

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR

Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Daily Bee (without Sunday), one year, \$4.00; Daily Bee and Sunday, one year, \$5.00.

DELIVERED BY CARRIER: Daily Bee (including Sunday), per week, 15c.

OFFICES: Omaha—The Bee Building, South Omaha—Twenty-fourth and N. Council Bluffs—15 Scott Street.

REMITTANCES: Remit by draft, express or postal order payable to The Bee Publishing Company.

STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION: State of Nebraska, Douglas County, ss. I, George B. Trachsel, treasurer of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, say that the actual number of full and complete copies of the Daily Morning, Evening and Sunday Bee printed during the month of September, 1909, was as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Copies, Paid, Total. Rows include Daily Bee, Sunday Bee, and Total for various months.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

Will Ig Dunn take it back and apologize? Will a duck swim?

Minister Wu is finding those Washington spirits a linguistic lot.

The polite, but firm, hand of Mr. Knox still holds that door ajar.

There'll be a frying of fat if those Cook Esquimaux reach New York in the summer.

The florist who named his new rose Peary has rechristened it Cook. "By any other name."

Why should it embarrass those opera stars that they landed in New York short on costumes?

When Mrs. Mackay argues about a community of interest between the sexes she talks like a trout.

News that the nation's steel works are swamped with orders will help swell the wave of prosperity.

In devising \$400,000 to public charities, the widow of Nelson Morris has left a praiseworthy memorial.

Mr. Taft preserved his "solidarity" with Mr. Knox by losing no time in accepting the Crane resignation.

Nobody has ever questioned the loyalty of D. D. Thompson to the republican party.

Oh, we don't know about that.

A member of the Jesse James band has married an actress. He could not stand his retirement from the melodrama.

Croakers view with fresh dismay the official reports showing the dirt flying faster each month at the Panama canal.

If Kansas does not soon settle its prolonged litigation over the cream rate case, it will have been churned into butter.

Too bad Mrs. Caudle isn't alive to enjoy the news that certains will be cheaper when the new tariff gets down to business.

Texas ranchers will try to introduce their famous Angora goat to the president. There always has to be a "butt-in" around.

Mark Twain cannot trust himself to speak for his opinions of Leopold and the Congo. He might trespass on Cannon's vocabulary.

Mr. Taft refers to the Oklahoma constitution as a "botanical garden of cranks." Now there'll be growth from Guthrie and way stations.

The English authoress who rails because in her opinion "marriage is only a trade" leaves her readers to guess who gets the better of the bargain.

The "possum was bound to come into his own after the boom the presidential enterprises gave him, and now his fur is the feminine fad of the day.

It was not very nice of the Barrie correspondent to make a book out of the affair. It was had enough to be a household rival without becoming a literary one as well.

Is this Ig Dunn now cited for contempt of the supreme court the same Ig Dunn who refused to testify in a gambling case on the ground that he might incriminate himself?

The Execution of Ferrer.

Alfonso's summary execution of Prof. Ferrer in the face of protests from various European centers, which included warnings of his own personal doom, shows again the ready fearlessness of the Spanish monarch in handling a desperate situation.

Inasmuch as the sentiment aroused abroad was that of the liberal element, the first natural conclusion would be that America would share in the hostility to the idea of executing Ferrer.

It was not until after he had been in the Lincoln Star which contains the five-page advertisement of the corporation tax delinquents, which the democratic governor assigned to it as his share of the publication pie, comes out for all three of the democratic nominees for supreme judge.

This is mighty quick delivery. Indeed, if circumstantial evidence were conclusive the natural inference would be that the two were cause and effect, although it might be difficult to say which were cause and which effect.

Japan and the Pacific.

While the visit of the Japanese financiers, headed by Baron Shibusawa, is ostensibly to cultivate commerce between Japan and the United States, that is an open warning which the baron is reported to have uttered in New York, that with the development of Manchuria the United States could look for lively competition with Japan in the wheat and flour trade.

The baron is almost as outspoken as was Mr. Crane, but not being an official representative of his country he is not trammelled by considerations of diplomacy when he discusses the possibilities of trade rivalry on the Pacific.

From one of Japan's experiences he thinks the United States may learn a lesson, and that is in the matter of ship subsidies. His comment that while there is criticism among his people because of the detail of the subsidy system there is none against its results is supplemented by his own opinion that ship subsidies are the one factor in the commercial development of Japan.

