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THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
 VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR
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DECEMBER CIRCULATION

53,368 Daily—Sunday 50,005

Dwight Williams, circulation manager of the Bee Publishing company, before duty sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of December, 1916, was 53,368 daily and 50,005 Sunday.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 4th day of January, 1917.

C. W. CARLSON, Notary Public.

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

It looks more like a deluge than a "leak."

Westward the star of business in Omaha takes its course.

Contrary to first impression, Tom Lawson evidently started something.

The mention of Tamulity in connection with the peace note leak appears to have created a real tumult.

A German count has relinquished his title to nobility to become an American citizen. Fair exchange is no robbery!

"As a gentleman, not less than a representative in congress." Then it is possible, is it, for one and the same person to be both?

Stock gambling revelations are useful now and then in showing up Wall street's experts in the act of "stacking the speculators' cards."

Wonder if the city officials ever thought to match up the estimates on which were based the July tax levy and the actual allotment of the funds the following January?

A seismic shakedown of 300 persons in Formosa is not much of a record for that locality. A shakeup in the nearby Philippines last year dislodged a thousand jobholders.

The annual seed appropriation controversy has again settled in favor of free seeds. All right, Congressman Lobeck, we will take ours in about the same varieties that you sent us last year.

Of Nebraska's eight presidential electors, all but two harbored ambitions to serve as messenger. A janitor to Washington, with traveling expenses paid, is an awful temptation to a desecrating democrat.

Change becomes the order of the day at the state house. New faces vary the scenery and new brooms stir the dust in neglected corners. Animation and renovation are accounted specifics for political dry rot.

As things line up with the new year in Mexico, revolutionary music promises some variations. The projected union of Villa, Zapata and Diaz insures a lively serenade for Senator Carranza, with good prospects for a dirge at the finish.

An increase of 16.28 per cent in the population of state institutions is an unpleasant reminder of misfortune exceeding the census speed limit. In Nebraska, as in neighboring states, shifting on the public burdens which should be borne by kindred has grown to suspicious proportions.

Nearly a whole week of the valuable time of the United States senate has been consumed passing a motion expressing approval of efforts to secure peace in Europe. This looks like a rather costly motion, but it may be economy for the people after all, in thus absorbing time that would otherwise have been used in pushing raids on the treasury.

Piling Up War Debts.

Estimates of war debts piled up by the fighting nations to date, compiled by the Federal Reserve board, lean strongly to conservatism and are considerably under calculations based on less complete sources of information. They show a total war debt for the five principal belligerents of \$49,455,000,000, of which the entente allies' share is \$29,000,000,000 and the German powers \$20,000,000,000. The figures cover interest-bearing obligations, excluding the vast inflation of bank circulation in all warring nations. The annual revenue of the New York Journal of Commerce enumerates in detail the loans marketed by the allied nations, including the colonial divisions of the British empire, and Italy, Belgium, Japan and Serbia, and shows an all-around total of \$37,365,000,000, or \$8,000,000,000 more than the reserve board estimate. With like detail the Journal figures the war debts of the central powers, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey, at \$16,353,000,000, or \$3,647,000,000 under the reserve board total.

A few billions either way are of little consequence in a war of epochal magnitude. Where millions are spent every hour variations in the footings are inevitable. It is sufficient to know that the cost to date is one-fourth greater than the combined cost of the Napoleonic wars, and all succeeding wars up to 1914. The immensity of \$30,000,000,000 of war debts may be grasped by a few simple comparisons. It is six times greater than the combined debts of the United States and all its civil divisions in 1913, six times the value of the agricultural and mineral products of this country in 1916, and forty times the total of Omaha bank clearings last year. Moreover, the war debts are piling up at an increasing ratio. At the rate the money is flying the Omaha bank deposits, totaling \$96,700,000, would barely keep the principal belligerents going for two days.

Training of an Actor.

One of the most interesting interludes of the day is afforded by Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske in her stand against the repertory theater as a training school for actors. Mrs. Fiske impatiently denounces the idea that actors may be developed and perfected in the knack of "holding the mirror up to nature" through the experience of appearing in a number of roles in quick succession. Her own plan—at least the inference is drawn from remarks accredited to her—is that the actor should study a role, play it, master it completely, and when he has exhausted all its possibilities and can find in it no new suggestion for emotion or expression, to discard it and take up another.

