

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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NOVEMBER CIRCULATION. 55,483 Daily—Sunday 50,037. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, deposes that the average circulation for the month of November, 1916, was 55,483 daily, and 50,037 Sunday.

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As a model good fellow the stock yards Santa Claus heads the class. Observe how quickly peace propositions reduce the gas in speculative balloons.

The specter of bankruptcy ranks foremost among the forces of war pressing for a quick finish. A kindly fate spared Carmen Sylva the spectacle of her country paying the price of a disastrous war dance.

Oil is going up, wheat coming down. The ups and downs of rival monarchs fail to shake the lofty serenity of King Coal.

Prospects of a shake-up in the Washington cabinet grow more remote as the days pass. However, London, Paris and Petrograd furnish all needed excitement in that line.

Three Balkan kings have been put out of business this year. Food and fuel monarchs in this country challenge a like fate. The road roller of public indignation, once started, flattens all before it.

German efficiency is largely responsible for the overthrow of the Asquith ministry. Prime Minister George recognizes the service by incorporating in his platform several planks "made in Germany."

In times of stress a democracy submits to modified dictatorship as readily as an autocracy. The stake of national life overshadows all else and justifies measures which are impossible in normal times.

Major General Funston shows considerable strategy in flanking a theological discussion and in avoiding a pulp delivery. Still, he must be credited with putting out entertaining and instructive Sunday reading.

Major General Goethals sounds the true note of national progress in three words: "America for Americans." The more vitality put into it by our acts the greater will be national unity, patriotism, self-respect and advancement.

Intimations are out from official sources that Christmas offerings to the amount of \$200,000 would be welcomed at the democratic national committee headquarters. A copious contribution box at the pie counter seems to be in order.

The revival of the custom of presidential confabs with Washington correspondents suggests among other things a merging of political peace with the tonic qualities of the season's good will. Four years more is a rare brand of democratic exhilaration.

It is difficult to reconcile the wealth-making possibilities of the drug business with the Assman theory that sidelines are needed to make ends meet. Until the contrary is shown it is preferable to believe that close confinement spurred the desire for outdoor exercise. Easy money was incidental.

Some time must elapse before the inner significance of the allied shake-up becomes apparent. Dissatisfaction with the progress of the campaign is the main cause, but the fact that the change embraces military as well as political management portends the scrapping of campaign methods hitherto pursued. Their development whets the interest of jaded neutrals.

"I Have Lived" Chicago Herald. Now and then, above the clang and clamor of the world's discontent, rises a refreshing note of human gratitude and gladness. Such a note is sounded by the Rev. Joseph Anthony Milburn, a Chicago clergyman, in the autumnal "philosophy of life" called "Everyman's World."

"My sun has passed the meridian," says this genial elder, "and is moving with rhythmic and deliberate stride toward the western horizon, beyond which lies the alluring world of mystery and wonder."

"As I look back over the years I feel that I should say a liturgy of thanksgiving to Fortune for the lavishness of her bounty toward me. She has not always consulted my to be more a Stoic than a Sybarite in her manners and methods. She has made me pay with a sufficient liberality for the many felicities I have enjoyed through the grace of her favor. In the things of lesser importance the mysterious providence that rules over the affairs of men has been frugal with me; but I have been blessed beyond measure in the one treasure of priceless significance, the treasure of life. I have lived!"

Not a bad saying that, for those still in the thick of the fight, still seeking fortune's favors, to remember. The point of view alters all possible perspectives; things seen in the retrospect seem different indeed from the same objects under advance or even contemporaneous consideration. Mr. Milburn has not found life's pilgrimage too easy or luxurious. Indubitably he has known periods of doubt, distress, discouragement, depression. But now, from the western slope, he recalls mainly life's general sweetness and splendor. The burden of his sunset song is less a Nunc Dimittis than a psalm—"I have lived!"

Germany's Proffer of Peace.

Until the exact nature of the terms on which Germany and its allies, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey, proffer peace to the Entente Allies, discussion of the situation must be much in the nature of speculation. That such an offer can be made in good faith is surely an encouraging sign. In each of the several countries now engaged in war statements have been made by high government officials of terms and conditions on which peace would be acceptable, but of such manifestly impossible character as to leave some doubt as to the exact purpose of the speakers. If the present proposal contains anything on which honorable and lasting peace may be predicated, it is the most acceptable Christmas gift that could be made to a distracted world. Nothing will be gained for the moment by analytical discussion of Germany's motive or position; the nature of the terms offered is the point on which action must turn.

