# THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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JULY CIRCULATION.

50,142

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.
Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of July, 1913, was 50,142. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 4th day of August, 1913.
ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.


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

So long as Thaw is at large things are looking up for the alienists.

Cloudburst one day in California, the next in Nevada. Perhaps we will get ours in due time.

Banks that live in glass houses take chances in throwing stones at that Glass currency bill.

Following the example of the major leagues, New York has adopted the double umpire system.

A remarkable thing about the moving pictures is that they get so many views with so few moves.

My, but for a man who sold his private correspondence for a pot of gold, ain't Colonel Mulhall getting touchy?

On the departure of John Lind we wonder if the Mexican National band is playing "I Don't Care if You Never Come Back."

A reader of the New York World wishes its leading editorials compiled in book form. No, his name is not Charles F. Murphy.

At any rate, it is no longer fashionable for prominent young married men of Sacramento to elope to Reno with high school soulmates.

If Thaw and his lawyers and alienist experts find time hanging heavy on their hands, they might choose up sides and have a game of ball.

Yes, and Leavenworth isn't the only street needlessly obstructed. This editor rides on a street car that traverses another thoroughfare.

Evelyn Nesbit promises to tell all in her forthcoming book, "The Story of My Life." Yes, but what are we to do until the book comes out?

When a man cannot truthfully sing, "There is no place like home—sweet home," it is time for him to examine himself with close scrutiny.

How Bryan came to endorse that democratic currency bill with nothing whatever in it in the nature of deposit guaranty calls for explanation.

The University of Wisconsin is putting a ban on those naughty dances. The University of Nebraska had better hurry if it wants to figure on the front page.

Come on, girls, the kiss is not deadly, nor even dangerous, but all right so long as done right, according to the health commissioner of Chicago, who ought to know.

General Wood is quoted as saying right out loud that this talk about universal peace is all hot air. It's lucky the general's immediate superior is the secretary of war and not the secretary of state.

Colonel Mulhall wisely held out for the house investigators some fresh revelations which he did not disclose to the senate inquisitors. A second performance would lose its interest unless variations were introduced into the play bill.

The Water board boss's postal card enumerates among his achievements that 120 new fire hydrants have been set and turned on. If so, they are not in Omaha, for the fire survey discloses only forty-five new hydrants set here in six years.

Still, there is not much essential difference between a public officer taking money out of the treasury to pay junket expenses and taking taxpayers' money to send blow-your-own-horn postal cards to all the country newspapers as a bid for free advertising.

## Those Foolish Bankers.

There are a lot of funny things in this world, and some of them funnier than others.

Refusal to consider the changes in the currency bill recommended by the conference of bankers held at Chicago is officially explained by the statement that President Wilson does not regard the objections raised "as representing the rank and file of bankers throughout the country.

If the Chicago conference had only endorsed the administration measure unconditionally with fulsome resolutions of praise, its action would have been hailed as the distilled essence of wisdom and patriotism and the true reflection of the soundest banking opinion of the country.

But the bankers foolishly found fault with the president's pet project and at once became selfish privilege-seekers, and at that misrepresenting the views of the bankers as a whole.

Serves those bankers right. Weren't they warned in advance that if any opposition should develop to the currency bill it would be only a Wall street conspiracy? How can a banker have any standing, anyway, unless he endorses whatever those great financiers, President Wilson and Secretary Bryan, endorse?

## The Meaning of War.

There is no telling what a day may bring forth in the negotiations with Mexico. With the avowed sympathy of nearly all of Pan-America and several leading European powers, our peace policy should promise success, and the prospect is brightened by President Huerta's belated request for time. While awaiting action, we might reflect with profit upon these words of Senator Nelson, who, with other republican senators, is in this supporting the administration:

It seems to me that at this juncture we ought to do everything we can in this country to avoid war and give the people of Mexico the same chance to settle their internal difficulties which we asked and obtained during the long and weary days of the civil war.

If it is said that we have given Mexico that chance, let us remember that our own civil war continued for four years and, though it has been nearly three years since Porfirio Diaz abdicated, the condition and regime with which we are dealing is of much later origin. If Mexico asks further time we cannot in good faith deny it, especially if war is the inevitable alternative. Senator Nelson adds:

Suppose we have war with Mexico. There are 15,000,000 people in Mexico, and they will not quietly and supinely submit to have their country invaded and dismembered. Suppose we should get as a result of war what some people are pining for—two or three of the northern provinces from Mexico and attach them to the United States—what good would it do us?

