THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH.

Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Sunday Bee, one year.....$2.00
Saturday Bee, one year..... 1.50
Daily Bee, without Sunday, one year. 4.00
Daily Bee, and Sunday, one year.... 6.00

DELIVERED BY CARRIER.
Evening and Sunday, per month.....40c
Evening, without Sunday, per month.25c
Daily Bee, including Sunday, per mo.65c
Daily Bee, without Sunday, per mo..45c
Address all complaints of irregularities in deliveries to City Circulation Dept.

REMITTANCE.
Remit by draft, express or postal order, payable to The Bee Publishing company. Only 2-cent stamps received in payment of small accounts. Personal checks, except on Omaha and eastern exchange, not accepted.

OFFICES:
Omaha—The Bee building.
South Omaha—2318 N Street.
Council Bluffs—14 North Main Street.
Lincoln—26 Little building.
Chicago—901 Hearst building.
New York—Room 1104, 286 Fifth Ave.
St. Louis—503 New Bank of Commerce.
Washington—725 Fourteenth St., N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.
Communications relating to news and editorial matter should be addressed Omaha Bee, Editorial department.

JULY CIRCULATION.

50,142

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 July, 1913, was 50,142. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 4th day of August, 1913.
ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.
(Seal)

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

To autoists once more: Go slow, and be careful.

Look here, Mr. Weather Man, call off your hot winds.

But think of the joy of not having to shovel coal in the old furnace.

Mexico would be a good place just now for some umpires we know of.

Omaha's rate of speed is not, we insist, to be judged by its ball team.

Those Board of Trade operators do not need any green bugs this year.

"We die rather than part," read the note the lovers left—another case of love gone mad.

It looks as if Colonel Mulhall's claim to fame were fast waning. Sic gloria mundis fugit.

You do not hear many old inhabitants these days telling about how much hotter the summers used to be.

If Mr. Bryan was looking for a loophole to dodge the rest of those chautauqua dates, the Mexican uproar will fill the bill finely.

It is for Mr. Whitman to say whether this city shall belong to Tammany and "the system" or not.—New York Tribune.

Have the rest of New York's population no voice in the matter?

To those who remember what a foxy old fellow he is, Porfirio Diaz need not take the trouble to deny the reports of returning to his dear Mexico at this time.

Here is a list of headlines:
Sugar Rises in Price.
Price of Coal Goes Up.
Meat is to be Higher.
Nothing coming down but the tariff.

In Secretary MacAdoo's deposit allotment of government funds Omaha banks will come in for about $1,000,000. That's almost as much as they are getting from the Water board.

The trouble seems to be that, while Private Ambassador Lind has instructions not to recognize the Huerta government of Mexico, the Huerta government has no difficulty in recognizing Mr. Lind.

The postal savings system has now over $32,000,000 deposits, which must have come, for the most part, out of old stockings, because it has not stopped the steady increase of deposits in private savings banks, as the figures attest.

Colonel Henry Watterson says that anyone can sell Mr. Bryan a gold brick. Well, that depends. It might be different when he is acting as agent of the administration, but not when he is protecting or promoting his own private exchequer.

Referring to Mr. Bryan, our scintillating "Senator" Sorenson corrupts our word "chautalking," which is of our own coinage, into "jawtalking." We not only protest, but hereby give notice of intention to sue for infringement.

The democratic majority in the United States senate is temporarily down to one. If it were only to stay there—which it is not—the reach of the pole of a democratic senator would be considerably more effective in knocking off the patronage persimmons.

This brand of weather meted out to us by his successor looks something like a vindication for Prof. Willis Moore, whom President Wilson removed as head of the weather bureau because he aspired to the cabinet place awarded to the present secretary of agriculture.

The Churches in the Summer.

A Brooklyn preacher, who evidently stays on the job most of the time, scolds the brethren who flee to the cool retreats at summer's approach, dispensing in whole or in part with their services for the time being. Anyone knows that temptations generally mutiply with the free, out-of-door life and that then more than any other time is the need greatest for the exercise of righteous restraint. As in the physical world, so in the spiritual, low barometers, affording easy play to the forces of destruction, are apt to accompany high temperatures.

