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Omaha—Where the West is at its Best

WHAT MAKES AMERICA GREAT.

Some thoughtless criticism of Calvin Coolidge's idea of what an inaugural ceremony should be still is heard. Advocates of display do not readily content themselves with the simplicity of the proceedings insisted upon by the president. Yet what could have been more impressively typical of America.

One of the stories of Abraham Lincoln most cherished by those who think illustrates the point. One night the British minister—we had not yet reached the importance of ambassadors—received from the home government a message that perturbed him greatly. He felt it imperative that he see the president at once. So at midnight he went to the White House, where he was received. To his astonishment, he was ushered into a plainly furnished sitting room. There, by the side of a fine open fire, sat the president of the United States and one of the great democrats of the country. Only just at the time it was plain Abraham Lincoln and equally plain Allen G. Thurman, having a confidential chat over the problems that tried their souls. Each had removed his boots, and each stretched to the comfort of the fire feet clad in home-made woolen socks, while Thurman chewed his tobacco vigorously and spat in the fire.

It was something of a shock to the cultured British diplomat. He was gentlemanly enough, however, to realize that he was in the presence of real greatness. Opposite as the poles in political beliefs, Lincoln and Thurman were one in devotion to the country and a desire to perpetuate its institutions. And the simplicity of that midnight conference made a deeper and more lasting impression on the British minister than any array of pomp that might have been assembled. It was the picture of true democracy, rather than an imitation of aristocratic display.

It is around the firesides in God-fearing American homes, as James A. Garfield once said, that the problems of the republic are determined. Simplicity sets our nation as a mantle that is worn with the dignity that becomes the majesty of the world's greatest power. Great because it reflects the sober common sense of its citizens, something no panoply or parade can enhance.

"AND THEY GAVE HIM A MEDAL FOR THAT."

Old Doc Copeland of New York, Hearst-Hyland senator, has won his place in the Hall of Fame. Whatever he may do or omit to do in the future, his name will be preserved. For seven hours he talked to empty benches in the senate chamber. By accomplishing this feat he defeated action on a treaty. The matter under consideration has only been before the senate a little longer than twenty years. Precipitate action could not therefore be charged. Yet it might have been voted upon at this session, because some of the senators are tired of seeing it around. They wanted to get it out of the way. Dr. Copeland evidently wanted to keep it as unfinished business, against a time when the senators will find themselves unemployed. Then the senate turned around and ratified the treaty. Showing what a good man gets, sometimes.

Whatever his motive, the doctor set up a one-man filibuster, and carried on nobly, until he had occupied practically one senate day, at a cost of a good many thousands of dollars. Just in salaries alone, a senate day is now worth a little over \$12,000, and this takes no account of pay to employes, the cost of lighting, heating, etc., nor the printing of the proceedings. The doctor saw his duty, and he did not shrink. He had a speech to make, and he made it.

He fell far short of William Vincent Allen's fourteen hours and fifty-five minutes, but he did fairly well. Not many men like Allen get to the senate in these degenerate days. Copeland is an easterner, and hardly would be looked to equal the performance of a robust, virile western man like Allen. Yet he has made his contribution to the senate's tradition of wasting time on important occasions, and has shown again how one man can block business if he succeeds in getting the floor.

BISHOP QUAYLE'S BELL.

A great leader of the Methodist Episcopal church died at his home in Kansas a few days ago. When he passed a great bell rung out. Not a solemn note of requiem, but a peal of triumph. It was the final sealing of the faith that William A. Quayle had held through his long life. A long and active career in educational and church work brought him into contact with all sorts and conditions of men. His active mind brought forth many works for the edification of those who read. His ministry was fruitful, and his service as bishop for 17 years was notable.

Through it all he was animated by a great thought. That death is not an end, but a beginning in the life everlasting, in the reward that heaven holds for those who have kept the faith. This he preached, and in perfect consistency he practiced what he preached. So, when he came to pass on to the newer existence he so confidently expected, he gave his last proof of his firm belief. The bell he had installed at his home at Baldwin, Kan., rang out in joy because of what he had himself termed, when his son-in-law died, his "coronation."

Bishop Quayle's example will be an inspiration to believers. They have already come to distrust the

separation of soul and body from any aspect of terror. If they are not then supported by the faith that has upheld them in life, indeed their case is sad. But they look now on death as a mere step through the veil, from the uncertainty of the known to the certainty of the promised. More than ever they say with Tennyson:

"Twilight, and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark."

