THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING) — EVENING — SUNDAY

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

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"They shall not pass!"

Haig's message to his men sounds well to Americans.

Keep right on saving wheat and boost for another good crop.

A trifle early yet to swat the fly, but not too early to swat the kaiser.

German raids on American trenches start well, but finish badly—for the Germans.

If the Liberty loan could alone win the war, it would be all over but the shouting.

It will be a short, sharp and decisive campaign. We refer to the local political campaign.

Man power is to be the ultimate test in this war, and that puts the decision squarely up to Americans.

Wonder if the clinching argument of the "staff correspondent" for universal military training converted the hyphenated editor.

The house did not agree with Representative Shallenberger in his effort to interfere with the draft, but he has kept his record straight with the Hitchcock-Mullen combination.

If you must give attention to the idle rumors floating about, be very careful that they are not those intended to help the kaiser, such as the one now current that Uncle Sam intends to repudiate his bond issues.

Internment of a Nebraska officer, who had a long and good military record, only goes to show how deep the virus of kaiserism has penetrated America. John Birkner has disappointed a lot of people who thought they knew him well.

General Wood understands the war game thoroughly, therefore his advice on the problems involved is sound. Had it been followed years ago, we would be in much better position than we are today. It is not too late, though, to actually get ready for the war.

Canada also joins in daylight saving, although they already have more of that than they know what to do with. A country where base ball games are started after 6 o'clock in the evening would scarcely seem to need another hour of daylight for recreation.

Idealistic Friendship and Realistic War.

Secretary Lansing's reply to the Dutch government's complaint against the seizure of the idle shipping of Dutch ownership is another classic contribution to the official literature of the war. The Dutch rested their remonstrance on the ideals of friendship that subsist between the countries. No stronger form of appeal could be made to the American people, who have consented to enter the great war, assuming all the terrific liabilities thereby incurred, in order that their ideals of liberty and human happiness may be maintained. Mr. Lansing, however, effectually disposes of any suggestion that the United States has dealt unfairly, unjustly, or even in an unfriendly manner with the Dutch. Carefully considering each step leading up to the seizure of the ships, he shows how patiently the American and British governments waited for The Netherlands government to act, and that the actual taking over of the vessels in question only followed when it was beyond doubt that the agreement made at the request of the Dutch would not be carried out by them because of duress from Germany. Dutch shipowners will lose nothing, but actually will gain by reason of the action their government complains of. Ideals of friendship and justice have not been lowered by reason of the course adopted, and Holland will gain in all ways.

BATTLING FOR HUMAN LIBERTY.

For 24 days the most stupendous battle in all human history, veritable Armageddon, has raged in France and Flanders, and the issue is not yet. No such onslaught was ever made as has marked the attack of the German hordes, while heroism has been outdone by the defenders. Worn and weary, sickened by the slaughter, and dulled by the sight of death, American, French and British soldiers stand shoulder to shoulder, fighting to hold in check the Hunnish power that seeks to crush liberty from the world. If that line in France breaks, our task is increased an hundredfold, or we have lost all that humanity has gained in centuries of struggle for freedom and happiness. It is no wonder Americans are anxious this morning for word from France.

We have done much, but not all. Our man power has hardly been touched. We have made progress in our efforts to equip and prepare an army, and we are assuming some of the terrible responsibilities of the defense against the kaiser that must press even heavier upon us before the final victory is won and peace is restored to a world safe for democracy.

Loaning money to the government is the easiest and lightest of all the burdens that are put upon the people. Two millions of our boys, on land and sea, are offering their lives, and other millions are waiting only for the word. This thought ought fairly to make the dollars leap from their hiding places in ecstacy of zeal to serve.

Haig has appealed to his men to die in their tracks if need be; Yankee boys and Frenchmen alike are pledged to similar devotion.

Put your dollars behind these brave men, fighting to the death for human liberty and happiness.

Spring Medicine Myths.

