

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR.

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That Liberty loan parade is open to everybody who can walk. Take a short stroll for Old Glory.

Incidentally, don't forget that million dollar school bond issue must be ratified by popular vote next Tuesday.

Save the wheat flour; remember the French soldiers are fighting on short rations, and depend on us even for that.

Details of events on the plains of Picardy add lustre to all the allied arms. Heroism never reached to greater heights than there.

Of course, the name does not suggest anything in particular, but General Payoff has been authorized to organize the bolshevik army.

Do you suppose the two bodies at Lincoln have renewed the old-time understanding that one or the other would kill any measure both objected to?

Our own ordnance experts have designs for a gun that will shoot 105 miles, but what the country really would like to see is a few guns that can be used in battle.

One of the worst things charged against Bill Ure is intimate association with "Fee-grabber Bob" Smith. Mr. Ure, however, doubtless realizes that this is a liability instead of an asset.

Another miller who thought the food regulations did not mean what they say has lost his license. In time the dealers on food will find out that rules are rules, and apply to all alike.

The kaiser regrets very much the fact that his church should be hit, but if the French will insist on having these sacred edifices it is their own lookout if they are destroyed in the process of establishing Kultur.

So far the democrats at Lincoln show no sign of intent to modify the ridiculous proposal for extending to alien enemy voters the right to participate in the election of two more legislatures, two more congresses and another president. One guess as to why this is so.

The action of the state senate, snuffing out the resolution to ratify the national prohibition amendment because not included in the governor's special session proclamation, probably also snuffs out the threatened resolution of censure on Senator Hitchcock for his pro-German activities and kaiser-lick-spitting performances.

Strengthening Control of Food. The federal government appears to be moving steadily to control of the great meat packing industry, that it may have more direct oversight of production and distribution of meats. How far this will be extended to or influence the growing of meat animals is yet to be determined. Up to now the only effort at price fixation in this line has been assurance that hogs would not be permitted to go below \$15.50 per hundred pounds of live weight. This decision was reached at a time when food and other items of cost were high, and perhaps will be modified if any recession of prices occurs. Live stock men are urging that some guaranty be given them of assured profit on what they produce. It may be brought about that the government will take cognizance of all circumstances, and through assuming control of the great packing houses do something in the way of establishing prices for live stock. Whether this is desirable must be developed. What experience the country already has had in this line has not been entirely satisfactory. Closer control of foods, both for source and distribution, may be necessary, but, with profiteering eliminated, something must be left to the operation of the normal laws of trade.

Seizure of the Dutch Shipping. In order to fully understand the protest of the Dutch against the seizure of their shipping by the United States and Great Britain, two points must be realized. Greatest of these is that it has been Germany that has sought to prevent traffic at sea, neutral as well as belligerent; that it is German power that has been exerted to shut off food and other supplies from neutral nations. We are fighting for the freedom of the seas; Germany is seeking to establish control of the waterways of the earth. The other point is that, while Holland no doubt was under duress of German threats, its course towards the United States had become decidedly unneutral. In withholding ships from service because they did not care to risk German displeasure, the Dutch assumed the attitude in which Americans would have found themselves had the Hitchcock resolution for an embargo on munitions been adopted by congress. If that had gone through, Germany would have been victorious long ago. If the Dutch ships had been permitted to remain idle in harbor, they would thus have contributed to the stalemate at which the Germans now aim. The action of the American government in this matter is in conformity to international law, embodied in The Hague agreements. Holland is in a most embarrassing situation, but if the Dutch were to show some firmness towards the Germans it might support their present protest against America with more of dignity.

The U-boat has not been entirely overcome, but that is no reason for despair. Rather, it should encourage us to greater efforts.

When the flag goes by. A correspondent writes to The Bee, commenting on the fact that while a parade went along the streets of the city lately, only a dozen men saluted the flag as it passed. He notes the fact that one young army officer and one former National Guard officer were among those remiss in doing reverence to the colors. This is contrasted against the action of school patrons in forcing a young woman to resign as teacher for failure to salute the flag because of her religious scruples. Here is cause for sober thought.

