

# SPEED OF AMERICAN CITIES AMAZED LLOYD GEORGE

By DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.  
Special Cable to The Omaha Bee.  
London, Dec. 29.—As I don't find time in the exigencies of an unexampled political crisis to write fully of my American trip, I propose just to give two or three vivid recollections of the journey.

And to begin with, there comes my first acquaintance with American audiences. They are undoubtedly amongst the best in the world. Americans are good listeners. They make the kind of audience an intelligent democracy ought to produce. They give you the impression that they want to hear what is to be said for the point of view, and that they will pay the same attention to a statement of the opposite case before they decide.

I was particularly delighted with the audiences in the midwest. There was an evident anxiety to find out what were the real facts about Europe and an earnest desire to pursue the right policy at whatever cost. They seek wealth there with persistent skill and an indomitable enterprise.

But those who think the formidable people who through the Mississippi valley are thinking of ways of riches do them a great injustice. The

people with which they give to churches, institutions and causes is without parallel in any country in the world.

**Great Leader Needed.**

When America is convinced that it is her duty to save Europe from ruin, and that by intervening it can save this distracted continent, America will take the task in hand—and not till then.

Self-interest alone will not move America to action. There must be some impulse of more exalted character. But like all national movements, it is largely a question of leadership. A great leadership could set America going tomorrow on an irresistible crusade. Will it come?

I saw many exceptionally able men, and I heard a good deal of others. Is there one of them with the divine spark in his soul? If there be, then salvation is of the Americas.

One discovery I made during my tour which was most gratifying to me. The attitude of Irishmen toward Great Britain has been completely changed by the setting up of the free state in Ireland. I was received by notable Irish leaders in every state and city I visited, with cordiality which warmed my heart.

Three years ago no Irishman could

have joined in a welcome to a British minister or ex-minister. Such is the change effected in a short space of time by this concession. It has removed from the path of statesmen who desire co-operation between the British empire and the United States of America the one insuperable obstacle. As long as that remained, no party in American politics could safely commit its fortunes to open and avowed friendship with Great Britain.

**Cities Like Giants.**

The great cities of the north and middle-west which I visited—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis and Scranton—were like giants forging ahead with demonic energy that nothing in Europe can rival. The scale and the speed are bewildering to the European mind.

I wish I had more time to examine the full meaning and effect of this salvation of the Americas. It makes wealth I could see everywhere. Does it make for happiness? It ought to. Wages just now are high compared with Europe in certain trades. Are all trades equally well paid? What about the cost of living? Then what about the steadiness of employment? What happened in 1921 makes that unemployment, like everything else in this vast country, when it

comes is on a colossal scale. What happens then to the workless? There are many more questions bearing on the condition and status of the worker I should have liked to have inquired into.

**South Fascinating.**

The southern states have a fascination of their own which envelops and possesses. You begin to feel it in Kentucky, and in Virginia it was complete. The atmosphere of hurry vanishes when you cross the inviolable southern line. Life is a quieter and gentler affair. In the north, the strain is toward the future. In the south they keep in closer touch with the past with its softening influences. The north has not forgotten the civil war, but it has not pitched its tent there. It has passed along. Lincoln, it is true, is today a living force and figure. But that is not so much on account of the great events of 60 years ago but because like all great men, his "soul goes marching on." He is even more the man of today than he was the man of yesterday. His stride will ever keep pace with the centuries.

**Lincoln and Jackson.**

But the heart of the south is still in the heroic days of their great struggle for state rights. The door turfs for the little sorrel stall rides

triumphantly through their memories. I have always been drawn by the personality of Stonewall Jackson. He and Abraham Lincoln are the two great Americans who especially excite my interest and admiration.

It is only when you hear of Stonewall Jackson romping with the little children in the houses where he was quartered during his campaigns that you understand what a gentle creature there was underneath that fierce exterior. That puts him in the same exalted order as Lincoln, a lover of mankind with special tenderness for the weak. He was as clean from hatred and revenge as Lincoln. Fundamentally, also, they were both religious men with tender hearts, although one loved God according to strict rules and the other without measure.

**Lee Divinity; Jackson Hero.**

I was impressed with the potency of Stonewall Jackson's personality during my conversations at Richmond with some of the survivors of the civil war. I had the privilege, which I greatly prize, of talking to fully 70 of these veterans. When General Lee's name was mentioned, it was with the hush and solemnity which befit the reverence. On the other hand, Stonewall Jackson's name evoked notes of intense affection as well as

admiration. Lee is a divinity, Jackson is the hero.

