

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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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.

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

The joy-ride-killer is no respecter of persons. International courtesy follows international law to the scrap heap.

A pipe line to Omaha from the Wyoming oil fields is entirely feasible, but it will not build itself.

Molasses catches more flies than vinegar. Why scold folks for not giving to Christmas funds?

On the score of health as much as economy, there is much to commend the movement to boycott cold storage eggs.

Yes, but isn't it rubbing it in a little to put all that fine poultry on exhibition right in the face of Thanksgiving day?

A referendum election costs the taxpayers of Omaha four to five thousand dollars. The taxpayer, however, is a patient animal.

The fathers of Thanksgiving day deserve a pious thought for their tasteful impulse in passing up lame ducks as a holiday delicacy.

No self-appointed charter-tinkering committee yet! And the legislative session only a little more than a month off. What's the matter?

An ordinance imposing severe penalties on the practice of heaving hammers at municipal limousines properly takes precedence under the head of new business.

If Governor Morehead's "poor food inspector" had announced his positive and irrevocable retirement earlier his constitutional amendment might have fared better.

If the kindness of the weather man holds out, that stretch of repavement on our main thoroughfare, which has been kept torn up for two months, may possibly be completed this year.

The notion still persists among the home guard that Great Britain is fighting the world's battle for freedom. The delusion constitutes the most satisfying feature of the campaign thus far.

Congressman Fitzgerald of Brooklyn boldly defies rural lightning in urging an embargo on exports of American grain. His district contains a host of bakers and mighty few farmers.

The London editor protests too much against peace moves in this country. The chief significance of the outburst lies in the tone of lofty patriotism which distinguishes mouth-fighting in war times.

A fashion oracle of the male persuasion in Chicago tells women what cut of garments they will wear next spring. Which suggests that political equality is not the only string in the emancipation fiddle.

"What might have been," the melancholy specter of national folly, haunts Carranza circles. Had the supersensitive first chief co-operated with the American expedition from the start there is hardly a doubt that Villa would have been captured and put out of business. Opportunity called, but folly paid no heed and now pays the price.

Nebraska Press Comment

Neligh Leader: The retail dealers in coal in the cities are certainly putting the crimp in the consumer. While the retail prices of coal in the smaller towns has advanced materially, it has not been nearly so much as the advance in the cities, coal selling in many places having a cheaper freight rate than interior points at higher prices. It is evidently a lot like many of the other increases in prices, simply taking advantage of the general upward trend to squeeze the public.

Aurora Republican: The next election in Nebraska will be simplified to the extent of eliminating two political parties, anyway. The progress has failed to poll 1 per cent of the total vote of the state and are therefore automatically retired from the field. The populists failed to hold a convention and comply with other legal requirements, and they will also be ruled off the ballot. Nebraska is said to have been the last state in which the people's independent party existed. It was the death bed as well as the cradle of populism.

Dakota City Eagle: Some legislator can gain fame and glory by introducing a bill in the coming Nebraska legislature, and see that it becomes a law, providing for relief in our voting system, and especially in the counting of the ballots. A double shift election board seems to be the simplest remedy so far suggested. Let the counting of votes commence soon after the voting commences and then soon after the polls are closed the result can be ascertained without having to wait from two to five days. The cost would be no more than under the present system and the job would not be shunned by high-class persons, which it is advantageous to have fill these positions.

Great Britain's Ungracious Refusal.

The refusal of Great Britain to grant a safe passage to the new Austrian ambassador to the United States is as ungracious as it is uncalled for. Nor is it made any the more bearable because of the pretext on which the action is predicated. To insinuate that the behavior of diplomats of the Teutonic powers is warrant for declining to permit them to visit the countries to which they are accredited is to exhibit incredible animosity. Great Britain has no right to assume that sentiment in the United States is unfavorably affected towards one side by reason of the presence of representatives of the other. If this were so the British are open to the accusation of seeking undue advantage by excluding the ambassador of an enemy. The dismissal of Dr. Dumba should be convincing proof of the sincerity of our government in this regard. Many matters calling for diplomatic action arise between the United States and Austria in which Great Britain has but collateral or remote concern, but these must be delayed to suit the pleasure of the British government. The cause of the Allies will not be helped by this action, nor will John Bull's attitude as guardian of the world be strengthened. It may also be of interest to know if the precedent will be followed when the American ambassador to Germany seeks to return to his post at Berlin.

