

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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JUNE CIRCULATION. 57,957 Daily—Sunday 52,877

Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of June, 1916, was 57,957 daily and 52,877 Sunday.

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

To land a land bank for Omaha calls for a strong pull, a long pull and a political pull.

One of the very best things, and one of the hardest to do these days, is to keep your temper.

More discord among the peace advocates: Rev. Aked has handed his resignation to Henry Ford.

Pity the poor weather man! He has to abide the temperature and answer the questions at the same time.

The Nebraska farmer can afford a new automobile this year. Like Cap'n Cuttle, "If anybody kin, he kin."

Hastings vindicated its claims to qualifications as a host to the multitude, not the least of them being its new hotel.

Waiting to hear what ex-Secretary of State Bryan thinks about the purchase of the Danish West Indies and all the inhabitants thereof.

President Wilson says the troops are being kept on the border for war. This may yet cause a revision of the democratic platform.

Queen Wilhelmina has also kept the Dutch out of the war and because of geographical position has had the hardest task of all to maintain neutrality.

Those Jacksonians might have saved their railroad fare, but then they would not have learned the lesson "No use going where you're not wanted."

The ugliness of that Welcome Arch has one redeeming feature—it shines alike for all, regardless of politics, religion, wealth or relative importance or unimportance.

State convention chairmen should by all means have a better understanding with the weather man with reference to the temperature to be furnished for the last Tuesday in July.

The school board that was elected on the issue of reform and retrenchment is asking for the biggest tax levy ever. Some jobs are much easier to criticize than to do differently.

"We commend all our candidates as worthy of support," says the democratic platform. Yes, but several of the candidates have more than once denounced one another as unworthy of support.

If Omaha had a real workhouse, so that a police court sentence meant actual hard labor rather than a rest cure at public expense, the work world hoboos would take good care to go around us.

When it comes to "stalling," both Stecher and Lewis could gain some valuable pointers from certain railroad lawyers wrestling for time against a supreme court order for a viaduct over a dangerous bridge crossing.

At any rate, the Nebraska democrats in convention assembled stopped short of indorsing the gall of their head political oil inspector with his preposterous scheme to perpetuate himself on the payroll by constitutional amendment.

People and Events

A West Virginia woman told the court that she would consent to a divorce if she was permitted to keep the family parrot. Some husbands are born great, others run into a bunch of luck.

The nestor of life insurance boosters in this country is James Townsend of Rosindale, Mass. He is 90 past, still hustling, and puts up a line of insurance talk that unravels a roll as smoothly as a gasoline service station.

The Massachusetts Minimum Wage commission recommends a wage of \$8.75 a week for women employed in clothing factories. The commission found, on investigation, that the cost of living for a self-supporting woman is \$8.98 a week, but omits to say why its conclusion cut under the finding.

In spite of the honors and emoluments of the job, the life of a Chicago alderman gathers a few shadaws. A jury of twelve strong men are asked to punish the better half of an alderman because she hangs her movable ringlets on the back door line and the celebrated lake breeze caresses the strands and wafts a few into the soup tureen of the neighbors.

Two wicked boys, scouting for birds' nests, unexpectedly prevented a social upheaval in high society at Alliance, O. Two yards of hand crocheted lace disappeared from a family line and sleuths and suspicion spotted the neighborhood. The loss was nearing the search warrant stage when the boys discovered the treasure woven into a robin's nest.

A salt sea mariner of the days of the windjammers, Benjamin Doane of Bayoune, N. J., "crossed the bar" on the final voyage at 93. Back in the 40's he breasted the seven seas as a whaler, and had a store of salt water experiences that would fill several books with thrills. From the tiller of the windjammer he passed to the bridge of an Atlantic liner until age put him on shore duty.

Nebraska Republicans in Fighting Trim.

While no battle can be won before it is fought, the significance of the convention just held by Nebraska republicans and the platform they have promulgated lies in the spirit of confident determination for a united and aggressive campaign for party success in November. History cannot be unmade, but the disposition to forget past dissensions and look only forward has brushed aside all petty differences as to details for rallying the forces in a solid column behind the national standard bearers and in support of the principles and policies enunciated by the national party.

Let it be known that Nebraska republicans are thoroughly in accord with the idea of nationalism. They are in step with the march of progress by which effective federal regulation must supersede state regulation of railroads, as against the democratic states' rights policy of divided and multiplied and therefore weak regulation, and so will be the voters of Nebraska when the issue is fully explained and understood.