When the flag goes by 100,000 people go by, in their strength and majesty. The Declaration of Independence, the Emancipation Proclamation, the Monroe Doctrine, all the history and achievements of our great country go by when the flag passes. The hope of freemen everywhere, the happiness and safety of our homes, the preservation of justice and liberty in all the world, our past and our future greatness and prosperity are wrapped up in that flag. It means all that our nation ever did or ever can mean.

When the American citizen salutes the banner of his country he does homage only to himself. The act is simple, requires no posing, exacts no tribute save that of self-respect.

Let us hear a little less of compelling foreigners to kiss the flag until Americans get so they can lift their hats when the colors go by on the occasion of formal parades. The man who can not reverentially uncover to Old Glory has no right to chide an alien for lack of patriotic impulse.

Treasury War Operations. Some figures from the Treasury department may be of interest in connection with the drive for the third Liberty loan, soon to commence. The public mind is bewildered with the talk of billions that have been or are to be expended in connection with the war; financial operations having kept pace with military maneuvers, on a scale far beyond comprehension of common mortals.

The ordinary expenditures of the government from July 1, 1917, to March 16, 1918, were \$4,233,261,000, or over \$13,000,000 a day. These figures do not include \$3,621,830,000 loaned to our allies, a good investment, nor \$22,000,000 used to purchase bonds of the farm loan banks, another good investment. Total disbursements of the government for the period mentioned were \$11,274,575,000. Actual expenditures on war account amount to a little more than three and one-half billions of dollars.

The receipts of the Treasury in this same time were \$11,017,257,000, derived from all sources, including bond sales and issuance of certificates of indebtedness. Revenue to the estimated amount of \$2,500,000,000 will be due June 15; some of this already has been paid into the Treasury, but by far the largest part is yet to be collected. Bonds, certificates of indebtedness, war savings certificates and thrift stamps had been issued by the Treasury up to March 12 in the amount of \$8,560,802,052.96. Appropriations for the War department since the declaration of war total \$7,464,771,756.48, and of this \$3,006,761,907.15 had been withdrawn from the Treasury. For the navy appropriation amounting to \$1,905,620,919 was made, and \$1,881,000,000 expended.

In announcing the loan, Secretary McAdoo called attention to the fact that expenditures had fallen slightly below estimates, and gave it as his opinion that the sum asked would be ample for Treasury requirements for the remainder of the calendar year. This, however, is but conjecture, and may not be borne out by experience. The figures are eloquent and require little emphasis other than is carried by them.

Editorial Snapshots. Baltimore American: Hemp is suggested as a good remedy for trenchery in congress. At any rate, it would not give them too much rope.

Washington Post: If there were anything in the sayings of Bill Hohenzollern, providence would soon have to go on the defensive.

Louisville Courier-Journal: It is believed that 200,000 Germans have been killed since the start of the war.

Minneapolis Journal: We have failed heretofore to measure up to our promise to show a united, unselfish, determined front to keep them, and more than keep them.

Minneapolis Tribune: Germany is strongly opposed to annexations, but you will find her in "recycling boundaries" the grain fields of Russia and the oil fields of Rumania have been taken over by the Germans.

New York Herald: Even Washington is sending its death-dealing shells into Paris should speak more clearly of the always obvious attitude of Austria than do the echoes of Count Czerzynski's Eagle: Hundreds of people with German names are rushing to court to have them wiped out. They say they feel the cold shoulder of suspicion the moment they are mentioned.

Brooklyn Eagle: Hundreds of people with German names are rushing to court to have them wiped out. They say they feel the cold shoulder of suspicion the moment they are mentioned.

Science With the Bark On. A professor of the city was examining some students in hygienic science. "The great city agglomerations vitiate the atmosphere," he said, "Micro-biferous germs, escaping from air-borne about the city, in the country, however, the atmosphere remains pure. Why is that, Jones?" "Because," said Jones, "the people in a city never open their windows."—London Tit Bits.

Underground In No Man's Land

Vast Systems of Tunnels and Galleries on Battle Front Philip Gibbs in London Chronicle.

I went out into world the other day where men shells, bursting high or bursting low can have any effect upon our men who live there.

No German barrage can "put the wind up," because in this world there is no wind. Visibility may be good or bad, but the enemy has no observation here, though he is on top all the time.

I went out into No Man's land beyond our lines, and was as safe as in the Strand at home, though only a few yards away from the enemy's outposts. For this world into which I went, leaving the blue of the sky and the noise of things that "go off" suddenly, was deep underground.