I asked an old confederate veteran, who had served under Lee and worshipped him, "Do you remember the death of Stonewall Jackson?" "Oh, yes," he replied with a break in his voice, "when we heard of it we all cried like children."

I asked another fine old soldier who had served under Beauregard what was the effect of the news of Jackson's death on the confederate army.

"Oh," he replied sadly, "we thought it was all over." Then he added, "We never won a battle after he died."

I counted myself specially fortunate in my journey through the battlefields. Secretary Weeks was kind enough to show me over the battleground of Gettysburg, where the fate of the great republic was decided in a memorable three-day struggle. Mr. Weeks has made a special study of the Civil war, and he knew every maneuver in the great battle and every division and captain who took part in the fight.

**Blind Agents of Destiny.**

Lee's stupendous blunder in attacking over open ground a stronger and better equipped force, entrenched on the heights, leaves you wondering

whether even the greatest men are not blind agents of destiny and have to obey when the order comes from beyond the veil. Hence the blunder of Gettysburg.

I came back more convinced than ever that the hope of mankind in the immediate future depends on the extent to which the two greatest commonwealths on earth can be persuaded to work together in world affairs. I know everything that is to be said about America not being Anglo-Saxon. Neither are the British Isles, and the British empire has a greater variety of races and tongues than even the United States of America.

**Common Language, Literature.**

All the same, the empire is governed by the same mixture of Celt, Teuton and Norseman that rules America. The identity of the language must lead to an absorption of the same literature for the great name of the people. The same literature in the end means the same ideals.

All the greatest men of America are of British stock, and their ideals and lives were fashioned by the teachings of the same prophets and priests whose thoughts were conveyed to America through the medium of the same tongue as influenced the minds of the great leaders of Britain.

Today British literature flows nat-

urally into American channels and American literature in an ever-increasing flood is pouring into British channels. The association between the powerful Protestant churches on both sides of the Atlantic is becoming every year closer and more intimate. The fact that over two-thirds of the population of the United States receive the same spiritual training as the people of Britain not only weaves bonds of brotherhood between them, but must have its effect in giving the same direction to the outlook and vision of the two nations.

Memories of outrages perpetrated by a king on the road to insanity have too long kept these two mighty nations apart. The oppression of Ireland kept these memories alive by giving a sense of continuity to the policy of wrong. These wrongs are all now dead and buried. There is no sense in artificially keeping alive the evil passions they germinated.

The peace of the world is at stake. It is a question of the path along which the human race elects to travel. One leads to peace, prosperity and unlimited progress. The other leads to bloodshed, desolation and infinite ruin. America and Britain together can shepherd the world along the right course.

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# WELLS URGES WORLD CONTROL OF TRADE AND INDUSTRY

By H. G. WELLS.  
Author of "Outlines of History."  
Special Cable to The Omaha Bee.  
London, Dec. 29.—Some times words for quite unaccountable reasons get down on their luck. They lose caste, they drop in society, nobody will be seen about with them.

A word for which I have the greatest sympathy is "cosmopolitan." I want to see it restored to a respectable use. But for more than half of the English speaking people who hear it, I suppose, it carries with it the quality of a shady, illicit individual with a bad complexion, a falsified passport and a police record.

This creature, to be typical, should be mixed up with the drug traffic and a danger to the inexperienced and honest everywhere; Monte Carlo is

the idea of heaven for such a cosmopolitan and Ellis Island the corresponding hell. "Internationalist" would be a better word for a man or woman who passed between countries and belongs to none. But I do not see why we should punish a word because it has been stupidly misapplied.

**"City of the World."**

For what is Cosmopolis but the city of the world, and what can a cosmopolitan be but a good citizen wherever he goes? That is what I want to be and not "international," which seems to me an altogether horrible adjective. It means, I take it, in between nations—in between the substantial things of life.

The only truly international thing is the ocean outside territorial waters.

Trying to be international is like trying to walk about on the cracks between the boards instead of walking on the floor. I cannot understand why we take this dismal adjective nowadays on all our attempts to get human brotherhood put upon a broader basis than parochial or national feeling. I am an Englishman and a cosmopolitan, a good Englishman and I hope a good cosmopolitan.

