

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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AUGUST CIRCULATION.
47,543

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation, less spoiled, unused and returned copies, for the month of August, 1911, was 47,543.

Dwight Williams, Circulation Manager.

Subscribed in my capacity and sworn to before me this 4th day of September, 1911.

(Seal.) ROBERT HUNTER.

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

Perhaps Kipling is angling for the poet laureate's job.

Senators Swanson and Martin must have had a steam roller of their own.

There is no need of making Sunday either blue or red. Why not strike a medium color?

The Beattie and Astor stories passed off the front page about the same time. Thanks.

What an outrage that the press dispatches did not note the Hon. Hackenschmidt's sailing.

And yet "Boss" Murphy has no stated salary for running the city and state of New York.

Perhaps if they divide Texas to make a new state, Joe Bailey might have another chance.

Mary McLean "came back" and wrote a book. Yes, she did, and what was the name of the book?

A silver-tongued orator with gold-filled teeth might easily become a bimetalist, if he were not one already.

Senator Lorimer, after all, seems to be sticking better than those who helped to put him over or keep him out.

Property owners of Hungenwells, Kan., have to thank Mayor Wilson for putting their town on the map, anyway.

If there are any other high spots our visiting Nashes have failed to hit, it is not too late yet to make up for the omission.

A cat bit nine men in Chicago. If the feline infused any of its life blood into its victims they need not worry about dying soon.

A Chinaman has made half a million dollars selling chop suey in Boston. Showing the evolution from baked beans in the Boston appetite.

The ice men are already talking about the poor prospect of ice for Omaha for next year. How much higher is the price to be boosted?

The Omaha Street Railway company is going to equip its cars with fare boxes. The presumption is that these will take the place of straps at rush hours.

Evidently, it is as slow a job getting election returns from the backwoods counties in Maine as it is getting them from the sandhill districts of Nebraska.

The mourners at the funeral of Myrtle Reed McCullough, it now appears, stole \$1,000 of her valuable souvenirs. Poor folks, they must have been heart-broken.

One would hate to think that a decrease in American royalties on his books had anything to do with Rudyard Kipling's attack on the United States in his anti-reciprocity outcry.

Those police commissioners in South Omaha under fire from Governor Aldrich happen to be democrats, and that is all that is needed to induce the World-Herald to go good for them.

The day boarder will be pleased to learn that the prune crop looks promising—Omaha Bee.

In behalf of this much maligned fruit let it be said that it boards did not eat prunes and did not appear to like prunes the landlady would quit serving them—Chicago Tribune.

Well, the poor boarder has to eat something in self-defense.

Advocates of the parcels post insist that it will help the country merchant, and that is the experience of other countries with it, while the opponents declare it will give the big mail order catalogue houses a monopoly of trade. It all depends whether the argument emanates from someone who desires to make the postal service useful to its full capacity or from retained or volunteer spokesmen for the express companies.

The Struggle in Maine.

Knowing the obstinacy of returns from the rural back counties, The Bee refrained from writing an obituary on prohibition in Maine as did too many of its rash contemporaries. But the returns from Maine forecasting a slight majority against repeal are nonetheless significant of the tremendous struggle that had been going on there, and the colossal change in public sentiment on the question of liquor traffic regulation. When the constitution was amended to make prohibition part of the fundamental law in Maine, the drys had it by nearly 50,000, so the extinguishment of this overpowering majority by whittling it down to a few hundred is in itself noteworthy. Of course, everyone, except those who willfully shut their eyes to the truth, has known that prohibition never prohibited in Maine, and that more intoxicating liquor was drunk there during than before the prohibition regime.

Prohibition had far greater influence in turning Maine democratic last year than all the national issues, the democrats riding into office on a promise to submit the question of repeal. It would not be surprising, in fact, it may be expected—that the voters who turned Maine democratic for the purpose of prying off the lid may next time turn it back again to the republicans seeing that their hopes have been disappointed. The close contest, however, would ordinarily be taken as certain to stimulate continued effort on the part of the wets to deprive Maine of its unique position as the prohibition state. While Maine evidently has not gone wet, the decision is hardly to be accepted as final any more than it would be were it the other way by the same close margin.

The Machinists a Conservative Force.