NEBRASKANS DO READ BOOKS.

The twelfth biennial report of the Nebraska Library commission, just at hand, contains a vast amount of detailed information. Too much to be carefully considered in a short article. One feature of the report, though, that impresses at a glance is the comprehensive report from the 126 organized community libraries in the state, supported by taxation. These range from the great library at Omaha, with an income of \$86,838 and an annual circulation of books in excess of 606,000, down to the little town of Winside, with 488 inhabitants and a circulation of books amounting to 2,539. In Omaha the average number of volumes borrowed from the library in proportion to the population in just under 4; at Winside it is just under 6, and at Superior, which heads the state, it is over 18.

Nebraskans do read books. The commission reports that 933 "traveling" libraries were loaned throughout the ninety counties of the state during the two years. Many requests were made that were not filled for lack of funds or books. Prisoners at the state penitentiary, inmates of asylums and hospitals, were furnished with the reading matter needed. Students were assisted, new libraries formed. In 1901, when the commission began its functions, in Nebraska existed only 24 libraries supported by taxation. This number has grown to 126. Yet these serve only two-fifths of the people of the state.

During the biennium the commission loaned 86,280 volumes; of this number 62,287 were handled through the traveling libraries, and 23,934 to individuals. Reports show that the total circulation so secured amounted to 335,378 readers. And this only covers part of the work of the commission. It serves in many other ways, through its connection with educational institutions and library organizations.

We can hardly refrain from commenting on the fact that Governor Bryan omitted this commission from his 1923 budget, deeming it to deserve extinction. The legislature restored the item, however, and a great service was preserved for the people.

KEEP THE ORCHESTRA ALIVE.

Omaha's symphony orchestra has successfully survived its second season. This record is not sufficient to guarantee its permanence, but for the growth of the city the orchestra should be preserved. It is unique and remarkable in a high degree. In other cities the existence of a symphony orchestra not only connotes the presence of a large and wealthy class of cultured people, but a willingness to contribute large sums of money to the support of a musical organization. The Stock orchestra at Chicago has a liberal endowment, the Cincinnati orchestra is similarly provided. New York, Boston and Philadelphia support orchestras that run up huge deficits. Minneapolis has had pride in its orchestra, to the tune of six figures or more on a check each year.

Omaha in a sense simply reached up into the blue sky and pulled down an orchestra. And a good one, too. For the great conductor, Mr. Roentgen, musically authoritative, gave his approval and praise to what has been accomplished. It is the result of the spirit of co-operation of the local musicians who have furnished the instrumentation, supported by some enthusiasts who have worked very hard to make the affair self-supporting. Out of this combination Omaha has had some excellent musical entertainment. Concerts that are worthy the name of "symphony," which means so much when applied to denote the merit of an orchestra.

Now that the second season has closed comes the task of renewing subscriptions for the third. We trust that among all the other engagements Omaha is being asked to enter upon, the cause of the Symphony Orchestra will not be overlooked. The men and women who have made the affair possible so far deserve the support of their townsmen. It means a great deal for local culture, and should be kept flourishing.

"BUCKINGHAM PARK."

It is suggested that either Brown park on the South Side be renamed, or that the proposed new park at Benson be christened "Buckingham." This, of course, to honor and perpetuate the name of Everett Buckingham. We do not believe a protesting voice will be heard on the proposition. The only question to be determined is which of the parks will have the honor of being named for the man so loved.

Something sentimentally appropriate will be found in giving the name to the South Side park. Living, Mr. Buckingham was closely identified with the interests of the South Side. For many years he was actively engaged in the management of the great enterprise which means so much to that section of the community. It would be fitting indeed that his name should be permanently attached to a great park in that part of town.

If it be determined to name a new park for him, all well and good. The end to be served is to pay that tribute to him. He was not one of the pioneers of Omaha, but for longer than a generation he was one of the city's builders. He gave great service to the public, and so he deserves to be remembered by some permanent form of memorial. Nothing could be better than to give his name to a public pleasure ground, for "Buck" loved the outdoors, had delight in sports, and was especially a friend to the children who will some day play in Buckingham Park.

Franklin D. Roosevelt issues a clarion call for democrats to "get together." That's what they did last summer, and just look what happened to 'em.

A lot of fellows who are crying for pie like mother used to make are merely confessing that their appetites are not what they used to be.

After Charley Warren's experience it is probable that the next man named for attorney general will hasten to send Charley Dawes an alarm clock.

