

IDENTIFIED AS BENSON BANDIT

Tellers of Bank That Was Looted Positive He Is One of Robbers

Omaha, Neb.—(UP)—A man giving the name of James B. Row, Kansas City, Mo., has been identified by two bank tellers as one of a quintet of bandits who held up and robbed the Farmers and Merchants bank at Benson on November 14 police announce.

The man was arrested by private detectives several days ago. Two revolvers and a shotgun were found in his room when detectives forced their way into it while he was apparently asleep. He was picked from a group of 12 men by Harry Golden and William Hinz, whose identification, according to police, is positive. Rowe denied implication in the robbery. He claims to be a taxicab driver and said he was here looking for work. He did not attempt to explain the small arsenal found in his possession.

GET LINE ON NUMBER FISHERS AND HUNTERS

Lincoln, Neb.—(UP)—With a view to determining whether the nimrods or the anglers are the more numerous in Nebraska, State Game Warden O'Connell is conducting a survey of the 1928 game and fish permits to discover during what seasons the greater number of permits are issued.

O'Connell states that this is the first such survey made, and the poll will be taken of permits issued in 20 representative counties. The tabulation of permits for Lancaster county has been completed and indicates that 70 per cent of the licenses were issued during the months of March, April, May, June and July. These months constitute the fishing season, and O'Connell deduces that there are more anglers than nimrods in Lancaster county. During 1928, he states, there were a total of 9,000 permits issued.

A survey will be made annually hereafter, the warden states, at the close of each year.

LEGION POST TO PUT ON BIG WOLF HUNT

Shelton, Neb.—(UP)—Shelton post of the American Legion is sponsoring a wolf hunt in the territory north and west of Shelton next Sunday. Four captains, to lead a line from all four sides of the territory to be hunted over, have been appointed.

Rifles are barred from the hunt and hunters are instructed to use nothing heavier than No. 2 chill shot in their shotguns. The roundup will be on a hay meadow. All wolves killed will be the property of the Legion post and will be disposed of by that organization. Following the hunt a blue rock shoot will be held.

ASSERTS FARMERS IN BEST FINANCIAL CONDITION

Omaha, Neb.—(UP)—Farmers are in best financial condition this year than they have been since the post-war depression. D. P. Hogan, president of the Omaha Federal Land bank said in an address to Creighton students here Thursday night.

The land bank is in the healthiest condition in its history, Hogan said. Fewer loans were made this year, number of mortgages foreclosed was greatly reduced and farmers have paid their obligations more promptly than for several years, he said.

The same situation prevails in other federal land banks throughout the country, but the Omaha institution continued to lead them all, he said.

LEGION WINS FIGHT FOR CENSUS DIRECTOR

McCook, Neb.—(UP)—The McCook American Legion was believed Friday to have been victorious in its fight against Frank J. Hamilton as census director for this district and Theodore S. Barnes is expected to receive the appointment instead. Barnes had not applied for the post until after the McCook post of the American Legion had launched its fight against Hamilton's confirmation on the ground that the position should go to a former service man. Congressman Fred Johnson had recommended Hamilton who was selected by a committee of the McCook Chamber of Commerce.

LAY PLANS FOR TAKING CATHOLIC CHURCH CENSUS

Hartington, Neb.—(Special)—A meeting of Catholic priests and other high church dignitaries was held here to form plans for an extensive and comprehensive census of the members of that religious body in this district. The clergy and a number of laymen of the church assembled at the request of Bishop Joseph E. Rummel of Omaha. The plan was fully explained by Monsignor Stenson. Not only will the census give the exact population of communicants but will provide information for determining parish and diocesan religious, educational and philanthropic requirements.

NORFOLK EDUCATOR HEADS TEACHERS OF NEBRASKA

Lincoln, Neb.—(UP)—H. B. Simon, superintendent of the Norfolk schools, was elected president of the Nebraska State Teachers association, Friday at the closing session of the delegate assembly of the association. Supt. J. A. Jimmerson of Auburn, was elected vice president and Supt. O. L. Webb was re-elected treasurer. The executive committee was empowered to elect a secretary.

Santa Claus Writes Letter to the World

A letter from good old St. Nicholas, from Santa Claus himself? Whoever heard of such a thing? But why not? Anybody—if there is anybody else—who has had so many letters written to him out to be able to write just one in return.

Anyway, the Republican, after getting the shade of Captain Pynchon, to write a letter to Santa Claus last year, thought that this year the good saint ought to be asked to do the writing. So a reporter was sent—and the reporter had to start very early—to see him.

