

THE OMAHA EVENING BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER... OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

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MAY CIRCULATION: 50,421

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn says that the average daily circulation for the month of May, 1912, was 50,421.

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

Did you ever know of a snorer admitting it?

Lafayette Young has proved himself a mighty good loser, anyway.

Tin has been discovered in Alaska. Thought it was tin that caused all the old trouble.

Should Woodrow Wilson be nominated, whom will Colonel Watterson support for president?

Base ball is now being played in some penitentiaries. Base stealing, no doubt, is one of the strong points.

Misourians say "Mazoorah" and "Californy." And probably will persist in their inconsistencies until "shown."

Mr. Bryan has not threatened to get out an injunction to prevent the Baltimore convention from nominating him.

A collection of tagged bribe-takers relieves Atlantic City of the annual task of making a sea serpent the feature of its summer attractions.

Texas boosters' clubs are trying to organize an "onion day" to correspond with California's "raisin day" and Louisiana's "rice day." Whew!

Senator Fall is re-elected by the legislature of New Mexico only after his friends had taken a few falls out of their enemy on the floor of the house.

Deacon Hemphill's burning zeal for dear old South Carolina did not stand in his way long when the chance came to go to "Little Old" New York.

The advantage of a political party leading the procession is to be seen in the superior line of publicity the republican convention preliminaries command.

Champ Clark still claims the big constellation, but we note that Woodrow Wilson has captured both Texas and Minnesota, the Lone Star and North Star states.

This rule of state's voting for the other fellow in preference to their native sons for presidential candidate is really not the result of any Alphonse and Gaston spirit.

Looking over the list of unanswered questions Mr. Untermyer fired at Mr. Rockefeller, one wonders what would have happened if the prosecutors had hired a less eminent counsel than Mr. Untermyer to do the probing.

Hastings college and its new president, Prof. R. B. Crone, we hope will realize new and large prosperity. The institution set down in the midst of a garden spot of earth has every natural advantage and should progress, along with our other splendid Nebraska schools of higher learning.

It is to be hoped the statue of Columbus about to be unveiled in Washington will not suffer the fate of a like monument in Chicago. The latter was regarded as an admirable tribute to the discoverer during the world's fair. As soon as the coin of the fair pilgrims ceased to flow the artistic merit of the monument declined and the junk pile got it.

A melancholy note is sounded over the retirement of noted colonels from the democratic ranks. Colonel James Guffey of Pennsylvania, Colonel Urey Woodson of Kentucky and Colonel Roger Sullivan of Illinois will not lead the patriots at Baltimore to the heights of glory and pie. But Colonel W. J. Bryan and Colonel Charles Fanning will be on hand to blaze the way. Save the gloom for November.

The "Law" in the Case.

Much misapprehension seems to persist as to the "law" governing the formation of and membership on the national committee of the republican party. It should be understood that the committee is not created by law; it is the creature of the convention, provided for by a rule of the convention, which may be altered or abolished by any convention. That Nebraska should have included the "office" of national committeeman among those to be voted for at a primary election does not have the effect of establishing the recipient as either de jure or de facto a member of that committee. It only recommends him to the delegates from Nebraska as the person entitled to be named when the roll is called for the presentation of names when the proper time comes in the progress of the convention for selecting a national committee. It is within the province of the convention to reject this name, regardless of the preferential vote behind it. Such a course is not at all likely, but it could properly be followed, for the convention names the national committee.

The waterlogged statesman from Omaha says he deferred his presentation of his credentials at the advice of Senator Dixon; he very likely did, for Senator Dixon is too experienced to advise him to make any further display of his egotism and lack of understanding than he had already. As to his being the "legal" member of the committee, this will be determined after the convention has acted. He will doubtless be appointed by the delegation and confirmed by the convention.

That Law of Self-Preservation.

