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JULY CIRCULATION.
53,977

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 July, 1915, was 53,977.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed to my presence and sworn to before me, this 21 day of August, 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
Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task
And being blind, no more I ask.
-Helen Hunt Jackson.

Through the binoculars of a German submarine all persons on a British passenger vessel look alike.

For some occult reason, the prospective world series is this year not stirring half the breeze accustomed to blow by this time.

Not a comeback yet on The Bee's expose of Water board high financing. What's the answer if not that there is no answer?

From the very nature of the case, an auto driver is much more reckless with a stolen machine than with one that belongs to him.

Omaha property owners will better appreciate the explanations being offered for that skyrocket levy when the tax bills come due next spring.

Jose Maytorena, executed by Villa partisans, went to his doom cheering for his leader and puffing a Mexican tumer. Such dare-devilry is worthy of a better cause.

Though Omaha is far from the seat of war that 100-million levy must be intended to make our taxpayers believe they have something right at home almost as good as a war tax.

Assurance is given that the Missouri Pacific reversionary will not interfere with the program of improvements promised for Omaha. All right, come on then with that Dodge street viaduct or track elevation!

From gay to grave was a perilously short span for the merry dancers beside Galveston's sea wall. The furies of wind and wave did not shake their confidence that the works of man could withstand both. Fortunately their confidence was well placed.

A publishing house in Cincinnati which unloaded on admiring readers stock to the value of \$1,500,000, has gone into bankruptcy on a judgment for \$459 due the printers. What became of all the money will not appear until the court performs a post-mortem.

Accepting as good law the judicial deliverance upholding the right of a man to swear on his premises as well as on the witness stand, it is none to soon to hint that when taxpayers come to pay that 99 mill tax next June they may combine relieving their pockets and easing their minds in one operation.

After a mighty struggle extending through eight months, the legislature of Wisconsin succeeded in reducing the expenses of the state by \$4,499,000. As a sample of economic efficiency the exhibit takes the legislative prize. Moreover, the reduction is a fulfillment of pre-election pledges. Do you get that?

Thirty Years Ago
This Day in Omaha

Mrs. William Greenbaum entertained her friends at an afternoon tea at her residence, 86 South Seventeenth street, in honor of her guest, Mrs. Brandt, of Kansas City.

B. F. Jones, chairman of the republican national committee, went east in a Pennsylvania company's special car from an extensive pleasure trip in Colorado.

J. H. Daniels, formerly of the Union Pacific auditor's office, has resigned to go into the insurance business with Martin Mann.

H. G. Clark and wife have gone to Colfax Springs. The wife, son and daughter of Mr. Morris, the popular agent of the 311 warehouse, arrived to join Mr. Morris in residence here.

In a pistol shooting match William L. Scott beat Ed Leuder for \$500 at Athletic park by a score of 10 to 12.

The executive committee of the fair association set the fair grounds at George W. Dinsman as the highest bidder for \$1,000.

Mrs. A. S. Wilson, 2501 Cass, gives instruction in art and water colors, also china painted and fired.

Dr. Paul, 216 Durt, is advertising for a girl to do general housework.

Miss Clark, passenger agent of the Rock Island, is back from Colfax Springs.

The Case of the Arabic.
The Bee has purposely withheld comment on the case of the Arabic, waiting for the first news to be supplemented by more details.

On the bare recital that another unarmed passenger vessel carrying American citizens had been torpedoed without warning, almost within sight of the spot where the Lusitania was sunk, sending a thousand men, women and children to watery graves, the conclusion must be that Germany has deliberately committed the "unfriendly act" which our government had advised in its last note would call for a more emphatic protest than mere words; for it is not a question of the number of American lives lost, nor even of the loss of any life, but of the principle of jeopardizing innocent lives by a submarine warfare that is waged without ample opportunity to take off passengers and crew from the attacked vessel.

Yet we must try to possess our patience long enough to learn what excuse or justification will be advanced on behalf of Germany.