Just how did the reporter get there? That's a secret. Perhaps he followed Dr. Cook's gumdrop trail up among the Eskimos. Anyway, he found St. Nick far off among the snows exercising his famous reindeer—Donner and Blitzen and all the rest—so that on the morning night before Christmas they might be able to go like the wind and visit every house with a child in it.

The merry saint seemed to be driving those reindeer for practice in a great, wide circle around the North Pole. It was sort of an Arctic race track with polar bears and seals to look on. But he called a merry "Whoa!" to his team as soon as he saw the reporter on snow shoes.

"Who are you?" asked St. Nick, with a laugh. "Are you another postman with one more bundle of Christmas letters for me?"

"No," said the Arctic circle reporter, "this year the Republican wants you to write a before-Christmas letter."

"I write a letter?" shouted St. Nick. "By gracious I'll do it, only I'll have to write it in the snow and then you can copy it." With that he jumped from his sleigh and ran—how he can run for a jolly, fat little man—over to a nearby iceberg, plucked a great, long icicle from its side and was back in a twinkling.

"Now," exclaimed St. Nick, thinking out loud and pulling his long, white beard, "what do I want to say?" and then he began writing in the snow, talking as he wrote and writing as he talked, and this is what he said:

To all the children, big and little: I got your letter last year. I tried to give you all the things you asked for. But some of them I couldn't give. And now this year I need your help, very especially (my! that's a long word, but I hope they'll understand it.) I need your help so that no wistful child in all your big city shall have been overlooked when Christmas morning comes.

The fact is, I need more help every year. Because, you know, I can't bring the Christmas spirit all by myself. And the Christmas spirit—the spirit of the Christ child, the spirit of peace and happiness and helpfulness—is the best gift of the day and best and biggest when it lasts all the days of the year until I come around in my sleigh once more.

I am sure there are lots of children who have lots of toys that are good and strong that they don't use any more. I wish they'd give these toys to me to help fill my pack. If they do I'm sure they'll have a better Christmas themselves just because they've helped me to make it a better Christmas for someone else.

And now let's see! I must look up Captain Pynchon's letter and read again what he asked for the children last year. (The saint hunted in his pockets until he found the captain's letter.)

H'm. I did bring you some things the captain asked for, didn't I? You have your "planning commission" that you wanted "to make the world a still better place to live in." I'm glad I brought you that; those who are boys and girls now will be more glad when they grow up.

"A junior high school rightly placed"—that was another thing you asked for that I brought. But I guess I fooled you for a time by putting so many wrappings on it and then putting it way down in the toe of the stocking so that you thought I'd made a mistake and forgotten it.

You know I do sometimes fool myself and get mixed up on packages. For example, I'm not just sure that I can bring you a new railroad station or a new postoffice this year; someone else might have to wait because my pack's so crowded. I've got them, though, and I'll bring them another year if not this.

But what I hope and think I am going to bring you more work for these who need it and more prosperity, health and happiness for all. I'm sure I hope so—that wasn't enough of these to go around last year and because of that I am afraid there are all too many homes that aren't expecting me this year. I don't suppose you could let me know just what homes these are, for they are just the homes I want to make sure of visiting first, no matter how tight a squeeze it will be to get down their chimneys.

And now there was another thing the Captain Pynchon asked for last year. It was this: "A larger civic conscience and higher ideal for the future city. A pride in the city's affairs and a readiness helpfully to perform the full duties of citizenship."

H'm. Do you know (here St. Nick both talked and wrote) that spirit of service to the community is something that I can bring to everyone, provided they really want it—and I can't unless they do. If I thought it would be really welcome I'd put some of it in a package for each and every house.

There's one thing that makes me glad I took on this job of writing a letter (said St. Nick as he drew to a close and looked to see that the point of his icicle was still sharp) I generally have to hurry away so fast that I don't even have time to say Merry Christmas; besides, everybody is asleep except those who are waiting to see me come down the chimney. So this is my chance to say, "Merry Christmas" to one and all and to tell them that the song I like best to hear in the cold, clear air of Christmas morning, as I drive back in my sleigh toward the North Pole that old, old song—

God rest you, merry gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay, For Jesus Christ, our Savior, Was born on Christmas day. (Signed) Santa Claus, Near the North Pole, December, 1928.

The Christmas Angel

BY MINNA IRVING

Folded in a cloak of moonlight, waving wings of silver flame. Down the scintillating star-way Christmas eve an angel came. Snowflakes fluttered in his hair, fingers softer than the down of geese.

