

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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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 December, 1914, was 54,211.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 20 day of January, 1915.
ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Thought for the Day

Selected by Amelia H. Somers

I am sure it is a great mistake, always to know enough to go in when it rains. One may keep dry and dry by such knowledge, but one misses a world of loveliness.—Adeline Knapp.

War is increasingly up in the air in ways other than by aviation.

To sign, or not to sign, the literacy bill—that is President Wilson's big question.

The activity of legislative foundries promises large additions to the statutory scrap pile.

Yes, but will this zero temperature pull down the price of ice next summer to any appreciable degree?

It never rains but it pours, as witness the call on Governor Morehead to make two judicial appointments instead of one.

The steadily shrinking cash balance in the national treasury bears a solemn message of gloom of the "pork hunters" at Washington.

The tendency toward filibustering manifested by senators suggests the urgent need of another neutrality proclamation without teeth.

If Uncle Sam does not get the needed defenses out of the \$101,000,000 carried in the army appropriation bill, why his family will get the money.

In telling the women of this country the proper cut of clothes for spring wear the Chicago Art Fashion league exhibits its nerve without giving the tonic away.

Perhaps it would help annexation to insert a proviso in the law that no one hold a place on the public payroll in Omaha who does not reside within the city limits.

The whip purchase bill is to be a party measure. That means we will have an ocular demonstration of the disciplinary power of the party whip as wielded by King Caucus.

With wheat prices sailing among the clouds, the oppressed of Europe should welcome an invasion by King Corn. His sustaining power is efficiently reduced to a science.

Though a trifle late in breaking into the fracas the Turkish war bulletin editor is not a whit behind his rivals in the number and crushing character of victories announced.

Our most esteemed uplifter of the country, George W. Perkins, tells consumers that the route to prosperity is to buy in bulk. But he shows no disposition to supply the money.

Still, it seems to be violating the proprieties somewhat for any one drawing a salary from the taxpayers of Omaha while living outside of Omaha, to be fomenting sentiment against Greater Omaha consolidation.

The proposal for an \$80,000 hog barn at Lincoln smacks of excessive luxury. But considering the earning power of the hog, he is not entitled to all the modern conveniences and comforts that a grateful people can bestow?

Thirty Years Ago
This Day in Omaha

A contributor to The Bee gives an account of the first wedding celebrated in Omaha, which is said to have occurred on September 18, 1885, when Mr. Thomas A. Dennis and Mary E. Hester were united in marriage by William Leach. Mr. Dennis was at the time owner of a large tract of timber land in Harpers county, Iowa, from which a large portion of the heavy timber used in constructing the immediate portion of the Union Pacific was subsequently obtained. Mr. Dennis had died, but Mrs. Dennis was said at this time to be a resident of Blair.

Rev. Mr. Phillips delivered a third of a series of lectures at St. Philomena's hall on the subject: "A Journey to Rome, or How I Became a Catholic."

The funeral of W. H. Hayes, late assistant night manager of the Western Union here, took place in Chicago, the Omaha Inter-Oceanic sending as their floral offering a yellow carnation the number "60."

The burial service at Boyd's yesterday was a memorial of rare spiritual merit, and was fairly well attended, although it should have been more largely so.

The recent decision of the county clerk that whole-sale liquor dealers must take out a license the same as retailers is creating quite a commotion, but is so well deserved.

Nebraska Presidential Primary Possibilities.

It is commonly believed that Hughes would under no circumstances seek the nomination nor allow the use of his name. In the old convention days it would be possible to nominate him by acclamation and put the thing before him as a completed fact. Since the passage of direct primary laws in so many states, however, it is more difficult to nominate a man without his formal participation. In many of the states the direct primary law requires that no man can be voted for unless he has stated formally in writing that he is a candidate. This, undoubtedly, Hughes would never do. It is conceivable that at the republican convention in 1916 enough favorite sons will turn up with the direct primary nominations of their respective states to create a deadlock, and that one of the deadlock the nomination of Hughes could come. This is, so to speak, the mechanics of the possible nomination of Hughes.

