THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor,

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JUNE CIRCULATION.

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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.
Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee
Fublishing company, being duly sworn, says that
the average daily circulation for the month of June. 1914, was 52.652.
DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me
this 7th day of July, 1914.
ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested,

King Corn shows no signs of abdicating his

For staging spectacular murder trials the French have us beat four ways.

Some of us are unable to confirm the report that "long-time money is easy."

And after Carbajal and Carranza come to terms there are several others to deal with

Still, it is to be hoped Colonel Maher's typewriter will not go entirely out of commission.

Is there any other office which no one but one particular democrat is honest enough to

Refugees complain of "robber rates" demanded for steamship passage out of Mexican ports. History repeats itself.

The ultimate effect of the boycott, like the strike, is bad to all parties concerned, because based on the wrong principle.

Strange how this burning desire to serve one's country at the public crib consumes so many otherwise selfish individuals.

"Jones convicts himself." Perhaps. But our valiant United States senator convicted him first without waiting to hear from him.

To spite his bride for refusing to live with him, an Illinois man came near visualizing an

Should Frank Gotch succeed in becoming governor of Iowa he would have to clamp his invincible toe-hold on the toughest nuts with which he ever had to wrestle.

The law which imposes a penalty upon filing or withdrawing candidates for office for a money consideration might be extended in its application with beneficial results.

Omaha's million-dollar school budget means an instruction cost of over \$5 per month per child. Nothing parsimonious about our thriving community in the matter of education.

As a sacrifice to harmony, the Nebrasku democratic state convention will adopt an omnibus endorsement for everybody who wears the democratic livery, whether it belongs to him or

Now we may expect to get exactly the true size-up of Senator Stone of Missouri, who says that if the colonel has anything to add to his already well-aired views of the Colombian treaty let him write it out and send it in.

Two of the candidates for governor in Kansas own newspapers and have opened their columns to each other and the third man in the race, who is the present executive, without an organ of his own. Now we shall see how the entente cordiale works in bleeding Kansas.

Chicago reports a 50 per cent falling off in mosquitoes in one of the parks where its raid has been centered. If possible to annihilate the first 50 per cent, why not the second, and if in one place, why not all? It is a good cause and the water is fine. Come on in,



On account of bad weather most of the events in the firemen's tournament had to be postponed. Forepaugh's circus drew a big crowd and carried off a bunch of money.

The Union Pacifics did it to the Evanevilles again by the score of 10 to 3. Attendance about 1,000.

Miss Zerlina Friedman of Detroit is visiting her s'ster, Mrs. Morris H. Sloman, 2012 Capitol avenue. Little Bessie and Beulah Leavitt, daughters of County Clerk Leavitt, gave a birthday party to about twenty little friends.

General Cowin and family left for Spirit lake for a few days' pleasure trip,

Mrs. Samuel Burns has gone on a month's sojourn in Colorado, including Denver, Leadville and Manitou. Mr. and Mrs. George W. Ambrose left for a few weeks' visit to Boston and other eastern cities. The Maennerchor society, under the leadership of

H. Raven, discoursed its choral music at the Tivoti

sarden as a surprise to the proprietors.

The school board is having a fuss over the bids of P. B. Potvin, grading contractor for the Long and Leavenworth schools, refusing to accept them for not being on to specifications.

Giving Their Whole Case Away.

The most significant political straw that has come to our notice is a suggestion by the Outlook in its current issue. Remember that it is the Outlook from whose staff Colonel Roosevelt has just retired as contributing editor, with mutual assurances of continued co-operation. The suggestion is that it is incumbent upon President Wilson to fill the existing vacancy on the supreme bench with a democrat.

That the president will appoint a democrat is naturally to be expected, but the reasoning offered by the Outlook is particularly interesting. "The supreme court should be made up for the sake of avoiding any question of political bias," it tells us, "as nearly as possible of an equal number of democrats and republicans. It is not only proper, but desirable, that the new justice, whoever he may be, should be a democrat." There's no contention whatever that the supreme court should be made up of an equal number of republicans, democrats and bull moosers. Not a hint is conveyed that, to avoid political bias, the bull moose party should have recognition.

