

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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MARCH CIRCULATION, 52,092. State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of March, 1915, was 52,092.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 2d day of April, 1915. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Thought for the Day. Selected by Martha Powell.

The most solid comfort one can fall back upon, is the thought that the business of life—the work at home after the holiday is done—is to help in some small nibbling way to reduce the sum of ignorance, degradation and misery on the face of this beautiful earth.—George Elliot.

The growing question down in Mexico: Can Huerta come back?

But the silence of the senator on the subject of the plum tree is dense enough to cut.

In political campaigns, as in military campaigns, organization and generalship count.

Texas again waves the plumes of victory. What it lost in Havana is made good in Omaha.

If Austria has any intention of closing that real estate deal with Italy, haste is imperative. The bear may throw a cloud on the title.

Without figuring the whole cost, Lancaster county wants another district judge. Why not make the three present judges speed up a little?

In measuring the value of speed in the political game, allowance must be made for the high gear of public automobiles operated at public expense.

At any rate, the officers and men on the Prinz Eitel Friedrich made no mistake in selecting the country in which to enjoy a pleasant loafing period during the remainder of the war.

Despite the gripping interest of late revisions of ancient Mosaic laws, the archaeologists pass up, unanswered, the question of the ages: "Where was Moses when the light went out?"

Now they're talking! If the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, this scheme to win "hubby" to votes-for-women by giving him five meals a day must certainly contain seeds of success.

With Bryan's "Brother Charley" in the game at Lincoln, and "Met's" "Brother Jim" drawing cards in Omaha, the Commoner family seems to be keeping on the political map in one way or another.

From that decision of the democratic legislature eliminating all reference to him from its endorsement of the Wilson administration, Mr. Bryan may be depended on to take an appeal to the people.

Nebraska's rye crop prospect scores the top-notch percentage of 100. For some inexplicable reason the Agricultural department failed to give the grape juice outlook a place on the score board.

It is gratifying to have official assurances of the purity of Japan's intentions toward China. Simply because Japan admires the vines on China's wall is no reason for the suspicion of being a porch climber.

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst serves notice on Mme. Schwimmer that her peace conference is a waste of time and vocal waste Mrs. Pankhurst speaks with the authority of an expert.

Champion Willard is booked for a long rest, meanwhile, as his manager puts it, "he will pick up the money that is due him." That's the stuff. Assurances that the ethics of pugdom will be upheld by the Kansas giant afford profound relief for the country.

Belgian cities are making inquiries of San Francisco for advice as to rebuilding on their ruins. Omaha has had some practical experience lessons along this line in the wake of the tornado, which might be of value for the reconstruction in the war zone.

The Paxton opened a new register today; the one just closed was opened February 20, and filled April 5, 1915. It contained 90 pages, which gives a pretty good idea of the amount of travel through Omaha.

The city council has passed a resolution allowing the Union Pacific to build tracks on Leavenworth from Eleventh to Thirtieth. McCord, Brady & Co. have purchased a lot at the corner of Thirtieth and Leavenworth, and will erect a large building there. It is probable that the B. & M. building, where they are now located, will be given up to railroad offices after their removal.

Officer Tom Pierronette's smiling face now illumines the dark depths of the city jail, where he has been assigned to telephone duty. Officer Hinchey has been assigned to street work.

The Fruitage of Appomattox.

This day marks the fiftieth anniversary of one of the most important events in American history, the surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox on April 9, 1865. This meeting of two great soldiers, the most momentous episode in the course of a long and bloody war, has been the theme for endless discussion, and much that is sheer fiction has been built up surrounding it. General Grant's own story of the meeting, recited in the direct and unadorned language of a modest man, is one of the most thrilling chapters of the war's history, because of its simplicity. Grant tells what his own emotions were, but says of Lee that whatever he might have felt, he concealed beneath his native dignity and innate courtesy.

But these men must have entertained a sentiment in common for the future of the country. The terms that Grant offered, and which were so promptly accepted by Lee, were such as looked to the speedy reunion of the severed sections and a renewal of the national life that had been interrupted for four years of bitter conflict. No matter how widely they may have differed on other matters, they had that one purpose in mind, to terminate hostilities, with the attendant loss of life and waste of property, and to restore peace to the country as swiftly as possible.

