

THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

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THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR

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MARCH CIRCULATION

66,558 Daily—Sunday, 56,553

Subscribers leaving the city should have The Bee mailed to them. Address changed as often as requested.

The state-makers will now start to get busy again.

Private Peat does not approve of the kaiser; that much is plain.

At any rate, most of the rotten eggs were brushed into the political rubbish heap.

The Hun time table was all right on paper, but it fell a little short of working when put into action.

A consoling thought is that the race was to the swiftest, though not necessarily to the most deserving.

It is also time to plan for your Arbor day observance. Do not let the tree planting lag on account of the war.

Nebraska has just achieved the incredible—a legislative session without a corporation lobby—but it is not likely to happen soon again.

Getting the new army under way is much less of a job than assembling it was a year ago. We have learned something by experience.

The Irish convention's report, you know, is before the House of Commons in London, and has not yet been submitted at Washington.

France has cut the bread ration to two-thirds the former amount. This simply means that each of us must save even more than we have, for we can not let the French go hungry.

Baltimore's nerves are a little jumpy, but as long as nothing worse than the explosion of slag happens at Sparrow Point, the citizens may keep their eyes on Fort McHenry and rest easy.

The sixty-one "also rans," consumed with a burning desire to help make Omaha a better place to live in, will now resume their civic inactivity until the next chance to connect with the pay roll.

An eight-hour day for department stores is an innovation in Omaha business methods, but it is a sign that big retail dealers are getting into line with the times. The Bee ventures the prediction that the move will be a popular one before the summer is over.

"Boss" Murphy Censors Democracy.

Big Chief Murphy of triumphant and militant Tammany walked out of the dining room in which the Young Men's Democratic league of New York was holding its spread. The mighty man of the untried was righteously indignant, for the committee planned the table to have him seated alongside Senator Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma. Never in a million years would Murphy sit beside Owen, because the latter had vilified Tammany. Assured that the senator would not be present, the boss was not mollified, but informed the would-be hosts that they had more than ever offended by presuming to invite a senator from Oklahoma, even if he be a democrat, to sit at the table with Mr. Murphy of Tammany hall. All of which recalls that Mr. Murphy withdrew from the Denver convention with more or less of obnoxious comment on proceedings there had in the name of democracy, and that later on, at Baltimore, the same Murphy was excited at the behest of the peerless commoner. These episodes in the life of the head center of rejuvenated Tammany, restored to power by favor of the present administration, may or may not mean anything in conjunction, or even separately. They do indicate, however, that Mr. Murphy does not forget and that for the present his mood is not excessively magnanimous. An echo of the incident may be heard in future democratic conclaves. It is interesting to note, however, that Mr. Murphy's catalogue of outcasts from his party is extending.

Our bolshevik friends object to the landing of Japanese soldiers to protect property at Vladivostok. The proletariat starts out to tear up things it simply can not abide any form of interference, but here is one place where it will encounter a considerable snag in the form of well organized government.

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Mistaken Identity

Prof. William Howard Taft was in New York recently, and in the course of his short stay took an automobile ride along Riverside Drive. At Nineteenth street a young woman five years old saw the big touring car coming swiftly down the drive. After one long look at the big person in the rear seat she jerked the nurse's apron and screamed with delight.

Frosting Hot Air

"I would go through fire for you. I yearn for the change," she said, "I would suggest that you select some occasion when you are not wearing a celluloid collar." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

Have You a Liberty Bond?

We will sell you Liberty Bonds on weekly or monthly payments. One dollar a week for a \$50 bond. Two dollars a week for a \$100 bond.

Do your bit. We will help you.

The Conservative Savings & Loan Ass'n

1614 HARNEY STREET. Reserve, \$400,000.00.

WORK OF THE SPECIAL SESSION.

The Bee compliments the legislature on having concluded the special session with the enactment of measures on all of the subjects before it, and, in all but one or two of them, strengthening or improving the proposals endorsed by the governor.

The legislature rejected the governor's session bill and substituted for it another, making its definitions sharper and more inclusive and leaving out the fool clause limiting the crime of sedition to the continuance of the present war.

The legislature also rejected the governor's suggestion for a saving clause for present alien-enemy voters in the constitutional amendment abolishing first-paper suffrage in Nebraska. This was the real test of pure patriotism that draws the line between unconditional loyalty to America first and a divided allegiance to the German kaiser. Striking out the "proviso" is a slap in the face of the scaly democratic politicians pulling the strings on Governor Neville to preserve the alien enemy right to vote in the 1920 presidential election.

