

DOLEFUL TRAGEDY OF DRYS

Holy Cause of Prohibition Beaten by a Horse Race.

HARD CIDER LURES THE VOTES

"Dry" Sports Follow the Nag to Pataaugampus Fair and Then Strip the Wet Crowd Handily.

It, as Secretary of State Davis claims, Maine has gone "wet" by about two dozen votes, then the blood of prohibition stains the hands of Alanson J. Prouty, owner, and hosts of friends, admirers and backers of the mare Hard Cider. For upon the very Monday, September 11, when the fate of prohibition was hanging in the balance, with all the cities and big towns voting against it and the rural regions depended upon to save it, Hard Cider was entered in the 230 class at Pataaugampus fair, and the entire delegation of sports and turfmen who frequent Prouty's tavern at Passadumkeag, together with all of the Prouty male connection and half the crew of the speed mill, journeyed to Pataaugampus fair to root for the mare and risk anywhere from \$1.50 to \$1 on her chances.

Pataaugampus had been canvassed carefully by the Ohio League and all the other law and order associations, and there had been speeches by two professional prohibitionists from out west, not to mention a big time at the town hall, where, besides speeches showing that license would bring scores of saloons to minister the parched areas of Passadumkeag, they had negro jubilee singers and served coffee and sandwiches. The canvass showed that of the 121 voters in town 110 would vote "dry" and only two would be so reckless as to invite the demon rum to come and squat down in that peaceful spot to compete with "split" and well matured apple juice. Prouty, the tavern keeper, was prohibition to the backbone, because he was doing very well with a few bottles tucked under the barn floor, and didn't want any open competition. The voters were for prohibition, because they were friends of Prouty, and because they knew that even if the tavern should run dry they could get all the liquor they wanted from Bangor. But when election day came all hands followed the mare Hard Cider to Pataaugampus race track, arguing that their voices wouldn't be needed, anyway, because Maine would go "dry" by 2009 majority.

Revelry and Thrills.
At Pataaugampus fair the excitement was intense, and revelry ruled the day. There were pulling contests between big oxen and three-legged races and a balloon ascension. A fellow from Bangor was giving away dollar bills with every 10-cent handkerchief he sold. Another man from Bangor was selling a new kind of lemonade, that imparted a wonderful feeling of coolness and general elation. There were dancing girls direct from the grand opera in Vienna, who actually winked at the men, and a wild man who howled incessantly for raw meat and a man who ate glass as if he liked it. All of these wonders kept the people busy until the 230 class was called, and then there was a rush for the fence along the track.

Five horses appeared—Hard Cider hitched to a bright red sulky, with Prouty himself driving; Sister May, a Mattawamkeag mare; Honest Injun, an Old Town gelding; Dr. Cook, a Passadumkeag stallion, and a slick-looking bay mare from Bangor, called Sure Thing, driven by a man named Crowley. Everybody roared when Dr. Cook drew the pole, and many a "yeh" was heaved to his driver. The others received serious consideration, and when Hard Cider came down in third place she got a big hurrah from the Passadumkeag delegation, who had an aggregate of nearly \$60 on her. It was noticed that Prouty was acting rather "kittish" and not sitting very steadily in his seat. He shouted gaily to his friends in the stand and along the fence, and the other drivers and crowd all sorts of antics, with the result that Hard Cider began to act badly and got a poor start, finishing the heat in last place, barely inside the flag. The Bangor mare, Sure Thing, trailed the bunch till opening into the home stretch, and then she sailed past them as if they were all anchored, winning by three open lengths.

Wonderful Lemonade.
The Passadumkeag delegation took a long drink of the wonderful lemonade and raved over to the stalls to see what was the trouble with Hard Cider. Just as they reached the mare's stall they saw Prouty and the Bangor mare driver, Crowley, in close communication, each with a big mug in his hand.

"Well, here's luck," Crowley was saying. "I don't take anything hard myself, but this lemonade is coolin' and it don't hurt a man at all."
Prouty flourished his mug on high and drained it at one long gulp, but it was observed that Crowley emptied his into the straw. Prouty presently became more cheerful than ever. "Mare acted had that heat," he said to the delegation. "She's a green one an' not used to company, but watch her next trip. You fellows needn't get anyways worried—them bets is all safe."

