

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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DECEMBER CIRCULATION. 54,211

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of December, 1914, was 54,211.

Thought for the Day. Selected by William Bridges. "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's and truth's."—Shakespeare.

"Buy It Now" is a mighty good slogan for a business campaign.

No need to worry over the ice crop; the ice man will get you next summer, just the same.

It's too bad, but the dear girls should understand that an army must have some privates on its roster.

Anyone surprised when the democratic senators down at Lincoln abandoned their plan for reducing the number of senate employees?

The Kaiser has partaken of "K" bread, which ought to render that comestible at once popular in Germany. It may even outlive the war.

From the outbreak in the Nebraska suffrage ranks, it would seem that when women go into politics they act just like men, only more so.

All right, we will call him Speaker Jackson. This is the centenary anniversary of Andrew Jackson's great exploit at New Orleans, anyway.

The democratic senator from Dundee certainly did hand the democratic ex-senator from South Omaha an awful jolt. Another strong reason in support of annexation.

American wheat seems to have entered an avivation contest, but the price is not likely to soar high enough to frighten the Nebraska farmer, whose long suits are corn and wheat.

Omaha will try to worry along without the speakership—in fact, it is so long since Omaha furnished the legislature with a speaker that the memory of man has to be strained to recall it.

A lot of things useful and ornamental are made in Nebraska, and a lot more will be made if people who live in Nebraska will give preference to made-in-Nebraska articles, other things being equal.

Des Moines ministers commend Rev. "Billy" Sunday not only as a revivalist, but as a bill collector, which last recommendation exerts more force at this particular season of the year than the other.

Will paradoxes never cease? First, it was the terrible delirium of the torpedo boat destroyer "B-3" that riveted attention on the anomalies of the war; now it is the destruction of the "Formidable."

So far as the president is concerned, it is probably merely a matter of which pen to use in vetoing that literacy test immigration bill, also containing an exception that knocks our neutrality into a cocked hat.

A controversy has arisen with the Gameau Cracker company drawing forth a reply showing the following letters to be in the business of furnishing bread to Omaha: T. C. Elanzer & Bros., Urfau & Schwab, William Rapp, W. D. Yoder, Peter Fedde, Z. H. Rieder, Henry Hagen and G. Weber.

Colonel A. W. Hoagland, known as the newshawk friend, gave a talk at the First Methodist Episcopal church, with a special invitation to the newshawks.

Louis Hostetter of Albuquerque, N. M., and Miss Fannie Schaeffer were united in marriage, the ceremony being performed at the Millard hotel by Dr. Harfield.

Yesterday's strike among the tax men was short-lived. The strikers marched in a body to Mr. Fitch's office on North Nineteenth street and demanded their pay, which was given to them. This morning most of the men were sick of their bargain and ready to go back to work.

Frank Goodrich is happy over the arrival of a new boy at his house.

Elder Moses F. Shins died at his home on Campbell street, the result of injuries received at the residence at Fremont. He was one of the oldest residents of Omaha and laid out Shins's addition.

Pupa, fresh vaccine virus at Central hospital, where from 11 to 12 persons will be vaccinated each day at the cost of the virus; others at regular rates.

Victor Caldwell and Warren Yates left for Yale, having spent the holiday vacation in Omaha.

T. B. Havens and family have gone to California in the interest of Mr. Havens's health.

The Legislature.

With the democrats in full control of both houses of the legislature, as well as the executive branch of the state government, they will be rightly held responsible for the performance and net results of the session just beginning at Lincoln. While political considerations need not determine the treatment of most subjects of law-making, the political responsibility is there and is not to be evaded.

Relying on pre-election promises, the people of Nebraska will expect, if not a short session, at least a business session. They have been led to look for a policy of economy and retrenchment in appropriations, and for the legislature itself to set the example by stopping the waste and extravagance with its own train of supernumeraries. They have been led to expect further that whatever legislation is passed will have in view stimulating and building up Nebraska enterprises, and the development of Nebraska resources rather than tearing down what has already been accomplished or putting obstacles in the way of continued expansion.

It is, we know, too much to hope for the exclusion of all freak and hold-up measures. The great majority of the members who mean well can if they will put an early quietus on such proposals. Only by so doing will they hold the legislature to its real work, and make it a useful instead of disturbing body.

