

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
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MARCH CIRCULATION
52,544

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 March, 1913, was 52,544.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 30 day of April, 1913.
ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

All the screens up?

Arbor day has passed, but tree planting is still in order.

Strange how the dandelion survives all those sure-kill extinguishers.

It is plainer now than ever that President Wilson sent the wrong colonel to California.

Just think of a great people surrendering to a little dandelion, and that a yellow plant.

It's a mighty cold day in midsummer when the Water board bunglers cannot find someone else to be the goat.

Rumor is that Mr. Bryan's dove of peace got away from him while he was crossing the mountains to enter California.

It seems that those fire insurance companies just will not be happy until they force the state of Missouri to show them.

Never worry, when the Japs come over to whip us. Brother Hearst will be out on the firing line with all his fleet batteries.

A flaw is said to have been found in the new workmen's compensation act. Considering its hasty manufacture, is it any wonder?

The greatest distinction that can come to any small community is to have one of its native sons make good in a major league.

Secretary Bryan's mission to California, we are told, is a failure. But failure does not discourage Mr. Bryan; he is used to it.

Street flushers that only flush the dust and trash out of the middle of the street against the curbing are not really the best kind of flushers.

The California legislature listened kindly and attentively to Secretary Bryan and then proceeded to carry out the program he had come to thwart.

Traveling men who "make" western territory are loud in their praise of Omaha's superior business stability, and that speaks rather well for a city every time.

When the police raid a black and tan joint the "holier" of the horror-stricken is not so loud, but the principle of the raid that enmeshes innocent and guilty alike is the same regardless of color.

Senator Ollis appeals for attention to the facts and best interests of the state in consideration of the university removal plan. Why, if facts and the state's welfare had been considered the consolidation would have been accomplished.

Our democratic United States senator from Nebraska announces that he will swallow any political medicine that may be mixed by his party caucus. Well, did anyone expect him to do otherwise while the political pie remained uncut?

Minnesota is picking off members of the faculty of the Nebraska State university by tempting them with higher salaries. If all our universities get into a game of auction by bidding one another up in this fashion they will have to increase the size of the bank roll.

The contract for printing the legislative journals includes a penalty clause this time for forfeiture of 1 per cent for every day's delay after the constitutional three months. We have seen public contracts with penalty clauses before, but rarely a penalty collected, which naturally makes us skeptical as to whether it will be any different here.

Autos and Train Service.

Traffic Passenger Manager Eustis of the Burlington system told the Nebraska State Highway Commission that "people ride on our trains when the roads are muddy, but in their autos when they are dry." Some people, of course, do, but not enough to make that a conclusive answer to the request for more trains to accommodate real demand. The great majority of railroad patrons do not ride in autos, so that the argument cannot be accepted unconditionally. It may be granted that the problem of extra train service is one of the most perplexing confronting a railroad management, and yet it must be met, and met more satisfactorily than it has been.

States.

It is interesting, though painful, to note that down in Lincoln, where a fierce municipal campaign is in progress, the slate-makers are busy trying to take away from the people their right to an untrammeled vote for any candidate that looks good to them. The election in Lincoln is wholly nonpartisan in the sense that no one is labeled "republican," "democrat," "progressive," "populist" or "socialist," but "wet" slate and a "dry" slate, "dry" slate and several other slates, charged with being misbranded, which leads the Lincoln Journal to observe:

It is the right of any one of two or dozen voters to agree on a slate and recommend their slate to the rest of the voters. The blonies may make a slate of blondes. We may have a street flushing slate versus a street-sweeping slate. And when the slates are all filled it is the duty of every voter to scratch them all according to his private best judgment. Only a confirmed and hopeless idiot will vote any ticket straight merely because it is somebody else's slate.

Our only reason for advertising to this tender subject is to call attention to the facts that slates, and slate-making, are not confined to Omaha nor peculiarly indigenous to this, or to any other particular city, nor are they effectively barred by any of the new-fangled methods of balloting.

Oh, How Mean!