Speculating on the Senate.

Political dopesters down at Washington are already speculating upon the complexion of the United States senate after two years from now. They call attention to the fact that while the republicans, as a result of the last election, have cut down the democratic majority from sixteen to twelve, they would still have to win seven places on the next round to gain control. It is further explained that of the batch of thirty-two senators to be voted on in 1918 thirteen are republicans and nineteen are democrats, of which twelve are from southern states, so that the republicans would have to hold their own and gain all of the expiring democratic senatorships outside of the south.

On the face of it this looks like an impossible situation, but it is not altogether hopeless, because we sometimes have kaleidoscopic political changes. There is always a fair prospect that we may have more than thirty-two senatorial places to fill for the next following congress. Let it be remembered, too, that we have just chosen two new senators from each of the states of Maine and Indiana. True, this was due to deaths of incumbents, and still it will be the exception, rather than the rule, hereafter, with our direct popular choice of senators, to have an election in which some state does not have to choose two senators at a time.

For republicans to capture the senate may be a long chance, but no more so than most of the political maneuvering to change control of a legislative body, and stranger things have often happened, as our history attests.

Hunger Strike and Food Prices.

Russian prisoners have been known to bring hard-hearted jailors to terms by going on a hunger strike. These are to be imitated by American housewives, who propose to abstain from buying foods on which the price has been inordinately increased. As a protest, this may be spectacular, but its usefulness remains to be established. One holder of stored-up food product calmly defies the public, courts and all to move him from his purpose. He holds the food in storage and tells the consumer if he wants to eat this particular sort of nourishment he must pay the price. Neither attitude is correct. The public should have the benefit of all improved methods for preserving food, that the plenitude of summer may be extended over the lean months of winter, and the owners of the storehouses should have a reasonable profit for their share. This is another place where the authority of the whole people must be exercised, for its outcome does not rest on spasmodic action by a few. A hunger strike is only a protest and not a remedy.

Omaha's Unemployed Nurses.

Ordinarily much sympathy goes out to any unemployed class of workers, but Omaha just now has one division of its army of toilers on the idle list which it is willing to have stay there. The trained nurses set up complaint that the city has become so healthy that they are unable to earn a living at their calling. This is unfortunate for the nurses, but the other inhabitants will try to abide the condition. It is merely bearing out claims for the community, made by The Bee for to these many years, that Omaha ought to be an ideal spot for health. Omaha has the correct combination of salubrious climate, invigorating altitude and intelligent citizenship, under which bodily well-being is an assured condition of life. Here's hoping that nothing like destitution overtakes the nurses, nor that any sudden and urgent demand for their services overwhelms the city.

Work for the Legislature.

When the Nebraska legislature comes together in January it will find plenty of work waiting for it, mostly in the way of making repairs on the output of preceding legislatures. A general demand is heard from all over the state for alteration or improvement of existing laws. This evidence that efforts at regulation have not all worked out as well as had been anticipated is not surprising. Our habit of resorting to the passage of a law to correct some local or temporary condition has led us into a veritable morass of statutory complication. Most of the measures enacted into law by the legislatures have been hastily constructed and not well considered, and so bring confusion rather than relief. It is an inevitable experience of a growing state that its regulatory statutes must not only be elastic, but must also be subject to frequent revision, but in Nebraska following this theory, we have gone to extremes. Much that is now the subject of law might better have been left to the common sense of the people. "Be it enacted" is not a magical formula for the solution of all of man's perplexities.

Will Irwin, war correspondent, just home from the front, predicts two more years of war. Other experienced correspondents predict two, three and even four more years of slaughter. These prophecies of continued woe fail to indicate where the cannon fodder will come from.