Science still moves in its unvarying path of inexorable exactitude, dealing with ponderable truths and establishing facts where ascertainable. One of the latest of its pronouncements is directed against a cherished custom, that of "thinning the blood" with various concoctions, decoctions, or distillations, to free the "system" from accumulated humors of the winter, and lubricate the eliminative machinery of the body that it may attune itself to the freshness of the springtime. Myraids of young persons have gulped down nauseous doses of sulphur and treacle—that panacea on which Squeers depended to allay the appetite of any unfortunate enough to be condemned to Dotheboys school. Now the doctors tell us that sulphur does not clear the blood; it may be of service as an external application in some forms of skin diseases, but taken internally in large doses it is worse than useless; while molasses excites rather than alleviates any blood infection. Passing on through sassafras tea, stillingia, iodide of potash and other homely remedies, familiar to the household pharmacopia for many generations, these iconoclastic dealers in drugs and dosage show that the supposed remedies really aggravate skin or blood troubles, producing instead of healing eruptions ranging from rash to pimples and boils. Somebody is always taking the joy out of life, and here goes at one fell swoop much of the delight that comes with the spring. However, none of them deny the gustability and potential therapeutic value of dandelion and mustard greens, so something has been saved from their juggernautic onslaught against our "simples."

Railroads "Down to Brass Tacks."

Director McAdoo is surely taking the romance out of railroading. His order for standardizing box cars and similar equipment caused a general sitting up and looking about by transportation big wigs who have advocated standardization for years, but never could reach agreement on a standard. Already specifications for freight cars, gondolas and the like are published, and building will be on the basis of the official schedule from now on. In another and, so far as the public is concerned, more intimate way, the director has brought the railroads into a common group and put them on an equal footing. He not only discontinued all advertising, but he has with utter lack of ruth abolished all familiar phrases, bywords and slogans by which the several lines sought to fix attention of potential patrons.

But he still has one big job ahead of him, a line of endeavor in which Hon. Josephus Daniels set him an example. Until Mr. McAdoo can reform the professional nomenclature of the working crews, he will not have achieved his full dignity and importance as a dictator. Until a brakeman ceases to be a "shack," the conductor comes to be known as such and not as "captain," when the caboose is called by its right name and not put down as "dog house;" when the engineer is neither "eagle-eye" or "hog-head," and the fireman has ceased to be "dirty" or "tallow-pot," and the locomotive is no longer classed as the "pig," and similar wonders are worked in the language of the rail, Mr. McAdoo will have to look up to Mr. Daniels.

In the navy no longer does one say "port" or "starboard," "below" or "aloft," or any similar archaic things. Mr. Daniels fixed that years ago, in the way of getting ready for the war, and thus made matters easy for the landlubbers who have rushed to sea. It is up to Mr. McAdoo to do as much for the railroads.

Views, Reviews and Interviews

Transmitting Important Secret Military Information by Cube Soup and Duck Code

Remember the "cube soup" story that went the rounds shortly after the outbreak of the world war? This was supposed to be the acme of military secret service work. According to the tale, agents of the German government went about the country in advance of the invasion of Belgium and France, putting up signboards exploiting the delicious qualities and sustaining character of a tabloid food product which had merely to be dropped into water and heated to make a delicious and nourishing soup. The principal feature of the signboard was a pile of soup cubes differently arranged on each so that when read by German scouting parties it would tell all that anyone would want to know about the lay of the land, the direction of the roads, the location of the villages, the number of inhabitants, etc., etc. Cube soup signs were supposed to be better than living guides because strictly accurate and telling no tales except to those who could read the secret code. True or not, it was a good story with at least the merit of plausibility.

But now we have an account of another military signalling device that discloses equally amazing ingenuity, narrated in an article in the current Harper's Magazine contributed by a former representative of the Associated Press in the eastern war arena. In this he tells how the armies of Servia and Austria were blocked for many days on opposite sides of the Sava river, which one was vainly trying to cross to get at the other, because unable to escape the enemy's vigilance. Despite incessant watchfulness, making sure that no couriers or spies were passing the lines and that no message or communication was being sent from their bank of the river, the Austrians were puzzled as to how the Serbs seemed to be notified every time they made a move. The only life on the river was a flock of ducks let out to feed in the water by their owner, which finally aroused suspicion because let loose and brought in always at different hours and in different numbers. The keeper of the ducks was taken in custody, so the story runs, and forced to tell how through these fowl he was operating a signal code for the Serbs on the other side of the river; how the latter could read, just as if it were written out in so many words, from the varying number of white ducks and dark ducks, just what the Austrians were doing; how the duck wireless operator was compelled to divulge the code before he was put to death; how an Austrian substitute "ducked" a misleading message to the Serbs across the river and opened the way for the Austrians to make the transit safely and put the Serbs out of business. It's just as good a story as the cube soup story and if it is not true it ought to be—anyway, no one has any right to contradict it.

