

ALL PROSPEROUS; ARE EATING BUTTER

Sturges Finds Hundred Million Pounds Which Was in Storage is Consumed.

ALL MAKING MORE MONEY

People are so prosperous throughout the east that they have eaten all of the 108,000,000 pounds of butter that was in storage when the butter supply began to fall off last fall.

This at least is the interpretation placed upon the situation by T. F. Sturges, editor of the Twentieth Century Farmer, who has just returned from a trip of over a month throughout the east.

"People do not eat butter unless they are prosperous," said Mr. Sturges. "But the fact is that the 108,000,000 pounds of butter in storage in the early fall is now practically exhausted. I have this straight from a half dozen of the biggest creamery and butter men in Chicago, New York and other eastern points. The result is that there is something of a shortage of butter right now, although it probably will not last long, since cows will soon be on grass again.

"Nor is this the only evidence of prosperity in the east. Everywhere the mills, especially the steel mills and the munition factories, are running. Everywhere clerks that got \$45 a month have quit their jobs and have gone to work in the steel mills and munition factories at from \$5 to \$6 a day. This means putting money into circulation and it means that a lot of people who were eating substitutes for butter are now eating real butter and having all the meat they want."

Commenting on the munition factories and the steel mills making war supplies, Mr. Sturges said, "Talk about explosions. No wonder. Men in close touch with these big factories back there in Pittsburgh and other places told me that \$40 and \$45 clerks that had never done anything but clerk behind the counter all their lives had been picked up by the hundreds and thousands and put to work in the mills at \$6 a day. They are put in responsible and dangerous positions in the mills, and it is no wonder we have explosions with the state of affairs at these big plants in such confusion."

Bryan Says Vote of House Means Little

COLUMBUS, O., March 8.—Commenting on today's action of the house of representatives in the armed ship controversy, William J. Bryan, former secretary of state, who discussed "Militarism" at a public meeting here tonight, said he did not believe the vote on the McLemore resolution represents the sentiment of congress on the actual issue of warning Americans.

"The question was presented in such a way that there is little significance in the vote," he said. "It does not represent the sentiment in congress as to the wisdom of Americans traveling upon belligerent merchantmen. Had this question been presented and the opinion of congress asked upon it, there is no doubt that a majority in both senate and house would have expressed themselves in favor of preventing Americans from traveling into the danger zones on belligerent ships. If the action of congress helps the president to reach a peaceful settlement of the controversy, everybody will be happy."

Overdose of Drugs Lands Knockout Blow

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 8.—Willie Gibbs, a featherweight pug of this city, died today from poisoning, which, physicians say, resulted from an overdose of a drug. He collapsed last night in a saloon and never regained consciousness. Joseph Gold and Sam Berens, who were with him at the time, were held as material witnesses under \$500 bail each to await the action of the coroner. Gibbs, whose correct name was Daniel Sharp, had met such men as Kid Williams, Jimmy Walsh, Joe Mandot, Tommy O'Toole and many others.

Morgenthau May Quit Turkish Post

WASHINGTON, March 8.—Administration officials were concerned tonight over reports that Henry Morgenthau, American ambassador to Turkey, might resign. It was understood some of the ambassador's friends were urging him to remain in this country to assist in the next presidential campaign. He now is at home in New York on leave.

The president is said to consider Mr. Morgenthau has made one of the best records of any American diplomat abroad. Ira Nelson Morris, now American minister to Sweden, was being mentioned tonight as a possible successor to him, should he decide to give up the post.

ROOSEVELT AND JOHNSON BEFORE IDAHO PRIMARIES

HELENA, Mont., March 8.—A petition placing former President Roosevelt in nomination for president and Hiram W. Johnson of California for vice president in the primaries to be held here April 21 as progressive party candidates, was filed with the secretary of state today.

Culls from the Wire

Dean Roswell C. McCrea, a leading educator of the University of Pennsylvania, has accepted the position of professor of English at Columbia university and will assume his new duties on July 1.

Capture of two rebel strongholds, Du Val and Sol Chow by Chinese government troops within the last four days with heavy losses resulting to the rebels, was reported to the Chinese legation at Washington.

Four German steamers which had taken refuge in the port of Lourenco Marques, Portuguese East Africa, have been seized and the Portuguese flag hoisted on them. The crews of the vessels were interned.

