

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
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MAY CIRCULATION.
50,421
State of Nebraska, County of Douglas as per report of D. W. Williams, circulation manager of the Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of May, 1912, was 50,421.

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

All aboard for that safe and sane Fourth.

Auto accidents are coming thick and fast. Slow up.

Seeing America first is more popular this year than ever.

There, now, no more big national conventions for four years.

These last few hot days in June must be July lockeying for a start.

Colonel Lefe Young must have been mistaken in that rumbling voice he heard.

"A kicker is usually an honest man," says an exchange. Yes, but sometimes only a sorehead.

That was a pretty posey Champ Clark wore in his buttonhole in those convention photos, anyway.

The recess in the balloting at Baltimore stopped between the twelfth and thirteenth roll calls. Who was afraid?

A Kansas City woman willed her body to her doctor. She evidently felt morally obligated to pay his bill somehow.

Sunday is usually the hottest day in the week, for one has less to divert his mind from the heat than on other days.

The old song ran, "White Wings Never Grow Weary." Sometimes the condition of our streets hardly upholds the contention.

The men frothing most about "stolen delegates" at Chicago never heard the evidence at all or never heard more than one side.

It is a mighty lucky thing no fire broke out in Omaha while it was impossible to coax water through the pipes in some sections of the city.

What is going to be the country's next political crisis? We have got so deeply in the habit of political crises it will be hard to do without them.

Most of the good things in the republican platform are faithfully reflected in the democratic. That's why the democrats put their convention a week later.

Senator La Follette is convinced that his refusal to submerge his progressive principles beneath the colob's personal ambition is thoroughly vindicated.

The patriotism of Uncle Sam's employes will be severely tested if they have to work without assurance of pay. No danger, however, of a plethora of resignations.

It is announced that the Steel trust has advanced prices a dollar a ton. Those Steel trust magnates must recoup their progressive campaign expenses somewhere.

That Averted Calamity

The Outlook recalls this statement made to a New York newspaper by President Taft on the night of his nomination:
Never before in the history of the country was such a pre-convention campaign fought. Precedents of propriety were broken in a president's taking the stump, much to the pain and discomfort of many patriotic, high-minded citizens, but the emergency was great and the course that taken was necessary to avert a national calamity, and in view of the result it was justified.

The Outlook adds these words of its own:
If Mr. Taft's nomination has averted a national calamity, it has clearly done so at the sacrifice of Mr. Taft's own political prospects, and, if he realizes this, he should be given whatever credit is due to a man who destroys himself in order that he may also destroy another who, he believes, is a menace to the national welfare.

If the esteemed Outlook will go back to the newspaper files of August 18, 1911, or the day following, it will find this letter, which its contributing editor wrote to Alexander P. Moore, editor of a Pittsburgh newspaper:
New York, N. Y., August 18, 1911.—My Dear Mr. Moore: I very greatly appreciate your kind and friendly feeling, but I am sure you will understand me when I say that I must ask not only you, but every friend I have, to see to it that no movement whatever is made to bring me forward for the nomination in 1912.

I feel that I have a right to ask all my friends, if necessary, actively to work to prevent any such movement. I should esteem it a genuine calamity if such a movement were undertaken. * * * Very sincerely yours, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

President Taft, therefore, was not alone in believing in the possibilities of a "genuine" or "national" calamity as a result of the Chicago convention. Something happened since August, 1911, to change Colonel Roosevelt's mind as to the calamitous effect of a third-term campaign. But if he was right then, he was wrong later, when he made the most desperate fight ever witnessed in American politics to secure the nomination.

Overworked Sympathy for Criminals

Every once in a while we find something in Collier's Weekly that elicits unqualified approval, and in this category the current number gives us this:
Next to foolish technicalities, the greatest cause of the almost total failure of our criminal laws is indiscriminate sympathy for the criminal.

In illustration Collier's cites a case in which a young man who committed murder and was sentenced to hang eight years ago secured commutation of the sentence, and six years later a full pardon, and then six months after his liberation murdered his benefactor, his benefactor's wife and three children that he might rob the house of \$200.

