WHERE THEFT IS A FINE ART

World's Light-Fingered Gentry Beaten by Mexico's Wily Ratero.

MERE MATTER OF GETTING A LIVING

A Recognized Institution of the Republic, but Hard to Catch in the Act-Sucaks and Burglars Out of a Job.

There are no burgiars in Mexico, and for the public street afford the adroit ratero such easy opportunities for appropriating other people's property that it really is not worth his while to bother with night raids or to take the risk of forcing an entrance

Other countries other customs. ratero is an institution in Mexico, and, like the rest of the Mexican institutions, he is indigenous to the soil. The sneak thief in other countries is a waste product of civilization's human mill; the burgiar is a poison separated somewhere in the process of milling. The ratero is nothing of the sort. He is just as legitimate a product, just as much a part of the regular output as any other member of society. He is without shame or reproach in his calling and is quite at peace with mankind.

Thieving with him is no more matter of getting a living; it is a profession, and he knows in it only the joy of being a good thief when he is skillful, and the sorrow of being a bad one when he is clumsy. Never, posure. That situation appeals to the ratero simply as calling for facile lying with all the powers of a trained tongue, face and bearing. It is all in the game

There is a pleasing diversity in the methods of these light-fingered gentry, ranging from the audacity of a moment's impulse to the most elaborately plotted trap. Bold specimens attack a victim suddenly and rely upon the surprises for an escape. A diamond snatched from his scarf before his feet have fairly touched the ground, and by the time he has caught his breath the thief is lost in a crowd. A woman stops to gaze into a shop window in busy Francisco street in the capital city, and her righly embroidered cloak is jerked from her shoulders and the nimble-footed ratero disappears before a nearby gendarme gets the alarm.

Time for Business.

A crowd gathers in the streets to watch a horse fallen on the slippery asphalt pavements, or a procession on a flesta day, and respectably dressed people. Or it may be on a Sunday, when all the suburban trains | double what you'll get anywhere else. are crowded, and the little stations as well, that a long arm is thrust into the open window of a starting electric car and sev- It's all I have to cover me at night." eral hats gathered before anyone knows what has happened.

their prey. These are the ones who snnex here and stop taking up room and my nackethooks and watches so quietly that the loss is only gradually appreciated, and who teach women the folly of wearing dangling ornaments in the street. Often they are so elegantly dressed that no one could object to being elbowed by them, while the plausible situations they create attest their lively wits. Certainly they supply an ever fresh flow of stories, many of them too wildly impossible to be told of

any other country. Some years since a traveling fakir of the popular loud-mouthed type arrived in the rapital and set up his booth in the Plaza Mayor. The extraction of teeth without pain was the lure that drew a throng, and several successful performances made good the promise. His rather primitive method was to fire a pistol close to the patient's head at the moment of gripping the molar. The shock of the noise sufficed to distract the sufferer's attention, and on the whole there were few complaints.

A Double Touch.

At last a well dressed Mexican pushed his way through the crowd and, mouning over an aching tooth, seated himself in

"Which one?" asked the dentist briskly. The man hesitated a moment.

"The smallest on the left side," he finally

But the tooth appears perfectly sound, said the dentist, after a survey.

"But it has ached for three days, I tell you, and I want it out,"

"You'll pay in advance?" was the query. "Certainly. Will it take long?" The fakir, a dollar in his palm, smiled

reassuringly, and pulled out a handsome gold watch. "It will be over before the second hand can go half way around," he "All right," said the patient, resignedly

The dentist got a good grip on the tooth while the man lay back quietly in the chair. There was a loud crack of the pistol and the dentist held up a sound and bloody tooth.

"It was a mistake to part with that, senor, but did you feel anything?"

"No. did you?" "No," was the puzzled response

"Then we're even," said the Mexican, getting up and disappearing in the crowd. A few minutes later the dentist clapped his hand to his empty watch pocket in dismay. It was then that he appreciated the timely jest of his patient.

Done to a Turn.

