

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

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SEPTEMBER CIRCULATION 54,507 Daily—Sunday 50,539 Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of September, 1916, was 54,507 daily, and 50,539 Sunday.

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

And now the political race horses are turning into the home stretch.

In the race for the \$2 goal, the humble spud has wheat beaten a mile.

Viewed from any angle the Missouri river tunnel project is a bore.

Local weather forecast: Wet and dry winds will prevail in this vicinity for the next ten days.

The real question is: Can Woodrow Wilson fool the people a second time and get away with it?

King Corn's aerial loops around the dollar mark throw a joyful yellow streak about the rural firmament.

The silent voter is not saying a word. His talent as a noisemaker awaits his specialty ten days hence.

When it comes to "lining 'em out," there are mighty few political batmen to be classed as high as ex-Senator Beveridge.

In self-defense, Secretary of War Baker might persuade the administration to place an embargo on the hatspins of the Daughters of the Revolution.

Every teacher in Nebraska should plan to come to the big Omaha meeting next month and each and all are assured in advance of the same warm welcome—only more so.

One of the democratic "angels" has already put \$79,000 of his munitions profits into the campaign contribution box and is dropping in more right along. "Let the people rule."

Our democratic United States senator and all his satellites wear a worried look. They are waiting to see what Brother Bryan will do to them and hoping he will not hand them what they know they deserve.

My, what a fall in the War department at Washington from Root and Taft and Garrison down to Baker! It is almost as big a drop as in the State department from Bayard and Blaine and Sherman and Hay and Root and Knox down to Lansing.

Charles Evans Hughes is a man of convictions, a man who does his own thinking, a man of force, a man not to be swerved from the path of duty either by intimidation or by prospect of personal profit. He is the kind of man who, as president, would command confidence at home and respect abroad.

The standard 5 per cent raffle of federal salaries which prevailed in Nebraska in the early campaign seems to have been shaved materially at the White House. Woodrow's contribution of \$2,500 cuts the current rate one-third, a bargain privilege denied the minor pie-biters.

Sir Joseph Beecham, the prince of publicity, rose from a farm boy to be a multi-millionaire through the pull of intensive advertising. Although a tradesman flouted by titled idlers, Britain's aristocracy swallowed him as readily as his pills. The guinea's stamp is the main thing.

One outstanding fact of the Nebraska campaign is the uniformly clean and clean-cut contest waged by John L. Kennedy for United States senator. All reports agree that Mr. Kennedy has impressed people favorably wherever he has gone and that his personality and campaign methods have been steadily winning him friends and supporters. In the language of the streets, "just watch his smoke."

Revival of River Traffic. Revival of river traffic on the upper Mississippi river was debated with much enthusiasm at a convention, just over, at LaCrosse. Many phases of the problem were considered, and some worth while suggestions made, the general opinion being that the future of river-borne traffic rests with the dealers in commodities that may be transported on steamboats. This developed the connection between the river and the Panama canal, and it was brought out clearly that the great Mississippi valley will be at a disadvantage in comparison with the coastal regions, unless the steamboat is called into requisition. All of this is admitted, and none of it is new. Thirty-five years ago, when the Hennepin canal was being ridiculed as "Jerry Murphy's Ditch," and the upper Mississippi's echoes were startled by the whistles of many boats, the same arguments were presented to other conventions met to devise ways and means for deepening the channel and controlling the flood-waters. One after another the boats were taken off, and the business given over to the railroads. If the revival of river traffic is to become a reality, it will be because the communities along the river have realized their mistake and are willing to take advantage of the waterways.

Look out for Democratic Gas Bombs. All this campaigning is but the presentation of the case in the great court of public opinion on which the popular jury is to hand down the judgment of the ballot box. What the candidates, and their champions with voice and pen, are supposed to do is to put the voter in possession of the facts bearing upon the issues of the day and to bring them to look at these issues from all the varying view points. If this work is well done, if the campaign of education is carried on efficiently and effectively, the judgment of the ballot box will register a true verdict of the popular will. Yet ballot box judgments are not always infallible nor final, for it occasionally happens that the verdict is secured by misrepresentation, by false issues, by imposition, by trickery. It is only correct judgments founded on truth that can be lasting.

