

THE OMAHA BEE DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY

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THE BEE'S SERVICE FLAG

But the boys will get their cigarettes, just the same.

Base ball has been dead for a week, but the war goes on, just the same.

The Kaiser will have to modify one of his boasts, now that Metz is under Pershing's guns.

Governor Rye of Tennessee will be welcome, if only for his name's sake, to ultra-dry Nebraska.

Mr. Hoover ought to get in touch with the weather man if he looks for a wheat crop next summer.

General demoralization has been added to the German staff, and seems to be next to Ludendorff in command.

Bandit hunts in Colorado and elsewhere remind us that all the cussedness extant is not confined to Germany.

The "Kriemhild" line comes next. Having gone as far as we have, it is clear that all lines look alike to Uncle Sam nowadays.

Saturday and Sunday contributed entirely too liberally to the list of automobile fatalities. More care in driving is the one sure remedy for these.

I. W. W. agitators are fast finding out that Uncle Sam is watching as closely as ever, and does not propose to permit the bolshevizing of America.

Only heart failure can defeat us, says Lloyd-George, and careful medical examination has shown no weakness of hearts in either America or Great Britain.

A St. Joe girl has married by proxy a Yankee soldier in France, thus evincing her devotion to him and possibly providing a nice point for the courts to decide later on.

Apples are said to be going to waste in Nebraska orchards for want of help to pick and transport them to market. Here is a chance for the State Council of Defense to make good.

Nebraska's beet sugar contribution this year will largely offset any shortage in other food crops. The yield is unusually large, and comes just when sugar is most needed by the nation.

Napoleon, too, planted a lot of puppet kings throughout Europe, only to see them all sent packing in the end. The Kaiser evidently does not grasp the philosophy, or even the narrative, of history.

Henry Charles of Hess has accepted the crown of Finland, and thus has secured a seat alongside William of Wied, who tried to be impet of Albania. He will be one more king out of a job in a few months.

Roy McKelvie declines to step into the trap prepared for him by the Omaha Double-ender, and thereby becomes "evasive." So long as he keeps faith with the people, frankly meeting issues as presented, he need have little worry over the frothings of the local organ of the hyphenated.

Austria's diplomatic double-crossers quite naturally cling to secret diplomacy, and even in their extremity ask for "confidential" discussions. Light is fatal to the sort of politics Metternich was adept in, and of which he left a burdensome legacy to the Vienna-nest of confidence men.

Father Duffy, D. S. C.

We do not wish, for military reasons, to identify Father Duffy further than by saying that he belongs to a New York regiment some time of the National Guard and now in the service of the national government—a regiment that, in spite of its extreme modesty, gets more advertising than any other army organization in the country. That is not to its discredit; it simply can't help it.

ABSURD PEACE PROPOSALS.

To get the correct perspective on the "peace" note from the Austro-Hungarian government it is necessary to recall two events. First, the ultimatum sent from Vienna to Belgrade in July, 1914; second, the violation of Belgian neutrality by Germany in August of the same year. Having deliberately planned the war, started it at their own convenience and failed utterly in all they set out to accomplish, the Teutonic powers now seek a peace that will leave them free to prepare for another attempt to subjugate the world.

When you read in the note that through an informal discussion "streams of pent-up human kindness would be released," keep in mind that these present supplicants first released the terror, streams of liquid fire, waves of poison gas, submarine sinkings, bombing of hospitals, shelling of peaceful and undefended hamlets, the murder of civilians, rape, arson and the most heinous cruelties that stain civilization's records.

The hypocritical whine from Vienna is well supported by the impudent offer of Berlin to Belgium. "That Belgium shall remain neutral until the end of the war" comes with wonderful grace from the government that declared to be only "a scrap of paper" a treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium.

Utter defeat now awaits the Teutonic powers. The force they invoked is to overwhelm them. When their power to resist has been destroyed, then will peace be restored on conditions they will be required to accept and of a nature that will protect the world from them forever.

Regard the Needy at Home.

