

HAPPENINGS IN THE MAGIC CITY

Itinerary of Yards Excursion Into Northwest Given Out by Exchange Officials.

INCLUDES 3 CONVENTIONS

Stock yards excursionists made up in battle array Saturday afternoon. A half hundred ardent commission men, all in quest of the elusive "advertisement," signed up vocally to become a part of the initial delegation which leaves Tuesday afternoon, bound for Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Thermopolis, Denver and other strategic points in the west and northwest.

Secretary and Traffic Manager A. F. Stryker and Bill Shellberg had the list in charge.

The itinerary, however, was given out which is included herein.

Every year it has been the custom of yards men to make the rounds of conventions interesting to stockmen which are held in cities of the middle west. The principal meeting of interest this trip will be at Salt Lake City, where the annual meeting of the National Wool Growers will be held January 11, 12 and 13. The Wyoming Wool Growers' association will meet at Thermopolis. Secretary Stryker of the local yards is scheduled to make a talk.

The fact that the sheep market fell below the big record of a year ago is considered basis enough for making a thorough canvass of the territory covered. The runs during the last year have been excellent. The Western Stock show at Denver January 21 to 27 will be largely attended by local stockmen, but will not be included in the itinerary of the present excursion. Salt Lake City will be visited twice, the second time attendance being at the meeting of the American National Live Stock association. The first stop will be made at Cheyenne. The delegates will leave over the Union Pacific, 4:30, north-west fast mail, bound for the Wyoming metropolis. The itinerary:

Boys Lost and Found

Three boys of the South Side have been lost and found in nearly as much time as it takes to tell. Police have been notified in two cases where youths of the city stayed away from home overnight and another has been reported and corrected at the office of The Bee.

Lee Harrington on East N street stayed from home a day and a night, but since returned home and explained that he had been having an outing with a friend, Tom Regan and Lawrence Carroll were two local urchins who strayed away from home Friday and Saturday. The former explained to his father that he was "just seeing the sights."

School opens Monday morning at 9 o'clock. Students of grade and high schools have been enjoying their two weeks' annual Christmas vacation.

Librarians Help Debaters

The library, in the words of Misses Conley and Hillis, librarians stationed here, is looking forward to a brisk year in 1917. During the vacation holidays special attention has been paid to students of the debating and English classes of the high school. The high school debating team is working on the question, "Has the Monroe Doctrine Should Be Abolished" and material has been systematically arranged for their benefit.

Baker to Lead Choir

Leader E. P. Baker of the Grace Methodist church choir will present several grand old religious hymns at morning and evening services today. By request the choir will repeat "Ring Out, Wild Bells" (Damrosch), and will sing "O, Bountiful Jesus" (Stainer).

At the evening service the male chorus will sing "Sweet Sabbath Eve" and the full choir, assisted Miss Jane Lee, soloist, will render the new "Give Peace, O God, Again" (Shelley).

Magic City Gossip

Mrs. Ben Davis, who is confined at the South Side hospital with an illness of long duration, is reported to be better.

Price Williams, colored, was arrested for breaking glass on the street. The entertainment was at its height when Detective Allen and Zaluski appeared.

Teddy Jones, newboy, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia, is practically recovered. His friends have been visiting him by the score in the last week.

Patrons of the West Q street car lines are exceedingly pleased with the new street cars that have been placed in service recently. The cars are set crossways.

South Side Camp No. 21, Woodmen of the World, will install their officers for the ensuing year Wednesday evening, January 10. The meeting will be held in the Odd Fellows hall.

Cecil Clark, 2311 Monroe street; William Quinn and Frank Ferguson were all picked up by the police and held for investigation. Officers Knudsen and Coulter made the arrests.

Maintaining unsanitary plumbing has been charged against a "redneck" who rents real estate man in a complaint issued Friday morning by the police. The man will appear in court to defend himself January 9.

Holy communion will be conducted at St. Martin's Episcopal church at Twenty-fourth and J streets this morning at 8 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Madden will preach at 11 o'clock. Vespers services will be at 11:30 o'clock.

The funeral of John P. Sullivan will be held this afternoon at 3 o'clock at St. Mary's church. Interment will be made in St. Mary's cemetery. Mr. Sullivan was a workman at the Cudahy packing plant twenty-five years.

The highest price for hogs during any month of January in past history was broken Saturday at the stock yards, when a consignment sold at \$18.50 per hundred pounds. General stock sold from \$10 to \$19.50 throughout the day.

Forty-eight dollars were stolen from the room of Anna Yehke, 2484 N street, Thursday, while she was at work. Peter Kodner, 2612 N street, also reported at the police station that a thief had pulled out his staple fastening the door of his room and taken a blue serge suit of clothes.

