

THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING) - EVENING - SUNDAY

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

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All eyes on the grand jury now.

Peace at any price is too costly even for the bolsheviks.

Add horrors of war: Mouth organ bands are being formed at some cantonments.

Nebraskans know a good thing when they see it and that is why they take so readily to the thrift stamp.

Still, there would hardly be so much organizing at Washington if everything were working to perfection before.

It's a trifle early for candidates for the city hall to dig themselves in and put on gas masks. We suggest preparedness, however.

Whatever else comes, Japan would better get busy around Vladivostok, for the Russians may yet need the stores endangered there.

"Billy" Sunday is starting out now to redeem Chicago from its wickedness. Go to it, Billy! "Over the top with the best o' luck and give 'em hell!"

Wisconsin's legislature has adopted a resolution censuring La Follette, which may be accepted as only preliminary to what the people will do later on.

A Japanese economist advises his countrymen to emigrate. Just where to he does not hint. This has been Japan's problem for several generations and is not yet solved.

Administration leaders at Washington express amazement that their course towards Japan in Siberia is not understood, but "watchful waiting" has always been a little bit obscure to the man in the street.

Mr. Bryan is scheduled for the office of president, or whatever else it may be called, of the forthcoming Dry Federation of the World. But he won't enjoy it fully if it comes to him without making a rear platform campaign for it.

Press dispatches stress the point that women voters in New York had little trouble in marking their ballots. Astonishment! In none of the four districts were more than half a dozen candidates to be selected from and only one office was involved. This does not call for an unusual amount of discrimination, and it would be doing the women slight credit to insinuate they had difficulty in so simple a matter.

Sleeping Sentinels and Public Safety. A sentinel on the battle line has more than his own safety in keeping. Back of him are his sleeping comrades, and back of them the nation, and in our present case, humanity, for America fairly fights for humanity. Unless that sentinel is vigilant and faithful, alert and watchful, prompt in discharge of his duty at every point, he endangers all he should protect. At no time in his military career is a soldier charged with a more solemn or important trust than when he is posted on guard. In time of war and in the presence of the enemy failure to discharge this trust has but one punishment. The sentry knows this. If he sleeps on post, he has opened a way through which the enemy may break, and not only his life but that of his comrades go as sacrifice to his unworthiness. Such an opening may bring about defeat to the army, and disaster to the cause. All this is self-evident, and ought to be uppermost in the minds of all who are moved to give their support to ill-advised expressions in behalf of men who have failed in their duty. Military discipline necessarily is stern, because military responsibility is tremendous. Unless the discipline be kept to its finest and hardest point, it will not serve its purpose, which in the end is to protect the nation and its helpless ones who can not protect themselves.

Soldier Vote in Nebraska. Argument has just been made before the supreme court relative to the status of Nebraska voters who are serving in the national army. As presented to the court, the case seems to turn on a distinction between the "national" and the "regular" army. This barrier was set many years ago and involves what in time of war amounts to little more than hair-splitting in an attempt to preserve a line of demarcation where no essential difference exists. Men who enter the military service of the United States in time of war serve under exactly the same conditions, and since the removal of all state designations have been commonly devoted to the single purpose.

Volunteers and drafted men are inextricably mixed, professional soldiers are serving with those who have taken up the work as an avocation, and every needed effort has been made to establish the army as an homogeneous whole. Our immediate trouble arises from the persistence of a feeling that animated the fathers, who professed to dread the possibility of "the man on horseback," and therefore took what they deemed wise and effective measures to prevent the possibility of our country being governed by a militaristic cult. Soldiers serving in the United States army were disfranchised while in such service; "volunteers" and militiamen were not. This artificial distinction should be wiped out, and probably will be, so far as Nebraska is concerned. The mere physical difficulty of collecting the soldier vote may be solved by any one of a number of expedients suggested, but we can well afford to assure our young men that they forfeit no right of citizenship through donning the uniform of their country, in army or navy, and that all soldiers look alike to us.

