

THE OMAHA BEE
DAILY (MORNING) - EVENING - SUNDAY
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MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
Daily 69,021 - Sunday 59,572

THE BEE'S SERVICE FLAG
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Good morning; how do you like the filings?
Our hearts and our hopes are all with the boys "over there."

Mine or U-boat, the loss of the San Diego is an realistic reminder of the fact that we are at war.

Omaha went through its first sugar-card week with very little difficulty, and it can stand it any community ought to.

Which reminds us, what has become of that new daily newspaper that was to have been launched in Omaha over night?

It must be that the reason we have no war pipes to Fort Crook is because of the priority given to laying political pipes.

The U-boats are still doing business but just the same they are not delivering the goods according to specifications originally promulgated.

Goober peas, navy beans and sugar beets are all reported as coming along with bumper yields, thus adding to the prospects for a winter of plenty to eat.

Another blue star has turned to gold in Omaha, and another name is added to the city's honor roll, a perpetual reminder of how our boys have answered duty's call.

War news was not sufficient to dampen the enthusiasm of the golfers, who played their tournament straight through regardless of what is going on in France. An excellent testimonial for the efficacy of the game as a nerve tonic.

Then a bonfire must have been lighted in Berlin when the news arrived from our last election showing the return of our democratic senator from Nebraska sponsoring the kaiser's embargo bill to cut off the supplies from our allies.

Don't let anyone deceive himself that bonfires will be lighted in Berlin if the republican majority is elected to the next American congress. The German war lords know a thing or two themselves and they know they have nothing to hope for toward a patched up peace through republican help.

The tip is straight that when Huerta returned from his European exile he had German money in his pocket to start a war in Mexico that would keep the United States busy on the border. But it is also known, as the Zimmerman note discloses, that the wily Germans were similarly doing business with Carranza. They're great for playing both sides of the street at the same time.

Less Style, More Economy.
Slowly the constriction of government regulation closes around the dressmaker, and her art is shortly to be limited in its expression as to material at least. Very little woolen stuff will be available for the use of the public until after the army's requirements have been satisfied, and that practically means until the close of the war. Cotton mills have been requested to proceed with such standardization of output as will effectually limit the number of styles of fabric produced. Prices fixed by the government for the standard goods are such as will encourage mills to confine their product to the fewest possible grades and qualities. It has been stated that the mill owners feel they will fare much better with only twenty varieties or styles of output than they did with 200, as some of them carried in peace times. One inevitable effect of this change in quality of fabrics will be reflected in style of dress for women. It will bring regret only to the few, for, while our women folks have abated nothing of their fondness for finery, they are willing to be saying that they may help the government in its war problems. We may, therefore, look for less style and more economy in woman's wear.

Just 30 Years Ago Today
J. H. Millard returned from his eastern trip.
The democrats had a demonstrative

One Year Ago Today in the War.
Great Russian offensive against the Austro-Germans collapsed and turned into a rout.
Congress passed the bill appropriating \$4,000,000 for the purchase and construction of aircraft.

The Day We Celebrate.
William N. Chambers, attorney-at-law, born 1879.
Dowager Queen Maria Christina of Spain born in Vienna, 50 years ago.
Anna A. Gordon, national president of the Women's Christian Temperance union, born in Boston 55 years ago.
Maj. Gen. John R. Brooke, U. S. A., retired, born in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, 50 years ago.
Mrs. Frances Folsom Preston (formerly Mrs. Grover Cleveland), born in Buffalo 54 years ago.

Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, arch-bishop of San Francisco, born at Rochester, N. Y., 45 years ago.

This Day in History.
1796—Robert Burns, Scotland's famous poet, died at Dumfries. Born near Ayr, January 25, 1733.
1865—Austria declared its willingness to conclude an armistice of five days on the basis of the Prussian propositions.

1898—United States warships bombarded and captured the port of Iloilo, the last naval engagement of the coast of Cuba.
1915—An advance guard of Russian cavalry penetrated into Hungary.