This is what Mark Sullivan says in his political comment department of Collier's discussing Justice Charles E. Hughes as a possibility for the 1916 republican presidential nomination. While Mr. Sullivan's diagnosis may be correct with reference to certain of the direct primary states, it is not true of some of these states, and particularly of Nebraska.

Our Nebraska presidential primary law permits the filing of any name for an expression of preference upon it for either the presidential or vice presidential nomination, and requires nothing more than a petition bearing the signatures of the designated number of electors afflicting with the political party mentioned in the heading. This is the way the names of Roosevelt, Taft, La Follette and of Wilson, Harmon, Clark were placed on our primary ballots in 1912. Nothing in our law even provides expressly for withdrawal of such names after they are filed, although the secretary of state in charge of the makeup of the ballot accepted a construction permitting withdrawals either at the request of the candidate or of the elector who had filed the petition, assuming, of course, that the latter was acting by direction of the person named as the candidate.

It would be quite possible therefore in Nebraska, and in states similarly conditioned, to put the name of Justice Hughes on our presidential primary ballot, and to take a preferential vote upon it, and thus to instruct the convention delegates without any positive action on his part, either announcing his candidacy or accepting a nomination filing. All he would need to do would be to do what Mr. Sullivan intimates to be his attitude—sit still in a receptive mood, and not rock the boat. But this being true, the "nomination mechanism" is quite different from what Mr. Sullivan concludes.

Not Wholly Defenseless.

The setting aside of the rather tiny sum of \$101,000,000 to defray the cost of our military establishment would suggest to the ordinary mind that the United States is not altogether at the mercy of a hostile invader. For weeks, as this big appropriation bill has progressed through the committee and the body of the house at Washington, the country has been disturbed by the clamor of the alarmists, whose noisy appeals have happily not had the effect of stampeding anybody. With amazing inconsistency, these advocates of extended argument denounce the war in Europe and demand that this country prepare for a similar orgy of destruction in almost the same breath.

The United States is not a warfare nation; it has engaged in war only when compelled by influences beyond its control. From the first it has stood as an advocate and example of what may be achieved through the arts of peace, and today has the respect and friendship of all the world. The course of fairness and justice in international intercourse that has established, reasonably may be expected to maintain those conditions. It is well, therefore, that our people devote themselves to the pursuit of their several vocations, and let the people of Europe make the final test of the doctrine of "might makes right."

In any event, we are not likely to be attacked until the affair now in progress over there is concluded, and by that time present day methods and apparatus may be completely succeeded by more efficient weapons or processes. Let us not load up with arms that may be found obsolete when we come to use them. If we must go to war, we should be fitted with the very latest of fighting tools.

What of that "Indisoleuble Link?"

When Mr. Bryan burst into the political firmament his orbit was marked by a coruscating display of oratorical brilliance such as astonished all observers. Brightest of all the rays he then emitted was that which blazoned forth across the field of economics the new "law," that the prices of wheat and silver were inseparably linked, and that a variation in one was marked with equal variation in the other. "Gresham's law" vanished for the time being, and the Bryan dogma took the front and center in "Coin's School of Finance," and the people were taught anew.

Other laws, among them that of supply and demand, were most cavalierly disposed of by the apostles of the new philosophy, but time has again applied the unflinching test. The affinity between wheat and silver has dissolved. On the Omaha market Friday wheat sold at \$1.39, while silver was to be had at less than 49 cents. In other words, the dollar-a-bushel wheat promised has arrived, with the party between the bushel of wheat and the ounce of silver sadly knocked askew. It will take nearly three ounces of silver now to buy as much wheat as one would when Mr. Bryan first blazed forth as the champion and savior of bimetalism, and the country is still prosperous.

Standing by as an innocent spectator, Switzerland gets hammer knocks on both sides and in the middle. Not only is the mountain republic's expenses vastly increased in maintaining a mobilized army on its frontiers, but its trade with neighboring nations is cut to pieces and national revenues reduced to zero. The sole comfort of the situation lies in the fact that the lives of the people are not jeopardized.

Official announcement is made that at 4 p. m. on April 3, the United States will cross the population meridian of 100,000,000. The date assigned for the great event must not be confused with the day before.

