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MARCH CIRCULATION, 52,092. State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwyight 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 Emily McDonald. "There is no beauty like the wish to scatter joy, and not pain around us."

Well, who's to be Queen of the May this time? "Liberty of speech!" What crimes against Lindley Murray are committed in thy name.

Soil and crop conditions in Nebraska and Iowa make good reading on Omaha's business barometer.

If those dog poisoners are caught and prosecuted, they should be tried by a jury made up exclusively of dog owners.

An Iowa aviator claims to have an offer for his services of \$2,000 a month from Villa. Real money or Mexican "shin-plasters"?

Street corner duels with oratorical gas bombs furnish a lot of fun for the onlookers whatever else they may or may not accomplish.

Omaha is ready to take its suburban children right to its bosom, but if they insist on being treated as stepchildren, perhaps they will have to be accommodated.

A writer in a current magazine declares that base ball is on the down grade of popularity. He should have been at Omaha's opening game on the home grounds.

Every time the Kurds and Turks get together for a killing diversion, Mexico's big league butchers like for the bleachers and pipe in unison: "What pikers we are."

We were under the impression that the blackwashing of Omaha by a candidate for office was proved by the sad experience of last fall to be a liability instead of an asset.

The announced mobilization of several thousand mules at Grand Island for shipment to Canada insures the removal of expert kickers of native vintage and makes for greater calmness in American neutrality.

Political crooks at Oakland, Cal., may think the greater distance to Leavenworth affords security. Terre Hauteers nursed a similar delusion. But wherever Uncle Sam regards the game worth while distance does not check his zeal to deliver the goods at the prison gates.

The World-Herald is right in rising to ask, What is a reasonable rate for electric light current in Omaha? Surely it is not the 3 cents a kilowatt hour said to be charged in Cleveland, nor is it the 12 cents a kilowatt hour charge produced by the competition of two companies in Sioux City, but it is probably somewhere near half way between.

About the time the solicitor general of the Dominion accused the United States of seal for war profits, Canadian factories had closed a Russian order for \$83,000,000 worth of munitions of war. Despite the lofty note of principle vociferated by the critic, thrifty Canadians are so alert for No. 1 that opportunity does not have to knock a second time.

Madame Ristori, the distinguished actress, appeared in the role of "Queen Elizabeth" at the Boyd before one of the largest audiences of the season. Omaha was the only stop the company made between San Francisco and New York.

"Strawberries" only in cents a quart, and a full quart, at Heald & Palmer's.

Judge Steinberg was arraigned last night by the Danish Singing society, recently organized under the leadership of Prof. Vinson.

The success of the project for an exposition building is assured by the filing of the lease secured from A. J. Populston for the property at Fifteenth and Capitol avenues. The lease runs for thirty years for a rental of \$1,200 for five years with reappraisal, and stipulates that the building must be of brick and cost not less than \$2,500,000.

A. Duen, 49er, at 187 Cuming street, notifies his customers that all goods left over three months must be called for within thirty days.

A Council Bluffs marriage of interest on this side of the river is that of William E. Hardy and Miss Minnie Hoover.

Miss C. E. Nash of Milwaukee is visiting Omaha friends.

Freedom of Speech. Evidently Prof. Kuno Meyer, in his zeal to impart to Harvard students some modicum of "kultur," has missed the reciprocal benefit afforded by his presence in Cambridge. No region is more charged with the inspiring genius of American institutions than the neighborhood of Harvard University, Lexington, Bunker Hill, Boston Harbor, and even the statue of John Harvard, are eloquent in the defense of that glorious possession of Americans, freedom of thought and conscience and freedom to express in speech or writing opinions and conclusions at all times. It is to be regretted that Prof. Meyer should have so failed, for it was one comforting reflection that the German exchange professors would take back to Berlin with them some little leaven of American manners.