Odd Bits of Life
On the tombstones of a photographer buried in an English rural cemetery is inscribed, "Here I Lie, Taken From Life."
The British army spends \$500,000 a year for the paste with which to polish the brass buttons of the soldiers' uniforms.
Careful copies are kept of all letters written by King George in person, and these are preserved in the archives at Windsor.

Mr. Lloyd George has a salary of \$25,000 a year, the first time in his treasury, but is not paid for his services as prime minister.
The freight cars in use on the railroads of the United States, if placed end-to-end, would stretch continuously for over 29,000 miles.

Cossacks are not all soldiers. A Cossack is merely a peasant proprietor who holds his land on a feudal tenure which obliges him to appear, when summoned, armed and mounted, and ready for war.

One of the battalions which took part in the recent capture of Jerusalem was the Royal Scots. This regiment is probably the oldest line regiment in the world, and possesses the title of "Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard." The origin of this strange name is the legend that they are descended from a body of Roman soldiers who were drafted into Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion. And now history repeats itself and the regiment is to be found again on duty in the Holy Land.

Aiden H. Sears, age 96, was, as usual, the first man in Worcester, Mass., to eat peas he planted this spring. He planted them March 21, and in 70 days, which is a record for him, he had them on his table.

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CAUSE FOR SUPREME CONFIDENCE.

The confidence in the military situation in France exhibited by General March will be shared by all. Relying on the expert judgment of this capable soldier, Americans may feel sure that things are going very well on the battle front. Analysis of the operations on the several sectors where our boys are fighting indicates that they have made a definite impression on the German army. The counter stroke against the crown prince of Prussia was well timed, and brought results fully equal to if not in excess of expectations. The progress of the Franco-American forces has been such as to force a reformation of the German lines along that portion most menacing to Paris, thus postponing once more the dinner party that has been held up since August four years ago. If the drive now under way effects a break in the foe's front, the latter scarcely can be reformed nearer than the trenches occupied in March before the battle of Picardy began. While this is going on, the British are occupying the crown prince of Bavaria fully, so that he is unable to send material reinforcements to aid his Prussian brother. Not in many months has the outlook in France been so favorable to the Allies as it is at this time.

"Newspaper English" and Critics.

A literary reviewer and critic in one of the current magazines gives considerable space to a rather caustic flagellation of newspaper writers, particularly reporters, because of the way the stories of the day are prepared for the readers. Chief count in the rather lengthy indictment is that euphemisms rather than good old Anglo-Saxon terms are employed in telling of certain experiences, conditions, crimes and misdemeanors.

Admitting that it is true that newspapers are careful, and maybe even finicky, in telling of some of the unpleasant things of life, one very good reason for this has been overlooked by the critic. Daily newspapers are prepared for the uses of a far wider circle of readers than come in touch with the "high brow" magazines. Therefore expressions must be adapted to meet the tastes of all. If the meaning is clear, and the language employed inoffensive, the reporter has fairly well discharged his obligation. A charge of prudery can rest on this, but rather it is deference to a commendable sense of delicacy that is inborn and seldom if ever entirely extinguished among our people.

For this, then, the American newspaper is to be commended. One that would survey its information in Rabelaisian terms, or even words and phrases common enough in the King James version of Holy Writ, would find an eager if limited clientele, but also would find itself soon under the ban of the law.

And, by that same token, the critic who so roundly scolds the reporters for hiding their meaning in "polite" phrases, when he comes to discussing the book he had under dissection, employs a similar subterfuge, and does not at any time use the words so well known to sophisticated persons, but conveys his ideas through such diaphanous disguise as exposes his own insincerity.

Rumely and Hohenzollern.

