

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 the average circulation for the month of January, 1916, was 53,102.
Dwight Williams, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 14 day of February, 1916.
ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Cheer up! The worst is over! Woodrow Wilson consents to run.

It is never out of season to build up home industries by buying Omaha-made goods.

Poxy Bob hasn't worked in the court house for a generation without knowing who's who.

"Met" seems to be afraid folks won't know he is off the reservation unless he raises a war-whoop.

For a man who has been killed off so many times, Villa manages to keep the reporters tolerably busy.

Still, every patriot anxious to ventilate a wet or dry subject is at liberty to hire a hall and go to it.

Dyers and cleaners should not forget that oil companies need the money to pay 50 per cent dividends.

If Omaha is to get that long-delayed Dodge street viaduct, it will have to speak softly and carry a big stick, and very likely use the stick.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, first president of the Chinese republic, has married his private secretary. How fast the orient is being Americanized in thought and habits.

The proposed electric contract might be worth while if it guarantees sufficient current to illuminate the darkness that surrounds purchases of fire department supplies.

Much as Douglas county prides itself on the decorative art of the court house, the real artistic touch is not on the walls or ceilings, but in the doughbag of naturalization fees.

Owing to circumstances beyond their control the Buckeyes must defer an answer to Mr. Wilson's valentine until November 7. The delay gives ample time for underscoring the lines.

Hurling challenges for joint debates on public questions have not been productive of result so far. A desire to shine by reflected light is heightened by the fifty-fifty split of expenses.

A large portion of the residence section of Seattle is reported sliding toward the sea. Whether the move is in the interest of urban sanitation or the conservation of webfoot is anybody's guess.

The city will readvertise for bids for auto-fire equipment, with notice in advance from certain commissioners that they will favor buying a particular make of machine, regardless of price. Imagine a private business corporation making its purchases on this plan.

Abolition of personal taxation and the substitution of a tax on incomes over \$1,500 is proposed in a tentative bill fathered by the republican majority of the New York legislature. Personal taxation has become a burlesque in the Empire state, and the income tax method is considered the next available means of making invisible wealth bear its share of the cost of government.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

Compiled from Bee Files.

The Gun club is making arrangements for the state sportsmen's association meeting, which occurs in Omaha in June, and has appointed committees to look after the details as follows: Tournament, George E. Kay, F. B. Farnelle and C. B. Leno; banquet, George T. Mills, W. H. S. Hughes, George S. Smith, H. A. Worley, H. B. Kennedy, Ed. Leeder; railroads and hotels, Thomas B. Cotter, Jeff W. Bedford.

Henry Kaufman, who has for some time been a prominent lawyer in Cedar Rapids, has located in Omaha.

Ralph Modjeska today received from friends in Philadelphia a large and handsome bloodhound in a box and it is average enough to frighten off all the tramps in the state.

W. J. Fountain, who has a grocery store on Saunders street, wishes it distinctly understood that neither he nor his wife is a relative of the noted J. A. Fountain, who once had a store on Dodge street.

The old fire bell which rang so many alarms in the past twenty years was taken from the town hall at Fifteenth and Farnam streets to be placed above the new quarters above No. 3 of Harney street.

Slips Smith Through Small Hole.

Judge Sears has decided that the clerk of the district court in Douglas county may retain the fees he collects in naturalization cases, because no Nebraska statute specifically directs that these particular fees be turned over to the county. This comes as strange doctrine from a judge who a very few years ago pursued a state treasurer of Nebraska with zeal to compel him to turn into the treasury the proceeds of a bond deal he put over while acting as state treasurer, although the transaction was outside his official duties.

The law requires that all fees collected by the clerk of the courts in excess of \$4,000 in Douglas county be turned over to the county treasurer. Judge Sears evades this provision by holding that the naturalization of foreign-born citizens is work done outside the regular duties of clerk of the court, and does not, therefore, fall under the statute. The federal law governing the naturalization of foreigners requires that the act be done in a court of record; it does not stipulate that the clerk of the court must keep the records, but where else can it be done, and who else will do it? According to the judge's reasoning, this service is optional with the clerk of the courts, and when done by him is a favor conferred upon the public.

