

THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY
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Omaha-Where the West is at its Best

HE REMADE THE WORLD.
Elwood Haynes is dead at his home at Kokomo, Ind., at the age of 68. Few persons in the United States knew about Elwood Haynes. He was not even a name to many.

Not long after that Haynes towed a strange looking carriage out into the country. Then he drove it back to town under its own power. The first gasoline-driven horseless carriage made a speed of eight miles per hour. But the victory was won.

"HOME'S WHAT YOU MAKE IT"
The Omahan who does not know Fritz Al Carlson's Omaha song, even though he may not be able to sing it, ought to try to sing it. It hasn't quite so much fight in it as it ought to have.

"HOME'S WHAT YOU MAKE IT" (continued)
Then he took "her" to a party he walked up to the gate and whistled. Now he drives up in front of the house and honks his horn.

Nothing puzzling about it.
The Treasury department at Washington confesses it is puzzled by the unprecedented demand for dollar bills.

dollar bills he not only feels like a millionaire but he actually believes that all beholders believe that he is in the Ford-Rockefeller-Mellon class.

UNWED MOTHER AND HER CHILD.
Miss Alice Fiske of the University of Iowa addressed the regional conference of the National Child Welfare society on a subject of great interest.

God Versus Infidelity—Evolution.
Omaha—The Editor of The Omaha Bee: During the past weeks, through the city newspapers, several infidel-evolutionists of mixed zanders, have accused me of breaking into print.

AND THEN SOME.
"America," declares the Louisville Courier-Journal, "gave the world tobacco, potatoes, oats, corn, pumpkins and turkeys."

SPEAKING OF EVOLUTION.
In the old days a boy was content with playground apparatus consisting of a shiny club he cut from a hedge row, and a ball made from the raveling of an old yarn sock.

Abel Martin
"Who wrote it?"
"Henley—an English author."
"O, when an Englishman talks about your body he doesn't mean anything."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Homespun Verse
By Omaha's Own Poet—Robert Worthington Davie.
FROM AN INTERVIEW.
The fruit of this aeon, the myriad hollers, Is measured with cold and exchanged dollar.—
And all that was beauty and grandeur before us,—
And much that was lovely and truly decorous—
Is mythical—merely.

Letters From Our Readers

All letters must be signed, but names will be withheld upon request. Communications of 200 words and less will be given preference.

Man's Destiny Lies Onward.
Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: It seems rather astounding that a person of such common sense intelligence as Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick would ask the futility questions attributed to him in his Easter sermon at Plymouth church the other day.

God Versus Infidelity—Evolution. (continued)
It is not highly believable that, considering the marvels of the universe, wherein some master mind must have created and perpetuated it, the Psalmist in exclaiming, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God," uttered it in piteous lamentation that any puny human could be so barren of spiritual understanding as to utter such blithering twaddle.

God Versus Infidelity—Evolution. (continued)
Yesterday an errand took us down on South Tenth street, and we stood for a while on the viaduct, watching the trains passing beneath. For us there is something fascinating about a freight train. For the life of us we can not refrain from watching them, and keeping a sharp lookout for an open side-door.