Mr. Ismay having admitted before the London board of inquiry that he knew when he escaped from the sinking Titanic that others were left helpless on board, was asked: "Where were these passengers when your lifeboat left?" He replied: "I really was not thinking about that."

"Didn't you think, as managing director of the company responsible for the number of boats aboard, you should have been the last except the captain to leave the ship?" He replied: "I did not."

To J. Bruce Ismay this law of self-preservation is inscrutable. His conduct on that tragic occasion shows the logic of the law in grimest climax. While 1,600 lives entrusted to his ship's keeping and indirectly, therefore, to him, are being destroyed, he is succeeding in saving his own, nor with a single compunction of conscience that he owes ought to that army of men and women the pitiful prey of his company's criminal neglect.

How many people placed in the position of J. Bruce Ismay would have done what he did? How strong a hold has this "first law of life" upon the rest of humanity? Did we ever stop to think?

Planting Trees on the Hills.

Every western state, and particularly Nebraska, could with great profit to itself and posterity, utilize vast areas of land for tree culture which now lies idle. Why waste this soil when it could be turned to such tremendous advantage as the raising of timber? And why bemoan the rapid inroads on our forests, so long as we fail to make use of the means at our command to produce new forests?

No need to go to remote places to look for semi-arid land which may be spared for this purpose; nearly every county in Nebraska and perhaps most of the farms in every county have some waste land, land that is difficult or unprofitable to till and cultivate. Put this land out to trees. Let every farmer begin at home the seat reform or reforestation and in a few years our state shall be selling where it is buying lumber, and if other states will follow the same example, they will all together be so vastly enlarging the timber supply as to do away entirely with all anxiety for the future. Here is a good place to practice intensive soil culture.

Slow Down at the Crossings.

Omaha motorists need no more demonstrations to convince them that racing past crossings or intersections or waiting street cars at corners is dangerous. City ordinances prohibit it. The nuisance should be abated and the ordinances rigidly enforced if it is not.

Neither the law nor public sentiment seeks to circumscribe the rights or enjoyments of the autoist. He is welcomed to the highway, but he should remember that the pedestrian was there a long time before him. Furthermore, the pedestrian is not nearly so likely to run over the autoist and injure him as the autoist is to knock down the pedestrian.

There should be little trouble in holding machines under safe control in crowded streets, but if there is, the police powers should be fully exercised upon the offenders, who, in the face of law and constant warnings, cannot easily offend accidentally.

In Other Lands

Some Side Lights on What is Transpiring Among the Near and Far Nations of the Earth.

A Social Revolution.

Social unrest is widespread in Great Britain. The industrial world is a vast cauldron of discontent, manifested in labor strikes and threatened strikes. The dockmen's strike is an offshoot of the coal miners' strike, and the latter threatens again to burst forth owing to the unsatisfactory results of the arbitration boards. Among the land holders and the well-to-do increased taxation and decreased income provokes lamentations and bitterness. Remedies for both conditions are as numerous as the canes. The latter class imagines if the taxes were returned to power the favoritism of former times would be restored. But they forget that government expenses keep pace with increased revenue, and the taxes, to keep the pace, would be obliged to seek revenue from sources best able to bear it. Relief in that direction, therefore, is an idle dream. Industrial discontent is a far more difficult problem, having many sides and sources, from syndicalism to simple demands for a living wage. Jerome K. Jerome, addressing some undergraduates at Cambridge university cogently expressed the views of unbiased minds in these words: "I have no fear of labor. I see a body of men realizing the vastness of the power that has come into their hands, and recognizing the duties and responsibilities that it involves—determined to claim for themselves no more than justice and experience demand; grasping the interdependence in every civilized state of class upon class—wished to regard themselves as citizens first and as members of this or that particular section afterwards. The social revolution has got to come. The duty of every thinking man is to help to prepare the way for it—that it may come upon us, not armed with anger and with hatred, but clothed in reason, bearing promise in its hand."

Cause and Effect.