His chagrin at the lack of reverence shown for the kaiser by a student of Harvard may become him as a loyal German, but his wish that all communication and relations be severed until we adopt the German view is evidently born of his personal and not his national attitude. The reply of President Lowell, couched in definite but respectful terms, very plainly tells him and the world what may be looked for from Harvard in the matter of repression of speech, and in this Harvard fairly represents the United States of America.

The Danger from Fool Friends. It is no secret that the people of Omaha have not been fully satisfied with their municipal government since the commission plan was inaugurated. We are perfectly safe in saying that expectations have not been met by the change to the extent folks were led to believe they would be. Neither have the people been seriously dissatisfied except for a prevailing natural desire for improvement in certain places, and along certain lines.

Under normal conditions this desire for improvement would undoubtedly have enforced the demand for several changes in the personnel of the commission, and this may yet be brought about. It is unfortunate, however, for the several competent and deserving candidates, whose election would insure improvement in the city hall, that, just to make an anti-administration slogan for a newspaper with a grievance they have allowed themselves to be weighted down with other candidates who represent nothing but a desire to connect with the payroll.

For one's own mistakes, either in politics or in business, a person has himself to blame, but it's mighty tough on political ambitions to have fool friends overlay the game and endanger the chance of victory.

One to a District. In another column we give space to a communication from Representative Negley, in which he sets forth his position on redistricting, contending that it is the same as reapportionment and declaring himself to be supported by eminent legal authority. While for the present the subject is purely academic, we are yet rash enough to persist in disagreeing—not only in disagreeing, but in believing that the courts would uphold the common-sense view rather than a strained technicality. Representation in the legislature corresponds with representation in congress, but for the latter we have the two processes of reapportionment and redistricting kept entirely separate and distinct. Congress fixes the ratio to population and determines how many members each state shall have, but the state authorities define the districts. Our only constitutional limitations on legislative apportionment are that the basis shall be gauged to the number of inhabitants, and that the time shall be the first session after each census enumeration. But there is nothing whatever, so far as we can discover, to prevent legislation prescribing the method of election at any time, nor any reason in the constitution, or out of it, why a voter who, in Sarpy county votes for one senator and one representative should, by moving across the line into Douglas county, acquire the right to vote for five senators and twelve representatives.

Old-Time Methods in City Campaign. Whatever else it may accomplish, the closing days of the Omaha city campaign is adding much to the joy of life. The street-corner meetings partake very largely of the era of the torchlight parade. The automobile has been adopted as adjunct to the mechanics of politics, and facilitates greatly the progress of the candidates and their champions from point to point, but the impassioned appeals from the speakers show that it is much the same old process of "making votes." The good nature of the proceedings so far is a tribute to the patience and other fine qualities of the American crowd. Entertainment for the multitude, and occasional edification, is provided by these meetings, and the doctrine of liberty is thereby vindicated. If Europe could have a few years of such public expression of political opinion, a "world war" would be impossible.

Fairy Tales from the Front. Readers of daily newspapers, and others as well, who are trying to follow the varying fortunes of the combatants through means of the published accounts of military and naval movements are having a most exasperating experience just now. At no time since the war commenced have the stories sent out been more conflicting or more confusing. Strict censorship still is maintained, and is even more rigorous now than it was in the beginning. The press is given just what information the interested governments want the public to have, and nothing more.

The contradictory stories sent across to America show a sad lack of ingenuity and a paucity of inventive faculty. The press bureaus of the belligerent governments should employ a few American newspaper police reporters to give the war stories a set. A good reporter, who can turn a plain drunk into half a column of readable "news" would soon work a vast improvement on the yerns from headquarters about the progress of the battles. At present the only fact of which the American public can feel at all certain is that the movements of the armies are being hidden in a mass of verbiage.

Boost the garden clubs. In whatever way a helping hand is given to the city beautiful, youthful enthusiasm is brought close to nature, and the joys of living substantially advanced for young and old.

