

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that average daily circulation for the month of April, 1914, was 58,448.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 5th day of May, 1914. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Why should the World-Herald rush to the defense of the crooked lawyers?

Murder plots are said to be very much out of style in New York just now.

The man who is looking for an insult usually finds it without going very far.

Our distinguished United States senators are going to work nights to catch up with the task ahead of them. Why not first try working days?

Those Burns sleuths are certainly versatile. They can change their story almost as quick and as often as the gentleman who signs himself "president and editor."

"Let congress reform itself," suggests the Boston Transcript. Who is holding it back?

"My life is an open book," says Mr. Bryan. A highly illustrated, embossed, de luxe edition.

Chicago now has a three-ring base ball circus, which doubtless lets few good nickels escape.

And remember that the millions coming from these bumper crops will all be new-made wealth.

Pancho Villa is said to lack gratitude. That is bad, but if that is all Pancho lacks somebody has misnamed him.

A corner lot in Omaha will be worth a million dollars in five years, says its owner. And it is only one of thousands of corner lots in the city.

It isn't at all likely that Omaha will figure soon in a magazine article written by a great detective for the purpose of exploiting his own ability.

Mr. Mellen may have his faults, but if he got real money out of Morse, as he says he did, he certainly has his virtues, too, of a signal character.

It was a cliché that some ancient and honorable letters would be turned up at the right time to uncover all the intricacies of the New Haven dealings with the government.

Churches, schools, clubs and what not may inveigh all they please against freak feminine fashions, but so long as there is a Goddess of Fashion, what she says will go.

To a college professor are we indebted for the interesting information that cockroaches were four inches long 4,000 years ago. Some of them still look to be the same size.

The original "Little Nell" of Charles Dickens' great story is once more reported dead. Nellie is the only person of whom we wot with more lives than the late King Menelik of Abyssinia.

The militant orator who had herself chained to a theater seat so her speech to the king could not be interrupted by forcible removal, gives us the paradox that women will put themselves in chains in order to be free.

Our amiable democratic contemporary is wild for a thorough investigation of the bribery plot that focuses in the Daily News office, but it said never a word for investigation of the vote-buying plot perpetrated at the late Council Bluffs election where democratic "workers" cashed in cards indicating that they had voted "right" in the World-Herald's office at the rate of \$1 per punch hole.

One of the city commissioners complains that they are not given credit for their attempts to economize and to make the municipal funds go as far as they do. That is the common complaint, and, unfortunately, the usual excuse also for extravagance and needless expenditure of other people's money.

A Young Men's Christian association worker in Mexico City writes home that he is happy and safe and proposes to stick to the job, war or no war. Yet some of our people at home are frantic because our government does not send troops over the line to protect Americans.

By the time "Billy" Sunday makes his date here he will have qualified as an expert so that he can tell us with authority whether Omaha is really "the wickedest city in the world," as more than once denominated by lesser-light evangelists.

What Are They Afraid Of?

To a disinterested spectator, it is hard to understand why the principals in the great detective melodrama lately staged in Omaha should fight so hard to keep from coming back and telling their story. Why should they hide behind so many technicalities, extradition, habeas corpus and bond jumping if, as they iterate and reiterate, there is nothing that they cannot tell except with credit to themselves? It is not the usual detective way, for detectives in the play always down the villain and take the center of the limelight and boast of the prevention of crime or hot-footing of criminals—in fact, they never run away at all.

Judge Gary on Employees.

Some of us are planning to do everything we can to secure orders, sometimes without regard to our obligations to our employees. It is a necessity to be fair, reasonable and generous to our employees and toward one another. I don't have to tell you to be generous toward your customers, for they are taking care of themselves; but it is necessary and our duty to be considerate of each other. Those words are from not one of our eminent altruistic reformers, but the official head of the United States Steel corporation, the mightiest of all corporations. They were spoken by Judge E. H. Gary to the American Iron and Steel Institute, of which he is also president. We have no reason for discounting them or the meaning or motive back of them. It is far more pleasant and profitable to take them at their face value, for thus do they reflect a tendency of the times that augurs well for the future of industrialism.

What a great thing it will be economically, to say nothing of morally, when both employer and employee can really see and acknowledge the great principle of mutual self-interest. The strike, which is really an anachronism today, will have no place in the abatement of industrial disputes when we do reach such a recognition. That we have not come to it before now, with all the other great progress made in every direction, is one of the irreconcilable anomalies of the times. The blame, of course, divides between the two elements. But it is seriously a source of gratification when men in the position of Judge Gary lay down such propositions as this.

The Late Senator Bradley.