If it took even ten street lamps to equal a policeman, the proposed new street lighting contract would be the same as adding 100 men to the force at no additional cost.

Jack London's Own Story as Told Seventeen Years Ago

It would be a fascinating experience, would it not, if you could ask a famous man to tell you something about himself and he accommodatedly complied? Well, that is what we have here from Jack London in the following characteristic and interesting letter written nearly seventeen years ago to M. L. Osborne, associate editor of the National Magazine, who incorporates it in an article in the current issue of that periodical:

Oakland, Cal., March 24, 1900.—My Friend: In reply to yours of March 19, in which you kindly offer to give a review of my book and ask for data. Find herewith a couple of clippings which may be of use to you; also, I shall supplement them where I may imagine it to be essential.

Please do not be led away by the error in one of them relating to my birthplace. I was born in San Francisco and am a Californian by birth as well as residence. I was 24 years old last January. I lived on Californian ranches until my tenth year, when my family removed to Oakland, a city, I believe, now boasting 80,000 inhabitants. By fits and starts I acquired a grammar school education, but rough life always called to me, my whole ancestry was nomadic (its destiny being apparently to multiply and spread over the earth), so at 15, I, too, struck out into the world. I did not run away. My people knew the strain in the blood, so I went with consent. I first went faring amongst the scum marine population of San Francisco bay, where I got down close to the naked facts of life. It was a most adventurous experience, and one (like all the rest) which I have never regretted. I there learned the rudiments of seamanship, handling small craft in the sternest of weather, till, the month I was 17, I was fitted to ship before the mast as an able seaman. Went to Japan, seal-hunting on the Russian side of Behring sea, etc. It was the longest voyage I ever took (seven months); life was too short to admit of more. But I have taken many short ones and have served in divers forecastles, stock-holes, etc., and am at home anywhere.

When I turned 18, having taken an interest in economics and sociology, I went tramping (to the manner born) throughout the United States and Canada. Since then have continued those studies, but in a more conventional and theoretical way. I dabbled at high school, took a brief fling at the state university, but failed to complete my freshman year (not failed from a scholarly standpoint) and hurried away with the first rush into the Klondike. Have mined and camped through the Sierras and other places, etc. Never having been unwise enough to learn a trade, I have worked at all sorts of hard labor.

When in the Klondike my father died and I returned to take charge of the family. Have never been rash enough to put out a sheet anchor in the form of a wife. But when I returned from the Klondike I resolved to make the fight of my life by making my living with my pen. This was precarious, for my assets were nil and my liabilities legion. I was also a beginner, knew nothing of markets, methods of editors, needs or how to furnish those needs. My literary life is thus about 14 months old, during which time I have striven to find myself, from the writing of trilets to blank verse, and from feature articles for yellow journals to really ambitious short stories. Consequently I have turned out a vast deal of hack work. And little ambitious work. Nor have I yet seen so financially situated that I could try anything long.

"The Son of the Wolf," as you discover, is a collection of short stories. These were written to supply a pressing need for cash and were published principally in the Overland Monthly of San Francisco; also in Atlantic Monthly. Then they were collected (nine of them) and submitted successfully to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

These gentlemen will supply you with electro-types of myself, I doubt not, though you may have to ask for them. The Overland Monthly, April (if the article is not delayed), will probably furnish you with further data should you need it. Said article is to be written by Mrs. Ninette Eames, who knows me personally, but I do not know what she intends saying in it. Thanking you for past and present kindnesses, I beg to remain, very sincerely yours, JACK LONDON.

Goose and Turkey

Chicago Tribune

Dinner table conventions, concerning diet as well as manners, are a part of the traditions of a nation. Our conventions are costly as they relate to food, and just now economy and conventions are struggling against each other. American habit demands a turkey on Thanksgiving, and that custom is as firmly fixed as anything that American tradition encourages. The bird not only furnishes noble baked meats, but it comes to the table out of pictures the Americans hold in warm affection, pictures of John Aldens and Priscillas, of resolute men carry bell-mouthed firearms, pictures of deep forests, snow-bound villages, of hearths and great fireplaces.