Lee left Appomattox to return to private life. Grant, just entering on the vigorous days of his mature manhood, was called to even greater effort in the task of reuniting the states into a stronger union. The generous impulse he exhibited on that April day half a century ago was characteristic of the man, and the hope he then expressed he lived to see brought to a wonderful fruition. Fifty years of marvelous growth in every activity of national life, with all the blessings of liberty for every citizen, then made possible, has furnished the world an example and an inspiration such as no other nation offers.

Along with the flood of recollections that will come with Appomattox day, let us not forget another picture of Grant. Suffering from a disease whose hold on him meant death, bravely looking out upon a world that had honored him for his many virtues and services, he gave his people another message: "Let us have peace!"

Triumph of Watchful Waiting.

"All things come round to him who will wait," the motto of the democratic administration, has at last been justified. Captain Thierichsen has finally succumbed to the ceaseless vigil of the State, Navy and Treasury departments, and his good ship, Prinz Eitel Friedrich, will be tied up at Norfolk navy yard for the rest of the war. What a sigh of relief must have sighed through the corridors of official Washington when this jolly German sea dog announced his intention. And what a huge guffaw of laughter must have shaken the wardroom beams on board that and other warships when the news came.

Captain Thierichsen is not only a good sailor, but he has the German notion of humor, and kept up his bluff to the very last. On the afternoon of the day when he was ready to ask that his ship be interned he had smoke pouring from its funnels, ran up a string of signal flags and blew a tremendous blast from the ship's whistle. He kept the authorities of one neutral and two hostile countries guessing to the final moment. This is quite characteristic of the German, who enjoys a good joke, even when the business at hand is most serious. The captain's tactics were good, and his contribution to the gaiety of nations will win him a place almost equal to that of his maritime exploits.

Now that the incident is closed, a blessed interval comes when arrangements for chautauking and other spring duties of the cabinet officers may be overhauled. And for this they should be grateful to Captain Thierichsen, who might have prolonged the fest for several days.

Nebraska's Crop Outlook.

The preliminary report on the condition of winter wheat and rye, just made public by the Department of Agriculture, shows a pronounced advance in condition for both crops in Nebraska since the last report, made on December 1. Both crops at present stand far above the point of the ten-year average. The winter was of immense benefit to the farmer in many respects, but particularly in the condition in which it has left the fall-sown crops. The outlook for spring work on the farm is most encouraging, and another season of bountiful crops seems already assured. The government's report also shows that in the five leading winter wheat states—Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Illinois and Missouri—which last year furnished 55 per cent of the total crop, a general advance in condition is noted. With the increased acreage sown, another record yield is expected, and the United States will continue to feed the world.

Can This Be Treason?

The disquieting news comes from Lincoln that the Nebraska senate has deliberately stricken the name of William Jennings Bryan from a resolution endorsing the president and his administration. What is the world to understand from this action. Has the Peerless Leader fallen then so low among his own home folks that his enemy is able to withhold from him the meed of praise that has always been his? Is this defection in the democratic camp not treason to the dearest of all the institutions of Nebraska's untarnished? Whatever else it may be, it is a sad ending to the session-long effort to get through an expression of confidence and support for the administration at Washington. Where was Brother Charley when this was going on? He ought to have better control than that. Maybe it is treason, and maybe it is just a way the democratic donkey has of kicking at the hand supposed to be holding back the overdue "pie" for which the patriots so longingly yearn.

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Grant's Own Story

From His Autobiography.

WHEN I had left camp that morning I had not expected so soon the result then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without an sword, as I usually was when on horseback on the field, and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. I had my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview.

What General Lee's feelings were I do not know. As he was a man of much dignity, with an impressive face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or felt sad over the result, and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from my observation; but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was the least excuse. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us.

General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the state of Virginia; at all events it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough traveling suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterwards.