Aside from the legal aspect of the question, which has been so sorely twisted, what about the moral obligation resting on the man who promised, if elected, he would take the office and be content with the munificent salary attached to it? How does his present fee-grab square with his record when he was auditor for the county? It is easy to recall how Auditor Smith pursued other county officers, some of whom had been out of office for many years, demanding that they turn over fees, even going to the end of compelling the county judge to cover marriage service fees into the county treasury. No law of Nebraska requires the county judge to perform the marriage ceremony, but he is authorized to do so if he is called on and elects to. How does his case differ from that of the clerk of the court in registering the oath of a foreigner applying for citizenship?

A mighty small hole will serve sometimes, when a culprit is caught in a tight place, but the Sears decision is not final and the case should be appealed without delay.

Position Permanently Delicate.

Washington correspondents just now lay great emphasis on the fact that the United States is in a delicate position between the belligerents, because of the memoranda sent to the warring powers by Secretary of State Lansing, dealing with the status of armed merchantmen. As a matter of fact, it is not more delicate than the entire situation has been since the war commenced. Our government has been compelled to choose the right course on many occasions, some of them decidedly critical, without regard to the position of the belligerents. On almost every question that has arisen one or the other side has sought to gain advantage, and this we have had to ignore. The position of a neutral is always delicate, for the balance must be held even between the contending powers, or neutrality fails. In the present instance, the right is against the Allies, but the decision of the United States will be upheld regardless of this fact.

Great Britain Yields a Point.

The British government has announced a modification in its practice of dealing with cargoes seized on neutral bottoms, that will be of some benefit to shippers. Hitherto it has been the practice to sell at once perishable goods when seized, and to establish the innocent character of the shipment after. This course was attended by such delay and accompanied by such charges that the value of the cargo was generally consumed before the proceedings came to an end, and the shipper was forced to pocket the loss. The change made is to dispense with the exorbitant charges heretofore made, and to provide for compensation to the shipper, in event of the cargo being declared innocent. This removes one of the causes of aggravation, but does not entirely free neutral shipping from the embargo put upon it by the "order in council." It does show, however, that the British government is not entirely impervious to the protests of neutrals, and further concessions may yet be forced.

Churches Getting Down to Work.

Omaha evangelical churches are preparing for an active campaign for membership along lines that ought to produce a substantial increase in the number of communicants. At any rate, the effort that is promised will have the support of a considerable number of the present membership who were not directly concerned in the recent big revival held here. It is intended that responsibility shall be placed on the several pastors and their congregations, and that the work is to be personal. The pastors admit that, so far as increase in membership is concerned, the sensational Sunday campaign was productive of slight results. From this they will turn to the quieter method of personal effort. This seems like a more rational course, for the man-to-man appeal is much more apt to create effects of more permanent value than a "whoop 'em up" revival.

Church life in Omaha is not at a low ebb, nor has it been, all testimony to the contrary lacking the support of fact. The earnest Christian men and women of the town are its best asset, and their unity of purpose can not fail to accomplish good. It will be interesting to compare the accomplishment of the proposed campaign with what has passed.

Advance calculations on the profits from business on hand puts the steel trust's earnings for the first half of this year at \$120,000,000. Other steel companies are reported equally prosperous. A postscript to the showing intimates that the companies are "satisfied with present profits on commercial steel," which implies rare moderation of appetite.

To the masterful geniuses who designed the Rock Island receivership, the scheme of boosting expenses to bolster a demand for higher rates would be a minor detail of managerial strategy.

The Winder of the Sponge

By Garrett P. Service.

A CORRESPONDENT asks if a sponge is animal life.

Sponges are among the most wonderful and puzzling of animals. The sponge of our bathrooms is the soft skeleton of one of the species of this remarkable creature, which represents one of the very oldest forms of life on our globe, having lasted through successive geologic periods for ten of millions of years, although it belongs to an offshoot which "has led to nothing else"—that is to say, which has produced by evolution no higher forms than itself.

If you will visit the American Museum of Natural History you will see specimens and models of sponges that will fill you with amazement and admiration by their intricate and beautiful shapes and their delicate and varied colors.

A living sponge is a kind of cell city. If you can imagine thousands of Siamese twins all joined into one composite body you will have an idea of the kind of multiplex animal that a sponge is.