Under the Propped Up Ceiling. Appropriations must originate in the lower house of the legislature, and as this body sits under the propped up ceiling of its chamber its members will have ever-present incentive to work out ways and means for providing the state with a new capitol building. Sentiment is very general in favor of such a proceeding just now, the people finally having awakened to the inadequacy as well as the insecurity of the antiquated building now doing duty as a statehouse at Lincoln. The Bee has advocated action on this line for several years, and herewith renews one of its suggestions. That is that the new statehouse be made part of a comprehensive plan for arrangement of public buildings at Lincoln, so that the whole will form a center of architectural beauty of which the people will be forever proud. This plan may be worked out in detail and carried into effect by graduated steps, but so devised that in time the several buildings of state, county and city government will unite with those of the university in forming an harmonious group in which the importance of the state as typified by its capital city will find proper expression. This plan does not contemplate any extravagant expenditure of money, but should provide for economy, both in construction and maintenance. Action is imperative in the matter of the statehouse, but wisdom should prevail in any move that will be made.

Fewer Laws—More Enforcement.

The Nebraska laws (on the subject of campaign funds and expenditures) are undoubtedly violated or evaded in some instances. It sometimes looks as if the federal laws lay lightly upon those subject to them. Must we have election "wardens" to keep campaign funds and practices within bounds?—Lincoln Journal.

Laws limiting campaign expenditures are undoubtedly evaded in Nebraska, just as are many other laws. The trouble is that no one, except those directly concerned as candidates for office, have the slightest inkling of what these laws require and the candidates only secure that information by posting themselves after they throw their hats in the ring.

It is the multiplication of dead legislation regulating everything down to the minutest details that makes for so many dead letter laws and, when it comes to securing enforcement by special machinery of detection, prevention or prosecution, it is only a question which dead letter law should have first attention. Perhaps election "wardens" are really needed but we have changed our elections so that they come but once in two years and the jurisdiction of the "wardens" should be broad enough to let them keep themselves busy in between. They might watch the candidates who are elected to see that they do their duties scrupulously under their oaths of office. And then, to make doubly sure, we might have another set of "wardens" to watch the wardens. Really, we see no escape from this outcome unless we elect public officers who are willing to trust and lawmakers who have sense enough not to pass unenforceable laws.

Grant and the Training School.

Miss Jane Addams, opposing the suggestion of the secretary of war that admission to West Point be as far as possible confined to students from vocational or technical schools, says such a rule would have deprived the nation of Grant's great services. The significance of this is that Miss Addams is not given to such loose statements, even in the exuberance of debate. She is too careful a student not to be familiar with the circumstances that preceded the entry of Ulysses S. Grant into the West Point military academy. Jesse Grant, in common with most American fathers, was anxious his son should have the best education possible, and shaped his life to that end. Young Grant worked, as did boys of his time and station, and was sent to school in winter. According to his own story, he pieced out his education with knowledge gathered from the few books available to him, and when he went up to stand examination for appointment as a cadet he was well equipped. Happily for the country, boys are no longer so restricted in their efforts to gain education as was the great general and president in his youth, and just as the young men of today have extended opportunities and advantages, so is more to be expected of them, and the nation, in calling them to its service, has a full right to ask for the better qualified among them. No limitation is placed on opportunity. Emulation of Grant's industry will at least give any American lad his full chance to rise as high.

A census of America's false gods, taken by W. J. Bryan, shows up a total of nine. First in the list stands gold. Beside it the remaining eight are insignificant. The tyranny of gold passes belief at times. It has hired men from pressing affairs of state to the Chautauqua circuit, where golden eagles mocked the call of duty. Its crimes are beyond number. Yet it is not a thankless god. Consider the brighter side. A cross of gold with no more substance than a figure of speech once blazed the way to fame and painted the route with its own colors. A false god, truly, as a figure of speech, but in substance a mighty exhilarating associate.