At best, war with Mexico, in Senator Nelson's opinion, would mean a festering sore, not unlike the case of Alsace and Lorraine, which, though Germanized as a result of the Franco-Prussian war, still remain strongly French in sentiment. Those who are inclined to favor immediate intervention, which is tantamount to war, should consider more carefully all the consequences involved.

## On the Right Track.

The Lincoln Star is on the right track in protesting vigorously against any compulsory purchase clause in the proposed home rule charter for that city and in citing Omaha's disastrous experience with the water works force bill saddled on us by a self-seeking hydraulic politician. Compulsory purchase—particularly immediate compulsory purchase which dragged over nine years—cost the people of Omaha at least $2,000,000, when every object sought, except the $5,000-a-year life job for the promoter, could have been more speedily accomplished and the wasted money saved.

If any city wants to embark in municipal ownership and operation of public service utilities it should not submit to having its hands tied in advance. Compulsory purchase, as put across here, is a bunco game played with loaded dice. The proposed home rule charter for Omaha particularly guards against repetition of our water works experience. It authorizes the city, in so many words, at its option "to construct or acquire, by condemnation or purchase," any public service utility and "to operate the same directly or through lease, subject only to previous submission to and approval by a vote of the people. With this power and option the city of Omaha will be fully protected and we advise the Star to insist on the insertion of a similar clause in the Lincoln charter.

In introducing his new Commoner, Mr. Bryan says, "It can accomplish even more as a monthly than it could as a weekly." Well, we don't know about that. Didn't it as a weekly restore the democratic party to power, and elect Mr. Wilson to the presidency? What greater task has it set before itself as a monthly?

A gentleman who failed to land a postmastership appointment to which he aspired on the basis of his long and unwavering devotion to his party wants the public to know what brand of democracy our Congressman Lobeck represents. Does our congressman represent a brand? Perish the thought.

Now, Sulzer's friends propose to indict Murphy. Good, when Tammany tigers fall out fur and facts fly.

# Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

AUGUST 27.

### Thirty Years Ago—

The Douglas County Teachers' institute is in session at the High school with nearly sixty teachers attending.

Beindorf's team ran away today and scattered ice cream all around Farnam and Sixteenth streets in a most liberal manner, and wound up by trying to climb a telephone post in front of the Republican office.

The police force are awaiting their new uniforms, now being made in New York. They need new clothing badly.

Rev. D. Stelling has been suddenly called east by the serious illness of his father.

Sir Percy Hargraves of Lancashire, England, is a guest at the Millard.

The plat of Himebaugh place, a subdivision of the Harbach addition to the city, has been filed with the city clerk.

Two belated base ball scores of Sunday games: The Byron Stanberys beat the Jerry Whalens 8 to 7, and the Torments pounded the St. Charles Quicksteps to the tune of 18 to 12.

"Uncle Bill" Paxton lets himself be quoted in a characteristic vein on what he thinks, or, rather, what he does not think, of the decision of Judge Sener, declaring it illegal to fence government land for cattle grazing. "Do you intend to remove any of your fences?" was the last question. "Remove! Not a blame one of them! At least, not until we get something more definite."

Mayor Chase furnishes some space fillers in the shape of freak letters received by him as chief executive of the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Johnson, Twenty-ninth and Farnam, made merry with their friends in the celebration of their tin wedding.

### Twenty Years Ago—

Base ball notes in The Bee: Billy Hamilton is a very sick man and will not be able to play ball again this year. Clark Griffith has been given another chance to earn his salt in the league. Chicago has signed him. The Colonels scored in every inning off Mullane. Has the bell tinkled for Tony? Hope so. Dahlen is sick and Lange is trying his hand at short for Chicago.

George Tebeau writing from Denver had a letter in The Bee, saying there was a strong movement on foot to organize a Western league for 1894 and that up to date Minneapolis, St. Paul, Denver and Kansas City had been heard from. He proposed adding Omaha, Milwaukee, Sioux City and Des Moines or Lincoln for the circuit.