With the ballot box stuffers on the run in the south, freight trains kidnapped in the north, and the legislature doing business in the middle, Indiana's place in the sun is conspicuous, if not admirable.

Bryan's Brother Charley

Will Mainstay in American Magazine.

It is the only brother of the honorable secretary of state, but he really is entitled to credit for being considerably more than that. The prominence of Brother William has resulted in keeping Brother Charley somewhat in the political background; but leaders of the democratic persuasion know full well that to him is due in considerable measure the success that has attended the political efforts of Brother William. Himself disinclined to public speech-making, Brother Charley can sit in the quiet of his little office, where he manages the business of the Commonwealth, and gather into his fingers more political wires and strings and things than most men imagine to be in existence. Through an organization built up of devoted followers and supporters of Brother William, Brother Charley keeps in close touch with the rank and file, and in this wise he is able to give Brother William mighty valuable political pointers. There is very little politically that Brother William says or does that is not first talked over with Brother Charley, and all the political advice and counsel that is poured in upon the elder brother is thoroughly investigated and sifted and diagnosed by the junior brother before it is finally passed on by William J. Bryan.

Being always busy with his big public affairs, Brother William has little time for business details, but Brother Charley is right there to look after such things. He took the business management of the Commonwealth from the start, and two years ago he launched a farm paper in connection with the Commonwealth. And for fear that he would have too much leisure time on his hands he bought a big farm and spends considerable time experimenting along agricultural, horticultural and live stock lines.

Brother Charley has never been a delegate to a democratic national convention, but he has missed one since 1896. Not being a delegate his name has never been heard on roll call, but just the same Brother Charley has registered quite often. The Baltimore convention is not such ancient history that men will have difficulty in recalling a certain resolution introduced by Brother William, which resolution hoisted some verbal brickbats in the direction of two or three gentlemen deemed to be "political undesirable" by the now secretary of state. It is generally conceded that the resolution had great bearing on the final outcome of that convention, but only a few know that it was Brother Charley who advised it and practically prepared it.

Brother William is a great orator and a great leader, which statement no one will deny; but it is Brother Charley who knows how to perfect the organization and put the boys in the ranks to working overtime. He is a strong advocate of the eight-hour day for everybody but himself, being able and willing to get forty-eight hours at a stretch when necessary to get things working without undue skipping of cog. His genius for organization work, and his willingness to use it for the benefit of others, is so well known in his home city of Lincoln that he is usually the first one called upon when a big civic task is to be undertaken.

Physically Brother Charley and Brother William look about as much alike as a pebble and a butterbean. The only point of resemblance, personally, is that neither has any hair to speak of on that part of the head usually covered by a hat. Indeed, so bare is Brother Charley's poll that he usually wears a skull cap when he is supposed to be bareheaded. But the two brothers are much alike temperamentally. Both are affable, easily approached and good company in any social gathering. In short, Brother Charley is Brother William's alter ego, and about everything else needful and necessary. He makes all of Brother William's lecture dates, attends to all his business, sees that the insurance premiums are kept up and interrupts a lot of correspondence. He is just as temperate in his habits as his more distinguished brother, using neither tobacco, intoxicants, nor profane language. But he is admittedly one of the best "bottle pool" players in a lively little city whose Commercial club is made up of energetic business men, most of whom find in the so-called "bottle pool" a vent for their luncheon hour enthusiasm.

Charles W. Bryan is leading an active and successful business life; he is, and has been always, closer to his distinguished brother than any other man, and he enjoys every minute of his activity. When he is not active in politics or business or some civic duty, he is enjoying his home life with his wife and his two children.

Twice Told Tales

Wind and Water.

The long-winded member of the debate club had held forth for many minutes past his allotted time, and still showed no signs of exhaustion. Feeling thirsty, he reached out for the water carafe, but found it empty. Motivated to the value to have it filled, he would have proceeded with his speech, but for an interruption.

A member in the back row rose and waved his arms excitedly. "I protest, Mr. Chairman," he said. "I object."

"Protest against what?" asked the chairman.

"Running a windmill with water," was the reply. —Pittsburgh Chronicle-Dispatch.