But, of course, you must not drive the comparison too far. A cell has life and activity, but it has no organs like a high and more complex animal. "Sponges," says a zoologist (J. A. Thomson), "are living thickets in which many small animals play hide and seek."

Formerly many thought that sponges were a kind of seaweed. They grow attached to rocks, shells and other objects in the water, and nearly all live in the sea, although there is a fresh-water species called spongia. The skeleton or framework of a sponge is formed, in some species, of carbonate of lime (which constitutes the greater part of our own bones); in other species, of silica, a flinty substance, and in still others, of a horn-like material.

Sponges manage to draw their food within their reach by setting up currents in the water. If you and your family were microscopic organisms, dwelling in the neighborhood of a sponge, you might some morning find that you were being swept along by a gentle current, as soothingly unsuspicious of its real import as the little shore eddies a mile above Niagara; and when, too late, you awoke to the situation, you would be rushing through a crooked tube, with hundreds of cilia (diving hairs) reaching for you from every side, and you and yours would quickly become the subjects of "intra-cellular digestion." Prof. Thomson, whom I have already quoted, gives this very graphic description of the way in which a cup-shaped sponge lives:

"The particles are drawn in through minute pores all over the surface of the sponge; they pass into the cavity of the cup, and they are driven out again in a stream from the large upper aperture. To what are the currents due? Obviously to the lashing activity of the ciliated cells."

"The community is Venice-like, penetrated by canals. By these, food and other necessities are continually supplied to the houses, or cells, on the banks, and a constant current is sustained by the life of the city."

But many sponges are very much more complicated than the simple cup-shaped variety described by Prof. Thomson. Their general scheme of living, however, is about the same.

Sponges spread like plants by building. They also have sexes. In the calcareous sponges the ovum is fertilized by the germ-cell borne to it by water. From the ovum emerges a hollow sphere consisting of cells, and this sphere is for a time a free-swimming organism which finally fixes itself for life to a rock. Then the true sponge, in the form which we know, begins to grow.

The fresh-water sponges die in the autumn, except that certain groups of cells, forming "gemmules," survive during the winter, and in the spring float away to form new sponges. These consist of males, which are short-lived, and females, which live longer. From the latter is born another generation, which dies in the autumn like the first.

Sponges have enemies, such as burrowing worms, and it has been thought that the sharp spicules, or flint knives, which many of them contain, and which cut like little razor-blades, form a part of their defensive armament.

Some of them, however, are themselves aggressive. There is a minute species which bores holes in oyster shells, and others fasten themselves to crabs and thus get carried about.

The most remarkable of these little traveling sponges is a small, orange-colored species which selects for its domicile a bottle shell that is inhabited by a hermit crab, as if it knew that in this way it would get a free ride for life. Sometimes, it is said, the sponge bores clear through the shell and thus spoils its auto, for then the crab gets out.

Twice Told Tales

The Similarity.

The two congressmen happened into a barber shop and sat down in the chair of a venerable negro barber. "Uncle," said the St. Louisan, "I guess you've shaved a good many prominent men in your time, haven't you?"

"Yes, suh, I has, suh," came the reply. "I has shaved a whole lot of congressmen and congressmen who have made history, suh. Who, suh, I has used this very razor on President Grant, suh."

"I suppose you got to know some of them pretty well?" asked the congressman, much impressed.

"Yes, suh. Yes, suh, I did, suh. I was jes noticing something about you that's jes like President Grant, suh."

"What is it, uncle? The shape of my head, I suppose," asked the flattered St. Louisan.

"No, suh. It am your breath," St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

More Than a Hint.

He was a very shy young man. For two long years he had been paying her attention and had not yet even asked her hand.

One evening, as they lingered in the shadow of the trees by her gate, he asked timidly:

"Florence, would you—might I—would you mind if I placed one reverent kiss on your fair hand tonight when I leave you?"

Florence thought he wanted speeding up. So she dropped her head coyly on his shoulders, lifted her face temptingly to his and replied:

"Well, George, I should think it decidedly out of place."—Philadelphia Ledger.

People and Events

The "gentleman's corset" recommended by the tailors and endorsed by fashionable doctors strictly speaking is not a corset, but a "basque" and is esteemed an aid to health and mainly beauty. A fat man properly basqued improves his front 100 per cent.