In the case of the Lusitania, the German defense rested upon the counter-charge that the boat was armed and belonged to the auxiliary British navy, and more particularly, that it was conveying, under the protecting cover of human freight, a cargo of war munitions that were to be used to make widows and orphans of the families of German soldiers, full notice against taking passage on the boat having been given by previous advertisement in New York newspapers.

In the case of the Arabic, being on a west-bound voyage, it could not be carrying contraband nor could American passengers returning home have had notice of any special danger.

The German government, in our opinion, should be permitted to offer its explanation or excuse, if it had any. But whether any explanation it may give can be acceptable must be determined in first instance by President Wilson and his advisers. If the sinking of the Arabic is an "unfriendly act," then we must in self-respect at once sever our diplomatic relations with Germany, no matter what other measures we may resort to to compel observance of our rights and the rights all neutral nations.

The Mistakes of Murphy.

In the case of Kenneth Murphy, the young man who has just been returned to the Nebraska penitentiary, there to face a life sentence, after violation of his parole, may be found material to point several morals. When the young man, in company with three others, had been accused of a serious crime, to which they later pleaded guilty, it was urged in his behalf that he "had never had a chance." He was not inherently bad, urged the people who took interest in his situation, and they succeeded in prevailing on the governor to release him on parole, that he might be developed spiritually as well as intellectually. This was to give him his "chance."

He was apparently unable to master the first lesson in the course of good citizenship, that of self-control. Good company did not appeal to him strongly enough, and he has proven that "evil communications corrupt good manners." Governor Morehead is justly indignant that his clemency should be so abused, and declines to be further imposed upon by the young man and his intercessors. How far the latter are to be held responsible for Kenneth Murphy's relapse is not easily settled, but they must share in some degree the odium of failure, because they did not watch close enough. Society, however, is justified in protecting itself against the youth who preferably does wrong. As his years increase he may acquire sufficient wisdom to realize that his first duty to society is to serve others and not himself, and in prison he may learn the lesson he failed to assimilate while free.

But the failure with Murphy should not deter any from seeking to lead the erring back into the ways of righteousness.

The Dollar Triumphant.

The supremacy of the American dollar as a world standard for value has been established, at least temporarily, by the war. Conditions that have been certainly developing for a year, culminated at last in such a break in foreign exchange as to place the dollar at a premium in every country in Europe, and to make it the absolute measure of value in commerce. The situation has not been unexpected; rather, it was unavoidable, as America is the one country that has goods to sell, while all the others now are buyers. The belligerents have strained their credit in order to obtain money for prosecuting the war, and this has had the natural result of sending down the price of their securities. Flotation of enormous war loans against sentiment as a foundation for credit is not conducive to financial solidity. The war has interrupted the production of wealth in Europe, save for military uses, and its effect in this regard will not be transitory. Many years will pass before the great nations of the world can recover the ground they have lost, let alone regaining supremacy in finance, for neither of them has the recuperative power shown by the United States at the close of the civil war.

It might not be inappropriate to here again record the fact that it was the republican party that preserved the dollar of the United States against the onslaught of the democrats, determined on debasing the coinage of the country by the adoption of the absurd and now long abandoned "16 to 1" idea.

Young autoists note with more or less satisfaction that rural good Samaritans are notably prompt in succoring machines stuck in the mud. Tagging a good deed with a stiff fee stones in some degree for the trimming ruralites frequently experience in cities. Reciprocity is the right policy.

The fact remains unaltered by recent events that the sinking of unarmed ships carrying innocent people does not advance by a hair's breadth the final success of those who do it.