In the present campaign, the republican candidate, Charles Evans Hughes, and the advocates of republican policies, have been appealing to the intelligence of the voters openly and above board. It is inconceivable that Mr. Hughes could carry on any other kind of a campaign, because the whole makeup of his character is frankness and straightforwardness and square dealing. On the other side, the democrats have been resorting to all sorts of catch-phrases, distortions and deceptions with a plentitude of eleventh-hour rorbacks yet to be sprung. Against this deception and trickery the voter who is intelligent enough to think for himself should be warned. It is regrettable that the democratic political managers seem to place so low an estimate upon the people whom they make a specialty of coddling that they expect them "to fall for" this stuff and thus to secure a ballot box judgment which these same democrats despair of getting by submitting their case to its merits for a fair decision.

So, look out for political gas bombs and torpedoes, exploded from masked democratic batteries, during the coming week.

A Common Grievance. The message delivered to the bankers of Nebraska by President Felton of the Chicago Great Western railroad lifts above the tumult of politics a subject of direct interest to all taxpayers.

He spoke of the burdens and perplexities of railroad management, the increasing competition of automobiles, and the growing use of trucks for short haul freighting. These inroads on railroad preserves might be borne patiently, since progress and change are the order of things. The grievous feature of the development, as Mr. Felton shows, comes from the fact that the railroads of the country contributed in 1916 \$152,000,000 in taxes toward the building of good roads, of which nearly \$2,000,000 boosted good roads in Nebraska. It is not certain that all of this huge sum went into road building. The exact proportion is not material. The point is the manifest injustice of taxing railroads to build good roads, stimulating automobile traffic, which in turn sinks some of the cream of railroad business.

Mr. Felton's message, despite its vein of levity, touches a deep seated grievance common to most taxpayers. Precious few individuals or corporations hand in their annual dose without feeling similar pangs of injustice. Multitudes help pay for good roads whose sole recompense is glimpsing limousines speeding by. Regularly the outs of party politics chip in to support obnoxious officeholders or fatten administrations which are regarded as a dangerous menace to the common weal.

The Boston tea party mapped a route for escaping unjust taxation. The spirit of that time abides, though humbled by continuous knocks and wanting in leadership. If Mr. Felton will buckle on his armor and start a crusade against the enemy, a large and goodly company of enthusiasts will follow whither he leads.

Japanese and Christianity. Missionary Bishop St. George Tucker told the Episcopal convention at St. Louis that the Japanese are not yet ready to give over other forms of religion and embrace Christianity. This simply states a fact that is too often overlooked by zealous advocates of universal expansion of the gospel as we know it. Shintoism, long established as the state religion of Japan, still tolerates other forms of worship, and so the Christian religion gets attention from the polite, but indifferent follower of a faith that has served him and his predecessors since centuries before Christ was born. Buddhists have labored there for many generations, without being able to make much headway against beliefs that endow inanimate things with souls, perhaps of departed ancestors. The teachings of our missionaries are listened to, but as a message whose import must be proven before it is accepted.

Right here comes the rub. Experience in other ways have shown the Jap is still a Jap despite the veneer of western manners he has put on. A high hat and frock coat doesn't greatly alter his patriotic view of life. The definite aim of the Christian missionary is that the Japanese shall accept not only the material and intellectual standards of the west, but its idealistic as well. Thus the message from the west finds itself beating against a philosophy as well as a faith founded while the great Christian nations of today were yet barbarians. The Japanese scheme of life takes little or no account of some dogmas we hold sacred, while the ideals we present have no attraction for them at all. This makes the work of proselyting difficult and results uncertain.

Until we reach a point where we can welcome the brown man as brother in politics and business, and admit him to an equality with us in all other things in life, he is going to remain sceptical as to the bond of the brotherhood in Christ.

Our Cramped Condition. That the commerce of the United States is restricted by a condition it can not control has been made plain several times since the British, by "Orders in Council," set up a world-wide constructive blockade. This is more than ever emphasized by the note just received at Washington, in reply to the protest against the blacklisting of American firms, which is not only a boycott, but partakes of some elements of a secondary boycott. If the British contention is held, and it probably will be, since our diplomacy lacks potency to secure either recession or concession, Americans will not only be restricted as to the countries with whom they deal, but also to such of the citizens of those countries as may meet the approval of the British minister of foreign trade. Add to this the Wilsonian doctrine that protection to Americans does not extend beyond the borders of our country, and you have a very fair picture of the present cramped condition of American commerce.