The senate committee on military affairs has agreed to a resolution calling for an official showing of the number, and present employment, of retired army officers. To a man up a tree this looks like a mean invasion of the inviolable right of personal liberty. The government forces army officers out of active service at the youthful age of 64, rewarding them with a life annuity equal to half their regular pay, and when these officers find it necessary to eke out this meager salary by finding other jobs to keep them busy, here comes an inquisitive senate asking embarrassing questions. Mean does not half express it.

On Auto Driving.

Your friend, the seasoned autoist, will tell you that he can spot the green chauffeur every time he meets him in the highway, and sometimes—in fact, with many it is quite common—the seasoned autoist, just for fun, of course, will give the green hand a bad scare by shaving his machine as closely as possible without a collision. He will give him just enough of the road to get by, and at that at that effort to the inexperienced driver. This, of course, is all fun, just a little joke of the road, and like a good many such jokes can be appreciated only by the joker. Some serious accidents have happened this way, and others will happen unless the thing is stopped. If fair warning does not stop it, perhaps a few good object lessons in police court might. It is easy enough for auto-mobilists to happen to accidents without doing anything to precipitate them. The green hand, who, no doubt, it is easy to detect, should be given every possible advantage.

The Bad Boy School.

After the superintendent and school board succeed in manning the proposed new special parental school they will still have one or two perplexing details to engage their attention. One of these is likely to arise from the home, where fond mothers will be called on to acknowledge that their prides and pets are the incorrigibles for which this emergency school is instituted. For if it is to receive only such boys as cannot be handled by ordinary methods of discipline, their attendance will, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, mark them among their fellows. The school authorities naturally will try to avert such consequences, but the consequences will ensue just the same.

However insistent may be the need of such an institution, it is sure to entail new problems and perplexities for our educational monitors. If the school must be maintained the rarest discrimination will have to be exercised in the enrollment of pupils without offense, and the greatest care put forth to make them want to get back to the regular graded school as soon as possible.

A Chicago preacher criticised for putting up church placards in schoolhouses declares:

"I would print posters on automobiles and display them in perdition if I could get a crowd from there."

That's the talk! But if His Satanic Majesty undertakes to send tempting circulars to church members, better have him barred from the mails.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

Thirty Years Ago—A brilliant wedding took place at St. Philomena's cathedral last night, uniting in marriage Mr. Morris Spellman and Mrs. Annie Purcell. The bride, in a gown of white tulle, was escorted by Mr. H. J. Tobin. Daniel Murphy and Miss Katie Callahan. Among the numerous wedding gifts listed are a dozen silver spoons in an elegant case from C. N. Dietz, a glass fruit dish from Miss Maggie Nettles, a malicola tea set from Mr. Frank Scalla, a silver casket from P. H. Tobin and a set of napkins and a bed spread from Jennie and Nellie Ferron. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kennedy are rejoicing over a new arrival at their home.

The cable telephone line across the Missouri, connecting Omaha and Council Bluffs, is practically completed and will at once be open for business.

W. F. Lorenzen, the well-known cigar manufacturer, is about to make some extensive improvements on Thirteenth and Howard streets, between 13th and 14th, and French flats above.

A. L. Barbour of Washington, the asphalt contractor man, is in the city.

J. R. Buchanan of Missouri Valley was in Omaha.

The Cody and Carver Wild West show is to open in Omaha about the middle of the month, the advance man, Ariel L. Barney, is already here.

W. A. L. Gibson has resigned as director from the public library board, and Prof. Homer F. Lewis, professor in the high school, appointed to the vacancy.

By resolution the council has instructed the street commissioner to employ two teams and six men until further notice.

Twenty Years Ago—Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Thompson were back from a visit of a day or two in Marshallsburg, Ia.

Mrs. Harvey Johnston of Tacoma, Wash., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sam de Nedrey.

B. Silloway, proprietor of the Murray hotel, returned from Chicago, where he had been on business.

Old Jupiter Phivius, with his accustomed grutch, butted in and prevented the May day celebrations planned by the public schools and greatly disappointed hundreds of children.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Alexander, when heard from by the friends, were sailing down the Mississippi river in the latest inland steamer afloat.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Burley and Frank Burley, returned from Mexico.