On Thanksgiving the American family not only roasts a turkey but also makes it an offering to national sentiment—but in the produce markets turkey is offered to the retailer at 30 to 32 cents a pound, and the retailer gets what he can for it. In the same produce markets the retailer is offered geese at 19 to 20 cents a pound. The goose represents a German, and to a less extent an English, idea of joviality. As any fortunate lover of the flesh pots will agree, it is an extremely good bird. It has as many points in its favor as the turkey, and economy suggests that it be substituted for the turkey. It is not a difficult fowl to raise. The turkey is a risk. There is tremendous pressure upon the market for turkeys. The goose market is easy. It is a fine thing to conserve American traditions, even traditions of eating. We have few that are so solid as the turkey, but a tradition which runs up meat and grocery bills and bleeds the family pocketbook needs examination for its real value.

For the sake of tradition, for the sake of the pictures which are in the mind of the American household, even economy might yield a point on Thanksgiving, but why make turkey the essential fowl for Christmas or other memorable days? Then, at least, the goose stands temptingly to appetite as the bird of greater traditions. It is connected with many of the cheerful festivals of Europe. It is a thing of gustatory excellence. And in American markets its price recommends it. Its savor is something to make trenchermen of dyspeptics.

People and Events

St. Paul restaurant men are boosting a nationwide movement to hit the egg trust by refusing to serve eggs. Where there's a will there's a way to fight back.

Boom towns are springing up along the new government railroad line in Alaska. A real estate boom in that section dispenses with the strain of digging through frozen ground for "pay dirt."

Sing Sing prison has the smallest number of guests it has had in many years. The noted involuntary retreat seems to have lost social standing since T. Mott Osborn quit the job.

Back in little old New York an addition of \$1 to the price of coal mounted to \$5 a ton when passed to the consumer buying by the palful. Wonderful how a rise in price gathers volume as it slips along.

A social survey at Gary, Ind., found a girl earning \$6 a week who had just finished paying for a \$22.50 pair of up-to-date boots at the rate of \$1 a week. The girl's ambition matched the reach of the shoeman.

TODAY

Thought Nugget for the Day.

We ought not to look back, unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors, and for the purpose of avoiding by dear-bought experience.—George Washington.

One Year Ago Today in the War.

Allies pressed Dardanelles attack by land and sea. Earl Kitchener held council with war chiefs at Paris. Snow prevented fighting on Allied front in Serbia. German emperor attended war council in Vienna. Paris reported gains for the French north of "the labyrinth."

In Omaha Thirty Years Ago.

President Meyer of the Board of Trade selected the following gentlemen to present the claims of Omaha in regard to the removing of the Indiana monument from New York: H. W. Yates, H. Kountze, Guy C. Barnton, Joseph Garneau, Jr., Max Meyer, G. L. Miller, J. E. Boyd and John A. McShane.

McShane was held to receive the newly-organized Hillside Congregational church into full fellowship. The Congregational pastors of the city and several from abroad were present. Among the visitors was Dr. G. W. Crofts, pastor of the Congregational church of Council Bluffs.

An expressman named Carlyle, while accommodating a poor family by moving their household goods for



them, fell and broke his leg. He was taken to his home on Pacific street and the fracture was reduced by Dr. Darrow.

While Gus Horst, who lives near Florence lake, was leading a horse to war, it became frightened and jumped upon Mr. Horst, knocking him down and tramping upon his head and face. Dr. Carpenter, assistant Union Pacific surgeon, was called to attend to Horst's injuries.

J. Sterling Morton smilingly made his appearance in the rotunda of the Paxton, his diamond and onyx rings flashing from the middle finger of his left hand and an oval cameo encased in twisted gold reposing upon his ample scarf.