My emotional equipment as a faithful son of England is not complete, and complete London is mine, as no other city can ever be; has seen it grow and change and become ever more wonderful and beautiful and dear to me since first I came up to it half a century ago.

**Other Cities Charm.**

But Paris also, open and elegant,

with a delicate excitement in its air; New York, the towering and beautiful; many a south German town; Venice; Rome; frosty and sullen Petrograd; have charmed me, and I want to share in their happiness and welfare. Cosmopolis is all these cities and a thousand others and I want to be free of them all.

But the world is full of stupid people who will not let me be free of Cosmopolis. They make my England almost a jail for me by inventing a thousand inconveniences if I want to go out of it.

There are passport offices and tariff offices stuck across every path of travel and desire; there are differences in coinage and a multitude of petty restrictions to exasperate every attempt I make at holiday in my

Europe. The streets of Cosmopolis are up and barricaded. I want to break down these barricades.

**Uniform Coinage.**

There is not a reasonable and honest man in the world who does not desire a uniform coinage about the earth. Only the greedy, cunning exchange speculator wants either varied coinages or a variety of stamps in this world.

If the league of nations at Geneva wasn't the most dismal sham on earth it would run the posts of Europe and have a mint of its own. Whenever one goes in Europe one is loaded up with foreign money that ceases to be current after a day's journey. And every silly little scrap of Europe is pretending to be a separate economic system. Every hundred miles or so

in Europe there is a fresh tariff barrier.

Everybody except a few monopolists and officials, loses by tariffs. They are devices for gaining a little for some particular section of mankind at the cost of an infinitely greater loss to Cosmopolis. Mean and narrow in conception, they are abominable in action.

It is an intolerable nuisance to be searched for tobacco and matches by some sedulous waiter of garlic before one may enter France from England, and to have one's portmanteau locks broken and one or two minor possessions stolen whenever one goes into Italy.

The quays of New York, again after the arrival of a liner are a grossly indecent spectacle. Much as

I like New York, I never miss a thrill of intense anger when the large hand of the custom officer routs among my underclothes.

And these are only minor inconveniences of not living in Cosmopolis, they are just the superficial indications that the world one moves in is a thin crust hanging insecurely above the abyss of war. I do not believe any mere internationalism, any leagues separate and the customs houses on the frontiers and the passport officials busy at their little wickets with their nasty rubber stamps, can ever open the way to world peace. I am for world control of production and of trade and transport, for a world coinage, and the confederation of mankind.

I am for the super-state and not for any league. Cosmopolis is my city and I shall die cut off from it. When I die I shall have lived only a part of my possible life, a sort of life in a corner.

And this is true of nearly all the rest of mankind. The world is a patchwork of various sized international camps called independent. The other leads to bloodshed, desolation and infinite ruin. America and Britain together can shepherd the world along the right course.

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# FORD'S BOOST FOR COOLIDGE HAD ANTI-McADOO MOTIVE

By MARK SULLIVAN.  
Washington, Dec. 29.—Henry Ford's announcement that Coolidge is all right was universally interpreted as meant to help Coolidge no less for the nomination than for the subsequent election. Undoubtedly, also, Ford thinks highly of Coolidge.

In addition, there is some evidence that Ford at heart has leanings to the republican party which are bred in the bone by the nature of his background and surroundings as a boy.

And yet it is doubtful if Ford's announcement was deliberately planned or definitely intended to have political weight. All the circumstances show that Ford's interview was unpremeditated. Ford is an impulsive person. He says what comes into his head. It is an odd fact that the man who has done more than any other one to bring the quality of set standardization to American business is in his own mental processes a man of moods, impulsive, almost whimsical, a man of instantly spontaneous utterance of whatever comes into his mind.

**Anti-McAdoo.**

When Ford said he is in favor of Coolidge he didn't say anything about McAdoo. But it would not be surprising if he was moved by a wish to prevent McAdoo from being president. If one were to look on this as a carefully prepared move one would feel that Ford has surveyed the political

situation; that he had come to the conclusion the two candidates will be Coolidge and McAdoo; that he realized that the effort on his part to get a nomination from either old party, and especially any third party candidacy on his part, would tend to help McAdoo as against Coolidge; and that he made up his mind to avoid doing anything that would tend to lift McAdoo toward the White House.

Ford doesn't approve McAdoo. This is clearly proved by a correspondence that passed by a kind of oblique indirection between Ford and McAdoo last summer. The correspondence, as regards part of it, had only a restricted publication.