Better go slow with nation-wide petitions on the high cost of living. There is the risk of congress being convinced of the necessity of advancing members' salaries to \$10,000.

William Jennings Bryan

Mr. Bryan, we suspect, is the most powerful single individual in the United States. J. P. Morgan, "Billy" Sunday, and Theodore Roosevelt might be thought of as challenging his pre-eminence, but we doubt that they are to be considered as serious rivals. Morgan can break eggs for a million people and carry off the omelet, leaving them the shells, but he could not make a chautauqua address. Whatever power he has will die with him. Bryan's will live twenty years after he is dead. He will have directed the thoughts of men and women and their children. It will take at least twenty years to eliminate Bryan. Twenty days may eliminate Morgan.

Exasperated American patriots will be encountering the Bryan sirup of life at least twenty years after this amiable man has been gathered to his fathers. "Billy" Sunday operates violently on a restricted area. He stands a community on its head. Boston now offers the spectacle of the Brahmins on their feet. The bean not being the natural resting place of the human race, there is a gradual resumption of the normal business of standing on the feet, but while Mr. Sunday is effective he is very effective. He has not such influence as Bryan. He is no such power. People cannot always be running to a fire, as Charles Eliot Norton (or was it he?) said of reading Carlyle. Bryan does not turn out the fire department. He uses a sausage stuffer, fills it full of sirup, and fills the people so full of sweetness that they are ready to burst. The business of beating folks over the head with a good solid club is Roosevelt's. The more the sound indicates solid bone or protected vacuity the more enraged the colonel becomes and the stouter his raps.

People will stand on their heads for a while, but they never like to be pounded on them. Therefore Bryan with his sirup squirt is more deadly than Roosevelt with his club.

It is no accident that now while Colonel Roosevelt considers himself in the position of the mate of the New Bedford whaler whose skipper wanted silence, and damn little of that, Colonel Bryan is the cock of the walk in Washington.

He is talking, as always, without thinking. He typifies the impulse to talk without thinking. We have nothing but admiration for this amiable man, but the damage he does is enormous. He has permeated the west. His mood is the mood of the west. He is more responsible for President Wilson now than he was four years ago. He is the most powerful living American, and our only wish is that he had been a German or a Jap, or even a Canadian or a Mexican.

Twenty years after his last word has been uttered the effect of what he has said will have to be combated by Americans who wish the country well.

Uncle Sam's Farm

If Uncle Sam is no longer "rich enough to give us all a farm," as the song, familiar in the '60s, and born probably of the homestead law of 1862, hath it, he is not yet landless. Secretary Lane counts somewhat more than 250,000,000 acres of public land, and that mostly in "the arid region" waiting for irrigation. A sizable tract, but what a mere match compared, say, with 1,000,000 odd square miles of the Louisiana purchase, reckoning Oregon in it, as the land office always has reckoned. "Doing a land office business" will soon be an unrecognized fossil of speech. In a few years the land office will have no or small business to do. In less than ten years, probably, no public land of consequence will be available for the homesteader. There will still be plenty of western "desert," that mysterious region, since so shrunken, that used to sprawl vaguely over the old American atlases, and Mr. Lane is sure that this can be tapped for water.

In the last fiscal year more than 19,000,000 acres of public land was taken up. So the homesteaders are still active. It will be a good thing if American farming when there is no more public land. Scientific, intensive cultivation is what is most needed. The Department of Agriculture is doing mighty good work in teaching the farmers that.

Aladdin's Lamp Eclipsed

Aladdin's lamp wasn't a public utility. Electricity, the servant of everyone who pushes the button, eclipses Aladdin's lamp as the sun eclipses a match. Electricity is a jinn, as powerful as that which awaited the call of Aladdin. It serves individuals, science, industries, cities, countries. The all-powerful jinn of the twentieth century is at call upon the plunging steamer in the midst of the blackest storm upon the bosom of the heaving ocean beyond the equator or at the Arctic circle. Electricity propels the submarine. It is the life-spark of the aeroplane. It draws the coal and iron from the mountain's heart and performs innumerable magical feats of strength and intelligence undreamed of by Aladdin.