When a thousand men, from all parts of the state, travel distances up to 300 miles to attend a political convocation without any special business to perform, except as a ratification meeting, it is proof positive of party alertness and vitality. This is much more true when the party happens to be out of power in both state and nation with no "pie counter" brigade responding merely to protect their meal tickets. In Nebraska, then, it applies far more to the republicans than it does to the democrats.

True, over-confidence sometimes threatens disaster as much as does hopeless discouragement, but with the favoring conditions, this state ought to be put back in the republican column by a decisive majority next November and contribute eight Hughes and Fairbanks votes in the electoral college to help redeem the national government from democratic incompetence. That is the message of the convention and the inspiration of the platform.

"Hide and Seek" in the War Game.

English and French warships, standing off and on, just outside the three-mile limit at the entrance to Chesapeake bay, are the "outs" in a pretty game of hide and seek. Captain Koenig and his Deutschland are the "ins," and the captain seems to thoroughly understand the rules of the game. It is on the odd chance of landing a shot and sinking his ship the cruisers wait, and he shows little disposition to disappoint them in their waiting. When he gets good and ready, he will drop down the Pataspac and the game will be on in good earnest. All the chances are in favor of the Deutschland, and it will be marvellous if one of the waiting war dogs gets a glimpse of the submersible, let alone a chance to fire at it. While all this is going on, the people of the United States, regardless of bias, are waiting the outcome, admiring the sportmanship of Captain Koenig, and hoping he'll reach the deep water in safety.

Relying on Their Record.

Only the fondest of infatuation could have actuated the democrats in prefacing the platform adopted at Hastings by a challenge that the record of the party be inspected. In the same breath support is asked for a candidate for president who is running for re-election in direct violation of a pledge made for him by his party at Baltimore four years ago, and which he then accepted.

Nor is the one-term plank of that platform the only one that has been ruthlessly set aside, although the claquers of the party now urge that every promise is "written in the book of deeds," whatever that is. As to the prosperity of the country, think what was the condition two years ago, just before the European war broke out, and by its shipping embargo saved our country from the folly of the Underwood bill. As to Mexico, the president has certainly handled affairs down there with "delicacy." He has kept us out of war, although he has twice sent an armed force into that "friendly" country; but he has an army of 150,000 men on the border now, more than ever assembled by the United States in time of peace. He has "protected" American citizens along the border, as is attested by Columbus, Glen Springs and other places. He has "compelled respect for American citizenship," as will be found by looking up the list of Americans who died in Mexico, victims of bandits; whose property was destroyed, and whose women underwent unspeakable outrage. Other features of the Hastings platform will be considered in due time, but the challenge to scan the record of the party nationally deserves immediate attention.

Good Roads and the Federal Treasury.

Announcement by the Department of Agriculture of the apportionment of the first year's \$5,000,000 of the \$75,000,000 set aside for good roads does not mean that splendid highways are to spring up as magic where the feet of Uncle Sam touch. It does mean that the general government is going to share to some degree in the expense of building good roads. The states will have to share equally out of their own pockets in the cost of construction and accept the responsibility for maintenance. This provision is something of a menace to permanency, for it leaves the roads very much as they are now, under local influences that have not so far been able to produce or maintain efficient highways. The general plan of the highway act is attractive, but it is deficient in that it does not contemplate an oversight that would effectively secure the upkeep of highways once constructed. If some such arrangement is not made the money expended by the federal government will serve no better purpose than that expended by the state, which usually wastes.

Nebraska's quota of the present appropriation is just over 2 per cent. At this ratio the state may draw \$1,500,000 of the total sum set aside. At the limit of expense set by the department, not to exceed \$10,000 a mile, with the state's contribution, it will mean 300 miles of main line highway to be constructed within five years. Not an especially extensive campaign, but a stimulus to action, and a certain incentive to keeping up the work.

Candidates for office will enhance personal safety by heeding the lesson of the Wild West accident. When an experienced horseman proved unequal to the task of riding two horses, the politician who undertakes the job challenges the political coroner.

Specific complaints regarding conditions among the soldiers now assembled on the border are not met by General Bliss' general commendation of what he found. Some lively scandal is certain to be developed as a result of the unprepared mobilization.

TODAY

Thought Nugget for the Day. The tissues of the life to be. We weave with colors all our own. And in the field of destiny. We reap as we have sown. —Anon.

One Year Ago Today in the War.

Austrian airmen dropped a dozen bombs in Verona. Premier Asquith announced total British casualties to July 18 as 330,995. Occupation of a part of the German colony of Kamerun by French reported from Paris. London announced that the British had driven back the Turks in Asiatic Turkey and captured a large amount of war equipment.