**Ford Bitter Against Him.**

One day last July Ford gave an interview to The Christian Science Monitor, in which he said:

"When the government took over the railroads McAdoo told me something of the railroad situation and asked me to tell him what I could do about getting the engines and cars repaired and in running order. I and my men had worked out a little plan for showing the locomotives along and getting them in running order as quickly as possible. Mr. McAdoo said he intended of the plan and to bring them to Washington. I set my men to work and we brought the plan back the next week. But McAdoo would not see me. The exploiters had got him in the mean time. They called him off. They didn't want efficiency."

**ADVERTISEMENTS.**

There may be a thousand reasons why McAdoo should not be president. Multitudes of thoughtful persons disagree with him. Many who like McAdoo personally for his dash, his gallantry, his heading rush, his into nearly every situation that comes up are more than a little dismayed when they think of a president of the United States having the same qualities. But for Ford to say that McAdoo could be "called off" by the "exploiters" of the railroads is just plain slander.

**"Exploiters" Are Enemies.**

The persons and the interests whom Ford has in mind when he says "exploiters" are among precisely the persons who most detest McAdoo who are most alarmed to think of him as president and who are working hardest to prevent his becoming president. McAdoo is not corrupt and he is not incorruptible. Set that down in the clearest words.

Nobody has ever "called him off" anything. He has never put himself in a position such that anybody could "call him off."

However, to let the principals tell the story in their own words. About a month later McAdoo said:

"There is not a word of truth in the Ford statement. It is pure imagination. I telegraphed Ford July 26, asking him to tell me the time when and the place where he claims he talked to me about repairing engines and cars. But I cannot get a word out of him."

The telegram McAdoo sent to Ford read as follows:

"Los Angeles, Cal., July 26, 1923.—Henry Ford, You are quoted etc. Will you kindly telegraph me immediately, my expense, if you

are correctly quoted in alleged interview. Among other things, you are quoted as saying: 'When the government took over the railroads and put me, Mr. McAdoo at the head of them I happened to be in Washington. Mr. McAdoo asked me to tell him what I would do about getting the engines and cars repaired and in running order, etc.' If you are correctly reported I shall appreciate it if you will give me the date, when and place where you say you talked with me about this matter. W. G. McADOO."

In answer Ford's secretary wrote McAdoo as follows:

"July 29, 1923.—Mr. W. G. McAdoo, Los Angeles, Cal.: Dear Mr. McAdoo.—Answering your telegram of July 26: During the war, on one of Mr. Ford's trips to Washington, he had a talk with you over the phone concerning the railroads of the United States. It was just about the time you were appointed director general. Mr. Ford requested you to send him a letter which would enable him to gain admission to some of the railroad shops. This letter was later sent by you and used by Mr. Ford. It was his intention to make certain constructive suggestions to you which, if understood, were at your solicitation, and several weeks later the writer called you on the phone, at which time Mr. Ford spoke to you, stating he was sending me to Washington to confer with you and that a number of these constructive suggestions would be discussed with you by the writer."

At our arrival at Washington I called on an official in the Treasury department and was informed you were at the interstate commerce commission. I later called at the interstate commerce commission and explained

my mission to the secretary, who informed me you were not in the building. After waiting around for several hours the writer finally reached the conclusion you either did not care to see me or Mr. Ford's cooperation was not desired, and I reported to Mr. Ford by phone that evening.

"It is quite possible that you may recall these circumstances, and it is likewise probable you may not have been the person to whom Mr. Ford spoke over the phone. If so, it indicates the kind and class of people who surrounded you."

Very truly yours,

"E. G. LIEBOLD,  
General Secretary to Henry Ford."

**Ford Impudent.**

That letter tells its own story. How far it recedes from the statements made originally by Ford in his interview will be clear to the reader. However, Ford's faults are the sort that make men "love him still." They are so plainly the faults of mere lack of information, lack of education, of spontaneous speaking of his mind, of breaking into speech when under the influence of strong feeling, of disregard of conventional restraints, of violent prejudice. And the world tends to admire and have affection for a man of naturalness and spontaneity, who is so transparent to compare his prejudices and too essentially honest to try to. Also, the world knows that Ford in his erratic, reckless way, is nevertheless saying some things that many other people think but refrain from saying because of an excess of prudence, which latter quality in a many even be for some occasions less useful than Ford's palpable impudence.