The death of William O. Bradley removes a picturesque and sturdy character from the senate whose active career touched many turning points of our country's history. Born in the border state of Kentucky, he cast his fortunes with the union, and enlisted as a private against secession. He was admitted to the bar by special act of the legislature when he was only 18 years old. He was a fighting republican in Kentucky for nearly fifty years, and his first republican governor. But one republican national convention has been held since Mr. Bradley seconded the nomination of Grant in 1880 in which he has not participated as delegate-at-large from Kentucky. True, he belonged to the old school of republicans, but without men like him on the firing line where the battle was the most hotly contested, the party would not have had so many victories and achievements to point to.

Queen of the Barnyard.

A new sovereign reigns over the barnyard kingdom. Long ago the proud peacock was dethroned, then came the lordly gobbler and the bumptious bantam and game cocks, but all alike have abdicated, and today a gentler ruler, Queen Hen, aways the scepter. Hers is a beneficent dynasty, and a very practical one. She may not strut with quite the pomp and splendor of some of her predecessors, but when she cackles, it means something, when she clucks it means more. She has no difficulty commanding homage, this unobtrusive little sovereign, not in those days of high prices when eggs form a luxury as well as necessity. Go to any well kept barnyard and you will find that no effort or expense is spared in providing comfortable and convenient quarters for the queen. The intelligent poultryman has exhausted his ingenuity on her. In the winter her palace is well lighted and heated and aired and as clean as a well ordered human habitat. No is she ever left exposed to the ravages of brigands, but thoroughly protected from all these vermin which in other days were the terror of hen roosts.

The city man sometimes little realizes the big place the hen fills in the economy of his everyday life. Eggs today form one of the most lucrative sources of income and whole farms are being converted into poultry yards, while no farmer wants to be without his chickens. Our federal and state statistics may be consulted for the millions that are made out of the industry—nothing short of a leading industry.

Hail to the hen, gentlest and best of rulers yet in this feathered kingdom! Long may she rule, but early may we who pay such dear homage to her majesty be blessed with a slight concession.

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Financial Piracy

Variety of Editorial Comment on Ex-President Mellen's Revelations.

Revelations Snatched. Boston Transcript. By turning state's evidence, as he appears to have done, Mr. Mellen may have secured immunity from further prosecution. The shocking story of corruption, however, with which his confession begins, goes far toward confirming the charges and justifying the condemnation of his railway record in New England that finally drove him into retirement. If he shall have secured immunity he has paid a high price for it. Already his revelations deprive him of the remnant of reputation which he carried into private life, and he has silenced by his own admissions his defenders of a year ago.

Power and Pelf.

New York Herald. What was in the minds of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller and their associates when they forced the New Haven into this policy and guided it to plunder and disaster? They did not need money; for they each of them were many millions-alike in one. They did not need power; for they had power, and inexhaustible means of acquiring further power. What is more to the point, the vast power that they wielded was due largely to their reputation for financial integrity, prudence and sagacity—the very antitheses of the qualities that they displayed in their New Haven transactions.

Good Out of Evil.

Brooklyn Eagle. Out of these revelations a management of the New Haven will be devised which will require device and banking methods and reports which tell nothing—a system which "anybody can hear" without bringing on disaster. In that transformation it is inevitable that the reputation of Mr. Morgan shall suffer. The present intention seems to be that none of his living associates shall suffer also, but that intention may easily be overruled by facts. It is not easy to control a spring freshet, and the revelations of mischief in the New Haven are swelling like a mountain stream under April rains. No one can be sure which will be the next reputation to go.

Hostility to Business.

Chicago Record-Herald. Hostility to legitimate business must stop. But it must stop wherever it exists and has existed. It must stop in legislatures and political conventions, but it must also stop in the circles of what is called high or frenzied finance. Hostility to business of the kind illustrated by the New Haven, Rock Island, Frisco and similar operations; hostility to business exemplified by predatory and greedy trusts condemned under the rule of reason; hostility to business exemplified by rebates and other discriminations condemned by law and public sentiment; hostility to business exemplified by industrial barons who oppose all proper regulation—all such manifestations of hostility to business must stop, or legislative and political hostility to business will never stop. Legitimate business should purge itself and banish the ramblers and tricksters, the get-rich-quick manipulators. Abuses in business by inner cliques have done more to create hostility than all the speeches of superficial and wild demagogues.