War's Alarms and Pence.

The beating of the great war drums in the halls of congress has raised a din that is heard throughout the land, not by deaf and uninterested ears, but by a people so busy with the pursuits of peace and prosperity that they have little time and less inclination to attend to the disturbance. Congressman Gardner's assertion that the United States army is not big enough to guard Paris is relatively accurate; the fact depending on the size of guard required. The United States army, however, has proved ample for the work it has had to do.

America's mission is one of peace. That it has made progress is proven by a century of agreement with Great Britain in the practice of amicable settlement of difficulties arising between the two nations. In the hundred years since the treaty of Ghent was signed, some notable questions have arisen, to be followed by equally notable adjustments. Experience more than supports the thought of William Howard Taft, which led to his submitting to the governments of the world proposals for the abolition of war, a thought to which this great nation is devoted in all sincerity.

The arts of peace offer a wide and most inviting field for activity for the makers of war materials as well as the rest of us. Dynamite and other high explosives are useful in industry, and machines for making big guns might conceivably be so modified as to produce steam dredges or sewing machines. In any event, the United States was never in less danger of being involved in war, nor were our citizens ever more secure in "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

The Ship Subsidy Bill.

Whatever form the so-called merchant marine bill may present when it finally emerges from congress, the fact will remain that in its conception the democrats have paid recognition to the principle of protection for home industries. That the theory and practice of the republican party in dealing with the question is correct is conceded by the democrats when they adopt the principle, no matter in what way they seek to apply it.

American shipping in coast trade and on inland waters has thrived marvelously, because it has been properly safeguarded against the ruinous competition that has driven American shipping from the high seas. In the traffic between nations, American ships have suffered almost to complete extinction. Great Britain, Germany, France and other maritime nations have encouraged ship owners by means of subsidies paid direct, or in the form of rebates, bonuses or other subvention, which practice, together with the advantages of cheap labor in construction and operation, has left the American vessel owner or builder hopelessly handicapped in the world's carrying trade.

The democrats have now an opportunity to atone for the blunder of the canal tolls, and under the spur of the president's influence, may clear the way for the reappearance of the American-built and American-owned vessel on the seaways of the world.

Is It Too Many Generals?

Such obsequies as seemed proper for the disposal of whatever remains of the late campaign for votes for women in Nebraska bid fair to be attended by certain post-mortem activities as may make the heated closing hours of the campaign seem calm and quiet by comparison. Whether the women who managed that campaign discovered their real genius for politics in other directions, they have made plain the fact that ambition for leadership is not confined to the sterner sex.

It is obvious that those who were at the head of the campaign must suffer the penalty exacted of every leader who loses a battle; not, we devoutly hope, to the extent practiced by the Japanese, wherein the defeated general resorts to the "happy dispatch" to relieve himself of the inconvenience of listening to what his followers have to say about his strategy and tactics. The aftermath may even prompt a question if one of the difficulties of the movement in Nebraska was not an overplus of leadership. The army with too many generals usually meets mishaps and this time-tried adage makes no exception for generals who wear petticoats.

The possibility of enforced conscription stares England in the face. Having been compelled to resort to the draft during our civil war, Americans who date back that far know what an unpleasant feeling that produces, even in prospect.

Make yourself at home, Mr. Mid-West Implement Dealer, and congratulate yourself that this mid-west territory leads the world in cultivating the soil by modern mechanical methods.

Our Dundee friends, however, we are sure, will have no objection to continuing to do their business and earn their salaries or wages in Omaha.

A Warship in Action

Palpatings of the Heart.

When a warship steams into action its heart pulses and throbs as eager for the fray as the hearts of any of its crew. Yet, a warship has a heart. The heart of a warship is the control room deep down under the deck, situated aft, usually about the second funnel. Even on big warships the heart is small. Generally it is only ten or six feet, and is almost noise-proof. It is really a steel vault, entered by a steel door not unlike the door of a burglar-proof safe.