As an aftermath of the primary election my old friend, Al Sorenson, who also ran, gives us this sage advice that stamps him as a political philosopher of the first magnitude:

"Without an organization or a slate at his back an office-seeker wastes his time and money. An independent go-as-you-please candidate has as much chance of getting there as Kaiser Bill has of going to heaven by the aeroplane route."

Of course, Al might have said something about a snowball—but then, summer is coming on very fast.

"Will any of the candidates who have been nominated for city commissioner pull out before the election?" someone asked me.

The only satisfactory way I had to answer was to recall a bit of political history that dates back to the congressional campaign of 1894. That was at the beginning of the free silver movement and at the height of the populist wave. The republicans had renominated Congressman Mercer. The democratic convention, although controlled by the crowd committed to free silver coinage at the sacred ratio of 16 to 1, had named as their candidate ex-Governor Boyd, an outspoken goldbug, while the populist nomination had gone to D. Clem Deaver, thus the only silver man running. The congressional district at that time was due to poll about 20,000 votes, of which the republicans could fairly count upon half, the democratic strength being rated at something over 6,000 votes and the populist strength somewhere between 3,000 and 4,000 votes. In a three-cornered race, Mercer would have a walkaway with Boyd second and Deaver a poor third. If, however, the democrats and populists got together on one candidate, a fight would have to be made to put Mercer over. Naturally the democrat wire-pullers immediately got busy to induce Deaver to withdraw and make way for Boyd as the demopop fusion candidate. While these negotiations were in progress the republican national congressional committee sent Major Anderson of Iowa over here to investigate and report on the political topography and he came to me for information.

"Do you think Deaver will pull out?" he asked me.

"Why? What difference does it make?" I returned.

"Well, if he pulls out, this will be a doubtful district and our committee might send in some help. If he does not pull out and there is no fusion, there is no use wasting our ammunition."

"The only man who can answer your question positively," I replied, "is Deaver himself. I know him very well. He is working as a bookkeeper in a doctor's office near by. I will send for him and you can find out for yourself."

In response to my 'phone Mr. Deaver said he would be right up. I introduced him to Major Anderson and left the two to have an interview by themselves in my office. I came back in a little while after Deaver's departure.

"Did you get what you wanted?" I asked. "Have you any idea now that he will pull out?"

"Lord, no!" was the response. "He's sure he's elected."

Victor Rosewater

Bull's-eye Shots by Kennedy

Editor of Western Laborer on Hyphenated Disloyalty

Beaten to a Pulp.

The German Alliance World-Herald was beaten to a pulp at the special war session of the legislature. It was beaten to a crisp in its devilish scheme to attach a German Alliance amendment to the constitution. Instead of following the suggestions of the German Alliance World-Herald and "fixing" the new amendment so the curs who took out first papers and voted and then swore in their questionnaires that they were alien enemies to escape military service so that these hermaphrodite "citizens" could vote for the re-election of our pro-German senator, the legislature stood up square for American and Americanism and passed the amendment which simply says, "Only citizens can vote."

Those of our people who took out first papers and neglected to complete their citizenship, if they are on the square with Uncle Sam, can cheerfully wait till they do complete their citizenship if they know these yellow curs in the state will be kept from voting.

Every local exemption board in the state knows the names of the men who now swear they are aliens, or alien enemies, to escape military service. Not one of them will dare go to the polls next November. If they do we feel sure some red-blooded citizen will knock them cold with a chair and send them to a hospital before they reach the ballot box.

Last Yelp of the German Alliance.

The last yelp of the dying German Alliance influence in the legislature came as a sort of "afterbirth," and is signed by 10 senators who died in the ditch for the boozeverein and the German Alliance. What a sad contrast it was to the German Alliance banquet given in Lincoln exactly one year ago when the attempt to repeal the infamous Mockett law was defeated. Harken to the squeal of the bunch that had four kinds of Rhine wine at the banquet a year ago!

Ye Gods! How considerate they are for the freedom of speech and press and religion—almost as considerate as a gang of Hun butchers on "No Man's Land" with an unconscious American soldier.

If putting their signatures to that squeal does not politically damn that bunch forever in Nebraska then we will be fearfully disappointed in the people of Nebraska.