Electricity in its general application for practical purposes is too new to cease to excite wonder in the mind of anyone who has imagination. There still is a fascinating sense of power in being able to lay a finger upon a switch in a dark room and turn on a flood of light, to say nothing of witnessing the less common manifestations of the harnessing of a force which the average man does not in the slightest degree understand, although he has been for some time perfectly familiar with its use.

No science is more progressive than electrical science. Every year discovers to the world new and wonderful employments of the electrical current. Everyone who reads hears occasionally of some "latest" electrical device, and in reading the next day's news forgets about it.

People and Events

One of the male victims of Charley Wax, feminine heart-breaker and crook, tried to spoil his face with two vigorous swings, but Wax was too quick in ducking. The irate man hailed from Philadelphia, where Charley ogled \$2,400 out of his wife.

"Beating the high cost of living is a simple matter of intelligent marketing," remarked a Chicago woman, addressing a group of food investigators. In proof of her claim she produced a dozen eggs bought for 26 cents. Eight of the eggs were opened for inspection and stood the test. The remaining four revealed enough strength to force a hasty adjournment for fresh air.

Under the leadership of Benjamin J. Rosenthal and the co-operation of employers practical steps are being taken in Chicago to relieve the distress caused by the rule barring men of 45 years and over from new jobs. It is said there are 10,000 able-bodied men idle on account of age objections in the city. The main object of the movement is to find what particular work the men are used to and their physical condition and thus bring their wants before employers. It has a practical and philanthropic side, promotes industrial economy and promises to halt poverty.

Beside some of the smooth jobs pulled off along legitimate business lines "wild hoo trades" and similar tricks of the shady profession appear as insignificant as a jitney in a provision shop. Seth H. Whiteley, an insurance philanthropist of Philadelphia, fathered a plan to insure the police of the city on the group plan. The Police Beneficiary association fell for it. At the end of eleven months Whiteley admits having cleaned up \$49,584.75 on an original investment of \$4,000. The state insurance commissioner, after hearing Whiteley's admission and confirming it, denounced the scheme "expensive and suspicious philanthropy." Police comment is limited to one word, "Stung."

TODAY

Thought Nugget for the Day. A noble action is a deed, though unacheived. —John Kendrick Banks. One Year Ago Today in the War. British took over French front near River Somme. Italians captured Austrian trench west of Gorizia and the Japanese forces had been entirely expelled from Macedonia. Announced that British government would take over American securities held in Great Britain in exchange for bonds.

In Omaha Thirty Years Ago. Mr. Dewey has on exhibition at his store a water color portrait of his daughter, executed in Japan, on some odd crepe-like fabric. The likeness is excellent and shows that the Japanese have some idea of art notwithstanding the queer vases they send over here. John Schill of this city has invented an automatic car-coupler which is attracting favorable attention from the railroads in this part of the country. The Bee is pleased to acknowledge receipt of an elegant basket of flowers from Jay Kelsey, the newly-established florist at 1492 Dodge. If this



tribute may be taken as a sample of Mr. Kelsey's work, that gentleman is able to cater in a tasty manner to the demands of the Omaha public.

Philip Kraus, a faithful employe of August Dorman at Thirteenth, was married to Miss Jessie Flania, a niece of Mrs. Stein, on Douglas.

The second meeting of the Young Men's Hebrew club was held at the synagogue, at which time a constitution was adopted and the following were placed on the entertainment committee: Messrs. Stoman, Anspacher, Kahn, Wolfe, Harris, Frey, French, Ganz and Heyn.

Among the latest additions to the professional ranks of the city Dr. Frank Murphy, a highly skillful physician from St. Louis. He is located on the corner of Saunders and Seward.

At the last meeting of the directors of the Corrugated Iron Works James Griffiths, the builder of Brownell Hall, was elected secretary.

This Day in History.

1789—Charter of Dartmouth college granted. 1814—Samuel D. Le Comte, chief Justice of Kansas territory and who presided over the famous convention of 1857 which framed the Le Comte constitution, born at Cambridge, Md. Died in Kansas City April 24, 1885.

1816—The Provident Institution for Savings, one of the first savings banks in the United States, was incorporated in Boston.

1841—General Samuel Houston entered upon his second term as president of the Republic of Texas.

1844—First immigrants to California in wagons, the "Murphy company," reached Sutter's fort.

1844—Federal General General Hazen assaulted and captured Fort McAllister, Ga.

