

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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MARCH CIRCULATION, 52,092. State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. D. W. 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.

Thought for the Day. Selected by Mrs. G. L. Richeson. If you wish your neighbors to see what God is like, you must let them see what he can make you like.—Charles Kingsley.

Not too late yet to paint up. Only four days more before the voting. It looks as if Florence were doomed to be a municipal orphan, at least for a while.

Cleveland also has 6-cent water. Can anyone tell why Omaha has to pay 21 cents? Florence and Benson may console themselves by watching Greater Omaha's smoke.

The mayor put the ball over the plate, but the senator muffed it. Anything symbolical in the play? Still, as their own horn-blowers, these latter-day vote chasers are but faint imitations of the prototype.

Substantial advance toward equality will have been made when the face of electric light meters correspond with the bills. No matter which side scores in the Syracuse play, Harvard cannot lose. Plaintiff, defendant and presiding judge wear crimson colors.

Wonder if our suburban neighbors realize of what they have deprived themselves by not being annexed in time to mix in our city election melee. The starting point of the women peace delegates is the declaration, "We are sisters." Yes, and the men on both sides of the firing line are brothers.

Every visitor to Omaha is impressed with the bustling and businesslike appearance of the city. It is up to those of us who are permanent residents here to make the most of it. Relief maps of the route from the entrance of the Dardanelles to Constantinople show a rugged, semi-mountainous country, but with enough cultivable land to furnish the cemetery necessities of the trip.

Commenting on the Omaha bread case decision, the Lincoln Star says: There is something grotesque in all ordinances that seek to prescribe inexorably both the size of the loaves and the price they shall command. But the Omaha ordinance did not do it—it merely prescribed the weight of the loaf.

The British Parliament regards a general election as an inconvenience at this time and plans an extension of the present term until the war is over. This system of term extension will appeal with peculiar force to Nebraska officeholders. Its simplicity and efficiency admirably contrast with futile arguments poured into responsive ears at Lincoln.

Elder J. H. Maxfield, presiding elder, and Rev. Robert L. Nash, pastor, have sent out cards for the dedication of Seward Street Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday, May 10. The street railway company has received two summer cars from the factory. The new home of Fred Drexel on Tenth and William street, was the scene of a jovial house warming last night.

A wedding that interested Omaha people was that of H. L. Dovey and Miss Eva Knapp, which took place at the bride's home in Plattsmouth. Mr. Dovey was for a long time teller of the First National bank here. Omaha lost the ball game to Cleveland by a score of 3 to 2. The local fans are placing great store for future games on the return to the club of Frank Baedler, the favorite catcher.

Mrs. Corbett, Miss Howard, offers good wages for a girl for general housework. Mr. and Mrs. Jordan of St. Louis, with their daughter, Mrs. J. J. Dickey, of this city, have gone to California for a visit.

For the thirteenth of the series of the Ladies Musical society the program was given by the Messrs. Rockwell, Judson, Edith James, Stella Stull, Mianus Scott, Bertha Toes and George Boyler.

Mr. George M. Bibble and Miss Eva M. S. Clark were married at St. Bernice church. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Patterson.

Questionable Use of Our Flag.

Another very interesting question has arisen, to add to the complexity of the war problem, so far as the United States is concerned. From Paris comes word that arrangements have been made by the hospital service to have ambulances that approach near to the firing line carry the Stars and Stripes as well as the Red Cross emblem. It is not a novel experience for Old Glory to be under fire while on an errand of mercy, but how will this practice affect the matter of neutrality? Is it not likely that the practice of seeking protection under the American flag, first resorted to by a British sea captain, may spread until we see a large part of the war operations carried on under the banner of the United States? There are other neutral countries—why only our flag?

The hospital work, as well as the general activities of the Red Cross, is humane, and necessary, and neutral, but the presence of the flag of a neutral nation on the firing line will not materially contribute to the settlement of the dispute between the belligerents, and may produce unpleasant complications. It is a questionable use at present for the American flag.