Views, Reviews and Interviews

WHILE in Chicago this last week I was strangely reminded of our Nebraska semi-centennial of statehood by a window display put up by one of the Michigan avenue shops. A coat of military uniform standing out against settings of red, white and blue attracted my attention and on an explanatory card was the information that this coat had been made ninety-four years ago for a Tennessee army officer (the name was given) by Andrew Johnson, who later became president of the United States. The coat had been preserved by its wearer's daughter to whom acknowledgments were made for the loan of it. What struck me particularly, as I looked at this display of tailor's art, was the thought that the same fingers that plied the needle wielded the pen that formally made Nebraska a state in the union, that the same hand that shaped this garment attached the signature to the proclamation that gave Nebraska admission to the sisterhood of states. We have been celebrating the semi-centennial of the initial stages of the process by which the transformation of the territory was brought about, but we have not yet had our attention fixed upon this essential figure in the drama, the president upon whom the duty devolved to issue the commission of authority under which for the last fifty years Nebraska has been able to enjoy equality with the other commonwealths. The story of Andrew Johnson, the illiterate tailor, who made the coat of the military uniform loaned for a window exhibit, full of the accidents of fortune and misfortune, is one of the wonder stories interwoven with the history of the republic, especially of this state. Though he never did anything else but make this coat and sign Nebraska's statehood proclamation, Andrew Johnson would be entitled to at least one big credit mark.

During his speech-making stop over in Omaha ex-Senator Beveridge appeared in the pink of condition and his address at the Auditorium was one of the best I ever heard him make, and I have heard him a number of times.

"I thought I had gotten out of politics altogether and had finished with this sort of campaigning," he said to me, "but I am so intense in my personal admiration for Mr. Hughes that I could not withstand the urgent requests for speeches, and when I agreed to deliver a few campaign speeches, the demands multiplied so that I found myself booked for a tour clear to the Pacific coast and all through the middle states.

"I wish everyone knew Mr. Hughes as I do. I can conceive of him listening to something I have to say or suggest and replying 'I agree with you thoroughly; or perhaps, 'I disagree with you wholly; or maybe, 'What you say interests me and I will think it over.' But I am not conceited. After my experience in politics that the kind of a man I want to tie to and also the kind of a man the people ought to tie to."

Since his return from the war areas in Europe Mr. Beveridge has been devoting his time exclusively to completing a life of Chief Justice John Marshall, which is now on the press and which he feels will be his literary masterpiece. Speaking of his Auditorium speech some one remarked upon its keen logic and I have no doubt that this cogency of argument, with which I too was impressed, is to be ascribed, in part at least, to his intimate familiarity with John Marshall acquired in the preparation of these biographical volumes.

There must be a talisman in the number "twenty-three," instead of the proverbial ill-luck supposed to attach to it, as witness the following letter received from John H. Lapham, an old Bee man, writing from Sao Paulo, Brazil, which is sure will be of interest to other besides myself:

"I read in a recent issue of the Linotype Bulletin that the office under your control will install a number of multiple-magazine linotypes, replacing an equal number of machines of one magazine only. The part of the notice that claimed my attention was the statement that the first machines were installed twenty-three years ago. Having had the honor of making my beginning as a linotypist in the office then presided over by your honored father, I felt that the old days had a claim to my remembrance. I was 23 years of age at the time the machines were installed, and that is twenty-three years ago. As I was the last regular typewriter on the night side, I did not expect, nor did I receive at the moment, an opportunity to try the machine out, or rather to try myself out on the machine. I was the first of the second lot of apprentices, after the weeding out process was started to eliminate those who made no headway. With the training I received then I made my way to New York and was able to obtain employment in a short time. Since then I have been employed on linotypes continuously, and now have the honor to represent the Mergenthaler Linotype company as inspector and machinist in Central and South America.

