

THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING) — EVENING — SUNDAY

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

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King Auto will welcome you in Omaha this week.

Another horror of war: Base ball players will have to travel as ordinary human beings this season.

You have noted, perhaps, that the new Hindenburg line is drawn a little nearer to Berlin. Only a question of time.

The weather man is our best little "crepe-hanger" just now. He mars every decent day by a prediction of "colder tomorrow."

Now that it is all over, we will venture the assertion that never was the national anthem sung with so much fervor or in as many different keys as on Friday evening.

Governor Neville is laying out quite a program for the extra session he is talking of. If he puts it all in this time little will be left for the regular session of the legislature next winter.

John Sharp Williams asks the president to exercise his "authority" over congress. And he represents the same state as did Jefferson Davis in the senate! Some difference in their attitude on the constitution.

Nebraska potash millionaires look the excess profits tax straight in the face and never turn a hair. Their product is now quoted at \$160 a ton, a rise of \$70 in a few weeks, and demand is still ahead of output.

The men who quietly cornered rye while Herbert Hoover was looking in another direction are now proceeding to collect from the public. It would not be so bad if the extra profit were going to the producer, but it is not.

At last we are assured from Washington that we have rifles enough to arm our troops, with a production rate that insures the supply for the period of the war, no matter how long it continues. Our boys in France will hereafter have guns made in America.

Modern Industrial Leadership.

The head of a big packing company, testifying in a wage inquiry at Chicago, admitted he knew very little of the wages paid or conditions of employment in his plant, nor of the manner of life his employees live. He did know that in his company paid out in round numbers \$10,000,000 in wages annually to approximately 13,000 employees. Happily, this man can not be taken as typical of the modern American employer.

While it is true that many have not yet reached the full realization of their responsibility to their workmen, big concerns whose affairs are under direction of farseeing men are paying close attention to the problem. The item of labor turnover has been inquired into, and discovered to be one of the great elements of manufacturing cost. How to reduce it has been the object of careful study, to the end that one rule has been formulated: That a satisfied employee is a good investment. For each employee is an investment, and a source of expense up to the point when he becomes an efficient producer. It is also known that the question of wages and hours are not the finally determining factors in employment, although primarily they are. Treatment of workmen both on and off the job has great weight in the ultimate solution.

The employer, no matter what his line or how many names he has on his payroll, who fails to give careful consideration to the conditions under which his men work and live is neglecting his own interests. Industrial leadership carries with it heavy responsibilities, some of them running to ends but lightly considered a few years ago, but now recognized as intimately connected with the balance sheet.

TODAY

One Year Ago Today in the War. Rome reported a renewal of activity on Austro-Italian front.

The Day We Celebrate. Dr. O. S. Hoffman, born 1857. Alexander Ure (Baron Strathclyde), one of Scotland's most distinguished lawyers, born in Glasgow, 65 years ago.

George T. Brewster, New York sculptor, born at Kingston, Mass., 56 years ago today.

John H. (Honus) Wagner, infielder of the Pittsburgh team, born at Carnegie, Pa., 44 years ago.

This Day in History. 1814—Henry K. Brown, who produced the first bronze statue ever executed in the United States, born at Leyden, Mass. Died at Newburg, N. Y., July 19, 1886.

Just 30 Years Ago Today

The officers and deacons of the First Presbyterian church, assisted by their wives, held a reception in the church parlors at the corners of Dodge and Seventeenth streets.

At the Jewish Synagogue Rev. W. E. Copeland delivered an interesting talk on the mysteries of Sphinx.

The Omaha Brick Manufacturers' association filed articles of incorporation with the county clerk. The incorporators are: Martin Ittner, Francis E. Bailey, Arthur Johnson, Charles C. Bickel, Francis D. Cooper and William L. Mardis.

The Woman's Home Missionary Union of Nebraska, for the Congressional church, held a representative meeting in the parlors of the First church. Mrs. Rev. H. C. Crance presided.

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Here and There

Veterinary surgeons of several of our states are now endorsing the use of horse meat as food.

A Massachusetts man in France is using his gas mask so he can peel onions for the mess without shedding tears.