John E. Redmond. The Irish have lost a great leader, and the cause of home rule has suffered accordingly, in the death of John E. Redmond. Contemporary and lieutenant to Charles Stewart Parnell, Redmond led the stormy life of a politician ardently opposed to the policy of the dominant party in the imperial parliament. His ardor for the cause of Ireland was not checked by familiarity with the inside of Kilmainham jail, nor was his sense of justice obscured by his zeal for that which he so earnestly advocated. After the death of Parnell he came into leadership, although others, "Tay Pay" O'Connor, for example, shared with him the honors for a time. But Redmond's ability, his temperance of utterance and his unswerving adherence to a policy he believed would lead to success brought him to a position of greater influence at home than was the lot of any of his time, unless it was Parnell. Standing without compromise on the principles of home rule, when the war against Germany came, Redmond threw his personal and political influence on the side of the empire. He lost the support of the extremists, but in no sense did he abate his loyalty to Ireland while maintaining his attachment to the British empire. His unexpected death at a critical moment in Irish affairs may have serious effect, yet it is not more likely that what he worked for will be abandoned than was the struggle given over when Parnell passed on. His counsel and example will be missed, but the Irish question will press on to its reasonable end.

Kaiser's Peace Terms at Home. German leaders, and there are some who do not subscribe to the infallibility of the kaiser, see what is most clear of all facts in connection with the peace terms imposed upon Russia—that the settlement involves dangerous possibilities for the future. In laying down conditions that only may be supported by superior force, Germany has given notice to the world of intent to maintain that force. It is against this opposition to the kaiser at home now protests. Whatever may be their attitude towards the present war, and it is but fair to consider them as devotedly united behind the kaiser, they are much averse to having all their future mortgaged by the war machine that has brought so much of trouble to them.

This element of the German people is seeing with a clearer vision than the war lords the downfall of the superman and realize that to live in amity with his neighbors something of equity and justice, if not of generosity, must distinguish the relations between them. Russia may not always be in the abject attitude now existing, and history will not forget the harsh terms now enforced by the dominating and victorious cabal that is directing Germany's course. The treaty of Brest-Litovsk sure holds the seeds of a war for "revanche" to come when Russia has renewed its strength. Against that treaty Germany must always stand ready. So this treaty holds danger for all the world, and unless modified by the ultimate settlement it means that whatever peace may be agreed upon will be but a beginning in a new world struggle. These considerations make more than ever plain the imperative need of defeating the German war party now.

Democrats have achieved another notable "victory" in carrying four Tammany-controlled districts in New York, and four democrats who resigned will be succeeded by four of the same party faith. This merely goes to show that for the present the tiger is willing to frisk along with the administration lamb.

Women Conductors and the Job Novelty, High Wages and "Fresh Air" Draw a Crowd

A Woman Conductor in New York Post.

As I see it, girls are in the transportation service chiefly for three reasons—because of the novelty, because of the high wages, and because of the "fresh air" claim. If you've been working away at a job you're ready for a little adventure, just as I think many of the men at the front are. The uniform, the idea of being among the first to do something women haven't been doing before—well, that attracts lots of girls. It's what brought me into the service. I was working in the glove department in a department store, and had no reason to leave, but I heard it was so lovely and interesting and it seemed such a novelty to put on "pants" that I accepted and was one of the first 100 in the service.

Quite a few go into it to make a good living. These are mostly the married ones—there are lots of them. It pays more than most work for girls. You can make \$2 a week working seven days and overtime. We get 27 cents an hour. A run is 10 hours, but you never get away with 10 hours—never. I've just put in two and a half hours overtime. If you work nine hours and 42 minutes you get paid for 10 hours; anything less than that you are paid for the exact number of minutes you work. For overtime you get the regular hourly rate, not time and a half. A lot of the girls come from the factories—box factories and clothing factories, and from the laundries. They imagine they are in the fresh air all day in this; don't realize it is other people's breaths they are breathing. These are the reasons we are in, as I see it. Most of the girls would only write you the bright side of it and stop here; but I say it has two sides, and they aren't both bright. I've been thinking about this thing.

As to what the work is like. It's no work for any girl. It's a man's job. I don't mean because of the actual work. It's the conditions, the life, the hours, and the days. To be exact, I work from 1 o'clock in the afternoon until 3:35, and from 7:19 in the evening until 2:29 in the morning. This doesn't sound bad, but what really happens is this: I get up at 11 o'clock in the morning and have breakfast. I say, "Good-bye, m'm; see you 16 hours later." Then I may work until 3:30 o'clock, but more likely, like tonight, I will work until nearly 6 o'clock with no more food. You must work overtime or be suspended. A girl was suspended yesterday because she had two children and had to be home, so she refused to work two hours overtime. What time I have before 7:19, when I go on again, I stay at the barn in the rest room, sewing or knitting. I get dinner there for 25 cents. You can imagine what the dinner is like for that, but we don't like to go out in our uniforms, so we just eat it there. The restroom is no fit place to spend your free time, not a clean place—basins,

Tanks to Reclaim French Farms Deadly Implement of War a Regenerator of Ruins

Lewis R. Freeman in Popular Mechanics.