"You will understand that I am grateful for the early opportunity I had to learn something useful. I cannot forget the old friends I made in Omaha—Mr. McCullough, who was a veteran in my days in that city, and who must be more of a veteran now, but still more useful. I have followed the course of The Bee all the time. I remember Mr. Haynes, who was accused by Al Fairbrother of wasting the life of lead pencils because he had dreamed of "boiling down" the rot and wretchedness of his correspondents," adding that when Colonel Shakespeare's Polonius insisted that brevity was the soul of wit—well, it amounted to the same thing.

"If the number 23 has been as good to The Bee as it has been to me, we both have reason to be grateful."

People and Events

Black cats and bad luck pussy-foot together. Two society girls of Chicago, unaware of the attachment, sought a collection of dark felines for a social frolic, encountered a park policeman in the chase, and landed in jail for an hour, which was a plenty.

A live lobster, a dog and a curious cat started a riot in a Philadelphia restaurant. When the screams subsided, two women diners were found in a faint, four tables upset, considerable smashed crockery and a section of the cat's tail in the lobster's claws. Imagination can picture the rest of the thrills and scenery.

The old story of the moth and the flame came perilously close to reality in the life of a high school girl in Chicago. The lure of the bright lights, the cabaret dance and gay clothes drew her from home long enough to singe the pin feathers. A courageous and persistent foster father and liberal use of money traced the giddy youngster and brought her home, tearful and repentant, to her mother.

In a letter to the Boston Transcript Mrs. George A. Loveland of Lincoln, Neb., makes grateful acknowledgement for courtesies extended to her and her children in Boston. "Having been born and brought up on the Nebraska prairie," she writes, "I had always heard of the coldness and conservatism and exclusiveness of New England people. When my children and I had an opportunity to spend a month in Boston I wondered if we would ever speak to a soul without an introduction, except policemen and conductors, but I found people in dear old Boston quite as friendly and hospitable and human as anywhere in the west." Other westerners have had like experiences at the Hub. Boston's alleged coldness is a witless fiction. In truth the city is "a warm member."

TODAY

Thought Nugget for the Day. Man is not the creature of circumstances. Circumstances are the creatures of men. —Disraeli. One Year Ago Today in the War. Strumitza station occupied by French. Bulgarians reached a point twenty-five miles from Nish. Total British casualties to October 9 reported as 493,295. Italians reported capture of 5,864 Austrians within a week. Germans continued a heavy bombardment on the Belgian front.

In Omaha Thirty Years Ago. Lifeboat Lodge I. O. G. T. gave a concert at the Saunders Street Presbyterian church and among the numbers on the program specially worthy of mention was a duet by Misses Allie and Gracie Pratt, solos by Mrs. Chase and John McFawcett, and a flute duet by Messrs. Hancock, and Eldridge. The money raised will be devoted to the purchase of a piano for the club. A club that absorbs a good deal of solid enjoyment is an equestrian party.



of eighteen ladies and gentlemen who take in the beauties of the autumn evenings on horseback once a week. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barton of Burlington, Vt., are here for a two-months' visit with their son, Jo Barton.

Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson, from Minneapolis, have recently moved to Omaha and will live in one of Mr. Barlow's house on Twenty-second. Mr. Hodgson is an architect of note.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Agnes O'Shaughnessy to Patrick Duffy, to be solemnized November 3 at St. Philomena's cathedral.

Mr. Franko gave a supper to the Brambilla Concert company in his rooms at the exposition building. Mrs. Dixon gave a luncheon at which she was assisted in receiving by the Misses Dixon. Among the guests were Messdames Gray, Little, Dietz, Colpeizer, Dubois, McKensie, Yost, Coutant, Jones, Barton, Wakefield and Case.

This Day in History. 1740—James Boswell, the celebrated biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson, born in Edinburgh. Died in London, June 19, 1795.

1792—Governor St. Clair directed an election of delegates for the first territorial assembly of Ohio.

1813—Colonel Lewis Cass was appointed governor of the territory of Michigan.

1817—The Robert Fulton, the first steam vessel, launched at New York.

1828—Thomas F. Bayard, secretary of state under Cleveland and afterward ambassador to Great Britain, born at Wilmington, Del. Died at Dedham, Mass., September 28, 1898.

1852—Funeral of Daniel Webster, held at Marshfield, Mass.