Pearls confined her shining tresses and she bore the palms of peace. O'er the fields of blood and glory, lightly gliding to and fro. On the many mounds and crosses dropping garlands of the snow.

Went the heavenly spirit counting one by one the heroes brave Who had walked the road of crimson till it ended in the grave.

Soldiers from the yeldt and prairie, From Australia, Zanzibar, From America and England and Canadian forests far, From the villages of Flanders and the stormy Hebrides

And Italia's groves of olives, rippling in the balmy breeze. But where slung the youthful air-men, there she lingered loath to leave.

Naming them as sweetly chiming rang the bells of Christmas eve:—"Quentin Roosevelt, David Putnam, bright immortal souls that soared up the pathway of the azure to the bosom of the Lord.

"Lo! they won the untried spaces higher than the eagles fly. Fighting for the cause of Freedom daring duels in the sky. And she finally found that beyond the blue impacts Splendor to the stars of morning found an altar in their hearts.

These and all their valiant comrades of the army of the air Nevermore shall be forgotten till the judgment trumpets blow. Since the angels came bringing gifts to Jesus Christmas day, Sons of earth have never given greater gifts, behold! than they.

"For they gave not gold or jewels sordid trinkets bought and sold And ordains "must and arris and to mingle in the mold. But their lives that generations yet unborn may never feel On their backs the tyrant's lashes on their necks the tyrant's heel.

They were kindred to the sunrise clouds and all celestial things; Bethlehem's Star perhaps has shimmered from the void upon their wings. Bells of Christmas! let your music softly play above their rest, Gallant airmen of the Allies by the world forever blest."

Up and up the angel mounted, and the snowflakes ceased to fall. And the stars appeared to light her like eternal candles tall. And the bells of Christmas, pealing flung their rapture to the skies. Swelling in melodious willows to the gates of Paradise.

Calling to the world to listen to the wondrous tidings borne In a flood of notes outpouring to the frosty Christmas morn:—"Hail! all hail! the Son of Heaven! Kneel O mortals, and adore! Joy and gloria in excelsis, peace on earth forevermore."

Oh, CHRISTMAS LAND it's just across the hall With its little living room Where holly decks the wall. Right in the middle stands a tree With crimson tinsel gay. And strange and wondrous is the fruit It bears on Christmas day.

An apple and an orange grow Upon the same green bough, A wagon and a rocking horse, A sled and spotted cow; And nuts and sparkling sugar plums And drums and skates and horns And dolls with flaxen tresses drop Like pearls on windy morns.

But only little boys and girls That always mind at school And know their daily lessons well And try to keep each rule, And say their prayers every night Can hope to see the tree Of happy children round the tree That grows in Christmas Land. —Minna Irving

mense dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat and called dough nuts, or oly kocks. "The tea was served out of a majestic Delft tea pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs. To sweeten the beverage a lump of sugar was laid beside the cup and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economical old lady which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea table, by a string from the ceiling so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth, an ingenious expedient which is still kept up by some families in Albany."

"We think Mr. Irving grew a bit satirical toward the end, but then he was apt to do that. The general observance of New Year's day was celebrated in endless reams of poetry printed in the newspapers and delivered by carrier. The following sample continued on indefinitely and may as well conclude our story. "The day devoted is to Mirth And now around the social hearth Friendship unlocks her genial springs And Harmony her lyre now strings While Plenty spreads her copious hoard And piles and crowns the festive board."

Short-Lived Joy. From Tit-Bits. The man who had been held up by bandits was very bitter about it "For a moment," he said, "my heart leaped with joy. I thought they said: 'Your money or your wife.'"

000, the name was changed to Toronto, Indian for "a place of meeting." Today Toronto, with its parliament buildings, its splendid city hall, its universities, colleges and parks and beautiful residential districts, overpowers little Kingston.

Right but Wrong. From Pele Mele, Paris. Maud: What's a monolog, daddy? Father: A conversation between husband and wife, my dear. Maud: I thought that was a dialog. Father: Not a dialog is where two persons are speaking.

Odd Harvest Festival Held in London Church

Out of the most curious harvest festivals in existence is that held every year in the old city church of St. Dunstan in the East, near Bishopsgate, London, England. At this thanksgiving service 39 kinds of fish, equal to the number of the 39 articles of the Church of England, are displayed.

A brotherhood of fish, extending from the lordly salmon to the humble periwinkle, and including sole, eel, halibut, herring, cod, lobster, crab and oyster, are used to decorate the church, and fruits, tea, coffee, cocoa and wine also have an honored place.