Pictures of Dr. James B. Angel, president emeritus of the University of Michigan, are on the newspaper circuit in honor of his eighty-seventh birthday anniversary. These show the doctor wearing the most imposing bunch of walrus whiskers seen in print since Horace Greeley's day.

The latest trait broken through the wilds of bachelordom in Oklahoma leads right up to the door of the bachelor governor, Richard Leptower Williams. As is customary with high lonesomes, the governor thinks he knows the deficiencies of the opposite sex, and remarked on state occasions how little old maids know about domestic duties and the joys of wedded living. "The 'Old Maid' union" of Muskogee accepted the challenge and delicately roasted the governor in this ladyship fashion: "By reason of your exalted position, you should set an example that all men of the age of 21 would immediately emulate, and as an encouragement, we respectfully submit ourselves as willing to assist you in gaining the knowledge and experience you deplore in others."

The Bee's Letter Box

Appreciation of Russian Letters.

OMAHA, Feb. 15.—To the Editor of The Bee: For a foreigner, and especially an Englishman, Mr. Powys displayed deep knowledge and remarkable penetration into the very depth of Russian literature, Russian character, Russian soul. For a Russian, who is somewhat familiar with his native literature and who on several occasions lectured and wrote on Russian literature, Mr. Powys' presentation of the Dostoevsky and other Russian intellectual giants was a most pleasing surprise. Especially was I delighted with his definition of the peculiarities and idioms of the Russian language, which Mr. Powys, while not familiar with the Russian tongue, not being a Russian, has sensed it by some sort of intuition. He uttered exactly my views, which I have expressed in my lecture on Pushkin before the graduating class of the students of the University of Nebraska, where I stated as follows:

"It will probably sound exaggerated to say that of all the languages, even of the different Slavonian tongues, the Russian is the most superb. There is not another language in the world in which one can so well express the finest, the most delicate and the deepest emotion of the soul as in Russian. No language has the material, the resources, the richness, the softness, the variety of words that the Russian has. The manifold expressions for the many variations of the human feelings and soul are so easily and beautifully rendered in that language. The Russian language is adapted for poetry, as the Italian is for music, and the work of the great poets of Germany, France and England are far superior in their Shakespearean genius shown up to far better advantage in Russian than in his native tongue, and the lyrics of Schiller, Heine, Shelly, etc., are more musical and enchanting in Russian than in the original. It is the construction of the language and the character of the nation which makes the Russian tongue so superb, so heavenly beautiful. The Russian folk songs, folk lore, are so rich in expressions and emotions that one can hardly read them without bringing tears to the eyes. The Russian nation is a nation full of sorrow, grief and hardships. The serfdom, the absolutism of the autocrats, has crushed the spirit of the naturally gifted nation, and no wonder that in the poetry and music of Russia the minor tone is always prevailing and the poems are so heart-breaking cries for delivery from oppression and longing for freedom, life and civilization."

To understand the Russian soul, the depth of it or its peculiarities, which are so different and so divergent from any other nation, one need not read the literature which is accessible to only a very few non-Russians; one needs only to study other branches of Russian art, such as Russian painting, Russian music or Russian dancing. What a world of emotion, what a depth of emotion, wild and stormy outburst of feeling, thought, philosophy, plainness and joy, all in the same soul and body.

The "Message of the Kozak," by Ma-wofsky, the famous painting which took the world by storm when exhibited at the World's fair in Chicago, or "The Return of the Exile," by Repin, embodies exactly the qualities expressed above. The wild, stormy, bravado spirit of the Kozak is in such a contrast to the painting of the return of the Russian exile, who meets his family after years of separation, when he left his wife young and beautiful, his children small, only to return home to find his wife old and care-worn, his children grown to manhood and womanhood, and then the exile stands at the threshold of his home unrecognized by his wife and children, because the hardship of the Siberian exile has transformed him to an old broken-down man. What a world of emotion, pity and heartrending is laid down in that famous canvas. Such a canvas as Repin is possible only on Russian soil, where conditions can create such a subject for an artist and only a Russian artist can reproduce it in oil.

