

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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JUNE CIRCULATION. 53,646

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of June, 1915, was 53,646.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 14th day of July, 1915. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Thought for the Day. Selected by Alice A. Gorst. Give what you have; to some it may be better than you dare to think.—Buskin.

In the matter of good roads, as in other things, "practice what you preach" is always the safe rule.

But there are a lot of Nebraska federal appointments longer overdue than the district attorneyship.

And now Villa down in Mexico is going to fix the value of money by executive decree. It has been tried often, but has never been done.

Secretary Daniels will save the day for us by ordering a new navy "invented." The good ship "Piffle" may yet become the most effective boat afloat.

Jane Addams found foreign rulers unyielding for war and the people anxious for peace. Naturally, the people provide the cannon fodder and pay the bills.

The economical tide of Mr. Bryan's statements now shines with the luster of frequent use. Telegraph tolls on signed editorials are saved by prevailing on press associations to foot the bill.

Safety first cannot be impressed too often or too vigorously on amateur navigators of water craft. The fool who rocks the boat takes no greater risk than the lubber who flouts a storm on water.

If the treasurer of a private corporation decamped without turning over the money, a warrant would be issued to help bring him back. But it's different with a man who falls to turn over public money in his custody.

Here's a tip for our city commissioners: Require steam shovels and hoisting engines operating within the fire limits to use anthracite coal or gasoline and stop showering everyone in the vicinity with dirt and soot.

Yellowstone park's unofficial reception committee marred its unique hospitality by inducing guests to contribute a few souvenirs of the entertainment. This breach of etiquette casts an unwelcome odium on the hospitality of national parks.

Several hundred American citizens were among the 1,800 passengers sailing from New York for foreign ports last Saturday. Evidently they believe in the American right to travel "without the aid or consent of any nation on earth."

King George speaks of "my navy," the kaiser lauds "my army" and Francis Joseph recently said: "The king of Italy makes war on me." The claim of absolute ownership is no laughing matter. People concerned like it, stand for it and die for it.

Blow the siren whistle! The weather bureau chart shows the rainfall deficiency since March 1 nearly extinguished, having been reduced to 1.28 inches! If the weather man is not careful we may yet have that rare phenomenon known as an excess.

Thirty Years Ago. This Day in Omaha. James Corta, secretary to the Indian commission, arrived at the advance agent for the investigating committee, which is composed of Congressman W. H. Holman of Indiana, W. H. Hatch of New York, L. W. Peol of Arkansas, Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois and Thomas Ryan of Kansas.

A communication, vouchered for by C. S. Goodrich, Ed. Leeder and Charles Hendrick, enters vigorous denial for caretaker McDonald at Hancock park of the charge of selling water at 10 cents a glass.

Dennis Sheedy of Kansas City has sold W. A. Faxon his entire "T. U." brand, consisting of 2,000 calves, besties bulls and ponies, for approximately \$500.

The contract for erecting the new exposition building has been let to Arthur Johnson, and will be under the supervision of D. L. Shane.

Miss Margaret McDonald, a charming young lady of Buffalo, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Oscar Hoffman, and will go with the doctor and his wife on a pleasure trip to the Pacific coast shortly.

Miss McCall of Moonmouth, Ill., is the guest of Rev. E. B. Graham on her way to Denver.

"Tom" Edison and the Navy. Secretary Daniels has secured a little further advertising for his navy program by inducing Thomas A. Edison to consent to head a board of inventors and investigators, which will give its time to devising and testing inventions for uses in connection with the water defenses of the United States. Mr. Edison and his associates will co-operate with a naval board, and it is the hope of those who have formulated the plan that from the combination will come remarkable results.

So long as we are to have a navy, and it is an admitted necessity, we ought to have the best the money spent will buy, but it does seem that the last years of life of the greatest inventor of the age might better be devoted to a continuance of his pursuits of the arts of peace. It is easily conceivable that the mind that gave us the phonograph, the moving picture machine, the incandescent light, the multiplex telegraph and a host of similar benefactions may still produce innovations and improvements that will be of service to humanity, and not useful only in the destructive processes of war.

"Let the shoemaker stick to his last." The personnel of the navy has a sufficient number of highly trained and experienced experts to properly deal with the problems of the navy. "Tom" Edison should be permitted to devote his wonderful mind to the consideration of matters much more vital to the interests of mankind than defense against attack by submarine warships.

Suppressing Nuisances. A debate as to what constitutes a nuisance, and whether it is in their province to suppress it, has been taking up the time of our city commissioners, the particular nuisance under consideration being an odoriferous refuse dump. To a casual observer it would seem that whether the use of a piece of property for any purpose constitutes a nuisance ought to be a question of fact, and, once determined, there ought to be no serious difficulty about abating it.