In Fairness to Simon.

Vote-hunting sharpshooters on the political firing line are expected to use any missile within reach, but in all fairness to former Representative Edward Simon, the public is entitled to know that the assault to discredit his sponsorship of the mothers' pension law is contradicted by the official record.

While no member of the legislature of two years ago had any monopoly on the introduction of mothers' pension measures any more than any other subject, Mr. Simon's bill, House Bill No. 96, was the first to be presented, and in substance the one to be enacted. Everyone familiar with legislative procedure knows that when bills on the same subject are introduced simultaneously in both houses the speedy achievement of the desired result is expedited by acceptance by one house of the framework of the measure passed by the other, and this is what happened with the mothers' pension bill. The senate file, coming across before the house had acted upon the house bill, was amended by incorporating the additional features of the bills introduced by Representatives Simon and Leary, and by an extraordinary action recognition was given to the two mothers' pension champions in the house by specifically adding their names as joint introducers.

The record is found on page 797 of the House Journal for 1913 in the report of the committee of the whole, which was unanimously adopted, and reads in part as follows:

Amend that part showing the introduction by adding after the words, "Introduced by Senator J. A. Robertson of Holt," the words, "and Representatives Edward Simon of Douglas and Edwin Leary of Lancaster."

If the record is the best evidence this should be conclusive aside from the fact that those trying to disparage Mr. Simon's work have waited two years to discover that he had no part in procuring the passage of a law for which his colleagues in the legislature themselves at the time gave him his full share of credit.

Effects of the Early Spring.

Aquarius, or Sagittarius, or whatever of the gods of the Zodiac presides over the destiny of April, seems to have muddled his medicine a little this time and is furnishing the world with dogday weather about three months in advance. And this unusual heat is having a most unpleasant effect on the temper of folks, for it must be responsible in some measure for the superheated controversies in progress in every direction. Candidates are calling each other names in public, legislatures are bandying epithets in post mortem arguments over what did or did not happen, notable leaders of thought are pursuing each other in court, and manifestations of a spirit of strife may be noted in every direction. This is lamentable, and if the weather is to blame, a prayer for a mild cold wave would be justified under the circumstances.

New Test for the Boycott.

The indictment by a federal grand jury in Chicago of a number of individuals, officers of labor unions, contractors and others connected with the building industry will bring to a test of court another feature of the "restraint of trade" function of the anti-trust law. In this instance the point involves the refusal by the building trades mechanics, under agreement with the contractors, to use materials not produced in Chicago. The effect has been to close the Chicago market, so far as possible, to manufacturers from the outside.

While the action is referred to as a boycott, it comprehends a much broader application of the laws of trade, and is likely to open up for consideration a very general field of commercial and industrial practice. First of all will come the question of the virtual monopoly that is thus established, so far as Chicago is concerned, on certain kinds of building material. Then will come the question of the right of two or more to agree to concerted action in the doing of a thing that is lawful for either, but which is held to be conspiracy when subject of agreement. Other lesser points will no doubt be developed, but these main factors in the problem will be of utmost importance.

Theoretically, free trade is an ideal condition; in practice, it has been found expedient to make provision against certain phases of unrestricted competition by protective regulations. How far these may be applied, first by labor unions in their own behalf, and then by contractors and manufacturers with labor unions, for their benefit, is the point to be determined.

As the administration proceeds with the Alaskan railroad much instructive information may be gained from Canada's experience in building the Grand Trunk Pacific. The Dominion put millions into the road with a view to opening up the northern wilderness to settlement. Settlers have not flocked to the region, the company which agreed to operate the road refuses to take it over and the government has the largest of white elephants on its hands.

The claim that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" is supported by numberless tests. But until its efficacy is proven by soothing the turbulent vocal spirit of Omaha campaigners, cautious spectators will hold to the Missouri exclamation.

Deeds of Daring in Movies.

