THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

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THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR

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You should know that

Omaha was one of the first large cities of the United States to adopt the commission form of government.

The weatherman certainly has been good to his boss.

Good morning, Mr. President; we're glad to see you.

The socialist conference at Chicago has endorsed the Plumb plan, if it needed any further identification.

"Treat 'em rough" seems to be the motto of the local police. It is is getting some of them into litigation, however.

Merchants' week starts today with promise of even greater attendance than ever. The "market town" idea is spreading.

Serbia has discovered that the treaty framed for Austria infringes on Serbian sovereignty. This is really getting to be serious.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies has voted to give woman the suffrage, evidently not having heard from the Alabama legislature.

Will the power to declare war be left with congress, or shall we leap to arms at the "advice" of the supreme council of a supernational body?

If you want to know where the partisanship comes in the debate on the peace treaty, read the yawpings of the administration organ grinders.

For a splendid example of how the economic boycott will work, look at the restraint it put on Roumania in the matter of the invasion of Hungary.

Old King Corn is coming down the home stretch now, well ahead of Jack Frost, but speeding to the safety line with all energy. May he win!

The Bee does not relish loss of patronage any more than any other big business institution would, but dollars spent by profiteers will not turn it from defense of the right.

Marquis Saionji, who headed the Japanese delegation at the Paris conference, reports at home that all nations are dissatisfied with the peace treaty. Why not try it all over again?

Well, the United States did get along pretty well for 143 years "playing a lone hand," as the president puts it, and might survive a little while if it did not go into the European jack-pot.

Germany is lending aid and comfort to the forces of law and order in Russia just now, but this will not cause anyone to forget the fact that it was the Germans who set bolshevism up in business.

"Vic" Berger says all he ever got out of his connection with the socialist party's executive committee was a twenty-year sentence. He is wrong; he did not get the sentence for being a socialist, but for talking like a darned fool.

Do not overlook this point: Senators are not opposing a league of nations; they merely seek to clarify certain essential provisions in the draft presented by the president, who strenuously resents any change in the language he has adopted or limitations to the obligations thereby entailed. That is the real issue.

"Only those who have not read, or who cannot understand" is the way the president disposes of the opponents of his plans. Yet he admits that the clause concerning the Monroe doctrine was hastily written. Most of his trouble is that the people have read and do understand, and are not willing to take his word for what the treaty contains.

On With the Dance

In his private and tutelar capacity, no person is more awe-inspiring than the teacher of dancing; but when he holds forth as the National Association of Dancing Masters he seems somehow less formidable. Quite boldly we call him to order for asserting that he, personally and collectively, is about to do away with "that contortion commonly called the 'shimmy,'" as he has already abolished its zoological predecessors. No one, and least of all an association of dancing masters, ever abolished bad taste. If it passes, becomes obsolete, the credit is due to the public. And the public stands in need of that credit, for it alone is responsible for the original lapse. If this great principle is denied, democracy itself is deprived of its one great justification.

The name of the dance in question is as objectionable as the thing itself. Both have been mainly limited to dance halls and to the stages that emulate them. They should be buried without a hic jacet. But bunny-hug, lame duck, turkey trot, and grizzly bear had at least a certain picturesqueness, of mimicry and of nomenclature. America would be less itself, less delightful, if it did not possess them—as a part of its historic past. The dancing masters' prediction that the waltz is coming back stirs one a little, but for a different reason. The waltz is divine and, in one or another of its infinite varieties and modulations, it will return eternally as often as it wanders. —New York Times.

WELCOME, MR. PRESIDENT.