Yet we in Omaha apparently have more kinds of nuisances, and less success in ridding ourselves of them, than any other city of our size that we know of. The dump and garbage nuisance by no means complete the list, for we have also the smoke nuisance, the vacant lot nuisance, the uncut weed nuisance, the billboard nuisance, the brickyard nuisance, the oil supply station nuisance, the clay embankment nuisance and others, some of which may be all right in their proper places, but become nuisances when found in neighborhoods where they do not belong.

The point of it all is that other cities do not have the same trouble we have in tackling nuisances and finishing the job of abatement with promptness and certainty. So what good reason is there why all the different kinds of nuisances should be allowed to run rampant here?

Veterinarians' Fees and Others. One of the veterinarians in attendance on the convention now held in Omaha, gives emphatic warning to his professional brethren that the charging of exorbitant fees for their services will react, and that the loser in the end will be the veterinarian. His earnest presentation of the matter has opened a question that is full of possibilities, particularly from an ethical standpoint. Modern practice in all the so-called "learned" professions has been to make the tariff all the traffic will bear, and much of scandal has arisen, especially in the medical profession, over this custom and some of its allied practices.

The picture, fortunately, has another side. Many of the ablest and most successful of practitioners conscientiously give attention first to service to be rendered, with little or no attention to the fee they may obtain. Their interest is in making their knowledge or skill of use to humanity, and they apparently find their greatest reward in knowing that they are doing good for somebody who is otherwise helpless. These men are guiding lights in the world.

No one will deny the right of the doctor to his reward, fee, honorarium or whatever you may call it. Like the Gilbert and Sullivan burglar, when not professionally engaged, "his capacity for innocent enjoyment is quite as great as any other man's," and everybody will be pleased to see him indulge in his recreation. But the veterinarian struck a deep note when he warned his fellows against the dangers of cupidly and overcharge.

The censorship fever, raging in epidemic form abroad, is breaking out in spots in this country. Pittsburgh reports a critical case, in which magazines are undergoing examination for purgation. The city of steel has been unable to reform its general atmosphere, but its moral atmosphere may prove more responsive to heroic treatment.

Be sure the democratic national committee will not let go of that \$100,000 check offered by Dallas in exchange for the 1916 convention location unless they get something "just as good." Here is the call for those noble Nebraska democrats to come forward with a \$100,000 check if they mean what they say in their talk about getting the convention for Omaha.

While it makes fine reading, a story of wholesale murders committed nearly fifty years ago lacks the up-to-dateness necessary to make it a live issue. Too many people can remember things only when no one is left to prove or disprove their assertions.

Cities anxious to entertain the next democratic national convention will take notice that Dallas emulates the early bird, with a fat purse attached to its bill. The great featured stunt of casting out the one-term plank in itself makes the show worth all kinds of money. Bid up!

In his will distributing a fortune of \$50,000,000, the late Lord Rothschild of London definitely affirmed the family's penchant for gold bugs. A son enamored of crawling bugs was cut off with a measly shilling.

Reports from Roumania and other Balkan states show that the real estate trading departments of European diplomacy are enjoying an unexampled rush of negotiations, but mighty little actual business.

Signals for Night Fliers

Literary Digest. THE German raiders who drop bombs on Britain are safe from British airplane attack because the airplane is not a night craft. It may be able to rise in the dark—but how about landing? There's the rub. When a tree looks just like a meadow, the aviator acquires new problems. Aid in solving them, however, comes most opportunely, and from Germany. An ingenious arrangement of signal lights for piloting aviators to earth has just been invented and patented by a German architect named Edgar Honig. The apparatus, known as the "Honic Circles," consists of two concentric circles or rings of incandescent lamps standing on edge a few feet above the ground, with the smaller one placed at a distance of several yards behind the larger one, which stands back of the landing stage. We quote from the Technische Monatshefte (Berlin, April 19) a description of the way in which these signal lights enable the aviator to steer his craft.

