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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

NATURE STILL SMILES AT MAN.
 The flight of the ZR-3, soon to be re-christened "Los Angeles," was a wonderful achievement. It started so gently, continued so smoothly, and ended so auspiciously, that the mind does not grasp the details of all that it means. More than 5,000 miles of actual flight through the air, without a stop. Less than 82 hours' time consumed in crossing from southwestern Germany to the Atlantic coast of the United States. Average speed of a little more than 62 miles an hour continuously maintained.

Naked figures do not tell of the hours of anxiety spent by the men on board. When the great dirigible had been "put to bed" in the enormous hangar, a news reporter wrote of the crew as "red-eyed and weary men, worn with their long vigil, seeking rest for themselves. In those words may be discovered something that should be taken into reckoning when we talk glibly of transoceanic flight. The feat is possible, but still is attended by such hazard as all but put it beyond utility save in the case of great national emergency. In the case of the ZR-3 the normal hazards of the voyage were enhanced by the fact that the great bags of the vessel were inflated with hydrogen gas, for which the airmen are coming to hold the highest of respect and handle with the utmost caution.

While the ZR-3 was crossing the Atlantic, the Shenandoah was making a voyage as hazardous across the continent. With due allowance for the fact that its bags were inflated with a noninflammable gas, no part of the across-ocean trip presented the difficulties encountered and overcome by the Shenandoah in its passage over the mountains between Texas and California. Another incident was the damage to the framework while landing at San Diego. These are the items that make up the problem for the air navigators.

Helium gas, inert and almost as buoyant as hydrogen, is the answer to the inflation problem. A sufficient supply is yet lacking. Duralumin, discovered and used by the Germans during the war, and independently discovered by the American navy since, serves well the requirements for the metal framework of the giant airships. But the actual handling of them in flight, on landing and at rest presents complications that are not yet entirely understood. Airmen are on the job, proceeding with care and skill to master their business. They have learned one of the secrets of flight, and so encouraged are going after the others.

Secretary Hoover gives as his opinion that speed is the thing to be sought now. When the airplane can reliably cover distance at the rate of 200 miles an hour, it will become a real competitor for the railroad train. Conditions of travel in this country, especially between the big business centers, is so carried on that a minimum of time is lost, and this fact is the great hurdle the commercial airplane will have to surmount.

Abroad, where conditions are different, such as between London and Paris, where the eight hours by rail and boat is cut to two by the airplane, the commercial use of aviation is going ahead rapidly. English promoters have announced a great system of air routes that connect the principal points in Europe and Asia. They are working on an engine that will burn heavy oil and yet serve the airships. Our air mail is the most practical application of the science of aviation yet made. It covers the longest route and is most reliable in its service. That it will be expanded is as certain as the meeting of the next congress. Americans are waking up to the value of the airship, but are not deceived by the thought that all its problems have been solved by the flight of the ZR-3 or the Shenandoah.

Less than a score of years have passed since the Wrights opened the way to successful mechanical flight. Wonderful progress has been made. Airmen know things they did not know, even during the war. They are earnestly striving to find out the things they really need to know to make their success absolute. Nature still smiles at them, and often smiles on them. Some day the dreams will all have come true.

DEATH ON THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

Americans for the last two decades or longer have been feverishly active in the construction of modern highways. Hundreds of millions of dollars and the labor of vast armies of men have been expended in the work. For the service of humanity, of course. How has humanity made use of these wonderful improvements?
 Twenty out of each 100,000 inhabitants in the land met death in a highway accident during the twelve months of 1923. A total of 22,621 people were killed during that year in highway mishaps. This is an increase of 3,418 over the record of the previous year. Of the total number, 16,452 are ascribed to automobile accidents; 2,268 to railway grade crossing accidents; 2,006 to street railways; 836 to motorcycles, and 1,599 to other vehicles.