The visit to any community from the president of the United States is a matter of great moment. He represents in himself the majesty of the mighty nation, all the powers of organized government, and the spirit of the institutions that make America great. He is the personification of all the flag stands for, and as such receives the just regard of all patriotic citizens, without regard for party. It is not expected, nor is it desirable, that all should agree with him on political questions. But as Americans we all honor and respect him as occupant of the greatest office to which man may be called. Mr. Wilson's presence in Omaha today is timely for several reasons, not the least of them being the opportunity it will afford for the splendid army of Young America, the children of the public schools, to see the president. To them, and to the foreigners newly come amongst us, it should be an object lesson. Viewed from any aspect, the coming of the president is an occasion of utmost public importance. Omaha has been singularly fortunate of late years in the matter of receiving such visits, and has learned to wholly appreciate them. Mr. Wilson will find here a cordiality and loyalty of greeting that will assure him he is among loyal Americans. More he could scarcely wish.

The Bee and the Boycott.

Certain Omaha real estate dealers and rental agents have determined to exert "economic pressure" on The Bee by withholding their advertising patronage until The Bee desists from exposing the rent boosters and allied profiteers. The wisdom of this course is left to their decision. The editor of a newspaper must always proceed with a due regard for the welfare of the community he serves, having also in mind that sufficient revenue must be obtained through patronage to meet operating expenses. These facts are elementary.

To deserve and retain the respect of its readers, without which it cannot fulfill its mission, a newspaper must be devoted to a principle. The Bee was born to carry on a fight for good government in Omaha. For forty-eight years it has never deviated from that purpose. A search of its files will not disclose a word of apology for a dishonest public official, nor in defense of corruption in public or private life. It has attacked abuses in both public and private places. It has fearlessly criticized and boldly opposed the unfit, without regard for party politics or personal pull.

After almost half a century of steady support of the right, of opposition to fraud and oppression, of effort to secure clean and efficient government, and to expose crookedness and graft in interest of the people, The Bee is not ready at this time to give over the fight. Its courage has made many powerful enemies, and it also has made many staunch friends, who we know may be depended on to back up the only Omaha newspaper that refuses to be coerced or cajoled into covering up any kind of crookedness menacing the people.

What Does Article X Mean?

Article X of the covenant for the proposed league of nations, over which so much discussion is now being had, reads:

> The members of the league undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the league. In case of any such aggression or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression, the council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled.

What does this language mean? The president explained it to the senate committee on foreign relations as literally giving the supreme council of the league power only to "advise," although he qualified this with the further statement that this "advise," whatever it might be, would partake of the nature of a mandate. He also stated that, while the language does not legally bind the United States to accept the advice thus given, a moral obligation so to do is implied. And the moral obligation is the stronger.

Accepting this interpretation, and it is the one most generally given to the article in question, the senate of the United States has prepared a reservation, setting out that this country can be called into war only by act of congress.

Mr. Wilson insists that the peace of the world depends upon accepting in its entirety the ambiguity of Article X, even as illuminated by his own construction, admitting the right of the supreme council to "advise" sending American soldiers abroad and holding for the moral obligation to follow that advice.

The senate is not ready to surrender the constitutional powers of congress to a foreign body. Think this over for yourself, and decide which is better for the peace and security of the nation—whether it is wiser to retain the power to declare war in the hands of congress or to turn it over to a body that is responsible only to itself, in whose affairs the United States has but a single vote while the British empire has six.

Nebraska's "Grand Champion."

At last we have the Nebraska grand champion. Two of them, one a boy and the other a girl. Babies, of course, and they scored so close to perfection that only technicalities intervened between them and the possible 100 per cent. Also, they both live in Lincoln, which accounts for it all. Not that some baby born in another town may not hope to be a grand champion, too, but the handicap afforded is considerable. Only a perfect town can be expected to turn out a perfect baby. Another most noteworthy point in connection with the baby show is that the winners in the rural classes fell far behind the champions. The disparity, to be sure, is the more marked than might have been noted if the comparison had been between one born in Omaha and another from the country, thus in a sense emphasizing the advantage of carefully selecting the place of birth as well as exercising deliberation in the choice of parents. With all sincerity we hail the grand champions of Nebraska's wonderful babyhood, and hope they will grow up worthy of the honor and a credit to their home town.