The general impulse to respond with unstinted liberality to calls for relief from destitute and suffering abroad is so commendable that no word will be said to check it. However, the Associated Charities calls attention to the unpleasant truth that we have at home some who also need help. One of the results of giving so generously to Belgium and elsewhere has been to so lower the stock of castoff clothing and the like that none is left for those who turn to the local charitable organization for help. It is well enough to say that we should have with us no destitute in these times of high wages and plenty of employment. The sad truth is that "the poor ye have always with you," and some will feel the pinch of want, no matter how the great majority prospers. Therefore, in arranging for your gifts to the needy, keep it in mind that some in Omaha will need help this winter, and plan to give it to them.

Lenine Completes His Bargain.

Announcement that Nicolai Lenine is arranging for an "alliance" between the bolsheviks and the German imperial government will astonish none. It is the closing act of the colossal farce that has been played in the name of freedom in Russia. Twenty years of war waged even on the scale we have become accustomed to would not have wrought the complete demoralization brought about in Russia by a few months of bolshevism. Disorder can go no further.

Having accomplished all within his power, and possibly having exceeded the expectations of his employer, Lenine now advises the people of Russia that he finds an alliance with the imperialists of Germany necessary to make sure of freedom for the proletariat. Only through Germany can Russia be protected from the embattled democracies of the world, seeking to overturn military autocracy.

The shamelessness of the exposed conspiracy would be shocking under normal conditions. As it is, it affords but another sign of the all-embracing dream of the Kaiser. He gladly will exchange Persia for Russia. The Berlin-to-Bagdad railroad is a plaything compared to the Berlin-to-Vladivostok line he can see stretching away in the future. Mesopotamia is poor alongside Siberia. And this is what Lenine intends to hand him in the name of liberty for the masses!

Russia will be made safe for Russians, and the German scheme will end in failure, just as have the other plans for world conquest. But as soon as people have time to stop and rest a minute they will find huge cause for laughter in the bolshevik maneuverings.

Murder as a Preliminary to Conciliation.

It is noteworthy that the Austrian plea for a consultation and the German offer of "peace" to Belgium were accompanied by the sinking of a passenger steamer, and the consequent murder of women and children. The German mind still is working along its peculiar course. Slaughter of innocents is justified, because merchant vessels persist in plying the ocean. If these dead ones had followed the Kaiser's dictum they would be safe at home—until such time as one of his land battalions of murder might reach them. However, these points have all been discussed before. In the minds of civilized and well disposed persons only one thought exists, and that is to render powerless the insane directors of the German military machine, and so make the world a safe place in which to live. The loss of the Galway Castle, sunk without warning, added another 150 to the victims of the terror, but nothing to the prospects for peace by conciliation.

Here's a Pretty Howdedo.

What is this that confronts us—a nice, fat federal office with its headquarters in Omaha, and "Sir Arthur" cannot land it for a deserving democrat? What is the world coming to? One of the softest berths in the federal building soon will be vacated, and the Department of Justice, with stony heartlessness, says that it will be filled by someone from outside of Nebraska. Too bad. A fairly numerous list of faithful hewers of wood and drawers of water remain unattached, so far as the payroll is concerned, even "Mayor Jim" not having had a chance to face the paymaster for almost six months, and this salary will go to an outlander. Stomach. How does the attorney general of the United States expect we are going to keep up the party organization if he permits such things to happen? And what will the terrified say of the senator and the other bosses of Nebraska if they let this good job get away? Democracy is in a dilemma, sure enough.

TODAY

Right in the Spotlight. Before the war people used to marvel at the wealth of India's rajahs and the magnificence of their courts. Since the war began these rajahs have made lavish contributions to the war and to relief funds. For instance, the Nizam of Hyderabad, upon whom King George recently conferred the title of His Exalted Highness and also the rank of lieutenant-general, has made personal contributions to the allied cause amounting to more than \$5,000,000. He is maintaining the best soldiers in his employ at the front, and has placed his own sword at the disposal of the king. The Nizam is famous as a big game hunter and has the reputation of being one of the surer shots in all India.

One Year Ago Today in the War. Five German aeroplanes brought down on French front. Austrians counter-attacked on Isonzo front, without success. Thousands of men engaged in war emergency work in San Francisco demanded a 50 per cent wage increase.