Story of a Gulf Hurricane

Lafayette House.
ALMOST every evening throughout the season there had been dancing in the great ball-rooms of the city. The population of the Gulf coast had been augmented by the advent of families from other parts of the island, who found their summer cottages insecure places of shelter; there were nearly four hundred guests assembled. Perhaps it was for this reason that the entertainment had been prepared upon a grander plan than usual, that it assumed the form of a fashionable ball. And all those pleasure seekers—representing the wealth and beauty of the Gulf coast—whether from Ancon or Jacksonville, St. Mary's or St. Landry's, Bayouville or Terrebonne, were gathered in the multi-colored and many balconied Greek quarter of the quaint metropolis, or dwellers in the dreamy paradise of the Teche—mingled joyously, knowing each other, feeling in some sort akin—whether affiliated by blood, conventionalized by caste, or simply interassociated by traditional sympathies of class sentiment and class interest. Perhaps in the more than ordinary merriment of that evening something of nervous exaltation might have been discerned—something like a feverish resolve to oppose apprehension with gaiety, to combat uneasiness by diversion. But the hours passed in mirthfulness; the first general feeling of depression began to weigh less and less upon the guests; they had found reason to confide in the solidity of the massive building; there were no positive terrors, no outspoken fears; and the new conviction of all had found expression in the words of the host himself: "Il n'y a rien de mieux a faire que de s'amuser!" Of what avail to lament the prospective devastation of cane-fields—to discuss the possible ruin of crops? Better to seek solace in chorographic harmony in the rhythmic, graceful motion and of perfect melody, than hearken to the discord of the wild orchestra of storms;—wiser to admire the grace of Parisian toilette, the eddy of trailing robes with its fairy foam of lace, the ivory loveliness of glossy shoulders and jeweled throats, the shimmering of satin slippers feet—than to watch the raving of the flood without, or the flying of the track.

So the music and the mirth went on; they made joy for themselves—those elegant guests—they feasted and stopped rich wines—they pledged, and hoped, and loved, and promised, with never a thought of the morrow, on the night of August 19, 1886. Observant parents were there, planning for the future bliss of their nearest and dearest; mothers and fathers of handsome lads, lithe and elegant as young pines, and fresh from the ports of foreign university training; mothers and fathers of splendid girls whose simplest attitudes were water-bodies. Young men, flushed, young hearts fluttered with an emotion more poignant than the excitement of the dance; young eyes betrayed the happy secret decreed: lips would have preserved. Slave servants circled through the aristocratic press, bearing dainties and wines, praying permission to pass in terms at once humble and officious—always in the excellent French which well-trained house servants were taught to use on such occasions.

Night wore on; still the shining floor palpitated to the feet of the dancers; still the pianoforte pealed, and still the violins sang, and the sound of their stinging shrilled through the darkness, in rhapsody of the ears of Captain Smith, as he strove to keep his footing on the spray drenched deck of the Star. "Christ!" he muttered; "a dance! If that wind whips round south, there'll be another dance. But I guess the Star will stay."

Half an hour might have passed; still the lights flamed calmly, and the violins trilled and the wind-whirl went on. And suddenly the wind veered!

"Waitain!" cried the captain. "God help them! God help us all now! The Wind waives tonight, with the Sea for his partner!"

Someone shrieked in the midst of the revels; some girl who found her pretty slippers wet. What could it be? The streams of water were spreading over the level dancing—curving about the feet of the dancers. What could it be? All the land had begun to quake, even, as but a moment before, the polished floor was trembling to the pressure of circling steps, all the building shook now; every beam uttered its groan. What could it be?

There was a clamor, a panic, a rush to the windy night. Infinite darkness above and beyond; but the lantern beams danced far out over an unbroken circle of heaving, and swirling black water. Stealthily, swiftly, the measureless sea flooded was rising.

For a moment there was a ghastly, lost of voices. And through that hush there burst upon the ears of all a fearful and unfamiliar sound, as of a colossal cannonade—rolling up from the south, with volleying lightning. Vastly and swiftly nearer and nearer it came—a ponderous and unbroken thunder roll, terrible as the long muttering of an earthquake.

The nearest mainland—across mad Callou bay to the west, the nearest island—twelve miles north; west, by the gulf, the nearest solid ground was twenty miles distant. There were boats, yea! but the stoutest swimmer might never reach them now!