American dyers claim to have solved the secret of "fast" dyes, news that will interest the women folks whose patriotism has devoted them to many a fading garment.

J. Ogden Armour now seconds the president's announcement that the crest of the high price wave has passed. But the beach is strewn with the debris of many a ruined pocketbook.

The Silent Sacrifices

(From The Philadelphia Ledger.)

In discussing the privations suffered by clergymen and their families who have had a meager stipend on which to subsist, Harry P. Ford said: "If the wives of some of these men were to tell of their sacrifices the world would be astounded."

Drama, romance and tragedy are not bounded by the limits of the imagination of the writers of plays and novels. We need not go to the stage to have our hearts stirred by exemplary heroisms nor to the moving pictures to bewail the fate of a heroine who may be drawing a considerable income for counterfeiting poverty.

The ministerial profession has no monopoly of privation and sacrifice. While nature hangs a plentiful provision of good things on laden boughs or gives them to soil and sea, and man's selfishness still neutralizes her best efforts to feed the race, there will be much pitiful misery in some places to restore the balance with opulence elsewhere.

Housewives have been told to "ecenomize." The advice makes them indignant. They think it is time for the profiteer, like Davy Crockett's coon, to come down. They have done their best. They have skimped and counted the pennies and strained every nerve to make both ends meet. They have done their own work and stood over the range in parching heat in flytime, and seen item after item mount beyond the reach of the thinning pocketbook.

But the most extraordinary phase of this transitional economical epoch is the silent stoicism, the uncomplaining endurance of the millions on whom the cost of living more heavily falls.

Much righteous anger these days is finding vent; many would like to see the man who traffics in human necessities hanged higher than Haman; but the restraint and the self-control of home-makers of small means are phenomenal. Upon that inarticulate acceptance of the "stratagems and spoils" of shameless greed the profiteers are banking. But a change must come, and soon. The American public is long-suffering, but it is not to be trifled with nor damned, and it is being roused to fighting pitch against a monstrous wrong.

Need of Good Government

Frank A. Vanderlip, who retired as president of the National City Bank of New York in order that he might render his country greater service, in discussing its domestic and foreign duties, as they were impressed upon him by an exhaustive study of the war-torn countries and peoples of Europe, concludes a series of interesting articles with an emphasis of what he calls "the supreme lesson" drawn from his observation; the necessity for good, honest, wise government. He ascribes nearly half the woes of Europe to bad government, often arising solely from ignorance. The other half he lays to economic ignorance. Thus ignorance is at the bottom of most of the world's miseries. Mr. Vanderlip does not mean illiteracy when he says ignorance. Illiteracy is a great handicap and is responsible for much ignorance. There are occasional men who are illiterate but possess vast stores of wisdom, gathered by observation, experience and tradition. Nor does literacy always mean freedom from ignorance. Carlyle expressed the common desire in hoping that "the mystery of alphabetic letter might be imparted to every child." But Pope also spoke an everlasting truth when he said that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." The ability to read and write and the habit of reading well and widely banish much ignorance, yet these do not always insure getting at the truth, and we have highest authority that it is the truth that will make us free. All our progress has been a vindication of this sublime utterance.

Dispelling economic ignorance is no day's task. Interest distorts the vision of both sides of an economic question. Catchwords linger long after they become falsehoods or half truths. The patter of the theorists who fancy they have found "a new light" is equally vain and dangerous. If all could recognize the exact truth and all should be willing to shape their conduct in conformity with it, the matter of government would settle itself. But with imperfect knowledge in the world and with clashes of ignorant selfishness, the necessity for courage, sincerity and wisdom in government is of first importance. The theories of Paine would have meant practical anarchy, unless all the people were highly enlightened and exercised self-restraint. But the paternalistic extreme would be equally disastrous in other ways. One of our greatest dangers is from trucklers in office, angling for particular classes of votes, instead of obeying their oaths and doing what their conciences tell them is right before high heaven.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A New War on Nicotine

The Anti-Cigaret League of the World, launched in Chicago under feminine auspices plans to enlist 10,000,000 members in this country and by "getting in touch with leaders of other lands to branch out into world work."