John Grant Loman pleaded not guilty before Federal Judge Dayton in New York to the indictment charging him with conducting a scheme to defraud stock investors through the mails under the name John H. Putnam & Co.

The loss of the schooner Ella L. Davenport of Boston, with the rescue of its crew by the British steamer Puma, from England for Port Arthur, Tex. was reported by the captain of the Puma in a wireless message to the schooner's owners.

The Strange Case of Mary Page

By Frederick Lewis, Author of "What Happened to Mary" :: Pictures by Essanay

SYNOPSIS.

Mary Page, actress, is accused of the murder of David Pollock and is defended by her lover, Philip Langdon. Pollock was intoxicated. At Mary's trial she admitted she had the revolver. Her maid testified that Mary threatened Pollock with it previously, and Mary's leading man indicated Langdon. How Mary disappeared from the scene of the crime is a mystery. Brandon tells of a strange hand print he saw on Mary's shoulder. Further evidence shows that horror of drink produces temporary insanity in Mary. The witness describes Mary's flight from her intoxicated father and her father's suicide. Mary by Pollock and Amy Barton tells of Mary's struggle to become an actress and of Pollock's pursuit of her.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

CHAPTER VIII.

"Did he leave?" "No—but it didn't matter, because just then the door opened and the good old link that ran the place came in. He said he'd heard enough of what was said to realize that we girls needed some help and advice and suggested that since Mr. Pollock seemed determined to stay there, that we might go down to his office."

"Did you go?" "Yes. Mary quieted down, at the presence of another man, and drying her eyes went with him, saying frankly that she and I wanted some work to pay our board until we could hear from home."

"Did the proprietor offer to help you?" Amy bubbled with laughter. "He did better than that. He handed us each a job as biscuit-slinger in the dining room. Mary was to administer the table d'hôte to the regulars and I was to be on the job with the transients—and some transients they were, too! Of course Mary made a hit right off. She was the quietest thing you ever saw in the get-up of a hash-house Lizzie. Even the dyspeptic old grocer who edited the weekly newspaper smiled at her when she took his order, and the sour-faced old left-over that had been waiting on the table looked as if she wanted to strangle Mary every time she passed her."

The judge laughed at the picture she conjured up, and Amy, blooming under the knowledge that she was pleasing her audience, turned towards him confidentially as she continued: "It's a good thing, your honor, that they don't leave any cold poison lying around in rube hotels, because the first customer I got was David Pollock! I did stick my finger in the oatmeal I was taking him and say, 'I hope you choke three times, but it didn't work.'"

Again her bubbling laugh ripped out, followed by a guffaw of delight from the listeners, but as if it were a signal, the prosecutor leaped to his feet. "Your Honor," he stormed, "I object to the testimony of this witness being admitted as evidence! Is this a court-room or a burlesque show? And is my learned opponent revealing to us the gay life of Miss Barton or evidence dealing with the murder of David Pollock?"

"May it please the court," retorted Langdon, "the events which took place in Prindleville had a very definite effect upon the relations between David Pollock and the defendant. I crave the patience of your honor and the gentlemen of the jury with the witness—who is—not exactly conversant with the legal brevity demanded by law."

"I think," said his honor, the ghost of a smile still twitching at his lips, "that the witness may go on with her story. But," he added, leaning forward with an admonishing gesture towards Amy, "you must remember, Miss Barton, that you are here not to amuse us, but to answer as briefly as possible the questions put to you by counsel for the defense."

"I'm sorry, your honor," she said penitently, "but it was fun up there for a while." "I don't doubt it," said the judge, smiling. Then, as if recollecting where he was, he cleared his throat loudly and sat back with a stern frown as Langdon said: "How long did you remain at the hotel in Prindleville as a waitress?" "About three weeks." "Did Mr. Pollock remain there during that time?" "Yes."

"Did he speak to you at any time?" "Well, he had to speak to me, but he limited it to 'Two boiled eggs and dry toast, or gimme roast chicken and mashed potatoes,' but with Mary it was different. He didn't speak to her, but he never let her get out of his sight."

"Miss Barton, you say that you remained at the hotel about three weeks. Why did you leave at the end of that time?" "Because of the behavior of some of the men who came to the place."

