

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
 FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
 VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR
 BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH.
 Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
 Sunday Bee, one year... \$2.50
 Saturday Bee, one year... 1.50
 Daily Bee, without Sunday, one year... 4.50
 Daily Bee, and Sunday, one year... 6.00
DELIVERED BY CARRIER:
 Evening and Sunday, per month... 50c
 Evening, without Sunday, per month... 35c
 Daily Bee, including Sunday, per mo... 50c
 Daily Bee, without Sunday, per mo... 45c
 Address all complaints of irregularities in delivery to City Circulation Dept.
REMITTANCE:
 Remit by draft, express or postal order, payable to The Bee Publishing Company. Only 2-cent stamps received in payment of small accounts. Personal checks, except on Omaha and eastern exchange, not accepted.
OFFICES:
 Omaha—The Bee building, South Omaha—233 N. Street, Council Bluffs—14 North Main street, Lincoln—Little building, Chicago—905 Hearst building, New York—Room 116, 380 Fifth Ave, St. Louis—202 New Bank of Commerce, Washington—127 Fourteenth St., N. W.
CORRESPONDENCE:
 Communications relating to news and editorial matters should be addressed Omaha Bee, Editorial department.
MAY CIRCULATION:
50,261
 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 for the month of May, 1913, was 50,261.
 Witness my hand and seal of office this 17th day of June, 1913.
 ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.
 Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.
 Senator Hitchcock's pet tobacco plan has gone up in smoke.
 The smell of pork is breath to the nostrils of a democratic job-hunter.
 In Texas the natives know when spring comes by the smell of the onion.
 Every one is ready for a reduction in lighting rates, but not for a light reduction.
 "Fair and not quite so warm," says our well-intentioned weather man. Small favors thankfully received.
 The case of the Panama hat is another illustration of the fallacy that prices fall as the supply increases.
 When you feel like complaining at the hot weather, sit down and enjoy yourself by listening to the corn grow.
 A contemporary alludes to "vegetables as a Means of Economy." It is in raising them, not in buying them.
 If all these changes in our public school system are "improvements," Omaha ought to have the best schools in the United States.
 Uncle Chauncey M. Depew says we wouldn't be licked out of our boots in a war with China or Germany. No, nor our dainty Oxford.
 It is suggested that the electric franchise case may be reopened in 1923. We should worry what may happen twenty years hence.
 No one as yet talks of a vacation school for forward as well as for backward pupils, but that also is within the realm of possibilities.
 If the British militant had been watching, she might have noticed that the women of Illinois get the ballot without hurling a single brick.
 The city council of South Omaha is asked to look into the methods of bookkeeping employed by the police judge. Do they really keep books down there?
 Chicago dancing masters pronounce the private dance worse than public dances. Nothing new. Most folks will do things in private they shrink from in public.
 Secretary Bryak may upset deep rooted custom with his grape juice dinners, but photographs furnish indisputable proof that he has not had the courage to repudiate the official bondage of the silk ties.
 What's that? Our only own Senator Hitchcock's scheme for progressive, protective, internal revenue tax to extinguish trusts unanimously rejected by a senate committee composed exclusively of democrats? How is that possible?
 Mark it down that the Nebraska two-cent fare law will stand for all the big roads doing business in this state, because it is profitable to them, and that it will stand for all the little roads also, because they cannot charge more than the big ones and hold the traffic.
 It has often been said that if milkmaids had used electric light instead of lamps back in '71, the O'Leary cow could never have caused the great conflagration. Possibly, but one who mule kicked a live electric wire into the other day and precipitated a great explosion.
 Rev. Mr. Aked, formerly a noted preacher of England, has forewarned allegiance to the British sovereign and become an American. Kings evidently have no charms for Mr. Aked, who voluntarily left the pastorate of a small church in New York two years ago to go to San Francisco.