1884—Centenary of Dr. Samuel Johnson commemorated in London.

1898—Empress Dowager of China received women of legations at Peking; first time in history of China.

1902—British and German warships bombarded Puerto Cabello, Venezuela.

1905—The engagement of Miss Alice Roosevelt to Congressman Nicholas Longworth was announced.

The Day We Celebrate.

Rev. Daniel E. Jenkins, president of the University of Omaha, was born December 15, 1866, at Flintshire, North Wales. He was educated at the ministry at Melbourne university and was president of Parsons college at Fairfield, Ia., before coming to Omaha.

John Latenser, the architect, is just 57 years old. He was born in Germany and wants everyone to know it. The court house, the high school building and many of our handsomest business blocks are monuments to his genius.

William G. Cleveland, president of the Cleveland company, dealing in surgical supplies, is today 52 years old. He formerly traveled for the Parke-Davis company, Detroit.

Daniel Baum, Jr., is just 39 years old. He was born in Lincoln and is officially vice president of the Baum iron company, although he made his greatest reputation as an auctioneer, disposing of his brother's household goods.

Frank S. Keogh is also just 39. He is secretary of the Paxton-Gallagher company and a coming young business man.

Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard university, born in Boston sixty years ago today.

Arthur George Perkin, celebrated color chemist, upon whom England is relying for the development of its dye industry, born in Middlesex, England, fifty-five years ago today.

Hamilton Wright Mable, noted editor and publicist, born at Cold Spring, N. Y., seventy years ago today.

Dr. Samuel Fallows, bishop of the Reformed Episcopal church, born in Lancashire, England, eighty-one years ago today.

Edwin O. Excell, well-known evangelist and composer of gospel songs, born at Uniontown, O., sixty-five years ago today.

Timely Jottings and Reminders. Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of the president, is to be the presiding officer at the next afternoon session of the American Civic association, which is scheduled to open its annual convention in Washington today.

The Bee's Letter Box

Light in Council Bluffs. Council Bluffs, Dec. 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: Your editorial, "The Light Referendum," in the Morning Bee is all o. k. This reminds the writer that Council Bluffs also should have more light, especially along the street car line. No one can see the streets at night and is obliged to grope his way home after alighting from the car. It does seem that the street car company doesn't care very much for the accommodation of its patrons, or it would find a remedy for the trouble. But as long as the property owners on Avenue A don't put up a fight for a better lighting system from lower Broadway to the bridge along Avenue A the city as well as the street car company will make no move. The longest blocks the writer has ever seen have but one lightning bug at each end and such a nice lot of cottages the whole length (say about two miles) on both sides of the street car track and as I believe, the nicest part of the city. I should like to hear from other property owners along these lines. J. G. BLESSING.

Objections to the Primary Law. Omaha, Dec. 7.—To the Editor of The Bee: The talk about changes in the primary law leads me to make a few remarks about that law and plead "guilty" to having been an advocate of a primary law, but having watched its operation through the devious, various and sometimes fantastic phases I am ready to say "I have sinned" on both sides of the street. I can get along with his old overcoat that he is of whom he would prefer to vote for next November for the various offices. This also subjects the successful candidates to seven months of leg-pulling and pan-handling from all the unkempt mob of men with "influences."

Another abominable feature (now happily done away with) was the open primary, and that fortunately was "short lived," but it showed what freakish things could be performed by people who said they wanted to purify politics.

It was claimed that the primary law would lessen the expense, but the statements of candidates' expenses shows that claim has been cast into the discard.

The expense of the primary being thrown upon counties is another of my objections. I wonder how many of Omaha's well-informed citizens know that the cost of the primary election last April to Douglas county was \$17,612.12.

The general election, of course, we must have and the expense must be borne by the public, but we have that now only every seven numbered years, which is a little relief all round, but now we have another sweet-scented thing called the "referendum," which we have just gone through with, and which we must be prepared about \$6,000 to answer a simple question, upon which I would venture a guess that a good percentage of those who signed the petitions could not now say what it was for. I have always refused to sign for anything under the initiative and referendum and shall continue to refuse, for I am "dead again them" and have always been.