It is a place of long galleries, 60 feet below the outside earth, in which one may walk for hours and hours and not come to the end of them. I walked for hours and hours, and my guide, who knows these tunnels blindfold, pointed to the entrance of another gallery and said, "That leads to another part of the front, and would take another day to explore."

My guide was one of the officers of the Australian Tunneling company, which during the past two years has done a great part of the work in boring the subterranean system below some section of our battle line. They are mostly miners from the goldfields of western Australia, tough fellows with a special code of their own as regards their ways of discipline and work, but experts at their job, and with all their pride in it and a courage which would frighten the devils of hell if they happened to meet in the dark.

When they first came over with their plant the Germans were mining actively under our lines and blowing up our infantry in the trenches. It was the worst terror of war before poison gas came, and I used to pity our poor officers and men who knew, and hated to know, that the enemy was sapping his way under them, and that at any moment the night be buried in a crater or hurled sky high.

It is many months now since the enemy's mining activities were reported in our communiques. They were beaten out of the field by British, Australian, Canadian, and New Zealand miners, who fought the Germans back underground from gallery to gallery, blowing them up again and again whenever they drew near, and racing them for the possession of the leads whenever they tried to regain part of their destroyed systems.

The Australian tunnelers had a race with the German then, and the lives of many men depended on the speed. They could hear the tapping of their picks, and men pressed their heads against the walls to see if they could see the glow of their lamps as they worked—when they are "all out" they can do that every time—blew in the ends of one of his galleries, and then broke through his timber into the tunnel.

The dash through of the Australian tunnelers with rifles and revolvers was an exciting adventure. The enemy had escaped, but their system was destroyed before they could touch off their mines.

The Germans know now that they are beaten underground, and it is an honor of which this Australian company is proud that, apart from their own casualties, not a single infantry soldier of ours has lost his life by hostile mining since they challenged the enemy and beat him in this part of the battle front.

It is an uncanny thing to walk through this subterranean world. It reminded me yesterday of "The Time Machine," by H. G. Wells, where the traveler in the fourth dimension goes down the shaft and discovers the underground people, and hears the throb of mighty engines and feels the touch of soft bodies in the darkness.

It was dark in the beginning of the tunnels, and down some of the galleries running out to the fighting points and men pressed against the chalk walls to let us pass, and I heard their breath, and sometimes there was the clank of steel hat against steel hat.

Here and there for 500 yards or so the tunnel roof was so low that one had to walk sharply against the timber posts. A candle held by the man in front was the only light in the blackness. But presently the underground world became more spacious and lightened. A tall man could walk upright, and long galleries were lit by bulbs of electric light.

In each side of the galleries were rooms carved out of the chalk. They were furnished with wooden tables and benches, and the miners were playing cards there. A fuggy smell and a dampish mist crept towards us, and my guide said, "There are a good many men hereabouts."

Through holes in the chalk walls I looked into caverns where men lay asleep in bunks. The voices of men, yawnings and hummings and whistlings came through chinks in the rock, to the silence of the galleries. Later on, after much more walking, there was a queer throbbing and whirring, and in a big vault was a power house, with three electric engines providing the light of the galleries.

Not far away was a room from which a force heat came and a smell of good food cooking. It was the kitchen, with big stoves and ovens, where meals were being cooked by sweltering men within a few yards of the front-line trench. In a little white a big electric fan will blow a draught through the kitchen and take away the heat.

In other rooms were field dressing stations, and we came to a subway with trolley lines, down which the wounded are brought from the battlefield up above, so that there is none of that stumbling and drooping and danger of death on the way, as when stretcher bearers have to carry men over shell cratered land and down narrow trenches under fire.

The roofs of the tunnels were richly colored with a reddish fungus, which hangs down like stalactites, and of queer freak life which persists by the stubborn desire of nature some of the square planks used for propping up the galleries had sprouted, and

there were little white shoots from these beams.

We went deeper down and further forward. In one room men were listening like telephone operators, but the instrument in their ears tells stranger tales than those that travel along overhead wires. They were listening to the sounds of German life in other tunnels like these, the sounds of men walking and talking and filling sandbags and moving timber.