We soon fell into a conversation about old army times, and remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army; and I told him that as a matter of course I remembered him perfectly, but from the difference in our rank and years (there being about sixteen years' difference in our ages), I had thought it very likely that I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered by him after such a long interval. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting. After the conversation had run on in this style for some time, General Lee called my attention to the object of our meeting, and said that he had asked for this interview for the purpose of getting from me the terms I proposed to give his army. I said that I meant merely that his army should lay down their arms, not to take them up again during the continuance of the war unless duly and properly exchanged. He said that he had so understood my letter.

Then gradually we fell off again into conversation about matters foreign to the subject which had brought us together. This continued for some little time, when General Lee again interrupted the course of the conversation by suggesting that the terms I proposed to give his army ought to be written out. I called on General Foster, secretary on my staff, for writing materials, and commenced writing out the following terms:

APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, Va., April 8, 1865.—GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding U. S. A.—General: In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of North Virginia on the following terms, to-wit: Rolls of all the officers and the men to be made in duplicate. One copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside. Very respectfully, "U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General."

When I put my pen to the paper I did not know the first word that I should make use of in writing the terms. I only knew what I wished to say, and I wished to express it clearly, so that there could be no mistaking it. As I wrote on, the thought occurred to me that the officers had their own private horses and effects, which were important to them, but of no value to us; also that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to call upon them to deliver their side arms.

No conversation, not one word, passed between General Lee and myself, either about private property, side arms, or kindred subjects. He appeared to have no objections to the terms first proposed; or if he had a point to make against them he wished to wait until they were in writing to make it. When he read over that part of the terms about side arms, horses and private property of the officers, he remarked, with some feeling, I thought, that this would have a happy effect upon his army.

Then, after a little further conversation, General Lee remarked to me again that their army was organized a little differently from the army of the United States (with reference to the cavalry and the way we were two countries); that in their army the cavalrymen and artillerymen owned their own horses; and he asked if he was to understand that the men who so owned their horses were to be permitted to retain them. I told him that as the terms were written they would not; that only the officers were permitted to take their private property. He then, after reading over the terms a second time, remarked that that was clear.

I then said to him that I thought this would be about the last battle of the war—I sincerely hoped so; and I said further I took it that most of the men in the ranks were small farmers. The whole country had been so deluged by the two armies that it was doubtful whether they would be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they were then riding. The United States did not want them and I would, therefore, instruct the officers I left behind to receive the paroles of his troops to let every man of the confederate army who claimed to own a horse or mule take the animal to his home. Lee remarked again that this would have a happy effect.

He then sat down and wrote out the following letter: "HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, April 9, 1865.—General: I received your letter of this date containing the terms of surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

"R. E. LEE, General.

"Lieutenant General U. S. Grant." The much talked of surrendering of Lee's sword and my handing it back, this sad much more that has been said about it is the purest romance. The sword was not his, and was not mentioned by either of us until I wrote it in the terms. There was no premeditation, and it did not occur to me until the moment I wrote it down. If I had happened to omit it, and General Lee had called my attention to it, I should have put in the terms precisely as I acceded to the provision about the soldiers retaining their horses.

General Lee, after all was completed and before taking his leave, remarked that his army was in a very bad condition for want of food, and that they were without forage; that his men had been living for some days on parched corn exclusively, and that he would have to ask me for rations and forage. I told him "certainly," and asked for how many men he wanted rations. His answer was "about 20,000," and I authorized him to send his own commissary and quartermaster to Appomattox Station, two or three miles away, where he could have, out of the trains we had stopped, all the provisions wanted. As for forage, we had ourselves depended almost entirely upon the country for that.

The Bee's Letter Box

A Man's Actions, Not His Beliefs.

OMAHA, April 7.—To the Editor of The Bee: Rabbi Cohn's late letter to The Bee embodied the true American spirit in regard to religious holidays. Mr. Cohn's stand is well taken and timely. Civil government in the United States has no authority to show preference toward any sectarian affair. Mayor Dahman's proclamation was strictly out of order, and in criticizing the mayor's action, Mr. Cohn defended the greatest American principle.

A man from Benson, however, replies through the Letter Box that Dahman was right and Mr. Cohn wrong. He adds that this country was made by Christians or themselves, and those Jews who do not like it should go to Halifax.

