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R. BREWER, General Manager
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Long Life or Busy One?

Discussion is rife as to why man does not live at least a century, or perhaps longer. Health rules are laid down, regimen scheduled, and formulas prepared, each presuming to guarantee longevity, but none of them takes note of other than the mere physical nature of man. His real life is not considered. Metchnikoff was attracted by a group of men he discovered in a mountain fastness in eastern Russia. They readily attained what is looked upon as ripe old age, most of them centenarians. Inquiry developed that fermented mare's milk was the chief of their diet, and the "bacillus bulgaricus" was introduced to the world. It did not, however, bring with it the succor from decay to which civilized man is subject.

Now students are well advised that something else is involved. The old men who came to such length of years led lives as placid as that of a kindly cow. The activity of the world touched them not; its turmoil and disturbances never penetrated their quiet retreat, and so they went on, one day after another, existence a succession of rising, partaking of fermented mare's milk at intervals, and retiring. If one can think of anything drearier, or less to be desired, than a century of life passed under such conditions, his imagination is stirred by something more potent than koumiss.

Alexander Stephens was wheeled daily into the senate of the United States, a helpless invalid, and yet he served his country well, because his wonderful intellect was superior to any bodily weakness. One day of Stephens' life was worth more to humanity than the hundred or more years of insipid inactivity of the aged men the great scientist found in the mountains.

Those who are bringing back from the spirit world prescriptions for long life should get onto another tack, and secure advice as to how to live usefully and well. The man who has a zest in life, who does the work that comes to his hand, who can enjoy his hours of toil as much as he does those of his leisure, is the only one who really is living. And, if he drives himself to exhaustion in less than half his allotted span, or succeeds in living out his three-score and ten years, yet his measure is in what he has done for the world and not how much he has accumulated for himself.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each tomorrow
Find us further than today.

And to quote from Francois Villon, in McCarty's play, "An end is an end, whether it cometh on the winged heels of a week, or the dull clutch of a century." To live is not to linger here many days, but to do something to justify having been here at all.

A Definition Sorely Needed.

What is a "flapper?"
By some the term is used to designate a state of dress, a prime symptom being shortness of skirt. By some it is used to describe a state of mind, chiefly evidenced by a lack of serious thought. By still others it is a term applied to any young girl of 15 to 18 years of age.

People who speak of "flappers"—and a great many of them do, with reference to a great many of their fellow human beings—appear to be in agreement upon just two things: The word applies to women, not to men; it implies brevity always, though sometimes brevity of dress, sometimes of brains, sometimes of age. Meaning so many things to different people, it means very little. Its application to any particular individual by any other individual may carry an impression about that person quite at variance with the actual thought which seeks expression. Its use generally—as, for instance, by Margot Asquith—may mean anything, or nothing, depending on how Mrs. Asquith defines "flapper."

All of which is preliminary to a declaration of one of the great needs of the day: A Webster of slang. We have dictionaries which tell us the meaning of words centuries old, or even decades old. But the world moves too fast; the "punch" language of today is the slang of today. It is the current medium for the exchange of ideas not only on the street but in the homes, sometimes even in the pulpit. Really, we should know what we are talking with as well as what we are talking about.

Energy for Commercial Uses.

Nine years ago a little ship, sailing from a Swedish port, put in at Seattle after an uneventful voyage. Its arrival would not have been noted beyond the line given arrivals in the "shipping news" columns, save for the fact that it was the first vessel to go around the world depending on an internal combustion engine for power. Twin Diesel engines supplied the motive energy. This accomplishment was taken advantage of during the late war, the U-boat and the submarines generally relying on the Diesel type of engine for power. Last week an American commerce carrier returned to Philadelphia, its home port, after a voyage of 30,000 miles, during which the engines and machinery cost not a cent for repairs, and, according to the Philadelphia Ledger, ready to put out to sea again at once. The performance is one that will get the close attention of all power users. The

Diesel engine burns crude oil, and, as applied to practical use, drives a generator, from which the electric current is led to the operating motors. It holds a place alongside the gasoline and alcohol-driven engines, and suggests the possibility of fuel economy. Ship builders are not the only ones concerned in the solution of the problem, for it means a great deal to the middle west, where fuel costs have largely figured in the establishment of factories. The internal combustion engine has not yet come to the limit of its usefulness.