From door to ceiling, says a writer in the Washington Star, the walls are lined with dials, wires, gauges, electric bells, speaking tubes, switches and a great amount of other apparatus, which keeps the commander in constant touch with every corner of the ship. It is the most wonderful and the most fearful room on earth or sea. It is a fortress within a fortress, a steel cell within the steel walls of the fighting machine.

In a Tight Box.

To be in the control-room during active service is to feel like being in a vault with the door locked on the outside. The little compartment, which visitors seldom see, will keep alive as long as there is a living soul on board able to hear and answer a call. It is through the control-room that the commander issues his instructions, observes and notes how the battle is going, calls the gun crews from place to place, directs the engineers, steers the whole fabric, and supervises everything. If a submarine is seen in any direction, it is through the control-room that it is reported.

A little bell rings, a voice far away speaks: "Submarine on the port bow, sir! Two leagues off!" In an instant the answer thrills the gun crews: "Ware submarine on the port bow! Enemy's craft! Ready!" The gunners have been ready for some time, and when the chief gunner has "laid" the gun to his satisfaction, bang goes a message the enemy will not forget if it hits him.

If a gun has to cease fire, the order comes through the control-room. If the enemy lands a shell on deck or anywhere in the warship, the doctors are notified that they are wanted at that spot almost as soon as the men have fallen. If the gun crew are dead, it is from the heart of the ship that the order is given for fresh men to fill their places.

Though the captain himself is in the conning tower above, he knows through the officer in the control-room just what has happened to his ship and the extent of the damage; and if the captain is killed in the conning tower or on the bridge, the chief officer in the control room goes up at once to take his place. There are generally about six men in this little throbbing heart of the battleship, including operators and junior officers.

The chief officer gives directions to the torpedo operators, the gunners, the searchlight manipulators and the officers in charge of the fighting masts, if such are part of the ship's equipment. But, besides all this, there are a thousand and one things to attend to during an engagement.

Every order has to be given at an instant's notice; given distinctly, firmly, without the slightest hesitation or flurry. It is only in the control room that one learns what the phrase "devotion to duty" really means.

Everything goes with automatic precision in the heart of a warship, and as it is the vital spot on board, special care is taken to preserve it from harm.

Amidst the Shells.

Think of the steady nerves required of those men, cooped up in this small room when the shells are flying around and the hull is being battered by the enemy's guns! A wrong signal might mean disaster, but the organization is so near perfection that mistakes are practically unknown.

There is no rest for the officers in the control room during a fight. They must stay at the ship's heart telegraphing and telephoning to every part of the vessel, without taking notice of the wreckage that is being heaped up on every hand. They know that when the men in turret No. 1 or No. 2 cease to reply to their signals something serious has happened.

An example of how gunners always try to destroy the head and heart of opposing warships is furnished by the terrific battle of Tsushima in the Russo-Japanese war.

On one of the Russian battleships the admiral and the captain were both killed in the opening tangle within five minutes of the first shot being fired. Up came the second in command to take charge. Before he could get a proper view of the situation a shell crashed through the conning tower again. This time the second in command was killed, but also all the other officers in the tower.

The quartermaster saw what had happened and telegraphed the disaster to the control room; then, gathering together some junior officers, he ran to the tower through a hail of grape-shot and bullets.

The only officer who could take charge was a young fellow, and he was not used to the business of war. He found the conning tower filled with tangled remains, and he fainted on the spot. Somebody roared a message down the speaking tube for both engines to be reversed, for by this time the warship was drifting toward the enemy.

But before the order could be obeyed another projectile tore a great gap in its side, and the water rushed into its boiler room. In a twinkling the ship was half filled. It drifted to the Japanese, full of dead and dying men, its colors trailing in the water. In less than fifteen minutes it had been reduced from a speck and span ironclad to a waterlogged, helpless derelict.

Then the men in the control room were taken out, all dead. They had literally died in the heart of their ship.

People and Events

Philadelphia makes some noise over the innovation of an electric sign over a church door. The Quaker city catches on to a good thing about a year after Omaha.

The current report of beans going out of fashion in Boston prompts a flippant paragraph to classify the Hub as "a has-beanery." Sixty days on the water wagon.

Keith Dalrymple, who vanished seven years ago from Fort Allegheny, Pa., is being sought by his wife, who wants to hand him \$25,000, to which he has fallen heir. Come a-runnin', Keith, and take the money.