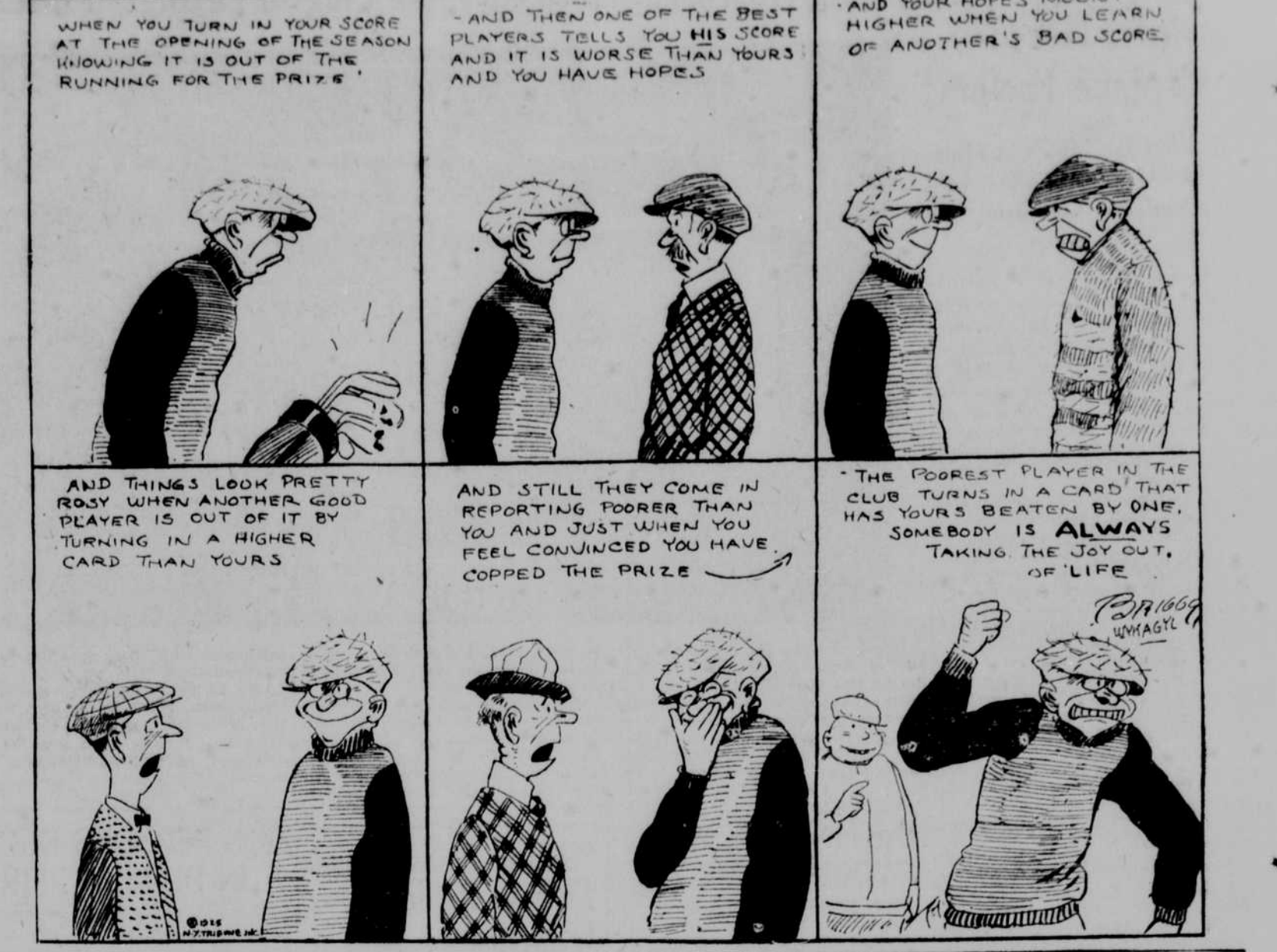
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Homespun Verse (continued)
FROM AN INTERVIEW.
The steps of the angels are fewer and lighter,—
The cabaret beams are larger and brighter,—
The hour of midnight, the hour of learning,—
Shows bulbs of rhapsody or revelers burning.

Somebody Is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life



WHEN YOU TURN IN YOUR SCORE AT THE OPENING OF THE SEASON KNOWING IT IS OUT OF THE RUNNING FOR THE PRIZE

—AND THEN ONE OF THE BEST PLAYERS TELLS YOU HIS SCORE AND IT IS WORSE THAN YOURS AND YOU HAVE HOPES

—AND YOUR HOPES MOUNT HIGHER WHEN YOU LEARN OF ANOTHER'S BAD SCORE.

AND THINGS LOOK PRETTY ROSY WHEN ANOTHER GOOD PLAYER IS OUT OF IT BY TURNING IN A HIGHER CARD THAN YOURS

—AND STILL THEY COME IN REPORTING POORER THAN YOU AND JUST WHEN YOU FEEL CONVINCED YOU HAVE COPPED THE PRIZE

—THE POOREST PLAYER IN THE CLUB TURNS IN A CARD THAT HAS YOURS BEATEN BY ONE, SOMEBODY IS ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY OUT OF LIFE

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SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, not forget, that Sunrise never failed us yet.
Celia Baxter

RISMET.
I feel the lure of the open road,
The call of the long, broad ways,
I long to tread the smooth roadstead
Through the gold of the springtime days.

Colorado Mountain Playgrounds
Plan from Pictures your Outing-Colorado
FOR LOW COST VACATIONS

"MONEY COULDN'T BUY GOOD KARNAK DID ME"
This Medicine Is Certainly a World-Beater, Declares Thos. Stewart of Omaha.
The ravaging effects of indigestion on the system and the quick and thorough way in which the remarkable new medicine, Karnak, overcomes this health wrecking trouble and brings new strength and energy to weak, rundown men and women is forcefully demonstrated in the case of Thos. J. Stewart, 117 S. 14th St., Omaha, Neb.

Center Shots
It is understood the last member of the A. E. F., who returned home the other day from France, had finally worn out all the home-knit war socks.

As You Were.
From an authentic source we learn that there are, at this moment, 2,693,351 poor unfortunate at work solving crossword puzzles. (These figures do not include the returns from Siberia and Zambesi.)

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