One-Man Power.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican. The directorate system of railroad control and management is made to look like a mockery by such revelations of one-man power. The only master Mr. Mellen recognized was Mr. Morgan. It was Mr. Morgan who had offered him—by telephone—the Northern Pacific presidency. It was Mr. Morgan who had offered him—again by telephone—the New Haven presidency. Mr. Mellen had been content even to ask no questions about his salary; for Mr. Morgan would attend to that. In the Westchester deal Mr. Mellen was snubbed and humiliated when he ventured to ask Mr. Morgan for more details about the expenditure of over \$1,000,000 of the New Haven's money; yet Mr. Mellen was president of the road. The other directors inconspicuously "ducked" when Mr. Mellen offered to appoint any one of them a committee to approach Mr. Morgan on the subject of the Westchester in order to enlarge the board's information. Not one had the nerve to discharge his duty to the New Haven's stockholders by holding the great Mr. Morgan to a stricter account. When the Worcester, Nashua & Rochester railroad was bought and loaded upon the Boston & Maine at \$10 a share, in order to relieve the Mutual Life Insurance company of stock holdings no longer legal in the state of New York, Mr. Mellen was not consulted. Mr. Morgan did it in his benevolent imperious way and Mr. Mellen about it afterward. When Mr. Mellen heard of the purchase, he exclaimed, "Jerusalem!" and let it go at that.

Twice Told Tales

Had Been Looking. "Mother," said Bobby, after a full week of obedience, "have I been a good boy lately?" "Yes, dear," replied his mother, "a very, very good boy." "And do you trust me," he continued. "Why, of course, mother trusts her little boy," she answered. "But the chastened child was not pacified. "I mean really, really trust me, you know," he explained. "Yes, I really, really trust you," nodded his mother. "Why do you ask?" "Just because," said Bobby, diving his hand into his pockets and looking her in the face. "If you trust me like you say you do, why do you go on hiding the jam?"—Rocky Mountain News.

The Type. E. Berry Wall, "the king of the dukes," was strolling along the Promenade des Anglais in Nice. Brought from his yachting trip round the world, Mr. Wall, with his huge Gladstonian collar, his superbly balanced coat, his delicate and crisp linen and his fresh, rich, the lived well up to his proud title. Passing an American with a cropped mustache, he said: "That chap is a type. I met him once in Smyrna. "Where are you going?" he asked. "We are going to Jerusalem," said I. "Holy smoke! he growled, 'you don't want to go to Jerusalem. I've just been there. It's a slow town. Why, you can't get a decent cocktail in the place.'"—Washington Star.

There Are Others. The party of visitors from the north had been shown all the interesting sights in and around Louisville. Their hosts, a Louisville family, had spent three days showing off the town. Then they deemed it proper to take them out to Lakeland and let them view the great asylum. The superintendent was in a genial frame of mind and conducted the group personally. "Here is a queer case, ladies," he said, pausing and pointing out a man walking along a corridor. "That man has the delusion that he possesses the motive power that runs the universe. He is perfectly harmless, but actually believes that without him the world would not move. Strange notion, isn't it?" "Not at all!" exclaimed one of the women. "My husband has the same idea, and has always had it. Is he crazy, too?"—Louisville Times.

No, Dog. In the good old days, when no child dared reply to a question from an elder without the "sir" or "ma'am," a gentleman, now past middle age, recalls an awesome scene—at his father's table. A stubborn little sister, having been denied a second helping of her favorite dessert, was asked if she wished some bread and butter instead, to which she defiantly answered, "No!" "No, cat? or no, dog?" asked the father with ominous calm.

No, Dog. "No, dog," was the reckless answer that set the table in silent convulsions.—National Monthly.

The Bee's Letter Box

Capital Punishment Heated. WESTERVILLE, Neb., May 25.—To the Editor of The Bee: I noticed a news item that the last legislature passed a law to place an electric chair in the state prison. Capital punishment is wrong—nothing but heathenism. Why should the law-makers compel the warden of the prison to do something they would not do to themselves? If anyone can prove to me by the New Testament scriptures that capital punishment is right, show your colors. The old ceremonial laws are all done away with. Some say, "If we did not kill those murderers, they would get out and kill someone else." There is no doubt that there are as many murderers running at large as there is in the state's prisons. I would keep those murderers in prison so long that they would be so feeble they would not want to kill anyone else. If our governor, our unparliamentary board, and our members of the legislature would study the New Testament, laws would be quite different. It is the best law book there is. J. H. DUNLAP.

In Justice to Grant County.

HYANNIS, Neb., May 25.—To the Editor of The Bee: The people of this county have urged me to write an explanation of their attitude toward the state in trying to move the school sections of this district. We feel that the motives behind the state's case are dishonorable. According to reports spread broadcast by some of our state officers, Grant county is a thief. It seems these officers want to convince the people that Grant county is trying to steal the state's school land. But the legal department of this state does not attempt to explain why Grant county wants to play the part of a thief.