Cleveland Moffett in American Magazine.

IN THE spring of 1913, while George and Ernest Williamson were down in the West Indies on their submarine shark-baiting expedition for the movies, as already related, they made some motion picture studies of a diver in a diver's suit, working at the bottom of the ocean, and George Williamson posed quite often for these pictures before a motion picture camera under the water.

In the manner of a professional, he put on the helmet and ponderous costume and descended to a convenient wreck while two natives pumped air to him down the hose and had their own motion pictures taken at the same time. Unfortunately, the natives became so much interested in this picture taking that at one moment they quite forgot to pump, thus leaving George Williamson fifty feet below the surface with no air to breathe. Had not Ernest Williamson been on hand to the rescue, it is likely that George's career would have ended suddenly, for a diver's life goes out like a snuffed candle if the air hose fails.

Another case was related to me by Harry Benham, a star of the Thanhouser company, who was nearly killed a few months ago while posing in "A Man Without Fear," a thrilling melodrama, in the cabin of which he was imprisoned by anarchists in the cabin of a coal barge, a real barge that lay at New Rochelle being used. Having burst his bonds, Harry crept along the deck over piles of coal and finally, seeing no other way of escape, leaped upon a great steam coal shovel that was just swinging its black load toward the shore; whereupon a Swede who was operating the derrick and holding machine, and who had been watching the surging battle with bulging eyes, so far from his self-possession that he pulled the releasing lever at the wrong moment, and suddenly, Benham, at the top of his flight, felt the coal falling away beneath him and found himself dropping down with the load through the opened shovel scoops. Practically he clung to the timbers above him and yelled to the Swede, who now, in his agitation, closed the scoops so violently that the actor's wringing legs just missed being sheared off by the massive jaws.

Many other motion picture artists have had exciting experiences at Niagara Falls, but the film taken on July 25, 1911, by Walter Arthur, veteran camera man of the Vitagraph company, easily ranks as a record of dare-devil achievement here, since it shows the actual passage over the falls of Bobby Leach, the only man who ever performed this feat and lived to repeat it. Bobby's description is rather vague, since he was unconscious in his barrel during most of the trip.

For years before this great adventure Leach had followed an adventurous career as a showman and acrobat. He had made many balloon ascensions and had dropped often in a parachute, once from the height of two miles. He had dived from the great Suspension bridge, 306 feet high, that spans Niagara, and four times he had sped over the falls in a specially constructed barrel through the whirlpool rapids, where Captain Webb lost his life. Finally, after years of hesitation, he made up his mind that it was possible for a man to go over the great cataract in a barrel and live, and if so, he, Bobby Leach, was the man to do it. In vain his friends and his wife (she ran a little restaurant near the falls, on the Canadian side) tried to dissuade him. The thing could be done, he declared, and he was going to do it. At this time Leach was a white-haired man well over fifty.

There were two things he could do to help his chances: he could provide the best kind of a barrel to carry him over the falls and he could select an advantageous point for launching the barrel. For weeks he experimented with kegs, beer barrels and boxes, setting these adrift from various points in the river above the falls, from the American side, from the Canadian side, from this or that island, and then following their tumultuous courses and drawing what conclusions he could from them. In some cases he placed animals in the barrels—a cat, a dog, or a chicken—to see if living creatures could go through that rage of waters and survive, but they never did. This did not deter the enthusiast, however, and he proceeded to perfect his barrel, which was made of a heavy iron plate with a manhole on one side and a heavy iron cover that could be bolted in place after Bobby was inside, so as to make the craft water-tight. Near one end was a hole about an inch in diameter, stopped up by a champagne cork with a nail driven through it and a cord tied to the nail so that Bobby could pull the cork out from the inside and perhaps get a little air if he found himself suffocating. As a matter of fact he never touched this cork during the swift journey because he faintly saw when the barrel took its great plunge.