People inland in the United States, however, will not accept the baron's philosophy without a question. Ocean commerce was vital to Japan; her limited area and her isolation as an island empire compelled her to go to extreme measures to strengthen her position in the world's affairs and to establish close and direct channels of trade.

Japan had to get out to the world, whereas the world had to come to America, and still has to come here for the necessities of life. When Japan realized her

needs she did not hesitate on either subsidy or war; she had everything to gain, and if she lost was little the worse for her enterprise.

Infantile Paralysis.

In many of the states a definite investigation of that new terror of the household, infantile paralysis, is in progress, and the medical profession hopes soon to be able to combat a disease which, though not a new disorder, has only within the last two years become a general menace to the babies of the land.

One of the most promising reports comes from Minnesota, where the state convention of physicians has received word that a Norwegian investigator had discovered the poliomylitis germ. Location of the cause of the disease is the first step toward evolving a cure, and if the report from Norway proves correct it will be one of the best things that every came out of the north.

Neither freewar nor freeworks will be permitted while the two presidents are at Ciudad Juarez. This, however, will not interfere with the flow of dry wit nor the display of oratorical pyrotechnics.

Hungarian aristocracy is shocked because Gladys Vanderbilt, Countess Szechenyi, has bought a sawmill. The countess may have found that even palace dolls are stuffed with sawdust.

And now they say that Gaylor not only favored race track gambling, but actually encouraged betting on golf. How the bogey of a man's past will rise when he runs for office.

Maine's census, showing an investment of \$40,000,000 in the summer resort business, proves that one state has cultivated a natural resource thoroughly.

It will be noticed that it was not until after he had seen J. P. Morgan that Mr. Hill announced he would not extend his Oregon lines into California.

Same Old Story. New York Herald. Extract from the log of the Half Moon recording the arrival from shore of an exploring party bringing "two dozen of fowls and some eggs, whereof a few were good," suggests that things haven't changed in 300 years.

Whither the South is Drifting. Washington Herald. Possession of a corkscrew has not yet been made presumptive evidence of intent to commit a felony in Alabama, but if you think it nonsense to suspect that it may be, you have not been reading the late news from down south—that's all.

Consumer Gets His. New York World. Congress raised the duty on lemons to "help the California growers." Now the railroads have raised the freight rate on lemons from sea to sea. This is the way it works. The railroads get the money, the producer gets beautiful, open-air labor, the consumer gets the lemon.

Where the Bee Originated. New York Tribune. In impeaching the intelligence and capacity of democratic national conventions Senator Bailey may have had in mind the awe-stricken members of the committee on resolutions at Denver which listened to Mr. Taft's prediction of an immediate Japanese invasion with open-mouthed credulity.

Taft Draws a Distinction. The Line Between the Carrier and the Goods Carried. St. Louis Post-Dispatch. President Taft draws a distinction which never occurred to his predecessor, and which may prove the searchlight to rive the obscurity that invests the interlocked questions of railways and interstate commerce.

The Sherman anti-trust law, which all agree is a good law, extends its prohibition over railways and industries alike. President Taft would exempt not only labor unions, but also railways from the application of the Sherman act. He would confine the regulation of railways to an administrative and a judicial body, while the regulation of interstate industries would be confided to a different body.

A common carrier is one thing. An industry that ships over the common carrier is another. Because an industry that is a monopoly or that exhibits a tendency to become a monopoly, requires to be regulated, it does not follow that it should be regulated as a common carrier.

The World-Herald admits that Mr. Bryan in advocating the federal licensing of corporations doing business outside of the state in which they are incorporated uses the same arguments which it denounces when urged in support of federal incorporation. The assumption that federal incorporation would nullify state laws regulating the transaction of business within the state any more than would federal license is entirely unwarranted, although it may be moot question.

Proud women of Chicago are parading their husbands on show in a prize contest, but among the points on which the awards are based we fail to find mention of ability to bring home his pay envelope untouched or willingness to tend the babies on summer nights or the furnace on winter mornings. Evidently the managers of the prize husband show are in the newly-wed class.

early in the game, and evidence enough to convict will send after him any others caught violating the 8 o'clock closing law.

It goes without saying that the campaign to land three nonpartisan democratic judges on the supreme bench this year will be followed up by another similar campaign to land three more nonpartisan democratic judges next time.

It is a trifle early to discuss the question of charter versus license for the regulation of interstate commerce corporations. That will come later, and will disclose the fact that the "abyssmal ignorance" is not all on one side.