The soldiers' voting law is probably as good as it could be improved under pressure, though how far it will prove workable is yet to be demonstrated.

The potash bill is still in questionable shape, but puts it up to the state board to say whether the state house pay roll gang shall keep its hooks on the potash property belonging to our school endowment through the stealthily gotten leases which the supreme court knocked out.

The amazing thing is that patriotic measures necessary to stamp out disloyalty in Nebraska and help win the war should meet with opposition even to the extent manifested in the extra session.

Liberty Loan for the People.

Secretary McAdoo hits a bull's-eye when he says that 20,000,000 Americans are expected to subscribe for the Liberty bonds. This is not too much to expect under the circumstances. As with the first and second issues, every effort has been made to place the bonds on a popular basis. The reason is that the money is to be used for the people, and it ought to come from the people. Little doubt exists that a great combination of financial interests could be formed, and the entire sum be floated among the group or under its supervision. While this would result in securing for the government the cash it requires, it would defeat the sentiment involved, that of enlisting the individual citizens in the undertaking. In both the former issues the smaller subscriptions have been filled first; in the present instance this rule will be followed. If it were possible to sell the entire lot in denominations of \$50, the effect would be that much the better. Large subscriptions will be made, and none will be refused, for the loan is to include all oversubscriptions as well as the \$3,000,000,000 set for the minimum amount. This gives everybody a chance, and the best news that can be sent abroad in connection with the bonds will be the announcement that many millions of Americans have crowded to loan their money to their government. Let this be the people's way in every respect.

"The Dollar of Our Daddies."

Melting 250,000,000 silver dollars now held in the vaults of the treasury, the bullion to be exported, is proposed as a measure to relieve a credit condition that is becoming acute. Demand for silver abroad has been increased by the war to such extent that the measure proposed will be one of actual profit to the United States. It will revive memories of forty years ago, when the Bland-Allison act was new, when "the dollar of our daddies" was the idol of the plain people, and the "shipplaster" currency of civil war days was going into the discard before the return of specie payments. Some thought of the greenback craze, with the fat money demands of the enthusiastic champions of the printing press as a basis of government credit, may be brought back, also.

And a little further along we will come to "Coin's School of Finance," and Mr. Bryan's "cross of gold," with all the talk about seigniorage and Gresham's law, and the various other formulas of '96. The only fact will be that the government has held on to a big stock of silver during the days of its depreciation, most of it purchased at an artificial price, and on which a tremendous actual loss was always apparent. This has been possible because of the adoption of the single gold standard, and the readiness of the treasury to back its issues with gold. Now, an unexpected turn in the affairs of the world has brought about an opportunity for the treasury to dispose of a considerable quantity of this silver at a rate that will put the country out whole on its purchase. Any possible diminution of the circulating medium will be met by other issues, and "the dollar of our daddies" will go to join other things of the dear old days that are receding faster even than the flight of time.

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Crowning Glory of Amiens Cathedral Twin of Rheims in Beauty and Danger

James Walter Smith in Boston Transcript.

Amiens, ancient capital of Picardy, now the capital of the department of the Somme and the present bulwark of freedom against the Hun, has been called the "little Venice of France." The name was given to it, not because it looks like Venice architecturally—for it doesn't in the least—but because the River Somme, at this point in its course, receives the waters of the Avre and the Selle, and breaks up into 11 little "canals." It is these canals which make the visitor think of Venice. For the rest Amiens is generally like other cathedral cities of France. It has its straight and crooked streets, its cafes and Hotel de Ville, its art museums and libraries, its statues and its slums. Its 90,000 people, in peace times, are just like other people in the north of France. Except for its thriving industries and its importance as a railroad junction, it has little attraction for a business man. Except for its cathedral, it rarely draws attention from the tourist. It is a place which thousands of travelers go through yearly by train and never stop to see. Who most of them do stop to see, through from Calais or Boulogne to Paris, hunt for the cathedral from the coupe window, and then say they've been to Amiens.

This is as it was—before the war. Now that the German emperor is throwing his legions against the old city of Clovis and Caesar's before that time—Amiens in 1915, the world's eye. Its dead past becomes revived in its historic present. Its nearness to Paris—the distance is only 81 miles by train—again compels the fear that, if the present German objective is reached, Paris is again in danger. Its position on the main route from the capital to the channel coast and Calais makes it of enormous importance to the allied armies. And the fact that the super-Hun, although temporarily checked in his advance, is nevertheless but 10 miles away suggests that the city which gave birth to Peter the Hermit may yet add a lustrous chapter to its history.