If the bull moose party were regarded as a permanent political factor, would not the Outlook, which in politics voices the sentiments of its recent contributing editor, be urging the appointment of a member of that party to the present supreme court vacancy? The very fact that it is making no such demand is convincing proof that it sees no basic political division in this country except between republicans and democrats.

Tel Jed Sokol.

The welcome to the Tel Jed Sokol, more than 1,000 of whose members are attending their national gathering here, is both characteristic of Omaha's hospitality and the Bohemian type of citizenship genuine and strong These athletes aptly typify the virility of the race rooted in one of the proud ancestries of Europe. History reflects its own tributes upon the Bohemian. He has met the ordeals and vicissitudes of time about as well as any other nationality, and had more of them to meet than most others. He has come through the crucible with native powers intact, with spirit refined and invincible, and so he is giving in a very large measure to his adopted land of America-"where persecuted liberty finds a peaceful home and free institutions flourish unmolested"-the fruitful results of his experiences of old.

Here in Omaha and throughout Nebraska we know how to value and appreciate these traits, for they have helped in the fructifying of great purposes, of solid interests, of those things that go to make up strength and sobriety and culture in society. Where better could these societies go for their national assemblage than here in this thriving city of the middle west, in whose veins courses so much of the blood of these sturdy people? And how appropriate that our city, which has sent out and still holds so many conquering Bohemian athletes, should have the honor of entertaining the turners from all states.

For a New Convention Apportionment. Among other duties devolving upon the coming republican state convention is to register approval or disapprovel for Nebraska of the proposed change in apportionment of delegates to

future national conventions. To remove the objection to the overweighted representation of southern states, the republican national comittee has formulated a revised plan taking into consideration the vote for president as well as the representation of the respective states in the electoral college. Bfore it can be effective this apportionment must, by its terms, be ratified by the states comprising a majority of the present electoral representation. A number of republican state conventions have already formally approved the new apportionment plan, including one or two of the southern states whose voting strength is cut down.

Although for the present it makes no difference in the convention representation accorded to this state, the plan should be approved by Nebraska republicans because it is in the direction of fairness in fact, because it is the first step by any political party to correct an unsatisfactory condition existing in the national conventions of all the political parties.

Enforcement of Dead-Letter Laws.

One of the easiest things to do in this country is to get a law enacted. The average American community is too indifferent to the work of its legislators. It seems neither to know nor care what the motive, character or influence of a law may be. The result often is that statute books are encumbered with a lot of freak or impracticable legislation without any serious thought of ever being enforced. Some of these laws are railroaded through for spite, some for special interest, some for polite appearances. Yet while it is easy to slip freak legislation onto our statute books, it is difficult to get it off, once it is there,

The people of Galesburg, Ill., are just now having some experience with dead-letter laws. It seems the Sunday law in Illinois is of a very blue and rigid sort, although one might have to be told that to know it. Galesburg, like the average American city, struggled alon peacefully until merchants in outlying sections of the city began to enjoy too much advantage over the larger dealers downtown, who invoked the dead-letter law and insisted on a test. The downtown merchant, of course, is not permitted to open Sundays, so the other fellow must close. The mayor has called for moral and financial support in enforcing the law to the letter. The police officers, therefore, are instructed to prevent so much as the sale of a newspaper, soda

water, ice cream or a cigar on the Sabbath day. Of course, this does not mean any exceptional moral uprising on the part of Galesburg. but simply, as reports indicate, business jealousy and retaliation. It is the inevitable consequence of freak law-making.

President Wilson is said to be looking to the vote of the middle west as the barometer of his political fortunes. Then, in view of what his and his vetoing the civil service bill: tariff has done to middle west producers, he is likely to look in vain for comfort.

Mr. Jones characterizes that senate committee report as "grossly unfair." The report also characterizes the attempt of the president to turn the federal reserve board over to beclouded trust magnates as grossly unfair.



Brief contributions on timely topics invited. The Bee assume no responsibility for opinions of correspondents. All letters subject to condensation by editor.

