

THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
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THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR

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A good way to start the new month—buy a Liberty bond.

Our amiable hyphenated contemporary is mad. That's very evident.

For those of fighting age registration is the primary duty. The pull for exemption is a later detail.

Students in training camps are now on the army pay roll at \$100 per month, which will help a lot of the youngsters.

Every time the Roosevelt sledgehammer strikes the anvil of national duty the sparks scorch the hides of slackers.

Expanded daylight is credited with curtailing the activity of U-boats. Light invariably confounds theimps of darkness.

Price aviation and air flights have one common end. No matter how high the ascent, the eventual come back to earth is certain.

The Napoleon of modern Italy punctuates with shell fire his version of ancient strategy, revised to date: "Over the Alps lies Vienna."

June is the month of roses and brides, and this year will be marked by the immense over-subscription to the Liberty bond issue.

Washington deluges the country with advice on economy and conservation, but neglects to give a practical demonstration at home.

Tea, coffee, cocoa and the like are to be taxed, showing the democrats have not forgotten their old breakfast table standbys when it comes to raising revenue.

Fleets of fighting aircraft, steadily growing in number and activity, furnish war thrills of surpassing power. Surely both sides are looking up on the west front.

"Mike" Clark's boarding house finds its rate automatically raised because its inmates are few. This is one of the queer turns of the law in regard to feeding prisoners.

The spring crop of war prophecies range from six months to five years more of fighting. The wide range leaves ample room for minor guessers to break into the game.

Leaders of organized labor at Washington, who gave the government special pledges against strikes and tieups, should tackle the holdups on navy building and make good.

Faced with the undeniably facsimile record showing Senator Hitchcock listed "not voting" on conscription, here is the World-Herald's answer: "Rosewater presents a very pitiful spectacle." That settles it.

Trebling the size of their great food factory here is reasonably good proof that Omaha's future appeals to the Loose-Wiles people, not to speak of its being notice to the world of the solidity of our growth.

Omaha's first month as a "dry" town shows a record that ought to satisfy all but the extremists. We haven't sprouted wings yet, but we do submit to our critics that we have behaved very well under the circumstances.

Pictures of tornado ruins in Missouri and Illinois show no material change in the familiar style of 1913. Warring elements lend color to the belief that old styles are best. Certainly they do the business, as survivors solemnly admit.

This is a poor time for capital and labor to be deadlocked in a contest for mastery. A middle ground should be sought and both sides ought to be eager to find it. No difference over terms of employment is irreconcilable and no good end is to be gained by prolonging a contest over non-essentials. Get together.

Making the Grim Record

New York World

On the day when German airplanes dropped bombs in Dover, killing twenty-seven women and twenty-three children half a mile from any military work, the German government gave notice of intent to continue sinking hospital ships "in the entire barred zone and in the Mediterranean"—except at one point, under conditions strange to the law of nations.

So lengthy the grim score that will be washed out in blood. Beginning with the Belgian "scrap of paper" through lawless murder of civilians on land and sea and from the sky through forced contributions, and hostages slain without fault, and old fans of holy faiths desecrated, and sculptured ornaments of antiquity battered down; through poison gas in the trenches, and poisoned wells in Africa and in France, and devastation of homes without war excuse, and the seizing of old men, women and girls to drag into slavery, and the butchery of the wounded under the Red Cross, the red recital runs to our day, unmitigated by any sign of returning sanity or awakened scruple. Reckless of the future, though the world is at last rising in armed protest against its intolerable acts, Germany, as though mad, still soils and slays.

No peace can be made with militarism that wages war in disregard of every softening scruple devised by civilization. No faith can be placed in the foresword. The German people themselves must be snuffed from the world. Else there will be no "world made safe for democracy." Else decency must remain a stranger, and the "higher international morality," in pillage and arson and murder, become supreme over all.

Men Are Needed for the Army.

Our country is in a war, the greatest in which it has ever engaged. Soldiers are needed as well as money, if we are to win. We have been in this war for nearly two months now, and the enlistment record for the army is running from 1,500 to 2,000 a day, or just about one-tenth of what really is needed. Instead of millions of freemen springing to arms, only a few hundreds have answered the call.

Liberty bonds will be oversubscribed; the Red Cross and other war charities will be liberally supported; but what about the soldiers? The regular army and the National Guard yet need hundreds of thousands of men to fill their quota—they will get them?

Registration for the selective draft does not answer the call. These men are wanted for the service at once to fill the ranks of the army that is to go to France without delay.

Will the call for soldiers go unheeded?