Folks will not attend church in the hot weather? Perhaps they are negligent even in other seasons, but who has not observed the throngs that nightly gather about the Salvation Army and the Volunteers of America down on the street? These evangelists go to the people, without waiting for the people to come to them. It was the Leader of the church, Himself, who suggested going out in the highways and hedges to compel men to come in to the feast.

And why shouldn't the church do it if it finds its pews deserted, in summer even more than winter? Dr. Van Dyke said that his first visit to the Holy Land suggested to him the fact that Christianity was essentially an out-of-doors religion; that from the birth in the grotto at Bethlehem, to the Calvary hill outside of Jerusalem, nearly all the principal events in the life of Christ were enacted out-of-doors and most of His great utterances, including the sermon on the mount, were made out-of-doors. The analogy between that and an out-of-door religion today seems striking.

Ministers require vacations and rest, the same as other men, but with the ingenius old adversary always busy, they might with profit time their outings with more judicious regard for the special needs and opportunities of their ministrations.

Henry Watterson Rampant.

The Bee cited the other day the views of Colonel Henry Watterson, well known as a militant democrat and eminent journalist, on the proposed Nicaraguan protectorate, which has since proved a flash in the pan. Colonel Watterson's comments on the action of the senate knocking the Bryan protectorate scheme in the head should, therefore, interest those who recall his warning. This is what he says:

> A scheme of international policy at once more ill-judged and short-sighted could hardly have been devised. From every point of view it was positively senseless. It proposed precisely the things which wisdom and duty told us plainly not to do. To start with, it bore out the hurtful contention that our ultimate aim is the domination of the residue of the continent south of us. It asserted a police power which cannot be maintained except at enormous cost, physical and moral, implying vast moneyed responsibility far-reaching in its consequences. And, finally, it committed us to an endless and dangerous crusade of warlike aggression, menacing to our liberties at home and our peace abroad. Yet but one member of the senate committee—Senator Borah—in the beginning set himself resolutely against it; though truth to say, his colleagues, notably Senators Bacon, Williams and Clark among the democrats, came bravely to time, when time was called. To a gentleman up-a-tree it occurs that a spoonful of intelligence in the State department would have saved us the equivocation in which this dead treaty still leaves us. What could Mr. Bryan have been thinking of?

In conclusion, adjuring the democratic senators to uphold the nation's independence and honor even against the president and his secretary of state, he declares:

> Anybody can sell a gold brick to Mr. Bryan. Let the patronage go, senators, and save the country and the party from the danger of tyros and tyroism in the Department of State. It is to laugh. But it is well. Three lumps of sugar for each member of the foreign relations committee who have done such good work, but the biggest three to the courageous, upright and sagacious statesman from Idaho, for he saw clearest and spoke first!

Ponder upon these words of Colonel Watterson, and remember that he is not a fledgling in public affairs nor a republican in politics.

California's Merchant Marine.

Evidently aroused at the spectacle of empty harbors and depleted ocean trade, California is proceeding through its legislature to establish a merchant marine of its own, subsidizing ships engaged in domestic and foreign commerce until such time as the federal government may decide to grant assistance to these vessels.

The project contemplates a merchant marine commission of five members, one from the shippers of domestic goods, one from the consignees of foreign goods, one from the resident ship owners, one from the resident shipbuilders and one from the Sailors' Union of the Pacific. This board shall be empowered by the state to pay 5 per cent per annum upon one-half of the cost of building ships and aid in paying the difference between building and operating such American-built ships with American workmen and American officers and the cost of building and operating with foreign workmen and officers.

California's lead may with great profit be followed by other maritime states, with the result of bringing the federal government into line in some way as to avoid the obnoxious features of ship subsidy to the restoration of an American merchant marine upon the high seas. The longer we put off the evil day the more numerous and complex become the problems to be solved in providing the country with this essential arm of commerce. Now, as never before, with the Panama canal about to come into use, we need the outlet for our expanding trade, which only a merchant marine would afford.

Comforts of Farm Life.