"The working of this arrangement depends on the well known fact that a circle is immediately seen as an ellipse as soon as the eye ceases to be directly opposite the center. Hence two circles of light properly arranged must be perceived as two upright or slanting ellipses which either intersect each other or have the smaller contained in the larger, until the eye of the beholder is directly in line with the axis passing through the middle point of the two circles. In the case of the Honic signal circles, whose central axis stands about thirteen feet above the ground, this occurs when the aviator is from two to three feet (according to the build of the machine) above ground. Another figure shows how the circles appear to a flier who finds himself at a great height above the signal and flies directly down in the direction of the central axis of the circles. When he comes farther down, probably flying in a spiral and thus nearing the ground, the rings begin to intersect and appear to him, for instance, as in a position of the light circles which reveals to him not only that he has approached the earth, but also that he has diverged from the direction of the middle axis and that he must steer his machine to the right in order to obtain the right direction again. He does this, still continuing to descend until he sees the signal, perhaps, that he has approached the level of the ground, but is too far to the right. Consequently he steers further to the left, until he sees the circles which tell him that he may descend without danger, since he is at the proper landing height and is in line with the middle-axis, i. e., directly over the landing stage."

The simplicity of construction and operation is declared to give this apparatus an advantage over all others. It is also cheap to build and maintain. The amount of current required is small, and the operation consists merely of turning on the current when a machine is heard approaching at night in cases where the lights are not needed to burn continuously.

Where the signal is part of the equipment of an aviation corps in an army, it is easily arranged so that the rings can be fastened together and transported without difficulty when camp is changed. The invention is likewise specially valuable for water landings: "It has been proved that it is not possible to discern the surface of water from a flying machine even by day when the water is smooth as glass and the air is clear, so as to make a smooth landing. Hence, if the landing spot is not designated in any way and in case the pilot has at hand no object which can be thrown down, either to float or to produce ripples when it sinks, it is practically impossible to depend upon the water. Even more difficult are water landings at night and in thick weather. In such cases recourse might be had to floating light buoys, but it would be far more advisable to have suitable landing places designated by Honic signals fastened to floating buoys so as to place themselves automatically in the direction of the wind. Then landing places which would offer no difficulties could always be selected. For aircraft, equipped with a quadrant on the high seas, the signals would have to be fastened on the broadside of the accompanying ship, which could easily be done."

Finally, it is suggested that the signal might be employed for conveying information by code, making use of colored lights and of revolutions of the circles.

Twice Told Tales

Quick Wit Saves Him. A minister in a local church, known for his absent-mindedness by the members of his own family, but not to his congregation, saved himself from complete exposure at a recent service by his quick wit.

He had studied his sermon carefully, but had neglected to make any notations of the number of the chapters and verses from which the text was taken. In his haste he announced the text and then stopped short while the congregation waited to hear from what place in the Bible it was taken.

As he noticed the absence of notes to this fact he quickly announced, "I'm going to give you a week to find from what chapter and verse this phrase was taken." So the exposure was averted.—Chicago Herald.

An Ardent Coward. Mrs. Jones bought a chicken at the family butcher shop and after embellishing it with bread crumbs, celery, cranberry sauce and other glad things, she set it before the head of the family. "What is the matter, John?" asked the young wife with an anxious look as hubby laboriously carved the bird. "Isn't the chicken all right?" "Why, yes, I guess he is all right, dear," was the hesitating response, "but I fear he was a very great coward."

"A great coward?" returned the perplexed wife. "Why do you mean?" "Don't they say, Mary," smilingly replied the old man, "that the bravest are always the tenderest?"—Boston Herald.

Yankee Fodder. Senator Hoar used to tell with glee of a southerner just home from New England who said to his friend: "You know those little white, round beans?" "Yes," replied the friend, "the kind we feed to our horses."

"The very same. Well, do you know, sir, that in Boston the enlightened citizens take those little, white, round beans, boil them for three or four hours, mix them with molasses and I know not what other ingredients, bake them, and then—what do you suppose they do with the beans?" "They eat 'em, sir," interrupted the first southerner, impatiently. "Bless me, sir, they eat 'em!"—Christian Advocate.

Reassured. "Say, looky yur!" snarled Sandstrom Smith, widely known Oklahoman, emerging from the elevator in a Kansas City hotel five minutes after he had apparently retired to his room for the night. "Who in the blazes is that cuss in the next room to mine?" "A guest who was in an automobile accident this afternoon," replied the clerk. "The gasoline caught fire and burned him pretty badly. I am sorry his groans disturbed you, but—" "Aw, that's all right. I thought it was one of them infernal cabaret performers practicing on an accordion."

People and Events

How's this for a combination in war times? George S. Damm and Emilie Prudence Goode were married last week at Beaver Mills, Pa., by Rev. G. S. Heiler. Damm-Good, did you say?