The Doubles.

Colonel Roosevelt, as all the world knows, shaves every evening before he goes to bed. Apropos of this odd fact, there is a little story.

Before the Outlook office one day a robust man of middle age approached the colonel and said, displaying a row of strong white teeth in a smile:

"Colonel, I'm taken for you everywhere. It's most embarrassing."

Colonel Roosevelt looked the man over keenly, then, with a smile that displayed his own strong, white teeth, he said:

"Well, of all my doubles, you resemble me the most. In fact, if I could stand you up before me every evening, I'd be able to shave by you."—New York Mail.

People and Events

It is explained in behalf of New York that the shirt brigade to outer sunshine.

To give force to his demand for better conditions in the county jail at Piquetteville, Ill., E. L. Ulrich, a influential prince and bank director, has been appointed janitor of both court house and jail, at a salary of \$300 a year. It is up to Ulrich to make good.

The mobilization of the suffrage forces in Indiana is not by an "offensive and defensive alliance" by the behavior of some of the legislature who fear an attack on their liberty at any moment. A group of Indiana allies indicates that they can stop anything that moves.

Whenever Billy Sunday draws a check against his account in Philadelphia or any other sinful town, it is signed by the evangelist and his wife. In disposing of the Lord's tithes, the proportion of his earnings given to the cause, the check bears the signature of "W. A. Sunday, 11 Timothy, 1:12."

Ferdinand P. Barie scores again as the champion affinity artist in the country. His latest sculpture, Miss Elizabeth Hester, lying within, weighing distance of straight-laced Ashbury Park, N. J., gave birth to child, which event started the gossip and caused Barie such pain that he moved himself and family to a less noisy locality. The artist proposes to square himself as soon as wife number three is legally detached.

The January circular of the simplified spelling board fell into the hands of a student at Appleton, Wis., who was so charmed by its touching possibilities that he penned these words to dad: "Please kum along with twenty-five bucks. Ture's in mode of funds." and "dear dad" came across in these single terms: "TU stand for foot ball, trade and dances, but it is the G. O. R. you need in spelling." Probably the letter with other recommendations will appear in the next weekly circular.

The Bee's Letter Box

German-Americans and Their Critics.

OMAHA, Jan. 22.—To the Editor of The Bee: C. F. Weiler says in The Bee's Letter Box: "We want ships that carry the American flag and can go into any port in the world unmolested." But England objects to such a competition and to any interference with its sole possession of the seas. Three miles from any shore England's empire commences. The United States may fret and fume and that is all the good it will do. But should Uncle Sam muster up courage and show only the least signs of force, which is quite impossible with our present secretary of state, England would send out a halfhearted rascal, the Japanese dog, and say: "Cave Canem." By the way, that would be a splendid subject for your cartoonist, Uncle Sam, John Bull and the dog. Mr. Weiler in a communication to Metcalfe's Nebraska argues against the Hitchcock bill. Rather inconsistent is it not? To keep on furnishing England with arms and guns which may at any time be turned against us, Nebraska, contributor in his reply to your recent splendid editorial, "Altogether Unduly Alarmed," wants to know if a German-American can be at one and the same time a citizen of the United States and a subject of the German emperor, saying that an article in the Literary Digest seems to suggest that he can. If the Shelton man will take the trouble to read the oath of allegiance to the United States and read any provision of the United States citizen when he declares his intention to become such, he will find that the applicant thereby renounces all allegiance to any foreign potentate. And as you have said in your editorial, the history of the United States records that German-Americans have ever been faithful to that oath.

The "Call to German-Americans to Organize," upon which the Literary Digest comments, applies merely to organizing against the systematic slander of the pro-British press in this country, and to counteracting the prejudice created by it. That object does not involve the slightest strain upon the loyalty to the United States of citizens of German descent, and even though the provocations on the part of certain German hostile papers and writers is great, Germans need only fair play in their adopted fatherland. For that, however, they will do valiant battle with every lawful means at their command. DR. HERMAN GERHARD.

"It's a Long Way."