An Ohio periodical revives the agitation for modern comforts and conveniences for farm women equal to those for the men, saying:

> Any farm that can afford a silo can afford electric light or gas, the vacuum cleaner, the dishwasher and the washing machine. Any farm that can afford a gas engine can afford a bath room. Any farm that can afford a hayfork in the barn can afford running water in the kitchen.

Of course, many up-to-date farms have all, or most, of these conveniences, but too many have not. Their introduction into the farm woman's life might affect the happiness and contentment, not only of the women, but of the young folks, to such a degree as to give a new potency to the effort of keeping young men and women on the old homesteads, thousands of whom leave for no other reason than that they are there deprived of the attractive features of life available in the city. Human nature is very much alike in the city and the country, and spite of all the material advantages offered ambitous youth on the farm, the desire for the modern life is overweening and must be met, if a wholesome equilibrium is maintained, by the force of competition.

Uplifting the Profession of Surgery.

The newly projected American College of Surgery, organized here locally, sets for itself a laudable goal in its avowed purpose of "promoting a higher grade of surgery in America." So far as fee-splitting and other professional abuses are concerned, it is really up to the courageous members of the profession to see that its ethical standards are maintained. All these pernicious practices can be abolished whenever the surgeons and physicians sincerely unite to abolish them, though, of course, they may be helped or hindered by legislation.

The Bee's opposition to the fee-splitting system, which is much like peddling the patient to the highest bidder, is too well known to need reaffirmation, but the occasion calls for encouragement to any honest effort on the part of the profession to keep out of the clutch of commercialism. Only if the newly launched American College of Surgery stands true to its ideals, and pursues them with aggressive zeal, will it achieve and deserve permanency and success.

Personality.

Most folks appreciate the relation of personality to success usually potent in every individual triumph. How common the expression, "He is a good business man, but fails for want of a forceful personality," or "He is neither brainy nor shrewd, but has an irresistible personality." In business and professional life this power often becomes decisive, while in politics the sine qua non of success. How many mediocre men achieve marked distinction, especially in politics, entirely as a result of their pleasing and attractive personality.

But what is this distinguishing quality, doesn't it belong to all alike? Not all, alike, no. Webster thus defines it:

> Personality—Quality or state of being personal, or of being a person and not a thing or abstraction; that which makes a being a person.

A most significant definition. You are introduced to two men, one of whom you never forget, though you never see him again, the other you never recall, though meeting him frequently. One is a person, the other a being or abstraction, and it may be that the latter in point of intellectual power utterly discounts the former, but fails for lack of ability successfully to interpret his superior attainments in the current terms of life.

This quality should be subject to cultivation, not regarded as an exclusive heritage of nature. Anyone with sufficient candor to admit the need of self-improvement and the power to appreciate the value of personality should be able to cultivate it.

Need Yet for Census Improvement.

One of the matters to which congress will have to give its early attention is the provision of a better system for taking the national census than the one so far we have had. It is more than three and one-half years since our 1910 census was begun and though it has cost $14,000,000, it is nowhere near complete, so far as compilation and publication are concerned. Several volumes have been published, but other volumes are only in process of preparation.

That is not all, some gross discrepancies show up in the statistics, as for example between the census figures and those of the Department of Agriculture, on the acreage of corn for 1910, where a difference of 10,000,000 acres is shown, and similar disparities are found pertaining to other farm products, including live stock.

In the meantime, the headship of the census bureau has changed three times and other important officers have marched by in almost rapid succession. Whether this is significant of the tedium of the task, we cannot say, but the process is tedious enough, at best, and calls loudly for improvement.

"Keeping Tab on Them."

Our democratic election commissioner, despite the decision of Judge English pulling the foundation from under his czar-like pretensions, still insists on demanding from foreign-born citizens technical proofs of naturalization so that he can "keep tab on them."

It strikes us that this is just as much of an insult to our foreign-born citizens as was his original requirement of the production of the actual naturalization papers for his ocular inspection.

Why should it be necessary to "keep tab" on foreign-born citizens any more than on native-born citizens?

Why should a person be pointed to with the finger of suspicion, and his statements made under oath questioned, merely because his parents happened to live in some other country at the time of his birth?

