

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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SEPTEMBER CIRCULATION. 54,663

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas. D. Dwight Williams, Circulation Manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of September, 1915, was 54,663.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 1st day of October, 1915. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

October 8 Thought for the Day Selected by Anna Broadfield

Oases and skies and flowers of June Count all your boats together, Love loath bat of a year October's bright blue weather. Helen Hunt Jackson.

Now for the crowning event of the Ak-Sar-Ben festivities.

With his long experience, Mayor "Jim" is finally getting quite handy with the keys.

Theme for a future electrical parade: "Sayings of Sunday—a red devil on every float."

It must be plain to all that the White House is a mighty strategic position for a widower.

But if Europe's future is in the hands of Greece, folks will rightfully have a fear that it may slip.

Past experience amply demonstrates that the road from the Danube to the Bosphorus is well adapted to cemetery accommodations.

Yes, but wouldn't this "for-women-only" sign at the meeting be more of a drawing card with a limited number of men admitted?

President Wilson declared for woman suffrage a few hours before his engagement was announced. Cause and effect, or a mere coincidence?

Financial reports agree in stating that banks are abundantly supplied with money. The borrower who thinks abundance means easy money has another think coming.

Of course, his engagement to the widow has nothing to do with his simultaneous announcement that he will vote for woman suffrage at the coming election in New Jersey. Just a coincidence!

Equal quantities of wind and water disappear from war shares under pressure of Wall street gamblers. The net result is sales of wool for the boosting brokers, experience for the sheared lambs.

The courts have knocked out a water works redaction ordinance in Denver, and the good people of that city don't know what to do next. Send post-haste for the general manager of the Metropolitan Water District of Omaha!

The archbishop of the Newbott church justified his title and his seat with physical and mental fitness. He has the frontal arch deemed the outward sign of archiepiscopal dignity, and claims the power of dispensing with it at will. As a package of new thought this needs no label to show it is hot stuff.

United States Minister Morgenthau at Constantinople suggests that Americans chip in a few million dollars and bring the persecuted Armenians to this country. The age-long notion that Americans picked money off the bushes and transmuted dropouts into diamonds seems to defy the ravages of war.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

A Japanese lantern parade was the opening feature for the Omaha Wheel club's tournament, the winners assembling on Douglas street to the number of thirty, each with lighted Japanese lanterns on the handlebars making a very pretty sight. The tournament proper begins tomorrow. Max Meyer arrived home with his wife after a five months' stay in Europe and explained away a report that he had been taken in custody by customs house officers for not declaring all the diamonds he had brought over. The Omaha Light Guards are to give an exhibition drill, followed by a skating program at the rink as a benefit performance for the company. The committee in charge are Lieutenant W. M. Woods, T. W. Wilde, A. Michaels, A. E. Colby and D. C. Wright. Ex-Governor William Pitt Kellogg is at the Paxton, having come to look after his property interests here. Mrs. E. A. Whitney and daughter, Mrs. J. P. Clark, of Des Moines are the guests of C. F. Whitney. Friends of Lucien Stephens will regret to learn that he is suffering from a severe attack of neuritis. Mrs. D. G. Hull and Miss Flora Thomas have returned from St. Louis, where they took in the Velodrome. Dr. Thomas C. Durant, who headed the Union Pacific at its inception, died at Saratoga, N. Y.

Joy at the White House. "All the world loves a lover," and that's why the world looked over its morning paper, set down its cup of coffee, gasped and grinned. For on the front page, stared forth the announcement that Woodrow Wilson, austere and of "single-track" mind, had again been winged by Cupid's dart, and would within a few weeks lead to the altar his second bride. This news might have been a bit more startling had it not been that the public was somewhat prepared for almost anything by the announcement made earlier in the day, that the president had gone over into the suffrage camp, and was convinced that woman should be clothed with full political privileges. One might speculate on the connection between the two announcements, as indicated by the order in which they were given out; the easy inference is that in his joy over the one, the president cheerfully conceded the other. However, it is good to know that for the remainder of his term the president will not have to sit alone and brood in solitude over the cares thrust upon him by the untoward procession of events. His privacy will be shared by the helpmeet of his choosing, his loneliness dispelled by her comforting presence, and his burdens lightened because they are shared. The nation will hope for Mr. Wilson a new-found happiness, and wish for him and his bride as well a long life and a happy one.