Then rose a frightful cry—the hoarse, hideous, indescribable cry of hopeless fear—the despairing animal cry man utters when suddenly brought face to face with Nothingness, without preparation, without consolation, without possibility of respite. Save qui peut! Some wrenched down, to the sofas, to the billiard tables—during one terrible instant—against furniture, heroisms, against futile generosities—aged all the frenzy of selfishness, all the brutalities of panic. And then—then came, thundering through the blackness, the giant swell, boom on boom! One crash—the huge frame building rocks like a cradle, seesaws, cracks. What are human shrieks now?—the tornado is shrieking! Another—chandeliers splinter; lights are dashed out; a swiftest catapult hurls in; the immense hall rises, oscillates, twirls as upon a pivot, capriciously crumbles into ruin. Crash again—the swirling wreck, dissolves into the wallowing of another monster billow; and a hundred cottages overturn, spin in sudden eddies, quiver, disjoin and melt into the seething.

So the hurricane passed—tearing off the heads of the prodigious waves, to hurl them a hundred feet in air—beating up the ocean against the land—upturning the woods, heaving and passing were swollen to abysses; rivers ragged; the sea marshes were changed to raging wastes of water. Before New Orleans the flood of the mile broad Mississippi rose six feet above highest watermark. One hundred and ten miles away, Donaldsonville trembled at the towering tide of the Lafourche. Lakes strove to burst their boundaries. Far-off river steamers tugged wildly at their cables, shivering like tethered creatures that hear by night the approaching howl of destroyers. Smokestacks were hurled overboard, pilot houses torn away, cabins blown to fragments.

And over roaring Kalmouck pass—over the agony of Callou bay—the billowing tide rushed unrelenting from the gulf—tearing and swallowing the land in its course—ploughing out deep sea channels where sleek herds had been grazing but a few hours before—sending islands in twain—and ever bearing with it, through the night, enormous vortex of wreck and vast wad drift of corpses.

Thrice the great cry rings rippling through the gray air, and over the green sea, and over the far-flooded sand reefs, where the huge white flashes are—sweet lightning of breakers—and over the weird wash of corpses coming in.

It is the steam call of the relief boat, hastening to rescue the living, to gather in the dead.

The tremendous tragedy is over!—From "Chita: A Memory of Last Island."

People and Events

Barth Shoa, a wealthy saloon keeper of Philadelphia, has been dead a few years. Before he "crossed the bar" he made a will setting aside \$100,000 for the benefit of a tomb, a replica of the Temple of Thebes in the local cemetery. The cemetery authorities objected to the "id" and the heirs thought the cost too much. With the approval of the court the cost is limited to \$10,000 and Barth's remains will be surrounded by a Greek temple, not quite as imposing as he planned, but "something just as good." In due time his spirit may whisper: "This is on me."

The Bee's Letter Box

The Mob Murder of Frank.
OMAHA, AUG. 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: Is it possible that this terrible catastrophe in regard to Leo Frank has happened? Yes, terrible! But there are not words in the English language emphatic enough to describe this black deed, for with the lynching of Frank the mob and all those who partook in the lynching, have not only cast a dark shadow on themselves and on the state of Georgia, but on the entire country, as well as on civilization itself.

To think of it—that this should happen in the "Land of the free and the home of the brave," and in the twentieth century, when we boast so much of progress and civilization!

We Americans look with indignation on Russia in regard to the persecution of the Jews there, and yet could a blacker deed have been accomplished even in Russia?

Let us bow our heads with shame and let us hope that this deed will be the last in the history of our country, as well as in all civilized countries.

DAVID BLOCH, 215 North Twenty-fourth.

Save Make It Uniform.
SOUTH SIDE, AUG. 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: In changing the custom of street cars stopping at near side instead of far side, why does the company insist in the far side stops outside of the corporation and establish different rules on the same car line? Why not make the new system uniform over the entire line so there will be less confusion to people unacquainted with the boundary lines of the city? We see no real benefit in the change, but this seems to be one of the most foolish moves the street car company could have made in not stopping all of its cars on the near side over its entire system.

A READER.

The Test of Billy Sunday's Work.
OMAHA, AUG. 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: As the criticisms of Mr. Sunday continue to be read, many may grow anxious lest the cause they hope to help may be not helped but hurt.

In view of this I am anxious to give some prominence in The Bee to a few words which were spoken in a private conversation by Charlie Butler.

Omaha will remember him as the well-loved singer in the great Torrey meetings held at the Auditorium some years ago.

