

SCORES I. W. W. IN RED HOT SPEECH BEFORE LAWYERS

Organization Fires Forests Contaminates Food and Murders Train Crews, Says Assistant Attorney General.

Jackson, Miss., May 2.—Organized violence of Industrial Workers of the World was described and denounced by William C. Fitts, assistant attorney general of the United States, in an address here before the Mississippi State Bar association.

Mr. Fitts, who has had charge of the nation-wide campaign against Industrial Workers of the World agitators and the prosecution of many leaders since the United States entered the war, declared the German government encourages spreading of the doctrines of sabotage in the United States, Russia and other allied countries. Civil processes, he said, are sufficient to catch the agitators and martial law, as proposed by bills in congress, is entirely unnecessary.

The Industrial Workers of the World are related by their theories to international reds, bolsheviks and other revolutionists, said Mr. Fitts, and all "are making war, first on legitimate labor organizations and on the very social fabric which protects them and us."

Mr. Fitts said he had extensive evidence that the Industrial Workers of the World "have prevented the raising of crops by practicing sabotage in the planting, sowing and reaping. They have put phosphorus balls in shocks of wheat, in bales of hay and in barns," he said. "They have destroyed harvesting machinery and placed dynamite in the sheaves. They have destroyed mature fruit trees by driving coppers nails into them below the surface of the ground."

Fire Great Forests.

"They have destroyed mining machinery, especially in the copper mines and in the mines where the minerals, essential to the conduct of the war, are mined and produced. They have fired the forests, particularly the forests of spruce; that being the wood essential for making airplanes. They have destroyed saws in the saw mills by driving pieces of steel or iron in the logs so as to break the band saws and unnerve the sawyers. They saw lumber shorter than standard lengths. The Industrial Workers of the World have surrounded court houses and packed court rooms for the purpose of putting over their plans. They have taken possession of railroad trains and assaulted and murdered the train crews. They mislead freight, misplace signal lights and put emery dust or sand in journal boxes on railroad cars."

"Members of the organization place foreign substances in food in hotels and restaurants, break crockery, dip table forks in crude oil, use stink pots in dining rooms and put bed bugs in beds. They plant trees upside down, shock grain with the heads down, hoe up potato vines instead of weeds, bruise apples and other fruit in packing. They remove units from carefully adjusted machinery, misplace and omit parts of 'copy' in printing offices and put foreign substances in canned goods."

Forbidden to Own Money.

"No man can be an Industrial Worker of the World who possesses as much as \$50 in money or property, or who has permanent employment or who becomes a soldier or a sailor of any country."

"They view with alarm the preparation of the country to resist its foreign enemies, because they not only would gladly witness the triumph of those enemies, but also because they do not want the country to be prepared to meet and stamp out the anarchy which they intend to foment from within."

"All their communications begin with the words, 'Dear Comrade,' and end with the words, 'Yours for the Revolution.' While our precious boys are freely pouring their youth out on the battlefields of France, the administration is bringing to bear, and bravely, every orderly process of the law for the suppression of this propaganda and the eradication of this poison. If the present statutes, intended for fairly decent people, cannot reach these devils, then congress, which is neither backward nor pussy-footed, will pass laws which will catch them."

Pope Recognizes German Rule Over Polish People

Rome, May 2.—The vatican intends to recognize the new political formation of Poland under Germany by the sending of Monsignor Ratti there as apostolic delegate, according to a statement issued at the office of the vatican secretary of state today.

The statement adds that the breaking up of Russian authority in Poland has made necessary the sending of Monsignor Ratti to Poland. He is considered an able representative of the vatican, holding the office of prefect of the vatican library.

Dandruff Soon Ruins the Hair

Girls—if you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

It doesn't do much good to try to brush or wash it out. The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and four ounces is all you will need, no matter how much dandruff you have. This simple remedy never fails.—Adv.

SHELLPROOF MACK

A Common Soldier's Recital of Thrilling Adventures in the Terrific Struggle for World Democracy

By ARTHUR JAMES M'KAY.
(Copyright, 1917, by Small, Maynard & Co., Inc.)
CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Arthur James McKay, "Shellproof Mack," was destined by parents for the priesthood.

Being of an adventurous spirit, he enlisted in one of the English bantam regiments after the sinking of the Lusitania and the failure of this country to immediately declare war upon Germany.

On his first trip over the top he was wounded and applied for discharge on account of being an American citizen. His request was granted but Mack tore up his application and went back to the front when an officer showed the need for his services.

After being wounded three more times Mack was still on the firing line and on Christmas Eve, 1917, told a story to his mates of his experiences the previous Christmas on which occasion he received the title "Old Shellproof" from officers and men.

The Prussians were opposite when the men went in to the front for their 10-day spell and a nasty time was looked forward to. Things quieted down for a few days and the men spent the time in telling of their wonderful Christmas dinner in letters to the home folks. The dinner was composed of bully beef, hardtack and tea. Mack said the Prussians are not the best fighters of the German army, being quitters in the face of a hopeless fight.