More About Good Roads. In another column of this page The Bee reproduces the introductory part of the First Annual Report of the Iowa State Highway Commission, which has just come to hand, which we commend to the reading of all who are interested in the good roads movement in Nebraska. Improvement of the highways in Iowa during the last two years under the highway commission of that state has been marked, to say nothing of the economies effected, and Iowa's experience should be of direct value to Nebraska with similar topography in much of its territory. The part of the report which we reprint, however, has chiefly to do with abuses that previously existed, and the difficulties in the way of remedying them. Whether conditions now controlling road improvement in Nebraska resemble those that formerly obtained in Iowa, we are not prepared to say, but we repeat the declaration made a few days ago that, while we are spending large amounts on bridge and road construction and maintenance in this and other counties, we plainly have not been getting our money's worth or scoring adequate results. If adoption of the Iowa State Highway commission system would help Nebraska get quicker the good roads we so much want, something of that kind should be the goal of our propaganda here.

The Perfection of Pageantry. The Bee voices the practically unanimous sentiment of all who saw the Ak-Sar-Ben beautiful electrical floats this year that it has reached almost the perfection of parade pageantry. In design, workmanship, color and illumination these living moving pictures have no counterpart anywhere, and their dazzling splendor and artistic beauty cannot fail to have an uplifting influence on the minds of the spectators.

Ak-Sar-Ben has, moreover, learned by experience that to be popular the theme for such a pageant must appeal to young and old of every class of the community. Nothing can do this successfully except the tales of childhood, the stories of the Bible and perhaps the folklore of local history. Our compliments to High Artificer Reno, and to all who helped make this striking and scintillating display.

Major Church Howe. The death of Major Church Howe takes away a man who was for many years a central figure in Nebraska politics, a soldier, a law-maker and a diplomat; a man who made staunch friendships and keen enemies. Major Howe's political activities date back to a now by-gone period when he was usually at cross-purposes with the policies and ideals of The Bee and its editor, but no resentments were harbored on either side and he divested himself almost completely of his old animosities when he entered the consular service. Here he made a brilliant record at all the posts to which he was assigned in many different parts of the world, retiring to return to Nebraska for the sunset years of his life. A forceful man, always in the forefront in whatever he was engaged, he leaves a record of service to his country, first, in helping to save the union, then in developing a frontier state, and finally in advancing its commercial interests in foreign lands.

Goethals on the Job. General Goethals has withdrawn his resignation as governor of the Panama canal zone, thereby proving he is too good a soldier to withdraw until his battle is completely won and his enemy finally disposed of. He promises to stay at Panama until the conditions of the canal are such as will require no special attention. Cucaracha slide is also on the job, and holds the great engineer to his work. The task of remodeling nature has proved much greater than could have been anticipated, and the unexpected obstruction of the seemingly interminable "slide" has provided one of those unlooked-for difficulties that make such undertakings the proper employment for genius. The job is a big one, but Goethals will conquer the "serpent" and its unstable strata if the thing can possibly be done.

A California doctor announces the invention of an apparatus which will determine at long range the nature of certain diseases, and dispensing with visits to the patient. This is important, if true. It will revolutionize present practice and make regular medical the foremost exponents of "absent treatment."

Gasoline makers appear to think the golden glow of autumn, chemically treated, yields two distinct elements—the golden and the glow. By the simple expedient of boosting the price the oil experts extract and can the golden and leave autoists to revel in the glow. Can you beat it? It must make a certain colonel almost turn green with envy to think that "Woodrow" is setting the record for White House weddings, while the only one that "Teddy" was able to help celebrate during his tenancy is still a race-suicide family.