Mrs. Shoemaker and Miss Shoemaker, guests for the week of Mrs. J. M. Woolworth, left for their home in the east.

R. F. Rankin got home from Chicago.

Mrs. F. A. Brogan returned from a visit with friends in Kansas.

Ten Years Ago—

With a total of 2,200 men idle as the result of a series of local strikes, Mayor Morris issued a proclamation urging against violence in any form and admonishing employers and employes alike, as good citizens, to exert their best efforts to bring about peace and order.

Rev. M. L. Melick, the new pastor of Grace Lutheran church, arrived from Fort Madison, Ia., and was to preach his first sermon here the following Sunday. It was announced that the retiring pastor, Rev. Luther M. Kuhns, who had been appointed secretary of the Luther League of America, would remain in the city for the present, going east probably in September.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Weaver left the city for Chicago under a shower of rice and by-standers at the depot thought they were a newly-married couple. Mr. Weaver, who for many years had been the agent here of the Merchants' Dispatch Transportation company, was promoted to a better position with the same company in Chicago.

The rice throwers were George West, Ralph Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Service, Mr. and Mrs. Bodman, Mr. and Mrs. Barstow Van Ness.

John C. Wharton was the first Omahan to pay his 1903 real estate taxes to City Councilman Hascall the first to pay his personal taxes.

People Talked About

Wars and rumors of wars. Militancy and H. Johnson may feature the front page, but May greens and June brides hold the spotlight.

The frolicsome helress of the condensed fortune is officially pronounced "a good girl and a sweet girl," qualities that follow as a matter of course. A girl with a million in sight is sugar-coated and looks good to everybody.

The literary remains of the office of Julian Hawthorne & Co., bogus mine promoters of New York, were sold at auction the other day. The remains constituted a list of 25,000 names of prospective suckers with their home addresses, and were grabbed up at the rate of \$1 a bit.

Daniel Gould, a 14-year-old boy of West New Vineyard, has, during the absence of his father the last winter, taken the entire care of sixteen head of cattle and of three horses. He has also helped to haul and cut lumber and found time to break to harness a yearling colt.

Frances Meyers, 34 years of age, has completed the erection of a steeple on the Jordan hall in Jordan township, Illinois, doing all the work herself. Mr. Meyers donated the lumber to the township, asking in return that he be allowed to unfurl a flag from the flagstaff on its top on every legal holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. David Ploof and Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Begore, who were married at a double wedding, March 31, 1912, together observed their fifty-sixth wedding anniversary in Burlington, Vt., March 31. Mrs. Ploof is a sister of Mr. Begore. Mr. and Mrs. Ploof are 75 and 71 years old, and Mr. and Mrs. Begore are 75 and 72.

Mrs. Lillian Bell Bogie, who is well known as a writer under the name of Lillian Bell, says that married people should live in separate houses, should have their own mail boxes and invite one another to dine and spend the evening.

The "horrible intimacy of marriage, with negligence and shaving mugs," she says, is responsible for so many divorces.

Clerical candor is still supreme among the professional varieties. Rev. George B. Gilbert, pastor of Emanuel Episcopal church at Killington, Conn., last Sunday morning was so absorbed fishing that service was delayed half an hour.

An Angler's basket filled with speckled beauties were shown to the horrified deacons in support of his apology, and the deacons accepted both.

Twice Told Tales

Not Chasing Out West. "Yes," said the man just back from the west, "when I went out to Montana, I did what nearly every other tenderfoot does—bought one of the broad-brimmed felt hats like the ones, stage cowboys wear, and put it on at the first opportunity."

"Mine wasn't the only one in town, but I felt conspicuous just the same. Somehow or other I hadn't acquired the knack of wearing it. One windy day—and, believe me, it can blow some in B—went out half trying—I walked down the main street of the town holding one in my hat with one hand and my coat with the other. As I turned a corner the wind seemed to stop blowing, and I let go of the hat, when a sudden gust came, took it off my head, and sent it rolling like a frightened hoop down the street."

"I started to give chase, when another hatless man—a sure-enough westerner, too—took me by the arm and said: "Don't chase it, partner; there'll be another one along in a minute!"—New York Times.