A good deal has been written about the rebuilding of the destroyed towns and villages in the battle-ravaged area of northern France, and it is also encouraging to record that a good deal of tangible progress has been made toward getting started with this part of the restoration work as soon as there is opportunity to do so. Ever since the battle of the Somme was well under way I have been reading in French, English and American newspapers, and reviews, articles or letters—several from not "un-eminent" scientists and engineers—all purporting to demonstrate the value of the use of tanks in the once fertile agricultural region of northern France could not but remain an absolute desert, so far as agricultural production is concerned, for anywhere from a minimum of two or three decades to half a century and more.

Practically all of the more "learned" of these theorists appeared to base their beliefs on the poisoned-soil or debilitated-soil ideas. None of them—so far as I remember—claimed to have made any study of the question in the battle area itself. If they had—especially during the last summer—they would have seen a few things calculated radically to alter their opinions. Never under the hand of the husbandmen have the fields of northern France brought forth such a wealth of verdure as this last summer, and the fact that most of this growth consisted of wild flowers and weeds was merely because nothing else had been planted in their stead. Trenches, used and disused, were clothed in their parapets in a dense mass of rank vegetation, and the only shell holes which were not half submerged in greenery were those which had been formed within the month.

The physical problem of cultivation is, however, quite another matter. I must confess that when I first saw the condition in which the ground about Thiepval, Fricourt, Contalmaison, Pozieres, and a dozen other bitterly fought-for points in the Somme area, had been left, I was so appalled by the sight that for the moment, I was inclined to share the view of the many who were saying that no practicable way ever would be found for putting it under cultivation.

It was not until the day I met a Canadian officer, who (like myself) owned a western ranch and had broken up new land with a tractor, that a solution of the problem suggested itself. "The danger from unexploded shells is practically negligible," said he, "for the simple reason that a detonator that has failed to go off at the end of a five or ten-mile flight through the air is not likely to be greatly disturbed by a prod from a plowshare. Neither will buried barb wire give much trouble for any length of time. Railroad iron, concrete fragments, corrugated

steel roofing, and other heavy trenching material will have to be picked up and carried off bodily. "All of this leaves," he continued, "the discovery of a practicable way of effecting the first rough cultivation as the one great problem to be solved. The question then narrows down to what sort of a machine will have to be devised to accomplish this preliminary work. \* \* \* And right there you have the answer to those who are asking what is to be done with the thousands of tanks that will be left 'without occupation' at the end of the war. Use them for tractors to draw specially devised plows and harrows in the first rough cultivation of the crater areas. The extent of the fought-over ground which is too torn to be cultivated in the ordinary way can hardly run to more than a few hundred square miles to the outside, and ten times as many tanks will be available as would be necessary to give this a complete going over in a fortnight or so. The nature and design of the implements to be drawn would have to be determined by experiment, but there is no reason why these should not be initiated at once, so that whatever types are determined on could be built and ready for use at the first opportunity."

People and Events. Four men out in Oregon entered into a patriotic compact to quit smoking during the war and turn the money saved over to the Red Cross. Holy smoke, if all the smokers did likewise how could the Red Cross spend the money, or what would happen to the tobacco trust? Got the makings of a guess?

Congresswoman Rankin talked on woman suffrage in the hall of the House of Delegates at Annapolis, Md. The news historian of the event says: "Miss Rankin wore a pale blue silk evening gown and was vigorously applauded." A fetching color scheme always wins the eye and the glad heart.

The recent meeting of the American Association of Anatomists, held in the new Institute of Anatomy at the University of Minnesota, Prof. Robert R. Bensley of the Department of Anatomy at the University of Chicago, was elected president of the association. Prof. Bensley has been connected with the Department of Anatomy at Chicago for 17 years.

Once upon a time a ribald bunch in a wet belt laid at rest the tightwad of the town. In life the cold he had a mile, he whispered call for a treat and quickly hop to it. As a tribute to this distinguishing trait the hail fellows chipped into a fund and placed over the mound a headstone inscribed: "This Is On Me." Luckily the tribute was finished ere war smote marble and granite quarries and fattened the price tags fifty fold. Revision upward now carries the message of the inscription to the mourners.