When You Have a Cold

It is when you have a severe cold that you appreciate the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mrs. Frank Crocker, Fama, Ill., writes: "Our five-year-old son, Paul, caught a severe cold last winter that settled on his lungs and he had terrible coughing spells. We were greatly worried about him as the medicine we gave him did not help him in the least. A neighbor spoke so highly of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy that I got a bottle of it. The first dose benefited him so much that I continued giving it to him until he was cured."

The Worst Insomnia Germ A BOY JUST TEN

By NELL BRINKLEY Copyright, 1916, International News Service.



THE big velvet wings of night fold down; somebody lights the stars and they swing and tremble and shine green and blue; the night train rushes through with its Pullman blinds pulled dark; the little mare in the stable-straw sighs and draws up her slender legs; the old dog goes round and round and settles again with a scratching of floor and a "snoot"; the lights are out in the farmer's house and it stands black and still under the elms; the street light's pale glare shines in the bed room of the city man's house and lies like moonlight, if you like to pretend, on the velvet floor—but everybody isn't asleep!

Lovers dream with wide open eyes of things that maybe will be. The old man lies awake under the sudden memory of the "bottom-field" and the woods along the Selene river, the black walnut tree by the kitchen door and the little mare called Starlight—when he was a boy. Dads lie and plan how to make "a little more" money. "Fellows" toss in a fever of ambition, and their heads under the stiff hair go milling round and round, with whether they shall go in

for advertising or begin at the bottom in "steel" Bachelor-girls hear the trundling roar of the elevated, and dim ambition's splendid vision with hot tears for home, on a pillow that is a stingy, skinny, poor cousin of "mother's" big, sweet, soft ones down home. And now—Ma's and Pa's, that were but a little while ago lovers—Ma's and Pa's who have never known what it was to lie awake since the first misery of uncertain loving propped their young eyes wide open—lie in the still little hours of the night when even the elf in the ashes and the mouse in the pantry are asleep, lie and talk softly—because they have the worst germ of insomnia you ever heard of—a boy just 10!

That's enough to make you dream with open eyes! There's a future to plan, a whole real live life on your souls, a little warm heart to be tender of, a brain to understand and give a helping hand to, and a temper to make friends with. Have you ever heard far in the night, suddenly out of your dark sleep, the soft voices of a mother and father talking about you?—NELL BRINKLEY.

Automobile, Teacher of Geography, Shows Whole World in New Light

By GARRETT P. SERVIS. As a teacher of geography the automobile is unrivalled. It carries you so quickly from place to place and so victoriously up commanding hills which seemed unconquerable in the old days of panting horses, that it turns the country into a moving picture, whose beauties and wonders unroll in an endless panorama before your eyes.

Formerly the farmer, if he had a spanking team, could give his family during a holiday's ride, a fair view of a portion of the township, five or ten miles square, in which they lived. Now, with his auto, he can take them over the whole county, and far away into adjoining counties, showing them an area of the earth large enough to make a very respectable telescopic patch as seen from the moon.

And during such trips the aspect of the country seems completely changed, while the relations of the various parts to one another become evident! The courses of the streams, the intersections of the ranges of hills, the lie of the valleys, the nesting places of villages, the pockets of corn, the sheltered expanses of wheat land, the favored valleys where the elms grow old and lofty and the breezy heights where the squirrels play among the hickories—all fall into a certain order, the recognition of which is a lesson in practical geography.

And then there are the surprises, which are often very great and delightful. Recently I took a ride around the Mohawk valley, starting from Amsterdam, which, unlike its flat namesake in Holland, loves steep streets. We were all natives of the valley and thought that we knew its scenery well. We flew through the township of Florida. I spent my boyhood looking across the hawling Scholastic at the hills of Florida riding occasionally over its roads.

But now I found that I had never known Florida as it is. Seeing it hit by bit, now a little and then a little, had been like getting an idea of a house by examining specimens of its bricks. But the swiftly succeeding views afforded by the auto, like the progressive poses of a cinematograph, combined all the details into a harmonious whole, and the township of Florida stood revealed like a beautiful face.

A little way over the border, in Schenectady county, we spun higher and higher, until, through a woods, we shot out on the verge of a hill, where, without any preparation for what was in store, we saw before us, and beneath us, as instantaneously as if a curtain had dropped, the most beautiful, and, in its unexpectedness, the most astonishing landscape that I have ever looked upon—and I have seen some of the world's most famous views.

Considering that this scene lies in one of the oldest inhabited regions of the old state of New York and is the gift offered to its visitors, not by a mountain, but by a mere hill only some 1,500 feet in height, and clothed to its summit with farms, it doubtless seems extravagant to speak of it as I have done. All of us in the party had been born almost within sight of the place, but only one had even a dim recollection of having heard of its existence. We had not set out to find it; the auto had brought us to it.