The refusal of the international officers of machinists' union to sanction a strike in the Illinois Central shops indicates that here is a conservative force in the present railroad disorders, whose influence for the best interests of all may be far felt. Evidently the international officers, after taking a careful survey of the situation, have concluded that there is nothing in it demanding or justifying hostilities. Evidently they have determined that no condition against which the men have protested is serious enough to menace the men's rights, or they would not withhold their sanction of a strike. Evidently an exhaustive comparison of claims and counterclaims has convinced them that a strike would do more harm than good. Therefore, their blocking of a labor war to this extent and for these reasons, cannot but commend the international heads of the union machinists as fair-minded and fearless men, for they must know that with some of the most rabid of their number, their conservatism is not popular.

It is no time, though, for men on either side to stand upon so narrow a proposition as popularity where such large interests affecting one and all are at stake. It is to be hoped that the effect of the machinists' action with reference to the Illinois Central, may spread and unite with other elements in allaying feelings and working out a solution of the difficulties by some peaceable method. Undoubtedly the unions have rights that are just as considerable as their employers, so that all the conceding cannot be done on one side. It is not a good idea either, for one or the other side to go too strong on ultimatums and declare that unless terms are accepted by a certain date, negotiations are off. The people, who would be the chief sufferers in a strike, will be perfectly willing to have the debate prolonged if it helps to avert the trouble.

The South and Certain Reforms.

The south's general attitude toward the initiative and referendum and the recall as stated by Governor O'Neal of Alabama in his report at the governors' conference to Woodrow Wilson is that they constitute "an insidious popular vagary." On this very proposition may rest the pivot of the south's preference for presidential nominees next year. This declaration of the Alabama governor, therefore, is significant and its significance appears not to have been lost on Governor Wilson.

The New Jersey executive is a native of the south, yet an advocate of all these political innovations. Governor Harmon is less favorable to them. If, in fact, at all so, and he is at present Dr. Wilson's most formidable rival for the democratic nomination. The south will have a large voice in naming the democratic candidate next year. It is apt to seek a man not committed to these newer theories of popular government and, indeed, there are reasons why the south would prefer a northern democrat in sympathy with its opposition to a southern democrat committed to them.

The fact is simply this, that the south regards any method that promises to bring government closer to the mass of the people as a claim for these propositions—as dangerous to its unbroken white man's rule. In other words, it fears that with the initiative and referendum and recall in vogue, the black man in the south—outnumbering the white men in some states and sure in time to equalify as a voter—might get things in his hands and overturn present conditions, entirely. That is the one common dread that keeps the "solid south." In the democratic column, it weighs every new political project or device by that balance. So, it would seem,

since he has come out so stoutly for all these so-called "vagaries," that Governor Woodrow Wilson might not have a walkaway with the southern vote in the democratic convention.

Another Miking Game.

Two men, one of whom has been arrested, are charged with having made \$1,500,000 by gold brick schemes, chief of which was pretending to make and sell counterfeit money. The modus operandi was a cunning one and well fortified. The crooks advertised to certain credulous persons that they had obtained coinage dies from the mint and were making money that would pass for genuine. They found it easy to get good money out of many people for consignments of the counterfeit and the customers, being themselves, in on a game to swindle the government, were not in a position to say a word when their consignments failed to reach them and they lost the remittance they had sent.

The principle involved is not very unlike that in the Mabray cases, only, of course, the dupes in the latter were not out to "beat" the government and therefore their offense, from a legal standpoint, was not so serious. But in any event they all went into a "skin" game and got skinned. The gentleman who put up the game and got the money, especially in this counterfeiting fraud, and those who put up the cash and failed to get the reward, are not very far apart when it comes to the matter of law. If they were some of the victims would be coming to the front with their complaints.

Public sympathy, in such cases, always finds it hard to stir itself in behalf of this class of "victims," either in the Mabray swindles or the one just brought to light. Should the captured counterfeiter in Chicago decide to "sneak" on his customers, he might have a lot of fun and some company when he "goes over."

Under the Mask.

It is almost laughable, this democratic fear of machine rule if the democratic nominees for sheriff and police judge are not elected this year. Who nominated the democratic candidate for sheriff except the Dahlman machine, buttressed and fortified by a majority of democratic judges and clerks in every polling place in Omaha, but two, personally named by the machine street boss, himself a candidate for clerk of the district court? And no different influence made the democratic candidate for police judge, who, though a well known employee of a paving contractor, is now on the payroll as clerk of the police court as an appointee of "Mayor" Jim. The most odious democratic machine that ever got hold of the city hall and court house is bending every energy to strengthen its slipping grip on the spoils of office, and that is all there is to it.