One of the backers of Hard Cider saw that she was checked up too high as she was hitched in for the second heat and let the re's out a little. Almost immediately when no one was looking, Crowley stepped along and set it up again.

When the horses came out for the second heat Prouty sent his brother Cy into the crowd with \$20 to put on Hard Cider at even money. Crowley spoke to a man at the fence, and Prouty's \$20 was quickly snapped up. The horses scored

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down several times before getting the word, as Hard Cider was off her feet most of the time and Prouty seemed unable to get her level. Finally the crowd began to yell. "Take him off! Take him off! he ain't fit to drive! We've got our money on that mare!" The judges called Prouty into the stand and told him that he'd have to show better driving or they'd put another man up behind Hard Cider, whereupon Prouty flared up like a rocket, hit the starting judge in the eye and raised such a rough house generally that seven constables rushed in and hustled him to the barn, where, after absorbing another mug of the wonderful Bangor lemonade, the owner of Hard Cider curled up on a pile of straw and snored melodiously.

Hard Cider Wins.
Aldebert Byther of Bangor, a deadly rival of Crowley, happened to be on the grounds, and he was put up behind Hard Cider. Then came a real horse race. In the second heat Sure Thing won by a nose, but in the third, after Byther had time to make a few changes in the Prouty mare's straps, it was different. Hard Cider got away finely, circled the inside horses and got on Sure Thing's wheel, staying there all the way up the back stretch. When they opened into the homestretch and squared away for the wire Byther swung out, spoke to the mare and remarked to Crowley that Hard Cider was better than lemonade. Crowley scowled and yelled that a Sure Thing was better than either. When they came down, neck and neck, the crowd got up on its hind feet and yelled like Indians, the excitement surpassing anything since the night the tannery burned. George W. Judkins, first select-man of Pataaugampus, who had \$7.50 on the Prouty entry, collapsed from the intense nervous strain and had to be carried to one of the refreshment booths. Augustus C. Babcock, the sporting barber, who had \$20 up, offered Hard Cider's driver half his winnings if the mare won.

A mighty shout of triumph went up as Hard Cider went under the wire first, a length better than Sure Thing, and as many as forty Prides of the Grange cigars were handed up to Byther in appreciation of his good driving. In the fourth heat Sure Thing was ruled out for interference and Crowley suspended for foul driving, and Hard Cider took the heat. The fifth and winning heat was won by the Prouty mare just as the sun was setting, with Honest Injun and Sister May fighting for second place and Dr. Cook distanced. Pandemonium reigned as the bets were cashed, and the man with the wonderful lemonade did the business of his life. The backers of Hard Cider presented driver Byther with \$1 and a leather watch fob and filled all his pockets with cigars. Then they paraded back to Passadumkeag, filling the evening air with sounds of gladness. Prouty himself still slumbered in the straw.

Darkness Brings Sorrow.

When the backers of Hard Cider arrived in the village square they found the stay-at-homes gathered at the post-office waiting for election returns. Then it dawned upon them that strong drink, as illustrated in the case of Alanson J. Prouty, had come near to costing them \$100 or more in good money, and they wished they had stayed at home and voted for prohibition. To soften this civic sorrow many of the citizens resorted to the tavern, where many a time and oft the discreet clerk cautiously removed a plank in the barn floor and produced something for medicinal purposes.

It was several days before Passadumkeag found out that the state was dangerously close and that the wet might have won by a bare 100 votes. Prouty, who by this time had recovered from the astonishing effects of the Bangor lemonade, joined in serious discussion of the situation.

"Course, if it's down as close as a hundred votes, boys, why, 'gosh, the vote of the town of Passadumkeag would a-settled it. But the town of Passadumkeag wa'n't to home that day, 'n' 'n' 'n' there wa'n't no fourteen votes thrown in all, two o' them for free rum 'n' 'n' 'n' for pro-hi-bi-tion. I s'pose we might a-saved the 'lection by stayin' to home from Pataaugampus fair, but we can't complain of our luck down there. Brought home over \$20 'n' got a chance to sell fish in the barn floor and produced something for medicinal purposes."

BIG MONEY IN DRIED FISH
Thrifty Chinese in California Work a Good Thing Passed Up by the Natives.

At Santa Monica, Cal., a great fish-drying establishment is engaged in catching and drying hundreds of tons of fish of various kinds, which are finding a ready sale in inland mining camps and in certain foreign ports.

