

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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JANUARY CIRCULATION. 53,102. 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.

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And to think so much good time was wasted debating whether an auto show should be held in Omaha this year at all.

Note that the Champ Clarks are White House guests, but not until after the departure of the Bryans from the official family circle.

The administration plans to pay Nicaragua \$3,000,000 and Colombia \$25,000,000, suggest the recasting of the hemispheric union into Panhandling-Americanism.

Every square foot of ground gained or lost on the western battle front costs at least one human life. No other real estate commands the price, and none is worth it.

Perhaps it's natural for lawyers to stick together, but there is no good reason why the decent and reputable lawyers should stick to the hold-up-and-frame-up gentry.

Schools in the City of Mexico reopen March 6 for the first time in five years. Vacation activities promise a teaching corps competent to direct "the young idea how to shoot."

La Follette's entrance into the presidential primary race may make it awkward for some of his former boosters in Nebraska who have attached themselves to other boomlets.

Ex-Governor Sulzer would tax all drinks with a stick-in them \$1,000 a gallon. In that event the governor of North Carolina could not repeat his historic invitation to the governor of South Carolina unless he were a millionaire.

The senator seems to have had less trouble filling the postmaster vacancy at Aurora than filling the one in his own home town. For the former place he picked an old-time populist—aren't there any deserving populists in Omaha? Why not Brother Tibbles?

South Carolina's notorious pardoning governor, Cole L. Blease, re-enters the political ring for a primary tryout. The Tarheel cyclone will not be truly happy until courts and penitentiaries are put out of business by the martial power of the convict vote.

Late calculations on the financial results of combining municipal ownership with corporation partnership in subways show that New York City is stuck for an extra \$20,000,000 or thereabouts. The pork barrel of Gotham has no equal outside the halls of congress.

Single men and young married men in England will be called to the colors early in March. At the same time will begin the mobilization of women for farm work. The fortunes of war are not only diminishing life in Britain but also revolutionizing that which remains.

Senator La Follette and Senator Works are statesmen with one common thought. They contend that soldiering should combine useful employment with drill and marching. A practical application of the system would instantly spoil the usefulness and fascination of present-day recruiting boosters and irreparably damage pictorial art.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

Compiled from Bee Files. The last party of the Apollo club series is attended by about twenty-five couples. The committee in charge was composed of C. H. T. Rippen, W. J. Ward, J. A. Booth, George J. Sternford, T. E. Jones, A. J. Eaton, E. F. Frye, F. H. Koesters, H. J. Fuller, L. K. Mooney and O. P. Burnett.

The Bull-Moosers' Dilemma.

It is the irony of fate that the bull-moosers of Nebraska, the one particular party that has sought to make so much capital over "hand-picked" delegates and "prearranged slates," should have to frame up a list of national convention delegates through a conference of self-constituted "leaders." Of course, the justification of it all lies in the fact that, except for some such artificially started machinery, the wheels would not go around at all, and not enough volunteers would get into the game to make a full delegation.

The question still remains, however, as to how the bull-moosers are to commission themselves to represent themselves at their national gathering. Under the laws of Nebraska, there is only one way to choose convention delegates, and that is by direct primary; and to put names on the official ballot requires a petition bearing signatures of duly qualified electors of the party to the number of 500 for the district, and 3,000 for the state, except that it need not be more than 5 per cent of the vote polled at the last preceding election. This proviso lets the bull-moosers down quite a bit, because the biggest vote polled by any candidate on their state ticket last time was 14,233, so that the five per cent calls for only 750 autographs, or an average of 125 in each of the six congressional districts.

We opine that it will take some scratching to secure the signatures of the 750 Simon-pure bull-moosers still willing to proclaim third party allegiance in this state. With sufficient industry the job can doubtless be done, but no time is to be wasted.

Brother Charlie to Stick.

George W. Berge has his answer, and "Brother Charlie" will stay in the race. The perpetual aspirant for governor on the democratic side had hoped to lure the anointed mayor of Lincoln into giving over his devoirs, and thus leave the people to their fate. Little did he reck of the high devotion of the Lincoln member of the well known firm of Bryan Brothers. When one of these puts his hand to the work of yielding to popular demand, it is not with the intent to turn aside to pursue something else, with the task half accomplished. Only the final count of votes will serve to convince him the public wants another, and then the verdict is accepted with the reservation that the voters know not what they do. "Brother Charlie" will be in the race to the very end, no matter what Mr. Berge may do, and the senator's hopes, now centered on the North Platte candidate, will tremble for many a day before the choice is made.