Mrs. Orville Miller, who lives six miles from Dixon, Ill., walked to town to procure yarn for knitting for the soldiers. After that she walked home. There are eight children in this mother's family.

Of 350 claims for British government relief for air raid damage the smallest is five shillings for a doll's dress, and the largest \$1,200 for furniture. One victim claims for the death of a monkey.

Of 28 samples of butter taken from 18 Auburn, (Me.) dealers and representing the output of 26 butter makers, only 11 complied with the state law, which requires 82.5 per cent. of butter fat.

Signposts of Progress

Wages of South Wales steel workers have been raised to 91 per cent above the standard rate.

A piece of tungsten the size of a lead pencil contains enough material for five miles of filament for electric lamps of ordinary size.

An 18-year old Utah boy is the inventor of a combined rule and triangle that solves problems in trigonometry, geometry and mechanical drawing.

American dimes and nickels are perfectly good in France, where the boys have no trouble at all in getting rid of them. A dime is worth half a franc and shopkeepers and the people accept it at that.

A Scandinavian scientist has recently patented a system which permits of the simultaneous transmission of any number of words by means of an automatic phonographic-electric apparatus.

Sidelights on the War

A gas company in London has paid out nearly half a million dollars to the dependants of 3,214 of its men who have joined the colors.

Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, the new man at the head of British naval affairs, is familiarly known among the men of the service as "Rottie."

Among the interesting relics in the new Imperial war museum in London is the table at which Sir Douglas Haig sat while planning the battle of the Somme.

Four of the monarchs who have lost their thrones since the war began—King Peter of Serbia, King Nicholas of Montenegro, King Constantine of Greece and the ex-emperor of Russia—are all alive.

A brigadier-general of the United States army, drawing a minimum salary of \$6,000, receives several hundred dollars more than a marshal of France and \$2,000 more than a general and field marshal of the German army.

First-Paper Voting in Nebraska.

Nebraska has recently been receiving considerable undeserved censure in eastern publications because we, along with some half a dozen other states, permit foreign-born citizens who have not completed naturalization under our constitution to vote and hold office and enjoy all the privileges of other citizens.

While The Bee fully agrees that the time has come when all the requirements for United States citizenship should be exacted of all citizens before participation in state and local government, yet no odium or discredit can attach to Nebraska for our liberal voting franchise with anyone who understands its origin and purpose.

First and foremost, let it be remembered that Nebraska was admitted to the union in 1867 under a constitution which contained this provision, which constitution was revised in 1875 without changing the suffrage clause. At that time Nebraska was a sparsely settled country and the main object of the people already here was to persuade newcomers to join them and make their homes in Nebraska. The immigration of that day from European countries was of the most desirable class—in fact, largely furnished the element which has made Nebraska the prosperous commonwealth it is today—and among other inducements held out in the invitation to come west and help develop this land of opportunity was the offer to take them in on equal terms after a six months' residence and a declaration of intention to become citizens of the United States.

As a matter of fact, in all the fifty years of Nebraska's history the foreign-born voters, technically still aliens, have never constituted a serious menace or danger to the stability of our government or institutions, but, on the contrary, have been of inestimable assistance in beating off successive waves of fanaticism and radicalism in the greenback movement, the free silver craze and all the other repudiation schemes.

When it comes to the menace of alien suffrage the first-paper voters in Nebraska are certainly subject far less to objection than a certain element of voters in some of the states where our most severe critics are located. We refer to the suffrage states, including New York. Under the law as it stands a woman takes the citizenship of her husband by the mere formality of her marriage, so that in these states a foreign-born woman who marries an American citizen becomes a voter overnight without going through any of the procedure of naturalization, she is ignorant of our language and institutions and as hostile to our form of government as she may. We are not raising this point by way of condemnation, but to suggest that the whole question of citizenship and franchise calls for thorough examination and revision, not merely in Nebraska, but in every state in the union.

We repeat that for Nebraska we believe first-paper voting should cease, but in redefining our citizenship qualifications let us do the job in a way that does not open the door to similar or worse dangers or abuses.

Civilization and the Automobile.

Omaha is about to attend its thirteenth annual Automobile Show. That the number is so small, in a city which has been a recognized center of the trade since the beginning, is an impressive fact itself.