General I. Cot returned from Nebraska City, where he spent two weeks with his daughter, Mrs. Frank P. Ireland, and family.

A. B. Jaquith, manager of the Omaha Elevator company, who had made a tour of the grain belt, reported corn below the average for the state.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Palmer of McGrawville, N. Y., were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Clark, 2913 Woolworth avenue.

Benedict Riesterer, 1444 South Thirteenth street, a workman in the railroad yards, was crushed when a switch engine backed two freight cars on him. His injuries were supposed to be fatal.

### Ten Years Ago—

Weather Forecaster Welsh announced that the rainfall from 7 a. m., August 25, to 7 a. m., August 26, was 6.98 inches, the heaviest on record in this city, and that nearly ten inches fell in three days.

H. Vance Lane, general manager of the Nebraska Telephone company, returned from a business trip to the Black Hills.

Senator Shelby M. Cullom of Illinois stopped in the city for a few hours enroute with his wife and other relatives west in his private car. Speaking of the candidacy of John L. Webster for vice president on the republican ticket, the senator remarked that either Mr. Webster or General Manderson would make a good nominee.

Miss Mayme Hutchinson, who had been spending the summer with friends at Lake Minnetonka and Clear Lake, Minn., returned home.

Governor John H. Mickey spent part of the day in the city, returning to Lincoln in the evening.

Mayor Frank E. Moores was not convalescing from his recent attack of bronchitis as rapidly as his physicians had hoped he would. A general change was recommended for the mayor and plans made for him to take it, leaving his office until such time as he was completely restored to health.

## People Talked About

Senator Boies Penrose is 53, an age at which a man's vocal fighting powers are near the meridian.

John D. jr., gave a 10-cent tip to a waiter in Boston and escaped before the ice formed.

Provisional President Huerta is not as lonesome as he looks. Sulzer and Glynn, rival executives in New York, refuse to recognize each other.

In her "Stat'stical Study of Eminent Women," Mrs. Cora Sutton Castle finds that in 2,500 years only 868 women have become sufficiently great to get their names in the encyclopedias.

Mrs. J. E. Walker of Thomaston, Me., sent out twenty invitations to an afternoon tea exclusively for the oldest women in town, held at her old colonial home. The total of the guests' ages was 1,239 years.

Freddie Smith of Columbus, O., who saved the life of a little playmate, escaped from being tagged as a Carnegie hero because he had not arrived "at the age of discretion." The advantages of youth excite the envy of age.

Jacob F. Ganger of Milton, Pa., is of the opinion that he is the oldest tailor in the world. He has been in business since 1851, when he formed a partnership with another venerable merchant of Milton, John George W. Evans.

Thomas A. Edison will attend the meeting of the Old Time Telegraphers' Historical association at Mount Clemens, Mich., August 28, and it is planned to have him send a message to President Wilson from the same instrument he used years ago when he learned telegraphy in the old Grand Trunk station at Mount Clemens.

Mrs. Elizabeth E. Hayward, one of the very few women who shared with their husbands the hardships of camp life throughout the civil war, is dead at her home in Farmington, Mass. Mrs. Hayward's husband was an army chaplain and she became "a good angel" to the sick and wounded soldiers in camp and on battlefield.

## Twice Told Tales

### Back at Him.

A good story is told of W. J. Fox, a free trade colleague of John Bright. Fox was a clever debater and unexcelled in repartee. His chief heckler in Oldham was a local baker, who once had the misfortune to be fined by the magistrates for selling short-weight bread. Fox also had the misfortune to separate from his wife. On one occasion, after he had delivered an address to his constituents, the baker got up and said:

"Mr. Fox, there is just one question I should like to ask you. What has become of your wife?"

"Sir," replied Fox, "she has been weighed in the balance and found wanting."—Everybody's Magazine.

### Graveyard Levity.

"A sense of humor is a fine possession. With some men, however, it goes to extremes—to ghastly extremes," said Mayor Hunt of Cincinnati at a recent dinner.

"I used to know in Horace Annesley, a man with this excessive sense of humor. Horace said to me one morning, with a ghoulish laugh:

"'I've got the greatest joke to tell you!'

"'Well, what is it?' said I.