The Political Caldron

THE average voter does not understand the ins and outs of a city political campaign. There is much more than a mere quest for votes and the game is rather interesting when one sits in with the players and watches the various plays. Organization is the big feature of the campaign. In the present campaign the administration candidates are working under Tom Flynn as their leader, while the anti's are following the lead of A. L. Sutton. These leaders have general committees, executive committees and ward captains and workers. Each side has a complete list of all the registered voters to date and they have their publicity departments, corps of speakers and other departments.

Who ever heard of political spies? There are such persons and it is regarded as part of the game. The other evening, for instance, the administration people had two men at a meeting of the Knights of Luther and these two men reported back all of the proceedings worth while. The anti's have two secret services constantly on the job, looking for information from the other side. In this manner each side keeps fairly well posted on the inner workings of the other side and also of the general situation. Each side is now planning to spring eleventh-hour coups to catch undecided or wavering voters. Then, too, there are men looking for the records of the various candidates, much of which material is used by the speakers. It is a game of strategy and cunningness and is all a part of the great game of politics.

Nothing daunted by the insistence of the candidates on making their own alliances and slates, our old friend, Matt Greedy, is standing by the guns that the only way to dislodge the democrats from the city hall is to vote for republicans. Matt is talking right out in meeting and this is what he says: "The city hall slate contains the names and photographs of four democrats and three republicans. The German-American slate contains the names of four democrats and three republicans. The Swedish-American slate contains the names of four democrats and three republicans, the Irish-American slate contains the names of four democrats and three republicans, and numerous other slates are put together likewise. Is that a democratic brand of nonpartisanship, or is it pure political servile?"

"With over 17,000 registered republicans, registered under a solemn oath as to their party affiliation, and not to exceed 10,000 democrats registered likewise, will some one tell us why the tall peristalsis to wag the dog on these slate propositions. Are these enterprising four democrats on the city hall slate, innocently expecting the votes of over 17,000 republicans, to put them across, and thus continue their absolute control over the Omaha city government, and then to give in return to the three republicans on their numerously constructed slates only 10,000 votes? Verily, none but the minority ever preaches or practices nonpartisanship."

"This nonpartisan bunk idea claims no father or mother, and violently disclaims any political party responsibility. It is subversive only to such special interests that can sway enough votes from the majority party to place them in power."

"Would it not clarify the political atmosphere if those who really claim to be nonpartisan in public affairs, would visit the very accommodating election commissioner in our marble castle and have their sworn party affiliation changed to make it read, 'Independent' or 'no party'?"

A Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde among your neighbors and friends is not a pleasant lot to play Mr. nonpartisan bunk. Do these folks expect a driving act of the legislature shall absolve our conscience and sware us from our sworn party affiliation? Or is it the prospective mess of political pottage that is expected to stultify our reasoning powers for the time being?"

"All loyal and red-blooded and patriotic republicans and citizens in general, should join with us on election day in an effort to restore confidence and prosperity in this great country of ours by voting for the seven republicans on the commission ticket. Any republican that votes a slate in which his party is shown as the minority should have his head examined. Vote 'er straight, Mr. Republican."

At the recent primary election in Omaha one of the judges of election, in the first precinct of the Third ward was Harry V. Burkley, the well known baritone singer.

In looking over the election laws Mr. Burkley discovered that the election board was required to announce the closing of the polls in language specified about as follows, to wit:

"Hear ye! Hear ye! the polls in this precinct will close in thirty minutes."

This opened up glee club possibilities to the musical Mr. Burkley, who immediately looked the election board over and tried their voices during the dull times when votes were not coming in thick and fast.

The other members of the board were Lawrence Brinker, Dan Edgerty, John P. Byrne and A. F. Forbes, and while they had voices of great range and much musical sweetness, they were somewhat lacking in volume. In striving about to overcome this deficiency, it was discovered that among the ward workers around the polls were two celebrities noted for their vocal stunts, namely, City Inspector Hostie and Base Ball Umpire Haskell.

