

THE OMAHA SUNDAY 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, \$2.00.
Saturday Bee, one year, \$1.50.
Daily Bee, one year, \$1.00.
Daily Bee, one year, \$1.00.
Daily Bee, one year, \$1.00.

DELIVERED BY CARRIER.
Evening and Sunday, per month, 40c.
Evening, without Sunday, per month, 30c.
Daily Bee, including Sunday, per month, 50c.
Daily Bee, without Sunday, per month, 40c.
Address all complaints of irregularities in deliveries to City Circulation Dept.

REMITTANCE.
Remit by draft, express or postal order, payable to The Bee Publishing Company. Only 3-cent stamps received in payment of small accounts. Personal checks, except on Omaha and eastern exchange, not accepted.

OFFICE.
Omaha—The Bee Building.
South Omaha—215 N. First.
Council Bluffs—14 North Main Street.
Lincoln—36 Little Building.
Chicago—40 Hearst Building.
New York—Room 2012, 236 Fifth Ave.
St. Louis—303 New Bank of Commerce.
Washington—724 Fourteenth St., N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.
Communications relating to news and editorial matter should be addressed Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

SEPTEMBER CIRCULATION.
50,085

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 September, 1913, was 50,085. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.
Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 1st day of October, 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.

Well, they gotta quit kickin' our ball team around now.

Did you hear the bump when the high cost of living dived?

Georgia 'possums even are said to climb higher in these days of lofty meat prices.

Will Boss Howell put it back without a court order? Has he had it? He has. Then he won't.

Ge! Who wouldn't like to hold that king in his hand and three more like him at the same time!

"Bailey a Sam Houston," says a headline. That is a shame. Old Sam is dead and cannot strike back.

At any rate General Huerta is able to say, "The revolution has been suppressed," with a perfectly straight face.

One big advantage in running a railroad on the New Haven order is that it makes it immune from train robbers.

That farewell banquet to the colonel may be only the carefully staged advance agent of another spontaneous popular uprising in 1916.

Kansas City has established a night school of gardening. Its graduates should make no mistakes about planting potatoes in the dark of the moon.

Recalling Barnum's famous "ten-thousand-dollar beauty," that \$7,000 verdict for disfiguring a woman's face does not look so out of proportion.

The man who sings his own praises seldom gets a curtain call.—Atlanta Constitution.

Another slap at somebody without naming him.

Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston is strong for municipal home rule. It's a cinch that if he were mayor of Omaha he would be pulling for the home rule charter.

Never mind, these colleges and universities that are barring the tango will before they know it, be establishing chairs of aesthetic dancing and other fancy dances.

Real royalty with all the panoply furnished by the ancient capitals of Europe would find it hard to outdo the dazzling splendor of King Ak-Sar-Ben's court function.

The king of Greece is said to have given a Paris taxi driver a 5-cent tip and got away safely. But no American sovereign can hand a taxi driver anything like that over here—and get away with it.

Speaking of "submerged" husbands, try to tell off-hand the names of the husbands of the former Miss Helen Gould and Mrs. Grover Cleveland and the fiancée of Miss Wilson. Come, why hesitate?

And to think of it! That a democratic president, with Mr. Bryan in his cabinet as secretary of state, should use a gold pen to sign the tariff bill after silver has been so long the shibboleth of the party.

"Oh, yes, doncherknow, I told Jack I'd just get a cheap hat for the early fall and a better one later, so I got this \$24-thing." And just then Jack passed within hearing, but, good old Jack, he didn't give it away.

Governor Colquitt of Texas, who not long ago served notice that he was displeased with the president's policy in Mexico and would therefore take matters in his own hands, so far as they related to the welfare of Texas, has thus far graciously refrained from starting anything.

Public Service.
The best service rendered to the public is usually placed at our disposal without cost. If compensated in proportion to ability and efficiency at the rate that is paid to hired public officers and employees, this volunteered service would add up to almost incalculable value.