This Day in Omaha Thirty Years Ago.

Central Pacific car "San Francisco" has arrived to meet Mrs. Judge Sanderson and family returning from a European tour. Mrs. Sanderson's home-coming will be very sad, for during her absence her husband died suddenly in San Francisco. At a meeting of the finance committee of the Board of Education it was decided to pay the city \$2,000 for the paving and gutting of Davenport, in front of the High school grounds. The Union Pacific road from Thirteenth to Twentieth west is lined by small shanties of all descriptions which have hugged the tracks for years. They are occupied by squatters, and as the ground is now needed by the road an agent is notifying them to vacate the premises within the next thirty days.

The plans for the retaining walls for the court house have been received by the county commissioners from Architect Voss. Bids will be opened August 14. An open air concert was given at 8 p. m. by the U. P. band at Jefferson Square. Ezra Millard and Robert Garlich have left for New York. Mr. Garlich will remain east for a couple of weeks.

The Ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union are circulating a petition to the council to have the saloons closed on Sunday. They have secured a large number of names.

Today in History.

1816—The historic Old South meeting house in Boston was furnished with a new bell. 1830—Revolution commenced in Paris with barricades. 1836—Battle between United States troops and Indians at Ridgely's Mills, Florida. 1841—The United States senate passed a bill for the establishment of a fiscal bank, distributed over the country with power to discount. 1857—Marriage of Archduke Maximilian, brother of the emperor of Austria and future emperor of Mexico, and Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Belgian king. 1866—The first transatlantic cable was completed with the laying of the American end at Heart's Content, Newfoundland. 1870—Empress Eugenie was appointed regent of France during the absence of Napoleon III at the front. 1891—Dominion House of Commons voted down a resolution for unrestricted reciprocity with the United States. 1901—The new battleship Maine was launched at Philadelphia. 1915—First direct wireless communication between Japan and the United States established.

This is the Day We Celebrate.

George W. Hervey, one of the editors of the Twentieth Century Farmer, was born July 27, 1846, at Unionport, O. He is an authority on agriculture and live stock and a member of the State Board of Agriculture. Frank C. Best, real estate man, is just 43 years old today. He was born in Blue Grass, Ia., and has been in business in Omaha since 1903. He represented this county in the legislature of 1907. Prince Oskar, fifth son of the German emperor, born at Potsdam twenty-eight years ago today. Hilaire Belloc, celebrated English statesman and publicist, born forty-six years ago today. Harrison Fisher, well known artist and illustrator, born in Brooklyn forty-one years ago today. Truly A. Shattuck, well known actress and vocalist, born at San Miguel, Cal., forty years ago today.

Where They All Are Now.

Dr. Mattice, who left Omaha twenty years ago, is now practicing medicine in Winnipeg. Mrs. Mary Gerard Andrews, one of the pioneers in the Omaha woman's club, is now a resident of Minneapolis, where she is actively engaged in the suffragist and prohibition movements and other branches of woman's work. T. B. (Buck) McPherson, long active in South Omaha live stock arena, with his family, is living at Thurmont, Md., the ancestral home of the McPhersons. F. J. McShane, sr., father of our sheriff, lives on Long Island, N. Y. J. E. Baum now has his name in the city directory of Philadelphia, but still has financial interests in the various Baum enterprises of Omaha.

Old, But Still Active.

At the age of 85 years Mrs. Amy D. Winship is about to enroll as a student at the University of California. William H. Boble, an 81-year-old negro, plays the role of butler in many prominent motion picture productions. Amelia E. Barr, who recently celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday, is still giving the reading public two novels a year. Emperor Francis Joseph, at the age of 90, is said to be as keen mentally as when he sat on the throne of France, forty-six years ago. Henry Houck, Pennsylvania's 77-year-old secretary of internal affairs, has just bought an automobile and is learning to operate it. Mrs. Russell Sage, almost within sight of her ninetieth milestone, continues to devote several hours daily to work connected with her philanthropies. William Heylens, who was rejected as too old when he tried to enlist in the civil war, recently celebrated his 106th birthday by taking a three-mile walk near his home in western Pennsylvania. Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, who will be 86 next month, rises daily at 4 a. m., and devotes himself almost continuously to affairs of war and state until he retires at 8 o'clock in the evening. Rear Admiral Stephen B. Luce, U. S. N., retired, who had seen nearly ten years of active service before the Mexican war, is one of the conspicuous residents of Newport, R. I., where he is known chiefly as the founder of the Naval War college. Admiral Luce will reach his ninetieth year next March.