From the tenor of his letter it can plainly be seen that such unprincipled opinion arises either from arrogance or ignorance. This is America, not Russia. When a person ruthlessly tramples on a vital principle he infers that he has the power he would exile those whose beliefs did not accord with his own. Like the Turk he would butcher the non-believer in cold blood.

Fortunately such men rarely gain prominence in America, but the existence of such opinion among the laity is a force to be reckoned with. If they all it is not a man's belief, but his actions that count. Under this standard Mr. Cohn remains a grand example of broadness and intelligence.

If Christianity represents justice, Mr. Cohn is the Christian. If Americanism represents freedom, he is decidedly true American. C. J. H.

Be an Optimist. OMAHA, April 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: Shut your eyes brother and be an optimist. If your son calls you a liar and makes a pass at you with his left duke, don't get excited; if you become irritated and kick him into the middle of October, the neighbors will say you are an old grouchy pessimist.

If one of your sympathetic friends tries to sell you 1,000 shares of Amalgamated rubber tree stock, don't be a grouch and refuse to buy it; his only desire is to make you rich, and it will nearly break his heart if you turn him down. Buy it, and hope for the best; the poor horse will always hold one more optimist.

Don't exclaim against the venality of corrupt politicians; don't protest against lascivious dances and other scandalous spectacles of our elegant and indolent society, for if you refuse to tolerate these gross sensuality somebody will call you a prude and a grouchy pessimist.

In the height of prosperity spend your money on wine, women and soup-train-la, for there is plenty more where that came from. Sister, be cheerful. If your boy comes home belching beer and stepping high like a blind horse, don't criticize his conduct, put him to bed tenderly, quote him a few passages from the scriptures, and believe with all your heart that it was not his fault and that he will never again repeat the performance.

A pessimist in one of the greatest evils that ever annoyed the community, but an optimist will laugh even with a hangman's rope around his neck. If you are sliding into the bottomless pit with marvelous rapidity, keep your eyes shut and be not afraid.

Don't look ahead; sit like a man in a rowboat with your back to the future, and even if there are whirlpools and rocks in front of your mind, the scenery on each side, and behind you is glorious. "No one loves the bearer of evil tidings," so be an optimist and get by without friction. E. O. McINTOSH.

That Good Friday Proclamation. OMAHA, April 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: I have just finished reading another protest regarding the Good Friday question.

I am wondering if there can be a man, (and, to use Mr. Brillhart's words, "be he Jew, Mohammedan, Mormon or Gentile, Protestant or Catholic," who would protest to anyone, and in the name of his and his. We think nothing of giving a day in honor of George Washington, and yet they protest at giving a few hours to their Creator.

And, to put religion aside, would it not be better to please some one who can repay us, than some one who can't. For I am sure George Washington can't. MRS. H. B. MULLIN.

"Calm Reason" Suffragist. GRAND ISLAND, Neb., April 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: In a recent issue of The Bee Mrs. Hester Bronson Copper attempts to explain why the suffragists are disseminating false doctrines in the photo play, "Your Girl and Mine," and which appears to be the practice of the advocates of this cause persistently and with intent to misconstrue and pervert the meaning of American laws to their own interest.

When this film was shown in Lincoln and Omaha it received severe condemnation from many people, and when I made the statement that it was hopelessly overdrawn and that such laws did not exist in any state, I was immediately assigned to the Ananias' club, and a number of states were cited as having such laws. Later, however, letters were published from the governors of states quoted disclaiming any such laws. Now Mrs. Hester Bronson Copper says that suffragists of "calm reason" (a rare specie in my judgment) admit the film to be imperfect, but that it is a "great plot with a tremendous motive," that motive undoubtedly being "votes for women." "A wrong touched upon in this play" (according to Mrs. Copper) is "child labor."