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—To the Editor of The Bee: The following is the up-to-date version of "Tipperary," as sung at the annual banquet of the Boston Bar association last month, when William Howard Taft was the principal speaker: "We're a long way from woman suffrage. They're a long way to go. It's a hard road to woman suffrage. What they'd do we do not know. Good bye, both, to woman suffrage. Farewell, Ohio State: We're a long, long way from woman suffrage. And we'll not tempt fate. And while we are saying good-bye don't let us forget Nebraska and Missouri!" MARJORIE DORMAN.

Thanks the Press.

OMAHA, Jan. 22.—To the Editor of The Bee: As chairman of the local committee on arrangements for the Spingarn lecture on "The Test of Democracy," I want to thank you for the liberal space so generously devoted to giving publicity to the lecture and your valuable and appreciated work in helping to get out the large audience which greeted Dr. Spingarn. Every one present, whether he agreed with all Dr. Spingarn said, or not, was impressed with his earnestness, his sincerity and his courage in denouncing glaring injustices, and his eloquent and impassioned plea for fair play. Being jealous of Omaha's reputation, I regret exceedingly that so few of our thoughtful and liberal-minded white citizens were present. We had hoped to have them there in large numbers; for wherever Dr. Spingarn has spoken a large per cent of his audience has been composed of the best white citizens, upon whose help and co-operation we must rely in creating a more just sentiment and a better inter-racial understanding, and the committee felt that Omaha would not fall behind other cities in this regard. Full publicity was given by the press to Dr. Spingarn's visit and for this, on behalf of the committee, I desire to thank you. JOHN ALBERT WILLIAMS.

Oil and Water.

SOUTH OMAHA, Jan. 22.—To the Editor of The Bee: I note in The Bee Senator Bedford's remarks as to the feasibility of an oil pipeline from Wyoming to Omaha. I considered (outside of water power) this to be one of the greatest benefits Omaha could have. About twenty-five years ago J. W. Crane of Arlington, Neb., tried to finance a similar scheme, but for some reason he failed, just as the water power from the Loup and Platte rivers have always failed. If Omaha was half as anxious to put into operation the above, as it is in trying to annex South Omaha, it would be a great deal better, as it now gets all the money made in South Omaha except our revenue. J. G. BLESSING.

Hayseeds in the City.

OMAHA, Jan. 22.—To the Editor of The Bee: It is generally advocated that country roads can't make a living in the city. The test I have made proves the contrary, and I have been asked to give my experience for the profit of some other struggling ribs.

When married, wife and I had an unusual good outlay, given by the old folks—a good team and something like \$300 in machinery and money. We rented a farm at \$4 an acre, and pitched in early and late. Just as the corn ears began to set a hail storm striped them clean, leaving us a rent debt of \$50. We sold what we could pitch along without and started anew next year. The corn was O. K., but the cholera got the hogs, and, all told, I found I had \$150 left, much less than when we started.

I figured that one year more on the farm would wipe me out anyway, so I might as well risk something with less work. I watched the ads in The Omaha Bee and finally found a house that could be bought for its equity, located in a good neighborhood. I bought it and let the rent pay balance on it. While paying out on it I got a job of hauling from 7 a. m. till 3 p. m.—better than 4 a. m. to 10 p. m. on the farm. I was soon able to buy another equity on another house, letting the rent pay out on it. Now I own three fine income properties. In doing this the caution line is buying in a good neighborhood at a good price, rather than cheap property in a poor neighborhood, than have renters give

reference, and see they are not registered on the "howlers" list. I would never go back to the farm, for I make better, with less work and risk, and we have access to school and church. P. O. H.

Editorial Shrapnel

Brooklyn Eagle: In "five months" neutrality Italy has perhaps saved more lives than the earthquake "cock," and, on an average, more valuable lives. That reflection is not insignificant.

Louisville Courier-Journal: A physician who used to tell his 17th patients to go to Europe may be surprised to find the conflict, but the profane "let's run it" may "go to Europe" without having to apologize if India are present.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: For absolute sangfroid commend us to the Hon. A. British officer bears witness that the hens of Flanders, in the midst of the most terrific cannonading, go about their business with the same placidity and close attention that they display in time of peace.