"You are finding fault with the man here, but if ever Billy Sunday comes to Omaha and gets next to the heart of some one that you have tried all these years to help and have failed—as he is sure to do—and you see that life changed for all that is best and happiest. You, well! You will love Mr. Sunday just as we all do."

EDITH DARLING GARLOCK, 204 Hawthorne Avenue.

Conditions of South Omaha Schools.
SOUTH SIDE, AUG. 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: In a report of the proceedings of the Board of Education appeared the following: "Board Member E. Holovitchner called attention to the deplorably rotten condition of the South Side school buildings. He asserted that vandalism was rampant, that desks and buildings were ransacked, and that the walls had apparently not been touched by a brush in years."

I was a member of the Board of Education for four years previous to the merger, and each year we set aside all that could be spared for the repair of school buildings. During that time we installed new toilets in several schools, and did some interior work each year, replacing paper with paint wherever possible. Last year we painted the interior of the high and Junemann schools almost throughout with a high grade of flat wall paint. A number of rooms in other schools were also painted last year. According to our school law we were compelled to keep within the levy each year, which we did, and turned over the school district to Omaha free from debt, except bonded indebtedness, and also around \$60,000 in cash at the close of our school year.

Our school buildings will compare favorably and better with other towns and cities. We do not know what the purpose of Dr. Holovitchner is, but he is not stating facts when he makes such statements. I remember that a short time ago he was talking loudly about the deplorable condition of some of the Omaha schools, but have heard nothing about that condition lately. Has that been remedied? If not, would suggest that he turn his attention again in that direction. The people of South Side were well satisfied with their schools and this gentleman seems to have been the only one who has discovered such deplorable conditions. E. R. LEIGH.

Falling Another Step.
SOUTH SIDE, AUG. 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: It sounds a little singular for Lincoln Riley, M. D., in The Bee to hope that congress may be convened to pass laws stopping the exportation of cotton to Germany (to stop the war). I have noted lots of different arguments to stop the European war, but this is the most "illy" of any I have ever heard.

J. G. BLESSING.

Marine and Bluejackets.
AULURON, IA, AUG. 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: In a recent edition of The Bee I noticed an article in which a certain party, I forget his name, tries to explain the difference between a marine and a bluejacket. He then goes on to say that as a rule a bluejacket looks down on a marine and generally there is an unfriendly feeling between the two.

I would like to say here, that the gentleman has drawn from tradition in making that statement, and not from present existing conditions. In the early part of the history of our navy the bluejacket looked upon the marine as a landlubber because he did not have a seaman's training. At the present time, while there is always a feeling of friendly rivalry in athletic sports and the like, there are no better "pals" on earth than a "jib" and a "leatherneck" when they are on shore leave and also on and off duty aboard ship.

ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

More Esperanto Enthusiasm.
HERRON, Neb., AUG. 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: It has been mooted in these columns that international Esperanto was limited in its moods and tenor and short of roots and, therefore, not adaptable to literary uses. However, on March 1, 1913, the first edition of the New Testament in Esperanto came from the press and by May 1 of the same year the first 10,000 were sold, and now the third edition about exhausted. Eminent Greek scholars are astonished at the facile adaptability and the way in which it can be made to express the finer shades and phases of meaning, as well as at the great flexibility which the language affords. They

find that with all this it renders all the Greek can give, and it becomes a startling revelation to the students of modern languages because of its rich fund of roots, its systematic application of word building, the apt use of prefixes and suffixes, the strategic design of its correlatives and the orderly scheme of its prepositions.

Most of the plays of Shakespeare, some of the dramas of Goethe and Schiller, extracts from the works of Virgil, Byron, Goldsmith, Ibsen, Dickens and many others prove its adaptability. Authors find they can soon become efficient in translating their works into Esperanto and need not suffer the condensation and stragglings at the hands of unsympathetic translators; and the Esperanto being so truly international the various national linguists can then with ease transform it into the native tongues with all its original vitality.

ESPERANTISTO.