In Omaha Thirty Years Ago. Bids offering land for sale for the new Fort Omaha were opened this morning by Acting Secretary of War MacFarley. The last game of the professional season of 1888 was played in Association park in the presence of 1500 people.



people between Des Moines and Omaha, the score of which was 4 to 3 in favor of Des Moines. The articles of incorporation of the Nebraska Feed-Water Heater and Purifier company were filed with the county clerk. John McDonald, oil inspector, left on a tour of 10 days through the northern part of the state to instruct retail dealers in oil as to the requirements of the state law with regard to the sale of that article. A. L. Havens, agent of the Union Pacific Railway at Central City, Neb., passed through Omaha east-bound.

The Day We Celebrate. Dr. Roy Eltinge, recently promoted to be brigadier-general of the United States army, born in New York, 46 years ago.

Hon. James A. Calder, head of the Department of Immigration and Colonization of Canada, born in Oxford county, Ont., 50 years ago. Raymond Robbins, who directed the Red Cross work in Russia during the first two years of the war, born on Staten Island, N. Y., 45 years ago. James H. Noyle, assistant secretary of the United States treasury, born in Salt Lake City, 60 years ago. Bishop Thomas E. Gailor of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, born at Jackson, Miss., 62 years ago.

This Day in History. 1345—The "Massachusetts," the first propeller packet ship to carry the American flag to England, sailed from New York on her maiden voyage. 1808—The Spanish revolution began with an insurrectionary movement at Cadiz. 1893—Archbishop Hennessy of Dubuque was invested with the sacred pallium. 1911—The Serbian forces withdrew from Semlin. 1915—Official accounts of Zeppelin raids on London gave weekly casualties as 33 killed and 124 injured. 1916—British and French captured four miles of German positions north and south of the Somme.

Timely Jottings and Reminders. One thousand five hundred and ninth day of the great war. Today is the 131st anniversary of the adoption of the federal constitution. One hundred years ago today Illinois held its first election of state officers.

Today is the 28th anniversary of the settlement of the city of Boston by John Winthrop's company. The United States, Canada and the allied countries will be represented in the Inter-Allied Labor conference which is to meet today in London.

Storyette of the Day. A sailor on leave dropped into a restaurant and called for a glass of port. The waiter brought the drink in a very diminutive glass. The sailor stared at it for a few seconds in silence and then took it. "How much?" he inquired. "One-and-threepence, sir." "What?" ejaculated the fleece one. "Sorry, sir," began the waiter, "but the war—"

"I know all about the war," growled the sailor, "but hang it all, you don't expect me to pay the whole of the indemnity!"—London Tit Bits.

Around the Cities. The city of Baltimore, through its finance commissioners, has made an advance in the budget of \$1,000,000 to the Fourth Liberty Loan. The fifteen-story Hotel Manhattan, Forty-second street and Madison avenue, New York, has been leased for 21 years at an annual rental of \$300,000. The old lease called for \$230,000 a year. Kansas City is not as hot as it was a month ago. Consequently, no particular excitement followed belated testimony showing how the ice companies loaded on the job while consumers had to go without the product. Educational circles in Philadelphia have emerged from an imaginary slough of despondency. Fears of a draft reduction in the main teaching force, 900 in number, have been dispelled by an official order removing school teaching from the classification of nonessential occupations. The public school budget of Greater New York, tentatively approved by the school board, calls for \$42,821,413.08. Of this huge sum \$26,000,000 is required for teachers' salaries, a payroll of \$680,000 over the preceding school year.

Etchings of Life at the Front

Stars and Stripes, Published in France. Shortly after our triumph but slightly soiled regiment came out of the line near the Ourcq all but one final suit of underwear was drawn in the process of rehabilitation. Then, under a sheltering tree in a rain-drenched wood the major leading one battalion was discovered in warm and unseemly controversy with a private. The bone of contention was the last precious pair of clean drawers. Who should have them?

The desirable drawers changed hands several times in the course of the argument. Those watching from a distance saw a good many impassioned gestures. "I heard, we do not regret to say, some profanity. Finally, the major emerged victorious. The private got the drawers.

Henry and George Rutledge sailed together, but on the way over George was suddenly taken ill and died. "It means I must account for 20 Germans," Henry said at the graveside when they buried his brother in France. "We'd each agreed to kill 10 of them."