Eight Hundred Meters.

Eight hundred meters is about the distance from Sixteenth to Twenty-fourth streets. This is the prize for which two great armies struggled for days in the fiercest of deadly conflict. The Germans succeeded in throwing the French out of their trenches for that distance and proclaim a great victory, but only for a moment. The French have recovered the ground. And this is the story of the war from day to day. Thousands of lives were sacrificed in this encounter, millions of dollars worth of munitions expended, and at its end the foes face each other just where they began.

It is after all a war of little things. The immensity of the operations is swallowed up in the pettiness of the gains. No bridge at Lodi, no sunken road at Waterloo, no square of steel nor Old Guard dash marks this desperate grapple of millions. The showiness of the soldier's trade has vanished before the mechanic's grime, and this war of desperately driven machinery is rather Thermopylae many times repeated. Men burrow like moles and fight like demons in this maelstrom of passion, where victory is measured by inches and the smashing of half a mile of front is hailed as a great achievement.

Eight hundred meters of trenches taken and retaken in this contest between trained armies should hold a vivid lesson for those who believe raw recruits, hastily levied, will be equal to the defense of this or any other country.

Russia Sees a Little Light.

The visit of the czar to the Duma is not enough in itself to support the prediction of extensive reform in Russian political life, but it shows a tendency in the right direction. The novelty of the procedure will attract some attention in the world outside, which has become accustomed to thinking of the ruler of Russia as permanently domiciled in a palace, surrounded by an all but impenetrable guard of military and etiquette. Nicholas broke down a custom of many years' growth when he mingled with his people on the streets of Petrograd, at the beginning of the war. This latest move of the czar shows that some of the forms of autocracy are crumbling under the pressure of the conflict.

Even Holy Russia finally rests on the spirit of the people. Sunk in ignorance and superstition to a depth that is not to be measured by ordinary rules, the moujik is not especially promising material for democratic development, but the germ is there. The Duma, even in its helplessness, is a manifestation of the people's desire to have a share in the government. It is scarcely less important than was the Parliament of England in its beginnings, or the Assembly of France under the Bourbons, nor does it hold less of promise.

The little ray of light now shining in Russia may some day serve to illuminate the darkness in which millions are today enshrouded.

The far-flung battlefield, with its host of human big guns, tends to begot the doings of hipocket warriors. Essad Paasha is not the least of a number. A Turco-Balkan gamecock who defended Scutari against the Montenegrins three years ago, later holding the field against Austria's puppet king of Albania, Essad continues in a fighting mood and bids the Teutons "come on." If Essad's artillery has the range of his deft, visitors to his battlement will be wise to make funeral arrangements in advance.

The Kansas court decision limiting oil inspection fees to actual expenses carries a painful sensation to inspection quarters. Stripping the business of precious velvet violates the time-honored rules of the game.

Inspiration of the Infinite

Give your mind an inspiring breath from the infinite ocean of space by looking at the planets Venus and Jupiter, now so conspicuous in the sunset sky. Remember that they, too, are worlds as well as the earth. Venus is probably inhabited; Jupiter, though more than a thousand times larger, may still be too young as a planet to sustain life, at least in any such forms as we are acquainted with.

As you look at them in the sky, Venus appears to be much the larger and brighter of the two. That is a deception produced by distance. Jupiter is hundreds of millions of miles more distant. If they were equally far from the earth Jupiter would outshine Venus about 130 times. That is the proportion between the areas of their respective surfaces.

Venus is very nearly of the same size as the earth. In looking at it, then, you see how the earth would appear if we could view it a hundred million miles away. It would be only a bright star. The sunlight reflected from all its oceans, continents and clouds would be concentrated into a brilliant point, and this huge globe would be only a "diamond in the sky."

Who that had never lived upon it, looking at it thus, would ever dream of the races, nations, empires; of the wars, conquests, explorations; of the cities, palaces, ships; of the inventions, rivalries, aspirations; or of the limitless conceit of which it has so long been the center? All these things in a star! And a little star at that, for the real stars are suns, not little planets masquerading in borrowed light.