All of which suggests that Mrs. Fiske has been wise all the days of her greatness in declining to submit to interviews for publication. In the present instance her views are given us through the medium of a conversation at dinner "recorded" by one of the table company and through him published in a January magazine. The eminence of the lady entitles her opinion to respect, at least, but some who have watched her career will wonder what might have happened had her own rule been applied to her own case. For it is not always that her name has been associated with that of Rebecca West, or Hedda Gabler, or Leah Kleeschna, or Becky Sharp, or Nell in the Salvation Army play. For the matter of that, if we were to call the roll of characters enacted by Mrs. Fiske since she attained the real condition of stardom, it would lead almost to the conclusion that she has acquired a considerable repertory. Yet it was long before she gave us Mary of Magdala that she was slowly climbing upward through a maze of forgotten roles to the shining eminence on which she is now fixed.

Mrs. Fiske's dinner conversation is interesting to read and must have been doubly interesting to listen to, but the actor of the future will be made as has the actor of the past. He will take his course through a long line of small parts, just as did every one of the great ones, and learn the tricks Mrs. Fiske now seeks to cheapen (while she is shaking her whole bag of them) and will use them, just as did Booth, Barrett, Jefferson, Macaulay, Raymond, Dillon, Mansfield and all the rest. The way to greatness is through hard work and genius shines brightest when it is toiling hardest.

An Acknowledgement of Graciousness.

Before the event passes too far into history it is up to us, for Omaha to acknowledge the gracious spirit manifested by Lincoln over the award to Omaha of the Farm Loan bank for which the Capital City had also put in a bid. Expressing gratification that the bank should go to the city "of our second choice," the Lincoln Star says:

As a matter of fact it was an unequal contest between this city and Omaha in many ways. Omaha's financial resources are so much beyond those of this city that such an institution, depending as a farm loan bank does to some degree upon support from local capital, would naturally seek the larger city.

More than that, the logic of politics pointed to Omaha, which city seems to have had more potential friends at court than had Lincoln.

Therefore it may be said that Lincoln is not surprised, however much disappointed its people may be, at the announcement that Omaha has been chosen.

The main thing is that Nebraska is to have one of these banks, whereby the agriculture of the state may receive such stimulus and support as the farm loan system is calculated to afford, and be at all times in close touch and sympathy with its administration.

Lincoln harbors always the spirit of the good sport and knows how to lose without repining.

This should go a long way toward strengthening the feeling of mutual interest between Lincoln and Omaha which, we must confess, was strained somewhat by Lincoln's attitude toward our effort to secure a Federal Reserve bank, when it refused to concede the superiority of Omaha's financial resources, with the result that the bank went to Kansas City. We are sure our Lincoln neighbors would prefer to have had the reserve bank come to Omaha and thereby enhance the prestige of Nebraska rather than to be located in a rival city in another state.

For both Omaha and Lincoln, the moral of it all is that pulling together can be mutually helpful, while pulling apart benefits neither.

Peace, Politics and Palaver.

The senate of the United States has adopted a modified and carefully dehorned endorsement of the president's request that the belligerents submit to him their peace terms, but only after the republicans had pointed out the hole into which the president had thrust the country by his note. The resolution adopted is sufficiently mild to be the expression of a sewing circle or a cha-tauqua assembly, but may serve at the White House in lieu of more enthusiastic commendation. Thus another effort of administration supporters to make a little more political capital out of the war ends in the exposure of their insincerity. The remarkable outbreak of Senator Lewis in discussion of the resolution is noteworthy. Had his statement on the floor of the senate been made in October, it would have cost Wilson the election. The country is no nearer to war today than it has been for more than two years, and not so near as it was in May of 1915, nor does it require any superhuman effort or preternatural ability to keep us out of war into which no one cares to see us enter. The palaver of the prophets of democracy at Washington amounts only to a studied effort to divert public attention from serious home issues.

Hectic breathings of possible events involving this country in the European war mark the speech of Senator Lewis on the peace resolution. Oratorical speculation is the senator's unflinching standby. He is equally at home prophesying gloom as in chasing rainbows. But he assumes big risks in posing as the megaphone of the administration. There is the ever-present danger of being held to "strict accountability."

"Girls go wrong because they want to," is the moral drawn in a lurid tale of the sensational Philadelphia tragedy "played up" by a yellow journal which licks specially to uplifters to spread its broadcast. Such a doctrine taught in a book would be barred from the public library and excluded from every family fireside, yet it passes unrebuked under its more insidious cover.

