

THE OMAHA BEE
DAILY (MORNING) - EVENING - SUNDAY
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR
THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press, of which this office is a member, is authorized to quote the news published in this paper, and also the local news published here. All rights of publication of our special dispatches are reserved.

OFFICES
Omaha-The Bee Building, Omaha-1211 N. St.
Chicago-People's Gas Building, Chicago-236 Fifth Ave.
New York-236 Fifth Ave.
Washington-1211 G St.

MAY CIRCULATION
Daily 69,841 - Sunday 59,602
Average circulation for the month, subscribed and sworn to by Dean Williams, Circulation Manager.

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

THE BEE'S SERVICE FLAG

The wires have it at Washington.

Ten-cent tax on gasoline will settle the joy-riding problem.

The Ford runabout is not getting under headway in Michigan. Some folks say the engine is "dead."

The food profiteer is a dangerous enemy behind the lines who will have to stop or be put out of business.

Austria respectfully informs Germany it needs soldiers, not generals, having quite enough of the latter already.

To the city commissioners: When you locate that bath house and comfort station, try to get it where it will be of service.

At last the Kaiser is sharing the hardship of war with his soldiers. He is sneezing with the grip, just the same as a private.

For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the heathen Chinese has nothing on "Bob" as a fee-grabber and legislative lobbyist.

An exhibit of all the German propaganda money distributed by Von Bernstorff to hypnotized newspapers in this country would be highly interesting.

The threat of this democratic congress to put a tax on the maintenance of household servants is the last straw. As if it were not hard enough to keep servants now.

Operations in Macedonia, Albania and elsewhere in that region hold some interest for the German high command, and may afford a reason for hesitancy in France.

Wonder if "Fee-Grabber Bob" will divide the swag with his office employees who do the work for him, as well as with the lawyers who helped him spike the anti-fee-grabbing law.

One of the best signs of Omaha's loyalty is the continuous passage of loaded coal wagons among the homes. This shows that the administration of the fuel administrator is being closely heeded by forehanded citizens.

"Brother Charley" Bryan's platform would indicate that he does not believe Governor Neville has been co-operating with the federal authorities to win the war as earnestly and effectively as he should. A joint debate between "Brother Charley" and the governor might prove informational.

Iowa Republicans in Action. Iowa republicans are leading off with a pace that throughout the union may well follow. In his "keynote" address as temporary chairman of the state convention, Governor Harding appealed strongly to the patriotism of his people, that they win the war for the world. His reference to the republican party as "born to fight the battles of the people, to drive out human slavery, to establish justice and equity," must have a response in the hearts of all who know the facts and reverse the history of the great political organization, whose leaders opposed and overcome democratic efforts to wreck the union, and under whose policies the whole land and all its inhabitants prospered. It must also be remembered, as Governor Harding pointed out, that in this war the republicans in congress have pressed to an issue the great questions involved in the provision of adequate fighting forces, while the democrats hesitated in doubt and indecision. Looking ahead to future problems of peace, the record of the republican party for progressive legislation, for its avoidance of "isms" of all kinds, and its concern for the preservation of all things American, gives the best guaranty of what may be expected when it is returned to power. Iowa republicans are setting a good example for the party nationally.

HURRAH FOR "BOB"
By appeal to the courts District Clerk "Bob" Smith has again temporarily saved his fee graft by a decision that the law enacted by the last legislature to make him turn in to the treasury all receipts of his office was irregularly passed. "Bob" went into his office originally on a promise to stop the questionable practices previously prevailing there, but no sooner did this fake reformer land than he immediately began pocketing the insanity and naturalization fees, in addition to his liberal salary, just as did his predecessors. He was compelled to disgorge the insanity fees, but managed on the legal technicality to freeze to the naturalization fees.

To plug this legal loophole, the last legislature endeavored to change the statute and the new anti-fee-grab law was certified to and signed by the governor and appears in the volume of 1917 Session Laws. Instead of accepting the legislative edict, "Bob" continued to hold out the naturalization fees and has now come in and satisfied the court that the bill was manipulated in transit in such a way as to invalidate the legislative action. The manipulation, however, was brought about by "Bob" himself, he being the only one with a financial stake in its defeat, just as he has been the only district clerk of all the ninety odd district clerks in Nebraska, to contest the law and fight for his graft.