The Hope of the Socialists.

A gathering of socialists at New York, which included in its numbers those refused passports to attend the Stockholm convocation, has just voiced a demand that the United States and its allies specifically state the lowest terms on which peace will be accepted. Similar demands are made by the German socialists, who have promoted the Stockholm plan, and from that section of the Russian body that is in favor of separate peace? Thus the movement, apparently socialistic in its origin, seems to fit in with the pro-German propaganda.

Our terms of peace were plainly stated in our reasons for entering the war and have been reiterated daily ever since. We have no desire for conquest and want only to make the world "safe for democracy," in order that the right of self-government may not be denied anywhere. This can be done only by calling a halt on militarism and Americans are in the war solely for that purpose. This is well understood by the outside world and demands from any source that our government state its "terms" more definitely or clearly than it has discredited the intelligence of those who make it.

Solidarity by socialists in America for an exact and specific bargain at this time is not helpful to their own cause nor to the cause of humanity. It will pay some of them to listen to Kerensky for a moment, long enough to find out what the real socialists of Russia hope to accomplish. The present movement, stated in terms of the New York conference, is calculated most to encourage the cause of the Prussian military autocracy, from whom the followers of Marx have nothing to look for, rather than the cause of democracy, which is and must be their hope.

Effect of the Negro Exodus.

One of the possible effects of the exodus of the negroes from the south is forecasted in the establishment at Des Moines of a training camp for negro officers to be assigned to regiments in the new army. Within the year the migration of the negro from the south, begun in the winter of 1915, has reached proportions that are disturbing the southern planters and mill owners, who see their help leaving. More than 250,000 negroes have moved across the Mason and Dixon line within a year. These are described by investigators as being not the riff-raff of the race, but made up of the more substantial, the industrious and thrifty, who are seriously seeking to better their conditions of life.

Three dominant reasons are assigned as underlying and animating the migration—low wages, bad treatment and political disfranchisement. Just whether these are to be generally remedied by the change of residence is not to be answered off-hand. Occurrences at East St. Louis are not such as suggest that the negro worker is especially welcome there, but this is hardly typical of the north; much less so, in fact, than the burning of a negro at the stake is typical of southern methods. Environment will have a determining influence in the end. If the southern negro can adjust his life to the ways of the north he will find much to compensate him for all he has to give up, although it is a mistake to say he would not be better off in Dixieland if his legal and personal rights were more secure.

At any rate, the southerners are seriously considering how to make the negro's lot acceptable, so that he will remain where his labor is needed. That the American negro is doing some of his own thinking these days is quite apparent, and it is equally probable that the solution when found will be at least partly his own work.

Fudge for the Fighting Men.

Never let it be said that the co-eds of Nebraska are not willing to do their "bit" or will hesitate when it comes to making sacrifice or an extra effort to help along the good cause. Just to prove to the contrary, our Antelope state fighting men now training at Fort Snelling are to be put to the real test. Chafing dishes have been working overtime at Lincoln and over the "hot plate" in many a kitchenette the spider has bubbled as chocolate and sugar have melted and coalesced into toothsome "fudge," the product being sent forward to the northern fort, where it will cheer the heart and sooth away the nostalgia of the embryo field marshals. The sorority girls haven't forgotten the frat boys who went to the front, while "barbs" of both sexes still are animated by the ranking sense of injustice that left them such and so enter into generous rivalry for the provision and consumption of sweetmeats. Leave it to the co-eds and the "ham wagon" can go into the scrap heap, but our fighting men will never be short of something to eat so long as fudge can be made and an empty shoe box can be found to ship it in. And the boys will work the harder when they know they're not forgotten on campus or on porch.

Eruptions of temper, industrial unrest and riotous tendencies are not novelties in peace times. That they are slightly aggravated by war is not surprising. The swing from neutrality to war upsets individual poise for the moment. But the people are steadying down rapidly, realizing the task ahead and gathering steam for a united, victorious drive for democracy and humanity.

Former Premier Clemenceau writes to find out why Colonel Roosevelt is not coming, saying the "Polius" clamor for him. He can tell the boys in the trenches not to worry, for a way will be found to send the colonel along with other assistance to the men who are fighting so gloriously for freedom.

Two former American ambassadors to Germany, who enjoyed superior means of observation, agree that republicanism does not exist in the empire to any visible extent. This is another way of saying that the spirit of '48 has been thoroughly ground out by the Hohenzollern rollers.