Another objection is that it permits a minority to nominate a candidate shown here. If I remember rightly, not long ago seventy-three candidates sought twelve places. Now if a compact minority of one-fourth of the voters had selected twelve candidates and the others had divided their votes nearly equally among the other sixty-one, the twelve would have been nominated, although they might not any of them have a majority.

Perhaps my strongest objection is that the primary law completely destroys party organization. In the old times we had our vigorous ward and county organizations and our ward meetings were full of spirit and men who were known for the faith that was in them. But it has become very fashionable with many people to speak of themselves as an independent voter. A plague upon the independent voter! I would rather have a sturdy opponent than a lukewarm friend. I would quote John the Revelator when he

Wrote to the angel of the Church of Laodicea: "I would that thou wert hot or cold, but because thou art neither hot nor cold, I will spew thee out of my mouth."

In 1869 my father drove an ox team twenty-five miles, taking me, a boy of 14, with him, to hear General Thayer make a political speech, and in the first Grant campaign I rode twenty-five miles to march in a torch-light parade in Omaha and the democrats had a parade the same night and it required much planning to time and route the two parades so as to avoid a collision. That was forty-eight years ago and I guess it is safe now for me to say that I had a pistol in my pocket that night. In those days there was life in the parties, but the primary law has destroyed it all.

I have here briefly and very faintly expressed a few of my objections to the law and it would be of no use for me to write what I really think about it, for it would be rejected as unprintable. JONATHAN EDWARDS.

SUNNY GEMS.

"It is a wonder the majority of stenographers in business offices are feminine."

"Because that is the only position left in which a woman will herself be dictated to."—Baltimore American.

The cat settled herself luxuriously in front of the kitchen range and began to purr. Little Dolly, who was strange to the cat, regarded her with horror. "A grand old granma," she cried. "Come here quick. The cat's begun to boil."—Christian Register.

Willis—What kind of a school is your son attending? Gillis—Very fashionable—one of these institutions where you develop the mind without using it.—Life.

Doctor—You can live but a week—ah! I telegraph your wife at Palm Beach? Patient—What's the use? She's having a good enough time there as it is.—Puck.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

Joseph Addison. (Cato sitting in a thoughtful posture, with Plato's book on the "immortality of the Soul" in one hand, and a drawn sword on the table by him.)

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well! Else when this pleasing hope, this fond situation where you develop the mind without using it.—Life.

Forever!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought! Through what variety of untired being, Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!

The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before us; But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it. Here will I hold. If there's a Power above And that there is, all Nature cries aloud Through all her works.—He must delight in

And that which He delights in must be happy. But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar;—his mansion, his must end them all. (Laying his hand on his sword.)

Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life, My bare and anticlope, are both before me. This in a moment brings me to an end; But this informs me I shall never die. The soul, secure in her existence, smiles at the drawn dagger, and defies its point. The stars shall fade away, the sun himself Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years; But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth, Unhurt amid the war of elements, The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Christmas Candy Pleases Everybody

Christmas is the one big time of the year when the little folks certainly do punish "sweets," and it is, therefore, to your interest to see that your Christmas candy purchased measures up to the highest standards of Purity and Wholesomeness.

Ours is the one candy that the kiddies can eat their fill of without regret.

"You can save time and money" by buying your Xmas candies at the Kessal Drug Stores.

SHERMAN & McCONNELL DRUG COMPANY

Four Good Drug Stores.

Advertisement for a piano offer for Christmas. Features include: A PIANO OFFER FOR CHRISTMAS, FREE Stool, Scarf, Bench, Cabinet and Lamp for the price of piano alone, Don't disappoint the wife and children this year, but let us help to make this the grandest Christmas they have ever enjoyed. Make it a Piano Christmas. These famous instruments at these reduced prices are included in our Christmas offer. You get a scarf, bench, cabinet and lamp free. SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PRICES: Kimball Piano \$265 and higher, Cable-Nelson Piano \$265 and higher, Henderson Piano \$250 and higher, Steinhauer Piano \$225 and higher. PLAYER PIANOS FROM \$250 UP. NEARLY NEW UPRIGHT PIANOS—\$125, \$150, \$175, Etc. \$1.00 Per Week. You make your own terms of payment. Whatever you say suits us—as low as \$1.00 per week. A. HOSPE CO. 1513-1515 Douglas Street.