

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR.

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OCTOBER CIRCULATION. 53,818 Daily—Sunday 50,252. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of October, 1916, was 53,818 daily, and 50,252 Sunday.

The open door in China is fairly safe so long as borrowed money rolls in.

Cheer up! The rising cost of living beats in vain against the volume and vigor of the foot ball roster.

The high cost of building seems to be no check to Omaha's every-little-while acquisition of another costly high building.

The flock of turkey birds headed for the White House in no manner shadows the radiant joy of a pie counter feast.

Peace leagues and peace talk attract attention here and there, but artillery holds the center of the stage as the big noise-maker.

Food prices are going skyward but there are no signs of the sheriff throwing up his jail-feeding contract for having become profitless.

Peddling false rumors about democratic officeholders rising should be made punishable by law as a misdemeanor, if not as a felony.

With the ice broken by a woman member of congress, what is there to stop President Wilson from having a woman member of his cabinet? Now, ladies, don't all speak at once!

Mr Bryan still insists that the democratic party's chief weakness lies in lack of publicity mediums. He evidently does not count either of Nebraska's self-styled "great democratic dailies."

The Polish kingdom proposition carries the fundamental condition that the natives must fight for it. As things go in Europe these days the price of living is fighting for it, and living on those terms is mighty uncertain.

Suppose the master bakers succeeded in placing an embargo on exports of grain. Fix that supposition firmly in mind, then imagine what would happen to the master bakers when the farmers and elevator men cut loose.

The Chicago Tribune editor remonstrates with The Bee for referring to that paper as a "new recruit in the short ballot movement." We apologize. Recruit or charter member, the Tribune is landing some of the hardest cuts on the long ballot.

Farm machinery, binding twine and laundry bills rub elbows with bread, potatoes, coal and shoe leather on the price escalator. Some day the boosting machinery will encounter the remorseless hammer of the victim and the bargain counter come to its own.

Owing to the press of more important matter the election of president in Cuba escaped notice. This in itself measures great progress. A general election in Cuba without enough shooting to be heard across the straits adds new luster to the gem of the Antilles.

"Stop, look, listen," the revered safety motto, is fittingly emphasized by the state supreme court in a case involving personal injury damages growing out of speeding over railroad crossings. The point which penetrates the windshields is that careless drivers may not capitalize their recklessness in bucking a locomotive.

The Expanded Dry Belt.

The wet and dry map of the United States, recast on November 7, presents a unique study in politico-social phenomena. For the first time since the dry drive began the country has been cut in two and the line of cleavage is clearly marked by white ribbon states, the line bears a distant resemblance to a huge water dipper, its curved handle resting on Puget sound, its heel at the Gulf and the tip of the bowl at Chesapeake bay.

The capture of Nebraska was essential to the union of the paris and explains in some measure the fierceness of attack and defense. It was the chief connecting link between the wet sections of the northeast and southwest and stood as an oasis in the center of converging dry territory. With Nebraska forcibly torn from its ancient moorings the dry traveler may route his water wagon from the shores of the Pacific in Washington or Oregon east through Idaho and Montana, south through the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma, east through Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, and northeast through Tennessee, the Carolinas and the Virginias, without once touching territory profaned by the licensed rum demon.

It was said of General Phil Sheridan after he swept through Shenandoah valley he left the region so clean of life-sustaining food that a crow flying over it had to carry its own rations. In like manner a wet-essaying flight over the expanded dry belt must carry his liquid rations in his grip, unless he has friends at each supply point to "put him wise."

Is Universal Peace a Dream?

A contribution to one of the current magazines upon "The Dream of Universal Peace" carries in its very caption a gentle suggestion that universal peace is nothing but a dream. By any definition, a dream is merely a vision and, at that, a vision which is unreal; and we must all admit that up to the present moment, the idea of universal peace has always been and still is a figment of the imagination—fiction rather than fact.

Universal peace presupposes either extinguishment of the incentive for men to make war upon one another, or incapacity to fight or substitution of peaceful means of settling international differences. Attainment of the first condition is certainly remote, for it is nothing short of the uninterrupted reign of brotherly love. The second condition is embodied in no practicable proposal except that of mutual disarmament and this would have to be concomitant with the third suggestion of the establishment of a world court whose decree would be accepted through the very fertility of resistance.

Little Acts That Make Up Life.