These two were impressed into the service in the hope that they could add the necessary quantity to the undoubted quality of the election board officials. One or two rehearsals were held during the quiet periods of the afternoon, and at precisely thirty minutes before closing time the glee club was lined up in front of the election precinct, ready to start.

At the first "Hear ye!" a street car just rounding the corner of Leavenworth street was derailed. At the second "Hear ye!" most of the downtown windows on the west side of Sixteenth street were cracked and people could be seen in the upstairs windows looking for the fire escapes.

By the time the chorus was concluded the streets were blocked with people, scurrying in all directions, the fire department was approaching and the sheriff's office was being besieged by telephone calls with requests that the militia be called out.

It is unnecessary to add that every one in that precinct knew that the polls would close in thirty minutes.

Twice Told Tales

Rube and Rhabarb. A deputy sheriff, who was here recently to take back a prisoner, told this story on the jailer in his town. The jailer, although a well-meaning man, is illiterate and spelling is a trifle difficult for him. One day last spring, pencil and paper in hand, he went through the jail to get suggestions from the inmates as to changes in the "dialary."

"We would like to have some rhabarb," suggested one prisoner.

"You may have it," replied the jailer, who then commenced trying to record the request. He began "ru," hastily abandoned that for "reu," and then put "roo" and "rheu" successively. Thoroughly exasperated at last, he fiercely exclaimed:

"Rubbub be hang'd. You'll get cabbage."—Louisville Times.

People and Events

A raid on millinery shops in New York last week netted \$25,000 worth of outlawed alskettes. Women who do not on alskettes should seek "something just as good" or Uncle Sam "will get you if you don't watch out."

A poor, but shabby Vincent youth, tried the black-hano method on Gotham Astor for \$50 and got five years. There is no sure way of raising the dough from confirmed pliters, and five years of meditation will doubtless drive home the fact.

Friends of Carl Ritter, the sculptor killed by an automobile in New York City, have petitioned the district attorney to submit the case to the grand jury. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death. The testimony of the driver of the car, who also is the owner, is that he, being forced to one side by a taxicab, preferred to drive his car at right angles across Broadway and run down a group of people standing on the street, rather than take the chance of "side-swiping" the taxicab.

The Bee's Letter Box

A KICK on A Night Bowling. OMAHA, April 28.—To the Editor of The Bee: I live on Farnam street, near the Farnam bowling alleys. Tuesday night the work of the bowling continued until 4 o'clock Wednesday morning and I could not get my sleep, as I am entitled to as is every citizen of a free country.

Is there any city ordinance or regulation to provide for such abuse of the public?

There are other disturbances in this vicinity that continue all night, making it impossible to sleep all night. It is the hope that the proper authorities will help the peaceable citizen to enjoy the peace and quiet to which he is entitled.

Enlightened Usefulness of Bakers. ARAPAHOE, Neb., April 28.—To the Editor of The Bee: Just a word concerning the baking situation in Omaha. City Inspector of Weights and Measures J. G. Peag is sure acting like a school boy, according to reports. Any fair-minded person can plainly see that no baker will scale his bread so small that he will lose trade by it. The real aim of the baker, to my knowledge, is to give the housewife a large enough loaf for her money that she will not do her own baking, thereby increasing his sales and both profit more for it.

The price of loaves is difficult to change and it is certain that bakers must get more money or reduce the size of loaves the way flour and other products have advanced. No, supporting the baker, by law or city ordinance, have to scale the small loaves at sixteen ounces, the price must advance, thereby forcing the consumer to buy a larger loaf.

It is the custom of this free country that every man shall do as he pleases as long as he pleases to do right. So if the poor baker puts out a good clean loaf, which the pure food law requires, and the public prefers buying it rather than bake at home, I don't see why Peag should butt in and try to force the consumer to buy a larger loaf.