The outcome of this suit, if it is not reversed on appeal, must be merely that the next legislature must do over what the last legislature tried to do—pass an anti-fee-grabbing law that will be bombproof against the assaults of "Bob" or any other overgreedy office holder.

German Misapprehension of Peace Ideals. How completely the German mind has misunderstood the peace aims of America, assented to by our allies, is well illustrated by the utterance credited to Vorwaerts, the great socialist newspaper. This journal has been the most outspoken critic of methods and policies employed by the Kaiser's government, and several times has been suspended for articles that have offended the authorities. It is now a clamorous advocate for immediate peace, but rests its demands on "equipoise." In simple words the socialistic philosophers ask the world to admit Germany's military supremacy, and to balance against it the economic power of the nations armed in defense of human liberty. On such a basis a truce could be arranged, which would leave Germany in control of all she holds, with full possession of her unbroken military machine, and free to obtain raw materials for re-establishing ruined commerce, while to its foes would be granted the immeasurable privilege of unrestricted traffic with the Hun. Herr Schiedeman and his amazing associates may scream loud and long for peace in the Reichstag, but until they move to revise their program, they will meet only the stern answer "write in rows of burnished steel." An entirely new set of political ideas must penetrate the German cranium before peace will be set up again.

New Deal in Russia Coming? Another crop of stories is coming out from Russia, in which may be some grain of encouraging fact. Most interesting of these is that a new government has been formed at Vladivostok in which the bolshevik has no part. Such a move would be to attack the disorder in Russia from the rear and might be carried out with some chance for early success. With headquarters at Vladivostok, or even further west, Irkutsk, for example, an orderly government could extend its operation into eastern Russia, and in time be serviceable in restoring discipline to the people and eventually assist in bringing them back to efficiency. Such a move to succeed must have the support of the allies, and very likely will get what it needs. The organization of new "republics" in northern and northeastern Russia are significant only of the progress of the German plan for dividing the country into districts, and arraying one against the other. Neither of them can be of any especial service, for neither so far announced is of sufficient force to attract elements of order now seeking a rallying point. Best opinion supports the belief that Russia is to be reorganized, if at all, by the allies co-operating through Siberia.

Saved by Saving. It is a pretty little story, and rather complimentary to Americans, that comes from San Francisco about the despair of the late Viscount Rhonda over the food outlook, and how gallantly we came to the rescue. Through voluntary abstention from the use of wheat we saved enough to avert disaster and prevent the consummation of the Kaiser's plans to starve England. We can afford to accept this at its face value, for, in addition to tickling our vanity, it emphasizes the importance of what we have been doing. No one in America has gone hungry; nobody has been in any way deprived of needed food, while the surplus accumulated from what was formerly wasted or consumed unnecessarily has saved the world from German domination. Now that we have acquired the habit, we can go on saving on the same basis indefinitely. Whole-some, palatable substitutes for wheat are plentiful, and their continued use will bring further good to us as a nation. We not only saved England and France, but ourselves by saving and we are better off for having done so.

Thrills of Soldiers Under Fire
Views of Men In Active Service at the Front

Eugene L. Harrison in Physical Culture.
Am I a coward? What will I do when I go under fire? Will I run? Will I stay and fight? Will I be afraid? Does my doubt indicate that I'm a coward? Does courage consist in a lack of fear, or in dominating the sense of fear and rising above it? These questions and hundreds like them are being asked by soldiers destined for the war. They may ask them ever so secretly, hardly consciously, nevertheless they are asking them.

A soldier may try to figure, arithmetically, just what he will do, but he will not find the answer. Only experience can answer his questions. Those who have been under fire cannot answer his questions for him, either, but their experiences and observations may give a lot of comfort and solace, may dispel the awful thought that one may be a coward. Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey, author of "Over the Top" in talking with me on this point in the lobby of the Lyric theatre one afternoon affirmed the belief of others that every man of intelligence is afraid under fire. "He's crazy if he isn't," Sergeant Empey hastened to explain. "Any man who's got any sense at all is afraid when he's being shot at and he knows it. But that's not cowardice. Not at all," he continued convincingly. "A coward is one who becomes panicky and runs; he's lost all control of himself; he's given up to fear. But the American boys needn't worry; they don't know how to run—unless it's after Fritz," he said assuredly. "They'll be afraid all right, but they'll do the right thing. You can just bet on that." We remarked that he ought to know, having fought in France, in books and in pictures.