Timely Information and Reminders.

Today is Good Roads day in Tennessee. A three-day carnival for which Atlantic City has been making elaborate preparations will be ushered in today with a baby parade. The lands of the Colville Indian reservation, for which 20,000 prospective homesteaders have registered, will be allotted at the public drawing to begin in Spokane, today. A conference of engineers of state institutions in Wisconsin, designed to promote efficiency in their methods of work, is to be opened today at Madison. The fourth-year class at the United States Naval academy, already the largest in the history of the institution, is expected to be increased by at least 100 as a result of a special examination of candidates to be conducted at Annapolis today.

The Bee's Letter Box

Wild West Cruelties to Animals. Omaha, July 26.—To the Editor of The Bee: Printer's ink has been used freely these days for the best interests of the work of the Nebraska Humane society. Permit me to express my thanks for every word.

No longer is Omaha a rural village nor a frontier town. It only follows that with the growth of a city all things must grow. Omaha is not only growing in one way, but in many, and justly is every self-respecting citizen proud. When a pen is lifted to bring to the attention of Omaha people the fact that a step backward, rather than forward, is being taken by the recent visit of a Wild West show—only good can come of it.

Miss Jessie Millard can surely only have the gratitude of the self-respecting public when she asks that there never be a repetition of such another Wild West show in Omaha. Miss Millard does not speak of the show and its brutality from hearsay—she had the "privilege" of seeing a performance in Cheyenne, Wyo., and doubtless is well aware of the facts. Through the untiring efforts of Miss Millard, Mrs. J. De Forest Richards and Mrs. George J. De Forest, the Nebraska Humane society has officially thanked them for a sum amounting to many hundred dollars, which they have personally solicited from the business men of Omaha. It is easy to understand now why a statement from Miss Millard as to the brutality of such a show and its moral effect upon our city. The Humane society is for the purpose of prohibiting cruel treatment to helpless children and animals.

There is bigger thing in the mind of a community than passed amusement of a day. Citizens can only be grateful for a warning word which can make a future bigger and better for its being said. As to the facts regarding the work of some of the members of the Humane society and their efforts to stop the cruelty in the recent show in Omaha: Legal advice was obtained from an attorney who is not a member of the Humane society nor a city official, by a "wonder" member of the society. His advice was to the effect that little aid could be given animals in such cases, owing to the inadequate laws of the state. He suggested the society taking action to better the laws governing cruel treatment to animals in Nebraska.

Only Special Officer J. E. Wheeler, who is being paid \$100 a month by private subscription, attended the Saturday afternoon performance. He has only the authority to print such cases of cruelty to the attention of the executive of the society and the police. Promises had been given by the officers of the Nebraska Humane society to attend in person the first performance that the members might be well informed as to the manner of amusement.

The Wild West show has come and gone. May the citizens of our city join with me in gratitude to the press and Miss Millard for calling the attention of the public to such cruelties, and a wish that amusements of better type may in the future be given to Omaha. HOPE HANCHETT RUTLEDGE.

Omaha Still on Morris Plan Map.

New York, July 25.—To the Editor of The Bee: I find, in your issue of July 18, under the heading "Morris Plan Map Will Not Enter the Omaha," the statement that word has been received "from the promoters of the Morris plan banks in New York that they have decided not to enter the Omaha field."

In justice to the Industrial Finance corporation, which is the promoter of the first fourteen of the fifty companies operating the Morris plan in the United States, I trust that you will see your way to contradicting the above statement, which is calculated to cause the many potential well-wishers of the Morris plan in your city. It is fully intended to organize a Morris plan company in Omaha in the autumn, and we trust we shall continue to have the valued assistance of your paper in doing this.

It may interest you to know that the companies now operating the above plan are lending at the rate of \$1,000,000 a month to persons who otherwise would lack the credit facilities that are within reach of their more fortunate fellow citizens. JOSEPH B. GILDER, Secretary Industrial Finance Corporation.

EDITORIAL SIFTINGS.

Boston Transcript: What was it that democratic postmaster at Pittsburgh wouldn't do, anyhow—solicit campaign contributions?

Washington Post: What with the prevailing heat and the many potential well-wishers of the Morris plan in your city. It is fully intended to organize a Morris plan company in Omaha in the autumn, and we trust we shall continue to have the valued assistance of your paper in doing this.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: A statistician says that women's ankles are much larger than they used to be. But maybe it is only apparently so, as the number of children all he sees below these summer skirts are ankles.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: What with Mexicans telling us to get out, Turks breaking into our consulates and British putting our business firms on the black list, respect for American sovereignty is in a rather bad way just now.