It Might Have Been Worse.
 To characterize the decision in the electric lighting franchise case adverse to the city's claims by a popular colloquialism, we may say that "it might have been worse." The court, it is true, construes into a grant of franchise rights, certain acts of the city, such as ordering the wires into underground conduits, which at the time were expressly and explicitly declared to be merely regulative orders, conveying no additional privileges. Fortunately, however the particular franchise now declared to be a grant in perpetuity, carries with it no immunity whatever from municipal control over service and rates, but leaves the city free from time to time as conditions may warrant, to prescribe service requirements, and to limit rates to a reasonable return for the cost of production on the basis of actual present worth of the investment. So long as the city may dictate quality of service and rate schedules and may exact compensation in the form of occupation taxes, it need not be at the mercy of any rapacious public service monopoly.

Strangely Illogical.
 Queer how illogical some folks become whenever the tables are turned. Our democratic governor is credited by certain self-styled reformers with an intention to recapture the legislature to null down the insurance code for them in case the opponents of that measure resort to a referendum to hold it in abeyance. The same folks as advocates of the referendum, however, also insist that the people should have the right all the time, if they want to exercise it, to vote any proposed law up or down irrespective of the wish of the lawmakers. If a referendum on the insurance code could be nullified by an extra session of the legislature, plainly the same thing could be done for every other popular or unpopular measure which any legislature may enact. Irrespective of the merits of the insurance code controversy, we can not refrain from calling attention to this hair-trigger somersaulting.

The American Sportsman.
 Now that Uncle Sam has eclipsed his good friend, Johnny Bull, at polo, the supremacy of the American athletes and sportsman would seem to be conclusively established. While polo is not distinctively a British game—for it is supposed to have come down from the ancients—it is much older and more popular in Britain than America, where it was introduced by James Gordon Bennett no earlier than 1876. It might, so far as modern games are concerned, therefore, be called British. But this is not the first time our Yankees have beaten Britons at their own game, so to speak, or at least in games with which they had more to do than we. We have thrice outdistanced that prince yachtsman, Sir Thomas Lipton. At foot-racing, wrestling, boxing, weight-throwing and all the other contests in which our Olympic athletes engaged, we have been carrying off honors. Not in the history of sports has the counterpart of our supremacy in base ball been known.

Two-Cent Fare Secured.
 The general effect of the supreme court's affirmation of the 2-cent fare laws in Missouri, Arkansas and West Virginia is to secure the permanency of the reduced rate, whose general extension may now be expected. So far as Missouri is concerned, the ruling follows the enactment of the law after six years of litigation and leaves the state to perform another difficult task of compelling the railroads to refund the excess amounts collected for this period.
 The decision lays down no new lines of reasoning, but pursues such as have been drawn in the Minnesota and other rate cases, even making similar exception in the application of the reduced rate to weak railroads, whose property would thereby be confiscated. These roads are simply left to work out their own salvation, for a rate is no more confiscatory when made by a state than by another road, so this offers little relief to them, except in non-exclusive territory. And no exclusive territory is apt to be uninvaded by the stronger lines indefinitely.

The Vacation School.
 It may be too much to expect the vacation school to become extremely popular with Young America, who have to attend it, but it may serve some practical and helpful ends. One of the chief problems encountered in our public school system is adapting the course to the common level of the ability or disposition of the pupils to learn. For one reason and another, chiefly failure to make grades, about as many pupils leave the grammar grade as proceed to the high schools each year in this country and it is primarily the purpose of the vacation school to seek to correct such conditions by affording the less apt pupil extra instruction during the summer. Even so magnanimous a purpose, however, is not immune from obstacles. It may be quite as hard to arouse or enlist the youngsters' interest during the heated months as during the less arduous period of the regular school year. The invocation, therefore, must be regarded for the time, as largely experimental.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha
 COMPILED FROM BEE FILES
 JUNE 18, 1913

Thirty Year's Ago—
 Miss Fannie Lewis, daughter of Mr. William Lewis, the expressman, was seriously hurt in a runaway on Sixteenth street.
 Fire consumed two unfinished residences erected on St. Mary's avenue above Twenty-third by Mr. A. Heller.
 Rev. Frank A. Hoyes, pastor of the Southwestern Presbyterian church, is the father of a bouncing baby boy.
 Mr. Lawrence McMahon and wife have returned from a trip lasting two weeks to Minneapolis, St. Paul and Lake Minnetonka.
 McNamara & Duncan have opened up their new establishment, which has been elegantly equipped and stocked.
 Mrs. C. R. Denold, 512 North Seventeenth, offers a reward for the return of a grayhound puppy.
 General T. H. Stanton has had a letter from Captain John G. Bourke from Silver Creek, Arizona territory, telling what General Crook has been doing to the Apaches.
 Miss Ida L. Barlow has retired as soprano in the First Presbyterian church choir, her place being taken by Miss Minnie Maul, who has recently returned from New York City, where she studied with the best instructors there.
 A call for the meeting of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows Protective association is signed by John Groves, secretary.
 An advertising announcement of S. P. Morse & Co. gives information that they pay duties on their imported goods to John Campbell, Esq., collector of customs at Omaha.