San Jones gave it as his opinion that the increase in the membership of the churches, caused by his revival, would be about 500, while he felt that 1,000 would be so affected as to become active workers who had heretofore lain dormant.

This Day in History.

1814—A party of British raiders several towns and villages along the Rappahannock river in Virginia.

1816—Morrison R. Waite, for fifteen years chief justice of the supreme court of the United States, born at Lyme, Conn. Died in Washington, D. C., March 23, 1888.

1864—General Hood attacked the federals at Spring Hill, without decisive results.

1872—Horace Greeley, famous journalist and presidential candidate, died at Pleasantville, N. Y. Born at Amherst, N. H., February 3, 1811.

1879—Marriage of King Alfonso XIII of Spain and Archduchess Maria Christina of Austria.

1881—Missouri river improvement convention met at St. Joseph, with four states and two territories represented.

1884—Captain David L. Payne, famous leader of Oklahoma boomers, died at Wellington, Kan.

1891—The Cherokee Council agreed with the United States commissioners to sell the Cherokee strip for \$5,700,000.

1898—The steamer Portland, bound from Boston to Portland, Me., foundered in a gale off Cape Cod, with a loss of 113 lives.

1904—Fanny Janauschek, famous actress, died at Amityville, N. Y. Born at Prague, Bohemia, May 10, 1827.

The Day We Celebrate.

R. W. Gardner, in charge of the Omaha branch of the Elevator company, of which he is vice president, is just 48 years old. He was born in Dearborn, Mich., coming here from Chicago.

William G. Lee, president of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, and one of the leaders in the fight for the eight-hour day, born at La Prairie, Ill., fifty-seven years ago today.

Dr. Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg, German imperial chancellor, born in the province of Brandenburg, sixty years ago today.

Miss Ellen C. Sabin, for twenty-five years president of Stowaken-Dorner clubs, born in Dane county, Wis., sixty-six years ago today.

Trixie Friganza, one of the well known actresses of the American stage, born in Cincinnati, forty-six years ago today.

Joseph E. Davies, chairman of the Federal Trade commission, born at Watertown, Wis., forty years ago today.

Edwin P. Morrow, Kentucky republican leader and candidate for governor in 1915, born at Somerset, Ky., thirty-eight years ago today.

Carl E. Wellman, pitcher of the St. Louis American league baseball team, born at Hamilton, O., twenty-seven years ago today.

Timely Jottings and Reminders.

The first savings bank in the United States was organized in New York City 100 years ago today, but the first to go into actual operation opened its doors in Philadelphia five days later. Today is the centennial anniversary of the birth of Morrison R. Waite, chief justice of the supreme court of the United States from 1874 until his death in 1888.

Jesse Pomeroy, who has passed forty years in solitary confinement in the Massachusetts state prison under life sentence for the diabolical murder of little children, reaches his fifty-seventh birthday anniversary today. A strike of waiters and cooks employed in Boston hotels and restaurants is possible Thanksgiving morning if the demand of the employees, calling for a wage advance, is not granted at today's conference with the employers.

The federal committee on arms plants is to meet in Washington today to consider the advisability of the government manufacturing its own arms, instead of purchasing them from private manufacturers.

Storyette of the Day.

Samson snored peacefully while Deilah snipped at his locks. "Do you want it cut round or square on the neck?" she asked. No answer. "Would you like a seafoam or shampoo?" No reply. "Hair is getting a trifle thin on top. Would you like a little tonic?" Silence. "Have your whiskers trimmed?" More silence.

Next! Wherupon Samson climbed out of the chair, gazed into a mirror, then rushed into the street and pulled down a temple.—Indianapolis Star.

The Bee's Letter Box

Cocktails and Turkey.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 28.—To the Editor of The Bee: "I say, why do you omit the cherry in this Manhattan cocktail?" was the query put to the genial and economical waiter in one of the popular restaurants in this city last night by a reputable clever young civil engineer.

"We can't afford that now with the prices of everything advanced," was the reply. "We must have 20 cents straight for that Manhattan cocktail without cherries. All farm products cost more now than formerly and before the war."