At this stint he went determinedly to work. He progressed so marvelously as a rifleman that they made him a sniper and gave him free rein to wander where he would in the forefront of a fight.

In one contest, using a Springfield rifle with telescope sights, he achieved 217 consecutive hits on a five-inch bullseye at a distance of 300 yards, so there is small wonder that there were five carefully recorded notches in his gun when his outfit was summoned into the fight between the Marne and the Ourcq. His pals said he had really killed several. At last accounts Corporal Rutledge had been too busy to set down his mounting score, but they say that when he gets round to it he can add 11 new notches yet.

Listing prisoners is always interesting work. "Kaiser," said a prisoner when asked his name. "Holy Smoke!" exclaimed the doughboy who brought him in. "I've captured the main show."

"Kaiser," repeated the prisoner, "Conrad Kaiser, and in 36 years old." Up to the time that Germany's dwindling man power caused the military giant to beckon him Kaiser had been a college professor. "Will they send us to America?" asked the next prisoner, an artillery captain. He was told that "they" wouldn't, and expressed regret.

"I had decided to go to America after the war, anyhow," he exclaimed. "There is nothing more for me in Germany. My father and mother were killed by an air bomb and my two brothers died in action. I'm the only one of the family left."

This didn't happen to an American, but it made some Americans gasp, and boosted the bluecoats one more notch in their estimation. A French balloon observer was attached to an American unit. For four days he was attached to his bulky sausage and remained there unperurbed by whistling shells, directing the fire of American batteries. On the fifth day a German airplane dived from a low cloud with its machine gun going. The balloon dissolved in flame and smoke, and the observer took to the parachute. The boche airman, not content with destroying the sausage, pursued the Frenchman as he floated down pumping bullets at the poor sored umbrella. And the Frenchman coolly drew his revolver and answered the boche's fire.

Nothing makes an American soldier prouder of his organization than being in action with it. Any man up front will tell you that his platoon is the best in the company, that his company is the best in the regiment and his regiment is the best in the division—the artillery of his division is infallible and the officers are unbeatable. The colonel always comes in for praise. "Our colonel," said one doughboy, "may be stout and not much for height, but you ought to soldier under him. He's a regular fellow. Why, he's the kind of a guy that if he was in the ranks would make a good private!"

Which is about the highest tribute a private can pay his colonel. Easy come, easy go. One of the German regiments opposite the Americans, the members of which are, by this time, probably listed as "missing, believed prisoner," had just been paid, when the curtain went down on their activity in la guerre.

Exactly 48 hours after the Germans marched before their paymaster and got their pay they marched before an American officer, who relieved them of the modest collection of mess kits, plennies and other things they had received. American regulations for the handling of prisoners provide that all money shall be taken from them and placed in a fund which is devoted to the common needs of prisoners. The colonel had led them into the fight, and it was the colonel's all-seeing eye which noticed that the little 18-year-old private had been gassed. "Get back!" he shouted. "You've done your bit—get back!"

So the little private dutifully got back. On the way he passed a farm. In a shed were six boches whom the fight had swept past without noticing. Their hands went up in a jiffy. When the little private reported at the dressing station for treatment the six were still with him.

In the midst of the battle one young lieutenant, running into a pal of his, showed him under the flap of his pocket a little gold brooch. "If anything should happen to me," he said, "try to get hold of this pin, will you, and when you get time ship it back home to my mother."

The other promised, and the lieutenant went his way. He had not gone 20 feet when he was struck by a shell and killed instantly. The pin is on its way to America.

Power Greater Than Law New York Times. Nothing could better illustrate the power of public sentiment when it closely approaches unanimity than did the almost complete absence on Sunday of automobiles from all the city streets and country roads in this vicinity. Presumably it was the same throughout the country east of the Mississippi. And this truly is a fine abandonment of the automobile, a habit from which thousands and thousands of people have long derived one of their greatest pleasures was brought about not by an order, but by a mere request of the government! To make the phenomenon the more impressive, the request was issued through a board the previous acts of which have been much and hotly and justly criticized by the same public that in this instance showed itself so docile.