This anti-foreign prejudice—it has prompted a subordinate of the election commissioner to boast that they would "shut out" at least 5,000 voters—seems to pervade the whole atmosphere of the office, and we suggest in all kindness that that officer get rid of it and mend his ways at once. Let him give every voter a square deal, and let him stop discriminating against the foreign-born citizen as compared with the native-born. Let him remember that he is acting merely as supervisor of registration, and that it is not his duty to "keep tab" on anyone unless he has evidence of fraud, and that even then he is not the prosecuting officer.

Forest Fire Prevention.

The San Francisco Call says the California state forester has evolved a plan to prevent the recurrence of such disastrous fires as recently raged over the picturesque Mount Tamalpais, menacing adjacent settlements. He proposes to organize a corps of motorcycle forest fire patrolmen, more to prevent than fight fires. These men, who are to be trained foresters, he would assign to fire patrol beats as policemen in cities, and let each man stand as the guardian against destruction. The state and county might share the expense, but that is a mere matter of detail.

Such a plan should commend itself wherever forests are subject to the ravages of fire. Something of the sort is done in certain countries of Europe, where valuable and scenic forests are not devastated as in America. We have, of course, our federal forester system, and we also have our federal forest fires, sometimes consuming many millions of dollars' worth of property. We have gone too much on the eleventh-hour plan of putting out the flames, instead of the more sensible one of preventing them. It is strange, too, for a nation that keeps up such a hubbub of agitation over the conservation of natural resources.

War and Strong Men.

The Chicago Inter Ocean points to the 50,000 sturdy veterans who recently assembled at Gettysburg to prove the fallacy of the soft impeachment that war robs a nation of its strongest men——"the flower of the nation's manhood, leaving a preponderance of the weak and defective behind." But why argue the question as to whether war is needed to sustain a nation's prowess? It is absurd to say that war leaves a preponderance of weak and defective, since war never has destroyed a majority of those who entered and would not, if it did, destroy the virility of the race, unless it could uproot the stock from which it sprung. Those peace apostles who thus magnify the "horrors of war" gain nothing for the splendid world-wide cause of amity for it is not necessary to parley about whether war is essential to strong manhood with so many evidences ready for the rebuttal.

Still, it is a little incongruous for us to refuse to have any communication with President Huerta, and then to charge him with being misinformed as to our intentions. This could be avoided by proclaiming our intentions right out loud so that no one need have doubt about it. If our intentions can't be proclaimed, but must be kept secret, then it will be natural for the Mexicans to be suspicious of us.

Senator Miles Poindexter of Washington is in Kansas City today killing time before an engagement at Cameron, Mo., tomorrow.—Kansas City Star.

And a few of his colleagues are in Washington killing time. It probably does not matter much whether a senator, even one of the unafraid men, is out chautalking when the machinery is so set as to run by itself.

The State Board of Control members express the hope of being able soon to relieve the situation that requires the keeping of insane unfortunates in county jails and poor houses. It is a disgrace to a great state like Nebraska that such a situation should have been permitted to come into existence, and more disgrace if it is permitted to continue.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

AUGUST 10.

Thirty Years Ago—

The city council held a special morning and evening meeting to clean up their business, and among other things closed for a lot of fire department supplies.

About thirty young ladies and gentlemen surprised Mr. Pat O'Toole at Twenty-second and Marcy street.

Twenty-nine thousand feet of water pipe of various sizes were ordered by Secretary Dumont of the water company to be laid this fall. With these additions the water company will have forty-four miles of mains.

Peter Elsasser, who has recently gone into business at Fremont, was in the city arranging for his family to leave for their new home.

L. P. Taylor, a union Pacific conductor, met with a peculiar death resulting from the bite of a spider which bit him on the right side of the upper lip.

One undertaker in the city had five funerals today.

Parties interested with A. H. Swan, the cattle king, in the proposed stock yards at South Omaha, are meeting at the Millard to perfect their plans.

Dr. Rose, corner Tenth and Howard, wants a good gentle buggy horse.

The Sioux City route, for which Harry Deuel is the agent, is putting on extra steam to work up a special excursion to Spirit Lake.

A notice to members of the Knights of Pythias lodges is signed by M. May, chancellor commander.