A story almost too perfectly rounded to an amusing close is nevertheless vouched among the raconteurs of Mexico. It is said that a certain well known judge found himself at the opening of court one morning without his watch, which he remembered to have left under his pillow. His remark to that effect was overheard by a lolterer, and presently a messenger arrived at the judge's casa and asserted that the judge wanted the watch which had been left in the bed. Furthermore the judge had sent the fine turkey the man was carrying, and wished it cooked

for supper, as he had invited guests. Such plausible statements could not fail to win confidence. The watch was exchanged for the bird by the lady of the

> A cathartic of the highest merit.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills

Used for 70 years.

Roman Eye Balsam For Weak or Sore Eyes

war mate by all draggists.

house herself, and the messenger went on his way rejoicing.

nidday meal and the afternoon siceta, and with his first inquiry for his watch the trick was exposed. The judge, however, while ismenting the watch, appreciated the thief's ingenuity and pronounced him needlessly generous in the matter of the turkey. But since the ratero had made the suggestion, why not bring home some friends for supper after all?

The judge returned to court and the worthy senora saw that the turkey was the Mexican palates-cooked with a rich, dark chile sauce. It was done to a turn when a man came in breathless haste to may the scamp who stole the judge's watch a very simple reason. The daytime and had been apprehended and the watch recovered, but the judge needed the turkey sent as evidence in disposing of the case "But the turkey is already cooked," protested the distressed housewife, with no thought but for her supper.

"Si, senora; but the judge says to send it as it is and he'll send it back again

before it's cool." So the judge's wife sped the turkey on

its way, and within a few minutes her husband appeared with his friends. "I hope you didn't forget to cook that turkey, Matilde," he said, cheerfully. "I can almost forgive the rascal that's got my watch for the sake of mole de gua-

Sobs choked Matilde's mortified respons as she realized that she had twice been victimized, and the party supped frugally, though not without mirth on the part of the guests.

Shorn Lambs.

Convivial spirits who go staggering home even when he is caught in the act, will his sad misadventures, if they could be pereyes become shifty or face lose its com- suaded to open their lips. It was a shorn lamb indeed that a gendarme rescued not long age from a ratero who was playing carriage, had dropped into an obscure aroused him from his stupor with the respectful question whether he would rather have his supper or go to bed. Of course, the choice was for bed, and the man had afternoon, for the shadows of the palms just disrobed his temporary master and man descending from a street car has the was leaving him to shiver in his nakedness blinked his heavy eyes, and suddenly bewhen the gendarme arrived and took a hand.

> The methods of the ratero who enters your office to sell you something, or to offer his services, are quiet and seductive A merchant dealing in curios was attracted by a tiger skin serape draped over the shoulders of a stupid, low country indian passing along the street. He called him into his office, examined the skin and began to dicker for a trade.

"I'll give you \$5 for it." 'No, senor, I do not wish to sell."

"Well, the thing isn't worth that; too many tigers caught in traps for the skins the very hats are not safe on the heads of to be worth much anyway. However, it's a fine skin and I'll give you ten for it, just "Pues, no, senor, I do not want to sell. wouldn't take a hundred for this skin.

"Now, what do you tell me such a lie for. You know you can buy three serapes The more wily and considerate of the with the money. If you won't be decent calling avoid giving these rude shocks to and make a trade, why then get out of

The Typewriter Moved.

So the meek and obedient native set forth under the very eye and wrath of the proprietor. Nevertheless, as he went he swept up a fine, new typewriter from a table that lay athwart his path, covering the whole movement by a skillful readjusting swing of his tigerskin, and he emerged into the street with his prize folded to him under the all enveloping cloak.

He was never found. The "fences" of thieves are too numerous and too much on to the game for pursuit to be easy. The unfathomable serape, like charity, covers gracefully a multitude of sins which the haven of the pawnshop afterward forgives

It would not be fair to say that every common Mexican will thieve, but it is a good rule never to trust one with an opportunity. Many a servant will keep straight under watchful eyes and then, with confidence established and the way

clear, pilfer without compunction. An American woman, whose stock of household linen had been steadily dwindling, was driven at last to accuse a longtrusted chambermaid, with unpleasant results. Within an hour after the girl had left in a tempest of indignant tears a group of American neighbors gathered at the house, believing that the lady was desperately !!!, dying or-dead. It appeared that the outraged damsel had made the rounds of the neighborhood, getting money from one woman to fill a prescription for her suddenly stricken mistress, borrowing sheets from another for the dead, and articles of clothing for the burial-even enough white silk to make the shroud.