CHARLES E. HOUSE.

Redistricting and Reapportionment. OMAHA, April 28.—To the Editor of The Bee: Referring to your editorial of April 23, entitled "Redistricting and Reapportionment," I wish to explain my reasons for stating that the recent legislature had authority to redistrict Douglas county for the election of senators and representatives, and to point out the error of assuming that redistricting could be made effective without an apportionment. It is probably true that the proposed redistricting would not change the number of senators or representatives from this county, but the proposal to elect them from separate districts within the county would not avoid the necessity of an apportionment. It would be necessary to define the boundaries of each district and to specify that each of such districts shall be entitled to elect one senator or representative. This assignment or allotment must be based upon equal population in the new districts and constitutes the process of equalizing representation, which the constitution contemplates when it says "the legislature shall apportion the senators and representatives according to the number of inhabitants."

To divide Douglas county into senatorial districts without allotting or "apportioning" a senator to each new district would be to leave the law without effect. You would have your districts, but no legal authority to elect senators from them. The apportionment is as important a part of the proceedings as the making of the districts. This is recognized by the legislature when it districts and apportions in the following language: "District No. 4 shall consist of the county of Douglas and be entitled to five senators." The fact that the new apportionment would affect only Douglas county would not make it any the less an apportionment within the meaning of the constitution.

Strictly speaking, it is not correct to say that "redistricting as proposed contemplates no change in the allotment of representation," for the present allotment is five senators to Douglas county as senatorial district No. 4 and twelve representatives to Douglas county as representative district No. 10, while the proposed allotment would be one senator to each of five independent districts and one representative to each of twelve independent districts. A senator would represent the voters of his district and be responsible to them only, and not to the people of the whole county. The number of senators would be the same, but their constituencies entirely different.

Early in the recent session I examined these questions, with the assistance of such lawyers as John P. Breen and L. J. Dunn, and they agreed that a redistricting involves a new apportionment, which must be made as provided by the constitution at the next session after the census enumeration, and consequently would be impossible at the recent session.

JOHN L. NEOLEY.

Conductor Waugh. OMAHA, April 27.—To the Editor of The Bee: I wish that you knew Conductor Waugh that runs on the Minneapolis & Omaha; he is eighteen karat, without a flaw—the easiest man you ever saw, with a record as white as snow.

To a student broken man, always kind; he evades all the laws and rules, he never goes crazy and bawls him out, nor gives commands with a violent shout (like a Dutchman driving mules); but he says: "My son, keep your badge well shined, put a swell polish on your shoes; don't be presumptuous and know it all; don't wiggle your fingers and talk base ball; don't fight the 'steers' in the smoking car, nor stall around where the women are, nor sit in the coach and sneeze; but pass through the train from front to rear, and call every town so folks can hear, and avoid cigars and booze."

And Waugh never tries to split the skull of a bum that rides the dome, but he says: "Good evening, Mr. Brown; you can't ride there; let me help you down, ere you fall and break a bone! I'm sorry you cannot pay your fare and sit inside on a cushioned chair; but the towns are good along this route, so I'll leave you here; goodbye, old scout." And the look in his eye is so sincere that the hobo drops a large, warm tear as the train leaves him there alone.

Oh, Pappy Waugh ("may his tribe increase") treats all the travelers fair; to over-weigh he tips his hat, he jokes with the lean and lollies the fat; he's an old-fashioned man of peace, and let the weather be hot or cold, he rallies the young and humors the old, and alleviates worry and care.

No I'll raise a glass, and this good old soul I'll toast with a sentiment brief; may you live many years, Conductor!

W. O. MINTOSH.

Editorial Snapshots

Pittsburgh Dispatch: Admiral Peary's prediction that within a century the United States will cease to be a nation or occupy all North America puts him in Dr. Cook's class. Where are his proofs?