Proof that Mitchell was right does not put back the star of a brigadier on the shoulders now wearing an eagle.

The hog threatens to equal or excel the altitude record made by the cow that jumped over the moon.

It is very natural that Dr. Gifford should have an eye towards Omaha's future.

Perhaps they call 'em "balloon trousers" because the wearers are light-headed.

The lack of smoke is a greater nuisance than the presence thereof.

Forest Service Is Sticking to Its Job

Chief Greeley of the United States Forest Service Replies to an Attack by Giving Some Details of the Work Done by the Bureau of Which He is the Head

(The Outlook Magazine of February 11 contained an article attacking the United States Forest Service under the caption, "Has the Forest Service Gone Daffy?" Col. W. B. Greeley, chief of the United States Forest Service, makes a characteristically vigorous answer to the attack in an article appearing in the March 4 number of the Outlook.)

"One may pick out of the Bible the phrase, 'There is no God.'"

"It is precisely this fashion Mr. Greeley has culled from official reports the figures used to support his claim that the Forest Service is neglecting forestry for the more popular pursuit of recreation. Still, given charges are made by Mr. Greeley against the competence and sincerity of the Service, even to collusion or graft in the disposal of timber.

"The expenditures for protecting the national forests in 1924 were approximately \$2,009,000, all but \$79,000 of which was incurred in preventing and putting out forest fires; \$1,915,000 more went into the construction and maintenance of improvements. By implication, Mr. Greeley treats this as an outlay to promote recreation. In fact, it built or repaired structures needed for the administration and protection of the forests, principally the latter. Anyone comprehending the wilderness conditions still existing on the greater portion of the national forests understands the need for telephone lines, lookouts and firemen's cabins. They are as essential to protection as the employment of rangers or guards. The Service has constructed about 31,000 miles of telephone line and is completing the 7,000 miles still needed as fast as it can. Ninety-four lookout houses have been built, the eyes of the Service in detecting forest fires, and 166 more of these structures are required. The outlay for improvements is in integral part of protecting the national forests.

"In the superintending of the employment of rangers and in supervising the grazing of 9,000,000 sheep and cattle \$641,000. Making maps and surveys and appraisals of timber and forage cost \$425,000. A little over \$196,000 was spent for forest nurseries and tree planting.

"Mr. Greeley completely ignored the two items plainly set forth in the annual report which show the extent of the recreational activities of the Forest Service. These were \$18,421 used for camp ground improvements and sanitation and \$113,185 expended in the administration of recreation and land use. The latter includes all forms of land permits, many of which are for commercial purposes like sawmills, as well as the permits for summer homes and resorts which may fairly be charged to recreation. Aside from the handling of the permits, the public camp grounds, the actual outlay chargeable to recreation was \$23,000.

"Road and trail construction bulk large in the expenditures of the Forest Service. Mr. Greeley would have the reader believe that the Service deliberately spent 53 per cent of \$17,452,000 available for forest preservation on roads, and that its purpose was to promote recreation. This is an utter perversion of what the annual reports of the Service have repeatedly and clearly set forth.

"National forest roads are built under specific acts and appropriations of congress, which make such funds available for roads and nothing else. These appropriations are based upon the federal road program, designed (1) to aid the states and counties in providing the facilities needed for public travel, and (2) to protect and develop the government's holdings. The national forests have less than one mile of serviceable road to the average township.

"To hold this up as a program for the construction of play roads is wholly wrong. The building of such roads and county highways available for forest preservation is analogous to the federal aid granted all states for post roads and is part of the same policy. These areas are withheld from local taxation. Public highways are needed for post routes, for interstate and intertown communication, for all the needs of public travel. Congress has recognized this need by supporting a program of highway building which is worked out jointly by the Bureau of Public Roads, the state highway commissions, and the Forest Service.

"Every form of using the national forests tends to increase their fire hazard. This is as true of timber cutting as of hunting, fishing or camping. It would be as reasonable to let our immense stands of virgin timber rot unused as to exclude recreation on the ground of danger from forest fires. The national forests were created to be used. The extension of roads promotes both their use and protection. The fire hazard that accompanies more general use for all purposes must be offset by a larger protective force, by control of the use of fire, by public education in fire safety, and by law enforcement.

"The American public has taken possession of the national forests for outdoor recreation. Their 157,000,000 acres of uplands, rugged mountains, forests and waterways have invited the traveler, camper and hunter to constantly growing numbers. Nothing could stop it short of a policy of absolute exclusion that would be contrary to law.