Our Municipal Bathing Beach. OMAHA, July 33.-To the Editor of The Bee: Here is an item from your paper announcing the appointment of a watchman for the new municipal bathing beach. Will you kindly answer at your convenience the following questions: Where is the municipal bathing

beach? 2. What car line do you take to get there? 3. What is the charge for a locker or room, where you can leave your clothes

4. Can you use your own bathing suit? Thanking you in advance for your usual courtesy. I am yours, FOR CLEANLI-NESS Note: 1. Carter lake, 2. Sherman

n safety?

Avenue line. 3. No charge. 4. Yea. Pool Proves an Alibi.

LINCOLN, Neb., July 21.-To the Editor of The Bee: In the editorial columns of your valued paper Monday you charge that figures issued by the state bureau of labor and industrial statistics pertaining to the alfalfa crop are not in accord with those figures issued by the government census. I regret that you fall to give years that there

statistics were gathered The legislature of 1913 placed the gathering of farm statistics in the State Board of Agriculture, removing that duty entirely from the bureau of labor and industrial statistics. Perhaps the department charged with the gathering of statistics concerning alfalfa could give additional information which would convince you that the report issued by that department in 1913 was as nearly accurate as that issued by the general government.

I am calling your attention to this matter in order that you may do justice to the department and place the blame or credit, as the case may be, where it CHARLES W. POOL belongs. Deputy Commissioner of Labor and Industrial Statistes.

Note-The figures were for years prior o 1913 and taken from reports of the labor bureau.

Letters From a Political Heathen -Mexico.

SOMEWHERE, July 22.- To the Editor of The Bee: Maximilian-as stated in a previous letter-landed at Vera Cruz May 29, 1964. He was shot at Queretaro June 19, 1867. So his career in Mexico was exactly three years and three weeks in It is not my purpose to record the details of that career. Your readers can find the outline in any popular encyclopedia, or for a more thorough study look to Hall's "Maximilian" and to the "Diary of Princess Salm-Salm" for his trial and las: hours: to "Taylor, Maximilian and Carlotta," and to Burke's 'Life of Juarea" for the record of his unhappy career.

In Maximilian of Hapsburg there is little to admire. He possessed physical courage-that commodity is as cheap as dirt. Most men possess it; and none possess it in a more remarkable degree than pirates and buccaneers.

In London stands a statue of Archbighop Cranmer holds burning flame. That act redeemed the fame of a vadilating time-server. Despite the eloquent tirade of Macaulay, and the cold facts recorded by Lingard, such allusions as the line from Tom "And my red right hand grows raging hot like Cranmer's at the stake." awakens a thrill of admiration, which eclipses the record of a misspent life. Nothing in the life of Charles I became him like his death.

with Maximillan; he deserved his fate By the Infamous Black Decree, he had ordered the shooting without trial of any Mexican found in arms against his so-called government. This threat had been carried out by the butchery of as brave men as fell at Thermopylae or Gettysburg. Maximilian was as vacillating as James Buchanan. He straddled between the clericals and liberals, until Louis Bonaparte deserted him, when his desperate situation coerced him to make terms with the churchmen. What secret promises he made them will never be known. On that beautiful June morning when "they led him out to die." he showed to good advantage. The three, Maximilian, Mejia and Miramon, took their places. Maximilian took Miramon by the arm and moved him to the right Take the place of honor," he said. He told Melia-a pure Indian and the most decent man of the three-to look for his reward in heaven

Maximillan was a great dealer in futures. He had secretly mortgaged Mexco to France. The ruling passion is strong in death. When the officer of the squad, according to custom, asked Maximilian's pardon for what he was about to do, he replied that there was nothing to forgive; an officer must obey orders. He handed a gold coin to each of his executioners. When Maximihan was shot, he turned upon his heel and, uttering some expression in German, dled instantly. Some understood him to "Arme Carlotta," but at the time he thought the empress dead. What he really said was: "Oh Mann! O Mann!" DER HEIDE