Many of those returnees from the front have said that though the soldier facing the prospect of battle may be afraid, he is still more afraid of being afraid, or of being sent to a front. And it is this greater emotion, which is partly a manifestation of pride, which dominates him and gives him courage. The composite opinion of officers, psychologists, war correspondents and others is that any man with ordinary intelligence is afraid of the fact of danger. So fear is not cowardice. On the contrary, a man may be least bad of his court painters and send him, as soon as the frontiers are open, to Pisa. There in the old Campo Santo there is what is as if made for him. Let him have it, to be placed in a hall of his palace at Potsdam, a fine, true copy of Orcau's "Triumph of Death," only giving orders that in place of the terrible old woman who dominates the gruesome composition in such sinister fashion, shall be placed the portrait of Wilhelm II. The original work required of his painter would thus be reduced to very little, changing the face of death to that of the Kaiser, all the rest could stand; the hat's wings, the clawed hands and feet, the tightly clutched scythe, all may well be left as the glorious old painter drew them, for they are attributes common to Death and Wilhelm II, Emperor at Rex. Above all, no change is needed in the heaps of the dead and dying which surround the dominating figure of the picture!

Glorification of the War Lord
Potsdam's Royal Poet Gives the Muse a Clout

Giornale d'Italia, Rome.
Who would have believed there was still in the world, and in times like the present, place for a "court poet"? And yet there is, and he is, this poet who bears the title of royal, at the court of Berlin, where he is in daily conversation of an intimate and spiritual nature with the Kaiser. So it is. The German papers exalt Herr Rosner, who has the official charge of converting into poetry the warlike acts of his imperial patron. Of these poetic manifestations of the royal finger a specimen is published in "rhymed" program, entitled "Der Herr des Todes," the Lord of Death. Is this not a graceful and "simpatico" title? Now it was to be expected that nothing in any way resembling a poem or poetry of the laureates of other times should issue from the bureaucratic muse of Herr Rosner, supported by the amiable inspiration of Wilhelm II. The times of Virgil and Ariosto are far in the past, as are those of Giovanni Prati and Tennyson. But much as I have read of modern poetry—and the race of poets seems prolific as rabbits—it has never been my fate to read what the author intended for poetry on which the noble and holy thing that is Poesy is so degraded and dishonored as in this so-called rhapsody. Among the many outrages on the integrity and purity of this most noble of the manifestations of the human mind, this outrage on the part of the imperial functionary is the most repugnant and shameful. Let us note in passing that the "glorification of the carnage" is a "motif" which poetry can only use under two conditions—either that the genius of the writer transmits the events into pure art, or that the events described are removed in point of time as to arouse sensations of personal horror in the reader. The great poems of all literary periods are full of descriptions of battles and of warlike horrors, but there is not one in which these two conditions are not realized. Homer and Virgil describe events so far from their own times that even what we may call the most macabre passages of their poems arouse in the reader only a reflective shudder, so to say, a literary and artistic shudder. Besides, they were Homer, Virgil and Tasso. On the other hand, the poetaster of the I. R. Teutonic chancellery not only has the bad taste to trust the stench of still unburied corpses under our nose, a stench that is too real and present and not at all literary, but he is also guilty of choosing among the events that are the most repugnant to the moral sense of humanity. What, for instance, is the subject of his fine rhapsody, "The Lord of Death"? It is a visit of the Kaiser to the monstrous cannon with which the diabolical scientific phantasy of the German engineer has made the problem of massacring children in schools and at camps, women in child-birth in the hospitals and the devout at prayer in the churches of Paris from a distance of several miles. Leaving the moral side out of the question, could there be anything more low-down than this from the point of view of literature and art? If anyone still has a kindly thought for the German war lord, and all things are possible in this world, they should give him the following advice: Let him leave original art alone; he has had bad luck with his royally commissioned artists, be they sculptors, painters or poets. Let him have a copy of the book passed down to posterity, worthy artistically portrayed in the quality and dignity of "The Lord of Death," let him summon the