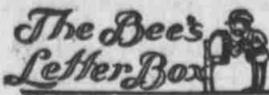
Easy money makes in Philadelphia have succeeded in working citizens for a bunch of money for "associate memberships" in bogus fraternal clubs. The audacity of the swindle caused editorial warnings in Philadelphia.

Now watch a Lilliput grapple with a giant! Ed Ryder of Ossining, N. Y., has brought suit for 2 cents against the New York Central railroad, and the company comes back with a suit against Ryder for 2 cents. The mighty contest starts in court January 5.

"You're a mere kid," remarked Henry Gasaway Davis, 32, in Washington as he extended birthday greetings to Admiral George Dewey, 77. George retires at 10 p. m., rises at 5 a. m. and commences with the morning papers long before the neighbors start on their "borrowing tours."

After fighting in the courts for ten years, encountering defeat all along the line, a delay of twenty-four hours in filing an appeal clears the way for the authorities of St. Louis to collect \$2,500,000 of back taxes from the street railway company. The legal issue was the right of the city to levy a tax of 1 mill on each passenger carried on the company's line, and state and federal courts upheld it.

Modern Enoch Ardens are mighty embarrassing when number two holds down the easy chair at the time they are. William M. Cook of Canarsie, N. Y., ten years ago discovered her soldier husband's name, Thomas Nethercate, on a cemetery tombstone. The War department assured her that Thomas was a dead one, but could not say where and how he was buried. A few days ago Nethercate showed up at the Cook home, but the door was slammed in his face. A minute later he showed his face at a window and shouted dire threats. At last accounts Nethercate had disappeared from Canarsie, and the story-makers of the press hint that the affair was a ghost walk.



Sympathy Mixed with Nationality.

BRUNING, Jan. 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: In the letterbox column of The Bee I read a letter, "Caesar Regazzi." I did not read George Gowin's letter therein in question, but from the tone of Caesar Regazzi's letter it would seem that both these gentlemen have too much nationality mixed up with their sympathy. If we as loyal citizens of the United States would not set nationalistic aside, what would become of our families where there is a German father and an English mother, or vice versa? As true citizens of the United States we must act all nationality aside when we want to talk about European troubles, and must form our opinions on the past for a foundation.

I am of German descent, born in the state of Illinois, before this country was a united government and to bring this about has cost the country many a young man's life, left many a poor widow with helpless children to mourn and made many men cripples for life, while the cost in dollars and cents could not be estimated. What stand did Great Britain take in that war? Why should we sympathize with a country that did all it could to keep us from uniting under one government? Caesar Regazzi mentions also that Great Britain has been friendly to us of late years, but whenever Great Britain has been friendly to us it has been like feeding a mouse with bait on a trap. I think the most sympathy in this country for Great Britain is agitated by English capital interested in corporations here, more than by the people.

It is also said that if Germany had as many Africans as England, she would make use of them in this war. But it is certainly no credit for a country to rule over a large body of uneducated people and then use them in war, but that is England's way of doing, and had Johnny Bull known a year ago what he knows now, he would not have made the slightest effort to stop this war. As it is, we can be thankful that we have some one at the helm of government that will see that the United States stays out and also that our commerce is not threatened. J. DUIS.

Wants Repealerships for Railroads.

HAMPTON, Jan. 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: Who is this mysterious sympathy solicitor for the railroads which I read in The Sunday Bee? It does not seem to me they should be so financially hard pressed with the enormous grain they have had to haul, and stock of all kinds—more than ever before. Every train is heavily loaded, both going and coming, and the same with the passenger trains, except a few bobtail local trains.

Now, if the railroads could not make a goodly dividend in a good crop year like 1914, when do they expect to? In the first place, they should learn to follow Louis D. Brandeis' advice to adopt a more economic arrangement. I dare say that if a farmer would run his farm in such a reckless manner he would not have a farm in less than five years. Who are the railroads' most bitter enemies? Their own employees. They have agitated the general public all over the whole kingdom in many different ways. Did you ever know a railroad company to do anything without the law to force them? We do not have a state commerce and interstate commerce commission to force the farmer to stay in his place. These are all an expense to the taxpayer, to which the railroads themselves help contribute.

