamp, fed with sweet oil of prayers;

Shine, little lamp, as God's own eyes may shine.

When He treads softly down His stony slains,

And whispers, "Thou are Mine."

Shine, little lamp, for love hath fed thy gleam.

Sleep, little soul, by God's own hands set free.

Cling to His arms and sleep, and sleeping, dream.

And dreaming, look for me.

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BUT HOW MUCH

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Sulpho-Saline, pint bottle, 15c; dozen, \$1.50.

Soterian, quart bottle, 25c; dozen, \$2.00; case, \$9 bottles, \$18.00.

Soterian, pint bottle, 15c; dozen, \$1.50; case, \$9 bottles, \$18.00.

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