One of The Bee's reporters recounts in his own way several of the little acts of kindness that fell under his notice, deeds of the sort that go unheeded as a rule, but which serve in themselves to meet the cynicism of those whose selfishness leads them to think the world has in it nothing but coldness and gloom. The truth is just the opposite; the world is full of kindness, of thoughtful care for the weak and helpless, and of compassion for those who are unfortunate. Life is full of little things that in themselves do not amount to much, but in the aggregate pile up a splendid record to man's response to the impulse to help. Ambitious efforts are constantly being made for the amelioration of the race, and are widely commented on, but it is the unnumbered deeds of kindness, the unrecorded charities and the simple courtesies that vault not themselves that really smooth the way and more and more make bright the path along which man must tread, and which would be terribly lonesome did everyone walk by himself with no account of the marcher by his side. Great deeds will find the door out, but it is the little things that make up life, and the observant scribe has noted that these trifles show man's natural bent to good.

Emigrants and British Colonies.

The Salvation Army is carrying on an extensive campaign in London, raising funds to assist war victims to migrate to some of the overseas portions of the British empire. This is quite likely to lead to a further test of the bonds that bind the colonies to the mother country. India is, of course, out of the question, for there the conditions of poverty are so much worse than those of England that no comparison can be safely made. Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa remain, but these are new countries, eager for the advent of vigorous and energetic settlers, whose present people will surely resent being treated as "down and out" from England. Indeed, only a few years ago, Canada protested in such an emphatic manner against the practice that the Salvation Army was compelled to desist from "assisting" emigrants from London to the Dominion. Canada has also excluded the Hindu, despite the fact that he is a fellow under the flag on which the sun never sets. Australia has also put up the bar against the Hindu, and South Africa admits him only in limited numbers and under conditions against which even the submerged lower caste of India has rebelled. Moreover, each of the colonies has contributed quite liberally of its manhood to the cost of war in flesh and blood, and will have its own fair quota of disabled to care for when peace is declared. Signs all support the thought that the Salvation Army will find its proposal but little more welcome after the war than it was before, and England, like the other countries, will be forced to make provision at home for the wreckage of battle.

Why Not Everybody Vote by Mail?

This ought to be a good time to take up again the proposal, suggested by the editor of The Bee and later by William Jennings Bryan, by which the ballots for our elections could be distributed and collected by mail and the voter permitted to mark his ballot at home, taking his time for deliberate and intelligent choice. We now use the mails for all sorts of public functions almost as important as voting. We summon jurors, challenge registration and serve numerous notices in this way. The mechanical part of it, a device insuring the integrity of the ballot and at the same time verifying the identity of the voter by his signature, as now, yet saving him the necessity of going to a voting place, is wholly feasible. True, there might still be loopholes for corruption or intimidation, but no more so than under the present system of voting and the penalties for violating the sanctity of the ballot could be made at least as effective for a vote-at-home method as now for the cumbersome voting-booth system.

Neither could the question of comparative expense be serious, though, even if the proposed arrangement cost more, it would be worth the money, and much more, if it rendered it possible for every qualified voter to take part in the election and made the choice the real verdict of all the people.

Getting Back at the Farmer.

Two-dollar wheat, dollar corn and ten-dollar hogs have set the western farmer on a high pedestal of prosperity, from which he is to be thrown down by the farm machinery makers. Notice has already come from the producers of tractors and the like that the buyer of their wares must be prepared to pay more for them next season than ever he did. This is either the completion of the vicious circle, or the working of compensation, just as you care to look at it, but it carries nothing of consolation to the ultimate consumer, out of whose pocket must come the increase, no matter by whom the tax is levied. The "unexampled prosperity" seems now likely to take on the form of a disturbance in price balance which will not again be brought to an equilibrium until somebody has paid well for the spree started when Europe began to bid fancy figures for war supplies. The farmer, being primarily a producer, will be present when the settlement is eventually made.

Views, Reviews and Interviews

WITH THE DEATH of Mrs. Manderson there is none left among us to represent one of Omaha's most distinguished pioneer families. At the funeral my thoughts went back to the days when the Mandersons were in the spotlight in Washington, for no one from Nebraska ever wielded more influence in the senate or maintained better the prestige of the position socially than did Senator Manderson. With the help of his amiable wife, I remember attending one or two of Mrs. Manderson's receptions which were made brilliant by the presence of all the notables of the day then in public life, the general then being president pro tem of the senate as a tribute to his popularity among his colleagues with official precedence over almost everybody outside of the president's cabinet family.