It tells the youth of the industry, but nothing of its giant proportions and continuous growth. Only a few figures are needed to convince one of the wonderful strides the automobile has made as a factor in our civilization. For the year ending June 30, 1908, ten years ago, the total output of machines in America was 60,000; for the year ending June 30, 1917, the total was 1,800,000. In other words, from 200 a day the output had risen to 6,000. The amount of capital required to produce and distribute this volume of work amounts to billions. Manufacturers alone have invested \$736,000,000, with a payroll amounting to \$288,000,000. Engaged in the industry in one way or another are more than 900,000 people.

It would be impossible that such an industry could develop in so short a time without its having a direct effect on the life of the people. No one can estimate yet what this effect is; it is admitted that the uses for which the machine is adapted are far from being all catalogued; new services are daily being found, and old ones being so extended as to seem new, until we apparently have just begun to understand what an instrument of progress it is. More than 4,100,000 machines were registered in the United States in 1917, or one for each twenty-five persons in the country. This indicates the universality of its distribution. While many factories are giving up their machinery to the production of war material, thus curtailing to some extent the production of automobiles, the industry may be looked upon as expanding in all directions.

To get a concrete notion of the importance of the automobile trade to Omaha, scan the advertising sections of The Bee today. More eloquent evidence could not be presented. The automobile eminently deserves its distinction, not only for services already rendered mankind, but for the undeveloped possibilities of its future.

Never mind the first robin; just watch the tag on the shovel, and spring will come in time.

Views, Reviews and Interviews

Compensations for Observers in Walking Up the Washington Monument

The proclamation of "lift-less" days for the Washington monument as part of the coal conservation program with notice that visitors on those days will be debarred from the benefits of elevator service reminds me that my first ascent to the top of that historic shaft was by foot power and that I have climbed the stairs to the top several times. If my memory is correct, I undertook an expedition across the waste space that then surrounded the base of the monument in company with Ad Townsend, a chum of Omaha High school days, only to arrive at just the moment when the elevator had shut down for the noon hour. It was a choice of walk or wait or come another day and without reluctance or hesitation we promptly decided to walk. It is a good stiff climb, round and round the interior walls, though the steps are broad and easy and the landings inviting stops to rest plentiful. The space was damp and dim except at the points of illumination, but still you can see from inside better than from outside the difference in construction periods and the line that marks the point where the building ceased for nearly 25 years for lack of money after the stone had gone up about 150 feet. There is another advantage of using the stairs instead of the elevator, although offered as well going up, and that is the opportunity to inspect the artistic designs and inscriptions of the testimonial blocks of marble or granite contributed in honor of the immortal Washington by foreign countries, different states of our own union and various Masonic and other societies. I could not enumerate them from memory, but an article in a current magazine lists as among them "a stone from Braddock's field, one from the battlefield of Long Island, one from the Alexandrian library in Egypt, one from the tomb of Napoleon at St. Helena, a mosaic block from the ruins of Carthage, and Mecca besides blocks contributed by 40 states, 16 cities and towns, and 44 societies and 10 foreign countries, all suitably inscribed to testify to their regard." The view from the top of the monument, 555 feet from base to apex, is magnificent in clear weather and will well repay the ascent—climbing the stairs if necessary, but preferably going up the elevator and walking down.

"Gallipoli," by John Masefield, famous British poet and author, may be a great book, but he ought not to inflict it on an audience in the form of a lecture. To his Omaha hearers he talked in a monotonous, half-audible, uninteresting fashion for a full hour before he evoked the slightest ripple of response and his narrative, full of sameness and repetition, gave me the impression that there never was a war. The insipid and tedious excuse for persisting in it, no excuse for not abandoning it sooner. According to Masefield, the most difficult task ever devolved upon any body of troops was the order to effect a landing on the rocky shores and then again the most difficult task ever set for soldiers was the order to effect the evacuation. He assured us that the Balkan problem was a problem "difficult for even a European to understand" and inferentially not worth while trying to explain to Americans. Finally he quoted a distinguished British army officer describing this war as "Damned dull, damned dirty and damned dangerous," which could readily be paraphrased for his Gallipoli talk as "Dreadfully dull, dreadfully depressing and dreadfully disappointing." In fairness to Mr. Masefield, however, it should be said that he did much better when he broke away from Gallipoli and ventured to give a few word pictures of life on the western battle front, though even this lacked wholly the enlivening factor of vivid personal anecdote. The really redeeming feature was his concluding appeal to Americans to forgive and try to forget all the past wrongs and injustices which we have held against the British and accord whole-hearted support to our allies in the present fight which they are making for us. For a moment, he actually unlocked his hands from behind his back and limbered up his immobile posture, but only for a moment. I wonder if Masefield ever witnessed the platform acrobatics of that other famous British poet, philosopher and author, that master of the art of audience hypnotizing, John Cowper Powys. If not, he ought to arrange with him for a few lessons.