It is a high and mighty enterprise. Alexander, who sighed for new worlds to conquer, did not know the possibilities in moral reform which is always finding new fields for conquest. And to free the whole earth from the insidious cigaret—what nobler mission could inspire crusaders? Yet it is astonishing that the league should want ten million members to redeem this country from the sin of nicotine. The Anti-Saloon league drove liquor out with a fighting force not one-hundredth of one per cent as large.

But smokers must recognize the omnious nature of the portents. Though the Woman's Christian Temperance Union seems to falter, other champions arise to release humanity from the thrall of its pleasant vices. Tobacco being a comfort and a solace to man is by that token an evil and must be abolished. And organized crusading against a habit, apart from consideration of the victim's moral welfare, has the zest of an agreeable publicity for the crusaders.—New York World.

TODAY

The Day We Celebrate.

Joseph B. Hummell, former park commissioner, born 1862.

H. E. Cotton, city engineer's office, born 1881.

Bertha Kalich, celebrated actress and photoplay star, born at Lemberg, Galicia, 45 years ago.

Howard Sutherland, senior United States senator from West Virginia, born near Kirkwood, Mo., 54 years ago.

Rt. Rev. Charles P. Anderson, Episcopal bishop of Chicago, born at Kemptville,, Ont., 56 years ago.

James V. McClintic, representative in congress of the Seventh Oklahoma district, born near Bremond, Tex., 41 years ago.

Walter R. Cox, one of the best known American harness drivers, born at Epsom, N. H., 51 years ago.

Thirty Years Ago in Omaha.

The Musical Union band with 25 pieces gave two choice programs at the Coliseum.

Mrs. J. M. Woolworth and Miss Woolworth left for an extended stay in the east.

Mrs. James E. Boyd, Miss Boyd and Master Jay Boyd have gone to San Diego, Calif., for the winter. Mrs. Levi Carter has leased their house, furnished, for two years.

Members of Court Eclipse lodge No. 167, Independent Order of Foresters and their friends enjoyed the afternoon at Pickard's park near West Lawn. Mr. Wehrer of the board of education and Councilmen Lee and O'Connor were present.

The Bee's Letter Box

Confidence and Credit.

Portland, Ore., Sept. 3. To the Editor of The Bee: Business and capital are "hugging the shore" as mariners in uncertain weather.

Investments and ambitious plans, for the time being, are being held in leash, pending the settlement of the question whether they can safely be launched while natural and unnatural unrest are at the boiling point—natural, because unrest always follows great wars; unnatural, because certain bad elements are using this unrest to hammer existing things. Result, lack of confidence, lack of desire to take uncertain chances, lack of teamwork, lack of well-organized progress.

Fortunately our government is fundamentally sound and strong enough to cope with these conditions, and the people generally prosperous enough through employment and opportunity, to create no lasting bad result; providing, however, capital does not continue to be frowned upon and excessively burdened, and labor, with its momentary flush of power, does not forget "warming the benches cuts no coupons."

Otto H. Kahn's request for permanent commissions, composed of our various industries' brains, to study, report and frame solutions for prompt, real action in a commonsense and businesslike way, the New York State Federation of Labor's requests officially that all wage and time contentions cease for six months to allow the government to determine the causes and reduce the cost of living. These two helpful, simple attitudes of representative capital and labor send sunshine to the tired, sensible business man, who, minding his own business, steering his own course calmly, wonders why it is considered any league of nations is the first essential to the prosperity and rest of the United States, and not that the prosperity and rest of the United States is basically and in fact necessary first and quickly, for the best support of some league of nations that will spell absolute security to such a foundation as we have built for ourselves, which is resulting in such benefit to the world today. We can only help, as we help ourselves, and do so first. Hence, it all is summed up in the words, confidence and credit. If not confidence, reduction of credit, reduction of production, calamity in the adjustment, for which there is no excuse, for we have bullion and brains, but both are of no account to the republic, except supported by confident teamwork. If both capital and labor refuse to be employed or reduce materially their efforts, it takes no brainy workingman, no sluggish capitalist to see the end of the good fortune war has left us, despite all difficulties. The danger sign is up. Heed it and play the game fairly, squarely, daily.