1859—Marriage of Chester A. Arthur, afterward president of the United States, and Ellen Lewis, daughter of Commodore Herndon, United States navy.

1864—The confederate General Hood crossed the Tennessee river at Florence with about 35,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry.

1877—General Nathan B. Forrest, famous confederate cavalry leader, died at Memphis, Tenn. Born in Bedford county, Tenn., July 13, 1811.

1890—William III, Holland, was declared incapable of ruling, and Queen Emma made regent during the minority of Queen Wilhelmina.

1898—The French Court of Cassation decided to grant a new trial in the Dreyfus case.

1900—Enthusiastic welcome in London to the city volunteers returned from the war in South Africa.

1901—Czizogon, the assassin of President McKinley, was hanged at Auburn state prison, New York.

The Day We Celebrate. Queen Marie Alexander Victoria, consort of King Ferdinand of Roumania, born forty-one years ago today.

Jonathan L. Snyder, president emeritus of Michigan Agricultural college, born in Butler county Pa., fifty-seven years ago today.

Arthur Yager, the present governor of Porto Rico, born in Henry county, Ky., fifty-six years ago today.

Dr. Clark W. Chamberlain, president of Denison university, born at Litchfield, O., forty-six years ago today.

Will M. Cressy, well known actor and author of some plays, born at Bradford, N. H., fifty-three years today.

Charles H. Ebbetts, president of the Brooklyn National league base ball club, born in New York City, fifty-seven years ago today.

Arthur F. Hofman, well known major league outfielder, born in St. Louis, thirty-four years ago today.

Timely Jottings and Reminders. A week's celebration in honor of the 140th anniversary of the Scotch Presbyterian church will be opened in New York City this morning with a sermon by Dr. John A. Marquis, president of Coe college and moderator of the general assembly.

Old John Street Methodist church, said to be the only congregation in New York City which has maintained services without interruption since its organization, prior to the revolutionary war, is to celebrate the 150th anniversary of that event with a week of special services to begin today.

Storyette of the Day. An official in one of the largest manufacturing concerns in Philadelphia recently showed me the huge plant. I marveled at the labor-saving machinery.

"One of our workmen," he said, "has made a great many of the improvements you see in this room. He likes to go duck shooting, and while off on a trip for a week or more he thinks out some new way to save labor."

After a moment's pause he added: "Why he turned up one day with a plan whereby we save \$50,000 a year."

"And what," I inquired, "does that workman get out of it?"

"Oh," the happy official replied, "he gets the ducks."—Philadelphia Ledger.

EDITORIAL SIFTINGS. Washington Post: After casting up his seaside expenses, the average citizen understands why the sharks didn't stay longer.

Houston Post: One of the most beautiful traits of womanhood is that sweet, unfeeling innocence that enables them to think that when they are a thousand miles away from home, their husbands are at church instead of in the poker game.

Baltimore American: A ragpicker of the Salvation army in New Jersey, who had been a veteran of the civil war, declined a pension on the ground that he loved his country too much to take it. To other patriots anxious to serve their country this looks not so much like patriotism as insanity.

AROUND THE CITIES.

Niagara Falls has increased its store of thrills by putting a wire rope tramway over the whirlpool rapids. Spanish engineers beat American and Canadian engineers to it.

Shawnee county, Kansas, which embraces the city of Topeka, requires a tax levy of 27-10 mills on each \$100 to keep the county machine properly oiled during the ensuing year.

The process of purifying the Mississippi river waters served up at St. Louis yields up 2,560 loads of sediment a day. The cost of water works operation and maintenance last year amounted to \$1,088,888.77.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: One honorable senator told another honorable senator that he had sweetbreads for brains. A little later the lie was passed. It began to look as if senatorial courtesy might be reverting to ante-bellum days.

New York City is fairly over the infantile paralysis epidemic. Cases are few and far between. The fear of revival on the opening of the schools, October 1, proved groundless. Less than one-half of 1 per cent of the children were excluded at the start because of exposure to the contagion.

Namiquipa, in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, near where American troops are now stationed, has the distinction of being the largest city in the world. Its site covers an area of 444 square miles, its exact boundaries having been set some 100 years ago by a charter from the then king of Spain, who gave the land to some colonists from Castile. The greater part of the city site, however, is unbuilt upon, and as regards the built-over portion, many of the houses, originally constructed of sun-dried brick, are in ruins.