Jupiter and Venus for a few evenings appeared to be drawing nearer together. About February 14 they resembled a splendid double star, and after that they seemed to drift apart again. These, too, were deceptive appearances. They were not moving toward one another at all, but each was pursuing its own orbit about the sun, while the earth from which we looked at them was also rushing swiftly on in its track. But the speed of each was different, depending upon its distance from the sun, which governs all these motions, and, besides, Jupiter was far outside the earth's path around the sun, while Venus was inside it, and thus another complication was introduced into their relative motions as they were seen from the earth.

It is as if our planet were a ship sailing in a circle, and Jupiter and Venus other ships also sailing in circles, going in the same direction around the same center, but one farther and the other nearer than the earth, and all three moving with different speeds. You perceive how puzzling that might be to a passenger. And then, over on the other side of the sky is Mars, traveling in an orbit between those of the earth and Jupiter, and just now rising in the eastern heavens while the others are sinking in the western. He is in a different part of his circle—that is all—but he belongs to the fleet. He has his red lantern out, and it gleams menacingly like a hostile signal.

Mars is the smallest of these planetary ships, but he looks more formidable than any of them on account of his color. It is the hue of war. He makes the superstitious afraid. He is a grim, compact battler. If you look at him with a telescope his bulging circle of white polar snow at the edge of the rusty disk has, I cannot tell what, strange suggestions of aggressiveness. It shines like the doomed turret of a gun.

There is yet another planet in this wonderful celestial procession. It is the ringed Saturn, hanging in midheaven, northeastward from Orion, in the rich constellation of the Twins. The circle that his ship follows is far off, away beyond the tacking of Jupiter, and though he shows well because of his great bulk, yet there is something of the dimness and mystery of a distant star in his look.

But turn your telescope upon him, and though it be for the thousandth time, you cannot repress a quick intake of breath at the sight of those great, strange rings! What do they mean? Why was that huge world hung round with such garlands of crowding, clashing meteors, which spin, circle within circle, and flash off the sunlight like whirling steel disks? Those rings of Saturn are the relics of a spinning nebula which ages ago condensed into a mistleak skeleton.

Farther yet than Saturn, on a line of sight passing between him and Mars, invisible to the naked eye, but to be seen with a glass, like a faint sail on the remotest verge of the horizon, swims Neptune, nearly three thousand million miles away, the outer guard-ship of the solar system. Close by him on the east appears the mystic gleaming of the clustered stars in the Crab. But though he lies so far out in space, Neptune is practically no nearer that congregation of measurelessly remote suns than we are.

Twice Told Tales

He Knew Them. The very sentimental young woman inquired gushing, "Oh, colonel, don't you love Longfellow poems?" "Can't say I do," replied the old campaigner. "Never read them, in fact. Consider all poetry absolutely drivell."

"But," she persisted, "surely you cannot help admiring this verse of his out of 'The Day is Done,' you know?" "And the night shall be filled with music, And the cares which infest the day, Shall fold their tents like the Arabs, And as silently steal away."

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "there is something in that. I know those Arab beggars—they would simply steal anything."—London Tit-Bits.

Sized Up. A Swede was being examined in a case in a Minnesota town when the defendant was accused of breaking a plate glass window with a large stone. He was pressed to tell how big the stone was, but he could not explain.

"Was it as big as my flat?" asked the judge, who had taken over the examination from the lawyers, in the hope of getting some results. "It ban bigger," the Swede replied. "Was it as big as my two fists?" "It ban bigger," the Swede replied.

"It ban about as long, but not so thick," replied the Swede, amid the laughter of all but the judge—Washington Star.

People and Events

The fury of competition in the Jitney theater business in Ohio is illustrated by a penitentiary sentence for a man who dynamited a rival's show house.

Owing to the heavy snowfalls in New York City and vicinity fashion artists shortened skirts by an additional inch or two for the convenience of the elite. Prices were also elevated in proportion.

Aspirants for postoffice honors can connect with the job at Washington harbor, Wis., where even want ads failed to find the man. The job doesn't pay much, but the title is there and the dignity goes with it.