JOSEPH MEINRATH.

Note of Appreciation.

Council Bluffs, Sept. 3. To the Editor of The Bee: Just a word to express my high appreciation for the manner in which you have published the facts in the brutal murder of Scott, the bellboy. It reminds us ex-service boys that there are still some fairminded white men in the old U. S. A. whose hearts are as white as their faces, and who believe in justice being given all men, regardless of race or creed.

On my body are four wounds, received carrying Old Glory over the top, yet these four wounds are not as hard to bear as the injustice and insults on every hand that we receive on the return to the shores of the country that we walked to the very doors of hell to defend in its hour of need.

Long may God let such fairminded men as you live.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Opposes the League.

Hartington, Neb., Sept. 3. To the Editor of The Bee: The democratic press is putting up a big howl about the "partisan" attitude of the senate in relation to the league of nations. The howl is more partisan than the attitude of the republican senate. England saw no way to escape national defeat but to cajole and coerce this nation into participation in Europe's war. President Wilson took the English bait. This nation was plunged into the war to the tune of $20,000,000,000 and a good many American lives, and England was saved. England sees no way to escape defeat in the future but to involve this nation in a league of nations or combination of powers, which will weave this peaceful, independent, resourceful nation into the fabric of Europe's chronic war spirit and involve her in the future wars of Europe. The fact is the people of this country are waking up out of their nightmare and reading the handwriting on the wall, and the republican congress represents this awakening and proposes, if possible, to save the country from what is bound to follow. The change in the political policy, especially as regards international affairs, has come none too soon. The tremendous fear of the democratic party that the league of nations will not carry is not born of interest in the welfare of this nation, but in the partisan desire to see the policy of the democratic president carried out.

Instead of the war making the "world safe for democracy" its outcome, in the awful hardships it has laid upon the people by the high cost of living, has made the world safe for bolshevism and threatens the world, even this nation, with revolution.

The reasons for the high cost of living in our country are being discussed everywhere. The fact is, the democratic administration, through the collusion of the White House and Wall street, and especially through the medium of the war, has turned the interests of the people over to the corporations, until now they have almost absolute control of living commodities, and the people pay the price. The result is the cornering of billions of dollars in wealth of the monopolies and the starvation of the masses. Unless a new republican administration can succeed, before it is too late to stem this tide, a revolution is as sure to follow as effect is sure to follow cause. That would not be the proper or wise sequel; it would be the worst thing that could happen, but it will be what will happen.

DR. W. M. WARD.

In a Real Estate Deal.

Omaha, Sept. 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: Kindly permit me to explan a real estate deal that has been uppermost in my mind for a few past weeks. I have a good old friend that I respect most dearly, and he has been striving for years to get means together to buy a home. He is a hard-working and industrious man and worthy of consideration. So the last week or so the golden opportunity presented itself, and it is my intention to make the transaction as plain as possible, not attempting to besmirch any real estate man, but willing to concede that they are all four-cornered or square, if you please. In this particular deal my friend, Mr. A., has accepted the contract and paid $225 earnest money that he may bind same. But our flippant young real estate agent inserts what I term a "joker," that is if the owner will accept or consent. Now Mr. "Buttinsky" appears in the deal and offers Mr. Agent $200 more money than my friend, and Mr. Agent goes through same proceedings with Mr. "Buttinsky". Now Mr. Agent had a thorough understanding, for over a year he had authority to close up the deal. At this stage of the transaction he has them both "on his hip". Mr. Agent is in a position to catch them both coming and going. He can accept Mr. "B's" contract and sign up at a profit of $200 and his commission allowed him by the owner. My friend, Mr. "A", comes forward and rather than lose the prospect of a home raises his bid $200, but that same clause confronts him still, well knowing Mr. Agent is only waiting for another ante. Now if Mr. "C" should happen along with a 10-cent advance that same clause has to be met again and the owner is as foreign to that clause as the writer, it being a concoction of the agent himself. Has Mr. "A" no redress on first proposition?