What is the answer to this? Speed. In 99 out

of every 100 cases the fault lies in the utter recklessness of somebody who is burning up the road. Is there any need for this rush? No. The few moments saved by the mad hurry along the highway are wasted in some other way.
 When will Americans learn to play safe on the highways? Are our broad city streets and splendid rural avenues to be merely highways to the cemetery? Safety councils and other agencies have done their utmost to drive home the lesson, that danger lurks in haste. Railroad companies, automobile associations, schools, newspapers, and police have dinged it into ears that hear not. The national bonfire wastes wealth. The national joy-ride wastes human life. Between the two we are undergoing a dreadful drain. Rich as we are, powerful as we are, we can not forever stand the strain.

DON'T INCREASE THE CAR FARE.

Citizens of Omaha are viewing the conference between the tramway company and the city council from a single point. The only thing that they are most concerned is the item of fare.
 There must be no increase in the price charged for rides by the tramway company. Against this will go up a justified protest that even the big bosses will hearken to. No resident of Omaha desires that the company be embarrassed in its operation from lack of finance. Everybody wants to enjoy prosperity, and are equally willing to share it with all. That much is elemental.

The tramway company makes specific complaint that its earnings on a permitted valuation are not equal to the percentage rate granted it as reasonable. To bring this earning capacity up to the divided rate set as proper, two methods are proposed. Either the company shall be relieved of certain charges now made against it by the city, or it is to be permitted to raise the fares. One of the items from which relief is asked is the occupation tax, the other is the charge for paving inside its rails.

Either of these can be removed and the amount be distributed over the entire tax roll of the city. Or, both can be retained, and the equivalent sum will be assessed to those who use the street cars as a means of transportation. In other words, the money collected by the city for occupation tax and to cover the cost of paving inside the rails will be charged to the workers, to the shop girls, the clerks, the laborers and the school children, who make up the great bulk of street car riders.

Against such an injustice outcry is inevitable. With the problem of refunding the bonds that fall due against the company in 1928 the public has only collateral interest. The matter of fare is immediate and a direct tax on those who can least afford to pay it.

Gentlemen of the city council, and of the tramway, too, you can well afford to make diligent search for a better adjustment of the difficulty, and not resort to the easy expedient of increasing the charge for car fare.

OCTOBER IN NEBRASKA.

The middle of October, and Nebraska bathed in mellow sunshine while soft breezes laden with life-giving ozone blow gently over fields of greening winter wheat and stir the colorful leaves of the trees into sweet symphonies of happiness and prosperity. Upon a thousand hills the cattle feed to repletion, and granaries filled to bursting give promise of winter joys yet to come.

In thousands of yellow corn fields is heard the joyful sound of the well filled ears ringing against the throw-boards, and here and there and everywhere is heard the lowing of contented kine sedately and slowly marching homeward to yield their rich store of milk later to be coined into yellow butter and then transmuted into yellow gold.

Seed time and harvest have come and gone in this grand commonwealth, and in the mellow sunshine of October her people may pause a bit from strenuous toil to take cognizance of the many blessings showered upon them in a year now slowly and happily drawing to its close.

Spring, bringing back the green to the trees and the fields, is a happy release from the rigors of winter. Summer with its toil is made happy by the thoughts of the harvest's reward. September brings with it the visible evidences of toil required. But October in Nebraska brings with it the colorful days, the rest from ceaseless toil and the comforting thoughts that winter has been guarded against and a happy holiday season well won.

HYLAN RIGHT FOR ONCE.

The Authors League has sent to the president and secretary of navy a letter signed by 1,900 authors, protesting against the action of Mayor Hylan of New York, who interfered with the presentation of the play, "What Price Glory." The mayor merely ordered that certain vulgar and profane phrases be cut out. Aside from this, the piece goes on as it was being presented.

Allowance must be made for the press-agent trickery that gets the authorities to advertise the play as indecent. Nothing so certainly gets the public eye as a drama or picture reputed to be off-color. It may be as harmless as skim milk, and usually is, but excite public curiosity and the trick is done. Maybe the Authors League is just putting on a follow-up stunt, to clinch the effect produced by having the mayor look into the matter.

However, we are inclined to put in with Mayor Hylan. Granting that soldiers, sailors, and all the rest swear at times, with or without provocation, does not justify the use of profanity at the theater. Any realism that depends on sulphurous expletives may well be abandoned. One of the authors of "What Price Glory?" was a captain in the marines, and left a leg in France. He knows all about the language used in the trenches, along the march, in the estaminets, and elsewhere by the gallant "leathernecks." He also knows that he would not be permitted to put this into a play in full form. Why, then use any?