These observations are prompted by what seems to us inadequate appreciation of the brains, time and labor freely given to Omaha by the men in responsible direction of the Ak-Sar-Ben fall festival and by those who are just about to close up their labors in connection with the relief work following the late tornado. Perhaps the two bodies are not exactly of the same class, the one being more or less permanent and the other simply temporary, the one drawing the limelight and passing glory and the other devoid of display and productive of thanklessness, if not complaints. But the point is there, that the best business talent in a live, progressive community is always requisitioned when there is a real job to do, and the response is promptly made out of pure public spirit to promote the general good, in which those who carry the laboring oar share only as do all the rest.

After all, however, as everyone who has ever answered such a call will testify, the consciousness of a higher duty done to the best of one's ability is the real satisfaction that comes from public service.

The Trespasser Problem.

According to reliable statistics, 192,642 persons were killed on railroad property in this country from 1890 to 1912, inclusive; 103,668, or 53.8 per cent, were trespassers, for whose safety the railroads were not directly responsible. In that time 16,932, or 8.8 per cent, of the whole met death in train accidents. Those deaths charged to mischance, or the fault or carelessness of the victim, are numbered at 175,610, or 91.2 per cent of the whole.

The railroads complain that while the public hears much about the 8.8 per cent killed in train accidents, for which the railroads are directly responsible, it hears very little about the other 91.2 per cent, and there is something in that. Apart from that, however, the trespasser problem challenges public attention. It calls for consideration by national and state legislatures, as well as commissions having to do with other forms of railway regulation. The long and short of it is that the time has come to co-operate with the railroads in an effort to abate, if not prevent, this slaughter of men, women and children on the right-of-way of railroads without any business there. The assertion of the roads that alone they are powerless to prevent it ought to be, in the face of the awful toll of life, sufficient to arouse public sentiment. The railroads are exerting faithful and fruitful efforts at great cost for the safety of the lives entrusted to their keeping, and they deserve assistance to protect those not entrusted to their keeping.

Choosing a Vocation.

A book has been written on "Choosing a Vocation," and if it serves no other purpose than to arouse those who read it to the importance of the selecting of a life work it will have justified itself. What choice can be more important unless it be that of choosing a husband or wife? To this age belongs the credit of barking to the call for greater efficiency and to the task of raising each man's efficiency to its highest exponent. But such a thing is not possible unless the man first has found his proper sphere of labor. Haphazard methods seldom produce maximum efficiency. Or, as this author referred to, the late Professor Frank Parsons of Boston, puts it:

If a young man chooses his vocation so that his best abilities and enthusiasms will be united with his daily work, he has laid the foundation of success and happiness. But if his abilities and enthusiasms are separated from his daily work, or do not find in it fair scope and opportunity for exercise and development; if his occupation is merely a means of making a living, and the work he loves to do is side-tracked into the evening hours, or pushed out of his life altogether, he will be only a fraction of the man he ought to be.

Yet how many parents have properly considered the selection of their boys' vocation? "I believe in letting a boy follow the bent of his own talents and choose his own occupation," is a very common expression of parents, who seem to think that as "water seeks its own level" an immature youth will unaided certainly fall into the sphere for which he is most fitted. But the logic of such reasoning does not appear. The parent guides the child through school and all the other preliminaries, so why not into the final and permanent role of his life? Not that one person may fully decide for another what he should do, but wise counsel is helpful and needed.

Between the boy and his parents there ought to be a pretty good idea of the boy's talents, tastes and inclinations, a thorough inventory and reckoning of which are essential in a faithful effort to start one along the right road. Of course, emphasis is no more to be laid on infallibility here than elsewhere, for the average human is not free to see

and admit his own shortcomings, but the general rule as laid down is a mighty good one to follow. At least, it is better than paying no attention whatever to one of the most crucial turns in every career.

The Contribution of the Germans.

The most notable feature of this year's Ak-Sar-Ben festival, according to the consensus of public opinion, was the contribution of the German element of the community in the form of the German day exercises and parade. The magnificent display made illustrates what can be done by well directed effort, enthusiastically supported, along nationality lines in a cosmopolitan city like ours. It takes an occasional reminder of this kind to impress upon us the large and substantial part which our citizens of German ancestry take in all our public activities, but which is not so clearly seen as when massed in a special project, promoted and executed by themselves. Among the admirable traits of the men and women of German descent are their pride in upholding them. Our German friends have set an example, not only to the other so-called foreign elements among us, but to those who like to distinguish themselves as native Americans.