In 1857 this county was supposed to have been surveyed. It seems that but one township was ever staked and it only partly so. Settlers who came about eight to ten years later were unable to find any corners except in this one particular township. Each settler was compelled to hire a local surveyor to find out where the school homesteads were. These surveyors, among them the civil engineers for the Burlington, found the county over a quarter of a mile wider than the width given by the field notes of the alleged survey of 1857. When surveyors came in from different sides of the county they would give their clients different numbers for the same piece of land. Immediately there arose conflicts and lawsuits.

Congress passed a special resurvey act and instructed the department to give the settlers their land according to the corners set by the local surveyors. The United States deputy surveyor found the county contained a quarter of a mile in excess, and was unable to find any corners outside of its own township, to the alleged old survey. In fact, the field notes were so grossly incorrect that he was told to regard the county as virgin territory. This he did, claim lining the settlers where they supposed they had taken their land. As some of the settlers had their lands surveyed out from the north side of the county, their places fell in two instances on state school sections. The federal government registered other lands that the state might select from in order to be equitable to the state.

But at this time land was worth less than a dollar per acre and the state officers overlooked the matter. Since one of the segregations has passed and since the federal government has discovered better methods of surveying, the state legal department is seeking to upset the survey of the whole county, because they forgot to select a few acres of segregated land.

The state legal department infers that the United States deputy surveyor claimed all the good land for the settlers. The deputy surveyed 15 and 35 just exactly where they came. These school lands contain 60 acres and average just as good land as sections 1 and 2, or any other two sections of the township. But it seems that it is not a question of land, but of trying to upset the Ait survey, because it did not place the corners according to the alleged old survey. It also seems that for political reasons the legal department would rather change the homesteads of the citizens than go to the trouble to select land in lieu of the few acres the state is short.

Now the people of Grant county are not thieves, nor do they want to profit by the state. But the land owners here are just the same as the land owners of Douglas or any other county—they do not want the title of their land upset, and they resent any act which will make them defendants in a case whose purpose it is to upset this title. And most of all they resent this kind of fraud when the motive behind it is politics. C. J. ABBOTT, County Surveyor.

Women's Activities

Miss Helen Taft is now a student at Bryn Mawr and a few days ago joined the Suffrage league at Bryn Mawr, while her mother is reported to have joined an anti-suffrage league. Miss Gertrude Barnum of Chicago has been made a member of the Federal Labor commission that seeks to arbitrate labor trouble. She is interested in social service work and in the work of trades unions. She worked with Jann Addams at Hull House.

At a special sessions court in New York recently it was decided that the woman labor law, which forbids a woman to work after 10 o'clock at night, was upheld. A test case was made with that result, both parties declaring that they will take the case to the highest court. Dr. Albert Rod, who is employed in the Bureau of Chemistry in Washington, is one of the micro-analysts and is a holder of several degrees, having graduated from Cornell, where she was an instructor in histology. She has invented a cheap method of testing tea that will aid the government very much in its efforts to detect adulteration.

Miss Marjorie Dorman of New York is the leader of the Wage-Earners' Anti-Suffrage league of that city. She was one of the principal speakers at an anti-suffrage meeting in Faneuil hall in Boston, May 2. She is now a journalist, but after she was graduated from the high school was a bookstore clerk, and later a nurse probationer, and then learned to set type.

No Call for Reasoning. Judge Lovett asks the senate committee "How is a railway to exclude from its board a director elected by the stockholders?" Yours not to reason why, yours but to do—and die.

PITTYPAT AND TIPPYTOE.

Eugene Field. All day they court and go—Pittypat and Tippytoe! Footprints up and down the hall, Playthings scattered on the floor, Finger marks along the wall, Tell-tale smudges on the door; By these presents you shall know, Pittypat and Tippytoe.

How they riot at their play! And a dozen times a day—In their troop, demanding bread—Only buttered bread will do. And the butter must be spread! Inches thick with sugar, too! And I never can say "No," Pittypat and Tippytoe.

Sometimes there are griefs to soothe. Sometimes ruffled brows to smooth. For (I much regret to say) Tippytoe and Pittypat Sometimes interrupt their play With an interminable spat: Pity for shame! to quarrel so—Pittypat and Tippytoe!

Of the thousand worrying things, Every day recurrent brings, Hands to scrub and hair to brush, Search for playthings gone amiss, Many a wee complaint to hush, Mary's little bump to kiss; Life seems one vain, fleeting show, To Pittypat and Tippytoe!