The increasing number of students from Omaha at the University of Nebraska is gratifying, but the proportion is still far below what it should be. Omaha and Douglas county pay approximately one-eighth to one-ninth of the taxes that go to support the university, and its students there are not to be regarded as deadheads.

It goes without saying that if repeal of constitutional prohibition in Maine carries, the victory of the wets is to be ascribed to political frauds and the corrupt use of brewer's booties. But if the repeal is beaten, it will be a great and glorious manifestation of conscientious and intelligent citizenship.

A smooth swindler has been arrested in Chicago, credited with having cleaned up \$1,500,000 in gold brick and green goods operations. On behalf of Council Bluffs we object to this unfair effort to snatch the laurels from "Friend" Mabray and his race-track game.

The governor of Alabama, reports say, after attempting to cry down the initiative and referendum and recall vagary in the governors' conference, walked through a window to a piazza overlooking the deep, blue sea, and exclaimed, "What's the use?"

Ex-Governor Shallenberger reiterates that he is going to stand or fall on his record. Inasmuch as the record is unchanged since the last time he fell on it, the ex-governor cannot be putting his expectations too high.

Exhibiting a Sore Spot.

Chicago Record-Herald.

Rudyard Kipling has written to a Montreal paper advising the Canadian people to shun reciprocity and saying some very uncomplimentary things about the United States. It may be that Mr. Kipling's American publishers are not forwarding such royalties as he desires.

Better Before Has After.

Philadelphia Record.

How seriously the late strikes in Great Britain have affected trade is shown by August reports of a falling off in imports during the month of \$1,000,000, and a decrease of \$1,700,000 in exports. After all this frightful loss due to stoppage of work on the docks and rails the matters of difference are to be arbitrated. It would have been better to arbitrate before going to war.

Ignominious of the Fools.

New York Sun.

Uncle Joe Cannon is rapidly losing the reputation of a "sport" which was created for him in his hours of leisure by the Washington correspondents. His flaccid golf was fearful, and now he is reported as clinging to the side of an automobile as it was driven round the Indianapolis speedway, and escaping from it as soon as he could with the exclamation, "I'm glad I came, and I'm glad I'm through." Uncle Joe must have felt just like the old lady who on her first railroad journey cried out when the train reached the other side of a high viaduct. "Thank God, we've left."

Looking Backward
This Day in Omaha
COMPILED FROM BEE FILES
SEPT. 14.

Thirty Years Ago—

The great Charlotte Thompson at the Academy tonight.

The third day of the state fair was well attended. About 10 o'clock a wind storm made its appearance. In one of the worst gusts the tent put up to cover the county exhibits collapsed, and the display was moved to safer quarters in the floral and mercantile halls. The races again took place, and soon as it was light the electric light flashed up from the center mast and all the lamps blazed brilliantly. Suddenly, just as the crowd began to gather, the lights went out and all was as black as the inside of a cow for a moment, and then the light flashed back again. Investigation proved that an inebriated individual had been fooling about the machine and had pulled the connecting wire from its place. One of the incidents at the fair today was a wholesale strike on the part of the employees of D. T. Mount's dining hall just as the supper bell rang. Mr. Mount met the strikers half way, who advanced in a body, and gave them the chance of keeping at work at the price he had been paying or quitting immediately. Seven of them had the brass to brazen it out, and they were paid off and put out of the crowd. Everything went on serenely as usual. Two or three fights occurred on the grounds today, but were quickly quelled.

Miss Carson, who lives seven miles west of Omaha, while mounting a horse to come to a show ran a shawl pin into her breast three inches. The head broke, so that the breast had to be cut to extract the pin. Her visit was made to Dr. Grossman of the fair today.

The Land league met in Clark's hall with a large attendance. John Rush delivered an essay reviewing the Land league, its reason, purpose and aim.

Mrs. Herman Kountze is again advertising for a first-class cook wanted for private family at the residence on South Tenth street.

Twenty Years Ago—

As showing how Omaha was growing as a market for Black Hills ore, General Manager Horace G. Burt of the Elkhorn railroad, stated that twenty cars of that ore were about to leave Chadron for this city.

Bert Whittleton, 22 years of age, died at his home, 700 South Seventeenth street, of peritonitis.