The Man in the Coal Mine.

For eight days people have watched with eager solicitude the progress of rescuing the entombed anthracite coal miner, and now rejoice at his safe delivery. He was a perilous and awful experience, but he displayed a fortitude to match it. It must be a terrible thing to be shut off from help in the dank depths of a coal mine for eight days with only such outside communication as a small tube affords.

But another man lies buried beneath the burden of anthracite coal. He, too, seems hopeless, and he has been entombed for more like eight years than days. What of his peril and fortitude and delivery? What prospect of relief from this mountain of increasing coal prices is there for Mr. Ultimate Consumer? The sound of his muffled voice is heard more often the deeper he sinks. He, too, is hemmed in by a thick wall, the gigantic barrier of trust control. But he tries to keep up courage. Darkness envelops him. He sees only the ray of hope before him, nothing more tangible. Yet, as every now and then a morsel of temporary relief reaches him through the tube, he sends up words of cheer, showing that he still hopes.

How long will it be before some tangible help comes to this other victim of the coal mine?

Going Back to the Spoils System.

"We are servants of the people, the whole people," said Woodrow Wilson in his speech of acceptance. "Some people only smile when you speak of yourself as the servant of the people; it seems to them like affectation or mere demagoguery."

Undoubtedly true, and why? The platform on which Mr. Wilson and his democratic brethren in congress were elevated to office provided, under the caption, "Civil Service Law":

The law pertaining to the civil service should be honestly and rightly enforced, to the end that merit and ability shall be the standard of appointment and promotion rather than service rendered to a political party.

According to Washington dispatches, the democrats are now proposing by amendment to the urgent deficiency appropriation bill to remove from the civil service all of the hundreds of deputy United States marshals and internal revenue collectors and to make them subject to political appointment. It contemplates a direct and undisguised blow at the merit system and a step backward to the spoils scheme in politics, and, of course, merely as the entering wedge to split the whole civil service system.

Is it any wonder that "Some people smile when you speak of yourself as a servant of the people," or that "it seems to them like affectation or mere demagoguery"?

After declaring in his "The New Freedom" that "we shall have to run twice as fast as any rational program I have seen in order to get anywhere," Mr. Wilson asserts: "I am, therefore, forced to be a progressive." Then what will he do with this reactionary policy of his party?

Food Price Variations.

An investigation made by the federal bureau of labor into the prices of food in half a dozen eastern cities discloses a decided variation between them. The cities in the list are Baltimore, Boston, Cleveland, New York, Philadelphia and Washington, and the returns indicate that food prices in Baltimore are decidedly lower than in the other cities, and that Boston, rather than New York, as would naturally be expected, runs highest.

Taking the low quotations for a particular date, sirloin steak could be had in Baltimore for 20 cents a pound, as against 32 cents in Cleveland, 34 cents in New York, 25 cents in Washington, 28 cents in Philadelphia and 33 cents in Boston. For rib roast the low price in Baltimore was 14 cents, as against 22 cents in Boston, and 26 cents in New York and Philadelphia. Eggs selling in

Baltimore and Washington for 24 cents a dozen were commanding 31 cents in Boston and 30 cents in New York. In the one item of butter alone the range in Baltimore, 34 to 42 cents, was higher than in Boston at from 31 to 37 cents.

Without fuller information it would be idle to try to explain the reason for these divergent conditions, which are doubtless repeated as between our own cities of the west. If we were to make a wild guess, however, it would be that the more active competition of Baltimore's public markets is reflected in these food prices, and that possibly Boston grocers and butchers have a closer understanding with one another in which consideration for the consumer is not overruling.

The Gospel of Sanitation.

Our missionaries have borne their gospel beyond the seas "unto the uttermost parts of the earth." In their wake have gone the evangelists of commerce to spread American interests and influence in other lands. And then followed the civil servants with their good news of sanitation, through the instrumentality of which "lands that have lain in darkness" have been lighted with a new hope, new aspiration, new vision of life. American sanitary regulation has made a new country of the Philippines and it alone is sufficient to justify American occupation of the islands. This gospel of cleanliness—which men have classed next to Godliness—has done much for the island Guam, for Hawaii, has revolutionized conditions in Porto Rico, Cuba, and made almost a health resort of the Panamas heretofore known as "the pest hole of the tropics."