One in One Hundred Million.

Once in a while the cursory reader of the modern newspaper comes across an item that really is worth the trouble it took to chronicle. Here is one:

Tacoma, Wash., March 18.—A resident here, who must go down to fame under the name of John Doe because of government regulations, sent Burns Poe, collector of internal revenue, a check for \$6.06.

"I do not owe an income tax, but I do believe every man in the land should help support the government, so here's my bit," he wrote.

Several avenues of approach are opened here. The easiest one is that the writer, whose name the government knows but will not tell, is really a patriot and wants to do his bit. If such be the case, he is one among an hundred million, and a reproach to most of the others. Some men pay taxes cheerfully, realizing that money is needed to carry on the government, and that each citizen is responsible for the government. Most of us, however, grudge the money we turn over to the tax collector; and spend considerable of our time growling about the extravagance of the administration, varying the latter with criticisms of its inefficiency and failure to accomplish the things we would like to have done. Therefore, the "John Doe" check must be to the officials like the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." It is proof that somebody appreciates his privileges and is willing to pay for his share towards defraying the expense of maintaining them. It is hardly expected that this man will be lost sight of in a throng of imitators.

What Normalcy Means.

J. E. Davidson of Omaha is responsible for this bit of optimism in addressing the Wisconsin Electrical association at Milwaukee:

The outlook in all lines of industry looks brighter every day. It is time those words, "business as usual," were forgotten, or at least let us change them to "business unusually good." Let's "can" this phrase "back to normalcy." We don't know what normalcy means, but we do want to see it improved of all lines.

No one can be in doubt as to the spirit of Mr. Davidson's remarks. It is a spirit with which more and more people are coming into accord, a spirit which brings its own result as it encourages everyone to new effort at achievement.

Mr. Davidson is right when he says that we will not be satisfied merely to return to the old standards. If that is what is meant by "back to normalcy," let us indeed "can" the phrase. But is it? Normalcy in America never has meant stand still. Normal conditions in America have always been conditions of steady progress to better things, economically, socially and politically.

When President Harding popularized the phrase "back to normalcy" during his campaign for the presidency, it is certain that he did not mean a mere restoration of fixed standards of 1914. He did not mean that as a principle and he has not followed that in practice. The arms conference was not a "stand-pat" undertaking; it was, however, a normal proceeding toward amity between nations.

Normalcy includes sane and steady progress.

Getting the Right Start.

"It must be right; I've done it from my youth," wrote Crabbe. Such is the force of habit; the danger of bad habits and the benefit of good ones. Any action, once performed, leaves behind it a tendency to repetition. There is no one who can refrain from becoming the victim of habit, and the only question to be decided is of what sort they shall be.

Parents do not recognize this natural law as widely as they ought. George Herbert Betts emphasizes this need in a little pamphlet issued by the Abingdon press, called "The Roots of Disposition and Character." Habits, he points out, are formed more quickly during the first years of a child's life than ever afterward. The habit of obedience, of courtesy, of good disposition, of care of the person, the habit even of thinking, can be absorbed by boys and girls long before they understand the reasons for them. The process is thus explained:

Today an act, which tomorrow becomes a habit; the next day the habit determines behavior, and so shapes conduct; conduct finally runs into character, and character spells destiny.

When schools attempt to train children in manners and character they undertake a most difficult task, for the boys and girls come to them too late. The groundwork of life, of failure or success, frequently may be laid before a child ever enters the schoolroom. The home must not shirk its duties, nor come to believe that some agency of the community or state can fulfill its ancient function.