"'You know,' said Horace, 'that I was examined and passed for life insurance last week? Well—ha, ha, ha!—I've been to consult a specialist this morning, and he tells me I've got an incurable disease. He gives me just one year. Ha, ha, ha!'"—Everybody's Magazine.

### Surely Light.

They were speaking of gripping fast to the shekels when Dr. Paul S. Reinsch, of the University of Wisconsin, said that the real parsimonious party was a citizen named Smith.

Smith, according to the doctor's anecdote, lived in one of the big eastern cities. One day Smith's next door neighbor had occasion to refer to his parsimony to a friend, and eloquently exploited the subject.

"I have lived next door to him for five years now," emphatically declared the neighbor, "and don't you think for one minute that I don't know him! He is the tightest individual that ever walked the boulevard to save carfare!"

"You don't really mean it?" responded the other, with a surprised expression. "In what particular way is he tight?"

"He is tight in every way!" positively asserted the neighbor. "Why, if his little kid went to him for a penny to buy a cake he would ask the youngster if he wouldn't rather have a gold watch when he was 21 years old!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

### Playing the Old Game.

"And why," she asked, "do you think the world is better now than it was twenty-five years ago?"

"Because you were not in it then," he replied.

"Ah, I am afraid you wish to flatter me. I am nearly 28."

"Is it possible? Well, in a way I'm glad of it."

"Why?"

"You see, I'm 37, and I don't believe any man ought to be more than eight or nine years older than his wife."

"Oh, Horace! How romantic you are! I wonder if any other man ever adopted such a lovely way to let a girl know that he cared for her."—Chicago Record Herald.

## Quaint Bits of Life

Tramps in Montana are being ducked by angry farmers to make them go to work as harvest hands.

Mrs. Mary Crocker of Lincoln Center, Me., has four gooseberry bushes from which she expects to pick at least 100 quarts.

A Washington judge has decided that a husband has no right, merely because he paid for them, to take away his wife's store teeth when she leaves him.

In New London, Conn., James P. Nellan found a clam which had caught and held an eel so firmly that it could not be removed. Even after the clam was brought to the surface it refused to let go of the eel.

George W. Page, 86 years old, a prosperous merchant of Toppenish, Wash., and Elizabeth Smith, aged 55, of Cleveland, O., were married in Spokane last week after a courtship started fifty years ago and interrupted forty-five years ago by the marriage of each to other persons.

Clyde, the 13-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Detling, near Linden, Pa., plowed between five and six acres of side-hill surface last spring, and he is now teaching a 3-months-old Jersey calf to take him about the farm in his express wagon. The calf is proving an apt pupil.

Joseph Reiser of Sharon, Pa., is out this year to break his record for catching turtles. Reiser claims to be the champion turtle catcher for the country. Last year he caught 145 and this year expects to reach the 200 mark. He wades in the water, shoves his hand under a log or pile of brush and drags the turtle out by the tail. He has a number of scars on his hands, which goes to show there is some danger attached to the sport.

## Muffled Knocks

Husbands and onions are responsible for most of a married woman's tears.

When you hate a man you always wonder why other people speak to him.

Any wife knows that a 50-cent husband is worth $50,000 when an automobile hits him.

Did you ever stop to imagine what a large time a colored sport could have on John D. Rockefeller's income

When a man begins to think his boss couldn't do business without him he is all ready to be decorated with a tin can.

The old-fashioned boy who used to have to churn for two hours before school now has a son who eats his breakfast in bed.

Marriage is bound to be a failure when the groom pays $1 down and 50 cents a week for the ring he gave the bride.

Living in a furnished room and eating meals out of paper bags is one of the best ways to make the honeymoon curl up and croak.

Some genius should open a college wherein the art of silence would be taught. The graduates would have no trouble securing jobs.

A man gets mad if his wife gets sore when he stays out all night. And he gets twice as mad if she acts as though she liked to have him stay out.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

# The Bee's Letter Box

### On Behalf of the Retired Farmer.

GRAND ISLAND, Neb., Aug. 26.—To the Editor of The Bee: I notice an article in your paper purporting to have been written by Prof. P. G. Holden, formerly of the Ames (Ia.) agriculture college, in which he enters a protest against farmers retiring and moving to town. He says "A retired farmer is a nuisance in town when he moves there simply to die cheap." Mr. Holden certainly ought to know that it costs more to die and be buried in town than on the farm. And I am of the opinion there never has been a farmer who moved to town to die cheap.