This year a gigantic wheaten loaf more than four feet high, and a great emden goose were also of the company. All these are offerings from city merchants, and when the service is over they are sent to Guy's hospital, according to ancient custom.—Detroit News.

Virtue to Vice

Jullus Rosenwald, the millenarian philanthropist, in an address in Chicago advocated short hours and long vacations.

"I love work," he said. "All successful people love it. It is one of the best things in the world. Yet work must not be carried to excess.

"Work, carried to excess, from being a virtue becomes a vice, just as four aces in a card game fill every heart with admiration, while five cause all manner of trouble, hatred and turmoil."

Futuristic

Optimism was the keynote of a banquet in London, just prior to the departure of the British premier, Ramsay MacDonald, for America. It was a gala occasion and apparently the only skeptic present was Lord Dewar. Lord Dewar, when called upon to say a few words, said:

"You have all preached optimism. What is optimism? In my humble opinion optimism makes a man of ninety buy a new suit of clothes and two pairs of trousers."

Black Pessimism

"Our Japanese bravery is perhaps due to Japanese pessimism," said Ojiro Oyama, Japanese consul to San Francisco.

"We Japanese have a black strain of pessimism in our veins. Our proverb is the most pessimistic in the world. For instance: "To revenge yourself on your enemy, let him live."

More Useful

Customer—Have you a copy of "Who's Who" and "What's What," by Jerome K. Jerome? Clerk—No, but we have "Who's He" and "What's He Got," by R. G. Dun.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Explained

"John," said Mrs. Dumbell, "what do they mean by a man being long-headed?" "That he isn't short-sighted," he grumbled from behind his paper.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Very Serious

"What makes you look so miserable?" "I would like to change a \$20 bill." "But that is nothing serious." "But I haven't got one."

Give Him a D. S. C.

"Did you hear about the bright forest ranger?" "No, what did he do?" "Applied for a pension after being gassed by a skunk."

Both Have Drawbacks

Blinks—I've seen a lot of rich people I don't envy. Jinks—Yeah? Well, I've also seen a lot of poor ones I don't, either.

The Realization

"Did you realize anything from your investment in those gold mines?" "Yep, I realized that my wife was right."—Ottawa Evening Gazette.

Anger Shows Weakness

The angriest person in a controversy is the one most likely to be in the wrong.—Tillotson.

Too Long a Wait

Usher—How many, please? Exasperated Person—There were five of us but three died.

Up and Up

"Is their house up-to-date?" "Oh, yes, and up for auction."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

The cattalo is a cross-breed animal produced by crossing a buffalo with a yak and then crossing the offspring with domestic cattle.

Many a novel is written with a lot of dialogue in it, so it can be turned into a play.

Poison is drunk out of gold.

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To Cool a Burn

Use HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh. All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not satisfied.

Youngster's Retort Not Grammatical, but Neat

The shortage of fruit pickers in Orange county recalls the story they tell of a Santa Ana man with a small grove who was too parsimonious to hire expert help and tried to do the work himself with the aid of his small son.

Real Fighting Bull

A fighting bull in Spain recently broke loose from the box in which it was being transported from the Saltillo farm to Valladolid when the train was stopped at the station of Los Parrales, in the province of Ciudad Real. The civil guards were called to take the situation in hand, and when they drove up in their truck, the bull "tore into it," damaging the truck considerably. The guards began shooting, and with each shot the bull became wilder and wilder, and died only after the forty-sixth shot had been fired.

Industrial Term

Cartel is a name applied to practically all forms of industrial combinations in Europe. Production cartels aim primarily at joint regulation or control of production. Their main purpose is to prevent overproduction. The selling cartel is one in which a single sales agency handles all or part of the output of the individual member plants. Price-fixing is generally included in its activities.

Tin Found in Canada

The first find of tin in Canada has been made in the Shatford and Bernic lake districts of Manitoba and the announcement is hailed with great interest in that country. The country referred to is very rugged and inaccessible, but if the discovery warrants it there will be provided the means of getting the material out.

Fishing Pond on Roof

A recently constructed building of Portland, Ore., has a real fishing pond on the roof for the accommodation of city residents who are unable to get into the country for a fishing experience. The pond is surrounded with growths which give it the appearance of nature and it answers many purposes.

Things We Don't See

So many of us go through the day and hardly notice the sparkle of sunlight on a lake or goblet, the majestic angles cast by a skyscraper or a picket fence, the grace of a dandelion turned white and fluffy, of a gray road winding over a hill.—Woman's Home Companion.

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