Controlling the Nation's Food
Lean Europe—Fat America
By Frederic J. Haskin

Washington, May 29.—That all the peoples of Europe, neutral and belligerent, are lean from short rations; that all of the belligerents except England are producing less than before the war; that the United States must sustain itself, its ten allies and the neutrals through a five-year struggle, and literally fatten the world back to normal after it is over—these are the premises of the new and drastic system of food control now before congress; these are the facts and suppositions upon which the authors of the measure proceeded.

America is the rich, the fat nation of the earth. Its resources are not only enormous, but they are developed and developing; they are in the hands of a people who do things. The countries of Europe were not fat before the war. The poor eat meat but once a week and bought bundles of twigs for fuel. Everyone practiced an economy that would be considered stinginess in this country.

Europe could not increase its production after the war began, because its men were at the front and its agriculture was already at a high point of efficiency. Imports of foodstuffs from the U-boats. Hence Europe is now lean like a wolf after a hard winter. There was talk before the declaration of war of stopping food exports. Now the world is that we must feed our allies at any cost. And our allies are starved. They must not only be sustained, they must be fattened. Dr. A. E. Taylor of the University of Pennsylvania was the informant of the committee of agriculture on this point. He spent a long time in Germany and other parts of Europe studying the methods of food control and distribution.

So America needs to realize that it has taken in a great crowd of starving boarders. There are hundreds of millions of people in Europe, whose bodies are wasted, who must replace their burned-out tissues by means of food produced in America. And America has been wasting food. Food has been rotting on the ground in this country for lack of transportation; it has been lost and ruined on the farm and on the road, and thrown into the garbage can uneaten in millions of homes. Much of this wastage must be saved. The looseness in our system of producing and distributing food must be taken up like the slack in a hungry man's belt. Secretary Houston says we have wasted \$700,000,000 worth of food every year. The greater part of that loss must be eliminated if we are to fatten half a billion lean people and have anything left for ourselves. That is the philosophy of food control.

Dr. Taylor brought out the fact that despite tremendous efforts to increase their planting areas, none of the belligerent countries have equalled their peace-time production, except England. England is now actually increasing its production of foodstuffs by breaking up its game preserves and parks, its heather-ground grouse moors and the uplands where the red deer are hunted, and planting them with grain and potatoes. In the other countries there are no such surplus lands to be planted. Dr. Taylor brought out the fact that Germany is really producing less than formerly; that it has fed its population only by saving a large part of the 30 per cent of its food which it found that it had been wasting.

The agricultural classes and the wealthy are fairly well fed in Germany, according to Dr. Taylor, but the 20,000,000 people of the industrial classes are emaciated and suffering from anemia and malnutrition. This is interesting to America, because we will have to fatten that country along with the rest of Europe. Neither Italy nor France has been able to produce as much since the war began as before. They have been dependent upon imports and the U-boats are now cutting down the imports.

"I think the truth is," Dr. Taylor told the congressmen, "that before England, Italy and France get their new crops harvested they will be about as close to starvation as a people may be."

Officialdom seems to agree that we must be prepared to face a war of from three to five years. It is known that the military authorities are basing all their estimates upon the assumption that the war will last for three years. Before the war the committee of agriculture five years was stated with general assent as the duration of the food shortage for which the United States must prepare. Five years of scarcity and high prices are the cost which America as a whole must pay for this war. Likewise, if excitement and fear can only be allayed, the lesson of these five lean years will be a most valuable one. America the spend-thrift will learn the value of food. American housekeepers will learn how to save food that they have been throwing away. They will learn how to cook food, that they never used before. They will learn to preserve their own food. Food that has rotted on farms and in freight terminals will be saved. Speculation in foods will be eliminated. And it is unthinkable that the repeal of war legislation shall be allowed to undo the good that may have been accomplished in this line. During the next five years the American people may acquire the only possible basis for a lower cost of living—a knowledge of the use and economy of foods.

People and Events

A deposit of \$25,000 of city money lies among the wreckage of a private bank at Chicago. A security bond protects the city and checks a public roar against public money in private concerns.

New York state wearily complains of supporting 9,000 alien dependents, but that's all the satisfaction in sight for about \$2,000,000 a year. The new immigration law authorizes deportation of dependents any time within five years, but action is impossible until the war ends.

Texas and Florida head the American procession of crop harvesters this year. Week after week the joyous procession moves northward as certainly as summer does its part and glides into autumn. During the next four months the advancing host of harvesters will command a big share of the world's attention.

An insinuation of unseemly haste will not stick to the skirts of Massachusetts in the matter of honoring the memory of Chevalier de Saint-Sauver, a revolutionary hero. Saint-Sauver participated in the operations of the French fleet in 1778, and a monument to him has been erected in King's Chapel, Boston.