The listeners are so expert that they can tell by the nature of the sounds exactly what the enemy is doing through a chalk wall 70 feet thick. Their knowledge of the enemy life is so exact by this means that when they captured some of his galleries they found them exactly as they had mapped them out beforehand by the indications of sound.

Presently we went into one of the fighting points driven out beyond the lateral galleries. And my guide said: "Here we will be quiet, because we don't want the enemy to get suspicious. We are now out in No Man's land."

It was a safe, and pleasant way of wandering into No Man's land. The war seemed a world away. It was only some hours later, after a good lunch with good fellows in the bowels of the earth, when we came up to the surface of the earth and saw the sky again and the dreary waste of the battlefield and heard the cry and crash of scattered shells that we remembered our whereabouts and this business above ground.

The Australian tunnelers live below ground for the greater part of their life, and some of them have the pale look of men who are out of the light. In their spare time down below they play cards, and yarn of old days in the goldfields, and carve faces in the chalk, as one man had carved the face of Shakespeare—"Old Bill," he called him—Shakespeare's "Old Bill," he called him—

It is a strange life in this modern world below the fields of death, and there is a sinister purpose at the end of the tunnels, but these men, by their toil and courage with picks and explosives and listening instruments, have saved the lives of many hundreds of British soldiers, and long after the war is finished this underground world of theirs will remain as a memorial of their splendid labor.

Prices of Farm Products After War. From the point of view, of the German propagandists it is good service to discourage farmers in North America from extensive increase in crop production. It is easy to point to the wheat that is being held in Australia and predict an era of low prices immediately after the war comes to an end. In view of its many activities for the welfare of Berlin, it is surprising if the German-American Alliance has overlooked this field of propaganda.

Farmers should be impressed with the fact that there is a war and, after three years and a half of fighting, no basis exists on which peace could be founded. The western allies realize today, better than ever before, that a peace made now could only be a German peace, with all their sacrifice of life and savings lost. This country has but one war aim—the complete overthrow of Prussian militarism. Peace cannot come until that end is secured. It may take years; nobody knows. But in the meantime we have but one duty, and that is to fight.

So long as we fight food must be at a premium. Wheat, meat and beans are the important war foods, and they cannot be cheap. For this year at least the world's food must come from North America. In another year the United States must pour men and munitions like a tidal wave into France. It will tax the shipbuilding enterprises to furnish the transportation, so that not many vessels will be sent to Australia so long as America, only one-fourth the distance, can furnish the food.

Peace does not mean an immediate resumption of industry. Transportation will be crowded to the limit, and demobilization must be a long and tedious process. Even then people will have to eat while the work of rebuilding Europe goes on. The land will need rebuilding also before it yields its accustomed crops. Europe's agriculture will prove to be one of the worst hurt victims of the war. These facts point to high prices for years after the war.

Farmers of North America should not be disturbed by disloyal whisperings founded on lies. Prices may be high for years to come. The man who grasps the opportunity now and plants all he can is the one who will win the prize.—Wall Street Journal.

People and Events. Observing Monday as a fool's day gives April a patriotic start.

The asplices of winter stick to the lap of spring. The shameless things!

Congressman La Guardia of New York City, also aviator for Italy, comes out for reelection next fall on an "anti-yellow, anti-socialist, anti-German and true-blood-American ring true viva, La Guardia!"

Joseph L. Bristow, former United States senator from Kansas, once more throws his hat in the senatorial ring. Joe promises to do things if he gets in. He is hot for war now that the country is in it, but wallows the War department in front and rear.

A revolution in taxation impends in Missouri. Assessed valuations of real and personal property reported by 114 counties total \$3,236,000,000, which is estimated to be 85 per cent greater than the valuations of 1916. The State Board of Equalization, now at work on the returns, is said to plan a further boost of efficiency, when this happy little incident was related by Senator George Sutherland of Utah:

"One evening a young man attended a circus, where one of the big features of the show was a beautiful lion tamer. Entering the ring, followed by the lion, the fair charmer placed a lump of sugar between her lips, which the king of the forest took from her with his teeth. Instantly the youth sat up and began to take notice.

"Great stunt all right," he enthusiastically shouted to the performer, "but I can do it, too!" "Of course," scornfully replied the pretty performer, who didn't like having her act minimized, "but do you really think you can?"