Educational movies are to be shown in Omaha, and it is expected that beholders will discover how simple and interesting geography can be made when properly displayed. That will not entirely meet little Johnnie's needs, for he would like to see the whole thing wiped out.

The flying boat is not yet established as the safest means for making an ocean voyage. The floating hotel still has some advantages.

Colorado continues to give proof that some of the features of a coal miner's life are not reflected in the wage scale.

College boys are finding out that the paths of untrammeled journalism do not always run in pleasant places.

The world now knows that the United States can make a treaty, and will stick to it.

Ireland needs another Patrick to send the gunmen after the snakes.

Henry Ford knows how to hold on to the front page position.

The "lone bandit" has outstayed his welcome.

THE HUSKING BEE It's Your Day Start It With a Laugh

KEEP SMILING.

Above my desk there is a sign—
Keep Smiling!
I strive to make that slogan mine—
Keep Smiling!
When troubles crowd around and try
To make me murmur, frown and sigh,
I find it helps a lot if I
Keep Smiling!

If you are glum and feeling blue
Keep Smiling!
When money's scarce and bills are due
Keep Smiling!
When you begin to lose your grip
And gloom has got you on the hip,
No matter if it cracks your lip,
Keep Smiling!

PHILOSOPHY.

A smile is one thing that hasn't advanced in price nor deteriorated in value.

Many cars were reported sold at the auto show last week. The motorists got theirs, and now we presume the humble pedestrian will get his.

The importance of a town is now judged by the number of automobiles it has.

Next census will probably be taken by Ford instead of per capita.

The method of arriving at the number of regular inhabitants in a village will be the same as when the count is taken by families. Ford is normally a five-passenger scow—therefore, multiply the number of Fords by five and add the banker—he drives a super-six.

Slogan of the speeder: "Good Morning, Judge!"

Spring health hint: Complete rest will cure that tired feeling.

One thing that keeps John "down" on the farm is that crops can't be induced to thrive on an eight-hour day.

I'LL SAY SO, I'LL SAY SO!

Dear Philo: As Si Winterbloom says—"These wimmin are the limit. Now that they've got prohibition, the vote, the right to smoke an' wear pants, it's just like 'em to go 'n' raise a pair o' whiskers so's they c'n shave. Dang 'em!"

Old Shimmy-the-Spear sure piped a mouthful about "Beware the Ides of March," but that's old stuff. Today it's "Beware the poets of Spring."

Everyone knows that a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, eh? Well, apply that to the marriage bond. Woman, being the weaker sex, she is therefore the cause of parting matrimony. Q. E. D., eh, hien?

Speaking of marriage bonds, the guy that named them sure musta been married a-plenty, wot?

Say, Philo, if "Business is Good, Thank You," and if "We are Always on the Job," also if his wife has "Style Without Extravagance," is it any wonder how "Murphy Did It?" Yours till we meet again.—Josephus.

DAMPINO, TIM, BUT ISN'T IT SO?
(Refer this to Bee Fairfax.)
Dear Philo: Why is it that, when a woman gets your number, (I mean over the phone), when she has called for someone else, you almost have to produce the records and file affidavits before you can convince her that she has the wrong number?—Tim.

KINDA FLAT, I'D SAY.

Dear Philo: Here is a chance for an argument. My neighbor's wife says that there is an end to the world. Her hubby says that it is round, then our wife butts in and says that it is square—i. e., pretty square.—Three-in-One.

SOME ACROBAT.

She slipped at the top of the stair
And threw up her hands in despair,
But being a flapper,
Done up in a wrapper,
She lit without missing a hair.—Three-in-One.

TODAY'S IDLE THOUGHT.

Time hangs heavy on the hand that wears a large wrist watch.

Atlas supported the world—"but," Filbert rises to inquire, "who supported Atlas?" Probably his wife.

When you ask a guy to lend you a dollar is usually one time that he doesn't pass the buck.

Some fellows are always looking for a new girl, while others are satisfied with the old one painted over.