The interesting story of Edward Rumely, now being told for readers of The Bee by Mr. Stockbridge, challenges attention especially for the amazing points of resemblance between the American born German and the kaiser. The mental attitude of this precious pair, so nearly duplicates in aspirations and ideals, surpasses understanding because of its sublimely self-centered aspect. The normal man fails to comprehend the absolute egotism of the superman, but recognizes it as a condition that must be met. Dr. Rumely and the German emperor are typical cases of the malady listed under many names, but commonly demonstrated "swelled head." Neither has shown at any point in his career the broad, healthy mentality essential to vision sufficient to grasp the outlines of humanity's problem, but this deficiency has not deterred either from undertaking to prescribe a panacea. Dr. Rumely, perhaps, is entitled to some consideration above the kaiser, for he apparently tried to diffuse the quality of superexcellence among a selected group of American youth. It is not on record that the Hohenzollern specimen of the type ever did, even in his moment of greatest expansion, hope to see another just like himself. As a by-product of our civilization, illustrating the danger of development that mounts but does not broaden, the doctor and the kaiser are of much interest to the sociologist. Kultur, however, does not thrive in the warm atmosphere of democracy, and its spread in America is definitely checked.

The local foreign language newspapers are wasting time with their appeals to the Chamber of Commerce protesting their unblemished patriotism. Those with straight records of real Americanism need no defense except as they may get in bad trying to camouflage the others speckled with "Made-in-Germany" spots.

Our present democratic congressman from this district doubtless does the best he can, but Omaha is entitled to have someone at Washington who can do better.

Views, Reviews and Interviews

Letter from Canteen Worker Describing Life Right Behind the Firing Line.

I have just received a letter giving a most graphic account of some things that are happening over in the war zone from the viewpoint of an American woman engaged in war work. The writer of this letter has been in the war zone doing canteen and hospital service for nearly three years, and I believe I have quoted her on war topics once or twice before. In the drive during the latter part of last March she and the other canteen workers were bombed out of Soissons, re-established themselves at a place behind the new line from which the letter is dated. As the envelope is marked "examined by base censor," and carries the stamp showing it was duly passed, I am sure there is nothing in the extracts I am giving to whose publication there can be any objection, and I know these observations will be read with as much interest at this particular moment as anything except the accounts of the actual fighting now going on.

"Many times in the early days of Leadville, when I was allowed to go to public schools, I had the temerity to choose for my chums girls whose mothers were not on mamma's calling list. There was something so genuine about those people from the mines and smelters, but never until now had I a chance to know all sorts of people in the most natural and unconventional way, and I am so glad, and really they seem quite glad too, and my little poilus calls me the 'lady who smiles.' That is the French way of saying that most of the time I grin like a Cheshire cat.

"But they are so funny, so gay and so brave and their sense of humor is so exaggerated. And they are so grateful, all my little poilus. Some day I'll disgrace my superior and lean over the counter and kiss some of those kids of class 1917 or 1918.

"And these French officers! What men! They love their little poilus as a father loves his children. They call them 'thou' in the familiar way one speaks to one's relations or intimates and they father them. They herd them into our canteen and out of their own pockets pay for the soup and coffee for their men. At the counter they go down the line urging their men to eat, after helping them to lift off their knapsacks, and always calling them 'non-petit' or 'non-enfant.' It is lovely being so close to people that you feel their heart throbs. There comes sometimes an old poilu and in a worn little pocketbook, bound around with yards and yards of string, he has a few coppers and proceeds to treat his 'copains' (pals) to coffee at one sou the bowl because he has had word there is a new 'gosse' (kid) at home.

"The Bretons and Normans returning from 'pern' (the days' furlough) have all ways of delicious butter, which they share with everybody at the counter. Many of them ask my name and weeks after, from the trenches, come a post card from Jean, Jacques or Paul, thanking me for some imagined courtesy. One seedy poilu the other night said to his copain 'thou knowest, my old one, thou are for the first time in this life served by a lady, remember that!'