Twenty Years Ago—
 The biggest crowd of the season went to Nonpareil park to see the Nonpareils beat Tom Birmingham's Conventions 10 to 11. Dave Shanahan and Jerry Mahoney made errors enough to fill Councilman Ike Hazell's great big lot. Dave played short and Jerry third for the Nonpareils. Bradford was at second and Tom Flynn first.
 Heaven is a home of rest, asserted the Rev. Frank Crane in his morning discourse at First Methodist church. He was delivering the annual address to the graduating class of the high school and the spacious edifice was filled to the doors. "Work and Play" was his theme. He illustrated the difference between work and play by saying that when Webster stood up in the United States senate and made his great reply to Hayne, he was playing, but that the play was made possible only by long and arduous years of work.
 Mrs. W. A. Meale, daughter of George McKenney, died at the age of 23 after an illness of six months at her home, 364 North Twenty-sixth street.
 The enjoyment of the picnic of the Danish Brotherhood at Kaufman's station was marred by Charles Carlson, who was engaged in a wrestling match, had his right leg broken. His opponents twisted it a little too much. Carlson was brought to his home, 1322 North Seventeenth street.

Ten Years Ago—
 With Judge Estelle's son, Ben, leading the van and Judge W. W. Slaughter as chief mower, the West Omaha Improvement club declared war on the weeds surrounding the building in which the club held its meetings. The day was set for the onslaught and all hands were heaving to for one huffy onslaught.
 The rain interferred seriously with the lawn social to have been a big event at the home of Judge and Mrs. Eleazer Waksley, Nineteenth and California streets, for the benefit of Trinity cathedral's choir.
 Creighton college sent eighty-eight young men graduates out in the world of service. The commencement exercises were held in the university hall and were presided over by the president of the university, Rev. M. P. Dowling. The exercises were notably interesting and the class of graduates a promising one.
 The N. H. T. club was entertained by Mrs. Springmeyer, 232 South Twenty-fifth avenue. Mrs. Whitmarsh won the first prize, and luncheon was served after the games. The women present were Mesdames Drummond, Strawn, Faus, Moore, Bradley, Miner, Bacon, Whitmarsh, Newell, Baxter and Mrs. Penoyer, a visitor.

People Talked About
 A statue of Blenarok unveiled in a Chicago amusement park with much ceremony, represents the Iron Chancellor as bowlegged and bulneeked. The claims of the unveiling have become vigorous demands for destruction. The statue is a concrete job.
 Uplifters in Philadelphia talk of sending out a searching party for the old-fashioned father who spanked his son for disobedience. Space in the Fairmount Park museum is reserved for the wonder.
 End seat street car hogs, refusing to move for the next member of the drove, are subject to fine in New York city. This is supposed to be a protective measure for summer stay-at-homes.
 The estate of the late Mrs. Levi Z. Leter has been appraised at \$3,472,225, not including household effects of the Leter mansion in Washington or personal property in Chicago.
 Five thousand New York orphans loaded into 34 automobiles were taken to Central park one day last week and given a picnic with all the trimmings. Big hearts and purses went supply. This is one of the countless philanthropies whose beneficence towers above the rancorous noise of the big city.
 N. W. Flaish of Alhambra, Cal., who has passed his eightieth birthday and has spent sixty-three years in the employ of one firm, has signed a contract with the same for twenty-five years longer. Mr. Flaish believes that he is the oldest traveling salesman in the country. During his career he has sold more than 4,000,000 needles.
 Charles L. Freer, Detroit, famous collector of art, is discovered as one of the four owners of the \$1,000,000 treasure of gold, jewelry and gems of Emperor Theodosius of the fourth century, which Prof. Walter Dennison, Saline, Mich., boy, uncovered at Cairo, Egypt, and bought from that country for a mere song.
 One political machine was smashed in the election for commissioners in Jersey City, two machines got representation and the no machine fellows, lacking a majority, can ride or drive either steam rollers.