The slender thread upon which big things so often hang is illustrated by one of the turning points in General Manderson's career. Having settled in Canton, Ohio, after the war, he became a candidate in 1866 for the republican congressional nomination against the then incumbent. The fight in the convention was extremely close and exciting and after long-contested balloting some of the ballots being not in his competitor's favor, the nomination by one vote. It is safe to say that had the single delegate jarred loose from his mooring been one to come over to Manderson instead of leaving him, he would have gone to congress from Ohio and would never have taken up his residence in Nebraska at all.

Without wishing to be brash with the president of our Nebraska State Historical society, I have to take exception to the statement given out by my friend John L. Webster, referring to the recent senatorial election, to the effect that "General Charles F. Manderson was the only other senator who won a re-election from this state." We have had several senators from Nebraska who served more than one term, though perhaps not, strictly speaking, "re-elected." Algonson S. Paddock, for example, represented Nebraska in the senate two full terms covering twelve years, although not consecutively, and William V. Allen, after finishing six years, went back again by appointment to fill a vacancy. One of Nebraska's first two senators, however, Chaplain Thomas W. Tipton, was re-elected. He had been elected, along with General John M. Thayer, at the time Nebraska was admitted to statehood, but had drawn the short term of two years, and when that term was concluded was re-elected for a full term. During the last four years of his senatorial service Tipton was a colleague of the father of our present senator. Senator Tipton was succeeded by Senator Paddock, who again succeeded General Van Wyck, who came after him. Even by the most technical use of the word "re-election," therefore, the present instance is not the first, but the second in Nebraska's history.

While reverting to history, let me make a reference to the revised and enlarged edition of Stanwood's "History of the Presidency," which appeared from the press of the well-known Houghton-Mifflin publishing establishment a few weeks ago and which will repay perusal by all interested in our political development. Stanwood's book is the standard work on this subject, giving the results of much detailed and painstaking investigation. This new edition is brought up to date by the addition of a chapter covering the 1912 conventions and campaign which, being a review of such recent current-history, naturally challenges special attention. The author captions this chapter, "The Republican Schism," which emphasizes the fact that President Wilson's election four years ago was brought about only as a result of republican division. His analysis of the contests which preceded the bull moose bolt, for which justification was sought by charging fraud, leads him to render a verdict against those who made this charge. Let me quote Stanwood's exact words:

"As nearly as can be made out, from the somewhat confused reports, there were in all 210 nominally contested seats in the convention of 1,078 members. Of the whole number, 108 were abandoned by the contestants and were not even brought before the national committee. All but two of those abandoned contests were in southern states—twenty-four from Georgia, fourteen from Louisiana, sixteen from Virginia, ten from Florida. The evident purpose was to have as many contests as possible to be ready for contingencies. The committee on credentials passed separately upon the remaining 102 contests and made reports upon them. No less than sixty-two again were from southern states; as to forty of the whole number there was no minority report; the action of the committee and of the convention was unanimous. That leaves sixty-two as the maximum number upon which a grievance seems possible. The committee on credentials presented statements in detail of the evidence and which it made its reports upon those contests. In the cases of thirty-six of them the minority made no contradictory statements, but contented themselves with protests against certain members of the committee. In none of those cases did they dispute the statement upon which the majority reached its decision but in every one they reported that the contestant was entitled to the seat. Of course that does not make it certain that the statements made by the majority members were uniformly true and that the decision was right, but it does create a presumption to that effect. There are now left twenty-six of the total of 210 threatened contests that had substance enough to elicit contradictory statements by the committee members representing the two candidates. Mr. Root had thirty-eight majority over all others in the election of temporary chairmen. If that statement is really contested seats had been awarded to the contestants. Root would still have been elected."

This covers the crux of the situation that led up to the republican schism in 1912. I give this excerpt as showing the deliberate judgment formed long after the heat of the contention by the recognized authority on the history of the presidency and reached by him after a careful effort to get at the truth.

People and Events

Alarm clocks are taking on some of the car shortage scare and going the usual price route. What next?