It was pretty quiet, as I have said, but we felt a little bit leary of Fritz. We expected him to send over his Christmas presents before the holiday day was past. It is a habit of the beastly boche to select special occasions for his contributions of explosive hardware. I never knew it to fail but once.

On the kaiser's birthday in 1917 we had it all doped out that the Heinies would celebrate by strafing us with all they had. We got ready by building special parapets and sandbagging everything that could be protected in that way. The Prussians were against us and we had it figured that they couldn't resist the temptation. They fooled us, and for the whole day and one before and one after they didn't send over a shell.

On this Christmas Eve Fritz didn't disappoint us at all. He was right there, living up to his reputation. For about 4 o'clock in the afternoon he started his show. There were five of us sitting on the fire step in the bay talking when Captain Trembard came along on inspection of rounds. Mr. Trembard had only been out a few weeks and was due to become a very popular officer. He was a kind, cordial chap, who seemed to take a personal interest in the men, and was nowhere near as far away as the average captain.

He came along and passed a few remarks, asking if we were trying to make ourselves comfortable, and then he wished us a Merry Christmas and moved down the traverse. He had hardly turned the corner of the bay when the first shell burst directly over the trench. It did Captain Trembard in. I ran down and found that he had gone west, hit fair in the stomach with a big fragment.

I ran back and got on the fire step and hugged the parapet along with the others. Other shells came over and they had the range right. We humped ourselves up with our heads down and our arms over our abdomens, trying to make ourselves small.

You will understand that when a bombardment is on the men simply have to stand by and take it. There is not a thing to do but hope and wish them away.

After giving us a 10 minutes' strafing they let up a bit. We, too, loosened up and moved about some. A mate of mine named Livins and I were sitting on the fire step. Howard was standing on the step and Tuffnell and Court were standing in the trench when the shell came over that fixed our clocks. It must have been a big crash and the whole parapet for the space of at least 20 feet lifted and came in on us. I found myself buried up to the neck, but I had raised my hands and they were sticking up in front of my face, although my arms were up.

Now, getting buried by a shell-burst is not an unusual thing. It happens to thousands of soldiers. Nearly everybody that comes out of the big show alive has been buried wholly or partly. I was not uncomfortably crushed and naturally began to claw about and try to get my arms free. I'd have got completely out only I was saved the trouble.

I may have been digging for two or three minutes when I heard another shell coming. You can hear them go overhead with a long thin "sque-e-e-e-e-e." You instinctively duck your head, though you know it's not going to do any good. I ducked this time, sticking my nose into the mud.

And then she smashed. I don't know whether it hit in front or behind; how near it was, or how big. All I knew was that there was another crash, which somehow seemed to come from below, and I oozed up, up, up out of the ground. "Oozed" is the only way I can express it. I could feel myself trickling up through the mud and then suddenly I fetched loose and flew. I must have gone up 10 feet and I came down all spraddled out but on my feet. I promptly sat down.

I was a little dazed but not much and began to laugh. Must have been a little hysterical, I suppose. I sat for not more than a few seconds

and then deliberately got up. I didn't have a scratch.

I didn't have a sign or a symptom of a shell-shock. I said to myself, "Mack, old top, you ought to get Blighty on this." And I tried to imagine that I was dumb or paralyzed or something. No use! I was as good as new.

It was a case of in again, out again. I had been buried under by a shell, which should by all rules of the game have done me in, and had been boosted out again by another that should have pulverized me.

And no harm done. I took a look around and saw the trench all bashed in and legs and arms sticking out here and there, and then I shook the reefs out of my legs and fairly flew to the aid post in the rear. I got a couple of stretcher-bearers and some shovels and went back. The shells by this time were going over to the second line and we worked like beavers.

Livins, who had been close beside me, was alive but blinded and badly shell-shocked. Poor old Tuffnell, who should have been on his way to Blighty by right, had gone west without a scratch or a mark on 'him, killed by the concussion. Court and Howard were both gone, too. I was the only man left in my section.

Out of the 42 men in my platoon there were only two left untouched besides myself. My experience attracted a lot of attention and various medical officers said that the impossible had happened. I was christened right then and there "Old Shellproof" and I suppose I have lived up to the name; what with the silver skylight in the top of my head, the numerous holes in various parts of my body and considerable excess weight in the way of shrapnel fragments, to say nothing of having been filled up—at I shall tell you later—with the latest and most fashionable thing in the way of German kultur, mustard gas—and I am alive.

I am no bloomin' Hercules, but with any kind of luck I hope to get into good enough shape with a little rest to go back over there and help finish up the job that I have helped start.

So there you have the cheerful tale of a Christmas Eve. I had my

DANIELS OPPOSES PLAN TO LIMIT ARMY

Declares World Will Take 3,000,000 Figure as Utmost America Can Do in War.

Philadelphia, May 2.—As many as may be needed to win the war will be sent to the Lattie front, Secretary Daniels declared today, in an address to the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce in behalf of the third Liberty loan.

"Let us not think in terms of fixed numbers," said the secretary. "Congress has provided the selective draft and when there are enough ships all these men will be on the fields of France. If there are not enough men between 21 and 31 to win the war the age limit will be changed, and men of 40 and 50, if need be, will respond to the colors."