New York World: If Kipling were what Germans call a musician he might produce a war song better than "Tipperary," but he is only a poet, and armies rarely march to the rhythm of verses. Hundreds of thousands of good American troops in civil war days adopted the tune of "John Brown," but they improvised their own words as they went along.

Here and There

The State Grange Patrons of Husbandry will ask the next legislature in New Jersey to appropriate \$50,000 to erect and support a state college for women, the request having been denied at the last legislature.

Rear Admiral Reginald F. Nicholson, recently retired from the navy, is said to be the last active officer on the United States naval list who served in any capacity in the civil war. He was 32 years of age on December 15. At the age of 13, in 1841, he enlisted as messenger on ship commanded by his father, Captain Nicholson, remained to the finish and then returned to his school books. Four years later he won his appointment to Annapolis, graduated with honors in 1849, and worked his way up in the line in the succeeding years. Only one officer with a civil war record is still left in the army, Colonel John L. Clem of the quartermaster's department, who enlisted as a drummer boy the last year of the war and reaches retiring age next fall.

Do you wilt and whine if you fail to win in the manner you think you due? Do you sneer at a man in case that he can.

And does do better than you? Do you take your rebuffs with a knowing grin? Do you laugh though you pull up lanes? Does your faith hold true when the whole world's blue? How are you playing the game? Get into the thick of it—wade in, boys!—Whether your cherished goal: Brings up your will 'til your pulse thrills, And you dare to your very soul! Do something more than make a noise: Let your purpose leap into flame. As you plunge with the cry, "I shall do or die!" Then you will be playing the game.

SAID IN FUN.

"It is a sad now to knit socks for the refugees." "Then it is fashionable to know how to knit?" "Oh, very!" "Hurray! Grandma is in style again!" —Jules.

Willie—Paw, why can't a man serve two masters? Paw—Because the law won't let you have but one wife at a time, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mother—Robbie, I'm ashamed of you. You are the eldest and ought to be an example to Raymond and Archie. Archie—Well, I'll be an example to Ray, but I won't be an example to both of 'em. Ray's got to be it for Archie.—Boston Transcript.

"They are always heaving of their an-cutors." "Yes, from the way they talk you would almost imagine they had selected them themselves."—Detroit Free Press.

"Didn't you see me hold up my hand?" asked the traffic policeman. "I must confess that I did," replied the man who was driving his own car. "Then, why didn't you stop?" "I lost my nerve. I had just spent three-quarters of an hour getting this car to start, and I seemed a shame to lose all that work."—Baltimore American.

Recon—I understand that in many of the Chilean cities women are employed as street car conductors? Reuben—Now, I can understand why men want to crowd the back platforms.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Gee, what did you get at dat house?" "De man of de house was at home. I got a red and green necktie, a smoking jacket, a pair of carpet slippers and a box of Christmas cigars."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"How's the baby?" asked the neighbor of the new father. "Fine!" said the proud parent. "Don't you find that a baby brightens up a household wonderfully?" pursued the friend. "Yes," said the parent, with a sigh. "We have the falling most of the night now."—New York Globe.

PLAYING THE GAME.

Philadelphia Ledger. Life is a game with a glorious prize. If we give and take and build and break, and often it ends in a fight. But he surely wins who honestly tries (Regardless of wealth or fame); He can never despair who plays it fair—How are you playing the game?

Do you wilt and whine if you fail to win in the manner you think you due? Do you sneer at a man in case that he can.

And does do better than you? Do you take your rebuffs with a knowing grin? Do you laugh though you pull up lanes? Does your faith hold true when the whole world's blue? How are you playing the game?

Get into the thick of it—wade in, boys!—Whether your cherished goal: Brings up your will 'til your pulse thrills, And you dare to your very soul! Do something more than make a noise: Let your purpose leap into flame. As you plunge with the cry, "I shall do or die!" Then you will be playing the game.

If You Are Contemplating the Erection of a Building

There are two very important things for you to consider if you expect your building to turn out satisfactory in every way—they are

The Architect and the Building Contractor

The Architect is a specialist in one line. The Contractor is a specialist in another.

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