"Most assuredly," was the prompt rejoinder of the young man, "just as well as the lion."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Science With the Bark On. A professor of the city was examining some students in hygienic science. "The great city agglomerations vitiate the atmosphere," he said, "Micro-biferous germs, escaping from air-borne about the city, in the country, however, the atmosphere remains pure. Why is that, Jones?" "Because," said Jones, "the people in a city never open their windows."—London Tit Bits.

The Bee's Letter Box

Thanks From Boy Scouts. Omaha, March 30.—To the Editor of The Bee: At a meeting of the executive board of the Omaha Boy Scouts Friday noon I was directed by a unanimous vote in behalf of the thanks and appreciation for the splendid co-operation you have rendered with those interested in the Boy Scout drive, which came to such a fine, successful close Tuesday night. Realizing as we do the shortage of space due to big war news, we feel that you gave us an exceptional amount of room in your columns. Again thanking you for your co-operation, I remain, C. H. ENGLISH, Scout Executive.

Right You Are, Mr. Welch. Omaha, April 1.—To the Editor of The Bee: A few weeks ago a young woman was discharged from her school because she refused to salute the flag. She was a member of a sect known as "Soul Sleepers."

On the Saturday afternoon of the parade of Boy Scouts recently, Scout Executive English and myself marched directly back of the scouts carrying the flags.

We decided to each watch his side of the street for salutes to the flag and in the entire line of march of about 40 blocks we counted exactly 12 men in civilian clothes who removed their hats or in any way recognized Old Glory as it passed.

Now, I know it does not necessarily mean that a man is unpatriotic because he does not salute the flag, but I would not expect an unpatriotic man to do so, and if every patriot does it we can see where and who the others are and it is mighty encouraging in fact to see the Scouts and other citizens to see it done.

We were asked in a recent address to do everything we can to show our patriotism so that our enemies will not be encouraged by a show of indifference.

Would the kaiser be much frightened by American patriotism had he noticed, or one of his numerous spies reported, this apparent indifference, particularly if he had noticed one second lieutenant of the United States army and one ex-captain of the Nebraska National Guard whom we passed twice without a salute, though one major and all other officers and privates saluted every time?

I believe that a little publicity at this time as to what is the right thing to do would receive the hearty support of the community and there would be no more "Soul Sleepers."

I would like to see action at once before the third Liberty loan parade. Yours for America first, JOHN W. WELCH.

SMILING LINES. Mrs. Leeder—I can't do without my maternal coffee.

Mrs. Newrich—Is that a good brand? We've tried so many that are poor.—Boston Transcript.

"There's one thing I will say for our national anthem."

"What's that?"

"It's good thing the tune isn't as hard to remember as the words are."—Detroit Free Press.

"Flubud doesn't think much of Plunkville hospitality. He's always abusing that town."

"It's his own fault. I don't know what he did, but he had to put him in jail."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Stella—Jack is so strong, dear boy. Bella—How so?

Stella—Yesterday I had a letter from him at the training camp, so he said he had just pitched a tent.—Florida Times-Union.

She—You've heard of people's hair turning white in a single night?

Her Maid—Yes, miss, but that isn't the color it generally turns when it happens as quickly as that.—Baltimore American.

"That prima donna didn't seem at all angry?"

"How did you get that impression?" inquired the weary manager.

"She never once raised her voice."

"Well, you don't think she'd waste a high note on me, do you?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Prospective Employer—Why did you leave your last place?

Chauffeur—The way I worked for went crazy. Studied and studied when his car needed new tires.—Boston Transcript.

THE LISTENING PATROL. Patrick Magill's "Soldiers' Songs." With my bosom friend, Bill, armed ready to kill.

I go over the top as a listening patrol. Good watch we will keep if we don't fall asleep.

As we huddle for warmth in a shell shovelled hole.

In the battle it night all the plain is alight, With the gas maskers chirping to the frogs in the pond.

And the star shells are seen blighting red, blue and green.

Over the enemy trench just a stone's throw beyond.

The grasses hang damp o'er each weeping glowing lamp.

That is placed on the ground for a fairy campfire.

And the night breezes whelp where the mice squeak and squeal.

Making sounds like the enemy cutting our wire.

Here are thousands of toads in their ancient abodes.