The industry is a Chinese one, the labor all being performed by the people of that nation. The greater portion of the fish are quite small, and are caught in monastic nets, which are placed in the waters frequented by this kind of fish. They are carried ashore and placed on green wire screens stretched over the hot sands, and the rays of the sun, which shine almost constantly, so completely remove all moisture from the fish that they can be packed in boxes and shipped to the mining camps all through the western states, and especially where the laborers are mostly Chinese or Japanese. They find a ready sale and are considered a staple article of food. The dried fish are also shipped to foreign ports and sold in vast quantities.

Among other fish caught for this sort of trade is the shark. Its flesh is cut in thin strips and placed on the nets in the sun to dry. Layer upon layer is so placed and a liberal quantity of sugar is sprinkled between them. The heat of the sun and the sugar cure the meat, which is said to be very tender and of a pleasing flavor. The method is often called candied shark, and when it is cured successfully it is certain to command a high price among the foreign population that inhabit the mining centers in the western states. Many Americans have found the meat so cured is very appetizing, and it is predicted by some it will soon become a fancy article of food throughout the entire world.

Certain specialists in the fish packing business are also drying some kinds of small fish with fruit, and it is said by those who have had an opportunity to taste these fancy preparations that they are peculiarly delicious.
Another peculiar industry along some of our western coasts is the drying of eggs laid by thousands of birds that lay their eggs on high cliffs and on the sand of numerous islands. The dried egg preparation is shipped to foreign cities, where it is used as food, and especially for cooking and preparing certain kinds of foods.—San Francisco Chronicle.

If you have anything to exchange advertise it in The Omaha Daily Bee.

GENTLEMEN

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Special Models for the Sporty Chaps, in fact the SCHLOSS BALTIMORE CLOTHES are fads with the moving spirits among the College Chaps and Society Boys.



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IMPORTANT

Notice to Clothing Merchants Our Line for Spring and Summer of 1912 is now being shown in the principal cities of the world—those Merchants not as yet handling our Make of Clothing will do well to drop us a card and we will arrange that one of our representatives will show them the line at their place of business.

NOTICE

To Buyers of Buick Oil Stock

I wish to thank the citizens of this community for their intelligent and liberal buying of Buick Oil Company stock, the sale of which I have been advertising.

After this week I no longer intend to offer this stock at \$1.00 per share. I can obtain a much higher figure by an early date, as the Company's earnings increase, and wish to take advantage of such opportunities.

Those who have acquired Buick Oil Company stock at \$1.00 I regard as fortunate, because the financial, physical and managerial conditions of this Company are ideal, and its stock, in my opinion and that of the best of judges, should attain a market value ranging from \$5.00 to \$10.00 per share within one year from date.

The value of such a security is largely determined by the net profit earning ability of the company issuing same, and from every viewpoint the Buick Oil Company should constantly increase its net profits for many years to come.

Today its gross income is at the rate of about \$600,000 per year, and this should be doubled almost immediately when its next well comes in.

This Company's properties are considered able to support several dozen big producers of high quality, and those who buy this stock at any figure less than \$3.00 per share should realize big profits both from dividends and by the increased value of the shares.

The condition of the Buick Oil Company and its demonstrated success is a matter of common knowledge. It is not an experiment. Its Well No. 1 is regarded by many as "the best well in California"—The LAND WHERE OIL IS KING.

The stock being sold represents a portion of that which I secured in the early history of the Company's activities, and since, and a large block of same I shall hold for my personal account, for the same reasons that you or any investor, alive to his best interests, should make such an investment. The surplus stock I hold after this week will be offered from time to time at prices consistent with the increased dividend-paying ability of the company.

The first quarterly dividend will be paid December 15th to all stockholders of record by November 15th. Extra dividends will be paid from time to time.

Those who wish to make the most out of their idle funds or increase the earning power of other investments made, will find in Buick Oil stock at \$1.00 per share an unusual opportunity—one that would be difficult to duplicate at any time.

As stated in my previous announcements my business is that of marketing profitable securities. My permanent success depends upon my making money for others. Our interests are mutual, but if I am to serve you to the greatest advantage it is necessary that you place your order for Buick Oil Stock before Saturday night next, otherwise to acquire this stock you may have to pay a much higher price.

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