Printers who attend the January conference of the Missouri Typographical unionists at St. Joseph will be decorated with a souvenir badge by the local printers' union. The badge under consideration consists of a bronze medallion, embossed in white enamel with black lettering, and a picture worked in sepia tones of the first house erected on the present site of St. Joseph by Joseph Robidoux. Underneath the house are the words: "The Town That Joe Built." The conference will be composed of three representatives from every typographical union in the states of Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma.

HERE AND THERE. In Iceland horses are shod with horn. Arkansas has a state association of garlic growers. For many years the people of Spain have made bread from peanut meal.

Four women passenger agents are employed by the railroads of the United States. Approximately one-tenth of all the manufactured products of the country are made in New York City.

Within the city limits of Los Angeles there are twenty-five parks, aggregating more than 4,000 acres in extent.

Flourishing woman's clubs now exist in Manila, Cavite and other principal cities of the Philippines.

Statistics show that November is the month of steadiest employment for wage-earners in the United States.

Nancy Johnson, the wife of an American naval officer, is generally credited with having been the inventor of the ice cream freezer.

The highest-salaried man in the United States is the manager of one of the large meat packing concerns, who receives \$125,000 a year for his services.

Brigadier General Henry G. Sharpe, the new quartermaster general of the army, is noted as an author of textbooks and other works on military matters.

At the Petrograd Art academy this year, the first woman architect has graduated, thus marking an epoch in the establishment of woman's position in Russia.

From time immemorial the quaint little English town of Whitby—the scene of one of the earliest German air raids in the present war—has been associated with the jet industry. Whitby jet is said to have been worn in Britain in pre-Roman days.

A Dutchman, Wilhelm Benckelsen, discovered the secret of preserving herrings in the fourteenth century, and the salted herring made its appearance on the market in precisely the same manner as it now does, for the preserving process has undergone no marked change.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

"Did Harry know what Maude meant when she told him busily that she would give him a tip, little one if he turned down the light?"

"Of course, he knew, though at the same time he was completely in the dark."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Even in business, Jones always does the appropriate thing."

"What particularly appropriate thing has he done lately?"

"Taken a flyer in aviation stock."—Baltimore American.

"Have you been studying the science of efficiency?"

"Yes; had to quit reading about it. Got interested that I found it was interfering with my regular work."—Washington Star.

NEW MR. MARBLE. HOW LONG SHOULD AN ENGAGEMENT LAST? —OLIVE BAYES. JUST A LITTLE WHILE — THE SOONER YOU REGRET YOUR MARRIAGE, THE BETTER! —JOCK.

Perry Paul—Believe me, dearest, I love you alone.

The Kiddie (from behind the screen)—Nothing to it, sis! He'll never love you unless he gives me a quarter for candy.

—FUCK.

A Chicago woman who had received a legal summons to appear in a certain court at a certain period was much put out thereby. In explaining the matter to a friend she said:

"I have certainly received the citation, but I shall not appear—could not, in fact. Not only am I not socially acquainted with Judge Jones, but the whole tone of his communication is so impossible that I absolutely refuse to know him."—New York Times.

"Then you like my eyes?"

"If I had those lamps on a car," answered the automobile agent, "I'd have to use powerful dimmers."—Kansas City Journal.

FAITH IN THE DIVINE PLAN. Archbishop French. I say to thee, do thou repent. To the first man thou mayest meet in lane, highway, or open street.

That he, and we, and all men move under a canopy of love As broad as the blue sky above.

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain, And anguish, all are sorrow vain; That death itself shall not remain;

Through dark deserts we may tread, A dreary labyrinth may tread, That weary ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will our Guide obey, The dearest path, the darkest way, Shall issue out in heavenly day.

And we, on divers shores now cast, Shall meet, our perilous voyage past, All in our Father's home at last.

And ere thou leave me, say thou this, Yet one word more—they only miss The winning of that final bliss.

Who will not count it true that love, Blessing not cursing, ruins above And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know, That to believe these things are so, This firm faith never to forego—

Despite of all that seems at strife With blessing, and with curses rife— That this is blessing, this is life.



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