After the Big Meet

Bonds of Friendship Cemented.
 O'Neill Frontier.
 Every citizen of the metropolis considered himself a committee of one on entertainment and the country editors were feasted and dined like kings. The heavy-weight editors of the metropolitan papers were present and rubbed elbows with the boys from the country and both seemed to enjoy the association. The royal treatment accorded the visitors will do much to cement more closely the bonds of friendship between the country press of Nebraska and the citizens of Omaha.

Poxy for the Ladies.
 Kennard Enterprise.
 In order to tell all about the royal treatment the Omaha people, both Omaha and South Omaha, gave to the visiting editors, it would require more space than we have at this time. When it comes to entertaining the citizens of Omaha are hard to beat. The Omaha ladies won the hearts of every visiting lady by their generous hospitality extended them while in the city, and the entertainment was a round of pleasure from the first session until they said good-bye.

Severely Hitting Spell.
 Loup City Northwestern.
 Omaha just spread itself, and as they had claimed would be, there was scarcely breathing spell between "songas." In fact, the big reception committee would scarcely give the association time to hold its meetings, but wanted even those necessary hours to show the scribes and their most popular side party the good things in store for Omaha. There were so many of the big men and women in Omaha who were on the reception committee that we could no more than generalize them.

The Best Ever Attended.
 Creta Democrat.
 The annual press meet at Omaha June 2, 3 and 4, was in many respects the best we have attended. Much of this was due to the efforts of the Omaha Commercial club, supply houses and business men in both Omahas. The attendance was larger than usual, made up mainly of young men, only a few of the old timers being present. There were 196 editors and ninety of them took their wives, who were given special attention, and enjoyed the round of entertainments very much. It was a pleasure to meet so many people from Omaha and South Omaha who were to play host in the latest, most approved fashion. The twin cities have really become awakened to the fact that they are a part of the great state of Nebraska and dependent upon its products for business and development. We have attended these annual meets the last quarter century and can truly state that at no other meeting have so many courtesies been so graciously extended to the editors and their wives, and more delightful entertainments provided by the hosts, than at Omaha last week.

Editors in Grave Danger.
 Bridgeport News-Blade.
 The News-Blade enjoyed a fraternal call last Tuesday from A. B. Wood of the Gering Courier, who represented the Scott's Bluff County Fair association at the meeting held here that day. Brother Wood's countenance has taken on a sanctimonious expression since he preached that sermon in one of Omaha's fashionable churches a few days ago, and there is grave danger that he may be induced to lay aside the scissors and the paste pot to serve the Lord in the capacity of a preacher, at several thousand per.

Whole-Hearted Cordiality.
 Wood River Herald.
 What impressed the writer most was not so much the entertainment itself as the spirit of the entertainers. The whole-hearted cordiality and good fellowship shown the newspaper boys and their ladies put the business men of Omaha and the newspaper men of Nebraska in mutual accord for labor and unity for a greater Nebraska and a greater Omaha. While South Omaha has smells as well as smiles for the visitors and the system of "milling" the crowds that visit that town is at times almost humorous, yet, the energy, the push, the ambition and the brains displayed by her people in carrying forward their gigantic business enterprises excites one's admiration and makes plain why South Omaha is the second greatest live stock market in the world and why, in a short time she is destined to hold first place. The business men of greater Omaha likewise are bristling with ideas and ambitions to make their city grow and prosper. The question uppermost with them seems to be, "What can we do to make a greater Omaha and a greater Nebraska?"

When Luncheon Tops a Banquet.
 Hastings Tribune.
 It takes South Omaha to put out a "luncheon" that tops most banquets.
A Picture in Peonies.
 Blair Tribune.
 While in Omaha last week the Tribune editor was a guest of Mrs. Victor Rosewater and Mrs. C. C. Rosewater in an automobile drive to interesting parts of the city. On a suburban farm we saw fifteen acres of peonies in bloom and it was a sight which simply intoxicated one with their beauty and fragrance.