A Berge Booster at Bat. LINCOLN, July 21.-To the Editor of

The Bee: In a recent interview Mr. Metcalfe has classified himself as the candidate for governor who will harmonise "all factions." I would like "Met" to tell us why he thinks himselt so popular with all factions of the democratic party. Is it because of his having injected himself into the senatorial fight in 1910 as a county option candidate against Senator Hitchcock, thus trying to drag a state issue into national pelities? Or perhaps it was that harmonizing speech that he made at the Bryan birthday banquet when he styled all democrats who had opposed Mr. Bryan at Grand Island a lot of "Jaybirds pecking at a wounded eagle?" Doubtless Mr. Metcalfe wishes us to forget these little discrepancies of his.

just as I have no doubt Mr. Morchead would like us to forget his broken promise also how he used his official position as governor to defeat the Keckley freight rate bills. Of course, he does not wish the railroad officials to forget this valvable service which he rendered them. and, judging from the active part they took in getting Mr. Morehead into the race for governor they have not forgot-

How It Feels Up Sky High In an Airship of Zeppelin's

Ever since, as a boy, I rode with Sindbad the Sailor on the back of the roc, I have longed to fly once more. Of course, we all fly in our dreams. which science says is our inherited memory of the time when we were birds, but I never see a solid little white summer cloud sailing overhead of a hot

afternoon but I wish I might tour the blue sky on it. Now it came about in the pleasant land of Zeppelin one day in June as I sat under my favorite bronze beech in Nauhelm's lovely park that I heard just above my head the pleasant humming of a smooth running automobile engine. Wondering what buzzing beetle made such a sound. looked up where, just above the tree tops, cruising in majestic splendor, in full flight, flags fyling and passengers waving was the "Victoria Luise." Count Zeppelin's "Flying Dutchman" of the air. As I looked, fascinated at the sight of the great airship sailing on a perfectly level keel like some great "Imperator" of the sea, I saw the bow slowly incline upward and soar like a bird toward the zenith, Maneuvering in turn, when at the desired height, the prow was depressed, and the ship turned on a pivot, presenting the least resistance to atmosphere. It was done with remarkable neatness and dispatch. As day ascer day, out of the quiet evening air that great bird beckoned me to fly. I felt the lure of adventure draw me until temptation, encouraged by many an abject surrender in my past overcame the last resistance, i. e., 100 marks (\$25), the cost of a two-hour flight. Surely the days of enchantment are come again, for as I gazed upon that 100-mark note, lo, it became the magic carpet of Bagdad, ready to carry me through the air over the cities of earth.

What danger do we run, was naturally our first concern. The Victoria Luise, one of the four Zeppelins operated by the Hamburg-American Steamship company, has made nearly 500 trips, and with its three sister ships fully 1,500 ascensions, carrying over 20,000 passengers, without a single accident. There must be a dozen odd dirigibles of all kinds that have carried some 50,000 passengers without a mishap-a record of safety of 100 per cent-that challenges comparison with any form of mundane transportation.

The fatherly German government that fusses over its people as an old hen over its chickens, burdening itself and them with a thousand "verbotens" (restrictions), placarding mail boxes with "stamp and address your letters." will not allow any one to take the slightest risk as a passenger on an airship. So after successfully quieting the last apprehension of my better half by assuring her that if she fell overboard that I would jump out and rescue her, we were ready to start.

An auto ride of fifteen minutes from the Keiser hoff hotel at Frankfort brought us to the iron and concrete airshed, where we found the Victoria Luise moored with rope and tackle to a miniature railroad extending several hundred feet outside the shed. The pilot is taking the sun with a sextant. We see being posted reports of the velocity of the wind and condition of the atmosphere being constantly received by wireless from meteorologic stations along the well charted route we are to travel. Unless the weather conditions are entirely favorable no ascension is per-

mitted. Fortunately the weather conditions are perfect. The pilot in the forward gondola tests the steering gear, which, by the way, is the same as on a yacht; the powerful gasoline automobile angines of 145horsepower each, one in the forward and two in the rear car, are started, to see that they are running smoothly. The wireless operator from his cabin on board sends his first message, and we are invited to come on board. We mount the aluminum ladder to the mahogany finished cabin amidship, which is built into the keel of the airship instead of being auspended below as are the two cars (or gondolas, as they are called) which contain the engines and crew of eight. The comfortable wicker chairs will accommodate twenty-four passengers. As the passengers embark enough water to counterbalance their weight is let out of the reservoirs situated in the keel of the ship, the engines are started and we back slowly out of the air shed. A small army of men hold onto the ropes that dangle from the ship to control it when