**Ideas in Common.**

Ford doesn't like McAdoo and doesn't

want to see him in the White House. And yet, curiously enough, one of the main purposes each has in wanting power is the same with both men. Ford thinks the railroads are badly managed and badly operated, and financed more in the interest of the financiers than in the interest of the stockholders or the public. And Ford, thinking this, would like to try his own hand at running the railroad show. McAdoo also thinks the railroads are badly managed and badly operated and financed in the interest of the financiers rather than the stockholders or the public. McAdoo thinks this, and probably the principal motive inspiring him to try to be president is the wish to do something about the railroads.

And yet, although both men have the same issue and same purpose, each apparently distrusts the other's capacity to achieve that purpose in the best way. Certainly Ford distrusts McAdoo, and one can readily infer that McAdoo distrusts Ford.

**Why Coolidge Boost?**

Washington speculated a good deal on why Ford did it, and why he did it just this time. The reasons as given in current gossip here include the following:

That Ford is Ford—he says what he feels like saying at the time he feels like it, and doesn't give much thought to time, place or consequence.

That Ford has come to feel that Coolidge has both the wish to give Ford a square deal about Muscle Shoals—and the sort of will power that carries wishes into deeds. Most of us here in Washington have felt that Ford hasn't quite had a square deal about Muscle Shoals. We didn't know much about it except that Ford

had made an offer, and that no one else duplicated it.

Apparently Ford has come to think that Coolidge means to deal with the Muscle Shoals offer exclusively on its merits.

That Ford has come to think highly of Hoover, and because Hoover is in Coolidge's cabinet, has come to think highly of Coolidge. Some of those who talk to Ford report him as speaking favorably of Hoover lately. Hoover, being an engineer and more or less a student and expert in the field of standardized manufacturing, talks Ford's language.

**Does Not Want Presidency.**

But probably the biggest reason is that Ford does not want, and never has really wanted, the presidency. For three or four months people who have talked with Ford report him as being absorbed in his various industrial enterprises. He has been introducing a new method of assembling the parts of his factory and hopes to be able to produce his automobile still more economically. He is greatly interested in some water power and other industrial developments in various parts of the country; and his mind is full of Muscle Shoals. Ford has the type of mind that becomes completely obsessed by whatever it is occupied with, and he has been so much interested in these things that he hasn't paid as much attention to the zealous persons who have been putting him forward for the presidency as the public was led to suppose by the loquaciousness of the boomers.

**Coolidge Helped.**

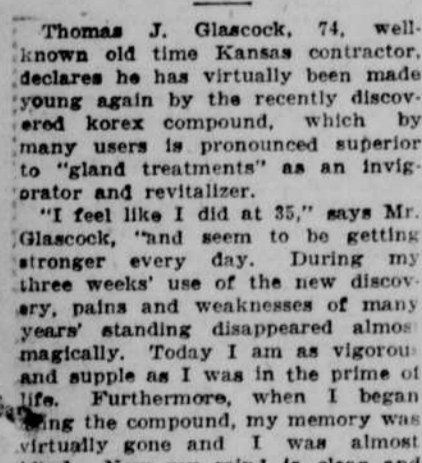
Unquestionably Coolidge was greatly helped by what Ford did. All the reports coming to Washington from the west show that, Ford's endorse-

ment is received as a guaranty by all the radicals and progressives in the west that Coolidge is, in Ford's phrase, "all right."

In proportion as Coolidge was helped McAdoo and Johnson were correspondingly harmed. Some of the adherents of these latter have been trying to find some comfort by saying that Johnson in the republican party and McAdoo in the democratic party will be the beneficiaries of those voters who would have been for Ford if Ford had been willing to run. There may be something in that, but it doesn't weigh greatly in comparison with the other effect of Ford's recent utterance—namely, the assurance his endorsement carries that Coolidge is as progressive a president as any reasonable person can want—correspondingly harmed. And that implication is inevitable, and it must necessarily have a powerful political effect favorable to Coolidge. As regards reputation for being a progressive, all Coolidge needs to do now is to live up to Ford's recommendation.

**Man 74 Years Old Is "Rejuvenated" In 3 Weeks Without Gland Operation**

Kansas Contractor Tells of Wonderful Results Obtained in Test of Recent Discovery.