It is not prudishness to object to any display of vulgarity at the theater. If the stage has any real service, it is to advance the general level of public culture. This can not be done by exhibiting that which is an offense against good manners. A play that depends for its success on the freedom with which its characters use swear-words, is better not played.

It will be noted that after visiting several sections of the state Mr. Norton is soft-pedaling his original statement that he would enthusiastically carry out the Bryan policies.

Among other books Bre'r Charlie Bryan has not read in the last 28 years may be listed the ledgers in the state treasurer's office.

Democracy's feeble attempts at backfiring on Daves' whirlwind campaign have proved lamentable failures.

An Old Fashioned Railroad

One That Clings to the Homely Virtues of Service to the Public Pays Its Debts and Maintains Its Credit by Keeping Faith.

Among other things of real interest in this world is the Veterans' Association of the Burlington Route. To be eligible one must have been in the Burlington service 20 years. There are 5,000 who are eligible under this requirement, 2,000 are enrolled, and 800 attended the banquet at Lincoln on the evening of Monday, October 8. One of the veterans present was the diner worked for the Burlington before the Civil war. He went to the front as a soldier, and when the war was ended returned to his employment with the Burlington. Several others were there who had records of 50 years and over with the company.

Mr. Hale Holden, president of the company, was the speaker of the evening, and he gave his attention mainly to the organization of which he is the head. Dealing with the early history of the Burlington road, Mr. Holden said:

"On September 2 next year, 1925, the Burlington will be 75 years old. The quaint language of the original charter, which was that of the Aurora Branch railroad, fails to attract interest. It authorized the company: 'To maintain and continue a railroad with a single or double track and with such appendages as may be deemed necessary for the convenient use of the same, from the town of Aurora, in the county of Kane, to some eligible and convenient point in the county of Du Page, there to connect with the Galena & Chicago Union railroad.'

"The charter was dated February 12, 1849, and the scope of the enterprise was to run a distance of 12.62 miles. The line was open for traffic September, 1850, with one engine, one coach and two baggage and freight cars.

"This modest and obscure beginning was in keeping with every other condition in this western country at that time. To properly visualize the amazing growth that has been accomplished during these 75 years and to estimate the value of the service which this company has given to the great west, it is necessary in the making of what we call the 'middlewest,' recall, if you will, the conditions in Illinois, in Iowa and in Nebraska during the present portion of the Burlington road began, and during which many of its lines were constructed.

"The local histories of that period record that the best land around Galesburg, Ill., could then be purchased at 80 cents per acre; that corn sold for 8 to 10 cents per bushel; wheat for 10 cents, and dressed hogs at \$1.50 per hundred pounds, and that everybody was poor and nearly everyone was in debt.

"Crossing the Mississippi into Iowa, many of you will recall the story of 'Senior Cummings' of Iowa, who on the road had been halted at Ottumwa for seven years, he accompanied the then president of the company on a wagon journey overland from Ottumwa to Plattsmouth and how that president decided that a railroad through southern Iowa could be built at less cost than the route through the north, and actually resigned the presidency because the more sanguine directors overruled him and extended the road to the Missouri river in 1870.

"Governor Grimes of Iowa said that in those early days no one supposed that the state would ever be inhabited by white men.

"Crossing the Missouri river in those days, the traveler found himself in an uninhabited and apparently God-forsaken country. In the then village of Omaha they told him that if he went there, there was nothing but sand hills. Alvin Saunders, the first governor of your territory, said privately, the same thing, and it is reported to have induced in talk of a railroad being built into a country where it would never be needed and where there was nothing for a railroad to do. As late as 1871 it was the general belief that much of the land west of Lincoln was not worth 10 cents per acre, and at Hastings travelers slept on the ground by a hay stack because there was no house for miles. At the time the road reached Lincoln, quarter sections of land in this country could be entered under the homestead law for \$14. No one has better described conditions before the advent of this and other western railroads than Mr. Rignell in his tribute to Mr. Perkins. He speaks of Mr. Perkins as the prime mover in building the Burlington in Nebraska, and that the money was invested through faith in him, because at that time eastern investors knew very little about this western country.