the cables that attach it to the railroad are cast off. When free of everything we passe just long enough for the photographer to get in his work-the captain calls out, "Cast off," the floor slants upward at anything but an alarming angle, the earth slips gently away from under you and in the twinkle of an eye you are salling 500 feet over the spire of the cathedral, with not the slightest feeling of fear or dizziness. Should your heart come up into your mouth the waiter stands ready to serve liquid refreshment to wash it down again. The other lady passenger on our trip availed herself of this good excuse to take a nip of that justly celebrated German apricot "schnapps" for ladies, a sort of "spirits of the air."

The predominant sensation of flying is buoyancyyou are soap bubble in the air-you are swimming again on inflated bladders as when a coy in the old swimming hole-you have lost gravitation-weight is annihilated-your fear is not that you may drop to earth, but that you are never going to light againyou have become a satellite to mother earth-and you don't care a darn. The air you breathe is acirated champagne-it makes you do-you can hardly want to talk all the time-and you do-you can hardly keep from singing. 1 didn't. I hummed an old song:

Up in a balloon, boys; Up in a balloon; Up among the little stars, A sailing round the moor of the vintage of '75-you remember it?

You gaze down on the most fascinating kaleidoscope of the world and for the first time realize what a "bird's-eye" view really is. You see an entire city at once. In one glance you see what it took a thousand years to build. It looks like the blue print of an architect-only the buildings are not drawings. they are real. The river is not a crooked line, it is running water. The trees are real trees, and that little man on the funny, narrow street is alive. An octagonal skyscraper looks like a brick well pulled out of its hole and set to one side. You see into the heart of a solid city block and find pleasant gardens and trees and a fountain in the hidden court. The ruined castle perched on a mountain peak, green with ivy and moss, with its lookout tower high above the trees, shows its loveliness on all sides at once when seen from above. The fields of green and yeijow grain form the stripes of a great floral banner, and the scarlet popples in fields of green carpet the earth with colors that ravish the eye. Forest trees from above look like a cluster, of domes on a great mosque and miles of the Rhine with its bridges and bouts reflects the sun like burnished silver.

The shadow of the airship on the mountainside makes us realize that we are traveling at the rate of forty miles an hour. The faint barking of a dogthe cheers of school boys out at play-the waving of handkerchiefs and hats from below-add to the pleasure of the voyage. What a race of midgets your fellow men are! How slow the toy trains wind around the hills! And for once the automobiles are not exceeding the speed limit! You write and mail airship postcards with the rubber stamp of the aerial postoffice quite plainly impressed and they go to friends at home. You may est and drink, but not smoke, on an airship. A courteous guide points out Wiesbaden. bad Homburg, the Rhine, names a score of villages, mountain peaks and castles as we fly overhead, and tells you when you are 500 feet, 700 feet or 1,000 feet

As we descend in long spirals to the green meatiow which is our landing place the engines are stopped and we hover over the men waiting until they catch the cables with their sandbag anchors to tow us to the air-shed, which we enter with our own power after the airship has once more been attached to the miniature railway. We have flown seventy-five miles in two hours that seemed but thirty minutes. We descend the ladder-we shed our winged feet and walk

the earth again with leaden shoes. Bade-Nauheimein, Germany. FRANK L. HALLER.

YE FORTUNATE BACHELOR: AMBITION.

Jones-Smith-Brown aspires to social honors high. ing with a sigh: The while that Mr. Jones-Smith-Brown is

The while that Mr. Jones-Smith-Brown is working day and night.
To find the means for Madame Brown to make her upward flight.

As she slowly sips her chocolate and toasts her dainty feet.

Her bright eyes flutter over the closely printed sheet.

She takes note of the headlines, but

She takes note of the headlines, but leaves out all between Until she finds what is to her the essence and the cream.