"The Forest Service does not believe that it should be stopped. We encourage the use of the national forests for public recreation because we believe that in this way the government properties can render enormous social services. We attempt no specialized or highly developed scheme of recreation. About 1,500 camp grounds in the national forests are used every summer by large numbers of people. As we are able to do so, we are improving these camp grounds to make them safe from the escape of fire and to provide the simplest of sanitary and other conveniences. The simplicity of such improvements is indicated by an average cost of \$10 per camp ground. Some 2,000 thus far, to families who desire a permanent cabin to which they may come year after year. We encourage municipal camps, county camps, Boy Scout camps and the like where any responsible local organization will take upon itself the improvement and supervision of a recreational area. We issue permits for hotels or resorts, and for stores and garages where they are needed to accommodate the public. We make simple plans for the development of areas having a special value for recreation, and place some restrictions on the use of commercial resources in order that this value may not be impaired.

"We have 5,000 or 6,000 fires on the national forests during the most favorable years. In 1924 we had 8,347 fires. Seventy-five to 80 per cent of them are put out before they burn more than 10 acres. In the four years preceding 1924, the average area burned was two-tenths of 1 per cent of the acreage in the national forests. In 1924, a season of exceptional drouth, the acreage burned was four-tenths of 1 per cent. I have set up as a goal the reduction of our annual fire loss to one-tenth of 1 per cent. We are bending every effort to attain that goal. There are few factors of room for improvement and we have made mistakes; but a lack of good faith is not one of them."

"In building the second class, the cheap roads, primarily in developing the national forests, fire protection has always been given to the roads needed for protection. The use of economic resources. The government's great forest property can not be effectively protected or its timber, forage and water effectively used without many roads. These are not vast reservations dedicated to eternal silence and forest fires. They are public properties, which the public expects to have safeguarded and utilized. Road building is a primary requisite of efficient protection and use.

"It is true enough that recreation seekers do increase the fire hazard on the national forests. This is more true of the hunters, fishermen and others who leave the roads for the back country than of the travelers on the highways. It is necessary during emergency fire conditions to exclude or restrict public travel in portions of the national forests for short periods. It would be unthinkable to seek the protection of the national forests by locking them up from public use. A policy of that sort would be a denial of the very purpose of public service for which the national forests were created. And, on the other hand, the extension of roads and trails is of enormous benefit to the protection of the forests by making them more accessible and permitting quick action on fires.

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Remembrance

I choose a fair day, warm and bright,
To be a while where the grave was made,
I go not to weep or to let the sight
Draw o'er my soul a mournful shade.
Where the warm ground holds the earth
Shall thoughts arise like the spring-time bloom;
My spirit, with ardent thoughts
Shall triumph here over death and gloom.
And so shall the place of sepulture
The green hills treasure, the sacred
Inspire a song of things that endure,
Unyielding to time, or moth, or rust.

Not stone or metal can suffice
Enduring memories to hold,
Though sculptured beauty grandly
In its emblem of art and gold.

Soon faded the monumental pile,
Built up with all the pains of pride,
Decay, held off a little while,
Spills all such power can provide.
The self-renewal baffles time,
The ever-springing life that ceases
Memories fresh as in their prime,
Uplifted where the dear one sleeps.

The growing shrub, and vine, and tree,
That thrive on food of earth and air
And have internal potency,
Reclothing them from year to year.

In nature's fair and pleasing hues,
These living things that bend, and wave
Bright leaves and drink the rains and dews
And nurse their arms above the grave.

Inviting here the birds of song,
In shelter of a pleasant home
To build their nests and rear their young—
These signs of life about the tomb
Betoken warmth and hope and light
And love, and animation's cheer,
With ministrles of sound and sight
That keep remembrance fresh and dear.

There is a way some mortals find
To build a lasting memory
Of bloom of soul and fruits of mind
And heart's outflowing sympathy—
A structure formed of words and deeds

Wherewith spirit deigns to live
That e'er responds to human needs
With all a genial life can give,
A wondrous way sometimes is found
Of breathing into words well known
A soul of meaning and of sound
That bears such wealth of thoughts
and tone.

Such life of truth to beauty wed,
As long maintains exalted worth,
E'en when the hand that wrote is dead,
The lips that spoke transformed to earth.