Good Roads in Iowa

Report Iowa State Highway Commission. THE law under authority of which the present commission is organized, became effective on publication on April 9, 1912. Prior to that time the organization of the commission was under the law passed in 1904, which constituted the Iowa State college as an institution, a highway commission for the state. Under this form of organization the activities of the commission were directed by the dean of engineering, A. Marston, and the dean of agriculture, C. F. Curtis, under the general administration, first, of the board of trustees, and, later, of the State Board of Education. The first appropriation for the maintenance of the good roads work was \$3,500 per annum, which was increased in 1906 to \$5,000 per annum, and in 1910 to \$10,000 per annum. All bills, purchases and business details were handled through the finance committee of the board of trustees, and the secretary and treasurer of the college, and the commission's organization conformed to the same rules and regulations as did the regular departments of the college.

Under this organization it was possible to make a broad study of the needs of the state, and a considerable amount of information was gathered, which formed the foundation of the later legislation. Standard plans and methods for highway improvements were also developed and distributed to public officials.

In all the detailed studies that were made in the various counties and along various lines, the expenditure of public funds raised for highway improvement received the keenest analysis. Gradually it became evident that the expenditures for bridges and culverts should be the first to be placed on a business-like basis. Just as soon as the commission found that the culvert and bridge situation must be bettered in the state before any considerable progress could be made, the work of the commission at once became over to the bridges and culverts. It would be affected by the plan of the bridge work of the state on an open competitive basis. Two facts became immediately apparent.

First, that the state was divided into districts by the supply companies, and it was impossible to secure competition between them. Second, that there were no standards of value, or any general knowledge, amongst the road officials of the market value of bridge materials and labor which were being supplied to the public. Likewise there was no uniformity existing, either in quality or prices of the supplies furnished.

This vicious system began almost with the advent of the first iron bridges, and was developed through the stage of steel bridges and fastened itself with tenacious purpose upon the concrete bridge industry, augmented as it was by so-called patents and other practices amounting to little less than black-mail schemes for controlling the bridge and culvert funds of the state. These funds proper constituted about one-half the entire road taxes raised. In addition, however, to the bridge funds, more and more of the funds raised for road grading and drainage and drainage were diverted to pay for bridges or culverts. Just preceding the passage of the present road law probably not less than 50 per cent of the money for road work was going into corrugated, old boiler pipe, or other forms of culverts, or into road machinery, and a very small fraction indeed was actually reaching the road in the form of road work.

As soon as the commission had secured sufficient information relative to the existing conditions, recommendations were made for corrective legislation. Bills were introduced in three successive legislatures to provide an adequate bridge law, and each time they were overwhelmingly defeated through the influence of the lobby maintained by the bridge companies in co-operation with an element which at that time held the control in the State Supervisors' association.

It was not until several supervisors in Polk and Clinton counties were removed through the efforts of the department of justice and the highway commission that the people of the state became aware of the conditions that were existing in some counties. This was followed by the recovery by the highway commission and the department of justice, in co-operation with the county attorney of Clinton county, of over \$20,000 illegally paid out for bridge work in Clinton county.

The existence of like conditions in other districts of the state, together with the insistent demand for an efficient and trained administration of road and bridge construction under a responsible head, resulted in the legislation under which the present state highway department was organized and a completely new system of highway administration established.

Twice Told Tales

Saving the Day. A clergyman tells the following tale, showing his wife's wonderful and quick-witted wit. One day he noticed a woman whom he much disliked coming up his front steps. Taking refuge in his study, he left his wife to entertain the caller. Half an hour later he emerged from his retreat, listened carefully on the landing, and hearing nothing below, called down to his wife: "Has that horrible old bore gone?"