Thomas J. Glascock, 74, well-known old time Kansas contractor, declares he has virtually been made young again by the recently discovered korex compound, which by many users is pronounced superior to "gland treatments" as an invigorator and revitalizer.

"I feel like I did at 35," says Mr. Glascock, "and seem to be getting stronger every day. During my three weeks' use of the new discovery, pains and weaknesses of many years' standing disappeared almost magically. Today I am as vigorous and supple as I was in the prime of life. Furthermore, when I began using the compound, my memory was virtually gone and I was almost blind. Now my mind is clear and active and I can read the finest print without difficulty."

In order to find out whether the results were lasting, Mr. Glascock waited six months before reporting on his test of the discovery. On this point he says:

"Every passing day strengthens my conviction that my restoration is not only complete, but permanent. I can't express the happiness this great discovery has brought to me. It has made me 'young' again."

Similar reports are being made all over the world. For instance, D. W. Wood of New Orleans, past 60 years of age, says: "The compound has brought me back to as good, healthy physical condition as I enjoyed at 35. I am apparently as supple as I was in my prime, and I feel better than 20 years ago. I would not take \$5,000 for what the discovery has done for me."

The compound is a simple home treatment in tablet form and is rated among the many who have used it as a speedy and powerful invigorator. Acting directly on the lower spinal nerve centers and blood vessels, it brings gratifying benefits in a few days, according to thousands who have tested it.

"It is wonderful," writes a resident of Hollister, Cal. "In less than 24 hours one can feel it does the work. It makes one feel young as a young man. I am more than happy to say I tried it." Another Californian says: "The compound is a world's wonder. I feel like I was about 25 and here I am nearly 75!"

The compound has been tested by a great many users of all parts of the country and has won the praises of thousands who suffered from nerve weakness, lessened or depleted vigor, neurasthenia, premature age, impaired glandular activity and lack of animation and vital force. Elderly people have pronounced the discovery a fountain of youth. Enthusiastic reports from users acclaim the compound as giving speedy satisfaction in obstinate cases that had defied all other treatments before tried by them.

Realizing that thousands of enfeebled, half-alive folk may consider such news "too good to be true," the American distributors have agreed to supply a regular size, full strength treatment of the korex compound discovery on a guaranteed trial basis to everyone who feels the need of such a preparation. If you wish to test the compound under a money-back guarantee, write to the Melton Laboratories, 1474 Melton Building, Kansas City, Mo. You may enclose two dollars, or simply send your name, without money, and pay two dollars and postage on delivery of the plain sealed package, as you prefer. In either case, however, if you report within ten days that you are not satisfied, the laboratories will refund the purchase price upon request. The laboratories are nationally known and thoroughly reliable, so nobody need hesitate about accepting their guaranteed offer. No customer's names are ever published without their permission.

**ABE MARTIN On How to Buy a Christmas Necktie**



hankerin' fer. It allus spoils Christmas 'till 'gitt somethin' that don't fit, somethin' that's got 't be chopped off or exchanged, or somethin' that destroys our confidence in some dear one's taste or judgment. We shouldn't 'jest 'try 't show that we mean well, but we should 'try 't give somethin' both appropriate an' acceptable at Christmas time. Fer instance, there's neckties 't suit everybody, even neckties that fit in an' harmonize with an Adam's apple, an' 'yit 't Christmas necktie has caused more anguish an' sufferin' an' ridicule than all other gifts put together. More in difference, poor taste, carelessness an' general disregard kin be reflected in the gift of a necktie than in any other article o' merchandise, not exceptin' socks. If we wish 't give a necktie 't somebody we should go int' a reputable haberdashery an' ask, 'I want 't buy a necktie fer a man with

black eyes, gray hair, tall an' reticent, an' 'den he's 't in 't necktie. Don't 'jest buy a necktie like you'd buy a broom or a hatchet. There's too much hit or miss Christmas givin'." A gift may show that someone wish thinkin' of us, but too often it shows that someone don't know very much about us. The first of April 'treat a minute into your 't begin 't cast about fer a Christmas present fer someone very real care fer. But Christmas is a grand ole institution even if we do git too many fountain pens or corset covers. It straws everybody up an' sets 'em 't talkin' stock o' their friends an' 'em 't puttin' up forgotten relatives, an' 't's th' one big festival o' th' year, when little children come int' their own, th' th' one big anniversary o' th' whole year that knocks us loose an' thaws us out an' makes us think of others.

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