Mr. Holden says: "The farmer is against all improvements because such things cost money and he wants to keep his taxes down." It may be so in Holden's Iowa town, but not so in Grand Island. The retired farmer here owns his property, pays his share of taxes for all manner of improvements; has money in the bank sufficient for his needs, is liberal in giving to public charities and helps build up his city as much as any other citizen, according to his means. He is not a tax shirker.

Now, Mr. Editor, who made it possible for our city to build up as it has done in the last thirty years? The farmer and the railroads. Who has a better right to retire and live at ease than the farmer who has labored for years to build up the country and incidentally the towns and cities. He may leave the farm and go to the city and buy himself a home or build one, but he does not stop the earnings of that farm; on the contrary he either leaves one of his sons on the farm or rents it to some other person and the farm still renders a part of the whole towards the upbuilding of the country and the towns and cities near by.

Again, the farmer does not care for the procession a half mile long to follow him to his grave in the country, nor does he care for it in town. I doubt very much if his neighbors in town think of him as Prof. Holden says: "That it is a good thing that the close-fisted old codger is out of the way."

Shame on you, Prof. Holden. You having such ideas in your head as expressed in the article mentioned makes me tired. I surely would not want any of my sons and daughters to be taught such principles by you or any other one. The people of this city honor the men who have spent their youth and vigorous manhood on the adjacent farms and have made themselves comfortable in town and city homes and are glad to have them with them. These men and their noble wives, worn out with hard labor on the farm, are entitled to take a rest, and all the slush about "back to the farm" will not affect them in the least. They still own their farms and their homes in the city, and will continue to do so, "professor's" ideas to the contrary.

GEORGE C. HUMPHREY.

### Irrigation Not Cause of Drouth.

SCOTT'S BLUFF, Neb., Aug. 26.—To the Editor of The Bee: Brother Wheedon of the Kearney Democrat, and a Mr. Steurson, are not much different from the rest of us. When things go wrong, we are irritable and try to place the blame on someone. But, if they will remember back about twenty years when we had no Pathfinder dam, and very little irrigation along the Platte, they may recall years that were more lean than the present.

Irrigation has very little to do with the dry condition of the river at Kearney. "God's equilibrium" has not availed in the years bone by to keep the Platte from going dry, and with the extreme heat and winds of this year, I am quite sure there would have been no exception.

The hot winds from the south no doubt caught up whatever vapor they could from the sands of the Platte and Republican, but it is the immutable law that vapor will not float against the wind, nor immediately condense. It would travel a considerable distance before falling in rain, hence north Nebraska and South Dakota would be the beneficiaries, and south Nebraska would be in the same boat as now. The plains south to the Panhandle have not many places in which vapor can be collected.

The river is not dried in western Nebraska. There are now and have been form any weeks, in fact, I think with hardly an interruption, hundreds of second feet of water flowing down past our city. It covers the sand bars and is about 2,700 feet wide. If it does not reach Kearney it is not because of the Pathfinder dam or irrigation, but is due to the fixed laws of gravity and sinking into the sand, or evaporation and vanishing into the air.

There is a mistaken idea of the amount of water "consumed" by irrigation. Out of 200 pounds of water there is approximately an average of one pound of product. The 199 pounds goes on its way for further service for any one that wants it.

It percolates through the soil back to the river, and goes on down, a little delayed, but still it goes, and the people of the North Platte valley are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars for "drainage" to assist in hurrying this water back to the channel.

And I want to put Brother Wheedon right again. While the government builded the Pathfinder reservoir, it has a mortgage on a thousand homes in the North Platte valley for the payment. And every occupant thereof is working long and hard to pay the mortgage off, with no thought of repudiation.

It would not be a bad example for the state to emulate. Let the people along the Platte form an association and mortgage every thing they have or expect to have and build a cement channel for the Platte. There is plenty of water if it is conserved, to use the conduit for transportation, and the frequent drops that would be necessary for power. It would well pay for itself in time and the state does do more foolish things than this at times.