The Bee's Letter Box

Farmers and Wheat.
Gibbon, Neb., July 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: Will you kindly allow a farmer to use a little space in your paper to express my views in reference to the effort now being made by Norris, Gore and others to raise the price of wheat? I think this effort is entirely uncalled for. The farmers of the state are not demanding it. We are getting almost three times as much for our wheat now as when the war broke out. No patriotic farmer wants to be put in the class of a profiteer. The only people I know who are agitating this question are the United States senators, who want to make political capital out of it. We farmers are doing our duty to help win this war. I have a son in France in the trenches and I look upon the efforts of Norris, McCumber, Gore and others as being pure demagoguery. Perhaps it may be even more so. It may be a deliberate attempt to embarrass and hamper the prosecution of the war. ED COX.

Politics and the War.
Omaha, July 10.—To the Editor of The Bee: The article of Senator Hitchcock in the World-Herald of July 9, purporting to be an answer to Mr. Hays, republican national chairman, would bring the senator as the most prominent ignoramus in the United States. Premising his position on the political conditions existing among the other of the allied nations, he pleads fearfully and tearfully for a democratic majority in both houses of the next congress. If there is any lesson to be learned from the experiences of the allied nations it is that there should be no united party action in the war. Contrary to the inference, if not to the plain statement, of the senator, all of the allied countries, with the possible exception of Italy, have changed their political complexion not once, but many times, during the war. To go no further back than Lloyd George; He overthrew the Asquith ministry after a campaign of great violence, although he was a member of the Asquith cabinet. In France the present premier is at least the fourth person to occupy that position since the war, and the changes there were such as to result in the indictment of a former minister for treason. Aside from the matter of changes, the fact that the senator overlooks—the most important fact in the entire matter—is that in every cabinet of the allied powers representatives of every political party has a place, a voice and a vote in all political questions, including the conduct of the war. In France members of the socialist party sit with members of all other parties. In Great Britain members of the labor party, the conservative party, the radical party, the liberals, all go to make up the legal advisors of the king. In no country of the allies, save the United States, does one political party attempt to run the government. Political lines have never been abolished; there is as much contest over seats at by-elections as ever, but no matter how small representation a party may have in Parliament, it has its proportionate representation in the cabinet, a cabinet responsible to the people. If the managers of the democratic party have a patriotism which forgets party when the country is in danger they have not played it at this time; especially have they failed to show this in the false, misleading and assinine pronouncement of the gentleman from Nebraska who has so signally misrepresented the commonwealth in the United States senate. Incidentally, it may be noted that every political change in the government of the allied nations strengthened the force of that nation in the conduct of the war. "Over there" every party is helping to win the war. Over here the senator and his associates, apparently, would place the matter on a strictly partisan basis. H. H. C.

A Columbus of the Air

The proposal of Signor Caproni to furnish for a flight across the Atlantic not only one of his powerful airplanes, but a pilot and crew, has the approval of the Aero Club of America, which suggests that the Italian constructor be officially invited to engage in the enterprise. As an Italian navigator discovered America, making the first passage of the Atlantic in a caravel, why should not an Italian be the first to fly over the Atlantic? How appropriate it would be for Caproni to go down to posterity as the Columbus of the air. If the voyage through the upper spaces is practicable, the modern Italian, whose big machines New York has seen rushing at twice railway speed above its streets, would cover the distinction of taking command of the first airship to cross the Atlantic. Historic sentiment seems to require that the start be made from Spain, not from Newfoundland. Why not the port of Palos, which was the point of departure for Columbus? The route of the discoverer of the New World might be followed as closely as conditions permitted. The Canary islands, where Columbus made a stay before launching westward into the unknown, are about 700 miles southwest of Cadiz. From the Canary islands to Cuba is a longer distance than separates the Azores from Newfoundland, a third greater, approximately. The first descent in America would have to be made in one of the larger West Indian islands, and Cuba, which Columbus took for Cypangus, was the second island in the New World on which he set foot. Columbus was 86 days reaching Cuba from Palos. Signor Caproni, with good luck, would sight Cuba in half as many hours.—New York Times.