Who is responsible for the special session of the legislature? Disloyal Huns!

Who locked the old man who has two sons in the service in a room in a Nebraska town and demanded that he retract what he said about the kaiser? Disloyal Huns!

Who sneers at the American flag—who boycotts American schools—who gloats at American shortcomings—who are glad when American lives are snuffed out by U-boat torpedoes in the dark ocean? Disloyal Huns!

There would be no sedition law were there no disloyal Huns!

The very men who tried to prevent the State Council of Defense from accomplishing anything when it had no laws to enforce are the men who are now squealing because they are afraid the State Council of Defense will accomplish something.

The time has gone by when Nebraska will be humiliated and sneered at by disloyal Huns. There will be no more "please, Mr. German, won't you be a good citizen? Won't you please help Uncle Sam win the war? Won't you please not bite the hand that feeds you? Won't you please lend the government a little of the fortune you have made in Nebraska? If you don't be good, Mr. German, we will intern you in a nice camp and feed you milk-fed chickens and everything—and then when the American boys are all dead you can come back to your big farms and there won't be anybody left in Nebraska but Germans!"

That is what the squealers who signed "the afterbirth" want, but they won't get it.

Everybody in Nebraska is out of step but the 10 signers to "the afterbirth." Ain't it h——l?

Don't Offend Our German Subscribers.

"Omit the word 'Hun' in all matter," is the order to editors, reporters, proofreaders and printers on the pro-German World-Herald. The reason given is "because we have a large number of German subscribers we do not want to offend." And then Newbranch has the guts to claim the World-Herald is American.

Think of it, you men and women of Omaha who are giving your boys to Uncle Sam to go over to France to fight the Huns! Think of a newspaper in Omaha forbidding the use of the word "Hun" in its columns because it might offend its German subscribers.

Think of an editor in the center of the American continent being afraid of offending the Beastly Huns who cut the throats of wounded American boys! When it is Hun in copy change it to German, so as not to offend our German subscribers. When the Huns get an unconscious American soldier boy they cut his throat. How different.

What a Foolish Question.

"That's the kaiser's building," said a parader last Saturday. "Did you hear that?" said Art Ellis, and he repeated what the man behind said. "Often," I replied. What building do you suppose it was? Well, guess!

Around the Cities

Salt Lakers turned in the greater part of $1,000,000 in income taxes collected in that revenue district.

Kansas City voters authorized a bond issue of $1,250,000 for improving the city's water plant. A new flow line to the east bottoms and a pumping plant there are projected.

"Watch your step" is the slogan of Sioux City's safety first boosters. People on foot are cautioned to look both ways at crossings, and people on wheels must slow up, especially if the cops are looking their way.

Chicago enforces a rule requiring automobile drivers to stop at boulevard crossings. On any bright Sunday 200 or more drivers win a golden rule summons to the speeders' court. Blue Monday features the fine.

Minneapolis stages a modern version of the Tooley street tailors. Scene laid in a tailor shop, tailors beside a table studying the intricacies of poker, and a fat kitty, as a center piece. Masked bandits enter. The kitty disappeared, also $200 from the pockets of the tailors. "We are the people."

Brooklyn reports that burglary is a thriving business thereabouts, apartment houses being the chief source of revenue and goods. At the same time burglary insurance rates on apartment houses have been advanced, so that tenants are fairly assured a touch from one or the other.

The state court of appeals headed off a movement to charge 6 cent fares on street cars of Rochester, N. Y. Permission to boost fares had been granted by the Public Service commission, but the court ruled that the commission has no authority to set aside franchise agreements or charter provisions which limit the rate to be charged.

BOOKS FOR SOLDIERS.

"Neither will I offer . . . that which cost me nothing."
I send my books to you, O brave men bearing
The world's great burden with undaunted eyes,
For in some little way would I be sharing
Your spirit of unquestioning sacrifice.

And these books were my love; I held each dearly,
Even as another holds his wife and child;
Or as a friend whose wisdom counsels clearly;
Or as some kindly wizard who beguiled

Long winter evenings with his magic passes,
Transforming gray to gold, and sigh to song;
Who poured red wine from seeming empty glasses,
And waved across life's screen a gay, fair throng.

Here was a sprightly Ariel, transporting
Around the world my spirit, fleet as his;
Here went I with young Cupid brave, a-courting,
Forgot my loneliness in lovers' bliss.