The Smart Gaitman. "I had always thought the public servants of my own city were the freest on earth," says a New York man, "but a recent experience in Kansas City has led to a revision of that notion."

"One afternoon I dashed into a railway station of that town with just half a minute to buy my ticket and enter a train for Chicago. I dashed through the first gate and, pointing to a certain train, asked hurriedly of the gateman: "Is that my train?"

"Well, I don't know," replied he, with exasperated deliberation. "Maybe it is, but the cars have the company's name on them."—Harper's Magazine.

The Planter. The man was busy in his back yard. The man in the back lot looked over the fence.

"What you doin'?"

"I'm diggin' out a trench for a couple of traps that will nip my next door neighbor's cats."

"Plantin' catnip, eh?"

The top board of the fence slipped and the chin of the back lot man struck hard on the second board.

"Here you go, right!" said the trap planter.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Genesis of War Talk. Boston Transcript: The Krupps have found war talk almost as profitable as if they had followed Captain Hobson's plan of scattering it from Chautauquus platforms.

Indianapolis News: The Krupp revolution will arouse on this side of the ocean a keen desire for authentic proof how far Latin-American revolutions are stimulated and financed by dealers in arms and ammunition.

Washington Post: After the denouement, the army bills were shot full of holes and the treasury raiders from Hosen properly flayed and reviled. The Krupps would appear to be thoroughly discredited and their hopes dashed. Army increase has been dealt a blow that will be felt for a decade.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: The things practically confessed should open the eyes of Europe. The war feeling, if not made out of whole cloth, is exaggerated for the profit of makers of armor, guns and munitions. And governments and their favorite war material manufacturers, it is not a long jump to a conclusion that the governments turn a blind eye to practices that favor the government expenditures for larger war stores and heavier taxes.

Aimed at Omaha. Ord Journal: Since the tornado plowed its way through Omaha, it is said that nine out of ten of the Omaha people believe fully in every prediction ever made by the Rev. Irl R. Hicks. The fact that the original Rev. Mr. Hicks died some years ago probably cuts no figure in the case.

York Times: Omaha is kicking vigorously on paying 35 cents a thousand gallons for Mississippi river water. York gets the best well water in the whole world for 25 cents a thousand. The water service is about the cheapest thing in York.

Loup City Times-Independent: The bill providing for a publicity department for the state, and making an appropriation therefore, has been defeated. It was advocated by the state press at the last annual meeting and had many friends until a representative of the Omaha Commercial club became so active as to arouse the suspicion of the members that they were sinister motives back of his interest. It is freely stated that one man is responsible for the defeat of the measure.

Falls City Journal: The loan shark bill has been turned into a barb to snag the chattel mortgage short term artists who are so common in the city. The senate has made it an offense to loan money at all for more than 18 per cent interest. The party who offends against this provision of the law may be sent to jail for thirty days for each offense. This may send some of Fallstead's friends back from Omaha to make an honest living plowing corn.

Nebraska Editors. The Wynot Tribune has added a drum corps, press to its equipment.

Ries and Parsons of the Central City Republican have just finished installing a new six-column quarto press.

Editor Jordan of the Upland Eagle is a candidate for the position of county judge in Franklin county, made vacant by the resignation of Judge Keiso.

The York Democrat appeared last week with a new head and in new form, all printed at home. L. I. Holliday has recently joined the staff of the paper as business manager.

Editor J. M. Lynch of the Bridgeport News-Blade has announced that he will begin the issuing of a daily edition within a few weeks. The new paper will have associated press dispatches and a complete news service.