That is but the introduction, what matters that to her? of the headlines, but

interest begins with "Among those present were: Among the various doings of the social

Her time is much too precious; she has other things to do.

'Tis not to be expected that she'd read them, no, indeed!
She skips preliminaries and rushes on with speed.

with speed Adown the line until she finds what does appeal to her, is somewhere near the end, 'tis this, 'Among those present were:'

There is the weekly meeting of the (lub, Whose members meet together to discuss And means to make it more select. Then, there's the U. N. I's.

On charity intent, in whose bazars great method lies.

To coax the golden coin from those whose

aspirations lead
Them for the nonce to mingle with the few, and thus, indeed,
Amid the ups and downs of life, it may some day occur
That Madame Jones-Smith-Brown may be

Among those present were Ambition was not born today. Ah, no "Tis nothing new.
It lived long centuries ago. 'Twas Caesar's falling, too.

"Twas born when first the race appeared upon the earth sublime.

"Twill only die when one is left to say "The world is mine."

Then should it mean to force shead and nothing new

The world is mine.
Then should it mean to forge ahead and push the rocks aside
To block the way of others who are struggling with the tide
Of humanity, and through the suffering of the weak
To rain the summit of the hill, the goal To gain the summit of the hill, the goal for which we seek?

Does it not really matter what sorrows

may occur, If one but find his name inscribed "Among those present were:"

Should not ambition be today to cheer one's fellow man;
To comfort grief; alleviate pain, and do the good one can?
Should it mean to love one's neighbor; atand by him as a friend,
And in the time of trouble a helping hand to lend? hand to lend?
And when this journey's over and the Book of Life unrolled
To find "Among those present" one's name in flaming gold? -DAVID.

LEADS TO LAUGHTER.

A gardener just outside of Boston has a magnificent field of green peas. "Do they taste as good as they look?" I asked him lokingly. "Bleis you, he replied, "it would be like eating money for me to use them on my own table. I haven't tasted a peasexcept out of a can for five years."—Boston Post.

Mrs. Clark (engaging a new parlor-niald)—Mrs. Yapp says she discharged you because she frequently caught you listening at the doors. The applicant—Oh, really, Mum— Mrs. Clack—Well, I'll engage you on one condition. You'll have to tell me everything you overheard at Mrs. Yapp's. Londoh Sketch.

"The boys had assembled to lynch a horse thief."
"Well?"

set, perchance,
Kerry's was a dinner, at the Eakeoff
was a dance,
it scarce a glance vouchsafes she to
the minutes or menu;

"But now a knotty point of jurisprudence has come up. Seems he stole
an automobile."—Louisville CourierJournal. Helen-Why, I never could marry that

man!
Hazel-Mercy: Why not?
Helen-Why, he wears a wig:
And then the dear creature took off a
rat, some puffs, a coronet, a braid, a
pompadour and a switch, and sat down
to perure a novel.—Illinois Siren.

"I can't do anything with Johnnie. Why, he'd rather go hungry than work. I don't see what's to become of him."
"I suppose we must face the inevitable." inevitable? "Looking forward to having a soap-ox orator in the family."-Cleveland

A Great Magazine

THE AUGUST FICTION NUMBER

Stories by KIPLING **EDITH WHARTON** JAMES B. CONNOLLY

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Beautiful Pictures in Ocior ALL HEWS-STANDS. 25 CENTS

Don't Say, "I Want a Box of Matches"

Would you go into Ask for Safe Home say, "Give me a cake of soap?"

No! You would ask -bu name-for the your needs.

kind that has the pleasantest taste or is most nourishing.

Follow this rule with matches. Tell the grocer you want SafeHomeMatches.

If you ask for "matches," goodness knows what you may get.

All grocers.

a grocery store and Matches and you will get the very best matches that money will buy.

Non-poisonous-don't kind of soap that is spark-don't sputterbest adapted to don't break-a real safety strike-anywhere So with breakfast match. Inspected and foods. Youwouldask labeled by the Under -by name-for the writers' Laboratories.



Ask for them by name.

The Diamond Match Company