Plague of Peddlers.

But assuming that one's own servants are quite honest, there is the daily swarm of peddlers at the door to be reckoned with-a man with pottery, a girl with fresh flowers, a half naked Indian woman with a tray of vegetables. Those who come regu larly are somewhat to be trusted, but the casual vendor is apt to count quite as much upon what he can pick up as upon

what he sells. The cargador who brings home your packages may tuck several objects into his blouse while you turn your back to get a bit of change for his propina. A man in the street may watch the French window open in your bedroom for an hour, until you chance to leave the room for a moment, then a leap into the low balcony may secure him your entire set of toilet silver before you return. Even bars at the window do not wholly protect one's belongings, for the ratero, provided with a little cane, can generally hook something

But in spite of all that can truthfully be said of the ratero and his confreres Mexico City is by no means a nest of It is the carcless and the easily duped who suffer, and there are many Americans long resident there who have never missed more than the few articles of clothing a washerwoman might choose

Meantime, the vigilance of the police ta oing much to make the paths of dishonesty less easy to trend. Mexican in the street carrying something that does not obviously belong to him is table to be stopped by a gendarme, and if he cannot satisfactorily account for his ossession of the article, he is marched to the comiseria, or station house, until the matter can be investigated. For this reason it is customary to provide a cargador with a card explaining how he came by what he carries, which card must be signed

upon delivery of his package. It is possible that after all the ratero will have to turn burglar in time, though his cowardly temperament and the well guarded Mexican casas are against it.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

is a medicine of great worth and merit. Try it when you have a cough or cold and you are certain to be pleased with the quick relief which it affords. It is pleasant to take and can always be depended upon.

Shipbuilding Case Ends.

NEWARK, N. J., Feb. a.-The United States Ship Building company's case came up before Judge Kirkpatrick today, when orders shich are considered practically to settle the controversy were drawn up, acced on, embodied in a decree and signed to the court.

By Consular Process

The consul at Antiguia was not particplarty enthusiastic over his post. It was financial reasons, rather than inclination, that kept him there. Indeed, had the financial part of the equation been less imperaprepared in the manner so acceptable to live he would have packed up his few belongings, said goodby to Potiphar-the sole person on the coast, by the way, to whom he would have cared to say goodby-and

> From a purely consular standpoint, Anligula was not an exciting post. From the standpoint of nature, it was quite the reverse. In the years he had dwelt in the tumbledown, worm-eaten shack which two earthquakes, a volcanic eruption, several epidemics of yellow fever, and hurricanes so numerous that he had long since lost count of them. If he had grown somewhat skeptical of Antigula as a place of abode, it must be admitted that he had

embarked in one of the fruit steamers for

some reason on his side. But on that particular afternoon Antigula was displaying her best side. Potia black eigar between his teeth, the consul lolled on the verands, enjoying the cool, sweet breeze that came in from the water The paim trees rhythmically swayed their tufted heads to and fro; the blue sky was ter. flecked with fleecy white clouds; the bluer in the wee sma' hours might recount some water of the bay sparkled fridescently in the sun and tinkled pleasantly on the pebbly beach.

The consul, with his feet elevated to the veranda rall, succumbed to all the soothing valet. The man, too overcome to call a influences about him and nodded somnolently, Occasionally he roused himself to doorway under the impression that he had puff the black clgar; but the intervals bereached home. Then came the ratero who tween his puffings grew longer and longer, until the spark on the cigar had died to crisp white ash. The consul slept.

When he opened his eyes it was late were stretching out toward the water. He came conscious of being watched. He turned. In a chair drawn close beside him was a man-such a figure of a man! The face-evidently young-had long stranger to a razor; the hair was long and matted; a torn felt hat perched fauntily on one side of the head; for clothes there was a soiled shirt and faded, tattered trousers; and the feet were encased in the remnants of a pair of canvas shoes. This was the sorriest spectmen of beach-comber he had ever encountered, thought the consul drowsily as he rubbed his eyes.