Premier Giolitti of Italy declared in a recent interview in a London newspaper that the war with Turkey over possession of Tripoli must end soon. Italy, he said, "had been merciful, but her patience was nearly exhausted." No explanation was offered as to the manner of ending the war quickly. A suggestion of one of the ways and means comes with the news of an insurrection in Albania. As a fire in the rear the Albanian affair helps to increase the embarrassment of the young Turks in control of Constantinople and thus forces Rumor to listen to overtures for peace.

Rumor puts the number of Albanians under arms at 12,000, of whom half are said to be massed near Ipck, while 2,000 are in the valley of the Sava, near the Serbian frontier. A Turkish force of two battalions, according to the London Telegram, has been forwarded to Ipck. The head of the revolt, Giorgio Castriota, was in Brindisi a few days ago, on his way to Corfu, and told an Italian interviewer that the long-expected revolution is at least on the point of breaking out. He is pretender to the throne of Albania, and descended from the great Scanderbeg, who, in the 15th century, successfully defended his kingdom against the Sultan Amurath and Mahomet II.

Trouble in Morocco.

There is no direct connection between the insurrection against the French in Morocco and the Arab defense in Tripoli. In Tripoli Italy is fighting a race and a religion. In Morocco France is contending against the Berber tribes, who prefer murder and pillage to the avocations of peace. "France," says the New York Sun, "has simply inherited the sultan's discarded task of suppressing freebooters of the Raisuli brand. The Berber tribes were always at the sultan's throat, because he had always to endeavor to protect the plains from all pillage save that of his tax officials. All efforts to preserve order, to protect life or property, are necessarily injurious to the hill people and bound to awaken their resistance. As Moroccan chaos has increased recently, moreover, the Arab occupation has widened and already French occupation has begun to restrict it. Thus while the French task in Morocco is difficult and will take a long time, it does not rise to the dignity of a war of conquest, but rather takes the form of a huge police operation. To describe it as anything else is to miss the real character."

Poor John.

The troubles of John Chinaman are not wholly political or economic. There are a few individual troubles which are shifting from one common source to another. Just as soon as he began to restrict his appetite for the opium pipe, originally introduced by western civilization, along comes another combine of civilization with the cigarette as an offering of good will. "The use of cigarettes in China," says an American consular report, "is increasing rapidly among the natives, and it is possible that if the same methods were used to introduce chewing gum it would have a similar success. The British-American Tobacco company entered this field several years ago. With headquarters in Shanghai, it has established large houses in each of the treaty ports, from which traveling men are sent through the cities and towns of the interior, placarding the walls with huge illustrated posters printed in Chinese. These salesmen distribute sample packages of cigarettes as an advertisement, and then arrange with some native merchant to carry a stock of their goods. By these effective and energetic methods they have built up an enormous traffic, which is steadily growing."

A Reminiscence of Abdul.

Liberty of the press as it existed in Turkey under the rule of Sultan Abdul Hamid was not a thing of beauty nor much of a joy. The regulations of the press have lately been published. Editors were left in no doubt as to what they must and must not print. For example: "The papers must publish, in the first place, the news about the health of the ruler, then about the condition of the crops, then about the progress of agriculture and trade in Turkey." "All blank spaces or lines made up of dots must be carefully avoided, as such procedure can easily give rise to wicked suspicions and disturb people's minds." "All matters of a personal character should be strictly avoided, and, if the editor hears of such and such a governor or governor general being dismissed for theft, or murder, or some such criminal offense, he should respect the report as not true, and abstain from publishing it."

The Bee's Letter Box

Mother, Where is Your Daughter? OMAHA, June 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: As I was returning to my room last night after the show at 10:45 o'clock, crossing Chicago street I passed a neatly dressed young couple. They were, apparently, of the would-be refined class. The girl, doubtless, was in her teens and the young man perhaps a little older. As I passed them the girl was saying to her escort: "I am getting so I dread to go home. When I am home I have to do so darned decent. I just have to keep watch of myself all the time."