Much has been said, in connection with our insular extensions, of the "white man's burden." What better burden could we bear than that of teaching these people the lessons of clean-living and helping to emancipate them from the bondage of disease? Missionaries in China and other oriental countries say that their influence with the natives would amount almost to nothing if they did not combat the filth and disease they find upon entering their fields of labor; that the orientals expect the occidental to know how to help them out of their unwholesome physical conditions as well as administer to their spiritual wants, which are really the very last to be considered by the far easterner. By precept and example our representatives in whatever cause or capacity, then, must teach the people of these lands the redeeming power of sanitary existence.

Call it what they will, the critics of "territorial aggression" beg the question so long as they criticize an influence that accomplishes what ours has, if through no other agency than that of modern sanitation. "Benevolent assimilation," as the lamented President McKinley called it, is indeed an appropriate name for such a system.

The change in administration at Washington has brought no change in the method of conducting Uncle Sam's land lotteries. The theory is that this method conduces to putting the land into the hands of actual settlers, when, as a matter of fact, nine-tenths of those who take out numbers do so the same as if buying a ticket for a grand prize. There must be a better way, but presumably it will not be resorted to until after all the worth-while reservations have been opened.

Don't get the notion that every place in Omaha licensed to sell liquor is selling out of hours. The lid lifters are only a comparatively few who have been deluding themselves with the idea that they can do as they please, and get away with it.

"Surrounded by the leaders of a united democracy," says the dispatch, "President Wilson signed the Underwood-Simpson tariff bill." The Louisiana senators evidently were not present. And how about our own caucus-bucking Nebraskans?

If it was a "solemn moment" when President Wilson reached the point of affixing his signature to the tariff law, it would at least be "awe-inspiring" to have the currency bill brought up to him before the close of the extra session.

Chicago seems to be right up against it in the matter of garbage disposal as a result of letting things go to the last minute. Omaha will be face to face with a like situation next year if we are not more forehanded.

It's really too bad Harry Thaw is detained from witnessing the world series, else he might be headlined to describe the game for some of the yellow journals, along with the actors, ex-preachers and ex-base ball players.

And now the warden says the recalcitrant convict was not punished for refusing to attend religious services, but for general cussedness, including an assault on a fellow prisoner. Still, it was a good story.

How Much?

What will it profit a fellow if what he saves on the cost of living in 1913 he has to hand over to the income tax collector in 1914?

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

OCTOBER 5.

Thirty Years Ago—The grand opening of Crickbark & Co.'s new and enlarged store was the event of the day.

Collector Post has given out the official roster of his office, among which are these names: Deputy collector, H. A. Doud; storekeeper, J. H. Lacy; J. M. Jacobson; assessors, H. F. Willard, E. A. D. Balcombe, D. C. Brooks; clerks, E. M. Hattis, J. D. Evans, C. B. Allen.

A call for the state meeting of the Nebraska Unitarian association is signed by Rev. Enoch Powell of Beatrice as president, and Thomas L. Kimball of Omaha as secretary.

A delightful German was given to Mr. J. W. Backlow at the Millard on the eve of his departure to Santa Fe, participated in by all the young folks of the well set. Those present were: Mr. Will McMillan and Miss Grace Chambers, Mr. Mose Barkalow and Miss George Lyons, Mr. Bob Garbison and Miss Dolle McCormick, Mr. Arthur Remington and Miss Carrie Hams, Mr. Charles McCormick and Miss Lou Hams, Mr. Nate Cray and Miss Eliza Thompkins, Mr. Ware Foster



and Miss Mora Balcombe, Mr. J. C. Sharp and Miss Melis Lehmer, Mr. George Burkhead and Miss Mattie Sharp, Mr. W. E. Annin and Miss Minnie Richardson, Mr. C. E. Beach and Miss Cora Doane, Mr. Newton Barkalow and Miss Nellie Wakeley, Mr. Charles Deuel and Miss Maria Reed, Mr. Jack Carrier and Miss Mary Lake, Mr. Willbur and Miss Phyllis Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Peck, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Redick, Major and Mrs. Furs.