Philadelphia Ledger: These plans for the future disposition of Turkey in Europe, of Asia Minor, of Arabia and the Persian gulf arouse a mild interest; but it will be difficult to become very much excited about them until the war is over.

Louisville Courier-Journal: Speaking of laws to reform trading and put an end to gambling in stocks, the small investor would like to know when there will be a law which will compel the vendor to label stocks, securities or insurances, in accordance with facts.

Springfield Republican: The awful injustice of the tax on copper, which is contained in the pending revenue bill, impresses former Senator Clark of Montana, who is worth at least \$10,000,000 by virtue of his ownership of copper mines. Mr. Clark is sure that the democratic party will commit suicide if its nefarious designs against copper are carried into effect. The other owners of copper mines are also bitterly outraged by the proposed tax.

"WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN."

James Whitcomb Riley. When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock And you hear the kyooock and gobble of the struttin' turkey—

And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens, And the rattle of the rhyolayer as he tipses on the fence: O, it's then the times a feller is a-feelin' With the rain; sun has been used from a night of peaceful rest, As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes to bed at last.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock, There's a somethin' kindo' harty-like about the atmosphere, When the heat of summer's over and the cool fall is here—

Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees, And the hummin' of the hummin' birds and buzzin' of the bees; But the air's so appetizin', and the landscape through the haze—

Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airy summer days, Is a matter that no painter has the color to mock—

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock, The husky, rusty rattle of the tussles of the corn, And the rattle of the tangled leaves, as golden as the corn: The stubble in the furrows—kindo' lone-some-like, but still A-precious' serene to us as the horns they grewed to fill!

The strawstack in the meadow, and the houses in their stables below—the clover overhead— O, sets me heart a cluckin' like the tickin' of a clock, When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

MIRTHFUL REMARKS.

"When my husband proposed to me the poor fellow's voice stuck in his throat." "Then how did you know he was proposing?" "Well, you see, I was afraid that might happen so I had taken lessons in lip reading."—Boston Transcript.

"What is there about betting on horse races that is so bad for the health?" said young Mrs. Brown. "I never heard of anything," answered the visitor. "Didn't you? Every time Charley makes a bet he comes home and says there is something wrong with his system."—Buffalo Courier.

Landlady—That new boarder is either a married man or a widower. Pretty Daughter—Why, ma, he says he is a bachelor. Landlady—Well, I don't believe it. When he opens his pocketbook to pay his board he always turns his back to me.—Indianapolis Star.

Mrs. Flatbush—This carder says, John, that the United States has 65,662 post-offices. Mr. Flatbush—Which reminds me, dear, that I forgot to mail that letter you gave me.—Yorkers Statesman.

ALL THAT WAS MINE.

Edith M. Thomas, in New York Sun. Only one's own in the end shall remain to one. Strive as he may; Other things counted as glory or pain to one. Wander away.

Four the Dark Wine. I will drain it off royally. Smile—even so. How could I guess I would pledge Life thus loyally? Ere I should go!

I have had all that ever belonged to me (None shall have more); Blessings and gifts without number have I throughed to me— Pienal the store.

Yet, like an ingrate I sliighted to host of those Mine by my right— Strangely it suited my pleasure to boast of those Wretched through might!

Powers that I coveted—not the best part of me Went to their profit! Honors I paltered for—all the real heart of me Heating aloof!

Graced these my triumphs? Nothing withheld from me? Though in my train, Imperial thralls—at a breath they rebelled from me— Cast off my chain!

Now, at the end of the day, I know tardily, At that was mine Braces me lovingly, holds me up hardily— Pour the dark wine.

Mrs. Styles—Oh, dear, I want a new street skirt. Mr. Styles—But, wife, you know I'm short just now. "Well, dear, I just want a short skirt."—Yorkers Statesman.

Anxious Mother—I wish you would speak to my son about smoking, bishop. Tell him he won't go to heaven if he persists in it. The Bishop—My dear lady, that arrangement is out of date. I'll warn him that he won't get on the ball team.—Judge.

"Human ingenuity has its limitations." "How now?" "With thousands of soaps on the market, nobody has ever succeeded in perfecting one that a kid likes."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Magistrate—What happened to the prisoner after he had been in the water for half an hour, as you say, clinging to the pier? Policeman—He was very wet, yer honor.—Baltimore American.

"Do you want me to watch your automobile?" asked the boy. "Yes," replied Mr. Chuggins. "And if it

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