Boston Transcript: It is understood that Secretary Bryan read his note to the German ambassador in the newspapers this morning and thought that it was not quite up to the standard of a Commoner editorial.

Philadelphia Ledger: Our companion in trouble and neutrality, the fine little republic of Switzerland, also has a doctor for president, Dr. Motta, and he vies with our own doctor in the coming of phrases. He calls Switzerland's honest neutrality "his humanitarian duty."

Ours is largely epistolary. Baltimore American: President Wilson says the nation should not get excited. But to get excited is one of the inalienable rights to the pursuit of happiness guaranteed by the constitution, which no true American will ever give up. The president might as well ask the average native to retain the judicial poise at a ball game.

Boston Transcript: "We're going to get freedom from rum," says Sam Small, "just as you got freedom for the slaves, by a constitutional amendment." Well, if the prohibition amendment isn't enforced down in Georgia any more than the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments are, there won't be many southern colonels separated from their Jugs.

New York World: It is computed by a motion picture expert that the American public paid \$75,000,000 last year to see "the movies." That is \$75,000,000 more than the estimated gains of farmers from the higher prices of grain. It gives an illuminating idea of the competition the legitimate drama has to meet—assuming that the figures are even approximately accurate.

New York World: With all the discussion in Wall street and out, of export of munitions of war, the February increase of explosives only amounted to \$2,300,000 last year, compared with a \$30,000,000 increase in cotton, which is non-contraband. Such increases as \$4,000,000 in wheat and flour, \$2,100,000 in horses, \$7,700,000 in harness and saddles, and \$2,300,000 in chemicals have a partially military aspect, but it would be hard to say that an embargo could be laid upon any of these for the sake of peace.

Here galleys of Byzantium fought With Saracens, and through the strait Triumphant Islam onward swept. And Constantinople was the open gate Through which Mohammed crept to Europe's feet.

And now, with flags unfurled, the Christian fleet Moves down the old historic way; The thunder of its guns is Moslem's knell, And on her braver rug Stamboul falls in fear. While time writes "Kismet" on the crescent's curve.

THE DARDANELLES.

Sara Beaumont Kennedy. Here were the heroes whom old Homer sung. The clear wave cut with queuing prow in world war for a woman's smile. And on the further sands redeemed their vow. Of Ilium's walls reduced to dust.

Here, too, with a raft of drifting boats Imperial Xerxes bridged the tide. Where later passed the Macedonian king With conquest lust unsatisfied. To weep for new worlds on the bounds of space.

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CHERRY CHAFF.

Doctor—Do you suffer from morning headaches? Debilitate—Certainly I suffer. If I enjoyed them as I do a highball, I certainly shouldn't have consulted you.—Judge.

"You look tired, Elsie. I'm afraid this terrible war is telling on you." "Yes; my doctors say I must positively stop attending any more Red Cross balls."—Life.

"I have noticed that horses, like people, have some particular places to which they become very much attached." "Yes; just about here it is the hitching post."—Baltimore American.

"Soon there will be nothing left for hereditarily malicious furniture." "No fear of that. Scientists can always go on discovering that what scientists previously discovered is all wrong."—Washington Star.

"What became of that politician? He was always self-seeking." "That may have been what the voters had in mind when they told him to go chase himself."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Here's a dealer advertise a sale of hereditarily malicious furniture." "Just what does he mean by that?" "That's merely a polite way of saying second-hand."—Pittsburgh Post.

NO ALUM IN ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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Not a day too long

Not a day too long. We are sometimes asked—"Why does it take so many seasons to 'age' tobaccos that go into the Tom Moore?"

Simply this: In no other way can we be sure of fully mellowing the latent flavors of the leaves. Smoke one or two of these "modulated" Havanas tonight and see why they always come back for Moore.

Tom Moore CIGAR 10¢ LITTLE TOM 5¢

When you're looking for a shorter smoke, here's Little Tom.

Root & Russell