The Hamilton's put on "A Swiss Voyage" at Boyd's and kept the audience convulsed with laughter.

The roller skating rink has opened again in McCrary's block.

Twenty Years Ago—City Treasurer Bollin disposed of most of the short time city bonds, a local purchaser taking \$60 worth.

A reception was tendered Rev. D. D. O'Dell, a new pastor, at 323 Park avenue in the evening. There was a literary, musical and refreshment program.

Judge Walton of the equity division of district court was too ill to be upon the bench.

C. P. Mos returned from the Cherokee Strip country, where he landed a land claim in the government's allotment and entered returning letter in the fall.

Citizens of Omaha flocked to Falconer's grand autumn opening to see the triumph in mercantile enterprise.

J. O. Phillippi of the Missouri Pacific left for Kansas City.

Ex-Policeman Rouser called at The Bee editorial rooms to give his reasons for suddenly resigning from the force. He said he had got tired of baseless persecution from a sergeant. He said this sergeant had come to him on his beat and nagged him and after he left he got to thinking of how "men are treated on the police force, and especially since the A. P. A. outfit has tried to run the force and turned it into a private political machine," so in disgust he decided to quit and retain his manhood and self-respect.

Ten Years Ago—A committee of seventy-five business men, headed by T. J. Mahoney and Euclid Martin, succeeded in prevailing upon the city council to retain the ordinance forbidding the scattering of cards, doggers and circulars on the street, the chief point in which aimed at restricting labor unions.

Rabbi Simon preached an impressive sermon on "The Joy of Living" at Temple Israel on the occasion of the "harvest festival" being celebrated. Overhanging the pulpit was a dense and beautiful bower of fruit, flowers and palms and under this canopy the man of God stood while preaching.

The result in the democratic county primaries had all the earmarks of a victory for Sheriff John Fover over Jailer Tom Flynn for the nomination for sheriff, though the official count had not been made.

Miss Jane Addams of the Hull House, Chicago, gave her lecture, "Newer Ideals of Peace," at First Congregational church. Her address was based upon the life of Count Tolstol, whom she held up as the most conspicuous example of the doctrine of nonresistance and apostle of world peace.

Grace Baptist church announced the receipt at the last Sunday services of pledges aggregating \$2,500 to apply on the church debt, cutting it from \$2,600 to \$1,100.

MUFFLED KNOCKS.

We never want to admit it, but we are all looking for the best of it. Every graduate wastes about a year seeking a position. Then he takes a job. What has become of the old-fashioned horse that used to run away in a city street?

There are only two things in life that require no effort. They are growing old and growing fat.

As a rule the man who says he is wedded to his art has forgotten to get a divorce from poverty.

There never was a married man who had to sit up nights and worry about how to get rid of his money.

In the list of "among those present" at a wedding you can nearly always find the name of the bridegroom.

Every now and then you see a haughty princess who acts as if she just knew that the coarser men had designs upon her, and who expects that some male brute will kidnap her at any moment.

The latest style is a waist with a V-shaped opening in front that runs down almost to the solar plexus and is fringed with lace ruffles. That's the reason the short men have been getting high military heels put on their shoes.

People and Events

The weather man manifested whole-some respect for the king's will in doing his prettiest for Ak-Sar-Ben.

The year's champagne output of France has been pulled down from 7,400 barrels to 6,000. A souper in the normal vintage will develop just as much of a head for less money.

Just as soon as word passed along the line that sauerkraut is a prime promoter of long life, the price of cabbage began to soar. Aeroplanes will be needed presently to reach the necessities of life.

Four young suffragists of the Women's Political Union of New York have decided that the cause can be pushed along more joyfully with the aid of husbands, and are arranging the decorations for the annexation.

King Ak-Sar-Ben XIX, should take warning from the sad fate of his predecessor and distribute his rain where it will do the most good at the right time. Many a royal reputation has been ruined by a dry rain.

Grover Cleveland's 15-year-old son, Richard, with 160 pounds of sturdy flesh, holds up his end as honor pupil in a New England "prep" school, besides being a track athlete and an aspirant for foot ball glory.

