

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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CORRESPONDENCE. Address communications relating to news and editorial matter to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

MAILED CIRCULATION, 52,092. 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 March, 1915, was 52,092.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 13th day of April, 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.

April 16 Thought for the Day Selected by A. H. Waterhouse. "He has never known finer courage, who will sacrifice principles for popularity."

Where was silent John Lind when Victoriano blew in?

Boost for Omaha—boosting gets further than knocking.

Whatever else it may be, the city campaign will be short and decisive.

What can it be that is holding back that overdue water rate reduction?

About the only visible result of the flood of diplomatic notes is the fattening of the filing cases.

Neither does anything prevent the Electric Light company beating the city dads to the rate cutting.

The Missouri river navigation season is about to open—which reminds us, What has become of that barge line?

Passing resolutions after the fact condemning Governor Morehead's electric light veto is at least a harmless pastime.

Garbage disposal is soon to bob up again in Omaha. That is another question that will never be settled until it is settled right.

Considering the irritating conditions under which foreign editors labor, their frequent exhibitions of bad temper are excusable.

Connecticut solons having rejected woman suffrage by a unanimous vote, the nutmeg loses its standing as a decoration for a suffrage frappa.

None of the warring powers of Europe are satisfied with the position of the United States, which is pretty good evidence that we are not favoring any of them.

It may be inconvenient to serve as court commissioner without pay, but acquiring legitimately the title of judge is a legal asset well worth the sacrifice.

Holding up freight trains for loot is a novel feature of lawless life in the wild and woolly east. In work of this class the west cheerfully admits a disinclination to match the pace.

Viewed from the dividend angle, the Pullman company could well afford to substitute a full wage for the tipsters' money. A concern which has paid a uniform dividend of 8 per cent for nearly forty years, and cut four melons exceeding the face value of its stock, displays a reach across the table surpassed by none.

Official inquiry into the perquisites of sleeping car porters lends momentary interest to a stale subject. Travelers are well aware of the lordly munificence of the job. Behind the quiet rises the painful suspicion that the government acquiesces in this direction as a source of revenue to make good the deficit in the national treasury.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha. The iron molders held their thirteenth annual ball at Falconer's hall. Those who made up the committee in charge were R. A. Kaiser, J. Liddell, J. Young, S. Hays, T. Barry, W. H. Chadwick, A. Glasgow, John Huxley, William White, G. Watson.

W. A. Paxton, who recently purchased the old county court house site, will at an early date erect on it a fine business building.

Manager Jerome Fensel of the Thurston base team says it will be reorganized and reinforced for the coming season.

Dr. G. M. Crowell, who has been long and favorably known here, left for his old home in Philadelphia.

E. F. Smith of Boston, who has large real estate holdings in Omaha, is stopping at the Paxton.

The finder of a set of plans marked "J. C. Perrier" is requested to return them to G. C. Hassett, 33 North Nineteenth.

The skating rink band serenaded the Canfield house last night.

County Clerk Leavitt has received from E. E. Myers, architect of the new court house, notice that the plans and specifications for the retaining wall are being forwarded.

King Cotton Feeling Better.

For an individual who was all but knocked out four months ago, and reduced to passing the hat for charity, King Cotton is feeling very fit just at this writing. Whatever blow he might have been dealt by the war has seemingly passed, for the government report, just out, gives figures showing that domestic consumption of cotton, which means by the makers of cotton goods, for the month of March was the heaviest on record. No month in the last two and one-half years has reached the March record by 6,000 bales. Exports for the month were almost double the figures for March, 1914, while the exports for eight months are only about a million bales behind the previous record.

Exports to Germany, France and England have fallen off by at least one-half, but Italy's purchases have more than doubled, and sales in other markets have brought the figures well up to the normal. Imports of cotton have almost doubled in the eight months, while the price has held around the magic figure of 10 cents, set for the staple by its rescuers last fall.

The conclusion must be that the cotton trade is in a fairly good condition, stimulated no doubt by the persistent crusade in favor of using cotton goods, a crusade much helped by the women of America. At any rate, the solicitous attention demanded by King Cotton a little while back seems no longer necessary.