The question in every mind at the moment is, Will Amiens hold? Will it again fall captive to the German armies as it did under Von Goeben in 1870? And, last but not least, will the Church of Our Lady at Amiens become, as did the noble cathedral at Rheims, a monument to vandalism? God grant that this latter catastrophe may not happen, that Amiens may triumph over attack and that the lustrous chapter in its history may indeed be penned.

The glory of Amiens is its cathedral which is one of the wonders of the world. It is not the first cathedral built in France, since Paris and Chartres and Rheims precede it—nor is it the largest in the world—since the Cologne Cathedral and St. Peter's at Rome are larger—but it is, in the opinion of most experts, the crowning glory of Gothic art. During the centuries since it was built, art lovers have raved over its exquisite detail, its majestic proportions. Viollet-le-Duc called it the "Parthenon of Gothic architecture," a name that has since been quoted in nearly every treatise on the splendid pile. Arthur Symonds called it "the greatest house made with hands." Peter said it was full of excitement. And when Ruskin began his record of "What Our Fathers Have Told Us," it was with Amiens cathedral that he began his story.

One of the best general descriptions of this wonderful structure is that of Arthur Symonds, to be found in his "Studies in the Seven Arts." "Within and without," he says, "it is like a precious casket, adorned for some priceless jewel. Every part has the finish of a miniature, and there is something actually dainty in this vast church, in which a singular precision in its proportions never becomes a mechanical regularity; is never cold, but remains always the heat of that first excitement out of which it was first created. * * * The facade is set up against the sky like a great frontispiece of images to a printed book—the book which Ruskin has called the 'Bible of Amiens.' It is an immense stone page, as if engraved on the sky, and it is at once severe and sumptuous. It is alive with rich ornament, full of grandeur, and with a kind of heavy sweetness in its almost tropical stone vegetation. * * * The front, too, has daintiness, in its exuberance of vitality, tempered to a pattern, and yet seeming as spontaneous as a caprice. Inside * * * the whole church gives itself to you from every point, open to the eye as it is open to the light. There is an unmission cheerfulness in this daylight church, itself so warm with light, the white stone as if just a little browned by the sun."

The cathedral, which is very easy of access from the railway station, was started in 1220 by Robert de Luzarches, and took 60 years to build. In times not far distant it was surrounded by low-lying houses, but most of these have been demolished in order to decrease the danger of destruction by fire, and to supply visitors with a better view of its proportions. Notwithstanding these improvements, however, it is still difficult to grasp its total significance from a nearby standpoint. Visitors who have the opportunity spare usually walk out a mile or two into the flat plains of the Somme country to secure the most satisfactory view.

Lovers of Ruskin will recall the enthusiasm with which the famous old critic wrote of Amiens and its remarkable church. He paid several visits to the city—in days when the trip from England was much longer and more tedious than it is today—and used to meet little parties of tourist friends at the cathedral, in order to point them to the beauties of his beloved church. On the way he was his custom to treat his friends with macaroons and other comestibles for which Amiens is famous, and always insisted that the party should give a few coppers to the beggars at the doors. Ruskin and his old gray clothes, by the way, were known, it is said, by every beggar in the city. As for the church, it was the chief delight of the old critic to point out how, in the sculpture of the cathedral, the whole story of the Bible was set forth, from the days of Adam to the

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death of Christ—in greater detail and more exquisitely than in any other church in the world. He would spend hours with his friends explaining these sculptures and then, after exhausting his own powers of description, would bid his listeners come back—to have another look at the church under the evening sky!

No one writing about the Amiens of the immediate past ought to forget that Jules Verne was an illustrious resident of the north, and at the same time a grief to this man, the romance of the submarine, the imaginative chronicler of the airship, to have lived to be a witness of the triumphs and misdeeds of both. But that, in passing. What may now be said is that the history of Amiens, in which Verne always took a lively interest, dates back to Caesar's day. Nevertheless, the specific historic events with which the city is associated are comparatively few in number. It passed through many changes in the Burgundian days. It was in the possession of the counts of Flanders, it was taken by strategem by the Spaniards in 1595, the story going that "A party of soldiers, disguised as peasants, were sent to the city by the Spanish governor of Doullens with a cartload of apples and walnuts. As soon as the gates were opened the nuts and apples were allowed to fall from the sack, and while the citizens then on guard were eagerly gathering them up, the disguised Spaniards made good their entry, and being quickly followed by the other troops, which had been placed in ambush, soon made themselves masters of the city."