Mother, what is going to be the result of that young girl keeping late hours out at night in the company of young men? What about your daughter? What about hundreds of daughters we meet on the streets every night under similar circumstances, and engaged in similar conversation? If their habits abroad in the city, in the company they keep, are so indecent that the decency of their home keeps them on watch to avoid giving themselves away, what is going to be the result? Mothers, do you care? Does your duty to your daughter extend outside the walls of your home? In what measure are you responsible for the future character of your daughter? How far are you responsible for her choice of the company she keeps, the character of her associations and entertainments? How responsible are you for every influence that touches her life?

Mothers, think this over. Stop right here—Place your elbows on the table, rest your head on your hands, close your eyes, and get in touch with yourself. Hold a little discussion with yourself over this matter. Remain thus till you really love your daughter; till you really appreciate the relation, and accept the duty of a pure, loving mother to her daughter. Then go and get in real touch with your daughter, such as, perhaps, you never have known, as yet. Lay your mother heart against her child heart, till you have established a power that will overcome every outside influence in the world. You will soon be surprised what an influence you are having over your daughter; what a new interest she takes in her home. Soon she will have no secrets from her mother; she will not have to watch herself not to give away her indecent tendencies, her mother will be her confidant, as every true mother is to her daughter. She will consult her concerning all her associations, and confide in her the essentials of her life. Mothers, when you have done this you will save your own household; and have done more for your city, for the state and for society, than the ballot will ever help you to do.

A FRIEND TO THE GIRL.

Rev. Kid Wedge Explains. GENOA, Neb., June 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: The morning edition of The Bee contained an article entitled "Kid Wedge Arrested Again." If you are going to print a statement that comes from an enemy of mine, who seeks to ruin my home and my life work, then it is no more than fair that you print my side of the affair. A large majority of the citizens of Genoa are with me and are indignant over my arrest Saturday evening. It was done to keep me from preaching Sunday. The warrant was withheld for several hours and served late in the evening to prevent me from gathering in the streets and held an open air indignation meeting, resulting in sending two auto loads of business men to Fullerton, finding the judge, sheriff and county attorney, securing the required bonds and bringing me back to Genoa. The church was too small to hold the crowds who gathered to hear the message and I was unanimously elected pastor of the Genoa Presbyterian church for another year, good evidence that I have the approval of every right-minded citizen in Genoa.

It is true that I did give Lawyer Rose a beating and I did no more than any other man would have done under the circumstances. By his malicious persecution in serving papers on me when my wife was ill and a little boy 4 days old in the home, he caused Mrs. Wedge to almost lose her life. He knew the sad state of affairs in my home last winter and when asked to defer action by my attorney he said "he didn't give a damn, he was going to serve the papers." When I met him at the depot and asked him if he was trying to murder my wife he replied in an insolent manner that aroused me to action. Since that time he has hounded me in the courts and out of court till I became ill to provide for my family and Mrs. Wedge had to sell our household goods to pay my doctor bills and trip to the springs and keep herself and baby. I am now well and came back to Genoa to resume my normal duties. I intend to remain here, because the majority want me to be their pastor and believe it is the will of God that I continue the work begun. I freely forgive those who have wronged me and my home and didn't mention anything from the pulpit that would reflect upon those who have made efforts to wrong me and my loved ones. All I ask is that the public know the real facts in the case and that I be permitted to continue in the work of helping others.

Suffrage in Ohio.

Philadelphia Record. Ohio may be the next state to give women the right to vote. The constitutional convention by a vote of 70 to 57 adopted the equal suffrage clause. A proviso that the suffrage clause should be voted on separately in November was defeated. This action makes it more than probable that victory for the suffragists is assured.

Digging Up a Hoodoo.

St. Louis Dispatch. Has it occurred to any of the presidential candidates that the one to be inaugurated next year will have to assume all the hoodoos and combat all the superstitions of '12. On the other hand there is no temerity like that of presidential aspirants.