We have had some cases of misapplied leniency to desperate outlaws right here in Nebraska almost as flagrant, although it is hardly worth while to check up the list and enumerate individually. The recent numerous outbreaks in our Nebraska penitentiary, with the forfeiture of half a dozen lives, may be charged against "indiscriminate sympathy for the criminal."

The moral of it is that the demand for humane treatment of convicts does not justify complete destruction of all the safeguards to society against irremediable criminality.

Methods of Teaching.

The applicant for a certificate to teach school must pass an examination in the "methods of teaching," which is only another term for common sense and good judgment. The teacher's most difficult problem is not in arithmetic or any other branch of book study; it is in the individual pupil. Unraveling the make-up of each boy and girl, so that the teacher may thoroughly understand it and deal with it is the largest task.

A roomful of children of varying nationalities and creeds, if not colors, coming from as many different homes, representing every shade of social environment, cannot well be handled like a lot of sheep, and woe to the young woman who attempts to handle them that way. Not necessarily a different rule, but a different method for nearly every child, often becomes necessary. If not, then "methods of teaching" would hardly form a part of the teacher's examination. The school would simply lay down one method and let it go at that.

School teaching is hard work. It calls for learning, wisdom, tact and diplomacy with which the remuneration is scarcely commensurate. But there is the condition and the teacher must meet it. The success, not only of herself, but largely of her pupils, rests with her. Else why will one body of children do well with one teacher and poorly with another? This often happens. The teacher who studies her pupils individually, who, with dignity, but kindness, commands discipline, exercises discriminating judgment as between pupils, sets their confidence and has little difficulty inculcating what knowledge it is necessary to give them. That, really, works itself out almost automatically, at least, as a matter of natural consequence. So the ut-

most stress must be laid on "methods of teaching" in employing young women for this great life work.

Brickbats Not Convincing.

American club women, in convention at San Francisco, have gone on record as approving the measures of violence employed by Mrs. Pankhurst and her British sister suffragettes in seeking to advance their cause. The spectacle of Mrs. Pankhurst, reduced by self-privation to a physical wreck, is a melancholy monument to the futility of reform by hysteria or fanaticism and invites deepest pity. But it does not overshadow the fact that these ambitious, but law-defying, women destroy for themselves all basis of appeal to rational judgment and retard the progress of the cause by bringing it with themselves into reproach.

Our American women have done well to catch the force of the lesson. They may have no such unyielding situation with which to deal here in America, but if they had they would never go about the task with brickbats and clubs.

The Garden Habit.

Omaha people have the garden habit. It is estimated there are fully 2,000 gardens in the city. This probably is a conservative estimate, for by actual count boys, inspired by the effort of the boys' department of the Young Men's Christian association, have an even 1,000. These boys recently brought specimens of their truck into a big competition, where prizes were awarded, and the exhibit was astonishing. Some of the little fellows were not more than 7 or 8 years of age. They had planted and tended their gardens themselves, learned how to till the soil on a small scale and make it bear fruit, a fundamental lesson, indeed.

The moral and economic sides of this endeavor are obvious. Then there is another side, which might go under the general head of civic, for it tends toward a more comely appearance of the city. These garden patches supplant weed patches in very many instances. If the beautiful rows of clean, well-cultivated vegetables were not growing there, ugly and unhealthy weeds would be, and directly they would die and form an unsanitary composition, to be cleaned away. So that the garden habit fits into our general scheme of beautifying our city.

The Young Men's Christian association shows forth in very practical effect in conducting work of this kind and for itself it invites the attention of the boys, whom it may easier lay its hands upon as young men a few years later. This introducing of the little boy to Mother Earth is, in its moral tending, mighty wholesome. The whole enterprise is most commendable.

Public Monitors.

The system of public monitors has never proved popular in this country. Every now and then a demand arises for censoring the press, but so long as the unrestricted right of censoring lasts and is so generally exercised the expediency of the censorship is questioned. The constitution provides for a free press responsible under the law for abuse of freedom.