The retired government of Roumania, from the temporary security of Jassy, posts a "declaration of defiance" in the few sections of the country omitted from the Teutonic itinerary. Several good roads extend from Jassy into the interior of Russia, a fact which lends considerable tonal push to the defiance.

Views, Reviews and Interviews

By Victor Rosewater

OMAHA will be justly proud of the beautiful new home of the First National bank which, as its name implies, has the longest continued existence as a national bank of any in the city and before that was a private bank, dating back almost to the very beginnings. It is a part of Omaha history that a bank was established December 10, 1857, by the Kountze brothers and that their first banking house consisted of a small one-story frame building of but a single room on the north side of Farnam between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets. Since its debut this is the bank's fourth move, the first being to a larger building across the street but the second to the building stood on the site of the structure now being vacated and whose occupancy in 1886 marked the third move, only to be discarded today after thirty years for another jump to the new business center. It is related that in the early days the purchase and sale of gold mined in Colorado was a considerable part of the business transacted by the bank and that a long shelf extending around the east side and north end of the room was frequently covered with tin pans filled with the precious metal.

When the national banking system was established the Kountze bank took out a charter incorporating with \$50,000 capital, out of which has grown the present gigantic financial institution with its allied trust company. I saw, this very week, a letterhead of the bank carrying a document dated January 1, 1866, on which was printed the directory of the bank at that time, just fifty years ago, as follows: E. Creighton, president; A. Saunders, vice president; A. Kountze, cashier; H. W. Yates, assistant cashier; H. Kountze, As we all know, Herman Kountze, whose name alone appears on that stationery without official title, later became the president of the bank and during the rest of his lifetime was its central figure.

It is no way detracts from the ability and prestige of those who have succeeded him so creditably to dwell upon the pre-eminence influence which Herman Kountze as head of the bank exercised in Omaha's business community, where for many years his approval or endorsement of a project bridged the gap between hard sledding and assured success. As a rule, however, as I discovered more than once, he was sparing with his advice, not offering it unless asked for. He also was possessed of an almost excessive modesty, doing his charities anonymously, and an extreme abhorrence of personal publicity, and particularlyaverse to his picture in the papers. When once he sought his permission to use his portrait in one of our special illustrated editions during the Trans-Mississippi exposition, he not only refused to furnish the photograph but insisted he would be highly displeased if I procured one elsewhere. I argued with him that, as one of the exposition officers, he was in a semi-public position entitling people to know how he looked, and, for that occasion at least, I think I softened the force of his objection. It is only too bad that he could not have lived to see the palatial new quarters in which the bank for which he laid the foundation is to be housed for the next span of its career.

An interesting souvenir in the form of an annual pass over the Union Pacific, dated December 4, 1865, and expiring December 31 of the same year, was brought to me a few days ago. It is of usual card size and is filled in and signed in the handwriting of "W. F. Durant, Superintendent," from the name, I take it, a member of the same family as Thomas C. Durant, the president of the company. The pass was recently found among some papers in the city engineer's office and the reason it was brought to me was because it is made out to the name of "Andrew Rosewater, Engineer's Office," a word, because it is a pass issued to my uncle when he first came to Omaha as a mere lad to go out with one of the Union Pacific surveying parties for which my father, who was then in the telegraph service here, had assurance that an opening would be forthcoming. The inscription on the face of the card says, "See other side," and on the reverse, in addition to the usual conditions exculpating the road from liability for accidents and warning against presentation by any other person is this notice: "This ticket is not to be presented or used by the holder to procure a pass over any other road." The question immediately arose in my mind: What other use could be made of it? The best answer obtainable from data within my reach is that it would enable the holder to travel, presumably in work trains only, over a stretch of track not exceeding forty miles, for the completed construction in September, 1865, was eleven miles and the boast is made that it reached all of forty miles by the end of the year.

For retrospect into Omaha history there are few better authorities than John T. Bell, one of our pioneer court reporters now running a little paper out in Newberg, Ore., from whom I got this fascinating story of his first visit to Bellevue, which he says he has written by suggestion of an inquiry from George G. Wallace for certain other information which he was unable to furnish. He writes:

"That letter reminded me of an incident connected with my first visit to Bellevue. We were living at Fontanelle. My brother, Will, and I had traded a span of horses for a span of mules. I hitched those mules to a buggy and started to St. Joe, Mo., to bring a sister to Fontanelle. The distance to Omaha was forty miles and, though the road was in splendid order, it took me all day to make the distance, for the off mule proved to be of no earthly account.