Tightening the Old Grip.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat. With the exception of eight years, the republican party has held the presidency since 1881, over half a century. As the campaign proceeds the party will show that it is the same capable organization as always.

Start the Fan, Please.

Baltimore American. Congress may be in session all summer, according to one prediction. With this prospect and two national conventions, the nation is apparently in for a hot old time.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

Thirty Years Ago—About thirty retail grocers met at Gladstone's on Douglas street to organize a retail grocers' association. E. E. French was made chairman and J. I. Nicol secretary. A committee, consisting of Messrs. McShane, German, McVittie, Spelman and Gladstone, was appointed to notify the wholesale dealers that a resolution had been adopted to boycott wholesale dealers or commission men who sell to anyone not in the grocery trade.

Boyd's was filled last night by the repetition of the "Broom Drill" by the young ladies of Trinity church. Sixteen young ladies in a uniform of scarlet dress and high cut shoes, each carried a new broom, bound about the wrist with a scarlet ribbon, and a dustpan swings at the right of the waist as a cartridge. The captain, a graceful and capricious young lady, carried a fine fly brush of peacock feathers, and issued the commands in a voice that was sweet enough to secure obedience.

A quarrel in the Nebraska State Medical society has produced charges and counter charges between Drs. Mercer and Denise, and Drs. Peck, Peabody, Conklin and Neville. Colonel Sells has been elected manager of the new Union Pacific base ball club.

Twenty Years Ago—

Grant C. Snyder left for Salt Lake City in the afternoon. F. I. Ladlog sailed on the Augusta Victoria for Europe.

Citizens meeting at a hall near Sixth and Pierce streets developed an unusually fluent drift of oratory. John Butler was chairman of the meeting and Edward J. Cornish, Charles S. Elgutter, Charles Conover, Councilman Munro, Ernest Stult and others orated on the subject of parks, sewers and railroad bonds.

The University of Omaha wound up the most successful year of its existence with commencement exercises in the college chapel at Bellevue. The graduates were Miss S. Adams, Miss I. Adams, Miss A. Blanchard, Miss Mamie E. Wallace in the normal course, each of whom received a second grade course certificate in addition to the diploma. In the art course the graduates were David Oaster, C. A. Mitchell, H. A. Carnahan and Miss Mattie Blanche Davies. Miss Davies was the first young woman to be graduated from this department. The three young men intended to pursue their studies in the Omaha Theological seminary. The annual address was made by the Rev. Thomas C. Hall of Chicago, and the Rev. W. V. Harshe presided at the exercises.

C. M. Rathbun, superintendent of the Missouri Pacific, was in the city making arrangements to open the road to Plattsmouth. Doctors and undertakers of the state were in convention at the Paxton hotel.

Ten Years Ago—

Rev. E. F. Trefz preached to the graduating class of the high school at the Kountze Lutheran church in the morning. His text was "That yet may be blameless and harmless, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation among ye, shine as lights in the world." One of the most beautiful and imposing religious services ever held in Omaha was the dedication of Sacred Heart Catholic church at Twenty-second and Blaney streets, participated in by Bishop Scannell of Omaha, Bishop Spaulding of Pierre and Bishop Glennon of Kansas City. Father P. J. Judge, pastor of the church, was a central figure. Many prominent Catholics from in and out of the city among the clergy and laity were present.

St. Joseph completed the winning of four straight games from Omaha. Parvin and Roth was St. Joe's battery in the third game, while Graham and Gordon pitched and Goding caught for Omaha, and in the fourth the batteries were McCadden and Roth for St. Joe and Alloway and Thomas for Omaha.

Mrs. J. H. Whitman, formerly Mrs. M. E. Little, matron of the city jail, turned over the keys of the department to Sergeant Welsenberg and went to Fort Crook, where she had secured employment.