I have been looking through John Sherman's autobiography, in which I find he mentions two visits to Omaha in the very early days. The first was made in 1855, only a year after the townsite was laid out, when he went to see his three brothers then living in Des Moines and with them traveled on west to locate some land. He writes: "The road to Council Bluffs from Des Moines was over a high rolling prairie with scarcely any inhabitants. The village of Omaha, opposite Council Bluffs, contained but a few frame houses of little value. The settlement of Iowa and Nebraska after this period is almost marvellous. I have frequently visited these states since and am not surprised at their wonderful progress. I believe there is no portion of the earth's surface of equal area which is susceptible of a larger population than that portion of the United States lying north of the Ohio river between the Allegheny mountains and the Missouri river." A little further on he adverts to a tour of inspection of the western army posts in the summer of 1866, in company with his brother, General William Tecumseh Sherman. "I proceeded to St. Louis and with General Sherman and two staff officers, went by rail to Omaha. This handsome city had made great progress since my former visit. We then went by the Pacific railroad to Fort Kearney as far as the rails were then laid. There our little

party started through the Indian territory, riding in light wagons with canvas covers, each drawn by two good army mules, escorted by a squad of mounted soldiers. We traveled about 30 miles a day, camping at night, sleeping in our wagons turned into ambulances, the soldiers under shelter tents on blankets and the horses parked near by. The camp was guarded by sentries at night and the troopers lay with their guns close at hand. Almost every day we met Indians, but none of them appeared to be hostile. In this way we traveled to Fort Laramie. The country traversed was an unbroken wilderness, in a state of nature, but singularly beautiful as a landscape. It was an open prairie traversed by what was called the North Platte river with scarcely water enough in it to be called a creek, with rolling hills on either side and, above, a clear sky and air pure and bracing. It was the first time I had been so far out on the plains and I enjoyed it beyond expression. I was soon able to eat my full share of the plain fare of bread and meat and wanted more. After many days we reached Fort Laramie, where an important republican state politics man remained for a few days then, following south along the foothills, we crossed into the Laramie plains to Fort Sanders. This was the last post to the west in General Sherman's command."

The recent death of Charles W. Fulton, former United States senator from Oregon, should not be permitted to pass unnoticed here in Nebraska, for Mr. Fulton was originally a Nebraska man and never failed to recognize a partial allegiance to this state. Though born in Ohio, he was raised and educated in Pawnee county of this state where in the early 70s he was active and aggressive in local affairs. Attracted to the Upper Sound country, he located in the Willamette valley and taught school there until he could take up the law. He was for years a leader in republican state politics and served a long apprenticeship in the legislature before chosen senator in 1901, as the outcome of a protracted deadlock and bitter fight. During his service at Washington, he was often helpful in furthering projects in which his old Nebraska friends were interested. I came in contact with him chiefly in the republican national committee in whose work he was particularly active and well-versed. He was in his 65th year at the time of his death.

A letter received from Los Angeles this last week—no, not from Omaha folks—contains a description which, I am sure, will be interesting to our readers and I attach it here without comment:

"The last trip we made was to Hollywood, Terrace, the Wattle home—your Omaha Mr. Wattles—and I tell you it is worth a trip to California to see it. It is a whole mountain side transformed into a terraced Japanese garden, which leads down to the formal garden and then to the home, which lies in the very crest of the hill.