Perplexity is indicated in moist military quarters down east regarding the law forbidding giving or serving drinks to men in uniform, particularly in private clubs. As the law penalizes "serving," it is believed the risk can be overcome by the man in uniform helping himself. Experts regard the strategy as a throb of genius.

"Plunger" Livermore of Wall street is reported to have cleared up \$2,000,000 in operations, paid off a bunch of bankruptcy bills and I. O. U. and is still \$500,000 to the good. This is featured as one of the street's shining examples of success, but the number of lambs sheared to make the pile is not mentioned.

Various reasons for draft exemption, ranging from hookworm to cold feet, are attracting press notices here and there. Age forgetteries are working overtime in the preliminary stages, and a decided demand for Quaker church membership marks the game in Chicago. The latter rush is not getting far, as officials of the Society of Friends are searching the quality of the "faith" of applicants. Open and silent knocking of registration is felt in Minneapolis, where socialist activity thinly veils pro-German propaganda.

"Dynamite Johnny" O'Brien is just over 80, bearded and going strong among the retired seafarers of New York. Back in the years of Cuban revolutions O'Brien was a dandy scoundrel, running blockades as cheerily as he emptied a noggin of rum, ye ho! supplying the island scappers with tools to keep Spanish rulers awake, and then some. During the feast in honor of the occasion, Johnny successfully filibustered among the oysters, spuds and beef, and showed talent for stowing away good things that amazed beholders.

TODAY

Proverb for the Day. Beauty unadorned is adorned the most.

One Year Ago Today in the War. Germans stormed and carried Caillotte wood at Verdun.

British and Germans engaged in heavy artillery duel at Vimy ridge.

In Omaha Thirty Years Ago. The civil engineers of Omaha gave a complimentary banquet to Mr. George Lederer on the occasion of his departure for Oregon, where he goes to build a bridge for the Union Pacific road across the Willamette river.

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The Bee's Letter Box

The Bee's Help to the Red Cross. Washington, May 29.—To the Editor of The Bee: Mr. Frank Judson informs me of the great service you have rendered to the people of Omaha and the American Red Cross in the recent campaign for membership which has produced such splendid results.

To secure 35,000 members in Omaha is an achievement possible only through publicity of a rare order. The part you have played in this is deeply appreciated not only by the Omaha chapter, but by national headquarters as well.

We are retaining complete clippings from your paper for use as examples for other cities throughout the country. F. P. FOISIE, Assistant Director Membership Extension.

Jerry's Hint to Gardeners. Omaha, May 30.—To the Editor of The Bee: In yesterday's issue appeared an editorial of warning which read: "Don't let the weeds get the start on your vegetables."

I fear that it will be impossible to obey your timely admonition, for some of the lots selected for cultivation are better adapted for the manufacture of brick, tiles and crockery than for tillage, notwithstanding that numerous fertile lots remain uncultivated in the city. I agree with Mr. Wooster and other practical farmers that many officials selected for the conservation of food are economic misfits. However, I would suggest that some of the manure dumped by the stock yards company within the city limits might be applied to the clay patches as an experiment. JERRY HOWARD.

Out Out Tobacco, Too. Benson, Neb., May 28.—To the Editor of The Bee: In your issue of May 21 I read the letter of Mrs. Du Vincore of Scotia, Neb., on "Tobacco and War." All she says is true and very much more. The majority of the people, it seems, especially in Nebraska, and several other states, make a terrible howl about the grain that is wasted to make booze, as they call it, together with the terrible harm it does and the vast amount of money spent for same. Does she not get the amount of land used for the growing of tobacco and the vast sums of money spent for same and this same land is the choicest, for it takes such to grow tobacco. Now, reasoning on the same lines, is not that amount of our best land just wasted, no benefit whatever to mankind, while whisky and alcohol are both valuable when properly used, and you can't say that for tobacco. Also the slop from the breweries and distilleries is valuable for the feeding of dairy cows and other purposes, and you can't say that of the waste from tobacco.

Now if we are going to be good, let's be very, very good and abolish both, and use our land, money and energy for purposes more ennobling than either of these. The user of tobacco has no more right to tell the user of booze that he can't do it than the booze drinker has the right to tell the tobacco user that he can't do it. Neither of them are actually necessary and we would be better off without either, but give justice to all alike, not stop one end and uphold another just as bad or worse. J. W. PARSONS, M. D.