"If I do the least thing for them they say 'but no, it is not for a lady to do.' I wish mothers in America would not entertain such ridiculous ideas about what harm is going to befall their angel children. Let Buddy or Billy associate long enough with poilus and he'll have better manners than a college graduate and be much more companionable. I see a difference between the American boys who have been up to the front and those who have just arrived. A new arrival pushes the shabbily dressed poilus from the counter, demands cream (whatever that may be, though, I have a dim recollection of it in the distant past) and never says please, whilst the American boy who has been over a year comes up

and takes his turn and in French with an American accent says 'would you be so kind, please, as to give me a coffee.' A year on the front and he bids fair to rival the poilus. If an American addresses me in French, I always reply in French, for the practice is good for him. Oh, he'll learn, but he'll learn hard. American officers are strong for the dignity of their stripes and rather expect to be served before the men. Perhaps he'll be more human too when he comes back from the front.

"I am trying to be patient, but really this place is too 'de luxe,' too much the easy job for me. I am lonesome for the roar of 'Big Bertha' every 15 minutes. Going to bed the other night, I absent-mindedly laid out my coat and put my flashlight under the pillow and hunted for my mask and helmet before I realized that there were no alarms here, no bomb cellars to glide into half awake. Another day in the canteen I was sewing. A workman fell a ladder, I immediately threw myself face down on the floor, listening for the clatter, so like 'Big Bertha' was the noise. Everybody roared.

"I am glad of the experience of evacuation. It was the last night I realized how courteous are the French, as we tumbled down the stairs into the cellar of the Lion Rouge, and to which we had been evacuated when our barracks began falling. Their politeness, French politeness, is the real thing. It comes from their hearts. But I believe the experience has affected my nerves.

"We served over 4000 yesterday, all men on their way back to the front, and no one to be counted, from the commandant with four gold galons to the humblest poilus with no stripes, but said something gay or something charming. It would not be well-bred to alarm a lady. A poilu may not know how to read or write, but he is born polite, and he is born modest. You can never get one of them to tell you how he won a medal or a Croix de Guerre. I had a one-legged man patient once who promised to tell me how he won the Legion d'Honneur. It was like this, Miss, a type of a general came out to the front (il venait se balader au front). He was in a hurry. He had a box of medals under his arm and he said my little ones help yourselves and so we did. It was only in arranging his things, after death I found his 'citation.' He had performed miracles, almost. I can't but believe that this week we will begin pushing them back. We can do it. It is the boches' last big push. They are all worn down. It is their last spasm."

One of the picturesque figures always pointed out to visitors to the United States Temple was removed by the death of Senator Tillman. Aside from his personal peculiarities, and his pitchfork notoriety, however, he was a strong character with decided traits of leadership. The one picture of him that is most deeply stamped on my memory goes to his appearance in the Kansas City convention that nominated William Jennings Bryan for the second time in 1900, at which Senator Tillman was the chairman of the resolutions committee who brought in the report of the platform and read it to the assembled delegates. Never in any presidential nominating convention that I have attended were the stage effects and spectacular accompaniments so carefully prepared in advance. The climax of the platform draft was reached in the pronouncement against imperialism which Mr. Tillman declaimed with dramatic voice and gesture. For some reason the signal failed the first time and he read the sentences over again whereupon the band struck up the national air, a huge American flag concealed in the rafters of the roof immediately above the rostrum was unrolled and fell, disclosing an inscription painted on the white stripes epitomizing the platform plank while thousands of small cambric flags imprompted with a similar motto were passed around by ushers and doorkeepers among the delegates and spectators to fan the flame of enthusiasm and stir the applause. It was indeed a great display in which Senator Tillman was the central figure. It was an inspiring show, but it was not successful politics.

Victor Rosewater
People and Events
The campaign for economy in materials for personal wear during the war begins with an agreement by shoe manufacturers to limit the height of women's shoes after October 1 next.

Building operations in Chicago for the first six months of the year show a falling off of 60 per cent, as compared with the corresponding period of 1917. War conditions are blamed.

Miss Rhoda Palmer, the only surviving member of the original suffrage convention which was held in Seneca Falls in 1849, recently celebrated her 103rd birthday at her home near Geneva, N. Y.