He indicated that he considered it a great mistake to fix the number of the army at 3,000,000 men, as had been suggested, because the world would take that as the limit of what America could do. This, he said, was far from the spirit of the government, which was in the war to the full extent of the resource and man power of America.

head between the jaws of death and pulled it out just in time. Our batt was so badly cut up that they pulled us out, what was left of us, and sent the 24th in to relieve us, much to their disgust, as they had planned their Christmas dinner in the safety of the support trenches.

That was where I had mine. It consisted of bully beef and suet pudding, and it tasted jolly good. There was plenty of it, as there were only three of us left to eat what had been provided for 42.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

New Brazilian Consuls.

Rio Janeiro, Wednesday, May 2.—In connection with the reorganization of the consular service, which was decided upon recently, the following appointments have been made: Consul at San Francisco, Victor Ferreira du Cunha; inspector of consulates in North and Central America and Asia, Alves Lima.

ANNOUNCEMENT

We desire to take this means of advising the public, our patrons and friends, that we are retiring from the Automobile business and that henceforth we will devote our energies and time to our oil producing interests in Oklahoma, Kansas and Louisiana, as well as the Western distribution of Lalley Farm Electric Lighting & Power Plants at Omaha and Sioux City.

We want to express our appreciation to all Studebaker owners for their past patronage, and should we decide to enter the Automobile field in the future, hope that we may be favored by you as in the past.

We also wish to announce that in discontinuing the handling of Studebaker Automobiles, the cordial relations that have existed between ourselves and the Corporation still exist, and we cannot recommend the New Studebaker Models too highly to anyone considering the purchase of a car, as we think that they are the best value on the market today—and the most wonderful cars the Studebaker Corporation have ever produced.

EDWARD R. WILSON, Pres.
Sherwood A. Wilson, Treas.
J. Edw. Kaufmann, Secy.

STUDEBAKER-WILSON, INC.

Farnam Street at 25th Avenue
OMAHA, NEB.

The War Spirit In a Busy Store

Thornes

Glad Tidings Concerning Spring Suits

The Newest Ripples, the Latest Flares Lend Interest.

There are checks and plaids, navys a-plenty, tans and gray. Misses' Suits, Women's Suits—Suits to add grace and dignity to every type of figure.

\$30.00 and \$35.00 Suits, on sale at \$24.75

\$40.00 and \$45.00 Suits on sale at \$29.75

\$50.00 Suits, on sale... \$34.75

\$55.00 Suits on sale... \$37.75

\$60.00 and \$65.00 Suits on sale at \$39.75

Cash as Usual

F. W. Thorne Co.

1812 FARNAM STREET



Romping child and rampant horse

are a strenuous pair, but floors treated with Liquid Granite are proof even against this combination.

There are many "floor finishes" on the market, but only one Liquid Granite. For over half a century it has been known as the Real Finish for Floors. It is lustrous, waterproof and resists hard usage.

Are you interested in white interiors? They are easily and economically possible with Luxe-berry White Enamel—a rich, deep, snow white finish that stays white and will not chip or crack. Either dull or gloss effect.

Made by Berry Brothers, the world's biggest varnish makers.

Manufactured by
NELSON-ZARP PAINT CO.
Manufacturers of
SUNLIGHT PAINT
Tel. Doug. 9949. OMAHA. 909-11 S. 11th St.

HA! HA! HA!

It's Enough To Tickle Any One Who Has a Weak Stomach

You Can't Laugh a Good, Big, Deep Ha! Ha! When Your Stomach's Out of Fix

H. L. Kramer, the man who originated Cascarets, has made another tremendous hit with his EATONIC, the scientific preparation in tablet form that has given superb digestive ease to thousands upon thousands of stomach-weak people.

When Kramer talks about his EATONIC, wise folks sit up and listen. He says: "I've got it sure! No possible doubt now that EATONIC does the work. My friends, the Druggists—they all know me—report that EATONIC is simply working wonders. EATONIC is the crowning effort of my life's work—the great reward I've earned for years of effort to find a safe and sure means to correct and prevent stomach troubles. The secret of my success is this: I staked all on my stubborn conviction that the stomach—your stomach and mine—is nothing more nor less than a furnace into which food is shoveled as fuel to be used in producing heat, strength and power to keep the human machine running.

furnace, poisonous gases arise, and you have to regulate the combustion instantly, or trouble results. And, when you put food in your stomach, it passes into the intestine, unless your digestion is perfect, gases are formed and push back up into the stomach.

"The result is that dull, heavy, bloated feeling that causes distress and frequently, acutely painful and dangerous sensations.

"Almost instantly EATONIC neutralizes excess acidity, regulates digestion—drives out all distress—your stomach, as well as the entire digestive track, is kept sweet and whole, some by EATONIC, and you can positively eat anything you please—and as much as you like—with perfect comfort.

"An EATONIC tablet eaten after each meal will very soon make over any worn out, ailing stomach, good as new, free from any trace of weakness.

Ask your druggist for EATONIC today—50c for large box money back if it fails to give quick relief.

Bee Want Ads Are Business Boosters.