The Omaha Real Estate exchange is to visit Kansas City on invitation from the Kansas City real estate men. Omaha can learn something from Kansas City, and so can Kansas City learn something from Omaha.

Grover Cleveland's children are to be placed at school in Switzerland, and Mr. Bryan's grandchildren are to be placed at school in Germany. That ought to even up between these two great democrats.

Official report that the troops in Alaska have the best health in the United States army will inspire excuse for another voyage for the hypochondriacs, who have tried all other resorts.

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If the anti-saloon sleuths have the evidence as they say they have to put a lot of liquor dealers out of business, what are they waiting for? Why don't they file their complaints, secure convictions and call on the police board to revoke the license? One poor devil had his license revoked

Around New York

Episodes on the Current of Life as Seen in the Great American Metropolis from Day to Day.

With the tumult and the shouting gone, floats shifted into the country, decorations down, and illuminations reduced to the regular limit, New Yorkers and visiting spectators are pointing out some of the glaring defects of the Hudson-Puget celebration.

The historic parade has been torn to shreds by critics. Equally severe are the reflections on the musical deficiencies of the score or more bands in the parade. Foreign visitors expressed astonishment at the quality and quantity of the music and the absurdities of the rag-time productions played on an occasion requiring the best of marching music.

"Die Wacht Am Rhein," played by a discordant chime of bells near the reviewing stand before the procession approached, was like a prophetic note of warning as to the inappropriateness of the things to follow.

Mayor McCallan, looking across in a frock coat and silk hat, walked at the head of the strange procession, in which bands of music were so numerous and near to one another that no marching tune melted into another. An Italian band played "I'm Going to Do What I Like," and when the crowds cheered it it changed to the classic strains of "My Wife's Gone to the Country."

Even the Englishmen on the reviewing stand—and the English are not generally credited with much sense of humor—laughed at this. Equally inappropriate was the appearance of the float of "Bowling on the Green," sandwiched between the Byrland American cavalry and a French band playing the "Marseillaise."

Another float, symbolizing the "Introduction of Croton Water," on which were a half dozen pretty girls in white and wearing gold crowns, was heralded by a brass band playing "I Love My Wife, but Oh, You Kid!"

Six of the great foreign men of war—three British armored cruisers and three French battleships—crept out to sea through the narrows just at dark Saturday night, leaving behind a substantial number of their men. Just how many of the blue jackets remained in the city for one reason or another is a matter of official knowledge only, but it was reported that 300 men from the British ships had failed to turn up for duty.

As he ran to meet his father, 4-year-old Jimmie Clowes was killed before his mother's eyes by a Long Island express train at the Norwood avenue crossing, in East New York. Only a moment before he had left his home with his mother and his brother, Fred, 3 years old.

They reached the crossing just as an electric train approached. Jimmie saw his father coming from the elevated station, two blocks away, at the same time. "There's dad!" he exclaimed, slipping from his mother's hand. He ran joyfully forward in front of the train.

With a shock that hurled the passengers to the floor, the motorman, Arthur Arkeley, stopped his train. He ran back to pick up the child, but the mother already had it in her arms. She was cradled for the moment by shock and grief.

"Oh, look at my little Jimmie asleep!" she cried to the crowd about her. "Isn't he a beautiful child? Please don't wake him up."

The father, half crazed with grief himself, made his way through the crowd. With difficulty he made her relinquish the little body to the police. It was not until later, in her home, that she realized the baby had been killed.

Many a man has talked his way into matrimony, but seldom does he talk his way into jail. Such was the fate of Charles Sternberg, a merchant of Queensborough, who would not abate his conversational powers when the police magistrate ordered him to desist.

Mr. Sternberg was arrested for letting water run into the street. No sooner was he before the judge than he opened the floodgates of speech, and in shrill denunciation compared America with Russia in his worst days. The policeman tried to stop him; the magistrate pounded with his gavel and ordered him to turn off the faucet. But the prisoner, like a motor-cycle, exploded more and more vehemently as he gained headway.

"Stop talking in this moment, or I'll send you to jail!" said Judge Connolly. "Go on! Send me if you dare—in this free country, I would like to know—"

"Committed to jail for five days," said the judge. "Give me six months if you want to, I don't care!" yelled the prisoner. "All right," said the court. "I will send you for fifteen days, and no chance for a fine. Take him away."