Well Repaid for the Visit.
 Curtis Enterprise.
 The members of the association went home feeling well repaid for their visit to Omaha and the princely manner in which they were entertained by the cities of Omaha and South Omaha.

Here and There

Baltimore, Md., will establish a municipal storehouse to care for and issue supplies to city departments.
 Parents who keep their children at home to help in the housework and with the family washing have been warned by Milwaukee authorities that these will not be considered valid excuses for keeping children out of school.
 Arrangements are being made between this government and that of Russia to maintain a wireless telegraph service across the Bering sea. This will complete the girdle of radio-telegraphic communication around the world.
 Louis Eberhart, aged 81, who died at Monongahela township, Greene county, Pennsylvania, spent his life, according to a train, street or steamboat, although he lived a mile and a half from the Monongahela river and the same distance from the Monongahela railroad. A log house was his home.

The Bee's Letter Box

Was It a Partisan Scheme?
 LINCOLN, June 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: Some people have a leaning and liking, in no moderate degree, for blaming and reproving those charged with a fault or failure. It is now generally believed and commonly asserted by the knowing ones that in the McBrien incident a very good sized mare's-nest was discovered and the discoverers are having a fit of laughing at the eggs. The question is being asked and is generally believed that the lecture bureau, supposed to have been promoted or devised by Mr. McBrien, was in reality, a national affair and not a state project, the purpose and intention of which was to educate and instruct in the doctrine and principles of the bull moose party. It is pointed out that a few prominent democrats were given recognition for prudential reasons and a large number of ministers of the gospel were assigned a place on the platform to cover the design and purpose of partisan intention. The absence of any prominent republican or one who favored the republican party appears to give weight to the theory that the lecture bureau was planned to boost the bull moose party. Of course, the scheme failed as all such schemes must fail.

The people have become tired of political boomerangs and political ballyhoos. The democratic party is making a trial and experiment as a reform party and appears to have some very specially well qualified experts in control and if the party should fail, it would be a useless adventure for a new party to attempt to succeed.
 This world is full of trouble. There's little here but woe; And when often sure you have a snap, You're likely to say, "I can't get on."
 GEORGE F. MONAGAN.

The Mathematics of It.
 OMAHA, June 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: I wish you would enlighten us on the mysteries of our water bills. The rate is always quoted by the thousand gallons, but the bill comes made out for cubic feet. Just how many gallons is our water board charging us for when the meter shows 100 cubic feet? An answer will oblige.
 MRS. F. W. J.
 Note: According to information furnished at the water office, you are charged for 100 cubic feet for every 750 gallons used.

War and Savagery.
 OMAHA, June 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: There are certainly some questions that are asked to answer, and some of the perplexities and curiosities that arise in my mind are amusing not only to others, but to myself. Here is one that is something of a riddle to me: "Why will a nation organize and equip an army for the purpose of slaughtering their enemies, and at the same time organize and equip a Red Cross army whose duty it is to keep the wounded enemy from dying if possible?"
 Is it the duty of the soldier to kill the enemy if he can, and it is the duty of the Red Cross doctor or nurse to go over the battlefield as soon as possible and save the lives of both friends and foe. Both the soldier and the doctor are heroes—the one because he is brave in battle and shoots to kill, the other because he undertakes to save the lives of those who are not completely shot to death. Now if two opposing armies can agree on the rules of warfare and come to an understanding concerning the disposition of the dead and wounded, why is it they cannot agree to stack their arms and not fight at all? Now, again, in time of war our soldiers are lauded to the skies by the people. One minister made the statement during the Spanish-American war that he believed every American soldier killed in battle would be taken to heaven regardless of his sins. But what pay does a soldier draw, and what pension does the wounded veteran receive? Not as much as an office boy can earn. A soldier is good enough to wade into a battle and risk his neck for his country, but it has only been recently that the government thought him good enough to have butter for his bread and milk for his coffee, besides all this a soldier is not considered by most people as being good material for a son-in-law. The common soldier in a hero in song and imagination only, his salary is less than that of a street sweeper.
 I wish to call the attention of "C. B. W." to the fact that if my statement about a savage being a savage by nature is not true, it cannot be refuted by reversing it, nor by comparing it to his own statement about the dog having nine legs. That a dog has nine legs is a manifest absurdity to begin with and, of course, nothing can be deduced from it either by logic or otherwise. I said: "A savage is a savage by nature." To reverse this and say, "A civilized man is civilized by nature," of course denies what I said, but that is all it does do; simply a denial. Any one who sees fit to reduce this question to a critical analysis need go no farther than Webster's dictionary to get the common, plain meaning of the words in question. Where savagery ends and civilization begins cannot be known, because the words "savagery" and "civilization" have no absolute meaning but only a relative meaning when compared to each other. The point where instinct ends and reason begins cannot be known for the same reason.
 E. O. M.