To End a World Disgrace

New York Evening Post.

In a recent address on the work of the medical service of the English army, the speaker declared that the chief aim of the war was to remove "the disgrace to civilization." That disgrace he at once explained as "the waste of labor and the waste of life involved in nations maintaining great armies for the purpose of destroying each other." Who was this nobby-pamby pacifist, this man without red blood, this visionary living in Utopia? Well, it happens to have been none other than General Sir William Robertson, till lately chief of staff of the British army. A stout soldier, working his way to the highest rank from humble beginnings, no temptation to magnify his office, or to glorify his profession, blinds him to the monstrous anomaly of militarism in the modern world. In this respect, Sir William may be classed with that American officer, a valued member of our general staff, who said some time ago to our Washington correspondent that the American people ought to understand that they are fighting this war in order to prevent universal military service from being made compulsory in this country.

If doubts remained in any mind about the nature of the real foe with whom we have come to grips, they must have been removed by the events of the past few weeks. The kaiser and his army chiefs and his subservient civilian officials have at least given us the complete definition of militarism. We see it now as it is. Looking at its full display, we all instinctively cry, "Voila l'ennemi!" For it is militarism gone mad, and bringing forth its perfect work. At the head of the whole system is the megalomaniac kaiser waving the sword in which alone he bids the German people trust. Everything is subordinated to the army. It is not only that the moderate men like Prof. Delbrück and Dr. Dornberg are silenced; not only that the Reichstag is made no better than a dumb dog, and the socialists are drugged with promises of national booty. The whole nation is now at the mercy of the militarist caste. Foreign secretaries, chancellors, diplomats, representatives of the people, the press—all are pushed into the background. Every national policy, whether domestic or foreign, is decided upon by the supreme command of the army. The whole is a spectacle of military absolutism.

And let no one think that the military autocrats of Germany have the slightest notion of relaxing their power or changing their system. Their thought is of nothing but making it stronger and more tyrannical in preparation for the next war. This, perhaps, the most striking thing in the book of Baron Freytag-Loringhoven, written for the German general staff on the lessons of the war. He contemplates for the future nothing but a piling higher of armaments, a greater diversion of the empire's wealth and manpower to the purposes of war, a strengthening of the aristocratic prestige of officers—no democratic nonsense to be tolerated in the army—and a larger and larger absorption of the nation's energies by war. That is what we come to when the militarist poison gets into the veins of a whole people. From earliest youth to old age the national thought and effort are to be given increasingly to the work of preparing to kill and be killed. This is what General Robertson had in mind when he said that free peoples were uniting in this war in order to make an end of the disgrace to civilization.

The final issue now fronts us concrete and grim. Overweening trust in the sword must be met and cast to the earth, so broken that it can never rise again. Until the German government and the German people recover their reason, they must be dealt with as beings whom an excess of militarism has made mad. In the stern business on hand we have to put many things aside. We have to adjourn cherished hopes. Temporarily we give up privileges and bow our shoulders under sacrifices—the spiritual ones hardest of all to bear. But we do not lose sight of the end which will crown all. It is to free the world forever from the hideous nightmare of militarism, and to insure to our children liberty to work out unafraid their thoughts—and dreams—in the lives of the men and women of their generation.

The Bee's Letter Box

Wasting Time Studying German.

Omaha, April 7.—To the Editor of The Bee: After a demonstration like that of Saturday afternoon and the great address of Dr. Violette in the evening no real American but can feel proud of his Omaha citizenship and of the display of patriotism. To look and hear the demonstration no one would imagine that many things were being done right in our midst to perpetuate the German influence which so many of us have come to loathe. The writer is the father of one of the boys in khaki and only a father in like situation knows the feeling of pride, but the longing to look into his face again and how we are ready to strike at anything that savors of Hunism, and this leads to the point I wish to make, give you credit now, drop the study, burn the books, and forget you ever heard of it.

I would like to hear from other parents and also some explanation for the school board.

Segregation Not an Issue.