It is a fact that the railroads can scarcely get a fair trial in any court any more, but this is all brought about through their own employees, and the company has upheld them in a great many cases. If the railroads would weed out this kind of employees and adopt some kind of a profit-sharing plan and a merit system, they would not have to come to the public on their knees and ask for clemency. Furthermore, if more of the railroads were managed by receivers the public would have better service, for it has ever been known that the receivers which the courts have appointed have pulled them through the greatest difficulties, and yet the public wonders why railroad managers at great salaries cannot do the same. I'm for receivers for railroads so that we may get better service. STEPHEN S. HITCHECK.

Belgians Alone Have the Call.

COLUMBIA, Neb., Jan. 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: As you were kind to show up my last letter I will try again. I thought you could arouse some of our people to the needs of the starving Belgians, but I see it is hardly of any use, because people will only think of the Belgians. It would be good to refer to our representatives and senators of the support of the German people in this country for the next election in case they do not support the Hitchcock bill. E. HAUN.

Gowin's "Come Back."

HITCHFIELD, Neb., Jan. 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: My recent letter in The Bee seems to have aroused the ire of Mr. Kasper Hufschmidt and Caesar Regazzi. I had thought that "Caesar" was dead, but it seems not so. Mr. Hufschmidt says he knows what he's talking, claiming to have served in the German army in 1910 and to have left Germany on account of his militarism. Further on in his letter he says: "I find that the fellow that has so much to write about and make fools of themselves are some others than the good that have deserted and left the good old fatherland and the Kaiser, being afraid of being called upon to fight for their country." He himself must be the fellow to whom he refers, having admitted himself that he left Germany for that very reason. It is safe to say that if he were ever wounded in battle it was in his back. He goes on lamenting about the big German siege guns murdering the poor innocent Belgians, but is silent about these same Belgians cutting off the ears and gouging out the eyes of wounded German soldiers.

Mr. Regazzi says that England's policy in recent times is to keep friendly with the United States. Quite true, but it is only through fear. No doubt but what Mr. Regazzi would try to keep on friendly terms with Jack Johnson were the two put into a room from which there was no escape. He goes on to say that when the English-Japanese alliance was made this country was friendly to Japan, and that it seemed to him that it was later modified in order that England should not be involved in case of war between the United States and Japan. It may "seem" so to Mr. Regazzi's deluded brain, but a man of average intelligence can see through this mythical friendship at once. Representative Vollmer of Iowa in a speech before the house foreign committee on December 26, 1914,

said: "There is only one nation whose ally of national interests are impulsively opposed to ours. I do not hesitate to predict that Japan proposes to hold, not only Kiao Chow, but the islands of the Pacific which it has seized. Some day this issue must be tried out in the Pacific, and it may be to the interests of this country to have a powerful friend by its side." That friend would be Germany. Representative Vollmer emphatically declared: "Germany cannot be beaten in this war. Her people are united and determined to fight to the last drop of blood. If this war continues it will go on until all the world is dragged down in bankruptcy." It is needless to say that these few well chosen words by Representative Vollmer bear more weight than any bundle of letters Mr. Regazzi might write. Germany will fight until the last German, England will fight until the last Frenchman.

The Kaiser has helped to make Germany a wonderful nation, the envy of the European powers. The Germans are industrious, frugal and self-reliant people. They excel in manufacture, science, arts and medicine—why not in militarism? That famous stamp can ever force me to know the world over and is self-evidence of the superiority of German made goods. In order to put an end to this and to make herself master England is attempting to annihilate a country and people superior to her own. How well she will succeed remains to be seen. I am a German sympathizer because I believe they are in the right, the same as the colonies were in the right in '76, and a reborn American citizen of lawful age and no Hindu, Jago or any other British sympathizer can ever force me to tip my hat to King George. GEORGE GOWIN.

JOLLIES FROM JUDGE.

Bix—What nonsense to say that one can't get the last word with a woman! I found it easy enough today. Dix—You don't say! How did it happen? Bix—Why I said to a woman in the car, "Madam, have my seat."—Boston Transcript.