Here are my poets, who, above wild discord,
Heard Truth's unfaltering voice ring high and clear;
Who followed Beauty—left on earth the record
That her white soul enfolds us, now and here.

So take my books, with all their varied grace—
The prophet's sight, the poet's ecstasy,
I shall not grieve to see their empty places
If they are half to you they were to me.
—New York Tribune.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

Office Boy—I tell ye the editor ain't in. I've just looked.

"That's too bad. I wanted to pay him some money I owe him."

"Wait a second. I'll look again."—Life.

"A good many ladies were disappointed this afternoon."

"How was that?"

"The guest was spoken of as a bridge expert and he turned out to be nothing but a famous engineer."—Boston Transcript.

"Ten years elapse between Acts 1 and 11."

"Yes," said Mrs. Flubdub bitterly, "and I see the brute's wife is still wearing the same hat."—Chicago Post.

Mrs. Grammercy—My husband talks in his sleep. Does yours?

Mrs. Washington Square—Why, no, dear. I always give him a chance when he's awake.—People's Home Journal.

"That magazine is not up to date."

"Why not?"

"Because you have to wade through so much pure reading matter before you get to the automobile ads.—Baltimore American.

"So you have captured the belle of the season, eh? I never thought it would do me any good to lay my heart at her feet."

"The same idea occurred to me. So I substituted a quantity of gilt-edge bonds."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Why the sigh, girlie?"

"I was just reading of an ancient painter who painted grapes so naturally that he fooled the birds."

"Well?"

"I wonder if I'm fooling any of the birds around here?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Redd—Didn't I see you out in your new car today?

Greene—Yes; I was out for a trial.

"Was the trial satisfactory?"

"No; the judge fined me $10."—Yonkers Statesman.

"I suppose the young men do not regard Miss Borrowcliff as so handsome now that her father has lot his money."

"Well, they don't think she has such a fine figure as she once had."—Pearson's Weekly.

FREE!

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A regular 50 cent box of NEVER-TEL—the world's cleanest safest, most sanitary hair restorative in delicately Perfumed Tablet Form

Easily dissolved in a little water as used. Gradually darkens gray hair to any shade desired—removes dandruff—makes hair soft and fluffy. Positively will not stain the most delicate skin. Endorsed by eminent chemists and thousands of delighted users everywhere.

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I have never used NEVER-TEL, but I would like to try it. Send me the 50c package FREE as per your special 10 day offer.
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Address.....

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N. P. SWANSON

Funeral Parlor, (Established 1888)
17th and Cuming Sts. Tel. Douglas 1060.

This Space Reserved for A. Hospe

TODAY

One Year Ago Today in the War.

British offensive in region of Lens and St. Quentin rolled Germans back over 50-mile front.

President Wilson created a bureau on public information, with functions of censorship and publicity.

The Day We Celebrate.

A. W. Scribner, tax commissioner of the Union Pacific railroad, born 1855.

Howard M. Goulding, president of the Omaha Bottling company, born 1880.

George L. Barton, head of the Barton Printing company, born 1862.

Rear Admiral Albert W. Grant, United States navy, born in Maine, 62 years ago.

John J. Carty, electrical engineer, major signal officers' reserve crops, born at Cambridge, Mass., 57 years ago.

Martin G. Brumbaugh, governor of Pennsylvania, born in Huntingdon county, Pa., 56 years ago.

This Day in History.

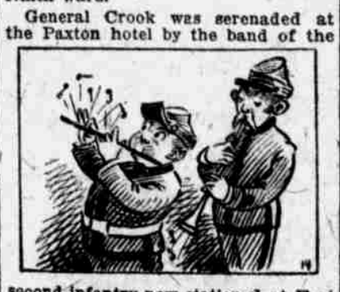
1810—Justin S. Morrill, who served more than 30 years as United States senator from Vermont, born at Stratford, Vt. Died in Washington, D. C., December 28, 1898.

1842—Lieutenant General Adna R. Chaffee, who rose from the ranks to the command of the United States army, born at Orwell, O. Died at Los Angeles, November 1, 1914.

Just 30 Years Ago Today

A double wedding occurred at the home of B. H. Post, well known dairy man on Military avenue. The happy parties are Herman Soehl and Carolina Spannagal and Charles Woolanger and Mary Wolf. The ceremonies were performed by C. J. Ryan, Justice of the peace of the Ninth ward.