The explanation, of course, is that the request was reasonable and the motive of it thoroughly understood and as thoroughly approved. On the first Sunday when it was asked that motoring except for necessity and charity be stopped, the thoughtless and the vicious folk who have always formed a small but conspicuous minority of the automobile population acted after their familiar fashion and went out as usual. Their experiences on the road, however, were such as to convince even the dullest-witted and thickest-skinned that pleasure riding on a Sunday when intelligent and decent folk had united to save gasolene was about as unpleasing as riding could be. Few of them were arrested—none for violating the government's request—but they all found themselves subjected to such a pressure of contempt and scorn that hardly one of them ventured out when the second Sunday came around.

That there are only too many motorists indifferent to the law we all know, but when the penalty to be faced was of a kind which, unlike the fine and imprisonment, could not possibly be escaped, even the worst of them submitted—whether with a good grace or not nobody knows or cares. They submitted, and that is enough.

The Bee's Letter Box

Cigarettes and the Army. Omaha, Sept. 16.—To the Editor of The Bee: As a resident of Omaha and a loyal American I want to protest against the statements accredited to Rev. Harry B. Foster, pastor of Dundee Presbyterian church, made in his church Sunday evening.

The pastor has said, according to the report in The Bee, and which I have learned from other sources, that a vast sum is being spent to encourage the use of cigarettes and tobacco. He says there is deliberate propaganda on the part of some trust to encourage the habit. Does he know their country? The sale of cigarettes, tobacco and cigars amounted to \$20,000,000 in the United States last year. Does anyone think that propaganda is needed to keep a custom so thoroughly established as this in existence?

I was told that Rev. Mr. Foster deliberately ridiculed the activities of three Red Cross young lady workers in Omaha. He said he had denounced them, being there with a basket of cigarettes, a basket of matches and a basket of chewing gum for soldiers leaving for their country; men who had said to have paid a "polity tribute" to the general work of the Red Cross and then to have turned right about and censured this splendid organization for giving cigarettes to the soldiers.

Are not all the churches behind the Red Cross? My church is and I thought all the others were. I have always been given to understand that all the churches, all the religious organizations, all forces for good in our country were behind the Red Cross.

Surely the Red Cross has had ample opportunity to probe this enemy question. I would like to ask this preacher if he knows where the first call came to the Red Cross for cigarettes? It came from men in field hospitals on the battlefields; it came from men who had gone forth and offered their lives for their country; men who had faced the foe and, shattered by his destructive agents—bayonet, bullet or shell—were lying, perhaps, at the point of death. Should the Red Cross refuse this man a cigarette? Should the Red Cross refuse any man in our uniform the solace of a smoke if he wants it had enough to ask for it? It ought certainly to be understood that the Red Cross would not give I never give it, another cent. But I know it will not.

There are thousands, tens and hundreds of thousands of cigarette smokers in the United States army and in the armies of all the allies. The fact that they smoked cigarettes did not prevent the examining doctors from sending them for service up in the line and they appear to be doing pretty well—oh, I would say they are doing fairly well—over there. They are making a little progress—a few miles every day, despite the "terrible handicap" of cigarettes.

I am not in any way connected directly or indirectly with the tobacco business. I have many friends in the army here and over there. Most of them smoke. The most able minister I know smokes cigarettes and says they are the best smoke because they keep their spirits up. So we see there is a difference in opinion among ministers.

I suggest that Rev. Mr. Foster read the little article headed, "You Can't Tell a Doughboy with Pulpit Camouflage," which appeared on the first page of The Bee.

It is a noteworthy fact that complaints on cigarettes are not coming from the fighting men. Good for the Red Cross! "LOYAL!"

Who Pays the Freight? Omaha, Sept. 15.—To the Editor of The Bee: I am writing this letter by way of inquiry. I have heard several people criticizing the manner in which the recent Salvation Army drive was conducted, on the assumption that Dr. Knowles, who acted as manager and press agent, was a highly paid official, staying at the Fontenelle hotel, while here, at the expense of the fund.

If the salary and expenses of the manager were paid in some other way this fact should be made public for the sake of the splendid organization which is back of the "doughnuts for doughboys" movement. If it is true that these expenses came from the fund there would seem to be some ground for criticism.