Mrs. J. D. Earnest and her daughters of Plainview, Tex., did the good Samaritan act to J. M. Tagle of Macon, Ga., some years ago. Tagle died recently and will his life insurance policy of \$50,000 to the Earnests as an earnest of his appreciation.

Two of New York's sleuth tracking shady artists at Jacksonville, Fla., aroused the suspicions of native Sherlock Holmeses, resulting in their arrest as sure-thing men. It took twenty-four hours of wiring and phoning to convince the natives of their error.

The coming oratorical whirlwind of Philadelphia is E. J. Cattell, city statistician. One evening this week he delivered six speeches at as many dinners, sent the seventh spiel over the telephone to Baltimore and wound up the festivities by dining alone. Mr. Cattell keeps his stock of stories in such constant use that whiskers have no show for development.



Presidential Popularity.

OGALLALA, Neb., Feb. 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: President Wilson's swing around the circle is a reminder of that other swing around the circle by President Andrew Johnson, in September, 1862, almost fifty years ago. The writer was only a youngster of 17, but it was my privilege to have been in Chicago at that occasion. It was at the laying of the cornerstones of the Douglas monument.

Stephen A. Douglas was one of the foremost men of his day—the ante-bellum days—being attorney general of Illinois at 21, member of the legislature at 22, member of the state supreme court at 27, lower house of congress at 31, and United States senator at 37. He had no superior as a debater in either house of congress. Douglas, what gave him his greater reputation was the great Lincoln-Douglas debate upon the slavery question, in which Mr. Lincoln had the best of it. No one questioned the honesty of Douglas' political convictions while all acknowledged the great ability of the distinguished senator.

A great outpouring of people came to Chicago. All the railroads ran excursions. I went with the crowd from my home town, Loganport, Ind. The Knights Templar had charge of the ceremonies. There were thousands of air knights in attendance in full uniform and regalia, swords and sashes. The procession started from the Sherman house with a line of carriages in front. The carriages were drawn by four white horses with plumes, and immense crowds lining the streets. In the first carriage came President Johnson and General Grant. The great civil war had been ended only a little more than a year, and Grant, the greatest soldier of the nineteenth century, was the idol of the north. President Johnson was more popular at that time with the people, owing to some things said and done, which is too long a story to tell in the Letter Box. Some said it was a case of "too much Johnson." The cheers along the line were all for General Grant, but he was too good a soldier to show even a shadow of disrespect for the great office of chief magistrate. He sat quietly beside the president, scarcely acknowledging the salutes, while Mr. Johnson was bowing and waving to the crowds. The second carriage was occupied by General Sherman—"Uncle Billy," the boys in blue loved to call him—and William H. Seward, secretary of state. In the third carriage rode General Phil Sheridan, the hero of Winchester, and General John A. Logan, who was the ranking officer of the volunteer generals.

President Johnson went to Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Columbus in his swing around the circle. The people turned out to hear him, but he received a rather cool reception.

Coming back to the present day, President Wilson received a great ovation wherever he appeared. I would consider it a splendid endorsement of his policy in dealing with the great and momentous questions that are so vital to the welfare of this nation. The team work of Wilson and that man Lansing has been fine. Let us be honest with ourselves and give them the credit that is due them.

E. M. SEARLE, A Life-Long Republican.

Europe's Problem After the War.

HARLAN, Ia., Feb. 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: If I were to ask the readers of The Bee to name the most serious problem that will confront Europe after the war, I wonder what the answer would be.

Yes, there will be big war debts to pay; there will be governments to reconstruct; there will be a world peace to provide for; there may be new navies to rebuild and remodel; there will be devastated cities and whole countries to regenerate; there will be credits to re-establish; there will be national industries to promote and maintain; competition for the world's trade; there will be technical works on military tactics, entrenchments, fortifications, warships and munitions of war to revise; there will be many a new chapter in history to write and new problems in international law.

The really grave and far-reaching question with Europe is not concerning her resources, but how will she re-man Europe. This, too, will work itself out naturally. If left to nature, but there are indications that nature will not have everything its own way in the final settlement of this greatest of all questions. There are great minds in Europe who know, only too well, the results of allowing the best of it to nature. It is stated on the battlefields, while allowing the poorest blood to re-man the nation. The downfall of many a noble empire of the past is brought strongly to their minds, and there is sure to be a struggle on the part of cold-blooded scientists to prevent a like disaster at the expense of all that is held sacred in cultured and refined society.