A Kenosha (Wis.) citizen of Italian vintage hid half a dollar in his mouth. The coin slipped. A doctor recovered the deposit in time to save his life and "pull his leg" for \$100.

General Jacob S. Coxey of Coxey army fame is numbered among the political lame ducks of Ohio. Jake imagined he was just the right caliber for United States senator and hobbled through the race to the finish. Campaign bills for \$1,276.27 are his chief reminders of the run.

"If Hughes is elected I will marry you right away. If he is defeated we'll wait a long, long time." Such was the verbal bet between Miss Martha C. Hanley and Fred C. Dittmar of Washington. Early Tuesday night Martha cheerfully admitted her loss and proceeded to pay the bet. Subsequent returns did not change the result. Both won.

Why bother about varieties of food for jaded tastes? All the dietary people need, if they were wise, is ice cream in copious quantities. An Illinois doctor, formerly connected with the State Board of Health, told a gathering of ice cream makers that their product was the real goods. "A healthy workingman," said the doctor, "needs five pounds of ice cream a day as food. That'll cost 63 cents and give him three square meals." Now, go to it.

TODAY

Thought Nugget for the Day. A commonplace life, we say, and we sigh? But should we sigh as we say? The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky. The moon and the stars are commonplace things. The flower that blooms and the bird that sings. But sad were the world and dark our lot. If the flowers failed and the sun shone not. And God, who sees each separate soul. Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole. —Susan Coolidge.

One Year Ago Today in the War.

"Peaceful blockade" of Greece proclaimed by Allies. Earl Kitchener conferred with General Serrail at Salonica. German aeroplanes bombarded British encampment in Belgium. Italians broke into Austrian lines on Isonzo front, but were ejected, according to Vienna. Four-fifths of Serbia, according to estimate, occupied by the invading armies of Austria, Germany and Bulgaria.

In Omaha Thirty Years Ago.

Mrs. Euclid Martin, a talented amateur, is painting showery weather. Mrs. Patrick treated a number of her lady acquaintances to a sleigh ride. South Omaha is to have a bank of its own. Stock has been taken by a number of well known capitalists.



among whom are the following: William A. Faxton, John A. Croighton, P. E. Her, John McShane and Herman Kountze. The new bank will be known as the Union Stock Yards bank of South Omaha.

The new Philomathean club gave its second party among those present were Misses Mary Beckman, Dora Beckman, Beindorf; Mesdames Tanner and Stewart and Messrs. Lydick, Wakefield, Crane, Connell, Beindorf, Frye and Tanner.

Frank J. Lange was married to Miss Jeannette Gerner, a highly esteemed young lady of Council Bluffs. Mr. Lange is in the employ of the Omaha Savings bank.

The trustees of South Omaha have fixed the license of the saloons there at \$500 each per year. The saloon men are also required to give a \$5,000 bond to comply with the requirements of the terms of their license.

Secretary Nattinger has received a letter from a gentleman in Illinois who wants to know how many carloads of Nebraska corn for seed.

This Day in History.

- 1754—Conclusion of Jay's treaty fixing the eastern boundary of the United States and calling for the surrender of Detroit and other western posts, held by the British. 1831—James A. Garfield, twentieth president of the United States, born in Cuyahoga county, O. Died at Elberon, N. J., September 19, 1881. 1861—Town of Warawa, Mo., discovered by the first white men. 1884—The blockade of Norfolk and Pensacola was raised by proclamation of President Lincoln. 1874—National Woman's Christian Temperance union organized at Cleveland, Ohio. 1889—The first state legislature of North Dakota met at Bismarck. 1891—William J. Florence, celebrated actor, died in Philadelphia. Born in Albany, N. Y., July 26, 1831. 1892—Trainmen of the Lehigh Valley Railroad went on strike. 1898—Don Carlos Buell, noted union commander in the civil war, died at Rockport, Ky. Born near Marietta, O., March 23, 1818. 1899—The house of representatives passed the Cuban reciprocity bill. 1904—Statue of Frederick the Great, presented to the United States by Emperor William, unveiled at the Army War college in Washington.

The Day We Celebrate.