Uster county, New York, hands its namesake in Ireland a merry message of fruitful content. Fifteen thousand apple-pickers are now employed in Uster orchards, half as many apple buyers are on hand with the money, and transportation facilities are taxed to carry the fruit to market. Uster is the pencil of the Empire state in August, in September the apple of its eye.

St. Louis points with becoming pride to the unofficial showing of 17,538 taxable incomes, and scoffs at Chicago's record of only 12,000 in a population twice as great. "Where is all Chicago's boasted wealth?" the Missouri metropolis inquires. Wait awhile. When the income tax assessor gets busy, the bashful plates of Chicago will have to make a show-down or go up. The dough is there. Trust Uncle Sam to knead it.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Houston Post: A Virginia minister says twilight is the best time for meditation. We have done some very earnest meditation in the morning when it seemed that the bell boy had concluded to take a week to bring on the ice water.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: A clergyman has been arrested on a charge of stealing a church at Soldier, Idaho, a town evidently founded by a militant pioneer. The only bitterness approaching that of a church fight is a lodge feud or a family row.

Louisville Courier-Journal: "Life is a vale hemmed in by the walls of tradition and the mountains of dogma," says the "New York Herald. Tut, tut. Leave it "Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities" and credit the late Colonel Ingersoll.

New York Times: Presbyterians gave out figures yesterday to prove that they have now attained the largest membership in their history, that their growth last year was the largest in a generation, and that money gifts have kept pace. Their home alms society is now the largest home agency in the world. The largest Presbyterian body, that of the north, has now 1,415,800 members. The increase last year was 25,000.

BLASTS FROM RAM'S HORN.

The farmer who thinks is the one who feeds the world.

The farmer who thinks mixes brains with the seed he sows.

The farmer who thinks never takes any chances with a mule.

The farmer who thinks is the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.

The farmer who thinks is always putting elbow grease on the wheels of the world.

The farmer who thinks is always making unwritten laws that others have to obey.

The man who has a gold brick to sell never wastes his time on the farmer who thinks.

The farmer who thinks turns everything into a school to teach him how to become a better farmer.

The farmer who thinks sees in every weed a fingerboard pointing the way to God's treasure house.

LINES TO A SMILE.

"Alfred," said the sweet young thing, "have you been playing foot ball?"

"Not exactly," said he wearily, "but I tackled your father."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"The church militant, my son, means the church engaged in warfare."

"And are the canons what it fights with?"—Boston Transcript.

Johnny-Tommy Brown's mother makes him go to Sunday school.

Mamma—Why do you say she makes him go?

Johnny—Because he goes—doesn't that prove it?—Puck.

"Any man who will knowingly plead guilty to having an income of \$50,000 a year," averred Uncle Jerry Peebles, taking a fresh chew of tobacco, "ort to be punished for it. Seven per cent ain't none too much to tax 'm, by gum!"—Chicago Tribune.

Doctor—Your daughter, madam, needs rest—absolute rest.

Patent's Mother—But she won't listen to me, doctor.

Doctor—You must appeal to her madam. In the interest of her complexion.—Boston Transcript.

"My husband thinks I'm extravagant and gets mad every time he sees me with new clothes."

"He does?"

"Yes. He never sees me dressing up that he doesn't give me a dressing down."—Baltimore American.

WHEN I GET RICH.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

When I get rich, oh! many things I'll do. For all poor folks whose lives are full of care, Their days, now drear, I'll make so sweet and fair. They'll know no grief, no sorrow, no despair. When I get rich!

When I get rich the friends I love so Shall know no more those weary, tolling hours. I'll light their skies with sunshine, and the showers Will scatter on their pathway fairest flowers. When I get rich!

When you get rich! Those friends you loved so well May not be here, but far beyond the skies. And never know the hidden love that lies Within your heart—ah! foolish, vain surmise. When you get rich!

Wait not till rich, but haste to do it now! Yes, scatter sunshine—dry the falling tear. Light up with hope the darkened heart and cheer. That may be near you—oh, ne'er mind the year. When you get rich!

BUY THE BEST SUNDERLAND'S CERTIFIED COAL EVERY TON A BIG ONE.
"Those Drawers Won't Stick, John."
Luger "Cedar-Line" Dressers and Chiffoniers
Luger Furniture Co. Minneapolis, Minn.