None For Her. Miss Mollie Brown, Georgia backwoods school teacher and spinster of 40, but who was neither fat nor fair, was going the rounds of the neighborhood to raise her average in attendance. On leaving the Dobbs place she advised Nancy, a half-grown, dyed-in-the-wool Cracker girl, to get her hair cut and pointed up, to set forth the many drawbacks of ignorance. With a knowing bob of her head Nancy touchedly said: "Now look here, Miss Mollie. My granmam she didn't git no education, an' she got married. My maw she didn't git no education, an' she got married. You got education, an' you hain't got married. Huh! I ain't hanner' after education."—Country Gentleman.

The Bee's Letter Box

Asks for Permission to Seize.

Omaha, March 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: Spring is approaching—fishing will soon be in order. There are tons of good fish in the rivers and lakes of Nebraska, thanks to the state fish commission and to our game laws. Seining has been prohibited for years, for the sole purpose of preventing wanton destruction of fish. It was done in the interest of food conservation. The presumption is that this law has served its intended purpose.

Now the time has come when the fish should be seized in the presence of game wardens and brought to market daily. Such action would bring down the price of fish and be a positive benefit to the people. If the war lasts several years longer we shall have to resort to every means to maintain food supply.

The politicians are trying to convince the governor that there is an extraordinary occasion for calling an extra session of the legislature. I do not believe it, but should he yield to pressure, it would be well to propose a bill suspending the fishing laws for one year, with proper limitations. The day is not far distant when the question of food supply will be paramount and will smoke out questions which are being magnified to make them seem extraordinary. J. B. HAYNES.

Believes in Prohibition.

Omaha, March 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: The recent defense of the saloons by some of our clergy has started quite a little discussion as to the success of prohibition. One clergyman stated that he had been told that there was much booze to be had as ever.

In the face of the fact that each one of the 350 saloons carried all the way from \$500 to \$25,000 worth on hand at all times. There is enough to supply the demand now. But the demand is falling faster than the supply.

I believe that I am in a position to know. I worked for Omaha saloon keepers for 10 years and I know personally about three-fourths of all the saloon employes and hundreds of customers. At election time I worked as hard for the saloons as any one could. I actually believed that they were necessary, and I am a firm believer in loyalty to my employers' interests at all times. About a month after the saloons closed I met the wife of a former brewery worker. She said her husband was only making about half as much since the saloons closed. But she said: "I am so glad. No one can realize what it is to have a husband come home sober after coming home drunk every night for eight years. And he is kinder to the children." That opened my eyes.

About a week ago I spoke to a colored man I know. He was a saloon porter and one of the hardest drinkers I ever knew. "Well," I said, "do you want to quit?" "I sure can, but I don't want any more. I have not drunk for months and and, say, I feel like a man." Between these two cases I have heard hundreds of former saloon employes and customers tell how they

have cut out booze and how much better they are off since. One good fellow I knew who had his pay check cashed in a saloon every week, and was ordered to move by a dozen landlords, tells me that he takes his entire check home to his wife every week, and that they are buying a home. These things have convinced me that prohibition is a veritable Godsend. This in spite of the knocks it has given me. After May 1 I collected for two months at starvation wages. Then I went to work on production at a local plant, working broken time, from one day to a week up, averaging possibly three days a week. If friend wife had not gone to work, our party paid for home would have been lost long ago. Today I am looking for other work. But I am thankful that the saloons are gone. Knowing as I do that while prohibition may take the roof off the heads of our little family, it is surely putting the roof on the heads of hundreds of other families. While it has given me some gray hairs, it has brought smiles to the cheeks of hundreds of wives and better conditions to thousands of children. I thank you. S.

CHEERY CHAFF.

"What are you thinking of my dear?" "I was wondering if Jonah's wife believed him when he explained his absence from home by telling he had been swallowed by a whale."—Baltimore American.

"I trust, Miss Tappit," said the kindly employer to his stenographer, "that you have something in reserve for a rainy day." "Yes, sir," answered the young woman. "I am going to marry a man named Mackintosh."—Christian Register.

Judge—What's your occupation? Vagrant—Oh, nothing much, yer honor; jest circulating 'rounds for a rainy day."—Boston Transcript.

Husband—I'm glad you only want \$5 to go shopping with today. What are you going to get with it? Wife—Nothing but uncheon, dear. I'm going to have everything else charged.—Judge.