It is only fair to ask why (if she considers the vote a necessary instrument in securing good legislation) in the adjoining state of Colorado, where women have been enfranchised for over twenty-one years, are the child labor laws not as good as those in Nebraska? Last year was one of almost nation-wide advance in the matter of child labor legislation; thirty-two states enacted laws bearing on child labor and the two most conspicuous failures were in women suffrage states. The uniform child labor law was passed in the Idaho legislature; women have voted in Idaho for eighteen years. Will Mrs. Copper explain why has the lower house in Colorado passed a measure to abolish the juvenile court, or can she name a male suffrage state whose legislature has voted to abolish its children's court? That a children's court is not needed in Denver can hardly be claimed, as Judge Lindsay stated only a few months ago that the cases brought before that court had increased 500 per cent of late years, which incident should open suffragists' eyes to the realities that succeed the franchise, which fact would indicate that women are valuing suffrage to accomplish through legislation what can only be brought about through thoughtful and constant home training. This presumably "suffragist of calm reason" states that the incidents in

this play are based on facts in law and history, and in order to find laws discriminating against women they have gone back to the statute of testamentary guardians passed by the British Parliament in 1693, which gave to the fathers estate the privilege of appointing a guardian who had charge of all his interests. If the father failed to make such an appointment the courts did so. This photo play depicts a father willing away his unborn child, and while there is no law preventing a man from expressing such a desire in his will, yet the rational mind has no fear that the courts will permit wills derogatory to children to be carried into effect.

Evidently this suffragist of "calm reason" does not agree with Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, a leader of the New York movement to enfranchise women, who in a recent issue of "The Woman Voter" says: "Votes can right no wrong and solve no problem until a way has been thought out by means of which these things can be accomplished." It is quite encouraging to learn that at least one suffragist admits that the vote does not solve these problems. Mrs. Catt would do well to impress her views on those suffragists of "calm reason" who are advocating "votes for women" as the panacea for all social and political ills.

MARGARET M. CRUMPACKER.

SUNNY GEMS.

They say the young fellow who is courting your daughter, Sims, is very enterprising.

"Is he?" I haven't noticed much get-up-and-go about him yet.—Baltimore American.

"That single man next door to you must be driven to desperation about his clothes."

"What do you mean?" "I saw him this morning in his garden sewing hachters' buttons."—Baltimore American.

"Why, my dear, how sober you look! There isn't a single bright color about you."

"No, I thought that new James is in the diplomatic navy, I had better wear neutral tints."—Baltimore American.

He—Are you superstitious when 12 per-

sons sit down to the table at the same time?—Well, not superstitious, but I am sometimes worried, if I have cooked only enough for ten.—Woman's Home Companion.

KABIBBLE KABARET. AS MENDEL MANISK SAYS: ITS NO USE CRYING OVER SPILT MILK—THE BROKEN CUT GLASS PITCHER IS THE MAIN THING!

Mrs. Homepun—What'll we contribute to the minister's donation party? Farmer Homepun—Well, I dunno, Haner. Taters is way up, pork is way up, fowl is way up—we'll save money by giving him money.—St. Paul Dispatch.

SCHOOL HOUSE ON SECTION LINE. No dearer picture do I see Within the leaves of memory Than this green-shuttered domain of pine, Of plain and neat and sun drenched, The school house on the section line.

I never have in years forgot This cottonwood-sequestered nook. Where many happy days were mine. Into the past my thoughts fling— The school house on the section line.

'Twas here 'mid fields of wheat and corn, Where first my hopes and fears were born— 'Mid high of colts and low of kine, It wakened themes of "auld lang syne"— The school house on the section line.

On meadow green we went to bat— Both girls and boys—in "Two Old Cats," Or gallant in wreaths of eglantine, We listened for its bell at nine— The school house on the section line.

"King William was King William's Son," And other games of royal fun We played with common word or sign Around his walls of shade and shine— The school house on the section line.

In "Hide and Seek" and "Blind Man's Buff," No victor's scramble was too tough; More popular was "Superfine," It breathes of joy almost divine— The school house on the section line. Omaha. —Willis Hudspeth.

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World Motor Bike Free. A picture of the bicycle will be in The Bee every day. Cut them all out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you, too. See how many pictures you can get and bring them to The Bee office, Saturday, April 10.

World Motor Bike Free. The bicycle will be given Free to the boy or girl that sends us the most pictures before 4 p. m., Saturday, April 10. Subscribers can help the children in the contest by asking for picture certificates when they pay their subscription. We give a certificate good for 100 pictures for every dollar paid.