Critics and supporters of the Mickle system of economy in home management might profitably consider the masterful domestic establishment of Mrs. and Mrs. Nunsland Nittoly of Brooklyn, N. Y. They have fourteen living children out of nineteen born to them and the family of sixteen live and thrive on an income of \$30 a week, which Nittoly earns in a barber shop. Out of the income \$2 a month goes for rent of the barber shop and the home. "I do my own sewing, my own baking, my own washing, everything. I always do them. The girls help me. The boys help at the shop. We are not worrying," said Mrs. Nittoly.

The Bee's Letter Box

Perhaps Doing His Best.

OMAHA, July 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: I wonder if it has ever occurred to some of the critics who verbally pelted Brother Mickle that perhaps that gentleman is imitating the benighted Hindu, who, we are told in the Jungle, is "doing the best he kin do"? Any man who is trying to keep a family alive on \$30 a month has a very simple problem before him in the mere matter of supplying the necessities, and isn't likely to wonder much about what luxuries they will enjoy. I do not wonder that he doesn't buy meat for every meal. Let some of his critics try to provide meat regularly for a family of six and see how much they will have at the end of a month for other household expenses. Also, it might help the understanding of the problem if some of them would remember that in Omaha live many men, striving to provide for families, who would be overjoyed if somebody would insure them an income of \$30 a month the year around. Mickle isn't the only man in the fix he finds himself. OLD FOGY.

Is Family's Share the Smoke?

GENOA, Neb., July 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: We have read with increasing interest the letter of Mr. Mickle and his antagonists, for he seems to have no friends, and we, like the Fairmont people, wonder if it was merely a ruse to call forth indignation. But when Mr. Mickle's second letter appeared it contained so much weak, cowardly defense we began to believe he was in earnest. A score of questions have arisen in our minds and foremost among them is: What occupation is so energy-absorbing that it requires all the beefsteak for Mr. Mickle while his wife can do the work for a family of eight and not require any? Our hired man suggests he probably works on the section. He spoke of his wife sewing and his children darning stockings while he smoked. Some wondered if his wife and children used tobacco. Of course their portion of it is the smoke—the same as of the beefsteak. MRS. ROY MYERS.

Mickle's Pickle.

GREENEY, Neb., July 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: Please let me add this to the discussion: Musha, ladies, why get in a pickle over the purchase power of a nickel? Shure "his hereby" raxared them is. That the question is solved. Be our high fe-nancier, A. B. Mickle. M. O'G.

Calls Him Utterly Shameless.

COZAD, Neb., July 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: I read the letter signed "A. B. Mickle." Is it possible in this day and age of the world that a man with honor and sense can provide for a family of six children on a salary of from \$30 to \$35 a month? Of course, he does all the shopping. What does he do with the rest of the meat money? He states "we get along very well on 40 cents per week for tobacco." Why doesn't he quit the tobacco and take the family to the movies once a week on the tobacco money? A man like him is utterly shameless. CHARLES MILLINGER.

Her Indignation Not Alayed.

OMAHA, July 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: The old adage "It's the truth that hurts" has again proven true, as exemplified in A. B. Mickle's answer to my letter.

You, Mr. Mickle, seem very much peeved over the fact that a "mere woman" should say such things to you, for as you say, that's not a usual occurrence at your house. You make the assertion if I was your wife I would have to "toe the mark." Never would I, for I would absolutely refuse to live with a man of your caliber. The good lord never intended that a woman stand for the things your poor wife does. It is my belief that your wife doesn't see things as you do at all. It's simply a case of you having her "buffeted." You come back at me with but one issue, "the movies," the very thing I made no mention of whatever. You also take it that I am a regular attendant of same. For your own satisfaction, let me state here, it has been well over a year since any of us have been to the movies. We don't have to go to movies to enjoy life. We have lots of music and lots of company in our home, along with lots of your so-called luxuries, which indeed make life worth living. We are companions with no one "boosing," which also makes life more pleasant.

As for me spending my husband's money faster than he can make it, we have our own home, modern in every respect, so I can't have spent all of it, and by the way I do all my own work, including my sewing, so you see, his money isn't going for things of that nature.

No doubt you will again make answer to this letter, but my time is far too valuable to waste, but let me say here, I most certainly agree with Mr. Westergard that your case is one fit for investigation by the juvenile authorities. "THAT INDEPENDENT WIFE."

Would Rather Stay Poor.

GREENE, R. I., July 10.—To the Editor of The Bee: I was much interested in the way A. B. Mickle saves money. It seems like I can picture his babies' faces as father goes to the cupboard for the seventh piece of that pound of steak—the last of it. Does baby get the gravy? Doesn't mother need meat to sustain her strength for baby?