When he rubbed his eyes he fully ex pected the fantastic apparition to disappear, but when he looked again it was still there. So he straightened himself in his chair and said: "Hello!"

"How do you do?" said the man. The consul sat up.

"Where in thunder did you come from?" he said. "I didn't know there was an English-speaking white man nearer than the plantation-that is, not one that would want to come here to the consulate," he ing" amended.

The man grinned his appreciation of the consul's last clause. "Oh, I guess I'm on the beach, all right,"

he said easily. The consul looked him over again, and found no cause to dispute this statement. "Well!" he said in a tone which clearly

implied that if the other had any business with him he had better come to it at once. times through the tangles mat of hair. His brows were drawn into a perplexed frown. Finally, he leaned toward the consul, coughed and said: "My name is Robert Brant."

"Ah! That is important," said the consul

"Yours is Grayson, I believe," the man pursued.

The consul nodded indolently. "I believe, Mr. Grayson," the man went

things for American citizens sojourning in this country-find 'em for the parties who have lost 'em, don't you?" "H'm," said the consul, "that duty isn't

specified in the regulations. However, when such cases present themselves we do our poor best in the matter."

willing to help me find something I've lessness. lost?" "What have you lost?" said the consul,

eyeing him keenly. Brant leaned forward still further in the serutiny unflinchingly.

"My manhood," he said, not without ef-For a moment the consul thought the man was stark mad, but the steady eyes,

the absence of all nervous symptoms, quashed this suspicion immediately. "I suppose you haven't the least idea where you mislaid it," said Grayson fron-

ically The man smiled. It was an illuminating smile. It transformed the unkempt features. The consul, much against his discretion, was aware of a sneaking liking for

this derelict. wasn't always like this, you know,' said Brant, with his eyes fixed on one of bravely the bursting shoes. "I came down here an engineer. The mines brought me. It would be too long and too tedious to tell how I went down the scale. My appearance represents quite thoroughly my present condition. This country plays a man some pretty seurvy tricks, doesn't it?" He raised his eyes to the consul's and

smiled again. "I didn't mean to be making excuses for myself," he said, apologetically, "That's all right," said the consul, gen

erously. "Fire away!" "When I came down here from the said Brant, very slowly, "I left. states." a girl back there. The thought of a girl like her ought to keep a man straight anywhere. I came down here to make my pile and marry her. At first everything went smoothly. I wrote her encouraging letters-truthful letters they were, too. Then matters began to grow rather com-

(Copyright, 1904, by Richard B. Shelton.) | plex for me. The country was getting its hold on me." He paused. The consul nodded compre-

hendingly. "Still I wrote encouraging letters," Brant went on. "Things would straighten themselves out, I told myself. But they didn't. I began to go down bill. I didn't realize how thoroughly I had lost my grip, and I went right on sending letters to her, telling her how well I was getting on; until

at last I was on the beach." Brant paused again. The strain of this narration was beginning to tell on him. He wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead with a grimy bandana.

"I sent the last of those letters three months ago," he said, earnestly, "Man alive! I sat on the beach, penniless, an served as consulate, he had passed through outcast beach-comber, and I wrote her how tremendously well I was getting along and that as soon as I could find a min ute's leisure I would come back to her Even then I didn't realize it fully. I thought I could pull back to respectability again.

consul grimly. "Optimism is a chronic disease in this phar's dinner had been excellent, and with God-forsaken country," said Brant. "You drift straight into hell, dreaming great dreams and hoping great hopes."

"You certainly were optimistic," said the

He thrust his hand into the pocket of his ragged trousers and drew out a let-"This," he said, "came by the last fruit steamer-the one that goes on further south. It's from her. She says that as

-to come to her, she is coming down here to marry me. She is coming on the Southern Cross, due here tomorrow." "You've written her not to come, of

I can't leave my work-imagine my work

course," said the consul, with assurance, Brant smiled wearily. "You forget the steamer this letter came

on two months ago doesn't stop on its way north. There is no mail north until the 'Southern Cross' goes back. She is coming tomorrow."

"Good Lord!" said the consul, excitedly, as the truth of the matter dawned upon

"Now." said Brant, with more determin ation than the consul dreamed he could muster, "I want your help. First, I want you to lend me a razor and some clothes, if you will. I'll meet her tomorrow in fairly respectable guise; but I don't dare trust myself after I see her. I want to bring her here to the consulate, and I want you to tell her-here, before me-what manner of man I am."