Rev. William A. Sunday, better known as "Billy" Sunday, the evangelist, was born November 19, 1863, at Ames, Ia. It's only a year since he conducted his revival in Omaha and celebrated his last birthday here. Hugh Cutler, paying teller at the United States National bank, is 30 years old today. He was born at Rapid City, S. D., and has been with the bank for five years. Thomas R. Porter, manager Press News association, is 47 years old today. He furnished the Omaha news stories to western papers. Robinson M. Switzer is an Omaha boy celebrating his thirty-first birthday. He is associated with his father in practicing law. Brigadier General Robert K. Evans, U. S. A., retired, born at Jackson, Miss., sixty-four years ago today. Gabriel Hanotaux, the celebrated French statesman and publicist, born sixty-three years ago today. Margaret Mayo, author of a number of successful plays, born in Illinois, thirty-four years ago today. George W. Hinman, president of Marietta college, born at Mount Morris, N. Y., fifty-three years ago today. Joseph R. Capablanca, world-famous chess expert, born in Havana, Cuba, thirty-three years ago today. Everett Scott, shortstop of the Boston American league base ball team, born at Bluffton, Ind., twenty-four years ago today.

Storyette of the Day.

One of the latest stories in regard to the "gentleman ranker" in the British army is reported by the London Tatler. An officer who superintended the receipt of a large and varied stock of stores felt the need of a clerk, and told the sergeant-major to hunt up one from among the men. The sergeant-major could not find a man who "pleaded guilty" to being a clerk, but he eventually singled out a sober looking private and took him before the officer. "Are you a clerk?" demanded the captain. "No, sir," replied the man. "Do you know anything about figures?" asked the captain sourly. "I can do a bit," replied the man modestly. "A bit?" snarled the officer. "Is this the best man you can find?" said he to the sergeant-major. "Well, sir," growled the captain. "I suppose I'll have to put up with him!" Turning to the private he snapped, "What were you in civilian life?" "Professor of mathematics at college, sir," was the reply. Boston Transcript: The political precience of Woodrow Wilson, however, exceeds, and explains his political achievement. "The master politician of the White House" is the title he has earned and won. From first to last he has appealed to the soft side of the American people, and upon that appeal he has carried the day.

CYNICAL REMARKS.

Strangely enough, it takes a mighty dull man to be a bore. Many folks, but it doesn't always speak when it is spoken to. When the world owes a man a living he has a life job as a collector. Don't rest on your laurels unless you are prepared to see them wilt. Give some men a free foot and all they will do with it is kick. Man wants but little here below, but he frequently wants a fresh supply of it. Many a man aspires to be a political leader when even his dog won't follow him. There is plenty of room at the top, but you can't make the small potatoes believe it. A woman has no right to question the love of a husband who is willing to wear the necktie she buys him.—New York Times.

WOMEN'S ACTIVITIES.

An eight-hour day for men and women and a minimum wage of \$5 a day is what Henry Ford is giving in his factories, which is said to be the greatest concession of the century to economics. The Women's Educational and Industrial union of Boston has a bookshop for boys and girls, which must be a very delightful sort of shop for both the children and those who have charge of it and on an imagine how interesting it could be made. Women have begun to make records as hunters already this fall, and two Pennsylvania women have outbarged the men who accompanied them on shooting expeditions recently. Every year the number of women applying for hunters' licenses are more numerous. Nora Connolly, daughter of James Connolly, the Irish martyr, is in this country, and is telling in a very sympathetic way the story of the Easter tragedy in Dublin. She says that many Irish women aided the Irish rebellion and carried cartridges from England concealed in their hats. Women teachers in Philadelphia maintain that they are entitled to the same pay as the men. Last week they sent to the board of education a determined request for the equalization of wages to begin January 1, 1917. At present teachers get from \$40 to \$80 less than men doing the same work. A girl at Byrn Mawr, in the freshman class, will inherit a legacy from her grandfather, provided she is able to cook a course dinner for twelve people and then sit down in a gown made by herself, to eat the dinner. At present teachers get from \$40 to \$80 less than men doing the same work. A girl at Byrn Mawr, in the freshman class, will inherit a legacy from her grandfather, provided she is able to cook a course dinner for twelve people and then sit down in a gown made by herself, to eat the dinner. At present teachers get from \$40 to \$80 less than men doing the same work.

AROUND THE CITIES.