Omaha has enough executive ability and enough generosity to "overhaul the top" for every meritorious cause without employing imported directors of the campaigns at high salaries. The recent appeal for funds for the Salvation Army work probably has sufficient merit to "stand on its own bottom," and it is quite probable that no outside direction was needed to raise the entire fund in generous Omaha.

I should be glad if someone who knows would publish the facts in this matter, not as the slightest retort to any unwise criticism, but as its work, but to obviate possible criticism in future drives for worthy causes. A FRIEND OF THE DOUGHBOYS.

State Press Comment Blair Tribune: All rules are broken in modern warfare. We lately learned that Haig got Ham on the flank. We need to get bacon there in the good old days.

Fremont Tribune: Deposits in Nebraska banks show an enormous increase during the last year, notwithstanding liberal contributions to all war activities and the intrusions of a partial drought. You can't keep a good state down.

Grand Island Independent: It was had enough and distressing enough before that for the average newspaper editor who has to deal with enthusiastic "contributors" of "poetry." But now the war industries board has classified poetry as an "essential." Goodnight and farewell!

Elitiorial Shrapnel St. Louis Globe Democrat: You should bear in mind, however, that there is less temptation to sell the bonds when they fall below par.

New York Herald: When it comes to successful holdups you have to take your hat off for the way the Turks are "doing" Germany.

Detroit Free Press: The Kaiser is beginning to show signs that there is some truth to the statement that the Yanks get what they go after.

Baltimore American: If this nation, with all its resources, can win the war abroad, it ought certainly to be able to deal with the invasion of profiteers at home.

Washington Post: Germany has known all along that it couldn't win by fair means. It was the discovery that four plays was also ineffectual that broke its heart.

Minneapolis Tribune: "For your tomorrow they gave their today" is an epitaph in a British graveyard in France. What could be a finer expression of the sacrifice of the soldier than that?

New York Herald: A city magistrate suggests deportation as punishment for foreign residents who do not learn English within five years. The privilege of living in this country ought to be worth the effort of learning the language. But, at an early rate of immigration after the war will be a considerable penalty in itself.

LINES TO A LAUGH. "You have put up a scarerover, eh?" "As you see." "And how are the birds affected by your scarerover?" "Seem to consider it an excellent thing to light on"—Louisville Courier-Journal. "Many of our girls marry well," said the manager to the new assistant. "A millionaire just married a girl in our fur department. Settled \$50,000 on her too." "Dear me. And here I am at the bargain counter!"—London Anwar. "Woman's work is never done," sighed Mrs. Gabb. "That's right," agreed Mr. Gabb. "I've married the new assistant. A girl who marries me puts in four hours a day trying to develop her blouse, and after she marries she puts in four hours a day trying to reduce it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

LEMON JUICE TAKES OFF TAN Girls! Make bleaching lotion if skin is sunburned, tanned or freckled

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle, sunburn and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and will supply three ounces of Orchard White for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how few freckles, sunburn, windburn and tan disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless—Adv.

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Langour of Body and Mind proceeding from exhaustion of strength by overexertion; by turbulent nights; by loss of appetite; by digestive disorders, combined with the summer heat, quickly disappears with the use of LYKO The Great General Tonic

Remarkable Soft Drink CERVA The World's Best Beverage Official chemist, employed by state of Missouri says: "A wholesome product, free from preservatives and yeast cells and by reason of small amount of fermentable sugars present would say that no deleterious effects would be produced on processes of digestion." CERVA is good for thirst—good for health. Order a case at your grocer's at druggists', etc. In fact, at all places where good drinks are sold. UNITED PROFIT-SHARING COUPONS Forty United Profit-Sharing Coupons 2 coupons each denomination 20 are packed in every case. Exchangeable for valuable first prizes.

Resinol the tested skin treatment Resinol is what you want for your skin-trouble—Resinol to stop the itching and burning—Resinol to heal the eruption. This gentle ointment has been so effective for years in treating eczema, ring worm, itching, burning rashes, and sores, that it has become a standard skin treatment. It contains nothing that could irritate the tenderest skin. Your druggist will also tell you that Resinol Ointment is excellent for relieving the itching, itching, and burn of mosquito-bites, and insect-stings. It soothes and cools skins turned by wind or sun. All dealers sell Resinol Ointment. Men who use Resinol Shaving Stick find soothing lotions unnecessary.