Each toad on its stool and each stool in its place.

And a robin sits with a vigilant eye. On a grim garden spider's wife washing her face.

Seeing the Light of Duty

Our easy-going ways, provincial vision and sugar coated prosperity too often blind men to the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

The case of Jacob Schiermann of Clay county is typical of many prosperous farmers who are slowly awakening and passing from indifference to energetic support of war measures. The Clay County Sun, which details the story of Jacob's awakening, ascribes his indifference to national affairs to localized habits characteristic of natives as well as alien born. Some food rules were obeyed, if convenient, others resisted. "I got a little pigheaded," says Jake, "when he was ordered to return to the millers 20 sacks of flour which the family held in excess of immediate needs. The jolt hurt pride for a while. It also started on another tack, working on another tack."

A community rally on war saving stamps increased the light of patriotic duty which Schiermann had already visioned. He subscribed liberally. At the same time a disturbing thought sank in—why give money and refuse to surplus flour? Loyalty won and the 20 sacks of flour went to the county food administrator.

"In addition to this," relates the Sun, "Mr. Schiermann came in to see us and inform us that just as soon as his new wheat crop was out of the ground he would give promise of returning him seed for another year, he would place on the market at the prevailing price 200 bushel of choice seed that he has been saving for an emergency."

Thus Jacob Schiermann finished the story of his introduction to those higher conceptions of citizenship which are, as yet, not all clear to some of the foreign born of this country."

Why the Mason & Hamlin is Supreme. Words which describe pianoforte construction fail to convey a true idea of musical quality.

To hear the Mason & Hamlin is the only way to realize that it is a jewel of imperishable tone—as distinguished from instruments depending solely on reputation for their sale.

Ask us to show you why!

A. Hospe Co. 1513-1515 Douglas Street April 6th, Third Liberty Loan Drive. Are You Ready?

IS YOUR FAMILY FREE FROM COLDS

Coughs and Colds don't linger when Dr. King's New Discovery is used.

You owe it to your family—to yourself—to keep this standard remedy in your medicine cabinet.

For almost three generations it has been the first-choice cold and cough relief of millions of people, young and old.

It brings quick relief—loosens chest stiffness, reduces fever, soothes irritated, raw throat, checks coughing.

Sold by druggists today at the same old fifty-year old price—fifty cents.

An Active Liver Means Health. Sick headache, Bad breath, Sour stomach, Furred tongue and Indigestion, Mean Liver and Bowels clogged. Get a 25c bottle of Dr. King's New Life Pills today and eliminate fermenting, gassy foods and waste.—Advertisement.

1/2-TONES FOR NEWSPAPER AND CATALOGUE ADVERTISING.

Advertisement with Pictures BEE ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT OMAHA

Don't Use Any Other Than Cuticura Soap To Clear Your Skin

Improve Your Complexion. Get your blood pure, keep the liver active and the bowels regular, and disfiguring pimples and unsightly blotches will disappear from the face. For improving the complexion and putting the blood in good order.

BEECHAM'S PILLS are safer, better and surer than cosmetics. They eliminate poisonous matters from the system, strengthen the organs and purify the blood—bring the health-glow to the cheeks, brighten the eyes, improve and Beautify the Skin.

Directions of Special Value to Women are with Every Box. Sold by druggists throughout the world. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

TODAY

One Year Ago Today in the War. British House of Commons cheered the name of President Wilson.

French advanced within two miles of St. Quentin on the south and captured whole German line for distance of eight miles.

The Day We Celebrate. Paul B. Curleigh, banker and broker, born 1871.

Richard W. Jepson, grocer, born 1827.

Harriet Prescott Spofford, author, born at Calais, Me., 83 years ago.

John Burroughs, American naturalist, born at Roxbury, N. Y., 81 years ago.

Reginald De Koven, composer, born at Middletown, Conn., 57 years ago.

Andrew J. Peters, mayor of Boston, born at Jamaica Plain, Mass., 46 years ago.

Just 30 Years Ago Today

The annual parade of the city fire department was an imposing spectacle and was witnessed by throngs of people.

George Barker and L. L. Jewell commenced a chess contest of five games in the rooms of the Elk club.

A new sporting organization, to be christened the Club, has been effected and a meeting will be held