When the boys hear about that \$10,000,000 floating rum palace anchored off the three-mile limit, we suppose they will all be putting out to sea.

UNIMPORTANT ITEM.

Mexico has no living ex-presidents.

EXPERT SHOPPER.

A lady went shopping one bright day in June,
Show windows filled her with content,
She visited ten stores in one afternoon
And went home without spending a cent.

Put in good humor by the balmy weather and the prospects of a warm summer, manufacturers have materially reduced prices on galoshes, earmuffs, skis, red flannel, cough syrup and snow shovels.

B. V. D.'s, refrigerators, straw hats and lawn mowers are reported steady.

Most men believe in doing unto others as others have already done unto them.

Chime of the church bells seems to sing—"There's No Place Like Home."

ISN'T IT THE STUFF?

There is a love that ne'er grows less,
It's always bright and sunny,
In woman it's the love of dress,
In man, the love of money.

Coal strike has bobbed up on the front page again, but how this old summer sun coming on does take the curse off a scare of that kind.

This is the kind of weather a guy likes a nice outdoor job with indoor wages.

According to Anne Morgan, seems like we haven't paid our debt to Lafayette—yet.

Equal suffrage may give the women the vote and the one-piece bathing suit, but it will never convince 'em that there aren't four hot seasons in a millenary year.

CAUSE FOR GLADNESS.

When you slip on a banana,
Fall and break a leg, by heck,
Take a cue from Pollyanna,
Be glad you didn't break your neck.

AFTER-THOUGHT: Everything comes out in the wash but a genuine complexion. PHILO,

How to Keep Well

By DR. W. A. EVANS

Questions concerning hygiene, sanitation and prevention of disease, submitted to Dr. Evans by readers of The Bee, will be answered personally. This column is prepared to give a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Evans will not make diagnoses or prescribe for individual diseases. Address letters in care of The Bee.
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THAT SLUGGISH FEELING.

The symptoms of protein poisoning in mildly contaminated people who have no definite organic disease, according to Dr. A. F. Kratzer, are as follows:

Headaches. The victim, in addition to being yellowish in cast, shows a faint, yellow staining of the neck under the ears. He may have some form of eczema. His tongue is coated, but it is not especially enlarged or indented. He is subject to various kinds of rheumatoid or neuritic pains.

At times he has flatulences and a heavy feeling in the abdomen, which he calls biliousness. It is quite possible that this unconsciousness in the liver.

Often times there is an excessive amount of indican in the urine.

Every now and then the victim develops a striated rash—a sort of neutral heaviness which he attributes to biliousness.

What does Dr. Kratzer advise in the treatment of such cases?

Meat, fish, eggs, and cheese are excluded from the diet for the time being. Milk and cream, in moderate quantities, are allowed. Vegetables, potatoes, macaroni, cereals, bread, fruit, cream, and butter make up the diet.

The exclusion of meat, fish, eggs, and cheese lasts for four weeks, after which they are returned, at first in very small allowance, and after that a gradual increase.

Constipation is overcome by injections of oil or litchy water if either is necessary.

The discomforts of those with no organic diseases, but who have plain symptoms, may be due to constipation, with its attendant flatulence, fermentation. Those due to constipation with protein poisoning have the symptoms outlined above, and their dietary treatment is as given.

Other group causes, according to Dr. Kratzer, are dental sepsis, chronic tonsillitis, chronic rhinitis, and chronic fibrositis.

The last group has the lot of miscellaneous pains which are commonly grouped together, under the head of pains due to muscular rheumatism.

A person subject to muscular rheumatism may be made worse by factors such as error in diet.

Dry, cold weather is less apt than cold, damp weather, to precipitate an attack. The pain and stiffness usually worse in the morning and wear off as the day goes on.

Some are made worse by eating a heavy meal diet, some by eating sweets and starches to excess.

To make the people of this group right, all bad habits must be changed, such as constipation, too late hours, late hours, wrong eating habits, improper diet.