Another camera artist who has had many adventures in motion picture work is Carl Gregory, veteran camera man of the Thanhouser company. "One of the first big motion picture stunts I remember," he said, "was when we went a White Star automobile at full speed over the steepest part of the Palisades and let it smash down with a wicked nobleman inside (played by a dummy), a scoundrel who had choked and beat his young and beautiful American wife, and had fiercely pursued her when she was rescued by a gallant American lover in his automobile. There were five operators with cameras ready waiting for the smash-up, one man at the top of the Palisades to get the picture, and four of us down at the base of the falls, on the shore of the Hudson river with our machines pointed up at various steep angles. When we heard the director shout, we began turning our machines, and each one of us got a section of the fall. We had filled up the steamer's tank with gasoline in the hope that it would explode in the air as it turned over and, sure enough, it did. I got a picture showing the automobile shooting straight out from the rock with the flames, and a few moments later, with a smash, black smoke, blowing itself into a thousand pieces. One of these, a heavy chunk of steel, whizzed by my head and buried itself in the ground. We gave the wreck to a policeman, who sold it for 40¢."

Women artists, as well as the men, show courage in facing dangerous motion picture situations whenever the director assigns them to some hazardous role. That, by the way, is an interesting element in the motion picture business, the desire of the artist to please the director. If a young woman with the real motion picture seal in her is asked to appear in a photo-play as a snake charmer, with real snakes coiled about her, the chances are that she will step forward and do the thing, as Mignon Anderson did when her director cast her for "The Star of the Bible Show."

Mignon is 22 years old and weighs ninety-seven pounds, but she handled a rock python and a black snake from the Bronx Park Zoo like a veteran. These hideous squirming creatures could easily have crushed her frail body with their great constricting muscles.

At another time, in a sporting photo-play, Mignon sat on his back for a minute or so with the flames all about her (they were real flames of a real barn that was burned for the occasion), before she could make the frightened animal leave his stall. Then he ran as if all the devils in the country were after him, while Mignon clung to his mane, and the camera man, striding outside, got the thrilling film that he wanted.

Again, as a heroine, saving her dog's father, Mignon raced a fast train in an automobile, speeding it up to fifty miles an hour, although she had only a week to learn how to do the thing.

"Weren't you afraid?" I asked. "I had no time to be afraid," she laughed. "It was too busy changing gears. You see, I had to let that train beat me first and then beat the train. It was a neck and neck race."

"Sure."

"Didn't the people on the train know about it in advance?"

"Not a thing. I just waited where there was a stretch of road parallel with the track, and when the regular fast passenger train came along I started the car and the camera man started his machine. It should be said in this instance that the management suggested to Miss Anderson that an expert chauffeur be allowed to impersonate her in driving the car, which would have been easy, thanks to cap and goggles, but Mignon's sporting pride required she race the train herself, and she did it."



Blue Grass Outcrops Dandelions.

FALLER, Neb., April 27.—To the Editor of The Bee: Bluegrass, if properly cared for, will make an end of the dandelion. This grass loves lots of water and a rich soil and scanty clippings. Close mowing cripples it and seems to take the life out of its very roots. It should be heavily watered and not mowed at all for a year if the dandelion is well seeded. The grass thus reseeds the ground and becomes so thickly that it will choke out the dandelion and about everything else that grows in the same ground with it, including alfalfa and fruit trees, as the farmer well knows in his coat. The first thing is rich soil. The second is a wet soil and the third is very high and frequent mowing, but the main thing is water. Keep the sod soaked.

My lawn when first started became a beautiful mat of dandelions. I could wet only part of it. This wet part is free of the pest. The dry part still breeds dandelions. After the pest is cleared out of the ground by the wet treatment, the same condition must continue as the dandelion will start again. I believe no lawn should be mowed after July 15, so as to let the grass get a good fall growth and make a good mat on the ground. Set the mower very high if you like and cut off the weeds above the grass, but let the grass grow in the fall. C. R. MINNICH, M. D.

Muscle an Asset to a City.