T. C. Parkins, a letter carrier, found a wallet on the street and took it to the police station, where it was held by Chief Seavey for the owner, who, from papers in it, seems to be Ed Maher.

Mrs. E. O. Mayfield of South Omaha was reported dangerously ill.

William Culey, whose arms were filled with shot by his father-in-law, Michael Carthy, lay critical ill, with the prospect of losing one arm, if not his life.

The Commercial Avenue beat the Florence Stars at the Omaha ball park by a score of 6 to 1.

Ten Years Ago—

The news of the death of President McKinley plunged the city into deep mourning. Again The Bee put over all others in giving the news of this important event.

Dr. Frederick Rustin and Mr. Luther Kountze gave a stag dinner in the evening at the home of Henry D. Clarke, Jr., about to wed Miss Grace Allen.

Miss Mabel Welch entertained for her friends about to leave for college. Those present were Misses Evans, Harris, Bell, Comstock, Carey, Jordan, Cooper, Allison, Brown, Delaney, Towne and Welch.

The popular county convention was held. These eminent patriots were appointed to the platform committee: J. B. Jones, John O. Yeiser, Elmer E. Thomas, H. Cohen, Gus Williams, J. J. Points and Laurie J. Quinby. E. I. Morrow presided and John W. Barnett acted as secretary. He platform declared, among other things: "We affirm the declaration of the late republican state convention, penned by S. Rosewater, calling upon the state and county treasurers for statements of the whereabouts of public funds."

Governor Savage came up from Lincoln and spent the evening mingling with friends.

A. D. Tounalin resigned as treasurer of the local lodge of Elks and his place was taken by Charles L. Saunders.

People Talked About

A woman aviator has made an ascent of 1,000 feet, thereby, it is claimed, establishing a record for her sex. This is disputable, however, for other women have been up to the air higher than that.

At a recent base ball game between the Odd Fellows and Masons at Warner, N. H., William W. Austin of Webster, who is 82 years, went to bat for the Masons in one inning and made a safe hit to the infield.

Vice President Sherman announces that he is going to challenge "Uncle Joe" Cannon in a game of golf. A veteran took a chance at the game at Boston the other day and made the announcement that he was "a plain republican without adjectives."

Jesse Langford, a farmer of Grant, Kan., last week sold a load of alfalfa seed for \$1,000, thought to be the highest price ever paid in that state for a load of grain of any kind. There was a little more than 24 bushels of seed in the load.

A St. Louis man reports that he has cured his hay fever by remaining for half an hour a day in the cooling room of a brewery. It may be that he succeeded while in the brewery in getting into such a condition that he was unable to recognize a case of hay fever.

To insure his boarders a reasonable share of the comforts of civilization, the warden of the Nevada state penitentiary permits the prisoners to blow their "prison money" in roulette, faro and other games. The diversions are supposed to check the desire for a "getaway."

Frank L. Stanton of the Atlantic Constitution wrote a poem. "They've Hanged Bill Jones," and is so affected Governor West of Oregon that he commuted the death sentence of Jesse Webb to one of life imprisonment. The only thing likely to disturb the agreeable situation is the prisoner's threat to write another poem.

Handing One to Joe Battery.

The announced determination of United States Senator Joseph Weldon Bailey of Texas, to forsake the business of law-making at the end of his term in 1912 and to commence instead the practice of law in New York City will be hailed with satisfaction throughout the country. Mr. Bailey has undeniable talents, coupled with ungovernable temper. No pretty shrew in petticoats ever made worse wreck of her comeliness and her opportunities than Joseph Weldon has done in the arena of politics. It is declared that his determination not to stand for re-election to the senate is irrevocable. It will be a fortunate thing for the democratic party and for the country at large if he shall not change his resolution.

Around New York

Supplies in the Current of Life
as Seen in the Great American
Metropolis from Day to Day.

Face of American Workmen.

How an English official regards the American workman is shown in a report just made to the British Board of Trade by Courtney Bennett, British consul at New York. He says:

"The American worker puts more energy into his work than does the European. Speeding is partly responsible for this. The reserve of energy is no greater in America than in European stock and American energy is consequently exhausted more rapidly. Between the ages of 40 and 50, when the European workman is at his best, the American frequently breaks down. Physical exhaustion, dyspepsia or nervous prostration follows, and the man's life as a worker is done. His place is taken by a younger man."