Auditing the Accounts. Instead of giving us an independent auditor with jurisdiction over the accounts and expenditures of city, county, school district and water district, the legislature has put on the statute books two separate laws, good perhaps so far as they go, but which can serve only as halfway measures.

One of these bills authorizes and directs the state auditor to check the accounts of the Water board, and while that officer may be able to verify the statements of the Water board periodically, he cannot in the nature of things exercise a continuous control. Nor as a matter of fact is there any good reason why we should have to rely on an officer located at Lincoln, and elected by the whole state, to supervise the finances of our water district. There would be just as much sense and logic—or lack of them—to give the state auditor similar powers over the city or school board or any local governmental subdivision.

The other law referred to makes the county clerk ex officio county comptroller, defines his duties, and centers powers heretofore divided between county clerk and county board. This gives us an office of county comptroller like that we once had and corresponding to the former office of city comptroller, but still leaves the school board finances altogether outside, and produces duplication entirely unnecessary. The county treasurer, for example, is treasurer ex officio for all four of these jurisdictions, so that to secure a real check on the treasurer would require co-operation of state auditor, county clerk and city comptroller, and then stop short of the school board's accounts.

In a word, we will never have a complete and thorough system of audit and control until we have the work converged into a single office, vested with full authority, and equipped with a working force equal to the importance of the duties.

Preserving the "Sidney Trail." Men who are deeply interested in the matter, from a sentimental point of view at least, have outlined a plan for making the old "trail" from Sidney to the Black Hills a part of the Lincoln Highway system. It is a worthy project and deserves to be successful for several reasons. The Sidney trail was one of the important trade routes in a by-gone day, and as such was notable in many ways. It shares with the Fort Pierre and Cheyenne trails the legends of early days in the Black Hills. Much that is romantic clings around these routes, and much that has no romance in it. Hardships, adventure, sudden death, the Indian raid, the road agent's swoop, all these entered into the life along the Sidney trail, and the prosaic procession of heavy-laden wagons, dragging the food and clothing for the gold hunters, closed up the picture. The stage driver, the "mule skinner," the "bull whacker," the "cow puncher," and all the characters that made up the picturesque, as well as the sordid side of life in the development days, moved along the Sidney trail. It should be improved and preserved as a worthy monument to the endeavor of men still living, who made a tidy little empire out of a bit of the forgotten mountains of the great west.

War and Ocean Shipping. That our democratic congress pulled down the tariff fence that had protected American industries against foreign competition only to have the war put it back, and build it still higher, is a commonplace declaration, although not every one has been able to see just how this result is brought about. Perhaps, a clearer explanation may be found in a report upon the shortage of ocean shipping facilities, which, because of the war's interference, has now raised the cost of ocean freights to the highest figures the present generation has known.

Exports bound for Europe pay now from four to seven times the usual freight charges, and 20 to 50 per cent more for insurance, the transportation cost of imports being correspondingly increased. The best estimates figure only three-fourths of the world's available ocean tonnage as still in the carrying business, but in efficiency this three-quarters of the shipping is far below normal, bringing effective tonnage below half that of ordinary times. As a consequence shippers are paying approximately \$24 a ton for general merchandise freights on which they formerly paid \$2.40 to \$6 a ton. The war risk insurance must be added, from two to five times the amount previously asked, and an additional indirect cost occurs in financing foreign trade through the derangement of exchanges. In a word, all that was taken off the tariff duties, and much more, is now absorbed by increased shipping rates, insurance and exchange.

Every law enacted to govern our Water board has expressly stated the purpose to divorce the management and operation completely from politics, but this part of these laws has been a dead letter. Why not have a divorce now that will keep Water board pay-rollers out of the political game for the future?

Constantinople

From the Independent.