When such a demand was aired some two months ago a prominent New York clergyman told a body of churchmen at St. Louis that he believed "it would be just as impossible to censor the American press as it would to censor a bolt of lightning." He added: "As a power for good, nothing is superior to the newspapers. If censored, they would become dull and vicious."

For the most part this minister is eminently correct. He certainly is correct in assuming that the newspaper cannot successfully be censored, and that it would become dull and vicious if it were. Who would censor it? Somebody with a special interest at stake in spite of all that could be done. Would the censors be in sympathy with the paper and its mission or not? Would they have comprehensive insight into its affairs? The same old human nature, with all its frailties and faults, selfish ambitions and impulses, that edits the papers would sit in abatement as monitors of its morals.

Culture and Narrowness.

The proposition has been laid down that the more cultured a man is the more broad minded he is. Of course that ought to be true. Narrowness certainly is no part of culture and education, even though some persons who have gone through the routine of "getting an education" come out exceedingly narrow individuals. But they are not, strictly speaking, cultured people. They have got the veneer of education without its deep refinement.

Narrowness often asserts itself in personal prejudices between individuals. Jenkin Lloyd Jones tells of a man who, after expressing his dislike of another, was asked, "Do you know him?" He admitted he did not, yet disliked him. That was not fair. Nobody should condemn a fellowman without knowing him. The law demands most intimate and accurate knowledge before it will condemn. Men should be as fair as the law they make themselves. But it is narrow not to like men,

anyway. Hate their hateful ways, if you must, but you cannot afford to hate them. And it is safe to say, that after all, there is something in every man worth liking. He may be a rascal, a fraud and contemptible in most ways, but the chances are that a closer knowledge of the man would reveal some commendable and pleasing traits. Know your man before forming your opinion of him.

Dr. Cook in History.

Men whose business it is to compile and comment on the current events of the day realize the hazard of their calling from the caprice of human action. What is apparently a fact today may prove to be rank fiction tomorrow. Yet the files of the newspaper twenty years hence inevitably will reveal the erroneous statement. That, of course, despite the captious criticism of the student, is not the fault, always, of the chronicler of events.

But historians of greater deliberative possibilities often fall into similar error. The world, of course, regards as pure myth the discovery of the North pole by Dr. Cook, having the doctor's virtual admission of it. Yet one of the standard historians of the day devotes space to Cook's achievement. Speaking of Commander Peary and his life-time quest of the pole, the author commiseratingly adds:

It was natural enough that he should be disappointed upon reaching civilization after his successful effort, to learn that another man, less experienced and less prepared than himself, had first attained the coveted goal. If Dr. Cook can find no consolation in this, possibly the king of Denmark can. In the meantime this edition of history may by now be called in.

Putting Merit in Sororities.

The National Alpha Phi sorority has followed the wise example of the Pan-Hellenic congress of requiring regular matriculation in college work and conformance to requirements of scholarship before a student may become a member of a chapter. This is a step in the right direction. It tends to put membership in the societies upon a meritorious basis, effacing the artificial lines of distinction which separate students of one school into cliques and classes to the serious detriment of both school and student and the sacrifice of scholarship.

Neither personal preference nor financial backing should qualify a young man or woman for entering a college society. If the society is worthy to form a legitimate part of college life and training, then merit should determine its membership, and if it is not a worthy part of the course, then it should be done away with entirely. One of the most absurd paradoxes of our day is for so-called democratic institutions of learning in a democratic country to inculcate and foster the principles of aristocracy as is done in the majority of these college societies. It is a wholesome sign that the societies, themselves, are awakening.

People must realize by this time that a presidential preference primary merely votes instructions to convention delegates, leaving the execution to the delegate's discretion. Delegates elected to represent Nebraska and vote for Roosevelt in the republican convention refused to do so, and delegates elected to represent Nebraska and vote for Harmon in the democratic convention jumped the track as soon as they thought it was safe.

All the republican candidates nominated in the Nebraska primaries last April were nominated with the tacit, yet distinct, understanding that they were to run on a ticket headed by the nominee of the Chicago convention. If any of them want to run on some other antagonistic ticket they can have no moral right to run as republicans.