OMAHA, April 28.—To the Editor of The Bee: I was pleased to read your excellent write-up yesterday on the opening concert by the Mendelssohn choir and the Chicago Symphony orchestra. This recognition of the efforts of Thomas Kelly to build up a musical atmosphere in this city is better than getting up a parade to follow his hearse after he is dead. Mr. Kelly deserves credit for his choir, a friend of mine, that the recent series of concerts just paid out. That should not be the case. Mr. Kelly should not have to feel any uncertainty as to the financial success of such a musical enterprise as this.

I believe Omaha is just a little bit tardy in its support of those who are giving their lives to the musical culture of the city. Music is just as much a part of the city's life as street cars, automobiles or other material considerations. Mr. Kelly is a producer, taking this in a strict economic sense. He is a producer in the sense that good music makes for better citizenship and better social conditions for better Omaha. I am glad that you gave Mr. Kelly the praise he deserves as a leader and, of course, this praise is extended to the members of his choir as well. I was told the other day by a man whom I believe knows that Kelly is the best choir leader this side of Chicago. I haven't met Mr. Kelly for several weeks, so it cannot be that anything "inspired" me. I do not want to be understood that Omaha is not musical—quite the contrary—but I do maintain that now is the time to make some signs which will be understood by Mr. Kelly and those working with him that Omaha appreciated the series of spring concerts he gave during the last five years and that stronger support will be assured if these concerts will be continued for another period of five years. B. E.

Spoilers of Nature.

OMAHA, April 28.—To the Editor of The Bee: I was very glad to see the article on "Wildflowers and Pioneers" by "M. L." in Sunday's Bee, and only wish that it might have even more prominent space so that "all might see."

I, too, am keenly interested in the virgin woodland about us and as I have not the privilege of possessing any of it myself I cannot possibly be criticized for mercenary motives. Therefore I feel free to discuss the criticism in the letter which was as just as the invitation was generous.

I do not know so much about the region north of Florence because my "Haunts" are for the most part along the Missouri, down toward Bellevue—that most delightful Childs Point region, amongst the hills and dunes and virgin forest, which I do not doubt these splendid men composing the Fontepelle Forest association contemplate some day acquiring and preserving for the public.

Time and again have I strolled along the paths to and from that region, so magnificently and luxuriously favored by Dame Nature, only to have the pleasure and joy of the scene blotted by the frequent sight of immense bunches of withered wild flowers which a few hours earlier had been ruthlessly and greedily plucked by thoughtless youth of spend-thrift maturity, and as quickly tired of and cast away by the wayside.

I do not, and hardly think that M. L. would, object to the bona fide plucking of a spray for a button-hole bouquet or even, when they are plentiful, to the careful digging up of a root for transplanting at home; but the ruthless, selfish snatching for wholesale plunder is most emphatically to be discontinued. The prodigality of nature is a source of inspiration when contemplated "in place," as such as severed it quickly becomes dross. And, in passing, it may very appropriately be stated that the birds are as much a fixture in the landscape as the flowers, and when ruthlessly killed are but "food for worms" and thenceforth some "life" is inexplicably absent from the canvas.

So it is regrettable that in this, as in other matters, people cannot practice temperance but must needs have total prohibition forced upon them, as is the case in every tourist region, where even the plucking of a twig is penalized.

I suppose, however, that it is idle to dwell upon the subject. It seems that there always have been, and probably will continue to be, some people to whom the joys of "Personal Liberty" and the winning of a race in the commercialism is the acme of true satisfaction. A. W. ANDERSON.

Colleague Quotes the Record.

OMAHA, April 28.—To the Editor of The Bee: I see some would-be wise boys trying to take away from Ed Simon the credit due him for the passage of the mothers' pension law. Simon introduced that law, worked for it, fought for it and boosted for it all through its devious passage through the committee and up to and including the governor's signature.