"Professor, you seem interested in my life cake." "Yes," said the eminent geologist, "you seldom see such regular and sharply defined strata."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Would you vote for prohibition?" "Of course I would," replied Senator Sorghum. "My constituents are strong for prohibition." "Does that fact influence your idea?" "It would be more merciful if my constituents exert so much influence over my employment. I'd rather go thrifty than hungry."—Washington Star.

"The man who tells us of our faults is our best friend," quoth the philosopher. "Yes, but he won't be long," added the mere man.

Richard—Bixby's friends say he is a good fellow, and his wife denies it. Which do you believe? Robert—Both.

"Why didn't you toot your horn if you saw the man in the road ahead?" "I figured," replied the chauffeur, "that it would be more merciful if he never knew what struck him."

"Have you a careful chauffeur?" "Very. He never runs over any one unless he's sure he can make a getaway."

Deacon Winters—Domine, I don't like to say it, but I think 'twould be well to put Treasurer Meadows in the pen. Rev. Mr. Summers—Why so, deacon? I have always regarded Brother Meadows as scrupulously honest. Deacon Winters—That's just it, domine. He's gettin' to be too scrupulously scrupulous!

honest. He's makin' a show of it. He's puttin' all the hills apples on top o' the barrens.—Judge.

Country House Host (to arriving guest)—Hello, Jack! Drove over with Miss Cud-dies, eh? Ripping sleighs, but cold riding, ain't it? Jack (cheerfully)—Oh, didn't notice it. Host—All right, then. Come in and thaw that serene out of your mustache.

"I believe I'll wear a silk hat," said Mr. Blagins. "Let me see you try one on first," answered his wife. "A silk hat always has a curious effect of making a man look as if he had an extraordinary supply of sense or none at all."—Detroit Free Press.

THE DOCTOR.

E. A. Guest in Detroit Free Press. The doctor comes smiling, and he holds my weary hand, And says I'll soon get better, and that soon he'll let me stand. He promises the roses to my cheeks shall come again, And he laughs away the fever, and he jokes away the pain.

Through the long, long night I suffer; I wait till dawn, that comes to me, Quaint thoughts that I am thinking, strange the sights that I can see. But the sunbeams of the morning bring the doctor up the stairs, And the heart of me is lightened of a thousand different cares.

There is courage in the twinkle of his kindly smiling eyes, And before his merry laughter fly a thousand fears and sighs; And the thoughts that have been dreary change to pleasant ones and gay. When the good old kindly doctor smiles the doubts and dreads away.

For the doctor he comes singing and he sits beside my bed, And he lifts my weary spirits, as a pilot lifts my head; And the fever seems to leave me, and the pains are not so severe, And I'm better by the presence, and I'm stronger for his cheer.

The doctor he is clever, sure and certain in his skill, And his people long have praised him for his work among the ill; But it's not his wisdom only, that the life of us insures, And it's not his pills and tonics, but the heart of him that cures.

Water Power Development, Steam Power Stations, S. G. PETICOLAS MEMBER AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS. WHY? In the first place the average contractor has little or no knowledge of electrical or mechanical engineering, and often offers advice that proves very costly and an endless expense to the builder in later years.

FLORENCE

is to be given next and believe me she is a very pretty dolly. She has such sweet winning ways that we would like to have her go to some little girl that didn't get a doll for Xmas. She would make that little girl so happy.

Put on your thinking caps little Busy Bees, and see if you cannot remember some such little girl, and try to make her happy by collecting a few pictures to help her win Florence.

Florence will be given free to the little girl under 12 years of age that brings or mails us the largest number of dolls' pictures cut out of the Daily and Sunday Bee before 4 p. m. Saturday, January 9.

Florence pictures will be in The Bee every day this week. Cut them out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you too. See how many pictures of Florence you can get, and be sure to turn them in to The Bee office before 4 p. m., Saturday, January 9.

You Can See Florence at the Bee Office



Sled Number 4

FREE THIS WEEK

The picture of the Sled will be in The Bee every day this week.

Cut them all out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you, too. See how many pictures you can get and bring them to The Bee office.

Free to the boy that sends us the most pictures before 4 p. m. Saturday, January 9.