The objectionable woman was still in the drawing room, but the minister's wife proved equal to the occasion. "Yes, dear," she called back, "she went long ago! Mrs. Parker is here now."—New York Times.

It's Wav. In Montana a railway bridge had been destroyed by fire, and it was necessary to replace it. The bridge engineer and his staff were ordered in haste to the place. Two days later came the superintendent of the division. Alighting from his private car, he encountered the old master bridge-builder. "Bill," said the superintendent—and the words quivered with energy—"I want this job rushed. Every hour's delay costs the company money. Have you got the engineer's plans for the new bridge?" "I don't know," said the bridge-builder, "whether the engineer has the picture drawn yet or not, but the bridge is up and the trains is passin' over it."—Harper's Magazine.

People and Events

Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver announces that he is going to carry a gun "to protect his reputation." Jim Jeffries has gone into the movies. Sackers of the big fellow at Reno will be pleased to hear that Jim is able to go home. The second Saturday in May has been designated "American Indian day" by the Society of American Indians in convention at Lawrence, Kan. Remember the day and stick to the reservation.

Down in Dallas, Tex., a local peace enthusiast, having heard Colonel Bryan reel off a speech, attempted to embrace and kiss the colonel. It was a failure. The colonel saw him first and ducked.

There was a christening party at the home of Andrew Kambl in Chicago. The nature of the exercises is not mentioned, but as two or three invited guests were taken to a hospital the reader is privileged to guess.

A reminder of the volunteer firemen's days comes from White Plains, N. Y., where members of rival fire companies are charged with fire buggery. Keen competition for distinction at fires is said to be responsible for several recent fires in that burg.

Miss Eugenia Kelly, the heiress madcap of Broadway, breaks into print once more by rounding up the laborer, tailors and the rest of New York's "White Way." Mother Kelly is also talking in print and of a libel suit comes from the man in the case.

A Boston woman seeks a divorce on the ground that her husband is the "greatest liar on earth." A wife in New York obtained a divorce on the revelation that her husband made while talking in his sleep. All of which shows that married men should keep their mouths shut.

A St. Louis woman writing to a local paper says she married a lean man hoping to fatten him, but now admits the job is a failure. Her experience with one lean prompts a wifely sigh for a fat, because, as she puts it, "You can't borrow money from a lean man. They're not subject to a touch." Leans, do you get that?

The Bee's Letter Box

Brother Bradshaw Apologizes. NORTH PLATTE, Neb., Oct. 7.—To the Editor of The Bee: In following up the onslaught of the commercial travelers in The Bee's Letter Box condemning me as a simp, fool, liar and God knows what else, I follow commercial travelers, whatever evil thoughts you harbor in your minds against me does not change the assertion I made one lot. You stand as guilty in the sight of God as I do. I want to emphasize, brothers, that we are all weak and liable to error in our statements. I can plainly see where I committed a wrong when I said I was not of commercial travelers and sinners. I want to vindicate myself as a man by openly acknowledging to the traveling men in the columns here that I did them an injustice when I made the erroneous statement, and I certainly regret the fact as keenly as you do, and also I will acknowledge that I allowed my heart to get beyond reasonable control.

I am no saint, am no liar, thief, fool or any of the other slurs you were so prone to state. You are no more infallible than I or any other fair-minded person. I want to apologize for all the wrong I did you fellows by my assertions. I did not mean to assail your honor, but I did mean to assail some of your habits. I might be a critic on cards, and other vices, but take it from me I'll condemn the social card game along with the seasoned gambling card game, the social dance along with the redlight dances, the social drinker with the drunkard, right on until my last light has been extinguished, for commercial travelers and any one else, brothers, you have got to be the first before you finally settle in the last. If you indulge in questionable things, you'll have to expect to be censured.