Some promoter of democratic frightfulness classes the vest as a nonessential garment and demands its sacrifice to the Moloch of war. Luckily the promoter conceals his identity and ducks a premature funeral.

Bellefonte, Pa., may justly lay claim to perhaps the most remarkable record of any town in the United States. Mrs. John A. Wagner of that place has contributed nine lives to the service of Uncle Sam. All have gone or are about to go to the training camps, or are already at the front. There are 13 boys and four girls in the Wagner family.

The largest garage at Washington, D. C., has replaced its male cleaners of automobiles with colored women help.

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Peppery Points

Minneapolis Tribune: Fifteen miles on a hundred-mile front, you ho ho and a bottle of Chianti.

Minneapolis Tribune: There is something in the name Von Hintze, the new German foreign minister, that suggests 57 varieties of junker bunkum.

Baltimore American: The Virgin Islands have gone dry. Our new possessions have not lost time in providing themselves with all the latest improvements.

Baltimore American: If those 10,000 airplanes do succeed in crossing the Atlantic under their own power, then we will have the whole of Germany throwing up their hands and yelling "Kamarad!"

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: War has furnished us with such picturesque titles as the Blue Devils, the Devil Dogs and the Ladies from Hell. There is still a wealth of satanic similes to be had.

Brooklyn Eagle: He who was accused of taking the money of the rich to defeat the cause of the poor turned away from an offer of \$75,000 a year that he might give his life for his country. Of such poor stuff is political campaigning made!

Pittsburgh Post: Matter has been divided and subdivided by scientists into minute units from time to time, such as the molecule, the atom, the electron, etc., and now comes the Austrian with something still tinier, which he calls a raton.

Louisville Courier-Journal: When it comes to lying, Admiral von Capelle is as thorough a German as any of them, though when it comes to an issue of veracity between him and Admiral Sims no one can convince Senator McCumbe that the American is not the more accomplished liar.

New York Herald: Unfavorable weather in June caused a reduction of 40,000,000 bushels in the Department of Agriculture's estimate of the yield of wheat. The outlook, however, is still for \$91,000,000 bushels, which would be \$2,000,000 bushels greater than the average of the last five years. Indications are that there will be a bumper yield of corn, and this is more important than the wheat crop.

Science and Invention

Paper matches are built into a new paper box for cigarettes. Concrete bases to give longer life to worn out fence posts are a new York inventor's idea.

The lung motor is an air pump which is used to start the breathing process in newly-born babies. An electric heater has been invented to prevent moisture collecting on an automobile windshield.

Operated by electricity much like an ordinary sewing machine is a Vermont inventor's machine for cutting stencils and patterns out of sheet metal.

To save labor and space in large post offices, a New Jersey man has invented a letter-sorting cabinet in which the letters are dropped into narrow slots and fall down chutes into larger compartments.

To prevent poison being used in mistake for medicine an inventor has patented a bottle with the neck at one side and so formed that its contents cannot be poured out without careful manipulation.

By moving a single lever a new automobile body is converted into an open car or a two-seated vehicle. Sand of different colors can be fed through a new pencil for children to enable them to draw outline pictures.

The Madras government plans to encourage the systematic cultivation of avaram, the bark of which is said to be the best tanning agent for the production of soft and good leather by unskilled labor. Avaram grows only in southern India, and it is because the tanners of this region have available supplies of this excellent tanning material that South India hides have gained their present high position.

SMILING LINES.

Mrs. Woodby-Young—You wouldn't suppose that I had a son at high school, would you?

Mr. Hunt—No, indeed. I had an idea that all your children must be through college by this time.—Boston Transcript.

"I prefer orchestra seats. You can't see the performance so well from a box."

"And what gave you the idea that fashionable people want to be in the theater to see the performance?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

know you spent the evening playing poker?"

"That's all right. Her very last words before leaving were: 'Don't forget to feed the kitty!'"—Boston Transcript.

"No, son, you don't want to own the whole world."

"Atlas is the only man with any claims in that direction, and you can see for yourself how unhappy he looks."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Yeast—Don't you think your wife has got a wonderful hair?