The Bees Letter Box

Diabolus and the Elements. HILLSBORO, O., April 25.—To the Editor of The Bee: The recent western storm, as well as our Ohio flood, are causing a deeper inquiry into the invisible agents which go to make up these unseen dangers. Some shift the responsibility of these conditions to nature herself, in an effort to readjust a better-ordered, serene Diabolus and his minions fighting for the maintenance of his throne, who, as "Prince of the power of the air," is affecting the entire disposition of our weather, as also the processes of chemical action. This latter view, while not wholly indorsed by scholars, is gaining a considerable credence among Biblical students as being entirely compatible with the inspired statement to the effect that Diabolus and his associates were cast down to Tartarus—professed hell, but meaning our earthly atmosphere—whenever they ply for the regaining of a former liberty. Since this topic is such an interesting and broad one to present in a brief letter, the writer will be glad to forward a treatise gratis touching the entire sweep of the matter. Suffice to say in conclusion that our former works on chemistry are almost valueless in the face of the onrush of these invisible foes. Even the medical schools are becoming bewildered at the multitude of "dopes" now crying for recognition.

JOSEPH GREIG.

Why Not Build Manufacturers. HEBRON, Neb., April 25.—To the Editor of The Bee: I picked up a copy of the Twentieth Century Farmer on the floor of the postoffice the other day, carelessly dropped, I suppose, by some one who did not know its worth, and was much impressed by the first article that struck my eye.

It was a map of the United States and the heading over the map read as follows: "Thirty-one States Pour Water Into the Mississippi River," and it struck me very forcibly as a good advertisement for the conservation of that water. The large majority of these rivers are just running off their water without its doing or being of any earthly use to anyone, whereas, if it were conserved and made to supply power for industrial pursuits a large part of the water that now goes to waste would be put to a good and lasting purpose and a part of the water would evaporate, which would mean less water to flood the country where now life and property is in danger every spring, and we would have just as much to run our factories.

The waters of these great bodies were placed here for a purpose, and if they are let go to waste and people sit idly by and do not conserve them for the purpose they have been intended, is it any wonder that they get on a tear, and rant and rave, and get out of their banks and get into mischief?

Let us think on these things and govern ourselves accordingly.

H. A. BRAINERD.

Would Limit Janitor's Activities. OMAHA, April 25.—To the Editor of The Bee: Why are janitors of many leading business concerns permitted to wash windows and flood sidewalks at any hour of the day, to the inconvenience of the passing public?

It is a very common thing to be splashed when trying to dodge by one of the long brush handles, or poked in some part of your anatomy.

In my travels I have yet to find a city of any importance where this is permitted after 3 a. m., and the matter is covered by city ordinance usually.

Let us make Omaha a better place to live in.

EDWARD M. WINTON.

Editorial Snapshots

Washington Post: As might have been expected, the Department of Justice begins a study of the coal trust at the moment it hands the heavy villain part over to the ice man.

Baltimore American: Chicago packers are advising the public to eat more mutton. If men are what they eat, this advice must be intended to make the public even more sheepish.

Indianapolis News: Ragtime is to be dead in ten years, according to the views expressed before the National Federation of Music Clubs, so let's cheer up and take heart. What's to prevent?

Chicago Post: The stomach of a shark caught near Havana was found to contain seven gold hairpins, two silver garter buckles and a tortoise shell comb. What was the sex of the shark?

Chicago Record-Herald: If Montenegro were a little stronger, however, Austria-Hungary's attitude would not be quite so suggestive of a big policeman ordering in a small boy in a voice of thunder to "move on."

Boston Transcript: "At the end of the seventh inning the game looked hopeless and the 15,000 fans began to leave, but the president remained until the last man was out." Mr. Wilson, who remembers what happened at Baltimore, knows that in base ball, as in politics, no candidate is beaten until all the returns are in.

Political New Brooms

The hardest job before the Pennsylvania legislature is to get action on a bill separating an officerholder from a fee job, yielding \$30,000 a year. The bigger the grab, the more virulent is legislative hesitation.

Friends of former Congressman Longworth of Cincinnati, see hope of returning the husband of Alice to congress in the new gerrymander of the district. It's a cinch if they can stop the bull moose from biting the legs of the elephant.

Putting "fete champagne" out of business in official Washington creates more surprise than any reform projected since Mrs. Hayes installed lemonade in the decanters of the White House. This thing of paying for real drinks touches the pocket nerve.

A legislative congressman wants the congressional record shorn of such peals of thought as "applause," "laughter," "cheers," which are inserted in the bowels of speeches as a tipple for the home guard. It is to be hoped the assault on a sacred institution will not succeed. The record would be a dreary repository of words if unrelieved by gems of unconscious humor, such as this: "The chairman—the time of the gentleman from George has expired. (Applause.)"