"I stayed in Omaha that night and in the morning when I drove down to the steam ferry landing was told that the wind was too high to admit of running the boat, but that I could cross on a rope ferry at Bellevue. I managed to get that far along on my journey and tied my team to a rack around the public square. There I hung around all day. I was only a boy and was like a strange cat in a street among the people of that bustling town of perhaps 100 inhabitants. I had driven down to the ferry landing on arrival, but found that I could not get across the river until the wind went down at sundown.

"Along in the afternoon a man drove up with an excellent span of horses and tied them to the rack alongside of my team. I was sitting in the buggy waiting for Old Sol to conclude his day's work. I wished I had a team like that. Just before sundown the man came back and bantered me for a trade. He asked \$25 to boot. I told him I couldn't give it. He gradually dropped down to \$15 and finally wanted to know my name and where I lived. Then he proposed that I give him my note for \$15, payable in a year with 12 per cent interest. I accepted the proposition and we went into a store, he drew up the note, and I signed it. Then he helped me to hitch up.

"I picked up the lines and the electricity that reached my hands from the bits of that spray of horses was in marked contrast to the feelings experienced previously in efforts to induce that off mule to mosey along at the rate of about three miles an hour. I hurried down to the river, was put across at once and until away in the night I sped along the road through the big cottonwood forest on the Iowa side of the Missouri river, fearing the man would overtake me and make me trade back. I never heard from the holder of that note and forgot his name in a short time."

TODAY

Health Hint for the Day.

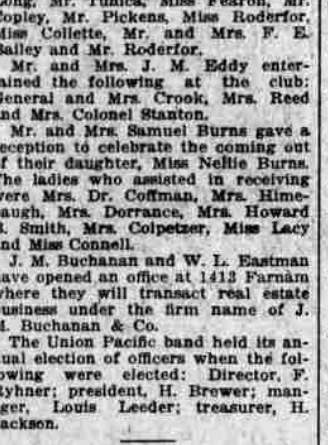
Very small infants should not be taken out when the air is filled with dust unless the face is well protected by a veil.

One Year Ago Today in the War.

Heavy French cannon fire destroyed German posts near Soissons. Russian repelled Austrian assault northeast of Czernowit and captured town of Czorynsk. Austrians reported Russians broke their lines in Volhynia and Galicia, but were thrown out. Von Bernstein undertook no merchant ship should be torpedoed in Mediterranean till all on board were safe.

In Omaha Thirty Years Ago.

Mrs. Carter gave a reception at which she was assisted in receiving by the following: Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Ramer, Mrs. Garnau, Mrs. Bierbower, Misses Carrier, Boyd, Carr and Shears. Miss Bailey pleasantly entertained a few of her friends at her home, corner of Winston and Grace. Progressive euchre was indulged in and



A TALK TO THE BOY.

Strickland W. Gilliam. Come boy, to your dad, let me tell you some things Of the man who loved me as I'm loving you. For the heart is a pendulum heavy that swings Aye forward and back as all pendulums do. And tonight mine has swung far away to the time When your dad had a dad, just as you have my son— A dad to whose arms I was welcome to climb When his day in the corned or meadow was done. I crept into his arms that were stronger, my lad; And his hands—O so tender—were harder than mine. For the world had been harsh with the dent of your dad— Yet I wish that my soul were as gentle and fine. As the one roughly clad in that body of his, That so lavishly gave of his strength for the one Who now shelters you. And my prayer's burden is yours: That you may think so of your father, my son. What I've gained I have gained—his love heavier cost; He in embryo held all things I have done; Yet I fear—gravelly fear—there are things I have lost That sadly diminish the triumph, my son. So be close, little man—there's so little ye know. Except that I love you and you can love me. And I smile with content that you're loving me so. And am glad in that love, as my dad used to be.

This Day in History.

1718—General Israel Putnam, revolutionary hero, born at Salem, Mass. Died at Brooklyn, Conn., May 19, 1790.

1789—Daniel Tyler, who commanded the first division of the national army that advanced to defeat at Bull Run, born at Brooklyn, Conn. Died in New York City, November 30, 1882.

1817—John Bassett Alley, millionaire shoe manufacturer and member of congress, born at Lynn, Mass. Died at West Newton, Mass., January 19, 1886.

1861—Last territorial legislature of Kansas met at Leecompton and adjourned to Lawrence.

1863—The French army landed at Vera Cruz, Mexico.