"So long as there is an abundant supply of labor through foreign immigration the vacant places can easily be filled. If the stream stops there will not be so much head of the superiority of American working men, for America would then have to depend on her own children, whose stock of vitality is not greater than that of their parents, whether American or foreign."

Dummy Clock Story.

Once in so often the story is revived that the hands on the dummy clocks in front of jewelers' stores are painted to point to 5:30 because that was the hour at which Lincoln was shot. This has been one of the most persistent of modern yarns. It first started on its rounds in a New York Sunday newspaper in August, 1865, in a letter to the New York Times from a correspondent who describes how at the time named he was delving into old Manhattan records for historical material, to the disgust of a friend of small scruples, who suggested that it would be easier to "fake" the time than to find out the real one. "I know the difference," by way of illustration, the friend pointed to a jeweler's dummy and called attention to the fact that the hands were at 5:30, saying that he didn't know why they were so, but that while it would take twenty years to find out according to historical method, a story that everybody would believe could be invented in twenty seconds. To this he added the suggestion of an admirer of Lincoln standing beside the dummy clock maker when news came of the assassination, and saying to him: "Have the hands point to the hour of the shot." On the second Sunday after this conversation a New York paper printed the story which had connected, and it was illustrated with a cut of a jeweler's clock. The account is so circumstantial as to date, etc., that it can apparently be accepted as giving the true origin of this famous yarn.

Ministerial Colors.

"A minister has got to be alive and resourceful today, said a deacon of a big metropolitan church, quoted by the New York Sun. "Our finds he can't speak well extemporaneously and he reads from a typewritten copy. I never knew how he managed to preach so effectively until one day I happened to see his manuscript. Half of it was underlined in different colors. It looked so curious that I asked him about it."

"A little scheme of mine," he said laughingly. "I found I was delivering what I had written in the same tone. So now, early on Sunday morning, I go over the copy I carry in the pulpit. I keep crayon pencils of six different colors on my desk. Red means one tone, green yet another, yellow and blue yet others. As I turn each page I see at a glance just how I am to speak."

Pensioned by Carnegie.

"Mother" Kennedy, a well-known character at the Coney Island beaches, where for fifty years she has sold pail and shovels to thousands of children, has been pensioned by Andrew Carnegie. When her lifetime's savings were wiped out by the Dreamland fire a few months ago she recalled her late husband's friendship with Andrew Carnegie, who had been an employee of the Pittsburgh division of the Pennsylvania railroad when her husband was a popular conductor. So she sat down and wrote to Mr. Carnegie. This week an answer came from Skibo castle, notifying her that hereafter she would receive a pension of \$25 each month.

National Air in Order.

The organist was not lacking in patriotism, yet he rebelled when requested to play "The Star Spangled Banner" at a wedding.

"It is not appropriate," he said. "Am I?" said the bride's father. "For this wedding it is the most appropriate thing you can play. Cut all the rest of the program if you like, but stick to that. I had the hardest kind of a fight to keep Belle's mother from marrying her off to a foreigner. Belle and me, and we went out for an American and if this isn't the time for the 'Star Spangled Banner' I'd like to know what is."

Side Signs at Coney.

A cheap piece of art to be large to bear a name. On a narrow boardwalk at Coney Island leading down from Surf avenue to a small hotel and bathing house, you pass two tiny "bungalows" about nine by seven feet each. The owners have their troubles when called to the door to explain several times a day that the bathing house office is not there. The neatly lettered name of the first cottage is, "This isn't it." The second is named "Neither is This."

BREEZY TRIFLES.

"You refuse to allow your son to study spelling and grammar," said the teacher. "Absolutely," replied Mr. Groucher. "I want him to try his hand at current literature, and I don't propose to spoil his dialect and slang."—Washington Star.

King Richard III had offered his kingdom for a horse.

"I have exclaimed Richmond. 'I'll have to go and nag him a little!'"

Gasping off work with sword, he rushed to the fray.—Chicago Tribune.

"My position," remarked the eminent physician, "is one requiring the greatest tact and diplomacy."

"What is the trouble?"

"I feel conscientiously obliged to tell several of my most wealthy and influential patients that they overeat."—Washington Star.

First Passenger—That is Conductor Punctum. He is one of the most experienced men on the road.

Second Passenger—I knew it before you told me.

First Passenger—How so?

Second Passenger—Because he claims the door at the precise instant that he calls the station name—Judge's Library.