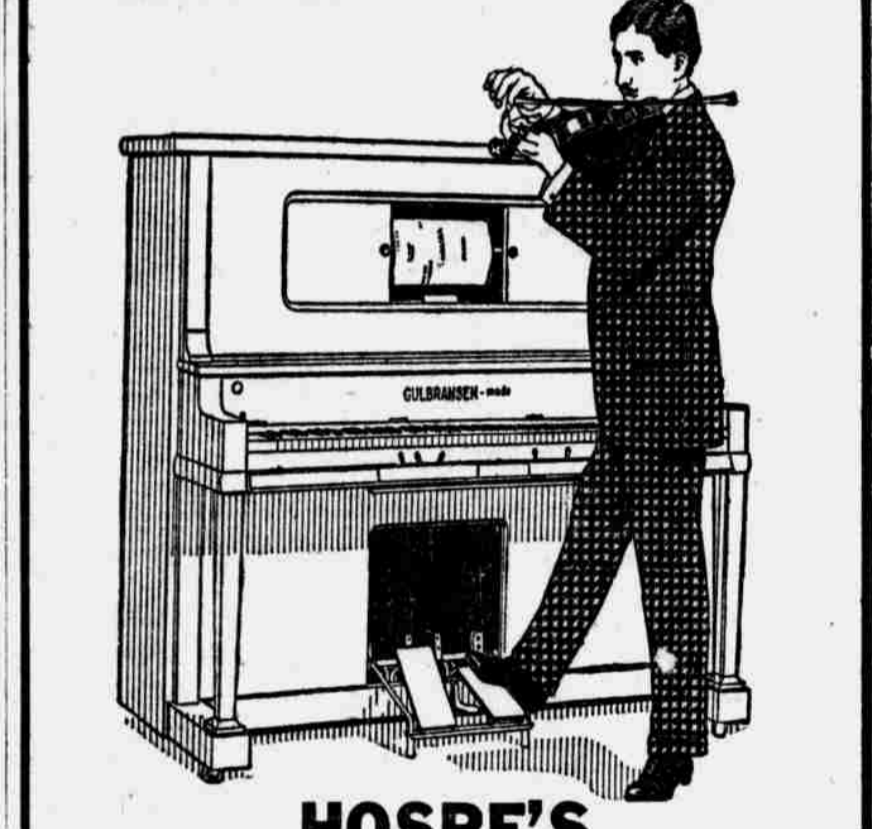
"I do not think it is right for a husband to desert his wife in an emergency." "Sometimes he can't help it. Our cook went off the morning and left my wife crying for help."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An elderly farmer hitched his team to a telegraph post. "Here," exclaimed the policeman, "you can't hitch there!" "Can't hitch?" shouted the trite farmer. "Well, why do you sign up, 'Fine for Hitching'?"—Presbyterian Standard.

OLD HOME.

Old home, I see you standing in the shadow of the pine, And your windows peering outward like eyes among the vines, And your roof slopes broad and skyward just above the eaves, Like the brow of him who built you, lived and loved within you there. Oh your door is wide and welcome where sweet tones once drifted out, Like the voice of him who loved you with a love to dream about, And the memories of childhood linger in your silent halls, Like the dear old-fashioned pictures that are hanging on your walls. Old home, your gravelled driveways through the shrubbery I can see From your doorway bending outward are the paths that beckon me; I wish I was returning and would find my mother there, And with her beside her bending 'bove her silver hair, Like the tall and stately fir tree standing there within the yard Beside the silver maple, like a sentinel on guard, Lebanon, Neb. DONALD P. McLEAN.

Have You \$600? It will buy six of our shares. If you have not this amount, start with less and systematically save with us until you reach your goal. No better time and no better place. Dividends compounded semi-annually. The Conservative Savings & Loan Ass'n 1614 HARNEY STREET. Resources, \$14,000,000.00. Reserve, \$400,000.00.



HOSPE'S Player Piano Demonstration Week. NOTE OUR SHOW WINDOWS. Grandma Treading the Player Piano—Grandchild doing like play! It's play to play the Player which we now offer to the musical public. Nothing as Easy, Nothing as Reliable, Nothing as Cheap or Easy to Buy as the Gulbransen, the Healy and the Hospe Player Pianos. Come to the store—no charge to demonstrate—This is the week and it's for your edification—Costs you nothing. A. HOSPE CO. 1513 Douglas Street.