Omaha, April 9.—To the Editor of The Bee: A recent contributor to The Bee's Letter Box inquires whether any of the applicants for city commissioner'ship would object to segregation. This citizen is a fair specimen of a latter-day Rip Van Winkle. It has been six months or more since the United States supreme court knocked the majority of segregation, and obliterated the hope of every cracker that had pinned his faith to it.

I would suggest, however, as a pointer to this gentleman, that he might find that some of the members of the present commission would be inclined to go any length to win his patronage. In justification of this opinion I need simply commend to him a brief review of the conduct in dealing with that infamous caricature and libel upon American history, yepest "The Birth of a Nation."

CYRUS D. BELL.

New Way of Voting Proposed.

Omaha, April 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: It is quite possible with 74 candidates that the 14 highest will receive the votes of less than 3 per cent of the citizens voting. Then at the final election the majority will enjoy the exquisite pleasure of selecting the seven they like the least of the 14 candidates of an insignificant minority. The kaiser believes in exactly that kind of democracy.

Sixteen countries employ a system of voting for councils and similar bodies which does away with the necessity for primaries, gives every citizen an effective vote and produces a body where every citizen is fairly represented. The British Parliament has recently declared in favor of electing 100 members by this method. It alone can be called really democratic.

Ashtabula, O., was the first American city to adopt it, two others have copied it and many charter commissions are considering it. It is to be hoped that the charter commission to be elected will provide a good workable initiative and referendum amendment clause to the charter, so that when a majority of Omaha citizens are sufficiently dissatisfied with the democratic and illogical method of electing the commissioners, they may consider and apply what is known as the single transferable vote system of proportional representation.

WALTER J. MILLARD.

LIVELY AND LIGHT.

"The governments do not seem to be taking these patriotic and able books they used to be so fond of getting out. No; the governments do not seem to be in one another's good books just now." — Baltimore American.

Customer—And you guarantee that this party talks a lot.

Dealer—Talks? Why, his last mistress sold him because she couldn't get a word in edgewise.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Bacon—Don't you think Emily stings with a good deal of feeling?

Mr. Bacon—Yes, but I hope she doesn't feel as bad as it sounds.—Yonkers Statesman.

BUY A BOND.

I have just a word for you. Buy a bond. It's an easy thing to do. Buy a bond. Just save up all your dimes. These are patriotic times. Buy a bond. Liberty's old cracked bell chimed. Buy a bond.

If you want to do your bit. Buy a bond. While our soldiers pack their kit. Buy a bond. You can help them if you try. Don't say "It's too bad" and cry. And cheer them as they pass by. Buy a bond.

For they might fight over here. Buy a bond. Don't think you have naught to fear; Buy a bond. Little Belgium had that thought. And you see how she got caught. If you cheered the way she fought. Buy a bond.

If you're not the kaiser's friend. Buy a bond. If you want his reign to end. Buy a bond. If you help democracy. And bring peace across the sea. It's a help to you and me. Buy a bond.

If you're made of Yankee stuff. Buy a bond. If your nose is not to be snuffed. Buy a bond. Our young men must do and dare. While their hearts are bursting in air. While they're fighting over there. Buy a bond.

Can't you hear your conscience call. Buy a bond. Why your country needs you all. Buy a bond. Just stand behind and back her; Don't let the kaiser whack her; Don't let them call you "slacker." Buy a bond.

THOMAS J. GRAY.

Round About the State

South Sioux, Neb., puts Rev. J. J. Phillips on guard as mayor. "Woe betide the bootlegger who attempts to cross the bridge with hot stuff."

Wakefielders are wide awake and ready for a mixup with the electrical light people should they attempt to put over a rate raise. The first move in that direction will start something.

A total of 141,956 automobile licenses have been issued by the state during the past three months. This is a ratio of one licensed car to every nine persons, which indicates that Nebraska possesses a fine collection of wheels and are going some.

Boldly and fearlessly, with an air of "don't-care-who-knows-it," Otto county announces that it has gone over the top with every war drive up to date and is ready to chew up more. Just like Otto—doing the right thing in the right way is a fixed habit there.

Once more the Grand Island Independent emphasizes the objection of farmers to the frequently-discussed plans of sending city boys to the country as emergency helpers. According to the Hall county authority, farmers "do not take any more kindly to the city business office directing their work than the captain of industry at the roll top desk in the city takes Farmer Jones coming in and telling him to increase the wages of the factory hands."

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TODAY

One Year Ago Today in the War.

More than 150 lives lost in the Edgemoor munition explosion.