People and Events

Brother Jasper was right. "De world do move." Indian women at the Standing Rock agency have organized a Red Cross auxiliary to advance pale face civilization in central Europe. Down in Galveston recently an innocent looking chunk of iron propped a family boiler over the fire for the Monday wash. But there wasn't any washing that day. The prop proved to be so civil war shell, vintage of 1867, and fulfilled its destiny by sending the boiler through the roof and shaking the surrounding territory.
A Gentle Hunch.
One beautiful summer night, when the crickets were chirping in the grass and the caterpillars were dropping from the trees, John Henry turned to the charming girl who was sitting on the veranda at his side. "Edith," he said, a trifle timorously, "there comes to me a thought—I might say, a fear." "Well, what is it?" queried the fair girl, as the other hesitated. "I suppose," responded John Henry, suggestively, hopefully, "that I were I to steal a kiss you would have me arrested?" "Perhaps," was the ready rejoinder of the girl, "but you could find somebody to pay your fine, couldn't you?"—Philadelphia Ledger.
A Starter.
"This new manager may be all right, but I dunno." "What's worrying you?" asked the senior partner. "I don't like the way he started off. You know the factory is in a muddle." "Well?" "I asked him what was the first thing to be done and he said to get a red velvet rug for his office."—Louisville Courier-Journal.
The Hitch.
"I see congress is all harmonious about the railroads." "What do you mean?" "I was afraid that the senate and the house might not be able to agree on a time table."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WHY NOT NICHOLAS OILS?
Brother Jasper was right. "De world do move." Indian women at the Standing Rock agency have organized a Red Cross auxiliary to advance pale face civilization in central Europe. Down in Galveston recently an innocent looking chunk of iron propped a family boiler over the fire for the Monday wash. But there wasn't any washing that day. The prop proved to be so civil war shell, vintage of 1867, and fulfilled its destiny by sending the boiler through the roof and shaking the surrounding territory.

TODAY
One Year Ago Today in the War.
President called to business men to rally to nation's aid and put patriotism above profit.
House of representatives passed measure regulating under license system all "trading with enemy."
British driven back to Yser river, near the sea, and from advanced ports east of Arras.
The Day We Celebrate.
Rev. M. V. Higbee, former pastor of the North Presbyterian church, born 1849.
A. J. P. Bertachy, president of the Bertachy, Manufacturing and Engineering company, born 1875.
George W. Norris, senator from Nebraska, born in Sandusky county, Ohio, 57 years ago.
Rear Admiral Perry Garat, U. S. N., retired, born at Dayton, O., 70 years ago.

Just 30 Years Ago Today
J. H. Trentman, of the Board of Trade cafe, has gone on a short business trip to St. Paul.
Almost daily arrests are made of persons who have been guilty of leaving teams standing unled.
The city council will meet this evening to take up the ordinance providing for a city hall, a jail and a library.
The figures of the assessors show that the land in Douglas county platted in city lots is about five-sixths of the whole in valuation.
F. E. McMullen, late stenographer to Secretary Nattinger, of the Board of Trade, is now clerk to General Manager Fitch of Elkhorn road.
A Natural Tendency.
Patient—Doctor, why does a small cavity seem so large to the tongue?
Dentist—Just the natural tendency of the tongue to exaggerate. I suppose.

Sidelights on the War
England is saving \$5,000,000 a year out of the refuse of the military camps.
Australia has already assumed an annual liability of more than \$15,000,000 for war pensions.
A girl of Brighton, England, boasts that since the war began she has been engaged 16 times and has broken every engagement herself.
The average daily production of American rifles is up to 10,000, and increasing steadily. These tools include some lively shooting bye-and-bye.
M. Clemenceau, premier of France, has fought more duels than almost any other man in Europe and has come out of them with scarcely a scratch.
Prayers are said daily in the British House of Commons, and it is a curious fact that all the members stand during prayers, not kneel, as is the usual custom.
Eighty-five sizes of footwear, ranging from 6-B to 14-EE, are needed for the underpinning of American soldiers and sailors. No. 12 is the largest size for the army, but trench duty calls for two sizes larger.
The rations of prisoners of war in Great Britain consist of nine ounces of bread, four ounces of broken biscuits, four ounces of meat, daily five days a week. Pickled beef is served twice a week, and 10 ounces of salted herring, potatoes, 20 raisins, tea or coffee, one-half ounce of sugar, 1 ounce, besides vegetables in season. Prisoners may buy limited quantities of foodstuffs at camp canteen.