Especially in Germany, there is already strong talk of artificial fertilization and of legalized polygamy. There everything is submerged in the waves of patriotism and scientific research is at its height. There is an ever growing tendency to sacrifice private feelings and sentiments to the public welfare, and to rule the populace through the irresistible influence of the few dominant characters who seem to have been born to rule.

The day that it is better that one healthy and strong-minded man should, through fertilization by artificial means, become the father of, say 1,000 able children, than that 1,000 inferior children should be born with as many separate fathers who had been refused by or rejected from the armies on account of physical or mental inferiority. A sort of legalized polygamy is also urged and they say that, under the pressing need for a new crop of able-bodied men, every woman owes it to the state to become a mother, and that the state will protect her honor, and society shall welcome her as a worthy member while she is raising children under the new conditions to be established.

For many years leading Germans have advocated so-called reform methods of this character, and have been backed by considerable funds, great enthusiasm and journalistic support. Their aim is to improve the German race as to make it undeniably superior to all others. It would seem, however, that many of the methods suggested are repulsive in the extreme. Movements along three different lines are strongly organized, however, command large pecuniary means, a phalanx of official and prolific writers and enthusiastic devotion to their cause. Even in the universities, where the destinies of Germany have been mostly shaped, great enthusiasm is being shown along these lines, and, if they are determined to reform the family in this way, it is hard to say what the result will be.

Even in this country this subject is receiving considerable attention and attracting much interest. Dr. Elmore Folk-

man, head of the woman's clinic at Washington, D. C., writes: "I fully realize that Europe must do something to increase the birth rate. I also realize that every woman in Europe owes a duty to the state in this matter. However, I want to go on record publicly as being absolutely opposed to polygamy after the present war is over. I am willing to admit that it is one of the expedients which may be adopted to repopulate the belligerent nations, but I think it would be the wrong method. When peace is declared the nations of Europe will be confronted with a serious problem. One of the phases will include a great number of unmarried women who have no chance of obtaining a physically fit husband, except through polygamy, but who should become mothers for the benefit of the state.

"How to enable these unmarried women to perform their duties to the state without marriage and without personal degradation, to my mind, is the great problem for Europe to solve. The question is, will Europe go back to the old-time methods of polygamy, or will Europe turn to the newly discovered processes of science? Science has demonstrated that it is perfectly possible for woman to become a mother by the process of artificial fertilization. Would not a woman, who owes a duty to the state, prefer that to polygamy? I think so."

It is not part of the eugenic program that such unnatural methods should be employed even to bring about a higher racial development. If we are to preserve in the future race the true and delicate sensibilities, refinement of feelings and delicacy of taste, we must not use harsh methods or try to force unnatural conditions, but should aim to make the ties of the home circle stronger, the relation between husband and wife holier and purer, and add, in every way, to parental and filial love.

This great problem belongs to Europe alone at present, but there is always a possibility that it may become ours, too, some day. In the meantime we may watch their methods in solving it, but the great lesson that we must learn is how to keep such problems from coming home to us. H. G. BAKER, Eugenist.

SUNNY GEMS.

"Our grocer must use great care in selecting his eggs, remarked a lady who knows more about jewels than householding." "Why do you say that?" "See how perfectly matched they are."—Boston Transcript.

"That fellow evidently quit smoking at the beginning of the year." Dr. Watson gave Sherlock Holmes an attentive ear and proceeded to his part of player-up.

"Why?" "He is getting so much enjoyment out of that cigar he is smoking now."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Did you hear of the catastrophe at that leap-year wedding?" "The minister said to the bridegroom, 'Wilt thou—' and the bridegroom willed."—Baltimore American.

"Now," said the professor of chemistry, "under what combination is gold most quickly released?" The student pondered a moment. "I know, sir," he answered. "Marriage."—Ladies Home Journal.

DEAR MR. KABBIBLE, MY FIANCE DOES NOT DANCE—SHOULD I ASK HIM TO GO TO AN AFFAIR WITH ME? YES—IT'S NICE TO HAVE SOMEBODY TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR SEAT FOR YOU ALL EVENING!

"Do you think a man ought to speak generously of a political opponent?" "Certainly," replied Senator Sorghum. "It may convey the impression that you aren't afraid of him."—Washington Star.