"Mr. Perkins had the qualities of a statesman; he was an empire builder; he was the greatest statesman of the long years of his distinguished career in your midst, and who was Mr. Perkins' lifelong associate and supporter in carrying on the great work of the railroad. He called the railroad a 'pork barrel' measure because of the clamorous demands of interested sections of the country for appropriations. The same conditions are bound to arise under government administration of the railroads, only much more, because all sections of the country will be involved.

"Many labor leaders before the war went upon record as opposed to government ownership and management of the railroads. They called it a 'goose step' management, because of the rigid semi-military discipline with low wages on German government-owned railways. One of them said in a public address in 1914: 'American railroads are the best managed of any in the world. The men in charge of these great systems stand head and shoulders above the railroad men of the world. There is no other class of business where the details are watched so closely as on the average railroad.'

"This is probably the opinion of the better class of labor leaders today, but certain experiences of a political nature during the federal administration of the roads seem to have turned the heads of others, and they are now pointing their followers to the increases in wages and increases in their own incomes during the war period as reasons for desiring a return to those conditions."

Conditions of the Canadian lines were outlined by Mr. Holden, and opinions of other eminent Americans were quoted by him in support of his own conclusions. He ended his address with a tribute to the men in the service of the Burlington, and said:

"The C. B. & N. is an old-fashioned railroad; it pays its debts and maintains its credit; it has never been in the hands of a receiver; it obeys the law; its work is good; it tries always to have a safe track, and good equipment, with trains on time, courteous employees and good dependable service for the public. All this is old-fashioned.

"But the C. B. & N. wants also to be always an up-to-date railroad; a railroad that pays the highest wage scale consistent with its obligations, and a fair return to those who have provided the money to create the property; good working conditions; employment and promotion on the basis of merit without favoritism, with a liberal administration of its relief and pension systems along welfare lines, without paternalism; never claiming to be the model railroad, but acknowledging no superior; just an old-fashioned, new-fashioned railroad, developed through individual ownership and initiative—an American railroad run by free Americans."

President Holden sketched in impressive words the story how the country now served by the Burlington had grown from a condition of a wilderness, condemned as a desert, to be one of the most fruitful regions in the world. He passed then to the relations between the people and the government in the present, discussing the situation as it exists and making some comparisons that will serve to guide the judgment as to the beginning of construction, as government ownership, and what it will cost in actual initial outlay and subsequent taxation, he said:

"Senior Cummings of Iowa told an audience in Des Moines recently that this country is now \$23,000,000 in debt, and that to purchase the railroads would make the debt \$43,000,000,000, and that as government property is not subject to taxation, there would follow a loss in tax revenues of \$236,000,000 a year, which would be a tribute to the men in the service of the Burlington, and increase the burden of taxation upon the people at least 25 per cent.

"Let us test this statement by some Nebraska figures. The total tax bill in Nebraska is about \$60,000,000 per annum and the railroads are

A Matter of Mind

By W. G. Sibbey in Chicago Commercial.

One can but wonder under what form of apprehension or compulsion Mr. John W. Daves was laboring in one of his recent speeches, when he spoke slightly of the intellectual processes of General Dawes and the mind which controls their activities. He once said: "What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind." A mind is judged by the thought which springs from it, the knowledge which it contains, its mastery of sound principles, and its general output as demonstrated by the achievements of its possessor.

Such an estimate few would doubt the possession by General Dawes of the what Homer called "the glory of a firm spacious mind." Indeed, Mr. Daves might well shrink from a comparison of his own mind with that of the one he attempted to belittle—either as to clarity, comprehension, soundness, information, diversity of achievement, nobility and greatness of actual accomplishment. General Dawes occupies a higher mental plane, and for many years has displayed higher intellectual powers than his critics while his achievements, both in peace and war, notably outrank those of Mr. Daves.