Twenty Years Ago—

The weather was delightfully cool when the first strains of Steinhauser's Seventh ward band floated out upon the air at Hanscom park in the evening. Nothwithstanding the grass was quite moist from the afternoon's pleasant shower, many folks trudged about, sat down or reclined within its downy folds, and among those present was noticed our amiable and always-to-be-looked-for little friend, Mr. D. Cupid.

"The question of reduction in salaries has not as yet been acted on by the Union Pacific," said General Manager Ed Dickinson, "but we must cut our expenses to meet our losses." And it was understood that the reaper of intrenchment would continue to cut a wide swath through the ranks of the company's employes.

Conrad H. Young said that everything indicated a large entry list for the opening of the state tennis tourney in a few days.

City Electrician Cowgill entered a vigorous protest to statements of Councilman Hascall to the effect that he had been derelict in not ordering the Thomsen-Houston company to install arc lights at railroad crossings where they had either refused or neglected to put them. He said he was acting under instructions from the city attorney.

Ten Years Ago—

Dr. G. W. Wertz, 1615 Douglas street, died at the age of 56.

Alonzo V. Cruzen, collector of customs at Porto Rico, formerly of Curtis, Neb., was in the city and state on sixty days' leave of absence. He predicted good times for the islanders, where, he said, great progress was apparent on every hand.

Judge W. W. Slabaugh was elected president of the Federation of Improvement Clubs; Miss McCartney, secretary, and Stanley P. Bostwick, treasurer.

J. W. White fell dead while talking over a telephone at 2221 Cuming street. He began breathing hard and then toppled off the stool on which he was sitting. He was employed by the Moline Plow company and resided at 608 North Twenty-third street. The trouble was apoplexy. He was 55 years old.

John A. Munroe of the Union Pacific and General Freight Agent Ives of the Burlington denied the report that the railroads were contemplating a general increase of freight rates.

Joseph C. Harvey, 2658 Douglas street, asked the city to pay him "temporary" damages of $500 for injuries sustained by stepping on a rusty nail on Dodge near Sixteenth street.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

It is the fate of a man that after 50 he begins to look either like a grampus or a squirrel.

Suspicion rests on a monkey in the Narragansett Pier robberies. The rascal is getting ready to appear at a Newport dinner.

A woman should not talk too long about her "operation." She should remember there are others present who wish to discuss their "operations."

The greatest first baseman of six or seven years ago died the other day and the newspapers of the city in which he won his fame printed six lines about him.

After a man acquires a reputation and achieves a reasonable amount of fame in his chosen work, he goes back to his old home town they ask him where he lives and what he is doing now.

MUFFLED KNOCKS.

A bird on a cafe menu is worth thirty in the bush.

You have to show a child how to hold a pencil, but it will chew the end of the pencil without any tuition.

There ain't no such thing as a way to manage a husband. All you can do is feed him, treat him right, and trust to luck.

The biggest fool in the world is the man who insists upon talking about his troubles when you want to talk about your own.

If you are going into debt, shoot the moon. Beware of the two-bit debts. A creditor is like an infant. The smaller he is the louder he will holler.

A woman can look into a mirror 300 times a day for thirty years and see that she is homely. And then some onery man will come along and tell her she is handsome and she will believe him.

An eastern preacher in a sermon last Sunday stated that it would be better for women to go naked than wear the suggestive styles now in vogue. Well, any old time they'll take this advice us men will be willing to let them vote.

The girls are wearing one-piece dresses that button down the front. Yes, sir. They put them on just like we do an overcoat. If they lose as many buttons as a man does, there will be something doing some of these days and they will go back to safety pins.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MEN OF THE MOMENT.

After his months of lecturing in Japan, Prof. Francis G. Peabody is home again in Cambridge, Mass.

An Indian will be register of the treasury if Gabe E. Parker of Oklahoma, a Choctaw, accepts the nominations sent to the senate by President Wilson.

Never having missed Sunday school for twenty consecutive years is the record held by three brothers in Germantown, Pa.—Stanley B., Ellwood B. and H. Warren Doernbach.

Charles P. Chase of Croton, N. Y., a fireman and engineer on the New York Central for the last eighteen years, has been appointed a public service commissioner at a salary of $15,000.