JAMES GRIMES.

New York Land Prices.

Crescent, Ia., Sept. 5. To the Editor of The Bee: Will someone who has lived within recent years on a New York farm tell us why the price of land there is so much cheaper than here? One reads in the literature sent west of farms of 35 acres with fine improvements and live stock and implements, for less than $2,000. One explanation is that the war has caused a scarcity of farm labor. But will someone who knows please tell us in this column the reason why?

A READER.

DAILY CARTOONETTE.

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

Neighbor—"So your son got his B. A. and his M. A."

Father—"Yes, but his P—A still supports him."—Boston Transcript.

Ted—"He's a queer gink. He says he likes to write free verse."

Ned—"There's no accounting for tastes. I know fellows who claim they like to read it."—Life.

"I canna remember—hic—what the bride was like, Donald."

Donald—"Whist, mon, it wisna a marriage—it was a fun'ral."—Boston Transcript.

"With former bars dispensing ginger pop, this summer will prove it."

"Prove what?"

"Whether there is a sea-serpent or not."—Pittsburgh Sun.

The Head Waiter (fishing)—"I dreamed last night, sir, that you gave me a 5 pound note."

Stingy Patron—"Indeed, James! That's a bit steep for a tip, but—you may keep it!"—London Passing Show.

"The Gadspurs had a quarrel this morning. It seems that in some matter pertaining to the dignity of the family Mr. Gadspur failed to show what Mrs. Gadspur regarded as the proper spirit, so she called him a mouse."

"And what did Mr. Gadspur say to that?"

"He said, 'I wish I was a mouse, my dear. I'd have you standing on a chair in no time.'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Little Folks' Corner

DREAMLAND ADVENTURE

By DADDY.

"THE PRINCE OF DOLLARS."

(The Prince of Dollars sets out in a swift motor car to find his lost mermaid, and takes Peggy, Billy and Judge Owl with him.)

The Song in the Storm.

JUDGE OWL'S prophecy that the Prince of Dollars would climb mountains, drive through rivers and dash into fire to find his lost mermaid made Peggy and Billy wonder what was going to happen.

The prince sent his auto dashing along the road with the speed of the wind. "This car is a dandy," said Billy. "It must have cost a lot of money."

"It did," answered the prince, speeding the machine to even swifter flight, "but I would give its cost a thousand times over to find my beloved mermaid.

"Only a very, very rich man could give that much," declared Peggy.

"I am a very rich man. That's why I'm called the Prince of Dollars," replied the prince, clearing up a little mystery that had been bothering Peggy and Billy ever since they had first heard his name in the mermaid's song. "I have many mills and tens of thousands of men and women and children labor to add to my wealth," continued the prince, "but all this would I give if my mermaid love were mine."

"Hoo! Hoo! I have something to say," hooted Judge Owl from the back seat, but a rush of wind knocked him over before he could finish.

"Hoo! Hoo! Ask Me!" Hooted Judge Owl.

"Do you know where the mermaid is?" asked Peggy of the prince.

"I haven't the slightest idea," he groaned. "I must search the whole world over," and he put on still more speed.

"Hoo! Hoo! I have something to say!" again hooted Judge Owl, but a second time he was caught in a rush of wind and had to scramble hard to keep his perch on the back of the seat.

"If you don't know where the mermaid is, why don't you ask some one?" said Peggy.