NAPOLEON'S aphorism, "Who holds Constantinople rules the world," expresses well the importance which has always attached to the strategic value of that city. Since Constantinople has been held for centuries at a time by two of the weakest and most inefficient nations of the world, the later Byzantine and later Ottoman empires. It is evident that its ownership does not necessarily carry with it the lordship of the world. But the fact that these two decadent powers were able by the mere possession of this point to exert an influence over world politics to which their inherent strength in no wise entitled them, proves its importance and the question of its future ownership is one of the most momentous and difficult of the problems the great war has to solve. The allies are riveted when it comes to the question of Constantinople. During the nineteenth century it was the fixed belief of the British that the acquisition of the city by a European power would put the empire in peril. Every time that Russia reached out to grasp the prize Great Britain interposed by arms or diplomacy to protect the Turks in the Crimean war, British, French, Turkish and Italian troops joined in the attack upon Russia. Now the Russian, French and British fleets are joining in the effort to take Constantinople from the Turks. What will become of it later nobody knows but the diplomats, and perhaps not they. The Russia's attitude has not changed in the least. The declaration of Foreign Minister Sazonoff in the Duma and the following resolutions passed unanimously by the congress of representatives of the nobility now in session at Petrograd:

"The vital interests of Russia require full possession of Constantinople and both shores of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles and the adjacent islands." The British foreign minister, Sir Edwin Grey, stated in Parliament a few weeks ago that Great Britain approved of Russia's desire for a southern port, though he avoided specifying Constantinople, a wise reticence in view of the many elements, Greek, Armenian, to be the inferior of the Greek empire, aspires to its capital. The Bulgarians might have taken it three years ago if the intervention of the powers had not checked their victorious advance at the Balkan line. The interests of the city are greatly involved, that it is likely to become the center of a new Balkan empire, Germany had looked on Asia Minor as the most favorable opening for its colonial development and has gradually replaced England as the friend and "protector" of the Ottoman empire.

"The way to Constantinople lies through Vienna" is an old Russian maxim. But the Russians now are taking a shorter cut to the goal by the sea. Their fleet has skirted the western shore of the Black sea and is now striving to enter the Bosphorus. It is an old route to them. Over a thousand years ago they took it first, and would, according to the legend, have reached the city if it had not been for the personal intervention of the Virgin Mary. In those days there was a distinction between the Russian and Slavic races. The Slavs were a simple, unorganized people, backward but not without the frequency of their appearance as captives in the market made their name the generic term for slaves. The Rus were of that energetic race of Scandinavian origin which invaded France under Rollo, England under William, Italy under Robert and Russia under Rurik, in every country becoming the dominant element in the population, which can still be discerned in spite of a thousand years of intermarriage.

Russian history dates from the time when these Vikings of Kiev, under the leadership of Askold and Dir, set out to conquer Constantinople, for, says the Byzantine historian Photius, the men of Rus hitherto "unknown and of no account," became by that act "most renowned and glorious" and "boundlessly bold and proud." Yet their first attempt was a failure, for as their 80 galleys satirized down the Bosphorus the Byzantine emperor and patriarch knelt in prayer before the sacred shrine. At Byzantium the patriarch took the wonder-working robe of the Virgin and marching with a procession of priests and choir boys to the shore, dipped it into the Bosphorus. Let Nestor, the chronicler, tell the story in his own words: "Instantly the waves, which before were smooth and still, arose in anger and began to roar, and the ships of the idolatrous Russians were dispersed, dashed upon the shore and broken in pieces so that few escaped the disaster or chanced to reach their own land again."

But the next Russian expedition against Constantinople, that of 908, avoided the perils of the Bosphorus, both natural and miraculous, for we are told that Oleg put wheels on his boats and sailed overland to the city wall. This kind of vehicle, the land yacht, used to be seen upon our western plains, but has not been used in the present war. The automobile has taken its place. But another engine of war, which the Byzantines, for some reason unexplained, used in preference to the Virgin's robe for warding off the later attacks of the Russians, has been revived by the Germans within the last few months. This was, in the words of the chronicler, "a kind of winged fire which leaped upon the Russians and made them take to the water to save themselves, but many were drowned by the weight of their helmets." The famous Greek fire, which burned the wooden boats, was doubtless the stream of blazing petroleum with which the Germans have of late been spraying the French trenches.