Thanking you one and all for the verdict which you may render me, I have done by Christian duty; I have asked your forgiveness of any and all wrong I have committed against you. Don't have the impression that I was an enemy of the traveling man; far be it from that. I simply took in too much territory when I said 50 per cent were sinners. V. A. BRADSHAW. 602 West Eighth Street.

Does Anyone Understand Poker? OMAHA, Oct. 7.—To the Editor of The Bee: Turning from the delights of the Rev. Dr. W. A. Sunday's discourses to browse for a time among the other pleasures afforded by The Bee's Bright Column, my casually roving eye fell upon the announcement that a book has just been put out which will be greatly enjoyed by those "who know and understand poker." Let me express in behalf of the author the devout wish that his readers will not be so circumscribed in number.

Agur, whose wisdom was such that some portions of it have been preserved for us in connection with the proverb of Solomon, said: "There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not; the way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, and the way of a man with a maid." If this leader of early thought had lived in our day, I am sure he would have added a fifth to his catalog of inscrutable things, and admitted his awe and ignorance of poker.

Simplicity in itself, poker embodies all the philosophies of all the ages, the mathematics of all the ages, the gulle of the serpent, the courage of the lion, and the industry of the ant. It stimulates the high sublime and can look ahead and realize the hope that makes the future bright. The experienced approach the game with awe, born of dear bought knowledge; the simple set boldly forth, but neither ever touches the secret place wherein dwells the understanding of poker. When your young man has seen a hotshot carry off a fat jackpot, has watched four aces pass into nothing before a straight flush, has known the dread of "big dog," or felt the folly of "spit in the ocean," he may not understand poker, but he will have a lot more respect for the possibilities of this game in whose very mystery and uncertainty resides its charm and fascination. OLD POGY.

"Billy" a Scholar and Orator. NORFOLK, Neb., Oct. 7.—To the Editor of The Bee: The attitude some people take towards "Billy" Sunday to me is the most disgusting thing I know of. They certainly are very narrow minded and illiterate. Even one who reads his sermons will be benefited. I have for fifteen years watched him very closely and heard him on two series of meetings, only missing two nights. I was not a convert at his meetings, but was an active worker, and I know he is sincere and lives according to what he preaches. I consider him the greatest power we have today and a scholar and orator and he is logical and convincing. And I believe those who condemn him are misinformed or interested in the things "Billy" condemns. He certainly reaches the masses that seem almost beyond help and makes them good, clean and respected citizens.

Does Sunday do any good? Yes. Just think of the thousands who go away from the Tabernacle with good resolutions formed who never hit the sawdust trail. For it is up to the individual to make good; no one else can do it for him. And if some of those who are so active knocking would go to Omaha and "hit the trail" it would cause them to "bury their hammer" and their family and community would be benefited. GEORGIA O. MILLER.

Conflict of Sexes. BAXTER, Tenn., Oct. 6.—To the Editor of The Bee: Through the kindness of a brother minister of the Methodist conference just held in your city, I have had the pleasure of reading your paper the past week. I am a member of the Nebraska conference and appointed as instructor here in this Methodist school instead of as a pastor in Nebraska. A few days ago I noticed an article by Dorothy Dix on the "Conflict of the Sexes," which, in my estimation, is so seriously in error that I cannot refrain from comment. She represents man and wife as having inevitable conflicts due to the variation of sex and points out that they would care more for each other if not husband and wife. It is clearly evident that she does not understand the true unity of the marriage relation. A true, divine marriage is a perfect unity and there are no conflicts between them. They never think of each as a bondslave, but as the most blessed fellowship, each being the complement of the other. "The Conflict of the Sexes" exists only in faulty fiction or in the lives of those who happen to have agreed to live together, but who know nothing of the perfect unity of their marriage. A still more serious error is the false