General Crook was serenaded at the Paxton hotel by the band of the



second infantry now stationed at Fort Omaha and the opportunity was improved by the officers of the regiment and the general's staff to congratulate him upon his recent promotion to the position of major-general.

A meeting of the German Ladies' Schol society was held at the residence of Mrs. Louis Heimrod and preparations were made for a grand calico party to be held in Germania hall. A committee to attend to this matter, consisting of Mrs. Heimrod, Misses Augusta Pomy, Nettie Richards and Emma Andres, was appointed.

Signposts of Progress

In 1914 Japan exported 9,000,000 pencils and in 1916 the number had been increased to 168,000,000.

The practical destruction of Guatemala City by a series of earthquakes, the most severe of which occurred on December 25, January 3, and January 24, has inaugurated an unprecedented era of building activity in that city, with a demand for building material of all kinds.

A change in the style of English rifle bullets is said to be responsible for the increased price of aluminum. Previous to the war English bullets were round-nosed. Experimenting proved that a little aluminum cone at the end of the cartridge jacket afforded the proper balance.

The Dominican Republic, situated within 740 miles of Panama, 1,250 of New York and 3,850 of Southhampton, is almost totally unexploited. With a continuance of peace and a stable government, which now seems assured, this island should develop as rapidly as its neighbors, Cuba and Porto Rico, which it equals if not surpasses in fertility.

Last year will be known in the motor trade of South Africa as the year of the American car. The existence of war conditions was not the only factor in the increased popularity and increased sales of cars made across the Atlantic. The design of the American car was a great deal better suited, it is believed, to cope with South African road difficulties than that of English make.

Editorial Shrapnel

Minneapolis Tribune: The kaiser would be happier if the Germans could hold some of those French towns as easily as they hold Milwaukee.

Brooklyn Eagle: If Felix Diaz has whipped the Carranza forces near Tampico, some Berlin plans may miscarry. Mexico's habit of carrying oil on both shoulders is undeniably reprehensible.

Baltimore American: If the miscreants are discovered who have been trying in New York to kill noncombatants with ground glass in foodtuffs, they should be executed as murderers in intent, and the potential murder stopped.

New York Herald: It is hoped that high authority at Washington and Roberts college propaganda in other parts of the country are not overlooking the fact that Bulgars and Turks are doing their best to shoot down American soldiers in France.

Minneapolis Journal: The clocks are going it everywhere. Now if the weather bureau will kindly set the weather ahead a fortnight or so, we can set out those tomato plants that have got such a good start under glass.

Louisville Courier-Journal: Stop speaking of the allies as "they." Stop speaking of the line so gallantly held against the German drive as "their" line. Use "we," and speak of "our" line. America, no less than Great Britain, is one of the allies. The line in France is ours as much as if it were upon American soil.

Out of the Ordinary

According to a French electrician, the temperature of the carbon filament in an incandescent lamp approaches 2,000 degrees.

There are no fours of forty-fours in Japanese telephone directories, because the name of the figure four, "Shi," is the term for death.

In lieu of a lake of water, one of oil has been utilized at Manniford, Okl., as a recreation center and a band stand has been erected in its midst.

The word "Welcome" stands out in bold letters over the door of the new concrete jail at Downieville, Cal. In pouring the cement the workmen caused the letters to be traced.

James Simons, who had traveled all over the United States under the name of Baby Jim, died recently in Philadelphia. Baby's body weighed 800 pounds and it was necessary to charter an entire car to transport it to his home in Texas.

For the first time in probably 100 years reports have reached the state capitol of Pennsylvania of a raid made by elk in force. The reports have been sent from Blair county that 30 elk were tearing up crops and damaging trees.

On a trolley car running from Brooklyn bridge to Coney Island George Roth is motorman and his daughter Grace is conductorette. The traffic on this line is exceptionally heavy at all times of the day, and Miss Roth has proved herself very capable in looking out for the safety of the passengers.

Liberty Bonds and War Stamps Bring Returns
Tax Receipts Don't

If You Fail to Lend Your Money to "Uncle Sam"
He'll Take it in Taxes

Our Boys at the Front Are Offering All

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

The Woodmen of the World purchased more than two million dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps.

W. A. FRASER, Sovereign Commander.