Peppery Points
New York Herald: The only auto-car that sees no need of quaking in his boots in these days of a triumphant democracy is old friend King Cotton.
Minneapolis Journal: Twenty years ago this month the American army was landing in Cuba in command of a fat man and with Teddy the Terrible in full eruption.
Baltimore American: Congress votes away \$22,000,000,000 in a few hours. It is hard to kiss that much money goodby, but it would be harder still if we did not have it to kiss.
After the war I shall stand no foolishness from America," said the Kaiser. Very good, but during the war how will you stand the gait from America?
Minneapolis Tribune: If Austria will only dissolve the partnership and go into voluntary military bankruptcy it may be able to re-establish itself in reputable business at the old stand some day.
Brooklyn Eagle: Any Boy Scout who finds a submarine base on our coasts will get \$1,000 from Secretary Daniels. The Boy Scout who stays home with his father and hoes navy beans for our sailors, taking a mud and inglorious part, but he is playing a safer shot.
New York World: It is a nation professing to be civilized is going to sink hospital ships bearing the Red Cross, and undertaking to leave no trace of the crime. We often read of great thoroughness on the part of great malefactors.

Twice Told Tales
A Gentle Hunch.
One beautiful summer night, when the crickets were chirping in the grass and the caterpillars were dropping from the trees, John Henry turned to the charming girl who was sitting on the veranda at his side. "Edith," he said, a trifle timorously, "there comes to me a thought—I might say, a fear." "Well, what is it?" queried the fair girl, as the other hesitated. "I suppose," responded John Henry, suggestively, hopefully, "that I were I to steal a kiss you would have me arrested?" "Perhaps," was the ready rejoinder of the girl, "but you could find somebody to pay your fine, couldn't you?"—Philadelphia Ledger.
A Starter.
"This new manager may be all right, but I dunno." "What's worrying you?" asked the senior partner. "I don't like the way he started off. You know the factory is in a muddle." "Well?" "I asked him what was the first thing to be done and he said to get a red velvet rug for his office."—Louisville Courier-Journal.
The Hitch.
"I see congress is all harmonious about the railroads." "What do you mean?" "I was afraid that the senate and the house might not be able to agree on a time table."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Don't endure that itching
Heal it with Resinol
Resinol Ointment is so nearly flesh-colored that it can be used on exposed surfaces without attracting attention. Contains nothing that could irritate the tenderest skin. Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap are sold by all druggists. Use Resinol Soap for the bath, shampoo and baby's skin.

TELEPHONE IN WAR TIME.
She used to chirrup, "Number, please?" In Gramercy or John, But now, across the bounding seas, A bigger board she's on, And all the ancient buzzing bees For sterner work are gone.
Ring! ring! ring! The wires forever sing. This is no better. From Avon L. Who calls her sweetheart? It is a Colonel calling, From where the fox are falling, And Pershing gets "Hello" from Kittle Reilly!
Her Gotham calls had little range Outside the town expenses, She thought all foreign words were strange Unless they meant a dance, But now she's in the great expanse Of Yankee-land in France.
Ring! ring! ring! Who is it summing? Not old Bill Fox, Who's won at the tidings desk? It is a Yank tactician, Who's won a new position, And Pershing gets "Hello" from Kittle Reilly!
Life's little, foolish, trifling things Buzzed in and out her ears; 'Twas seldom tales of burials, She heard, and sound of tears; But now mad murders by mad kings As common talk she hears.
Ring! ring! ring! Sometimes it bears a sting—When news of loss Breaks sharp across The laugh she treasures highly. Oh! far off, far off, That once was home to Kittle Reilly! When Pershing gets "Hello" from Kittle Reilly!
—JOHN O'KEEFE in N. Y. World.

SAFETY SERVICE SAVING
NEW FIREPROOF
200 ROOMS
With Bath, \$1.50 & \$1.75
With Toilet, \$1.00 & \$1.25
On Direct Car Line From Depots

HOTEL SANFORD OMAHA
WELLINGTON INN CAFE
Appetizing, Real HOME COOKING
Noon Luncheon 40¢
Evening Dinner 60¢
Good Music COME