These things are said with no disposition to deny Mr. Daves any of the mental gifts which his friends so lavishly attribute to him—but to draw the comparison. Mr. Daves invited when he publicly cast a reflection upon the Dawes mind, which has accomplished immeasurably greater things in war and in peace than the Dawes mind, both in military and in the cause of the allies, to his fellow countryman as director of the budget, and to all Europe as the head of the expert committee which led the allies and Germany to the path of economic safety and peace. There can be no question on these points.

There are those who think that Dawes mind has undertaken which the Dawes mind has not. Eight years older than Dawes, he enlisted under military discipline soon after the outbreak of the war, helped to recruit the regiment in which he enlisted, and cheerfully undertook the hazards of war in Europe and gave up comfortable surroundings to serve his nation. That fact entitles him to peculiar respect and honor from any man who aspires to great place under the American government.

But long before the war, as a private citizen, he was doing things for his fellowman for which he neither expects nor desires any public reward. Winter after winter, his charitable mind led him to maintain a "bread line" in Chicago, where he fed hundreds of men night after night, nourished and comforted and hot coffee—all winter long. Later he built his Rufus Dawes hotel in Chicago, where each night all applicants up to 850 in number have four square meals, a hearty supper, a hot bath, fresh night clothes, a good bed and a real breakfast in memory serves. This hotel has been running for years and is still going. In addition he has built and is running a similar hotel for Chicago women, where all are in need of a warm blanket to the capacity of the buildings regardless of creed, politics or other considerations, with "reformers" and others seeking public help allowed to bother the guests. Another Dawes hotel for women is running in Boston, giving com-

That Girl Back Home

You say that back in your home town There's a girl that you can't forget? I'll wager, my boy, she remembers And perhaps she is waiting yet.

Her pretty face still haunts you, Is it not true that you want to say? You can see her smile and hear her laugh Though she's a thousand miles away.

You can feel the tips of her fingers As she ran them through your hair, Or when they were in your own rough hand When you told her a sorrow or care?

Her lips were fresh as a springtime flower, As you crushed them to your own. You think of that and other things, And you feel that you're all alone.

You ask me how I know these things, How I can possibly read your mind? Why, once I stood in your very shoes, I had a girl who was sweet and kind.

But I did not understand this girl, Nor value the jewel I had. Until I thought I had lost her, When I really hadn't, my lad.

However, I thought I had lost her, So I packed and caught a train, Vowing that until "doomsday" I'd never come back again.

I was very sad and lonely, Fun or pleasure I could not find, No other girl could appeal to me, For she, only, was on my mind.

I grew so blue that I could not Distinguish the day from the night, Until I received a card one day, And on it the words, "Please write."

Just listen, Don't make that mistake, Number two, that's what you all call it, Just slip back home and surprise her, And beg forgiveness, old pard.

I am certain that she will forgive you, If surely won't hurt you to try, And I wish you two the happiness That came to my sweetheart and I.

There's a train leaving here in an hour, Go back just as quick as you can, Let me know if she loves and forgives you, Good luck and God bless you, old man.

—EVAN HARVEY.

SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, not forget, That Sunrise never failed us yet.
 Cella Thaxter

We wouldn't have the rest of the gang on the purebred sire special know that we say it, but we are getting tired of listening to the same speeches over and over again, all except our own. Admitting our many shortcomings as a public speaker, we claim one great merit, that of brevity. We have now spoken 22 times, and the average length is just one minute and 32 seconds.

One of the most noticeable things on the trip is the growing spirit of co-operation between the farmers and the business men. Not so very long ago the farmers looked with suspicion on every move of the merchants to cultivate a friendly spirit, and the merchants too often sought to capitalize every opportunity to get the farmers' money. Times are changing. Today community clubs and farmers' organizations are working hand in hand, and the spirit of co-operation is rapidly driving out the old suspicions.

Mike Harrington's announcement that he isn't going to vote for a blooming soul except La Follette and Wheeler recalls to mind the old days when Mike was the go-between for the democratic people's independent and silver republican parties—the old three-ring political circus of the early '90s. In those days Mike never knew who he was going to vote for until the "conference committee" had agreed.