idea she evidences regarding man. She represents the habits of smoking and drinking beer and the sporting disposition as "habits of the sex" and seems to think women should not expect to divorce him from those. How can we expect our daughters to have high ideals when such writers hold out such low ideals and standards? As a matter of fact, smoking and drinking does not belong to mankind at all. Every clean man is insulted by such an assertion. Every girl should have nothing to do with any young man who uses tobacco in any form or drinks or is of the "sporty" type, or is inclined to care more for his club than his home. The standards of morals and ideals of life should be the same for man as for woman and will be so if not corrupted. Smoking and drinking and such things do not belong to any intelligent human being. How can we ever succeed in getting our brothers to live clean, decent lives when a woman will excuse such things as habits of the sex? Let it then be clearly understood that such things do not belong to the sex. Such an intimation is an insult to every clean man. Why don't she express clean, ideal standards of Christianity? She would serve her age better. C. E. AUSTIN, Baxter Seminary.

GRINS AND GROANS.

Burglar (just acquitted, to his lawyer) "Why did I drop in soon and see you?" Lawyer—Very good; but in the day time, please.—Boston Transcript. "Fa, you know all that foodstuff sent by Chicago packers that England seized?" "Well, my son?" "Do they want it for their Beefeaters?"—Baltimore American. "Why don't you subscribe to my paper, Uncle Hy?" asked Editor Josh Lotts of the Smiley's Express. "It would be useless extravagance," replied Farmer Hypocrite Modders. "My wife belongs to the Chautauque club, the Sewin' circle and the Missionary society"—Judge.

KABIBBLE KABARET. DEAR MR. KABIBBLE, I DON'T WANT TO HURT MY FINNIES FEELINGS, BUT HOW CAN I PROMPT HIM FROM THROWING CLEAR ASHES ON THE CARPET? REMOVE THE CARPET.

Flubub—Isn't there some fable about the ass disguising himself with a lion's skin? Synicus—Yes, but now the colleges do the trick with a sheepskin.—Buffalo Courier.

"What do you think of this proposition to get off idiots in their infancy?" "It would do more than anything else to abolish war in the future."—Baltimore American.

"Upon, old man, you shun drinking water almost as if you were scared of it." "I am," shuddered Upon Downs, the promising but not paying young business man. "A doctor told me more than 90 per cent of my body is water already, and I'm afraid to dilute myself any more."—Judge.

SHATTERED DREAMS. I hid me to the country For a day or two of rest. I was told that there I'd find it Of a kind by far the best. Where no screech-owl and the night-hawk No horses' hoofs would clink On pavements and no noisy wheels Would rouse a sleepy gink.

Yes, I hid me to the country, To a farmhouse far remote, Where the fields at night lay silent, Where no sounds the darkness smote, 'Cept the screech-owl and the night-hawk— And I sank to slumber still, Lulled by the lonesome lullaby Of a far-off whippoorwill. Then all of a sudden a robin called, A wood-pecker drummed and an old cow bawled, A bob-white whistled, a rooster crowed, A meadow-lark bubbled, another cow lowed, A guinea-hen screeched, a donkey brayed, The house-dog barked and the horses neighed, Loud footsteps clattered,—at the door a knock,— "Are you ready for breakfast, sir, five o'clock."—Bayoli Ne Trete.

A REFRESHING DRINK

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Dr. Karl Muck. Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, writes as follows concerning the Mason & Hamlin Pianos. Boston, March 8, 1907. Messrs. Mason & Hamlin Co. Dear Sirs:—It is a pleasure to me to tell you that one of the real musical delights of my stay in America has been the intimate acquaintance I have made with your pianos. My visit to your factory and the demonstration there given me of your unique system of pianoforte construction have convinced me of the ideally high standard you have set before you, while my experience with your pianos at my home, as well as on the concert stage, has proved to me how completely you have attained that artistic ideal. Their beautiful tone, which no adjective can adequately describe, and their inspiring perfection of mechanism, render them noble instruments, worthy of the highest place in my esteem. Very truly yours, (Signed) DR. KARL MUCK.

A. HOSPE CO. Representatives 1513-1515 Douglas Street.