"That's a good idea," replied the prince, and he brought the car to a quick stop. "Who will I ask?"

"Hoo! Hoo! Ask me," hooted Judge Owl. "I told you I had something to say." Then he went on quickly to explain. "I heard a voice singing in the mountains last night. It sounded like the voice of the mermaid as she sang on the rocky isle of the lake. Hoo! Hoo! Listen to what I have to say."

The prince didn't understand bird talk and was annoyed by Judge Owl's hooting.

"How did that noisy bird get in this car? Pitch him out," he exclaimed angrily. But the prince changed his mind very quickly when Peggy told him what Judge Owl had said.

"I'll have that wise bird fed a thousand mice," he declared gratefully. "Here are the mountains ahead of us. We must go fast to find the mermaid, for a storm is brewing and harm might come to her."

What he said was true. Lightning was flashing among the hills ahead of them and thunder was rolling. The flashes showed the mountains looming up dark, gloomy and threatening. The night had become pitch black and heavy clouds were circling about the jagged peaks. It was a very scary time to venture among the mountains, but the prince never hesitated. "On, on, we must find my beloved," he cried, steering the auto into a steep rock.

High up they climbed until at last the blazing lightning revealed a fork in the roads. The prince stopped, not knowing whether to go to the right or to the left. And as he hesitated a beautiful voice began to trill a melodious song.

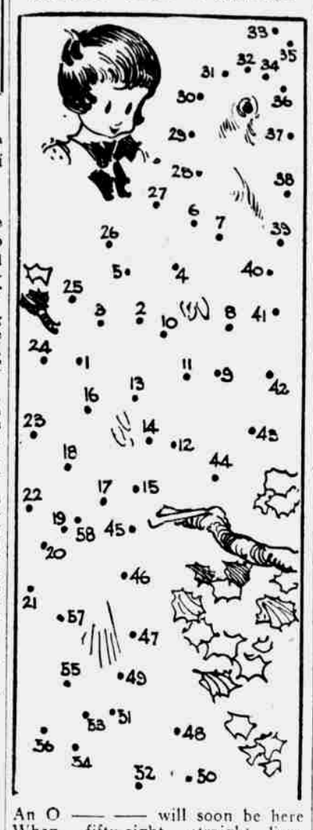
"My mermaid," cried the prince, and he turned to the right. Up, up went the auto, the prince driving fast, as he expected to reach the mermaid in a hurry. But on, on went the voice, traveling as swiftly as the auto. Speed as he would the prince could not catch it.

Billy squeezed Peggy's hand. "Do you think the mermaid has turned into a singing will-o'-the-wisp?" he whispered.

"Or into a witch on a broomstick," whispered Peggy back. On, on, on, climbed the auto amid the rolling thunder and the dazzling lightning.

(Tomorrow will be told how they find the singer and get a surprise.)

DAILY DOT PUZZLE



An O —— —— will soon be here
When fifty-eight straight lines appear.

Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

EMANCIPATED.

On the coast they couldn't keep me, tho
they all tried mighty hard,
The S. P. tied its engines up in every
railroad yard,
No steamship office there would sell a
ticket unto me
And the coast-line stage men shook their
heads and said, "Stay where you be."
The sunlit hills of Hollywood said, "Be
content, we're near,"
The movie stars all twinkled my home-
sick heart to cheer—
The stately eucalyptus trees outstretched
imploring arms,
And the fruit all ripened temptingly in
the fertile valley farms.
The trees and flowers with fragrance
sought my sunlit hours to fill,
But the conspiracy got to the ears of my
friend President Woodrow Will,
And sent his special agent out—his rail
director Hines
To untie all the knotty knots in the
Western R. R. lines—
And when they heard the orders and at
the end who signed,
The switchmen went to work again, they
knew they had to mind.
And so I'm out of prison and on the train
for home—
And I 'spect that I will be there as soon
as this here 'pome.'

BAYOLL NE TRELE.