The tobacco, I expect, is for father—40 cents a week for tobacco, and doesn't allow his wife to eat meat!

Mr. Mickle, move to the country and raise beans for the children's sake. The Lord bless us, I am glad I am not Mrs. Mickle. I would rather be poor and enjoy living than live like that. MRS. A. G.

Stick to It and Own an Auto.

DESMET, S. D., July 11.—To the Editor of The Bee: In re A. B. Mickle: You left one spot exposed, old boy, and the women, bless 'em, have not failed to take advantage of it. That 40 cents worth of tobacco and pound of steak, should be whacked up with the rest of the family, and there is no getting around that. So, the women have you on the toboggan as to being selfish, and I fear a little despotic, too. Still, laying aside these minor weaknesses of your position, my friend, you really have said something. You have said a whole mouthful. You have shown that an American laboring man can raise a family and lay aside money on a wage of from \$30 to \$35 per month. It was either Benjamin Franklin or General Sherman who said that "The way to wealth is as plain as the way to mill. Just spend less than you earn." A. B. Mickle, you are on that way. If you invest wisely, you will doubtless arrive. The low wages, the uncertainty of employment and the high cost of all neces-

sities make the lot of the common laborer practically hopeless, as far as laying aside anything for a rainy day goes. For that reason an appalling percentage of them have given up hope of ever having a competence. The municipal lodging house, the soup kitchen, the bread line, and the cities full of unemployed every winter is a growing and not a decreasing thing. To avoid this end the common laborer, and I used to work sixteen hours a day at \$10 per month, has to do just about like you are doing in the main, the tobacco and steak exception. Not many laboring men or their wives are willing to pay the price, it is so hard and unjust and cruel, while others are so rich. But you stick to it, A. B. Mickle. You will own your own automobile, yet. Be sure, though, to guard the health of the family, and send the children to school. G. F. NETHERLY.

LAUGHING GAS.

Johnny—What is an expert, pa? Pa—A fellow who tells others how to do the things he can't do himself.—Kansas City Star.

"No Chinaman seems to have any trouble getting rich in this country with a chop suey place."

"I wonder if I could go to China and get rich with a beanery of a hotel, dinner joint?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

KABIBBLE KABARET. "PLAY BALL!" AND MORES AT THE BAY. FROM THE THRING, A MIGHTY SHINY! THERE IS NO JOY IN ARMERS. THE MIGHTY MORRS JUST STROOK OUT.

"Twice did I refuse to drink when asked because I thought it was wrong. The third time it would have been all right to take it, for, if you remember three scruples make one dram."—Baltimore American.

"Do Americans remember their great men?" "I'm afraid not. I don't believe I could mention all the names of the men on the team that won the base ball pennant last year."—Washington Star.

"The beauty of automobilism is that it keeps one out of doors as long as it keeps one in."—Washington Star.

"Not always. It frequently lands one in jail or the hospital."—Boston Transcript.

"Charles, you're spending too much money this year. Too many dances, too many clothes, too many taxis, too many chickens."—Baltimore American.

"What did the chief of the cannibal tribe say when the pretty girl missionaries were brought into his presence?" "Smacked his lips and said, 'Some chickens.'"—Baltimore American.

"Your department store people have everything. It's a wonder you don't have a department to supply women with husbands." "I tried that once, but the percentage of returned goods was too large."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"How are you going to spend the summer?" "Kicking about the climate and the food, as usual," replied Mr. Growcher. "Although I haven't decided what place I'll go to."—Washington Star.

THE THIRD DEGREE. Grif Alexander in Pittsburgh Dispatch. His ways are gentle and kind. In righteousness he's ever bold. The simple facts I call to mind To prove the copper is pure gold.

We have a constitution great. We sent its message round the earth. But that was (here I wish to state) Before the cop had proved his worth.

We won a certain bill of rights. We had an Inquisition. And cheer when'er a cop inquis. A few amendments on the page.

And that, of course, is just because A copper is a sage, a seer. A scholar learned in all the laws—Philosopher without a peer.

We once burned witches. That was tame! We had an Inquisition. Flat! Them guys was pickers in the game! We're three degrees ahead of that!

Who cares for thumb-screws or the rack? It's rucksacks to make a baby weep. The proper method of attack Is—Craze the cuss with lack of sleep!

'Tis thus, with promptness we confesse. We keep our liberties intact—Or else the pulp and the press Would naturally note the fact.

If on the law it were a scar Disfiguring as bull or pig. We'd get some words from bench and bar—But, no, they never mention it!

And so it really seems to me We'd best let legislators cease. Since all is right as right can be We need no law!—We have police!

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