Dr. Leonard Groh preaching at St. Mark's Lutheran church, referred to the disaster of Mount Pelee as showing the night and power of the Lord. Judge W. W. Slabaugh delivered the principle address at the memorial exercises of the Knights of Pithias at Myrtle hall.

People Talked About

As soon as the mercury reaches the 80s and sticks investigation of the problem, "What is beer?" will be pressed with the usual summer vigor.

Gordon Strong, a Chicago real estate dealer, and his wife, who are childless, have determined to put twelve boys on the high road to success. At a beginning they have taken Floyd and Kenneth Keefe, 6 and 2 years old, respectively, into their own home.

D. H. Averkan, a peanut vendor, who died at Fresno, Cal., recently, leaving a fortune of \$20,000, confessed in a diary found with his will that much of his money had been obtained by theft and fraud and directed that such funds be returned to his victims.

Mrs. Jennie Goodheart is the name of the organizer of a society in Bellefontaine, O., with flowers for the living as the motto. The name of the society has not yet been chosen, but its aim will be to keep every invalid in the district supplied with flowers. The organizer is rightly named.

An investigation of tremendous importance but attracting little publicity is proceeding in the office of the Ladies' Home Journal in Philadelphia. Editor Bok is determined to secure the names of fifteen girls accused of dancing the "turkey trot" in the holy sanctuary. Meanwhile, by special dispensation, the building will be reconsecrated to the lofty ideal.

Mrs. L. B. Leavitt of Wilton, Me., amazed her neighbors by her fearlessness in subduing a runaway horse. She had harnessed the horse to her road cart and left him feeding while she went into the house for her coat. During her absence the horse became frightened and started to run. Mrs. Leavitt rushed out, headed him off and seizing one rein pulled his head around so that he was thrown.

SMILING REMARKS. Mrs. Bibble says her husband has been drinking and has gone off again. What do you suppose made him do that? "I suppose he went off because he was loaded."—Baltimore American. She (complainingly)—You don't pay me compliments as you used to. He—No; I've suspended payment.—Boston Transcript. Pa—Embrace me, Thora. Reginald has asked your hand in marriage. Thora—But I don't want to leave mother, Pa. Pa—Oh, never mind that. Take her along with you.—Stray Stories. "Have you proposed yet to that north side girl?" "I can't seem to get a chance." "Can't get a chance, eh? Better turn your attention elsewhere, then. If your girl wished it you would get a chance all right enough."—Pittsburgh Post. Bason—What would you do if I sent you a message by wireless? Egbert—If you sent it, I suppose I'd have to pay for it.—Yonker's Statesman. Dobbis—So you're living in the country, eh? What kind of neighbors have you; are they desirable? Hobbs—Desirable? Great Scott, we haven't a thing they don't desire, especially in the way of gardening implements.—Baltimore American. "You can't sit up with my daughter after 11 o'clock." "Would you mind telling her that, sir? I have been trying to get home early for six months."—Life. "Living in such a gloomy place, where does that pretty girl get her bloom and freshness?" "That's easy. Out of her vanity bag."—Indianapolis News. "Do you expect to make much of an impression at the convention?" "No," replied Mr. Groucher. "I have been a delegate before. If you want to be sure of being the person really sought after in a convention you want to be the man who passes the ice water."—Washington Star. A CHEWING GUM ROMANCE. W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Post. When first he met her she was fair, And chewing Gum. A rosebud nestled in her hair; He breathed his love unto her there; But she—she smiled a smile so rare And chewing Gum. She listened while he urged his suit, Still chewing Gum. He vowed her charms had made him mute; And tuned his passion on a lute; Then she declared the tune was "cute"— Still chewing Gum. She strode in state down the aisle Still chewing Gum. He met her with a happy smile, And they were wedded there, while She went in pretty, bridey style— Still chewing Gum. Today I saw her down the way, Still chewing Gum. Three children, jovous, blithe and gay, Were shouting in their romping play— And they were hers, I know, for they Were chewing Gum.

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