From start to finish The Bee's diagnosis and predictions on the famous water works purchase case have been borne out by the stubborn logic of events, even down to the installation of the author of the "immediate and compulsory" bill in a \$5,000 job on the public pay roll as manager of the plant.

It is too bad Judge Wright cannot think of some other way to punish Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison, for there seems to be no popular uprising demanding their imprisonment.

With Murphy, Sullivan and Taggart sitting in at the last game to decide on the nominee, it is fair to presume that "boss" influence was not entirely wanting at Baltimore.

It is now definitely settled that "immediate and compulsory" purchase of the water works means purchase after the lapse of nine years and three months.

Failure of Noise. St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It has been discovered that assisted spontaneity is not as good as the real thing.

The Flag is Good Enough. Philadelphia Press. The red bandana is a rather striking thing, of course, but the American flag will continue to be a good enough emblem for the republican party.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha COMPILED FROM BEE FILES JUNE 30.

Thirty Years Ago— The paying bond election today proved to be almost unanimously in their favor, although the vote was light. The total was 1,037 for the bonds to 151 against them.

A large assemblage at the residence of Jesse Newman on Center street witnessed the marriage yesterday of Hampton A. Watson and Miss Maggie Cowden, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Mr. Green of Trinity mission. The groom was a Pullman porter and the list of wedding presents is long and inspiring.

Applicants for both privileges for the state fair are invited to correspond with Arthur H. Briggs.

The newly elected officers of the Union Catholic association were installed yesterday as follows: Mr. John A. Creighton, president; E. A. O'Brien, vice president; Thomas Pittamorris, second vice president; John Rush, treasurer, and Miss Stacia Crawley librarian. The literary and musical exercises wound up "with Hon. F. M. McDonagh's best machine poetry."

Announcement of change in time on the Burlington shows a train leaving Omaha at 8:15 and arriving at Lincoln at 11:45 making the running time three hours and a half for fifty-nine miles.

The county commissioners have made a tax levy totaling 17 mills on the dollar valuation.

An account of the hanging of Guiteau occupies large space in The Bee, which adds "that up to the latest moment some of our citizens were betting that he would not hang." The first news was received about noon by Superintendent Dickey of the Union Pacific telegraph department.

Mr. Alec Black, for over two years on the police force, has resigned and handed his star over to Marshal Angel in order to devote his time to private business in which there is more money.

Twenty Years Ago—

H. B. Taubeneck of St. Louis, chairman of the executive committee of the people's party, arrived to open the national convention two days later. He said first choice for temporary chairman was Congressman Tom Watson of Georgia, but he declined, leaving C. H. Ellington of Georgia as the next man. The chairman had in his pocket the platform on which he, Ignatius Donnelly, James B. Weaver, Water J. Jerry Simpson and such leading spirits had agreed. It demanded a national income tax, free and unlimited coinage of silver as two most important things.

News from the moist and mellow city of Cincinnati told of the nomination of General Bidwell of California for president.

The residence of R. Franklin Alexander of the New York Life insurance company, 2329 Pierce street, was the scene of a bold daylight robbery, which netted a loss to the family of about \$150.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Waters left for Denver to take up their abode. Mr. Waters was secretary to Major Bell and the latter was transferred to Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee G. Kratz left for Madison Lake, S. D., where Mr. Kratz had charge of the chautauqua.

Elwood S. Peffer, son of Senator Peffer of Kansas, was in town as the representative of a number of metropolitan dailies, in addition to the Kellogg Newspaper company, to report the people's party convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Ober arrived from Albany, N. Y. They were tendered a reception at the Young Men's Christian association, with which Mr. Ober was connected.

Ten Years Ago—

The curtain was rung down finally on the last act of the drama of the Trans-mississippi exposition when its board of directors met and wound up what business remained. These directors were present: G. W. Wattle, Z. T. Lindsey, F. P. Kirkendall, Edward Rosewater, A. R. Reed, E. E. Bruce, Herman Kuntze, Frank Murphy, G. W. Holdrege, C. W. Lyman, J. C. Wharton, Walter Jardine, J. J. Johnson, L. H. Korty, J. E. Markel, C. E. Yost, R. S. Wilcox, M. M. Wilhelm, Thomas Kilpatrick, G. M. Hitchcock, G. M. Hussey, Charles Metz, J. H. Evans, C. S. Montgomery, I. W. Carpenter.