The prayers of Rev. Henry M. Couden, blind chaplain of the house of representatives, delivered during the last ten congresses, have been printed in book form by order of congress.

Joseph Fish, a Chicago insurance adjuster, indicted for arson, put large display advertisements in the papers of that city, asking the public to suspend judgment and declaring that he is innocent.

When George C. Slayton finished haying Saturday noon on his farm in Stowe, Vt., the last to leave the field was his 14-year-old daughter, Hazel, who has done all the raking and "raking after" with a one-horse rake on Mr. Slayton's two farms of 165 acres this season.

Sir Richard Powell Cooper, who died at his home in Beckamstead, England, at the age of 66 years, was probably the biggest farmer in the world. He had numerous farms in many parts of England, an experimental station, farms of spacious proportions in the Antipodes and North and South America.

George Tyler of Providence, has saved more lives than any man in Rhode Island and probably holds the record for New England as well. He has saved so many persons from drowning while on duty as patrol of the Block Island bathing beach and while not on duty, that he has lost count. His maximum is sixteen in one day.

BLASTS FROM RAM'S HORN.

God and all good men are always on the side of right.

The less some people have in their heads the more they find to talk about.

To make seeking God the first business of life, is to begin right.

To know what the devil will do, find out what the booze seller is doing.

If you read the Bible with the right motive it will soon tell you where you live.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard." Don't waste time by taking absent treatment.

If there is a place in all the world where a woman will have her say, it is at the telephone.

The devil hates a religious meeting as a boy does soap, but he likes the part some folk take in it.

The man whose motive power is emotion will come to a good many places where the wires won't work.

The woman who marries a toper to reform him is going to wear out her complexion before she does it.

You may spot and speckle the reputation of a good man with slander, but you can't hurt his character with dynamite.

SMILES AND SNORTS.

"Why don't you buy something at my table?" demanded the girl at the charity fair.

"Because I only buy from the homely girls," said the man. "They have a harder time making sales."

The girl was not offended, and he worked this right down the line.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Frayed Philip—Say, wot's moral courage?

Ragged Rogers—I heard a preacher say it was de power to say "no."

Frayed Philip—When yer asked ter drink or ter work?—Boston Transcript.

"Well, did them moving picture people get pictures of everything on the farm?"

"Everything but the hired man," said Farmer Heck. "They couldn't ketch him in motion."—Pittsburgh Post.

"Which do you prefer, summer or winter?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Growcher, "that there is much choice between listening to advice on how to cure sunburn and on how to cure a cold."—Washington Star.

Sanford—So you don't believe in judging a man by his clothes?

Crabshaw—No, indeed. That's the way we judge a woman, and look how we get fooled.—Puck.

"What is she bragging about now?"

"I don't know, but I think it's the trip to Europe she was going to take, but didn't."—Detroit Free Press.

A FANCY

Austin Dobson.

The rose in the garden slipped her bud,
And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood,
As she thought of the Gardener standing by—
"He is old—so old! And he soon must die!"

The full rose waxed in the warm June air,
And she spread and spread till her heart lay bear;
And she laughed once more as she heard his tread—
"He is older now! He will soon be dead!"

But the breeze of the morning blew, and he found
That the leaves of the blown Rose strewed the ground;
And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
And he raked them gently under the mold.

And I wove the thing to a random rhyme;
For the Rose is Beauty; the Gardener Time.

There Is But One Pianola!

It is made by the AEOLIAN COMPANY and is combined with only six pianos, making the group of

FAMOUS PIANOLA PIANOS
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Free selection of music, bench and scarf with each player.

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"See how the sides of the drawers are carefully rounded at the bottom and fit into these grooves. See how easily they slide in and out. If there's anything that rouses your temper when you are in a hurry, John, it's a drawer that sticks. Now you won't have any more trouble in that line." This is only one of the valuable features in

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There's the cedar bottom which makes the lower drawer practically a cedar chest, there's the dust-proof, mouse-proof bottom, the strong, durable interlocking construction and one-piece 3-ply back panel, the careful finishing inside as well as outside, and several others. You pay no more for the Luger. Why not have the best? Ask your furniture dealer to show you. Write us if he can't.

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