Crismonback—Yes; it's wonderful! It hasn't given out before this.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Just think, old man, if your absent wife in there seems to be a great disturbance in the celestial system. Do any of the astronomers know what it is about?"

"I heard one offer the theory that it was caused by the dog star chasing a sausage balloon."—Baltimore American.

"What were those lady jurors whispering about?" asked the judge somewhat peevishly of the court bailiff.

"Nothing, sir."

"But they were. What was it?"

"Well, your honor, they were commenting on the bang of your gown."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

BEAUTY.

"There's beauty," said the Artist, "in everything in sight. Though it require a master hand to bring it to the light. You weather-beaten cottage, neglected, worn and old. Beneath its faded surface hides a sturdy heart of gold."

With gentle hand he swept across its face a whiff of love.

He filled each shadowy corner with a flood of flashing light; He put a touch of color here, and there, And wrapped a pearl gray mantle close about it everywhere.

The sun smiled down upon it, and the cottage straightway sent Its message back. The Artist laughed, and went his way—content.

"There's beauty," said Dame Nature, "in everything in sight, Though it require my master hand to bring it to the light. The earth is hard and barren and the trees are withered and dead. But underneath it all there still is beauty lurking here."

She softly touched the twigs and ground with slender magic wand; She blew her warm breath gently on every lake and pond. She put a touch of color here, and there, and there, Then spread a bright green mantle o'er the meadows everywhere.

The sun, above a thousand tiny buds and flowers, bent His loving glance. Dame Nature laughed, and went her way—content. DAVID RITCHIE.

Hair Under Arms DeMiracle

For removing hair from under the arms there is nothing as anal as DeMiracle, the original liquid. It is ready for instant use and is the quickest and most convenient to apply. DeMiracle is equally efficacious for removing hair from face, neck, arms or limbs.

Only genuine DeMiracle has a money-back guarantee in each package. At all toilet counters in 60c. 51 and 62 cents, or by mail from in plain wrapper on receipt of price.

FREE book mailed in plain wrapper on receipt of price. DeMiracle, Park Ave. and 129th St., New York.

HOSPE SAYS: The July Piano Drive

will put Pianos in the homes. You save money by putting it into the much needed article of the home. Music soothes, it brightens, it encourages.

Every army has its bands, to put added pep into the soldier; it eases marching; it brings new life into monotony.

Why is not this the case at home? To assist you in the ownership of an Instrument, one with a Hospe Guarantee, a 100 per cent value, we will make tempting offers in Price and Terms.

High-Class Grand Pianos in art finished mahogany. Price from \$495 and better. The most successful and universally satisfactory nationally advertised Player Pianos in all finishes and styles, from \$425.00 and better. Such world famous makes as the Mason & Hamlin, Kranich & Bach, Vose, Fischer, Bush & Lane, Cable Nelson, Kimball, Hospe and many others, at prices from \$285.00 up. The July Piano Drive will carry with it over 100 nearly new Pianos, the best we have ever offered. You get the Best Possible Cash Prices. You get the Most Reasonable Terms. Don't fail to visit our Piano Bargain Rooms. Pianos as low as \$150, on \$5 MONTHLY PAYMENTS. A. Hospe Co. Everything in Art and Music. 1513-1515 Douglas Street. Mason & Hamlin Pianos Victor Victorlars

Advertisement for Hospe Pianos, featuring the text 'HOSPE SAYS: The July Piano Drive' and an illustration of a piano.

Advertisement for 'TODAY' magazine, listing various news items and dates.

Advertisement for 'Just 30 Years Ago Today' and 'Odd Bits of Life', featuring a cartoon illustration of a man and a woman.

Advertisement for 'Around the Cities' and 'Here and There', listing various news items and events.

Advertisement for 'The July Piano Drive' by Hospe, featuring a cartoon illustration of a man and a woman.

Advertisement for 'A. Hospe Co.' featuring a cartoon illustration of a man and a woman.

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