Such a scene cannot be described; one can only mention some of its elements. Nature has a formula for these things, and the first requirement, after a suitable elevation, which need not be very great, is isolation. The hill that I am writing of is a few miles from the village of Mariaville, which itself lies beside a little lake 1,300 feet above sea level. The summit from which the view is obtained rises moderately above all its immediate surroundings. It is a kind of hill peninsula projecting into an atmospheric ocean, whose bottom, composed of farm lands, gradually shelves down deeper and deeper, and sweeps away on all sides for many miles until it begins to rise again to meet the hills and mountains that form its farther coast.

Seen through the transparent fluid of the air, slightly blued in the distance, the farms, with their fences, hedges, groves, houses, barns, grain fields, corn fields, white buckwheat fields, stretch away, smaller and smaller to the eye, apparently as numerous as stars—you would say there

was a million of them. In bright sunshine they are rich with color. Away off in the midst of the middle ground, perhaps thirty miles from the eye, gleams a little white line—the great marble-columned Education building in Albany, and close beside it is seen the capitol. Albany itself is a darkish patch. Nearer is Schenectady, big enough to lie on the point of a table knife. And all around are towns and villages innumerable.

The frame of this marvellous picture is superb. Ogly in one direction is it cut off by a forest on the hill. It consists of the blue Adirondacks, merging into the Green mountains of Vermont, with Greylock, the king of Massachusetts' Berkshires, set upon the rim, and continued round through south and west by the beautiful domes of the Catskills and the precipitous and almost grotesque fronts of the Helderbergs. Think of the sunrises and the sunsets and the starry nights on that lone height!

This world-fronting hill is the property of a farmer, a farmer who is also a scholar and a gentleman. No king has such a home as he! No king would respect it as he does. A king possessing that hill would put a palace on it. A multimillionaire would try to improve it with a marble garage built on the plan of a Parthenon. A speculator would erect a great summer hotel there, and coin shekels out of the wonder. The actual owner has a low, roomy, unpretentious, comfortable farm house; just that—and the view. And he has the strength of mind to work his farm!

Mrs. Mary D. Ure, Mother of Ex-Treasurer, Is Dead

Mrs. Mary D. Ure, 89, mother of former County Treasurer W. G. Ure, died yesterday afternoon at her home, 1823 Locust street, of cancer incident to old age.

She is survived by five children, as follows: W. G. Ure, Mrs. W. F. Johnson, Miss Emma Ure, Mrs. John Ross of Los Angeles and Mrs. William Mickel of Minden, Neb.



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Senator Chamberlain Favors a Compulsory Military Service Law

New York, Jan. 7.—If the United States does not want to be relegated to the position of China among the nations training must begin at once of the young men between the ages of 18 and 21 years under a compulsory military service law, United States Senator George E. Chamberlain, chairman of the committee on military affairs of the senate, said in an address before the Republican club yesterday. No man can tell what may happen in the international situation in the next twenty-four hours, Senator Chamberlain asserted. He criticized the mobilization of the National Guard on the Mexican border as "wholly ineffective," adding that there was no doubt in his mind

What would have happened had the United States declared war on Mexico.

Henry Ford, who had been invited to address the club, was unable to attend, but sent a telegram saying he was "strenuously opposed to any kind of military service."

Home Rule in Galicia Likely to Cause Crisis

Copenhagen (Via London), Jan. 7.—A Vienna dispatch published in the Lokal Anzeiger of Berlin says a new Austrian cabinet crisis has arisen, owing to the refusal of the government to grant home rule to Galicia, as promised by Emperor Francis Joseph. Dr. J. Sylvester, president of the Austrian Chamber of Deputies, has

Cuffs on Your Trousers Quite the Thing This Year

Cincinnati, O., Jan. 7.—No radical changes were made in the fashions for men's wear next fall and winter in the report submitted yesterday by the style committee to the annual convention here of the National Association of Clothing Designers. The committee's report says the double-breasted sack coat promises to be extremely popular for young men next winter and that conservative sack coats should be high waisted and without belts, while trousers should have cuffs. In overcoats the Raglan and Ulsterette will come into vogue with the Ulster of trench type, measuring forty-six inches in length and the box coat forty-two inches. The sack coat of the business suit is to increase in length. There will be a marked tendency to close fitting garments, tending to

Alcohol Found to Be One of Allies of Pneumonia Germ

New York, Jan. 7.—To combat the spread of bronchial diseases which have caused a large increase in the number of deaths during the last week, the health department began today the distribution throughout the city of thousands of circulars, warning against the use of alcohol in any form. The circular states that alcohol is one of the most powerful allies of the pneumonia germ and that even moderate drinkers who contract the disease are less likely to recover than are abstainers. Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. Honey soothes the irritation, Pine Tar cuts the phlegm, relieves constipation, soothes the raw spots, etc. All druggists.—Advertisement.