This statement, prefacing a long one, was made through The Bee by President Horace G. Burt, on the matter of strike of the Union Pacific shopmen: "The Union Pacific desires to treat its employes, all of them, with the utmost consideration, and whenever they come to us with a reasonable proposition they will get fair treatment, but when they make unreasonable demands we must and will resist them."

John Rosely, father of the president of the National Printing company, died after weeks of illness incident to old age. He had come to Nebraska in 1861, moving to Omaha in 1878.

EDITORIAL SIDE LINES.

Washington Post: There's just as much doubt about whom the candidate at Baltimore will be as if the people were going to nominate him themselves.

Springfield Republican: Boss Barnes made a really good joke when he said that the convention "began with acrimony and ends with cordiality." It began with a raging fever and ends with an amputation.

Brooklyn Eagle: Mr. Perkins and Mr. Munsey promise, like a much advertised cent cigar, to be "generously good" to the movement to punish President Taft for daring to prosecute the steel and harvester trusts.

St. Louis Globe Democrat: Never yet has the republican party consented to wear any man's collar or agreed to look upon him as indispensable. The party will stick to its high mission, and egoists can make the most of it.

Boston Transcript: It would immensely facilitate politics could convention speeches be committed to the phonograph and set off at agreed intervals by the aid of megaphone attachment, while the orators themselves were busy in the direct personal appeal elsewhere.

St. Louis Republic: At breakfast Colonel Roosevelt disposed of two grape fruits, a heaping dish of beef blood, four soft boiled eggs, four lamb chops, some wheat cakes and two cups of coffee. And still they criticize him. What do they expect the Colonel to eat at breakfast, anyhow—a couple of Taft delegates poached on toast?

People and Events

How painfully dismal the convention cheering score looks the morning of the day after! The hour's dawg's tail escaped the ax because the cut at the collar made further slaughter needlessly cruel.

Cartoonists manage to keep up a cheerful front despite the persistent eclipse of Uncle Joe Cannon and his celebrated stogie.

The trial of the McNamara case Los Angeles \$175,000, besides \$10,000 held out from a detective. The sum total isn't much considering the value of publicity given the ozone town.

In spite of the onerous task of smashing reactionary halos at Baltimore Mr. Bryan kept up his daily syndicate letter stunt and nailed that \$500 per. There are occasions when the dollar looks good to the man.

Colonel Henry Watterson's cradle song, executed at long range, fell on heedless ears at Baltimore. Only colonels who render their own music on the spot make an impression on convention crowds these piping times.

The Baltimore weather man predicted a bright balmy day. But when the convention band struck up "Oh, You Great, Big, Beautiful Dolly" the heavens pulled the clouds and wept copiously on progressive and reactionary alike.

The Chinese premier threatens to quit his post, assigning as a reason that fire-igners do not love him. Bless his gentle heart, are not six sets of bankers trying to loan him money? What great proof of love does a Chinaman want?

"Rush business!" We have no Perkins to pay our bills!" exclaimed a Baltimore delegate in the early stages of the game. With Baltimore highballs at 25 cents each and straight goods equally high in the air even a novice could distinguish the heart notes in that scream.

Baltimore has Chicago "knocked over the ropes" in the matter of convention Methuselahs. Chauncey M. Depew, 77, drew the prize at Chicago. Henry Gassaway Davis, far over four-score, running mate of Alton B. Parker eight years ago, was the distinguished "old top" at Baltimore.

In the springtime of her years "Nellie Bly" talked in blue and yellow streaks for the newspapers at so much per. Now, as the widow Seaman, her refusal to talk in court drew a fine of \$2,000 and a jail sentence. Creditors of a bankrupt company which Nellie controlled sought certain information, but the court's penalty failed to extract her secret.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Houston Post: A Boston minister says man will never know this side of the grave whether hell is a place or a state of mind. Judging by the way the politicians play it sometimes we are led to suspect it is a game.