Mr. Sternberg was taken to a cell, talking all the way. "It took a railroad to bring the great sea captain finally to his own," said Charles H. Hull, professor of American history at Cornell university, discussing the Hudson-Puget celebration.

He referred to the naming of the Hudson river, and asserted that the Dutch had not named it thus. It was known as the Manhates. The English called it the Hudson, but the name of North river clung to it, especially among the people of Dutch descent, until well toward the middle of the nineteenth century, and seems not to have vanished, he said, "until the interpretation of the Catholic initials H. R. H. H. forced them to mend their ways. No other Dutchman contrived so much to make the North river Hudson's river as did Commodore Vanderbilt."

Cotton Goods Combine. Boston Herald. The man on the street, including the man who pays for cotton cloth for his family's use and the man who is dependent for his living on the cotton industry, will have hard work in paralleling the recently published evidence of prosperity in the textile world with the tentative agreement to curtail production to the extent of thirty days' time during the next six months, whether its avowed purpose be to force up the price of manufactured goods or to meet a demand for higher wages.

For as infant industry recently pleading piteously for protection of higher tariff duties the apparent world agreement concerning production is an inconsistency that will occasion much thinking and many doubts.

How to buy an EDISON Phonograph

Do not buy an Edison Phonograph until you are convinced that you want one. Hear it at the dealer's first. Hear it play a number of pieces. Hear it play the kind of music that you like—music that you have heard people sing and play—so that you can know how well it does it. Hear it play Amberol as well as Standard Records. You will decide that the Edison Phonograph is the best.

Then remember that it takes only a small amount of money to buy it. You can get a perfect Edison Phonograph at your own price, whether it is \$12.50 or any price up to \$125.00—one that will last a life-time, that will give pleasure every day, that will help you to educate your family, that will entertain your friends, and that will while away many hours that might otherwise be misspent.

Standard Records . . . 20c Amberol Records (twice as long) . . . 30c Grand Opera Records . . . 15c There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY 78 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

PERSONAL NOTES.

So there are 40,000 more Indians than twenty years ago. Government rations are a great attraction. Dr. Cook says he acquired the "boreal squint" in the arctic regions. Mr. Peary seems merely to have acquired the bore-some growth.

A Philadelphia maid was so shocked by receiving the mitten over the phone that she lost twenty-five pounds of precious weight, and wants damages at the rate of \$1,000 a pound. She ought to get enough for a dress to fit the downward revision.

Ten thousand dollars is the price demanded from his wife by William J. Deato of Bristol, N. H., a base ball pitcher, in payment for his playing the part of a faithful husband for seven years. Mrs. Deato wants a divorce and she has the money.

Captain Roald Amundsen, the Danish explorer, will start for the North pole with his sledges drawn by polar bears, draught animals that can be quickly converted into julec stakes. Should the bears all hear the call of the wild at once, Amundsen might be discovered by them to be good eating, and the effect of this novel advertising lost on the polar air.

Forty miles a day is only a jaunt for F. Forrest Crooks of Mansfield, O., and Samuel R. Mansfield of Steubenville, O., two husky young athletes, who have arrived in St. Louis on their way from Akron, O., to Seattle, Wash. They have averaged forty miles a day since leaving Akron, on September 13, and expect to arrive in Seattle in about five months.

If an autolite can drive a car a mile a minute; and if the general aspect of the landscape and of social conditions is about the same at both ends of the mile; and if the time of the autolite is not especially valuable, and no great demand exists for his presence at the hither end of the mile in question, is there adequate reason for him to risk his own neck and a lot of rubber-necks, in getting there?

NOT A VANISHING RACE. Marked Increase in Indian Population in Last Decade. Denver Republican. The publication of official figures showing that there are now over 300,000 Indians in the United States—an increase of 40,000 in the last decade, indicates that there is no truth in the generally accepted theory that the redskins are a "vanishing race."

In the history of civilization there is no case to parallel that of the Indian. Nowhere is there any record of a savage race being conquered by a civilized race and then lifted from the plane of savagery to the plane of civilization. Always, before this, the result has been oblivion for the conquered race. For a delicate hint of this oblivion would be the lot of the Indian. But the general idea of the American people has been to uplift the savage. There have been abuses in the Indian service, without doubt. Some officials have been incompetent, and others have been dishonest. But these have proved mere incidents. This general race has been all that could be hoped for under the circumstances, and now the Indian has begun to show the effect of Uncle Sam's care.