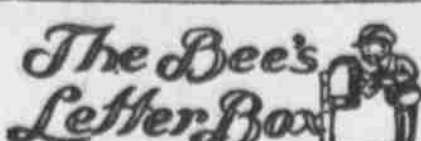
Several times did the Northmen force the Imperial City to pay tribute, but they never occupied it. The prophecy found inscribed upon the foot of the bronze statue of Bellerophon, which foretells the coming of the time when the Russians should take Constantinople, still lacks fulfillment a thousand years after, though now it looks as if the day is near. It was rather Constantinople which conquered Russia in the spiritual sense. When the Russians came to the choice of a religion they sent a commission about to compare the various faiths. The Mohammedans required the abandonment of pork and wine, so they would have none of it. The delegates visited the German Catholic churches, but reported that the service was barren and unbeautiful. But when they came to the Church of St. Sophia "It seemed as though we were in heaven, for in sooth on earth it is vain to find such magnificence." So the Russians became Greek instead of Latin Christians.

Although they built a St. Sophia of their own at Kiev they have never ceased to long for the mother church. Their affections have always been fixed upon Tsargrad, the city of the Czar, upon the sunny shores of the Bosphorus, rather than upon Petrograd, the city which Peter built upon the ice-bound coast of the Baltic.

But first, the Russians have to force the Bosphorus, which they are not likely to find easier than the British and French are finding the Dardanelles. Though shorter, the Bosphorus is narrower and quite as crooked. At its narrowest point, where only 30 yards wide, and the "Castle of Asia" and the "Castle of Europe" which have for 200 years kept the commerce of the Black sea at the mercy of the Turk. The first of these strongholds, Anadolli Hisar, was built by Sultan Bayezid I in 1395. The Rumeli Hisar, on the opposite or western shore, was built by Mohammed II in 1452 as a preliminary to his siege of Constantinople a few months later. It was from a rock on this promontory that Darius watched the crossing of the Persian army into Europe.

The proud city on the Bosphorus for which the powers are now struggling has had many masters and borne many names in its life. It was Byzantium from B. C. 658 to A. D. 330; then Constantinople to 1453, when the last of the Constantines was killed in the breach through which the Ottomans entered. Since then it has been known by those who possessed it as Stamboul, and it remains for the future to decide when, if ever, it shall become Tsargrad.

Profit-Sharing with Employees. The Denison Manufacturing company of Boston goes Henry Ford one better by turning over to its 2,400 employees all the tangible property and common stock, the owners retaining only the preferred stock of \$1,000,000. The only controlling stipulation is that the preferred stock dividend shall not fall below 4 per cent for one year, or 5 per cent for two full years. Otherwise the men have complete control and ownership if they make good.



Sure-Enough Schooling.

OMAHA, April 15.—To the Editor of The Bee: I think my appraisal of commercial high schools in the press was wrong while for it having brought out Commissioner Ernst's and Superintendent Graff's appraisals in the former's admirable letter to the press of April 12. It goes a long way, or all the way, to establishing public faith in present control of our school policy, not only as to commercial high schools, but as to all our schools.

I adhere to what I said though, because I believe the school commissioner's program called for a new commercial high school and warranted the assumption that this favored program, if on a parity with our sure-enough high school; and I attacked, not provision in some way for our teaching stenography, typing and telegraphy (I exclude book-keeping as pure waste of teaching power, a good general education taking hold of that promptly), but education's "bug-in" in a protuberance that plainly can't in itself furnish a tiths of a child's mental drill that can do so only by wasteful oversteering.

No doubt it's well, all considered, for our schools to equip boys and girls, that wish them, too, for telegraphy and stenography, but to inculcate them in such drudgery in large numbers would be a mistaken kindness amounting in time to a racial disaster.

The statement of D. E. Buck that his own parent can't afford a drill of their children's with a machine work of instruction in bread-winning is, bluntly, exactly not true; for children, suffering the misfortune of being dented the average time for this drill, by so much of it as they lose by that much are in greater need of it. There's nothing better established than need of state protection of the child against short-sighted, ill-considered parental wishes. Moreover, this straight-jacketing of children would tend to undermine our democracy by making a class, as set in any in Europe, bound out to the sundry of machine work. There's a machine-stenographer that grinds out dictations flawlessly, but human-stenographers, I'm told, have been known to digress from meaning and punctuation.