Helela, Mont., reports that bread has gone up to 15 cents a loaf. The uplift lends fresh emphasis to the name. A statistical sharp who dotes on grave figures reports that more people are killed by automobiles in Chicago than by Zeppelins in London. As a measure of safety the St. Joe judge presiding at the trial of the county prosecutor on the charge of murder required from attorneys on both sides a pledge against gun plays. Any person found taking a gun into court will be hustled to the outer air. New York City's traffic court pulled down \$22,991 in fines during October, besides revoking three drivers' licenses and sending twenty-five speed maniacs to prison. The court is steadily speeding up to the law's limit. St. Joe is to give a trout to an open air school, into which will be gathered the anemic children at other schools. The school superintendent reports 181 children, whose health would be benefited, are available for the test. During October the Interborough Rapid Transit company of New York carried 65,580,000 passengers, a 10,000,000 increase over October, last year. The figures support the assertion that Gotham is increasing the pace. Decatur, Ill., wins a place on the map of prayerful righteousness. The local foot ball team opens each scrimmage with prayers for victory. So far the soulful aspirations of the team pulled down an unbroken score of winnings. Salt Lake City's chief of police announces publicly that bunco men trimmed the citizens for \$250,000 during the year and the police couldn't do a thing because laws are ineffective and the victims wouldn't give themselves away in court. Back in Paterson, N. J., the boss barbers hit the striking barbers below the belt by turning their shops into open shave yourself parlors. Several shops of this kind are in successful operation in New York City. Patrons are provided with tools and accessories and do the job without assistance. The barbers take in more money and pay less.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

"Now that women are to go to congress, things will be in a pretty state." "Yes, debates on the fate of the nation will have to be kept waiting while a congresswoman powders her nose."—Baltimore American. "I'm sure that grocer of ours gives us short weight," said he. "No, he doesn't," said ma. "His scales are correct. I weighed myself on them this morning and they showed that I am twenty pounds lighter than I thought I was."—Detroit Free Press. "My wife won't read any out-of-town papers." "Why not?" "Every time she picks one up she reads of a perfectly beautiful house for rent, hundreds of miles away."—Louisville Courier-Journal. "Bluffen poses as a hunter, doesn't he?" "Well, yes, he's always energetic in reaching a conclusion that something ought to be done."—Boston Transcript.

DEAR MR. KABBIBBLE.

MY WIFE ALWAYS WAKES ME AT NIGHT TO TELL ME SHE HEARS BURGLARS IN THE HOUSE, BUT I REFUSE TO GET UP—AM I DOING RIGHT? —PHILIP GIBSON. "YES—BUT DON'T BLAME YOUR WIFE IF THERE IS MONEY MISSING FROM YOUR TROUSERS IN THE MORNING!"

Stranger—seventeen years ago I landed here in your town broke. I struck you for a dollar. I gave it to you and you never turned a request like that down. Citizen (eagerly)—Yes? Stranger—Well, are you still game?—Judge.

"Yes, I am going on the stage." "Well, I hope you succeed in making a name for yourself." "That has already been attended to. I picked a beautiful one out of a romantic novel."—Pittsburgh Post.

"I hear that you got into trouble by using an anonymous communication in your paper," remarked the country-town lawyer. "I did," replied the country-town editor. "But I'm carrying a notice in the next issue that heretofore anonymous communications will not be published unless the writer's name is signed."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution. He didn't know much music. When first he came along. An' all the birds were wonderin' 'Way he didn't sing a song. They primped their feathers in the sun. An' sung their sweetest notes; An' music just come on the run. From all their putty throats! But still that bird was silent. In summer time an' fall; He just set still an' listened. An' he wouldn't sing at all! But one night when them songsters Was tired out an' still, An' the wind stilled down the valley An' 'twent creepin' up the hill; When the stars was all a-tremble In the dreamin' fields of blue, An' the daisy in the darkness Felt the fallin' o' the dew— There comes a sound o' melody No mortal ever heard, An' all the birds seemin' singin' From the throat o' one sweet bird! Then the other birds went sayin' In a lan' too far to call; For there warn't no use in stayin' When one bird could sing for all!

Hot Drinks and "Lunchettes"

We are now serving hot drinks and dainty lunches in our beautiful dining room. Soda water at 15c and Dodge Sta., and Owl's Nest, 16th and Harney Sts. At this time of the year the demand changes with the time of the day. In the morning it's something hot; in the afternoon it's something cold, and you'll find us always ready to serve the most fickle taste at any time.

We are exclusive agents for several nationally known candies.

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