Aimed at Omaha
 Beatrice Express: Election Commissioner Moorhead is, having a strenuous time finding men to serve as judges and clerks for the Omaha tornado bond election. He wants 515 honest men and is raking Omaha with a fine tooth comb. Half of the desired number are yet to be found and Mr. Moorhead is in despair. We always knew Omaha was a wicked little town, but supposed there were a few honest codgers left to uphold the morals of the town.
 Kearney Hub: Omaha's city commissioners have adopted a pure advertising ordinance to compel all kinds of advertisers to tell the truth. Why just advertisers? Why not compel everyone to tell the truth about everything?
 Kearney Times: The Omaha Bee says that the Nebraska Retail Liquor Dealers association has passed resolutions ousting all saloonkeepers who get drunk. What about the fellows whom the saloonkeepers make drunk?

Beatrice Express: The Omaha police force is evidently a terror (7) to evil doers. For example, the police court in Omaha was burglarized the other night, the safe broken into and \$25 in money and a gold watch removed from it. The underworld of Omaha keep a better tab on the whereabouts of the police than the force does of them.

CHEERY CHAFF.
 Dentist—Have you been anywhere else? Patient—I went to see the chemist in our village.
 Dentist—And what idiotic advice did he give you?
 Patient—He told me to come and see you, sir!—London Opinion.
 "Since you worked your 'examples so nicely," said the pretty teacher, "I shall give you a kiss."
 "Teacher, I didn't know there was to be a reward," responded the honesturchin. "It's only fair to tell you that my big brother did them same."
 "And how did your graduating class like the talk by that eminent eastern professor?"
 "I guess maybe Johnnie Buggs liked it."
 "Why should Johnnie Buggs like it?"
 "He's just six feet tall. It was over the heads of 't rest of us."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
 "What are you and your wife always quarrelling for? When you married each other it was with the understanding that you were taking the step for better or worse, wasn't it?"
 "Yes, and that's the trouble. My wife keeps complaining that ever since she's been getting the short end of the transaction."
 It was Sunday afternoon and Mabel's little sister, Ruth, aged 4, was seated beside Mabel on the sofa. Presently the little girl asked of Mabel's fiance: "Aren't I your sweetheart, Mr. Bumper?"
 "Well," answered Mr. Bumper, with a fond glance at Mabel, "you're the next thing to it!"

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THE RENTED FARM.
 From E. Dobson in New York Times.
 Today I wandered o'er the farm Near which my early lot was cast, And viewed the changes with alarm, Changes that made the happy past Seem far remote and fading fast.
 The fields, where record what once grew, Are foul with briars and goldenrod, Summ'ers, and ivy. There a few Lean cattle bite the scanty sod— Where corn once ripened, thistles nod.
 Fences are falling, and the sad Old barn which once was filled with sheaves, Where I have played, a little lad, Shows sagging roof with moss-grown eaves— Its driveway choked with weeds and leaves.
 The boys have grown, and left the place, The father sleeps, now, on the Hill; And not one dear, familiar face Of all I knew is left there still. A tenant robs the soil at will.
 The simple, quiet country life Our fathers loved no longer seems to be; Our young whose minds are a-rite With thoughts of vast commercial schemes, Where slender wealth absorbs their dreams.
 Better to base one's hopes upon The sure foundation of the soil, Content to hold, when youth is gone, An humble recompense for toil, Than scheme, and fret for power and spoil.

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