What the future of the Indian will be, no man can tell. There will be a breaking up of tribal relations everywhere. The reservations themselves will disappear, and each Indian must settle on his own allotment to "sink or swim." No person can tell if the Indian will prove equal to the test, but the indications seem to be that he will survive. At any rate he has proved his ability to survive, and today he has his own share in the partitioning of the ways and must strike out for himself. The next two generations are going to tell the real story of the Indian. They will demonstrate if the red men are to become a strong, helpful part of the nation, or are to be in fact a "vanishing race."

THE CHRISTENING. Chicago News. It happened at the christening. My dear wife Sophie Had brought our baby to the font. We called him Obadiah. I was not partial to the name—in fact, I did not choose it. Since the healthy uncle's choice we could not well refuse it.

As soon as we had breathed the name the infant's eyes flashed fire. He gave a sudden yell and cried, "I'll Obadiah to you!" Just think of going through the world with such a hideous label! Obadiah? Why? you call me that at once or Zebedee or Abel!

"It is a cruel thing to do, to blight my whole existence. To do me when I am too small to offer much resistance. How can you do such wickedness without least compunction?" "I'll go to court without delay and plead for an injunction."

The clergyman looked quite abashed—I'm sure my wife and I did. The christening could not proceed until the babe subsided. We whispered to his ear: "That name your uncle, dear, proposes, 'might be' Matthew or Moses."

"Still, if he puts me in his will for something really handsome. I'll let him call me what he likes. Zerkubah?" The baby murmured sweet, "Just write him and inquire how much it will be worth to him to call me Obadiah."

We Represent the EDISON Phonograph Company In Nebraska, and carry huge stocks of the models mentioned in the Edison Phonograph Co.'s announcement on this page today

NEBRASKA CYCLE CO. Geo. E. Mickel, Mgr. 15th and Harney Sts., Omaha, Neb. 224 Broadway, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

SMILING REMARKS. "So Jagsby said he quit courting Miss Filip because she gave him a delicate hint that his attentions were unwelcome." "Delicate hint! It was a very strong one." "What was it?" "She married the other fellow."—Baltimore American.

"My dear." "What is it hubby?" "I wish you would drop around at the market today and inspect a steak that I hold an option on. Then, if you like it, call at my office and we'll sign the transfer papers."—Pittsburgh Courier.

Myer—I wonder why Browne added the "G" to his name after inheriting a fortune? Gyer—He probably figures out to his satisfaction that rich people are entitled to more ease than poor people.—London Tit-Bits.

Rivers—Let's see—what is that "mystery of 1907"? "There are two: Bryan is pushing over one of them, and Peary is trying to unravel the other."—Chicago Tribune.

"I guess Miss Penh doesn't like the way you dress your hair." "What's wrong with it?" "She says she despises rats." "The cat!"—Cleveland Leader.

CARENCE CRAFTWORK JEWELRY RAGE NOW A. Hospe Co. Has Only Omaha Showing of These Curious Patterned Hand Wrought Jewels.

"This piece was wrought by hand at the shop of the CARENCE CRAFTERS, from an exclusive design, executed by the artist whose signature appears below."

A little label, worded in the above fashion insures "exclusiveness" in every piece of "CARENCE CRAFTERS" jewelry now on exhibit and sale at The A. Hospe Co., 112 Douglas street.

And the "CARENCE" pieces are beautiful indeed—odd—rare—different from anything yet shown. The various articles such as belts, links, bracelets, rings, brooches, fob buckles, hat pins and the like may be had in sterling silver or in the base metals such as copper, German silver, etc.

Then, too, hand beaten brass grumb trays, pin trays, match safes and candlesticks are in evidence—each individually toolled in a deft manner by the silver "crafters" in the Carence shops at Chicago.

The A. Hospe Co. has had made up especially for Omaha High School students, a line of "CARENCE CRAFTMADE" hat pins, fobs, links, stick pins, etc., each lettered with the high school initials and quite modestly priced, at from 75c to \$2 each.

Many of the pieces of jewelry enumerated above are studded with such uncommon stones as Jasper, jade, matrix turquoise and the like, and the line right through is one that is bound to become favored by the knowing ones of the city.

It wouldn't be a bit too early to look into these cleverly made, hand wrought pieces now. Christmas thoughts are already engaging one's mind. "CARENCE CRAFTSMAN" pieces are sold only at—

A. HOSPE CO. 1515 Douglas St.