In a very large proportion of such cases a persisting focus of mild infection can be traced. The tonsils, teeth, sinuses, pelvic organs, gall bladder, appendix, and, above all, the colon, may be at fault.

If the focus can be found and cleaned up, the pains will often come to an end.

Locally, heat and massage are of value. Dr. Kratzer states that the massage must be a deep, firm rubbing of the muscles and tendinous insertions.

Light therapy is helpful. So are Turkish baths.

Let Doctor Advise You.
M. G. writes: "1. What is mitral heart murmur?
"2. Is it true what doctors say that one can live through life with the above defect, if proper precautions are taken?
"3. What would you suggest for 'proper precautions'?"

REPLY.
1. A sound caused by blood leaking through a crippled mitral valve.
2. It is.
3. Have your physician tell you how to live. In heart disease the diet can be of great help. It must be based on the endurance of the heart and other muscles in that person.

Mother Should Eat Fruit.
Mrs. J. C. H. writes: "My 3-month-old breast-fed baby is very constipated. He goes three or four days without a movement and then I have to give him a laxative or use a soap stick."
"1. Is the too young to be given orange juice?
"2. Could this constipation be caused by my drinking freely the commonplace tragedy."

COMMONPLACE TRAGEDY.
Jim Stewart stopped his four-horse team at the fields end where the road goes by. The road like a long brown dusty seam, That winds away to the western sky.

To the other folk of the countryside The road is a highway, nothing more; A common place to walk or ride When going to church or the cross-road store.

But Jim can see through half closed eyes The place where the trail goes new Where brown men toil 'neath open skies, And live in cabins untouched by pain.

There are forests vast where steel saws There are yawning shafts that spew out ore. There are docks where ships at anchor lie The smoky mills where engines roar.

Jim Stewart sees all these and more, He sees the flood and that far place, Where wild sea meets sandy shore, And trails fade out and leave no trace.

To the other folk of the countryside He tells that wild cause he sees: A common place to walk or ride When going to church or the cross-road store.

It calls to Jim, come on, see life, But the ends of earth are not for him. He has three babies and a wife; He comes to his town, "Get up" says Jim.—SEVEN ANDERTON.

On Cruelty to Plesiosaurs

(From the Boston Transcript.)
It seems that in the Argentine they have a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Plesiosaurs. The association which in Buenos Aires corresponds with our F. C. A. has protested extremely against the carrying out of a supposed intention on the part of certain men of science to hunt and, if possible, bring out with them a strange creature, supposed to be a survival of an ante-diluvian form of existence, the presence of which in a lake on the highlands of Argentine Patagonia has been reported. The Buenos Aires society's objection is purely on the score of cruelty to animals. Creatures of any sort from that singular and little known region do not ordinarily survive when brought northward, and the benevolent gentlemen of Buenos Aires argue that it would be inexcusable cruelty either to kill or to attempt to remove in a live state any plesiosaurs, mosasaurs or other sauropteria found in the Andean fastnesses.

Aside from interest in this curious sortitude for the comfort of the creature whose existence has not been demonstrated, and which is probably imaginary, the Buenos Aires protesting with bottomless indignation. The region Andesward from that part of Argentine which was known to the old-time geographers as "patagonia" (no such territorial designation is now in use) is very little known. The Andes themselves, in this region, are not only inhospitable but generally inexplicable, from the fact that in them the rain falls on every day in the year, and human life is unprofitable, or nearly so. In the great humid depths of the mountains, looking toward the Pacific, the ground is covered with dense forests, interspersed with bottomless swamps, and the ground offers no footing for man or beast. The Argentine side of the mountains is for the most part less sudden, less constantly washed by torrential rains than the Chilean side, but the boundary between the two countries is purely theoretical. If there is any difference in the world where strange and antediluvian forms of life might indeed be found surviving, it is undoubtedly this general region. At the events of the flora and fauna of the southern Andes are very diverse from those of other and more temperate regions in either hemisphere. These southern Andes surely invite scientific exploration. Darwin, indeed, explored those portions of them which were most immediately accessible from the sea. His discoveries were noteworthy, and his report on the region is the best authority upon its conditions to this day. But no means of successfully combating the extraordinary natural conditions of the region is known to men of science. If there are in existence these important forms of life which are extinct in other parts of the world, their value to science would be so great, and their story in connection with the history would be so enormously important as to justify any means of bringing them out, whether the creatures found were alive or dead. It is to be hoped that the Argentine authorities—or the Chilean authorities if this assumed pool of the plesiosaurs turns out to be their side of the line—will not share in the extreme solicitude for the monsters' bodily comfort, but will let the scientists go in under any terms whatsoever. In any case, the scientists are likely to suffer more than the plesiosaurs does.