Now, where will you find a second Pavlova or a Mordkina? where will you find such a tempest of emotion, awe and lanch of passion, such a flame and fire emanating from every quivering fiber of their muscles as expressed by these two famous Russian dancers? There is such a superabundance of soul even in their solos, or look at the Russian folk dances, or listen to the Russian folk songs. What mixture of carols, such as bravado and heart-rending cries and piteous moaning for liberty and plainness against tyranny and oppression.

Yes, Mr. Powys grasped the soul of the Russian, as a Russian himself could do no better. While he spoke of the Russian literature only, he undoubtedly would have said the same thing of the other branches of the Russian art in the same masterly, passionate fashion. It was a grand and delightful treat to hear Mr. Powys and to the ladies of the Art society in charge of the art exhibit, who brought Mr. Powys to Omaha to lecture, the people of Omaha owe a deep gratitude. I am sure I do.

DR. E. HOLSTWEINER.

Aftermath of "Billy" Sunday Campaign.

OMAHA, Feb. 15.—To the Editor of The Bee: Recent public utterances by two of Omaha's most prominent ministers called for a public protest lest by our silence we be thought to consent. I refer to the statement quoted in the papers from recent sermons by Dr. Rouse of the First Congregational church, who has resigned and left the city, and of Dr. Lowe of the First Methodist church, the former tearing down the doctrine of the Christian faith, the latter the ideals of Christianity by his remarks at a meeting of a Drama club of this city before which he lectured. Neither of these men has publicly denied the statements attributed to them, so that I take it for granted that they were correctly quoted.

Dr. Rouse is quoted as denying the Bible story of creation and the personality of the devil. With amazing inconsistency he says he would rather trust the spiritual vision of Jesus than any other, yet he denies that which Jesus believed in, the personality of Satan. Open the Gospels almost at random and there will be found clear statements by the Lord showing His belief in the existence of a personal devil. Why not believe His word here as well as His teachings on immortality? It is not of any particular credit to Dr. Rouse that he, a Christian, believes in the immortality of the soul, when even heathens without the light of the Gospel have consciousness of their immortality. What the doctor says concerning Jesus rising higher than any other leads one to believe that he does not believe in the Deity, mark the word, the Deity of the Lord Jesus Christ.

By such teachings from the pulpit is the cause of Jesus Christ hindered more than words can tell. The devil will easily forgive these men the fling they had at him in the Billy Sunday campaign, in the satisfaction he must feel in having them

further his cause in this way. Why a church at all? If there is no devil and no sin, why need of a Savior and a Gospel? The Congregational church makes much of "Founders' Day." If there had been the convictions of the founders, there would have been no Pilgrim Fathers, no Plymouth Rock, no Congregationalism. It is said to think that the work of the fathers is to be torn to shreds by the sons. The fact that such views can be preached in churches for years without a protest shows to what the church has come. A man with views like that ought to step out, not alone from the pulpit of one church to accept the pulpit of another, but he has no place in the Christian ministry at all. If there is to be no formal statement of Christian doctrine there is absolutely nothing to preach. And then, why should unbelievers be allowed to state its disbelief and faith not be allowed to state its belief.

It would be almost laughable if it were not so tragic, to see churches and ministers confessing their failure to win men to the Christian life and faith, calling in a man like Billy Sunday, who stands firmly on the old Bible ground, the old-time religion, to procure results for them. And he achieved results. These men and churches, who it seems with mental reservations joined in the campaign in order to get results, make the prodigious mistake of ascribing the success to the methods rather than the doctrines.

So they adopt the methods and cast away the doctrines by which the souls were saved. What must one think of their sincerity when the evangelist has hardly had time to leave town before they are engaged in tearing at the foundation upon which he achieved results. In the real work of saving souls after the campaign the lay members of the church have been more active than the ministers, many of them, seem to be. While the ministers are blaming the Rock of Ages on the men of the churches for crying to get others to trust the Rock.