"What do you mean by their behavior?" "Flushing—their—freshness," she said, "their—their—freshness." "You see, when we first went to work, they were all very decent, especially to Mary, and everything was fine. Then they—they seemed to change even to me. I had to give a pretty sharp call-down to two or three of the sort of rubes that wear red ties, and shoes that look as if they had their trunk tucked in the toe, and finally something the landlady said put me wise to the fact that our characters weren't worth a two-cent stamp in Prindleville. I didn't want Mary to know, so I kept quiet till the day when the guy that always came for lunch got fresh and tried to kiss her."

"Will you tell us, as briefly as possible, Miss Barton, the events of that day?" "It was a bad day to begin with," said Amy ruefully. "I smashed some crockery in the morning and the head waitress had had a quarrel with her beau the night before, and everybody had a beautiful brooch, and in the midst of it the landlady came out to me, and told me that her 'regular girls' were objecting to work with us, because of our bad characters. Of course it made me pretty sore, and I was just going to say a few things about the bunch of biscuit-slingers they had around, when the door of the dining room banged open and Mary, taking her apron off as she went, ran past us and up the stairs. The landlady called her, but she never even looked around, so I started after her. Just as I did so a cheap, flashy guy who was a regular boarder came out of the dining room, looking sheepish and with one cheek bright red and the other very pale. 'I've seen a good smack make that kind of complexion before, so I kind of waited around to see what he would do.'"

"Did he leave the hotel?" "No. He walked out into the office and across to where Dave Pollock was sitting and flung himself into a chair beside him. At that sort of go behind some curtains and waited to hear what he said, but I needn't have bothered about hiding, for he yelped loud enough to be heard all the way to the kitchen."

"Can you tell us what he said?" "Yes. He ripped out a good round damn or two; then he said, 'Say, look here, from what you told me, that Mary Page is no better than she should be, but crickey, she swung a right onto my jaw that jarred my brains in there, just because I tried to give her a kiss.'"

"Did Mr. Pollock reply?" "No. First he looked as if he was going to hand the chump one himself, then he laughed as if he was satisfied with something, and I ran up stairs to Mary. She was crying, and packing her grip, and when I asked her what the row was about, she said that she was going to leave right then and there. She said that for the last two or three days she had noticed a decided difference in the attitude of the men towards her, and that at noon one of them had insulted her and she had slapped his face. The worst of it was, she said, the man said that he had been told that she wasn't so particular with others, and was notorious where she came from. Then I told her what the landlady had said to me, but said that I was pretty well wined up as to who was spreading the slander, and I thought it was time we blew the old burg anyhow."

"Did the hotel proprietor make any objections to your going?" "Well, yes and no—I haven't come to that yet. When we went downstairs with our suitcases in our hands the proprietor's wife was giving him an earful of what she had heard about us, of how bad we were and all the rest, and Mr. Pollock was sitting there taking it all in, but pretending to read. He jumped up when we came in sight, however, and started to speak, but we pushed by him and I

walked right up to the proprietor and said, 'Look here—you've been pretty white to us, but somebody is spreading a lot of nasty lies around here, and we're going to quit P. D. Q., and we'd like whatever of the long green is coming to us after our room rent is paid.' The old guy got red as thunder, and his wife veered like a weather-cock, and hollers out, 'You can't leave like that, there's three drummers comin' this afternoon, and tomorrow's market day. If you quit you don't get a cent.' At that the proprietor started to say something on his own account, but seeing Mr. Pollock was listening he said we'd better all go into the dining room to settle it; but Mr. Pollock followed us in, and said that as he was a friend of ours, he would like to hear what the trouble was in case he could be of any assistance."

"What do you mean by having any inkling as to what that trouble was?"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

ELLA E. AYERS NAMED FOR POSTMISTRESS

WASHINGTON, March 8.—(Special Telegram.)—The president sent the nomination of Ella E. Ayers to the senate as postmistress at Winnebago, Neb., today.

WILL SAVE HOGS, BUT NOT CHILDREN

Dr. Christie Tells Rotarians Epidemic Would Have Been Averted With School Inspection.

SESSION AT THE FONTENELLE

"The American people will appropriate money to save hogs, but not children," said Dr. B. W. Christie in a talk yesterday before the Omaha Rotary club at the Hotel Fontenelle. He spoke on the anti-spit movement, declaring it to be one of the most important issues of the day for the welfare and health of the community.