"Willie," said the Sunday school teacher, who was it that was swallowed by the whale?" "Hoodoo," replied Willie, with the promptness born of perfect confidence.—Puck.

"That fellow over yonder is in for a day of reckoning," said Flubdub to Wombat as they ambled down to work. "Been caught at something?" "Oh, no. He's a bookkeeper, that's all."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It being leap year she decided to propose. "Will you have me for your wife?" "No, my dear, I will not." "Since you have suggested it, I will," he replied. "But just remember, Mame, I don't turn out to be all you expect you have only yourself to blame."—Detroit Free Press.

HOME.

Edward Rowland Sill. I know a spot between three ancient trees, A multitude of green and grassy shade, Where the fall roses, naked to the knees, In that deep shadow wade, Whose rippled coolness drips from bough to bough, And bathes the world's vexation from my brow.

The gnarled limbs spring upward airy-free, And from their perfect arch they scarcely aweave, Like an up-drawn fountain from a dark green sea. So beautiful they curve— Motionless fountains, slumbering in mid-air, With spray of shadows, falling everywhere.

Here the sun comes not like the king of day, To rule his own, but hesitant, afraid, Forbids his scepter's golden length to lay Across the involute shade, And wraps the broad space like a darkened tent, With many a quivering shaft of splendor rent.

No arroyo a com any is here, but books—Earth's best men taken at their best—With dark-wood paths, and penciled main-strokes, Where friends have paused and mused, And here and there beneath the muted lines, Faint zigzag marks like little trailing vines.

INTENSE ITCHING OF RED BLOTCHES

On Hands, Went Up Arm to Shoulder, Then on Face, Awake Nights Scratching.

HEALED BY CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"At first I noticed little red blotches on my hands, and they went up my arm to my shoulder and then on my face. My hands were rough and inflamed and the itching was so intense that I had to scratch which made them bleed. I used to be awake nights scratching all the time. I was not able to put my hands in water or do my work because it was so painful. My hands were disfigured something terrible."

"I heard of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I thought I would try them. Two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and two cakes of Cuticura Soap healed me entirely." (Signed) Miss Herbertine Durkin, 3447 Auburn Ave., Chicago, Ill., July 14, 1915.

Sample Each Free by Mail. With 25-c. Skin Book on request. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Sold throughout the world.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION

Ruddy Cheeks—Sparkling Eyes—Most Women Can Have.

Says Dr. Edwards, a Well-Known Ohio Physician.

Dr. F. M. Edwards for 17 years treated scores of women for liver and bowel ailments. During these years he gave to his patients a prescription made of a few well-known vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil, naming them Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, you will know them by their olive color.

These tablets are wonder-workers on the liver and bowels, which cause a normal action, carrying off the waste and poisonous matter that one's system collects. If you have a pale face, sallow look, dull eyes, pimples, coated tongue, head aches, a listless, no-goo feeling, all out of sorts, inactive bowels, you take one of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets nightly for a time and note the pleasing results.

Thousands of women as well as men, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets now and then just to keep in the pink of condition.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the successful substitute for calomel—10c and 25c per box. All druggists. The Olive Tablet Company, Columbus, Ohio.

Why Suffer From Migraine or Sick Headache?

Dr. J. J. Caldwell says that this exceedingly distressing disease does not shorten life, but does not appear to be curable. Sufferers from this affliction are condemned to undergo this periodical as well as every few weeks until they are forty years of age, after which the attacks are less frequent, and finally disappear entirely. Palliative measures during the attack are all that it is possible to suggest, while care in the diet is the best preventive measure. An attack may often be prevented by taking two anti-migraine tablets when the first symptoms appear, and one anti-migraine tablet every two hours during the attack shortens it, eases the pain and brings rest and quiet. Anti-migraine tablets may be obtained at all druggists. Ask for A-K Tablets. They quickly relieve all pain.

ALCOCK PLASTERS. The World's Greatest External Remedy. Coughs and Colds (on chest and throat between shoulder blades). Weak Chests, Any Local Pain. Just as Hot as ALCOCK'S.

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WHEN AWAY FROM HOME The Bee is the Paper you ask for if you plan to be absent more than a few days. Have The Bee mailed to you.

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