Dr. Lowe has not attacked the doctrines of the Bible, but he has made utterances that have hurt the cause of the Christian church in its fight for separation from the evils of the world. He speaks on the drama before a drama club. Imagine John Wesley doing the same. Imagine the founders of Methodism in this country doing the same. He sarcastically talks of the views old-fashioned. Again we say, that if the founders of Methodism had had his convictions there would have been no Methodist church. Methodism arose as a protest against the worldliness of the ministry and the church. The old Methodists went out from the world and its pleasures, dancing, card playing and theater going and the rest. Their devoted Christian life bore fruit in a revival that saved England from ruin and that has blessed the whole world. And now the descendants of these mighty men of God are tearing down the walls which they reared between them and the world. The views of the Christian's conduct which Dr. Lowe holds will never produce the results that the convictions of those who founded the church in which he occupies a pulpit produce.

And, again, the inconsistency of these views with the acts and words at the Billy Sunday tabernacle. There Dr. Lowe, together with a crowd of ministers, saw Billy Sunday's terrific arraignment of the card-playing, dancing and theater-going church member, took his stand on the platform with Mr. Sunday as a sign that he heartily accorded with the truths presented and called upon his people to forsake these things and to live a life separate from the world. And then each uttered a word to the effect that the Billy Sunday campaign was a demonstration of what the church, cleansed from these things, standing on the ground of the old faith can accomplish, and here that stand is so soon abandoned. I firmly believe that the results of the campaign had been infinitely greater if the ministers with full heart had believed as Mr. Sunday does. And the results achieved will soon disappear if this work of tearing at the old faith continues. I write all of this with sorrow in my heart, that these things should be. God help His church.

FREDERICK E. PAMP.

Pastor Swedish Evangelical Mission Church.

An Unsanitary Railway Station.

WATERLOO, Neb., Feb. 15.—To the Editor of The Bee: While in the town of Decatur, in the northeastern part of Burt county, Nebraska, I recently had occasion to wait in the railroad station at that point about three-quarters of an hour for my train.

I found the station in so unusually unsanitary a condition that I feel constrained to write your paper in regard to it, in the hope that someone in authority, who is interested in the public health, will take steps immediately to have the Decatur railway station made fit for public use.

I believe that persons whose duty it is to safeguard public health have been derelict in their duty. Such places as the Decatur station are the breeding places of millions of germs, from whence come much disease, and those in authority should order the station agent, or

whoever is responsible, to clean up at once.

I have done much traveling in the mid-west and have never been in a public building which was in greater need of a thorough cleaning.

GEORGE SEYMOUR.

LAUGHING GAS.

"Everybody is progressive these days." "How now?" "I see the inhabitants of the South seas are equipping their idols with electric lights for eyes."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Crawford—if you go to war you're likely to be killed. Crabs—while if you remain a neutral you'll probably be torpedoed—Lafayette.

Aunt—You'll be late for the party, won't you, dear? Niece—O, no, auntie. In old set nobody goes to a party until everybody else gets there.—Boston Transcript.

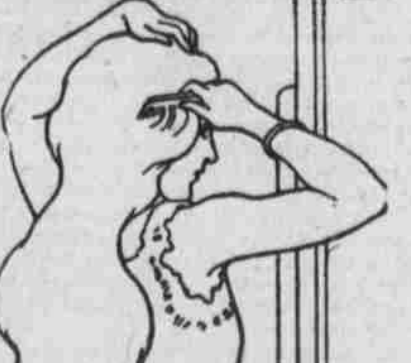
DEAR MR. KABBLE, I TOLD MY FIANCEE TO LEAVE ME FOREVER AND HE IS NOW IN CALIFORNIA—SHOULD I ASK HIM TO COME BACK TO ME?

YES, BUT I THINK ITS YOUR DUTY TO PAY HIS FARE!

"Some of your arguments aren't sound" remarked the precise logician. "Yes," replied Senator Borah, "and some of them aren't anything else."—Washington Star.

Country Cousin—I suppose the motto of You women in New York is eat, drink and be merry. City Cousin—No, dear! It is eat, drink, but be wary.—Judge.

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The soothing, healing properties of Resinol enable it to protect the skin and scalp from annoying eruptions, keep the complexion clear, and the hair rich and lustrous. This, soaps which are merely pure and cleansing cannot be expected to do.

When the skin is in bad condition, through neglect or an unwise use of cosmetics, spread on just a little Resinol Ointment for ten or fifteen minutes before using Resinol Soap. Resinol Soap and Ointment are sold by all druggists. For a trial size of each, free, write to Dept. 13-F, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Public Opinion Indorses

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