The engineer man and his partner drank the stuff in silence and left the place, vowing never to return, and wondering what next would happen in the "high cost of living" game.

The president of the United States raised the wages of a few railroad laborers and promised the railroad presidents to use his best efforts to secure an advance of \$100,000,000 annually in freight rates, and for all these blessings showered on these men by Mr. Wilson they will renew their thanks to Woodrow and a kind providence next Thursday while eating their 33 to 40-cent-per-pound turkey that they have been enabled to buy at the expense of the rest of the unfortunate consumers not engaged in the railroad or farming business.

It is said the president will oppose Congressman Fitzgerald's embargo bill for foodstuffs in the interest of the farmers, who in solemn council at Washington this week protested against embargo legislation and lower prices for farm products.

At Baltimore on the same day the official representatives of American workmen asked for an embargo and cheaper food for their children. Woodrow Wilson, with his railroad supporters and farmer friends, will feast and thank the noble eating turkey—the American bird—while the rest of "humanity," especially in Chicago, where it is so strenuously being suggested that they eat goose and try and give thanks for their bounteous "privilege" and higher cost of living than is being enjoyed in London or Berlin; the result of the November election, and the goose, the bird that is held in such high esteem in Germany. OLD VETERAN.

Mistake Cheerfully Corrected.

Kearney, Neb., Nov. 27.—To the Editor of The Bee: When you published the political standing of the officers in the different counties you have me as sheriff of Burleigh county as a democrat, which is a mistake, as I am a republican and always have been. S. B. PUNK.

Fair Play for Christian Science.

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 28.—To the Editor of The Bee: A writer in a sectarian paper that circulates among your readers criticizes a Christian Scientist for making a distinction between a physician and a surgeon and suggests that God intended "man should profit by the skill of physicians and surgeons, else he never would have given man the mental capacity to do some of the miracles of modern surgery."

The underlying mistake of this writer, shared by a great many people, is in thinking that Christian Scientists have some kind of a warfare against physicians.

The most casual observer will have noted that whatever activities Christian Scientists have shown in legislation, litigation of publicity, and we will admit not often having been wise as the switch of the never has been one step taken seeking to curtail the right of the physician to practice his profession or the freedom of the citizen to select the healing method of his choice.

Christian Scientists appeal to the legislatures and to the courts only for the purpose of obtaining the same freedom—freedom to practice and freedom to select Christian Science. The medical fraternity through the specious argument of protecting the public against itself, has invoked legislatures and the courts to deny to the citizen this freedom of choice.

This system of curtailment appears in two forms—one to make unlawful the practice of Christian Science and the other, by a brood of bills presented and to be presented to the legislatures of his choice states, relating to insurance, compensation acts, medical inspection and a number of others not yet fully incubated, by which the citizen will not be entitled to his contractual rights, his remedy for injuries sustained, insurance, educational advantages for his children and so on, unless he has in some form come in contact with a physician as defined and limited by the act itself.

It is needless to say that Christian Science and a number of other schools are without the pale in these proposals and so fast as legislatures are induced to see the merits of these measures and overlook their relation to the practice of medicine just so fast will the citizen be harnessed to the regu-

lar school of medicine whether he will or not. It is not fair. It is not open competition.

Publicity will destroy the effort, and Christian Science, if it has done nothing to earn the right to a fair field and it ought not to be compelled to fight this battle for publicity. It should come from fair-minded, liberty-loving citizens, no matter what their attitude toward Christian Science may be. CARL E. HERRING.

Foolishness in the Schools.

Omaha, Nov. 28.—To the Editor of The Bee: I went down to the Auditorium to Jerry Howard's banquet the other night and there were many good things said there. One that interested me was that the doctor said about the school teachers' pay. I agree with him they should have all that can possibly be given them. They certainly work hard enough for it, having from twenty-five to thirty or more of other people's spoiled kids to look after for from five and a half to six hours a day. But there is one thing I would like to see done and that is all the foolishness cut out of the schools. Now my little girl, who is in the eighth grade, has spent several hours these last ten days sticking the end of a spoon into liquid paint and putting it on a piece of paper, and like foolishness, time that should have been spent in learning something that will be of use to her in after life.