Dr. Christie asserted that it does not good to pass ordinances against spitting on the streets and in public places as they are nine times out of ten never enforced. The only way to cure the evil, he said, was to properly educate the

public to the importance of preventing disease in this respect.

"The recent scarlet fever epidemic in Omaha could have been prevented had there been proper and sufficient inspection of the public schools," Dr. Christie averred.

Quoting Dr. Irving Fisher of Yale, Dr. Christie pointed out that the economic loss in this country from unbrutened measles is over \$1,000,000 annually.

The weekly luncheon meeting and luncheon of the Rotary club was largest attended. W. H. Rowland of the Pennsylvania railroad presided as chairman. J. J. Conley spoke on the subject, "Cordage and Twine."

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

Lee Spratlen of Chicago, a member of the staff of the president of the Burlington, arrived in Omaha yesterday.

Miss Juanita Hawleigh, who has been in charge of the Krig theater box office since the reopening of the theater, is in Presbyterian hospital dangerously ill.

William Anderson, chief clerk of the Hotel Rome, is confined to his bed with an attack of illness. Mr. Anderson has been connected with the Hotel Rome for over eighteen years.

William E. Miller, manager of the Hotel Rome, has recovered sufficiently from his recent serious attack of pneumonia to be up and about. Dr. and Dr. B. W. Christie, who were called back to Omaha from California by their own precarious condition, will probably return to Los Angeles about March 15.

STOPS FALLING

This Home Made Mixture Stops Dandruff and Falling Hair and Aids Its Growth.

To a half pint of water add: Bay Rum..... 1 oz. Barbo Compound..... 1 small box Ulysses..... 1/4 oz.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any druggist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used. A half pint should be enough to rid the head of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, and relieves itching and scalp diseases.

Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, gray hair in ten or fifteen days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.—Advertisement.

Iowa needs

Iowa is the premier crop producer and the richest agricultural state in the Union but— Iowa needs

What agricultural Iowa needs in order to be greater is stated in the last important interview on this subject given by the late Henry Wallace, the dean of agricultural editors in the Middle West and a tireless crusader for a greater and better Iowa.

What he says is of importance to every farmer throughout the Middle West. It appears in

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Also in this issue: Is Hog Cholera Conquered?

Is it true that a new, cheap, simple, safe preventive has been found for the scourge that costs farmers millions of dollars annually?

Dr. Charles W. Duval believes so. He has announced his discovery to the Secretary of Agriculture.

Dr. Duval is a scientist of recognized standing.

The Department of Agriculture, through the Bureau of Animal Industry, is planning to make thorough tests of this discovery at Ames, Iowa, during the early spring.

Whether or not these tests will prove that Dr. Duval is right, no farmer should fail to read what he said to the Congressional Committee on Agriculture.

The Biggest Butcher Shop Telling how your livestock is handled, who looks after your interests, and how business is transacted on honor, in the biggest livestock market in the world.

Humus for Missouri Soil There's a lot still to be learned about the use of green manures. And it's through just such articles as this that you get the benefit of the other fellow's experiences.

The Dozen Best Perennials. To the garden lover we need only say that the promise conveyed by this title is admirably upheld in the text. It's really intended for the beginner, but—

And much more, including: A Boom in Clover Seed; The World's Most Valuable Crop—farm boys and girls, pictorially presented; Raising Baby Turkeys; how J. H. Gwaltney has averaged 103.06 bushels of corn to the acre; Four-Legged Corn Shuckers; Peas as a Truck Crop; Co-operative Buying; From My Chimney Corner—a story for the woman; Meat for the Farm Table; Your Poor Feet—give them a square deal; A Home-made Fireless Cooker; and other special articles, besides

out to-day 5¢ from any news dealer or boy agent

The Regular Farm and Home Departments.

STOMACH ACTING UP? JUST TAKE A LITTLE PAPE'S DIAPESIN

Instant Relief from Indigestion, Gases, Sourness, Heartburn or Sick, Upset Stomach—Try It!

"Really does" put bad stomachs in order—really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that—just that—makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid; head is dizzy and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvelous, and the joy is its harmlessness. A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin will give you a hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction or your druggist hands you your money back. It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of a sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach regulator in the world.—Advertisement.



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