Trouble brewing on the purebred sire special. We've told all the stories we know, and repetition has begun. The man who tells his story the second time is a brave and hardy soul. About the only evening pastime now is trying to frame new verses to fit the chorus of "O, It ain't a Gonna Rain No More." And some of them are rotten specimens of rhyming and meter.

The men who fought so hard to establish the agricultural college at Curtis have lived to see their faith vindicated. They had strenuous opposition from quarters where co-operation should have been given, and after the school had been located at that point they had to fight to secure funds to maintain it. But now the Curtis school has made a definite place for itself and it no longer has to fight for its rights. It has practically changed the farm life of this great section, and changed it for the better.

It beats all how misfortune follows some men. The other day we met a man who is a loud and enthusiastic supporter of La Follette because "Battling Bob" promises to do something for the farmers. Just what Bob expects to do this unfortunate man could not tell me, but it was something, and this particular man needs it. He homesteaded in western Nebraska 42 years ago. At that time all he had was a wife, two children, a poor team, one cow and \$50. One misfortune after another has overtaken him, to hear him tell it, and despite his hard work and all of his sacrifices all that he has is 1,200 acres of fertile land, a home that cost upwards of \$10,000, fine barns and outbuildings and a lot of livestock. He doesn't owe a dollar in the world, has 6,000 bushels of wheat left from a total crop of 9,000 bushels, and 300 acres of corn promise a yield of 40 bushels to the acre. If he had been given a fair show all these years he might have amounted to something, but as it is he is going to vote for La Follette in order to get a change.

In the same town we met a man who has been a section foreman for the Burlington for a quarter of a century. Before that he was merely a section hand. He has sent a son and a daughter through the University of Nebraska, built a fine home, owns 40 acres on the edge of town where he raises good crops and has a nice little herd of dairy cows and a big flock of chickens. His daughter is happily married to a young and prosperous farmer and his son is with a law firm in Chicago and doing well. No man stands higher in his community and his home is always open to his friends. Having just talked with the unfortunate man mentioned above we asked the section foreman if he intended to vote for La Follette. It would put a lighthouse machine out of commission to set his reply. But we had no difficulty in gathering that he certainly would not vote for La Follette.

After mature deliberation, we have reached the conclusion that the trouble with this country is that there are not enough young fellows ready to tackle the task closest to hand and give it their best.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

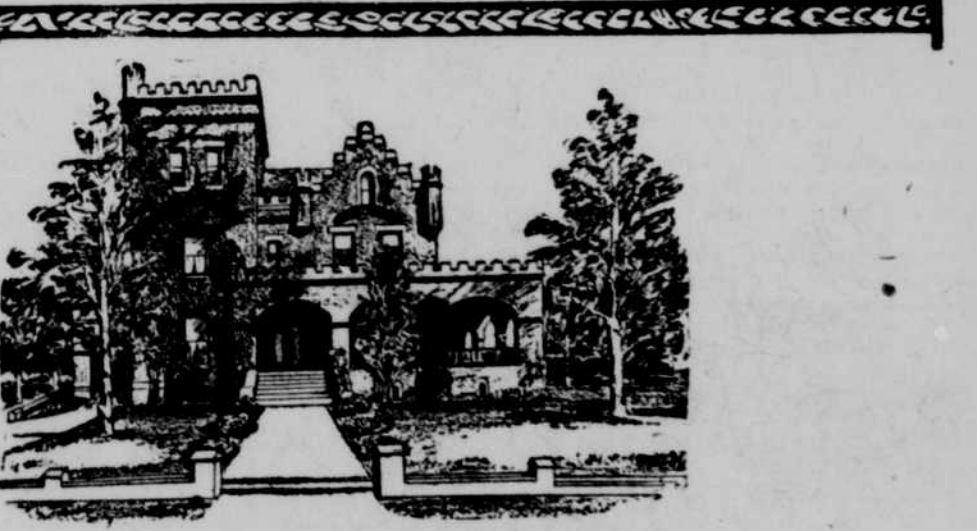
Twin Troubles.
 "Well, Pat, do the twins make much noise nights?"
 "Praise be to him! Sure, each can cry so loud yez can't hear the other wan!"—Everybody's Magazine.

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