The doctor spoke of a technical high school, after they had finished the high school. Now a great many people are unable to send their children through the high school and the most that they can plan for is one year in high school. Would it not be a better plan to have a school where the children are taught only the things that will be useful to them in the future in the way of studies? My plan would be to have a school where they came to school at 9 o'clock; at 10:30 they would all be turned out to run around in the fresh air for ten or fifteen minutes, and then home at 12 o'clock, the same plan being carried out in the afternoon, the time being taken up with studies such as I had when I went to school—arithmetic, geography, grammar, spelling and reading.

As it looks to me now children in the eighth grade are wasting a great deal of their time on kindergarten work. I have often wished there was some public school in Omaha that would teach only the useful things where I could put my children. It seems to me there would be a great demand for entrance to such a school.

A DISCOURAGED PARENT.

MIRTHFUL REMARKS. "Jim always manages to say the wrong thing."

"What's he been saying now?" "When he saw Smith under his auto, which had turned turtle, he laughed and said, 'Well, Jim, this is a horse on you.'—Baltimore American.

Mother (coming from pantry)—Robert, did you pick all the white meat off this chicken?" "No, Ma."

Bob—Well, Ma, to make a clean breast of it, I did.—Boston Transcript.

DEAR MR. KARRIBBLE, DO YOU THINK MY INTENDED FATHER IN LAW WILL BE PLEASED IF I HAND HIM A "TWO FOR A QUARTER" CIGAR?—ABE NATHANSON

YESTER, BUT NEVER MAKE A MISTAKE—ALWAYS HAND HIM THE TWENTY CENT ONE!

Mrs. Comler (on a tour of inspection in her friend's home)—Gracious! Why do you have such a high bed for your little boy? Mrs. Houser—So we can hear him if he falls out. You have no idea what heavy sleepers my husband and I are.—Chicago News.

"What will we do for light? Here's the current gone and the gas turned off. If we only had some candles." Mrs. Well—I'd like to lend us those taper fingers she makes so much fuss over.—Baltimore American.

THE AUTUMN FESTIVAL.

Edith M. Thomas. I found one flower of heavenly blue upon a sunny autumn course. "What bloom art thou, that wakest now, on verge of days forlorn, No longer in the world, we can hear thee!" Then, spirit-eyed, the flower replied: "I am the plant of Thankfulness, I bloom when all the fields be shorn."

I heard one last sweet song on wing— "What bird art thou, when windings miss The chorus once their own— Dismantled by the tempest's stress?" I found one note of cheerfulness in it: "I am the song of Thankfulness, 'So true when other songs be flown."

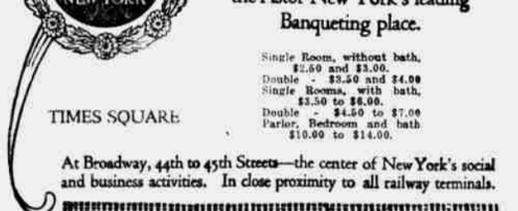
Thanksgiving comes in autumn! Aye, Thou heart within my breast: "Well, well, glad days thy joys told— Yet one intuitive, the real: Though Loss and Age upon the press, One inward joy naught can destroy: 'T is the Joy of Thankfulness, It flowers— it sings— it makes thee blest!"

621 Residents of Nebraska

registered at Hotel Astor during the past year.

1000 Rooms. 700 with Bath.

A cuisine which has made the Astor New York's leading Banqueting place.



At Broadway, 44th to 45th Streets—the center of New York's social and business activities. In close proximity to all railway terminals.

Advertisement for Safeguard Your Goods, Fireproof Storage, and Prescription Service. Includes text about fireproof storage, safety first, and SHERMAN & McCONNELL DRUG COMPANY.