And when day is at an end, There are little duds to mend; Little frocks are strangely torn, Little shoes great holes reveal, Little hose, but one day worn, Rudely yawn at toe and heel! Who but you could work such woe, Pittypat and Tippytoe!

But when comes this thought to me: "Some there are that childless be, Stealing their little beds, With a love I cannot speak, Tenderly I stroke their heads— Fondly kiss each velvet cheek, God help those who do not know, A Pittypat and Tippytoe!"

On the floor and down the hall, Rudely smutched upon the wall, There are proofs in every kind Of the havoc they have wrought. And upon my heart you'd find, Just such trademarks, if you sought: O, how glad I am to see so, Pittypat and Tippytoe.

THESE GIRLS OF OURS.

He—Well, how do you like base ball? She (at her first game)—It's perfectly lovely. But why do they have those policemen about? Oh, I know, it's to prevent the men from stealing bases.—Boston Transcript.

She—There is certainly one thing in the marriage ceremony which the men ought to be thankful for. He—What's that? She—That there is nobody to give the bridegroom away.—Baltimore American.

Rich Papa—You foolish girl, that English nobleman who's courting you, really doesn't look on you as his equal. Wilful Heiress—I don't care for that, papa, as long as he's my peer.—Chicago Post.

Clerk—What size hammock do you want? Summer Girl—Oh, a small hammock, just big enough for one, but—strong enough for two.—Judge.

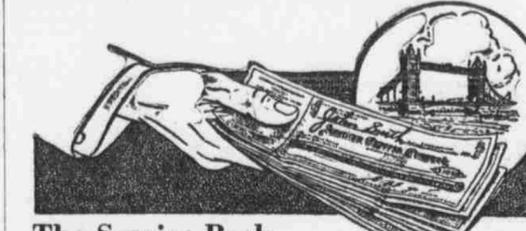
"Now, girlie, shall I cut your name and my name in the bark of this tree?" "I suppose there will be nothing to criticize in that," said the dear girl, "provided you also cut the name of my chaperon."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Where is the fire hottest?" inquired the beautiful lady. "On the next floor," said the gallant fireman. "Then maybe you would run up and heat these curling tongs for me, I can't be carried out with my hair in wisps, you know."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I suppose, miss, you are dreaming of spring tides?" "Oh, yes; because all around me is so green."—Puck.

Boreleigh (at 11:15 p. m.)—When I was a boy I used to ring door bells and run away. The Girl (yawning)—And now you ring them and stay.—Boston Transcript.

Mistress—Haven't you any references? Maid—I have, but they're like my photographs—none of them do me justice.—Indianapolis News.



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SWAP

The most popular classification in The Bee today is the "Swappers' column." It reduces the cost of living by enabling you to swap off articles you were going to have to throw away, for others you can use. It is a real money-maker for scores of people who are devoting their entire time to making deals with other swappers. Some of these people are making a business out of it and others are making money that they consider as just so much found.

The "Swappers' Column" does not appear in any other Omaha paper. You can only reach these interested people through The Bee.

Come to the Bee office and let us show you what others are doing and how you can make profitable use of the "swappers' column."

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Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

The figure of "Justice" was placed on the dome of the new court house this morning. It is ten feet in height. At a meeting of the Omaha Cricket club at St. George's hall, at Fourteenth and Farnam, is called for next Wednesday. Max Meyer has written from Paris stating that he has shipped a large quantity of diamonds, and also that he has rented an office in that city and hired a gentleman by the year to attend to buying of goods. Dr. E. Womersley and wife are here from Washington, D. C., to make this city their future home. Mrs. James Tillingshast, wife of the manager of the Pullman sleeping car company, and Miss Sarah Taber of Buffalo are here on a visit to Mrs. Tillingshast's son, who is employed in the Union Pacific headquarters. Dr. W. S. Gibbs is back from attending the meeting of the National Medical association at Washington as the delegate from the Nebraska state association. W. E. Rockwell and Manager McKelvey have secured the exclusive privilege of distributing score cards during the base ball season. The Board of Public works put on a corps of inspectors for the sewer work under way, including Lawrence Dugge, Samuel Stober, Luther Poland, George L. Dennis, C. N. Donovan and P. C. Larson.

Budweiser The Ideal Family Beverage. Anheuser Busch Co. of Nebr. DISTRIBUTORS. Family trade supplied by G. H. HANSEN, Dealer Phone Douglas 2506 OMAHA NEBRASKA. Protect Yourself—Ask for ORIGINAL GENUINE. Horlicks Malted Milk. The Food Drink for all Ages—Others are Imitations.