Brooklyn Eagle: A Methodist bishop, after tramping hundreds of miles in the Congo Free State, reports vastly improved conditions. If Belgian rule is beginning to be civilized, the world owes something to Leopold's successor.

Baltimore American: A minister in Connecticut has refused an increase in salary, saying the present sum paid him is sufficient for his immediate needs and that he desires no more. A man in any public work who puts that work before his own interests and asks just enough to supply the necessities of life without any of its luxuries ought to be put in the National museum as a curiosity.

New York World: A woman minister at Los Angeles stopped her sermon Sunday to give the congregation a spirit communication from the late Prof. James, and a Boston minister reports that he also has been receiving messages from the deceased professor. Prof. James in his life was a prolific writer, but it is doubtful if he would have undertaken to fill two pulpits at the same time.

SUNDAY SMILES.

Mrs. Exe (with paper)—I see the market report says that money is easier. Mr. Exe—That must refer to his going; I'm blamed if it comes any easier.—Boston Transcript.

First Scot—What sort of omeister has ye gotten, George? Second Scot—We seldom get a gift of him; six days of 't' week he's inces'sible, an' on the seventh he's incomprehensible.—London Tit-Bits.

Ward Heeler—You promised me a job, Mayor—Well, I told Commissioner Kelly to give you one! Ward Heeler—But the guy wanted to put me to work!—Life.

"I don't believe you ever did anything in your life by way of provision for a rainy day." "You're dead wrong there. I always get a rain check for the ball game."—Baltimore American.

Mother—The teacher complains you have not had a correct lesson for a month; why is it? Son—She always kisses me when I get them right.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"How did our friend get his reputation as a leader?" "Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "he has perfected a sort of optical illusion. He travels in a circle so fast that to the casual observer he looks like a whole procession."—Washington Star.

WHERE'S THE OLD-TIME BOY?

W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Post. Where is the boy—the real boy—the boy that used to be; The boy that planned to run away and go to the moon; The boy that yearned to twist a brake upon the local freight; The boy that thought a circus ring held all of good states; And where's the boy—the boy—set boy that ever lived at all, Who whistled on his fingers in a wild, ear-splitting call?

Boys nowadays go solemnly at learning this and that, and that's the busy brain beneath his ragged hat— Oh, where's the hat he used to wear?— And how they hic and burr. Rose high, while all the sagging brim slapped him on neck and cheek, Or else it was a "hickory," a shooting for a hard—

The dealer strung them on a cord, all ready to his hand. He was a Boy! He knew more things than you and I may learn; He knew where Indian turnips grow, and how they hic and burr. He knew the birds familiarly, he watched May apples grow, And he had his private fishing place, where only he might go; He went bare-footed—how his feet got stone-bruised right away! He never had his two front teeth. Where is that boy today?

And how he'd whistle! First and little fingers in his lips. And then a blast that cut the air like to a hundred whips. And how he looked! His mouth stretched wide, his eyes all strained and set— It's strange that such a boy as that is now no longer met. Beclouded and becloud our boys go aimlessly through life And never stand red-faced and blow upon their finger life.

Your Idle Dollars Will Never Make You Rich
The best and safest investment opportunity today is the buying and selling of real estate and the building and selling of houses at a fair profit.
You may not have sufficient capital to engage in this profitable business yourself, but you can combine your savings with hundreds of others and the capital secured in this way will earn you a handsome profit in home building.
That is the purpose of this company. We combine the savings of hundreds of people and use the money to buy, develop and sell real estate and to build and sell homes.
Put Your Dollars To Work
There would not be an idle dollar in Omaha if the people knew the profits earned in building and selling homes to supply the enormous demand.
Your savings each month represent a snug little fortune in the not distant future if wisely invested.
Whether you have \$5 or \$5,000 to invest, it will pay you to investigate. Our preferred shares earn seven (7%) per cent, payable semi-annually, and you share besides in the net profits.
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