Farm Work and City Waste. Greenwood, Neb., May 28.—To the Editor of The Bee: I am a farmer's wife and have been reading so much about food conservation that I have decided to write a little myself. We farmers' wives are not having our pictures taken in trousers to show what big things we are going to do, but we are doing just the same.

Oh, yes, we are putting in big gardens; most of us always have; we are planting every inch of space into something that can be canned or dried; we are working hard and we always have.

When harvest time comes around, with the heat at 100 in the shade, we will send for a few of these men who know just what the farmers ought to do and just how they ought to do it and just what price their produce should be placed at, to shock.

In talking to a number of girls who have worked in rich homes in Omaha (and I suppose all cities are the same) they tell me that everything is thrown out after every meal and of such waste I have never heard the like. The finest of meats and fowl, not

half of it eaten, is thrown in the garbage can. They have told me that a twelve-pound turkey was ordered for dinner, half of it eaten and the remainder thrown away. Strawberry shortcake and pies and cakes enough to bring joy to many a starved family have gone in the garbage can. There is not enough food wasted on the farm to keep the family dog fat. The farmer's wife is always glad to have something left over for the next meal. A READER.

SMILING LINES. Architect—I suppose, Mr. Nurfch, you received the plans I sent you for the portico and grand entrance.

Nurfch—Yes, and what do you mean by putting "Save" over the door? That ain't what I made my money in.—Boston Transcript.

The Oracle—Only fools are certain; wise men hesitate. His wife—Are you sure, dearie? The Oracle—Yes, my darling; certain of it.—Puck.

Reason—How say he's a well-known author. Egbert—How so? "He's had at least a hundred stories declined."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Peck—I'd be ashamed, if I was a man, to let a woman order me around. "Peck"—Is she sure you would, Henrietta—and it's consoling of you not to ask me to let you—Judge.

DEAR MR. KABIBBLE, THOUGH I'M A WOMAN HATER, I MET A GIRL WHO IS "ONE IN A THOUSAND"—SHOULD I MARRY HER? —ADOLPH WULZY WOLPIN

LOOK AROUND A LITTLE—YOU MAY GET BETTER ODDS

"In Galicia there are many salt mines. In one of them there is said to be a gallery which echoes the human voice eighteen times."—"Chicago Herald.

"Th. huh. And if you don't care to take this story as it stands, there's plenty of salt hands."—Chicago Herald.

"So grand duke say he haf been in America. But his knowledge of your geography is very valuable for the time." "Does he say nothing of our customs?" Inquired the American attaché. "He said everybody in your country called him Colonel."—"Louisville Courier-Journal.

Two sailors were coming along the sidewalk just as a newly-married couple came out of the church to enter an automobile. Said one sailor: "There goes another poor devil launched upon the sea of matrimony."—"Yes," said the other, "and he look as if he expected to strike a mine any minute."—Boston Transcript.

TO A BUTTERFLY. Irvin Mattick in St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Angelic herald of the spring! O'er stream and meadow dallying, Lord of the flowered sweets that swing On anub and tree, Borne on a light and beautiful wing, I envy thee!

Thy chalice are blossoms filled With dew by morning's breath distilled, Thy chalice are the buds that bud Their chance high, Catching the last rich rays that glid The evening sky.

Along thy undulating way, Studying the long, still summer day With floating clouds that gleam and away, Thus tak'st thy flight, All heedless of the cares that weigh My human plight.

And still, poor flitster, I know That thou, like me, hast many a foe, Delighting to strike some weakling low, And watch him squirm; Rest of the city man should show His fellow worm!

Tot, when my soul has wings like thine, To soar thy stellar heights divine, I hope my spirit will incline Earthward to stray, Along the path I loved as mine When I was clay!

THE PHONOGRAPH

Which Really Sings

There are many kinds of talking machines and sound-reproducing machines, but there is only one instrument that really sings; the rest of them give an imitation of singing. Just as you or I might give an imitation of dog barking.

THE NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph With a Soul" actually sings. It has stood beside Marie Rappold, Anna Case, Christine Miller, Alice Verlet and a score of other great artists and has sung duets with them and then sung in comparison with them. The music critics of 500 of America's greatest newspapers concede in the columns of their own papers that it is only by watching the lips of the flesh and blood artists that they can tell whether it is the artist singing or the New Edison singing.

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Rouse's Edison Parlors Corner 20th and Farnam Sts. Tel. D. 7782.

THE OMAHA BEE INFORMATION BUREAU

Washington, D. C. Enclosed find a two-cent stamp, for which you will please send me, entirely free, a copy of the pamphlet, "Preparing Vegetables."

Name Street Address City State