milks from a Jersey cow that will be fresh in a few months? I have been told that the world would cause it. "The baby weighed 9-12 pounds at birth and at the age of 3 months weighs 13 pounds."

REPLY.
1. No. Orange juice does not always act as a laxative, however.
2. No. You should eat more vegetables and fruits.

Another Bucket Shop.
"They say Binks is making a fortune selling shorts."
"Why, I didn't know he played the stock market."
"He doesn't. He runs a gasoline station."—Life.

On Relief of German Children

Omaha, March 25.—To the Editor of The Bee: Am just in receipt of the latest report from Philadelphia on the Quakers' \$3,000,000 campaign for child-feeding in Central Europe which may interest many of our readers. During the week ending February 12, 1922, 621,000 children received one daily meal each in 1,500 communities, with 7,500 feeding centers. Week ending February 19, 606,818 children in 1,500 communities, 2,000 centers. To dispel any doubt as to the necessity for outside help, the medical examination of school children, statistics for Erfurt and Karlsruhe being just published) show the following deplorable results: Of 10,309 boys and 9,984 girls in Erfurt 93 per cent were undernourished and 59 per cent vitally affected from lack of food, 12.7 per cent by anemia, 12.3 per cent by asthma and diseases of the heart, eyes, skin and nervous system, 12 per cent by scrofula, 5.2 per cent by rickets and 2.9 per cent by tuberculosis.

In Karlsruhe 3,151 children examined showed 5,312 different ailments, 553 undernourishment, 604 consumption, 952 scrofula, 23 consumption, 165 other lung diseases, 80 heart disease, 2,000 of these cases being directly traceable to insufficient food.

Child life in Germany is still very much endangered, notwithstanding contrary reports from casual visitors. They see on one side of life in two or three of the largest cities, where foreigners, banking on a high valuta, appear to be living in extravagance.

Unfortunately, funds for the \$2,000,000 campaign do not come in as they should. So far not quite \$1,000,000 has been subscribed. There were bought during the two weeks ending February 19, for child-feeding, 352,920 pounds vegetable oil compound, 100,800 pounds cocoa, 418,240 pounds rice, 580,000 pounds beans and 21,000 cases evaporated milk, and more funds are urgently needed. At \$2 each this state should yield \$50,000. The Jews in their recent drive raised \$4 per head. So far we have not one-fifth to show. The time is now; thousands of precious little lives may be saved. HENRY HATHORN, 2509 Hawthorne Avenue, is treasurer of the fund. A. L. MEYER.

CENTER SHOTS.

Somewhat, every time we see the expression about the freedom with which a cat may look at a king we think—first of all—of Mrs. Asquith, who is said to feel at the greatest ease in the presence of royalty.—Kansas City Star.

One of the most unhappy of typographical errors occurred in the story of Princess Mary's wedding. The account as printed: "The anthem, 'Beloved, Let Us Love Another,' was sung during the service."—Minneapolis Journal.

It may be true he never told a lie, but George didn't have to make out an income tax blank.—Atlanta Journal.

A man who is always polite to his wife in company doesn't always remember that two is company.—Burlington News.

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