"After getting off the street car we walked straight ahead, up and up, and where you come to an enclosed orange grove with a (10 feet high) hedge of wild roses—red and white—you begin to see the beauties of the estate. Don't tell him, but I plucked one bud to send you, but I lost it.

"That hedge of wild roses seems never to end and when it does you are at the entrance gateway and then one just keeps on and on—up terrace after terrace, always climbing the mountain, and through dells and groves and on into the most wonderful of Japanese gardens—over miniature streams with curved hedges and still up, where on one height—on mounting stone steps—beheld a Japanese temple with the stone-carved Buddha, or whoever the Jap god may be—it was a genuine treat and I am not telling half.

"How one discovers to be tourists! As I said, I haven't told you half, but it really is beyond description—at some vantage points on the terraced hillside you look down over the whole of Hollywood—for us it is the most beautiful home or estate we have seen and we are going up again to see it."

Victor Rosewater

People and Events

Messages from various reliable quarters warrants the prediction of a bumper crop.

One sure sign of corn belt spring gas among the missing. Bock beer goats coordinate in wetter pastures.

Spring poets should emulate the fabled wisdom of the ground hog. Keep under cover and avoid a cold wave.

Oh, well, if Commissary Lenine falls down on the Russian job, all is not lost. He has been elected corner of Fisher island in Long Island sound. Could love of democracy do more?

Along in blooming June, or July at latest, that Alaskan weather story of 86 below the cipher might induce a thrill and a longing for a slice. Not now. The home stock is ample for all needs and some over.

Henceforth for three merry months Old Sol stretches his sunny circuit from three to five minutes a day. The pace is swift and sun-footed, and promises sufficient heat to curl the whiskers of Jack Frost. Cheer up!

Viewed from the boarding house angle, the wonder is that a revolution or something like that has not yet featured the knocks on Hog island. Feeding workmen on frankfurter three times a day brought only complaints from the victims, which shows a high grade of patriotic devotion and sacrifice.

Around the Cities

Pittsburgh pulled down all the street signs on Kaiser Wilhelm street and put up the new name "Marne Way." Score another defeat for Bill.

The campus of Washburn college, Topeka, comprising 50 acres, goes under intensive garden cultivation this year, as a boost for the nation's food production.

Down in old St. Louis teamsters are said to have pulled the municipal tag for \$4.50 a day and called each pull a good day's work. The grand jury is now surveying the pull.

Woodbury county, of which Sioux City is the live hub, spent \$180,371.84 to keep the county machine going during 1917. Total county debt \$478,949; assessed valuation \$25,160,824.

Minneapolis reports wholesale draft slacking in the rooming house sections of the city. False names and false addresses are extensively employed and cause much annoyance to draft officials.

Canby, Minn., staged a Red Cross Liberty pig sale last week. The show sold three times, each buyer returning the purchase. The fourth man planked down \$200, making the pot an even \$1,000, and took the porker to decorate the pegs of a new butcher shop.

An agent of the Missouri tax commission sleuthing around St. Louis insinuates publicly that in some sections of the city tax dodging approaches the highest style of the art. A big boost in land values which will bring the city's total up to \$1,000,000,000, is recommended.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

"I hear the head of the firm declared he would put his foot down on any birthday present from his employees."

"That's exactly what he did do—put his foot down on it. You see, it happened to be a handsome office rug."—Baltimore American.

She—What is the correct translation of the motto on that lovely ring you gave me? He—Faithful. She—The last! How horrid. And you've always told me before that I was the very first.—Minneapolis Tribune.

"No, no, you love our song, 'The Star Spangled Banner'?" "I do," replied Senator Sorghum. "Then why don't you join me in 'the chorus' friend, the way for me to show real affection for a song is to not try to sing it!"—Boston Transcript.

PEACE HYMN OF REPUBLIC

Washington Gladden in New York Post. Our eyes have seen the splendor of the coming of the king. Watched the Greater Glory dawn and the morning brightening; Hailed the advent of the peoples, which the better day shall bring. For God is marching on.

Gone that ancient curse of bondage; for God amote it, and it fell; Darker curses for our undoing still o'er-came us like a spell. War, the spawn of demons, ingendered—blackest spirit out of hell, But God is marching on.