TODAY One Year Ago Today in the War. Grave dislocation reported in Petrograd owing to bread shortage. Irish nationalists demanded an immediate application of home rule law. President reported to have decided to arm ships despite congress' refusal to approve it. The Day We Celebrate. Dr. J. C. Hammond, physician, born 1841. George K. Howell, lawyer, born 1831. Everett S. Dodds, architect, born 1854. Champ Clark, born in Anderson county Kentucky, 68 years ago. Rear Admiral Albert D. Willis, United States navy, retired, born in Philadelphia, 47 years ago. This Day in History. 1737—General William Heath, the only general officer on the field at the battle of Lexington, born at Roxbury, Mass. Died there, January 24, 1814. 1843—Edwin H. Conger, who was American minister at Peking during the Boxer siege, born in Knox county, Illinois. Died at Pasadena, California, May 17, 1907. 1845—Fifty persons killed or injured in a railroad collision at Bristol, Pa. 1893—The members of President Cleveland's cabinet were sworn into office all together, for the first time in the history of the country.

Just 30 Years Ago Today The South Omaha base ball club met and decided to commence practice back of the Exchange hotel as soon as the weather would permit. Several large consignments of ducks were received from Bartlett, Honey Creek and other points. George L. Miller, P. E. Iler, W. A. Paxton, Frank Colpetzer and H. W. Hill files articles of incorporation with the county clerk of the Union club. At a meeting of the Apollo club members, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: J. Dornmin, president; Nat. Brigham, vice president; Paul Horbach, secretary; George Holbrook, treasurer; Henry D. Estabrook, Walter Wilkins and Lieutenant Kennon. Saved His "Billie." Teacher—Tell me something about Jimmy Brighton—Well, they took away everything else he had, but they never got his goat.—Farm Life.

With State Editors Tecumseh Chieftain whoops joyfully over the general abandonment of the credit system. "Cash is carry" is the rule of local business. "Honest people," says the Chieftain, "have become thoroughly tired of paying the bills of the dead beats." H. E. Willis, recently connected with the Grand Island Independent, took control of the Chadron Chronicle on the first of the month. Editor Willis is an experienced reporter, a practical printer, and knows the business from cellar to roof. Minden Courier voices a general protest against the extravagance and waste of serving free lunches at farm sales. Besides the waste much discourtesy and disrespect of hospitality are shown. A lunch wagon system on a cash basis is urged as a remedy for present abuses. Country papers quite generally record an awakening of the farmers to the practical benefits of government Spring thaws, with the usual accompanying of soft, muddy roads, bring home the need of better highways to and from local markets. Evidence of keen interest in the question was shown by a gathering of farmers at Mullen, last week, to boost a national highway between Broken Bow and Alliance, to be known as the "Potash Highway." With very little advance preparation 108 delegates from interested towns and counties got together, effected an organization, and outlined plans to accomplish the object. The proposed highway will connect with the Black Hills road at Alliance.

Peppery Points Minneapolis Tribune: The bolsheviks are their best bet to make whiskers unpopular in civilized countries. St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Jonah never thought of cutting himself a whole steak while he was imprisoned for three days, though he must have been hungry. St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Senator La Follette refuses to comment on the stinging resolution passed by the Wisconsin senate. There is really little that he could say. Baltimore American: Germans are reported to be in some cases clad completely in paper garments. It would be poor justice for those garments soon to become mere scraps. Wall Street Journal: By turning over 30 German vessels to France, Brazil does her bit for the allies; and France gratefully reciprocates by agreeing to drink 2,000,000 bags of coffee. Brooklyn Eagle: Spain may consent to let Yankees reconstruct her railroads so as to facilitate shipments to France. The Castilian has had a high time of it since the mechanical agency since Corvera had that little experience off Santiago harbor. Louisville Courier-Journal: "Your logic prattle may lose a battle" is a slogan of the division of advertising in Washington Bureau of Public Information. We suggest that it be sent on a postcard at once to all diplomats of the allied governments, who may be inclined to talk further about the same matter, and the European allies in this war.

Twice Told Tales Cost of Salvation. A colored preacher had just concluded a sermon on "Salvation Am Free" and announced that a collection would be taken for the benefit of the person and his family. A member in the audience objected to the paradoxical nature of the proceedings, and received this bit of negro logic in response: "S'pose yo' was thirsty an' come to a river. Yo' could neckt right down an' drink your fill, couldn't yo'? An' it wouldn't cost yo' nothin'. Dat war wouldn't be free. But s'posin' yo' was so hot that water piped to yo' house, yo'd have to pay, wouldn't yo'? Waal, brudder, so it is wid salvation. De salvation am free, but it's de habin' it piped to yo' dat yo' got to pay fo'."—San Diego Union.

THE OMAHA BEE INFORMATION BUREAU Washington, D. C. Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp for which you will please send me, entirely free, "The Poultry Book." Name..... Street Address..... City..... State.....