GRINS AND GROANS.
"I see a man has just been arrested for a crime committed in 1870."
"That kind of news makes me nervous."
"Who?"
"Who? I was a young man I played the cornet."—Louisville-Courier Journal.

"Perdy had one great disappointment while in Greece."
"Was that?"
"His couldn't find anybody who belonged to a Greek letter society."—Pittsburgh Post.

Mr. Jones, you will either have to marry at once or leave our employ."
"But why are you so anxious that I marry?"
"Because you are in love you do not half attend to your duties, and you must either be cured or fired."—Hoston Post.

"Did you give your son a liberal education, Mr. Tite?"
"Well, I don't know as you'd call it liberal exactly, but there wasn't a month passed while he was in college that I

didn't send him two or three dollars."—Buffalo Express.

The class in hygiene was taking an examination.
"Would you do it if the room was stuffy and hot?" was one of the questions.
"Go outside," wrote one of the students. —Indianapolis News.

"What do you think of this generous system of prison discipline under which you find yourself?"
"Well, replied the prisoner, thoughtfully, "I dunno whether it's exactly considerate to put so many temptations in a man's way or not."—Washington Star.

The Minister's Wife—The new cook left this morning, the one you said the Lord must have sent.
The minister—Well, dear, the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!—Puck.

"Did Swift borrow money to buy an auto?"
"No; he is a higher financier. He bought an auto to borrow money."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THIS LAND OF OURS.
Lee Shipley in Leslie's.
There are mountain peaks and passes with beauty all their own.
There are mountain lakes and rivers unsurpassable in dream.
There are meads of billowed grasses, valleys thickly flowered down.
Caverns where through midnight quivers many an opalescent gleam.
There is grandeur past the painting, love-lyness the soul acquainting.
With the thrill of things supernatural and the calm of things divine.
With the Master Workman's rarest masterpiece, grandest, fairest—
There are things eternal in this land of yours and mine!

There is history far older than the annals of mankind.
There are footprints left by nations of far ages, all unknown.
There are traces of a bolder race and one of lofty mind.
The remains of whose creations have outlasted cliffs of stone;
There is legend, there is story, there is romance, there is glory.
Where history and mystery their ancient jures combine;
Marvels old with awe to thrill us, marvels new with pride to fill us.
Ah! what it was and is to be, this land of yours and mine!

Our cities are the wonder of the ancient fatherlands.
Our far-spread plains are gleaming with more wealth than Midas dreamed—
Now let us pause to ponder on the treasures in our hands.
Let us honor our own mother—our own country—first, my brother;
Let us learn to know her better than all lands beyond the brine.
For the best gifts of creation God has given to our nation,
Hearts with bonds of love to fetter to this land of yours and mine!

The Human Note

By James O'Hara Day

ENTERTAINMENT is always in demand. The world never yet has been overstocked with it.

And the surest way of entertaining the largest possible number of people is the art of telling a good story.

Give a man a good story to read, and you immediately win his approval. Never forget that every good story must deal with the prime, elemental, stirring emotions of mankind—in other words, "human interest."

No tract on politics ever became a "best seller." What readers want is the human interest.

And so universal is the demand for entertainment in the form of stories that the time has come when every up-to-date business man must realize the necessity of telling a good story about his business.

A small percentage of people who happen to be in need of an article will read the dry, unadorned list of prices in the newspaper advertisements.

But there is a way to get all the readers. You can do it by telling them an interesting story in the advertisements.

An inveterate reader of the monthly magazines told me the other day:

"It is getting to be so that the advertisements in the magazines are as interesting and delightful to read as the fiction stories."

That is the ideal of good advertising. Put into it the personal element, the human appeal. Do it either with illustrations or with commanding words. Or do it with both.

The house which is known for its human interest advertising is the house which is doing a big business and commanding a whole lot of readers.

If your business methods, your stock and your bargains cannot be made the bases for a good story in the advertising columns, there's something wrong with your establishment.

Every success has back of it a good story. Every idea about valuable salesmanship is an important discovery.

And there never yet has been an important discovery which could not be described in an interesting way.

Entertainment—that is the one thing everybody wants. Give the public the entertainment and the public will give you the profits.

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