He opened the soiled shirt, and from the

nside unpinned a few bills. "I made this working with the niggers on one of the plantations. It's the passage money back. I want you to send her back to the States, will you?"

The consul was lost in thought for some time. The other waited patiently. "See here," said the consul at length "I stand in pretty well with Toro and his cabinet. I think I can get you a place on the railroad the government is build-

Brant held out a deprecating hand. "Rum and the coast have played a merry game with me," he said meaningly. You'd better send her back first. Then I'd like

to try again. The consul suddenly seized Brant's hand. "I'll do my best for you," he promised.

Antiguia behaved herself the following day. At sunset Brant and the consul stood Whatever the business that had brought on the beach, watching the great hulk of him thither, the man was evidently at a the "Southern Cross" glide to her moorings loss how to begin. He removed the disreputable hat, and ran his hand thought- out sharply against a sky of red and gold, and far to the east dim little stars were beginning to peep out of the pale blue

Both men stood silently on the shore; Brant calm and straight, his eyes on the unruffled bay; the consul, with one hand holding his hat, the other nervously pulling

Presently the gig was lowered from the steamer's side with much screaming of the davit-blocks. Without a word the consul

on, "that as consul here you look up lost | walked back to his little shack and entered the room that served him as office. Some moments later he heard the tread of footsteps on the veranda and a girl's light laughter. The consul rose and in-

voluntarily squared his shoulders. Brant entered, and with him was a darkeyed, laughing girl. The consul experi-"I see," said Brant. "Er-would you be enced a sudden overwhelming sense of help-

He was vaguely aware that Brant was speaking words of introduction; vaguely aware that he had taken a soft little hand in his own, and that he was looking into a chair. His dark eyes returned the consul's pair of happy, unclouded eyes. Then there was strained silence until Brant coughed pervously. The consul cleared his throat,

reddened to the roots of his hair, and "Miss Kent. I want to say a few words to you about Mr. Brant and-and-er-this coast. I fear you have been deceived, or at least that matters have been more or less overdrawn to you."

The girl's eyer graw wide with a troubled, mestioning look. Grayson set his teeth. "He has deceived you brutally," the consul blurted out. "You must go back to the States." "I don't understand you. We are to be

married here. I shall stay," said the girl, "I tell you he has deceived you," said the onsul, savagely. "You must go back."

The big eyes grew frightened. Her lip quivered. Then she caught one of Brant's hands in both her own. "Robert," she cried, "what does it mean?

with you. He doesn't speak the truth."
The consul felt himself weakening. He devoutly wished the earth might open and swallow him. "If it's the vellow fever and the earthmakes. Robert-they told me about them

No matter what has happened I shall stay

on the boat-I'm not afraid of them. Let me stay." she pleaded. Then the consul hedged miserably "I see our little ruse has failed, Mr. Brant," he said, pleasantly. "I think despite the fever and the earthquakes you had better let her stay. If you'll pardon

me. I'll take the diligence over to the plantations and fetch the Engitsh parson." There is no account of the wedding in the

van floutens For Breakfast, Luncheon, or Supper. the Unequalled Beverage. Best & Goes Farthest

there any record of the refustafement of one, Robert Brant, American citizen ami erstwhile beachcomber. But then, consular reports are limited affairs.

SENDING COALS TO NEWCASTLE

Philadelphia-Made Macaroni Piping Its Way Into the Markets of the World.