CHEERY CHAFF.

"Pop what's poper?" "Poise, my son, is when a man can pick up a pretty woman's handkerchief in a street car and then look at the other passengers without feeling and acting like a fool."—Judge.

First Urchin—Say, Tommy, would you rather be a sebra or a giraffe? Second Urchin—A giraffe, or course. It'd be a cinch fer lookin' over de fence at de ball game.—Boston Transcript.

"What is your purpose in shaking hands with everybody you see?" "Well, replied Senator Sorghum, "I am a pretty powerful man, and as a rule I can't shake hands so hard with a constituent that he won't be breathin' left to ask me any questions."—Washington Star.

An old citizen in a country village being asked for a subscription toward repairing the fence of the graveyard, declined saying:

"I subscribed toward improving that burying nigh on to forty years ago and my family hain't had no benefit from it yet."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"My grandma," said the office boy, "tremulously." "Nothing doing," said the manager, shortly.

"Died before I was born," the boy went on, "and I think I never had an excuse for going to the opening game."—Detroit Free Press.

The Native—There goes the best known man in the village. The Visitor—Eh! The college president? The Native—That's the village idiot.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Black—She said on her wedding day that she would go through every thing for him.

White—Well, I guess she has. I loaned him a tenpost this morning.

"Roger," murmured the lovely maiden, "Mildred, dear," faltered the young man, red and flustered, "the only thing

I can think of to say—to say to you this evening is—is a little speech I've already written in a magazine story (that's in the hands of the publishers and will be out this month)."—Chicago Tribune.

The office boy opened the door and looked in.

"My grandmother," he began. "Hah!" snorted the boss. "Has just died."

"Wow!" yelled the boss. "Has just died and left me a lot of money—and I've resigned—see?" And he softly closed the door.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHEN IT'S GROWING BALMY.

Baltimore Sun. When the air is growing balmy and the blackbird in the lane Sings the song of locust blossoms, and it's swimming time again; When the maple trees are leaving and the Oh, it's then I feel a tingling for the country in my feet.

And they want to still a moment with their restles will to go Where the roads are calling, calling, and the tender grasses grow.

The thunder of the pavements is so hard on feet that stray In dreams of country meadows to the blue lands of May, And the air is so inviting, and the waters clear and cool, And you know the fish are biting in some juggling mountain pool,

And it's time to cast off traces and jump up and clap your hands— When the air is growing balmy in the grassy meadowlands.

Excusable if lazy—let the verdict stand at that.

For the man who shirks his office and gets on an old straw hat, And goes down the road that leads him to the pastures green and sweet

When the hunger for the grasses starts to strangle in his feet, And he strays in boyhood's fashion far away from mundane things, While the robin redbreast sings, and the robin redbreast sings.

UNLESS YOU TELL! NOBODY KNOWS YOU USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN GRAY HAIR.

Druggist Says When Mixed With Sulphur Prevents Dandruff and Fading Hair.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur and alcohol added, then left to age and carefully filtered will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant, remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching, and falling hair.

Just a few applications will prove a re-vivification if your hair is fading, gray or dry, scraggly and thin. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use tonic, costing about 50 cents a large bottle at drug stores, known as "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," thus avoiding a lot of fuss.

Some druggists make their own, but it isn't nearly so nice as "Wyeth's."

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur you can tell, because it does so naturally; so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. Do this tonight, and by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, after another application or two it will be restored to its natural color and be even more glossy, soft and luxuriant than ever.

Local druggists say they are selling lots of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur." It surely helps folks appear years younger. Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., 102 So. 15th; 234 So. 16th; 207 N. 16th; 24th and Farnam Sts.—Advertisement.

The Sterling Mark of Travel. Fourteen Splendid Trains Daily between Omaha and Chicago. EASTBOUND: Leave Omaha 7:40 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 6:00 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 8:00 p.m., 11:15 p.m., 1:00 a.m. WESTBOUND: Leave Chicago