G. L. SHUMWAY.

### Another Office Worker Dissents.

OMAHA, Aug. 26.—To the Editor of The Bee: At last the "Business Woman" has come back. The word "selfish" is putting it mild and is not anywhere near the proper expression. I have been employed at office work for the last ten years at hours from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. daily except Sunday with one hour for lunch. During these ten years I have never shopped and rarely ever taken the trouble to come down town Saturday evenings, and still, I have found ample time for shopping purposes, never having had occasion to deny myself anything for the want of time to buy it. I have always had plenty of clothing without patronizing mail order houses. To be frank with you, "Business Woman," I think it is very foolish of you to put up these "grand stand" arguments in behalf of the office folks. Jump into the bandwagon and join the majority, as the majority rules.

A FELLOW OFFICE WORKER.

## SAID IN FUN.

Old Bullion—It galls me to think that my money goes into your spendthrift hands when I die.

Young Bullion — Never mind, dad; it won't stay there long.—Boston Transcript.

The Lady—Miss Quiller.
The Social Secretary—Yes, madam.
The Lady—Prepare five copies for the press of the official list of my jewels. We may be robbed tonight.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Good heavens, James, what is the meaning of this strong smell of gasoline all about?"

"Don't talk so loud, Jane. That's to make the neighbors believe we keep an automobile."—Baltimore American.

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Growcher, "I was always deferential and obedient."

"Were you?" replied his thoughtless nephew. "It's different with you since you grew up and got to running an automobile, isn't it?"—Washington Star.

"Did you ever say anything about legislation to that senator?"

"No," replied Mr. Muddle. "I'd lose my reputation as a lobbyist if I did. He'd never again be seen shaking hands with me in public."—Washington Star.

Weary William—I wouldn't have many national holidays if I had my way—only 365, that's all.

Frayed Philip—So yer'd make us pore fellers work one day every four years, would yer, yer slave driver! — Boston Transcript.

"Once a friend of mine and I agreed that it would be helpful for each of us to tell the other his faults."

"How did it work?"

"We haven't spoken for nine years."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Marion—Did you ever receive a love letter?

Adeline—Oh, yes!

Marion—From whom did you receive it?

Adeline — The postman. — Kansas City Star.

## WHEN IT IS HOT.

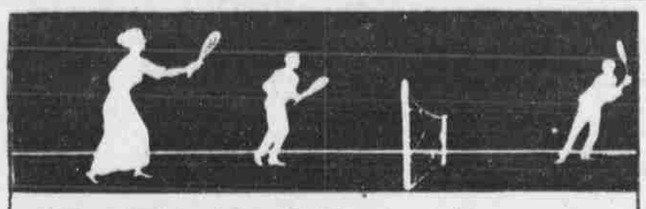
B. L. Taylor in Chicago Tribune.

Consider Mr. Shadrach,
Of fiery furnace fame;
He didn't bleat about the heat
Or fuss about the flame.
He didn't stew and worry,
And get his nerves in kinks,
Nor fill his skin with limes and gin
And other cooling drinks.

Consider Mr. Meshach,
Who felt the furnace, too;
He let it sizz, nor queried "Is
It hot enough for you?"
He didn't mop his forehead,
And hunt a shady spot;
Nor did he say, "Gee! What a day!
Believe me, it's some hot!"

Consider, too, Abednego,
Who shared his comrades' plight;
He didn't shake his coat and make
Himself a holy sight.
He didn't wear suspenders
Without a coat and vest;
Nor did he scowl and snort and howl
And make himself a pest.

Consider, friends, this trio—
How little fuss they made.
They didn't curse when it was worse
Than ninety in the shade.
They moved about serenely
Within the furnace bright,
And soon forgot that it was hot,
With "no relief in sight."

Eat This Food During Summer

Be careful what you eat during hot weather. What you need is food that nourishes *but does not heat* the body.

Faust Spaghetti fits right into that class. It is a high gluten food—a bone, muscle and flesh former—but contains practically no fat, therefore cannot heat the body.

FAUST SPAGHETTI

makes a savory, appetizing dish. It can be served in a great many ways that appeal to the palate. It is easily prepared—it makes a nutritious, non-heating meal during the summer. Write for free recipe book, "Spaghetti and Its Uses." Faust Spaghetti put up in air-tight, moisture-proof packages.

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