1867—A movement to impeach President Johnson began in the house of representatives.

1878—Strike of 70,000 miners and ironworkers in South Wales.

1879—Marriage of King William III of Holland to Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont.

1896—The German Dowsager Empress Augusta died at Berlin. Born September 30, 1811.

1898—Korea proclaimed its independence of China.

The Day We Celebrate.

Abel V. Shotwell, one of the Shotwell brothers, has a birthday today. He was born in Marengo, Ill., January 7, 1832.

Thomas J. Mackay, rector of All Saints, is today celebrating his seventy-third birthday. He is a native of Ireland, a veteran of the civil war and had a church in Council Bluffs before he came to Omaha.

Dr. Frank M. Conlin is just 34 years old today. He was born in Madison, Wis., but set up his practice in Omaha.

Gordon Hewart, solicitor general in the new British cabinet, born at Bury, England, forty-seven years ago today.

George Bronson Howard, author and playwright, born in Howard county, Maryland, thirty-three years ago today.

Rear Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, U. S. N., retired, born in Philadelphia, seventy years ago today.

Dr. Melancthon W. Stryker, late president of Hamilton college, born at Vernon, N. Y., sixty-five years ago today.

Maurice E. McLoughlin, former world's champion lawn tennis player, born at Carson City, Nev., twenty-seven years ago today.

William E. (KITTY) Bransfield, former base ball player, just appointed an umpire in the National league, born at Worcester, Mass., forty-two years ago today.

Storyette of the Day.

As he dislikes motor cars, a country squire always kept good horses. Recently he bought a handsome mare, and a few days later asked his groom what he thought of the new arrival. "She's a fine-looking animal, sir," replied the man, "but I'm afraid she's a bit touchy." "Why do you think so?" questioned the squire. "She doesn't seem to take to no one, sir. She can't bear me to go into her box to groom her." "Oh, she'll settle down in a few days," the squire reassured him. "Everything's strange to her, you know. I don't think there's much wrong with her temper."

"Nor did I at first, sir," replied the groom. "But you see, she's kicked me out of that tree box twice already, and when you come to think of it, that's a very convin'cing."—San Francisco Argonaut.

HERE AND THERE

Sixty million dollars is the estimated total paid by Americans for chewing gum every year. Colorado ranks first and California second among the States of the Union in production of beet sugar. Thirteen pairs of twins are included in the present student body at the University of Nebraska. Memphis is arranging for a big festival next May to celebrate the completion of the new bridge across the Mississippi River. Emperor William's Christmas gift to Pope Benedict was a Bible most splendidly illustrated and bound at the royal printing works in Berlin.

AROUND THE CITIES

Greater New York spent \$257,129,000 in building operations last year. The champion policeman of Minneapolis, Minnie A. Madison, unable to reform her husband with stick and star, has gone into court for assistance in chasing him over the divorce route.

During the year 1914 Brockton, Mass., retained its supremacy as the world's leading center for men's shoe manufacturing by shipping 19,968,100 pairs of shoes, with a total valuation estimated at \$69,390,635.

Sioux City proposes to invest \$20 in a legislative bureau at Des Moines and in return receive a diagram of legislative jokers which may interest the city. The quality of the jokes of statesmanship frequently are worth the price.

New York talks of launching a movement to raise by popular subscription the wherewithal to buy Madison Square Garden and present it to the city. Mortgagees took over the garden a few weeks ago and are ready to let it go at cost.

St. Joe's Commerce club celebrated the new year by changing its name to "The Chamber of Commerce." New officers were installed and a live commissioner from Iowa appointed to extend its activities and put the "dig" in the dignity of the title. San Diego's warmest over exposition gave its farewell gasp at midnight New Year's night. A huge crowd sang, "Auld Lang Syne," as the midnight hour struck. Estimates place the attendance for the year at 2,250,000. Slightly under the record for 1915.

Des Moines police report substantial progress in booting gambling during the past year. Arrests for intoxication numbered 4,472 against 2,958 in 1915. Last year was "dry" from start to finish, while 1915 was half wet, half dry. Despite the absence of saloons, getting a tank full is a question of digging up the pavement.

Chicago has succeeded after years of litigation in ending obstructions to the extension of Michigan boulevard north of the river along the lake front to Lincoln park and beyond. The extension will make the famous boulevard the longest and finest in the world. The railroad smoke stacks at Grant park is to be banished also. This will make Chicago's front the finest ever.

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