American school hours, I understand, are not more than two-thirds of Germany, and the German's efficiency seems not to have suffered severely from this hard drill. Why not then teach stenography and typing to those that want them as an addition to the regular drill?

Mr. Buck (I would pay him, but cannot) compels my telling my true name. I hid it because I'm unknown outside of two little social and trading circles, and I feared people would say, "Who's he? Never heard of him before," that, though my letter had punch, it would lack reach. But Mr. Buck has sowed the suspicion that I am a curbstone professor, or his agent, in disguise. So I subscribe my name, W. E. MARTIN, 711 Omaha National Bank Building.

True Democracy—The Golden Rule. TILDEN, Neb., April 15.—To the Editor of The Bee: When the young United States Senator Allen from Ohio was challenged by an old senatorial warhorse to define democracy, Allen responded with the following inspired words:

"Democracy is a sentiment not to be appalled, corrupted or compromised. It knows no baseness; it covers no dangers; it opposes no enemies; it fears no generous and human. It rebukes the arrogant, cherishes honor and sympathizes with the humble. Destructive only of despotism, it is the sole conservator of equal rights and equal obligations. But the selfishness and the base in spirit may denounce it as a vulgar thing; but in the history of our race the democratic spirit has developed the highest and the highest moral and intellectual attributes of our nature."

This is but the exposition of the Golden Rule, the practical reflection of God's Samaritanism, and the vivid truth of citizenship, home, national and worldwide, that "I am my brother's keeper." This abridged epic should become the individual statute of every citizen, for if this radiating stream would be permitted to flow outward from every individual, the horrors of misdeeds from the family through municipality, state, nation and world, would be abated.

"Majority rule" is but a makeshift, and a only another form of "Might makes right" for the might and the majority may be on the side of justice, or it may be in favor of nullifying this tenet. Etymologically, democracy is "The voice of the people," and the Latin proverb, as Smith said, "Vox populi, vox Dei" (The voice of the people is the voice of God). God's voice could not be wrong, therefore the voice of the people is only the voice of God when right.

This definition really applied would solve the complex question of today, civically, politically, as well as matters of world-wide import. C. P. L.

Sketch of Beri-Beri. OMAHA, April 15.—To the Editor of The Bee: Beri-beri seems like scurvy to be a disease, not so much dependent on what we eat, as on what we don't eat. Like scurvy it has been known for ages, but more as a disease of the Orient—China, Japan, etc. It may not be infectious, as the Associated Press says of the ninety odd cases on the Kron Prinz Wilhelm, but recent medical writers are not agreed as to that, for there are two distinct views:

One that it is infectious and the other that it is a disorder of metabolism nutrition. In the days of the old sailing vessels, when ships were out for months in coming to America, then it was that the disease scurvy was known as the "calamity of sailors." We are told that it was the lemon (which was about the only thing in the way of fruit or vegetable that could be conveniently taken in these long voyages), that drove scurvy from the seas.

Beri-beri is thought to be due to eating polished rice, almost exclusively or rice where the "skin" or pericarp is removed. This is a good deal like trying to live on the pure starch of bolted flour without the gluten or nitrogen of the whole wheat flour.

While such an imperfect dietary may be a great factor by the lack of vegetables or fruit, there are plenty of ailments that do the same and never have the disease. A man that lives on salted meat all winter like the farmer, in the spring says he needs a blood medicine. He means his blood craves things that are green-fresh vegetables.

Beri-beri is thought by many authors to be due to infection and to be an infectious disease. But in this case not due to the body.

Also like typhus and scurvy it is due to overcrowding and poor ventilation. The fact is there's a mighty little yet known definitely about the cause of beri-

CHEERY CHAFF.

"That landlord is certainly an enterprising fellow." "How now?" "He has installed outside roller towels that run the full length of a three-story hotel. Guests on every floor can lean out of the windows and wipe their hands." "But why have the towels outside?" "Oh, that's so the rain can wash 'em."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Here are some of the infectious diseases that war can bring to us. Typhus, typhoid, beri-beri, cholera, smallpox, yellow fever, bubonic plague, the flea and some from the orient that the reader never heard of. GEORGE F. WILKINSON, M. D.