It will be a severe stab to the pride of Italy to learn that Americans are now manufacturing macaroni, and are actually sending some abroad. Factories for the making of macaroni are running in Phila- the year, or month or week. It must be a roni, it is manufactured from the same delphia and the owners are steadily encroaching on the business of the importers until it seems only a question of time when the macaroni used in this country will be made entirely of American wheat, in American factories, by American work-men. It is all a question of wheat. At one and will burst in the boiling. A visit New York Tribune. time It was thought impossible to make to a macaroni factory is of interest as disgood macaroni from any wheat other than that grown at Odessa and Tagarog, but now Italy and Genoa have to share the factory proper is reached are hung from fatal discusses, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve profits of the business with the macaroni floors to ceilings with festoons of the positively cures or no pay. So. For sale makers of Marseilles in France. With macaroni, drying. It is everywhere, strung by Kuhn & Co. America cutting into the race for wealth by the macaroni route the national industry of Italy will be still further encroached placed, stretched in doorways so that it has

The process of manufacturing macaroni in the Quaker City is the same as that out to dry on the roof and in the yard Europe. Only the hard wheat, which for want of room elsewhere entains a larger percentage of gluten, is ised. The wheat is first ground into a coarse meal, from which the bran is removed. during the grinding to keep the tempera- placed, a big stone coming down on this ture of the room at the right point, both and flattening it to the desired consistency,

comular reports from Antiguia; nor is heat and humidity being employed to in-, when it is cut into strips like piecrust, substance formed by the grinding process, it again until the proper elasticity is pro-

vermicall is forced through gauges, with torn, plungers coming down on it during rolled out in very thin sheets, from which it reaches its final stage, ready for the stars, rings, etc. There is little difference this shape is bung up. If it is good macabetween macaroni and the fine, threadlike roul it will not break while drying, but vermicelli and the infinite variety of our will hang in the hairpin form suspended tions and elegant little forms which, under by the best part until it is dry. the name of Italian pastes, are used for All varieties of macaroni are made in

made will not bind properly. Good misca-When boiled it swells with an even swell closing an industry entirely novel to American eyes. The rooms through which the over parallel poles, hanging from every place on the wall where a peg can be to be brushed aside to allow the visitor to pass through and frequently strung

The process of its manufacture is worth watching. In a huge bowl in the center of the roof, a bowl large enough for half a Great care has to be exercised dozen men to coil up in, the dough is

sure the result being satisfactory. The doubled over, and the big stone crushes called semaia, is then worked up into a duced. Then it is turned into the gauges dough with water, and for macaroni and and forced through the boles in the botwithout mandrils, as in wire and pipe the process, and so giving it the hollow rawing; or, if pastes are required, it is form familiar to lovers of the delicacy. are stamped out the various forms of drying, in the form of a hairpin, and in

the same way, and, whether it is sold as Macaroni cannot be made every day in vermicelli, spaghetti or just plain macadry day or the substance from which it is wheat, deprived of its starchiness and allowed to retain only its glutinous proproul breaks with a brittle sound like glass, erries. In this form it has been called "one of the seven delicacies of the world," and does not come apart. The inferior and, in the estimation of the Italians at

You Risk Your Life.

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MARDI-GRAS: New Orlean, La. Omaha to **New Orleans** AND BACK. February 9th-14th Long Limit and Liberal Stopovers en Route Allowed. For further information and copy of Madri Gras Booklet call at Illinois Central City Ticket Office, No. 1402 Farnam St., Omaha, or write, W. H. BRILL, District Passenger Agent.

Another Week Hidden City OF

PHERE are the names of a number of towns and cities both in the eastern and western hemispheres in the Want Ads in The Bee. Prizes will be awarded to the persons making the largest and most correct list according to the following conditions.

Contest...

Read the Conditions carefully.

THE

.. CONDITIONS..

top-cut out the ad-paste it on sheet-underline the name of the town or city, and underneath the ad write the name of the state or country in which it is located. If the name of the town or city appears more than once it is only necessary to put it down once. Do this for one week, beginning Monday, February 8th, and ending Sunday, February 14th. Do not mail your answer until your list is complete, including the names that appear in the want ads in the issue of Sunday, February 14th, otherwise your answer won't be counted. If you use more than one sheet, write your name and address at the top of each sheet, mark the number of towns or cities found and underlined at the top of each sheet. The first prize will be given to the person making the largest most correct list-the second to the next largest, and so on. In case of a "tle" the person sending in answer first as shown by postmark on the envelope will be given preference. All answers must be sent by mail, and no answer will be con-

sidered which is mailed later than Monday, February 15th.

No one connected with The Bee Publishing Co., will be allowed

..List of Prizes .. 4th-CASH ... 4th—CASH...
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Address All Replies "Want .. d" Department

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