He hath sworn. He will perform it; lo! The day of wrath is here; But the nations now are waiting to mark His Judgment clear; And all the earth is waiting the glad day to appear. When God is marching on.

"Without the blood no life is purged,"—'twas graven on a stone. On fleshy tablets of the heart 'tis written. Not best by shedding brothers' blood; but by giving of our own." For Christ is marching on.

Thus the Greater Glory shineth on through ancient forms of strife. In the hearts of men abounding now when better deeds are rife; As they died by doating death to men, we live by sharing life. For Love is marching on.

"NEVER-TEL"

Darkens Gray Hair To a Youthful—Natural Color

It does its work positively and yet so gradually and beautifully that even your own friends can't "Never-Tel"—that's why it was legally accorded the name "Never-Tel."

NEVER-TEL is not a dye or a stain, but the careful work of eminent chemists, resulting in this simple, scientific preparation, put up in sanitary, convenient form only, to be dissolved in a little water as used. No extras to buy. No concoctions to bother.

NEVER-TEL is not sticky and will not stain the most delicate skin. Mercurious, economical with no rapid changes to embarrass. Does not interfere with shampooing or curling, but when used every other day for a time, it gradually darkens the hair to a desired shade—then once treated, it stays there weeks for the most gratifying results.

A most delightful hair restorer, put up in a delicately perfumed tablet form—appealing to all modest, refined people everywhere. Protect your youth with NEVER-TEL.

At your druggist, 50c. Sold in bulk by nearest wholesale druggist. Dept. 204, Kansas City Mo.

"TIZ" FOR SORE, TIRED FEET--AH!

"Tiz" is grand for aching, swollen, tender, calloused feet or corns.

"Tiz" makes my feet smile.

Ah! what relief. No more tired feet; no more burning feet; no more swollen, aching, tender, sweaty feet. No more soreness in corns, callouses, bunions.

No matter what ails your feet or what under the sun you've tried without getting relief, just use "Tiz." "Tiz" is the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet. "Tiz" cures your foot trouble so you'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't seem tight and your feet will never, never hurt or get sore and swollen. Think of it, no more foot misery, no more agony from corns, callouses or bunions.

Get a 25-cent box at any drug store or department store and get immediate relief. Wear a softer shoe! Just once try "Tiz." Get a whole year's foot comfort for only 25 cents. Think of it.—Advertisement

A Reliable Piano Directory



Mason & Hamlin Grand and Upright Pianos. There is nothing as good. Grands \$1,050 Uprights 650

Kranich & Bach Grands, Uprights and Players. The honey tone Piano. Absolutely reliable. From \$500 Up Grands 650

Vose & Sons Grands, Uprights and Players. Have filled all requirements for over fifty years. \$450 Up Grands, \$700 Up

Bush & Lane Grands, Uprights. For 15 years we never had one returned for any reason. \$400 Up

Kimball Grands, Uprights and Players. There are over 300,000 in use right now. \$275 Up Grands, \$750 Up

Cable Nelson Upright Pianos. In wonderful woods and beautiful cases. "Tis our bread and butter." \$300 Up

Hospe Pianos and Players. Our friends know that for 44 years Mr. Hospe has given the best for the price. Pianos ... \$250 to \$350 Players \$475

Reproducing Pianos Apollo. Most wonderful instrument. Plays electrically, reproducing the exact duplicate of the master's work, all expressions, automatically—a perfect reproduction.

We carry a great number of reproduced rolls for this instrument. Also played by foot power or hand playing. Prices from \$850 to \$2,400

New Pianos. Of Reliable Makes. Ranging in price from \$190 Up

Used Pianos. Pianos we take in trade as part pay on Players or Victrolas at a fair valuation. Some are refinished, regulated, tuned, etc. From \$75. \$100. \$125. \$150 and Up Square Grands \$15. \$25 to \$50

Organs. For home, school or church. New and used. \$25. \$50, \$75 and Up You Pay Some Down and Some Monthly. We Arrange to Fit Your Wallet. Music Cabinets, Benches, Stools, Scarfs.

Player Rolls. Word Rolls, Story Rolls and Hand Played Rolls. Prices, 60c Up

A. Hospe Co. 1513 Douglas Street.