On page 797 of the house record on the forty-seventh day of the 1913 session Ed Simon's name was specifically mentioned to that law. If that does not constitute being the father of a law, I would like to know what does. I served with Ed Simon, in the legislature and will say

GRINS AND GROANS.

"How's the eye crop in your section, farmer?" asked a port town youth with intent to chaff the bucolic one. "Dead failure." "For lack of rain?" "Naw, for lack of distilleries. Giddap, you miles!" Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I notice the road agents who hold up the train worked with different methods." "In what way?" "While one was rifling the load, the other was loading the rifle."—Baltimore American.

Customer—Have you an alarm clock that will wake the help without waking up the whole house? Clerk—No, madam; but I can give you one that will wake you, married as well as possible, you should invite sealed proposals. Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I could have done better than to marry you." "A common cry among wives, my dear. You women shouldn't blame us men for lack of business acumen. To assure yourselves that you have married as well as possible you should invite sealed proposals." Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mrs. Phatpurs—Percy Bagnoll married? Taken in by a designing parlor maid? How shocking! Mrs. Stuford—Deserves it, I say. Ought to have looked up her references before he hired her.—Judge.

Manager—I say, can we get anything like a real doctor in this jay town to attend a sick actor? Village Inhabitant—Sure. Just go to that corner grocery. You'll find a man there who's all right at curing hams. Baltimore American.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is the fourth dimension?" "I can't be bothered about that just now, my son."

"Why" is that a foolish question?" "I guess the question is all right. But I must say I never heard an answer to it that struck me as very sensible."—Washington Star.

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THE LITTLE WORN SHOES.

Poor, tired little shoes! I'm sorry that they give their life to fulfill The orders and calls and commands of feet that never are still. They tramp 'er the hills and the meadows, And mud is their chief delight. They were trim and shining this morning, Now they are a woful sight. They are scuffed and muddy and dingy, Their tongues hang pouting for breath. For the little feet that wear them, Have run them almost to death.

And while they are busy destroying, I'm busy finding a way. To buy new shoes on the morrow, To replace the ones of today. For new shoes, priced as a treasure Today; tomorrow are old. But at sight of innocent faces, I have not the heart to scold.

Though each year they're a bit larger, And cost just a trifle more, And each year they wear a bit faster Than they did the year before.

For the little feet in the future Will lose their desire for play, And soberly walk in the highways With no longing or wish to stray.

So I turn to my work with new purpose, And new courage for the fight, And through blinding tears, at a view of them, Those shoes are a beautiful sight.

Then I gather them up with rapture, And thank the Lord with a will, For the rough little shoes, worn and shabby, And the feet that never are still. OMAHA. DAVID.

YOUR APPETITE

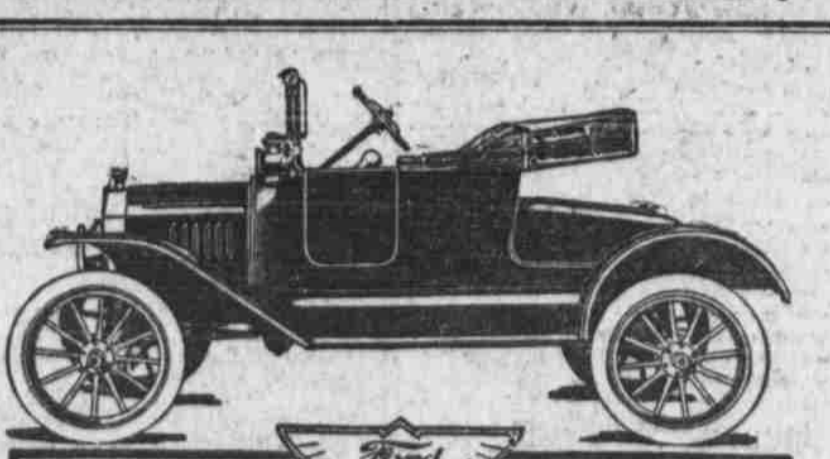
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