Sing Them Down. OMAHA, April 15.—To the Editor of The Bee: At our free gospel meetings each one should endeavor by prayer and song service to cheer every soul; and our leader (Lord bless her, she's handsome and clever), should keep the program under perfect control. When Sister O'Dobbins, pale, nervous and worried, stands up to repeat a long message of woo-and to tell where her grandmother's mother lies buried—and how the dear soul bore her grief here below; and while this dear sister is mentally gasting with sad, soulful eyes on that faraway mound, let the saints raise a hymn of devotion and praising, and to ward off the blues, sing the good lady down.

There's Tom Swishhammer, a chronic backslider; he's always on hand with a snout full of gin; he left wife and children without a provider, and his heart is as tough as an elephant's skin; he borrows hawking and pounding the altar, and praying for sinners in language profound, O, start the grand chorus, let no pilgrim falter, keep time with the organ, and all sing him down.

When we get a swell pastor, who lectures on science; explains evolution and preaches in Greek; and denounces that young David fought bears and slew giants, or that God made this beautiful world in a week; I say, that whenever we face such a crisis, and the doctor steps forth in his skullcap and gown, our lungs will expand and we'll raise our rich voices, and sing the old doubting philosopher down.

And every church has them—these long-winded creatures—these waterlogged ships on the ocean of joy, a hindrance to sinners, and pastors, and teachers, they get on our nerves and our patience destroy; and when other methods have proved unavailing—feet shuffling, loud coughing, side glances and frowns—it is still one rebuke that is swift and un-failing, sing them down. 'Tis the surest relief, sing them down. H. O. McINTOSH.

KABIBBLE KABARET

STUBS FOR FOOLISHNESS. BUT IF YOU'RE READ TO LETTER I'LL KEEP IT UP FOR YOU! "Pa, doesn't precipitation mean that same as setting?" "It does in chemistry, my son; but in business you'll find that many persons in setting don't show any precipitation at all."—Boston Transcript.

"So she has broken the engagement! Did she give you back the diamond ring?" "No; we are deadlocked. She says she will give me back the price I paid for it, but diamonds have doubled in value and that she is entitled to the profit."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lincoln. Witter Byrner in Harper's Weekly. Lincoln? Well, I was in the old Second Maine. The first regiment in Washington from the Pine Tree State. Of course, I didn't get the butt of the clip. We was there for guarding Washington—We was all green. I ain't never been to but one theater in my life—I didn't know how to behave; I ain't never been since. I can see as plain as my hat the box where he sat in. When he was shot. There was quite a panic. When we found our president was in the clip. Never saw a soldier in the world but what liked him. Yes, sir. His looks was kind o' hard to forget. He was a spare man. An old farmer. Everything was all right, you know. But he wasn't a smooth-appearin' man at all. Not in no way; This-faced, long-necked. And a swellin' kind of a thick lip like a neighborin' farmer. And he was a jolly old fellow—always cheerful. He wasn't so high but what the boys could talk to him their own way. While I was servin' at the hospital He'd come in and say, "You look nice in here."—Fraise us up, you know. And he'd bend over and talk to the boys. And he'd talk so good to 'em—so close. That's why I call him a farmer. I don't mean that everything about his wasn't all right, you understand. It's 'er well, I was a farmer. And he was 'er everybody's neighbor. I guess even you young folks would 'a liked him.

NO ALUM IN ROYAL BAKING POWDER



What do your cigars mean to you?

Are they simply "something to smoke" or are they chosen so as to bring the greatest delight to the good hours you put in with them?

For example: The hour to enjoy a rich, heavy, all-Havana is right after dinner. But for your afternoon and evening smoke you'll get infinite enjoyment out of a much milder type of cigar like Tom Moore, the "modulated" Havana. Smoke one or two this evening for a try out.

"They always come back for Moore"

TOM MOORE CIGAR 10¢ LITTLE TOM 5¢ Little Tom is small but you can't overlook him.

Best & Russell Cigar Co., 618 So. 16th St., Omaha, Distributors.