"Don't you sympathize with the laboring man?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Chuggins. "But there ought to be some reciprocity. When I have to stop miles from home to put on a few new tires I don't see any laboring man knocking off work to sympathize with me."—Washington Star.

The young girl friend of the art student stood in the art gallery gazing at the famous classic statue.

"It is all very well to talk about the Venus of Milo's being a model of womanly perfection," she said, "evening the armies' prodigy critically, 'but the never could sustain a one-piece dress down the back.'"

The Bee's Letter Box

An Omaha Yell.

OMAHA, Sept. 13.—To the Editor of The Bee: The numerous conventions that have and will meet here suggest the slogan: "Rah! Rah! Rah!"

The biggest and the best in the whole blamed west! Omaha wants you for its guest.

When? Where?

Now or anytime and at the Ak-Sar-Bor.

A BOOK-LOVER.

Need of Industrial Training.

OMAHA, Sept. 13.—To the Editor of The Bee: The members of the Board of Education have listened patiently for several nights to the discussions of the same little group of men and women who are persistently demanding that the school houses be opened to them for purposes other than educating the children.

As directors of our public schools, elected by all the people, the board has other matters of great importance to consider, matters pertaining to the welfare of our 20,000 children who are entrusted to its care. Every intelligent man is undoubtedly familiar with the general complaint that is coming from every corner of the globe that the tendency of our modern methods of education is to overeducate our youth and that our colleges, universities and other institutions of learning are being overcrowded; that America as well as Europe is overfilled with professionals to the detriment of mechanical, technical or industrial training.

The educators of this country as well as Europe are viewing with alarm the present conditions of our educational system and are trying to stem the classical tide of education and divert the youth in channels of technical, mechanical or industrial training and for that purpose, in several cities of this country, industrial high schools were instituted where boys and girls are taught various trades so as to enable them to make a prosperous livelihood rather than to be starving professionals and the time for such industrial schools is ripe. The demand is great.

When the board inaugurated a com-

mercial course in our high school with the beginning of this year, they looked at the expectation as an experiment. They hardly expected a handful of pupils, but what was the result? Two hundred pupils immediately availed themselves of the opportunity given them and have entered the two-year commercial course so that they might become stenographers or bookkeepers at the expiration of two years. Had the board the means and finances to establish an industrial high school in Omaha I am sure thousands of children would have flocked to that institution at once and what a blessing that would have been to the vast majority of our children who cannot afford to take a four-year course in the high school in order to prepare themselves for college or university.

If the advocates of the open school really have the interests of the people at heart, as they profess to have, or if they really are sincere in their desire to benefit the people, let them devote their energy, time and their talents in advocating a technical high school for Omaha instead of advocating the "open school" for themselves. Let them use their persistency and tenacity, which they have so magnificently displayed before the board or use any other means at their command with the people, with public opinion, with the public press for that cause and the Omaha youth will owe them an everlasting debt of gratitude. Here is food for thoughts and ammunition for action.

UNDER THE CHESTNUT TREE.

Judge.

Under the spreading chestnut tree a stubborn auto stands.

And Smith, an angry man is he, with trouble on his hands.

He curses softly to himself and crawls beneath the car.

And wonders why it didn't bust before he got so far.

The carburetor seems to be the cause of all his woes.

He thinks he left a dozen bolts, but still it doesn't go.

And then he tries the steering gear, but finds no trouble there—

Till, wet with perspiration, then, he quits in sheer despair.

He squats beside the road to give his brain a chance to cool.

And ponders on his training at the corner and spence school.

And then he starts the job once more, until by chance 'tis seen

The cause of all his trouble is—he's out of gasoline.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

1200° Fah. Combines the Hardest with the Costliest Metals.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Every gold pen that is stamped with the name "Waterman's Ideal" is tipped with two little pin-head particles of selected indium. Under an automatic blower system, the heat is applied to each individual pen blank and the gold is fused around these little particles—thus they are permanently set. When finished of this indium forms the writing tip of the gold pens in Waterman's Ideals.

Indium comes to us from the extreme regions of the Ural Mountains of Russia, to serve principally as a permanent preservative of this, the most carefully made, resilient and durable gold pen in the world.

Every detail of Waterman's Ideals is individually, thoughtfully and carefully produced in this manner by thinking and skillful workmen.

As you prefer—in the Regular, Safety or Self-Filling Type.

Sold by the leading Stationers, Jewelers,