Such power benign, such gift supernatural,
Joins life to life in endless line,
And e'er is things eternal,
Interpreter of things divine,
Through ages in its lengthening course,
Like beams of light from out the tomb.

With vital warmth and silent force
It bears its influence on and on,
—Bertha F. Cochran.

The Wonderful Star

When the New York Times, in an issue of the 12th inst., reported that the diameter of the star Mira has been found to be 250,000,000 miles, and that that the equatorial diameter of the earth, measured to the fraction of a mile, is as announced in the Times, less than 8,000 miles (7,928,675), one is moved to exclaim with the Psalmist:

When I consider the heavens,
The moon and the stars, which Thou hast placed,
What is man that Thou art mindful of him?

But when one reflects upon the power of the mind of man to make the measurement of a star so far distant that it takes light to travel at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, about 165 years to reach the earth, one can add, "Thou makest him to have dominion over 'Thy words.'"

An extent never dreamed of by the ancient observer of the heavens, well may this particular star be called Mira, "The Wonderful." Yet it is less wonderful than the intellect of the astronomer and mathematician who devised the instruments and computed its mighty diameter and prodigious distance. The scientist declares not only the glory of God but the glory of the scientist who can both see under the whole heaven and measure its bounds.

The appearance of the star Mira amid the front page news of the day makes the quarels over national boundaries on this puny earth, rapid transit disputes in this speck of a city and party politics as measured by stars, seem so different from another star in glory," was said by one who saw the starry heavens only with the naked eye. But there are stars that vary in brilliancy and in magnitude, and decreasing and increasing again in splendor. The most celebrated of these is the same star Mira. Even in its time of maximum brilliancy it seems to be only of second or third magnitude, but later it rises to rival one of the stars of first magnitude. "Then it fades gradually away," as one astronomer has described, "until it can only just be seen by a three-inch telescope." After eight months suddenly comes an increase of brilliancy, and in a moment it is again at the zenith of its glory, "clearly visible to the unaided eye."

It has come into my new and permanent glory by attaining the second place in the heavens in its diameter dimension. A few years ago Betelgeuse was hailed as the next to the greatest. As in answer to the taunting question which was put to Job, "Canst thou loose the bands of Orion?" Prof. Michelson measured this star of Orion and found it to be 200,000,000 miles in diameter. But Mira has a diameter greater by 25

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SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget, That Sunrise never failed us yet. Celia Thaxter

Beloved, our text this morning is found in the gospel according to St. Luke, 19:45-46:

And he went into the temple and began to cast out unto them: It is written, My house is a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves. Beloved, we have too long been looking upon the Christ as an effeminate character, as something ethereal, ideal, more than man. And because of this unwarranted conception of Him is due the fact that He fails to appeal to red-blooded men.

We chose our text this morning, not to build thereon a sermon against Mammon, but to show that the Man of Galilee was a red-blooded, virile, upstanding man. A man of courage, because He did not hesitate to knock a whip of cords and scourge the money changers from the temple. A man of courage because He did not hesitate to speak out against the evils existing in his day. A man of heart, because He noted with approval the children playing in the market places.

If Jesus Christ were not a man, a real flesh and blood man, possessing all the instincts common to us all, then there was no sacrifice upon the cross. He suffered as we have suffered, He faced temptations, and because of His manhood He bore the money changers from the temple. A man of courage because He did not hesitate to speak out against the evils existing in his day. A man of heart, because He noted with approval the children playing in the market places.

A sin-cursed world is in need of the real Christ, not the Christ as idealized by poets and hymnologists. It needs to know the Christ who scourged from the temple those who defiled it; the Christ whose heart beat in union with His fellow; the Christ who turned from the day's toll to find rest in the humble home at Bethany. A weak, effeminate man could have appealed to Peter, James and John, rough and unlettered fishermen; not to Matthew, the shrewd financier; nor to the wary Thomas. No effeminate man could have won the adoration of the multitudes nor earned the hate of the Scribes and Pharisees.

No, beloved, Christ was a red-blooded man; just such a man as will, if held up to the world in all His manhood, plus His Godhood, draw strong men unto Him. Tempted as man was never before tempted, He fell not. That was the manhood of Jesus Christ. And that is the Christ we should hold up to the world.

A man of the broad, open spaces was He. Away with the old fog notion that He was a "man of sorrows." He enjoyed life to the full because He loved men and women and children. Sorrows He had, to be sure, for sorrow is at times the lot of all of us. But He joyed in the companionship of His fellow; He laughed with the children, and found delight in confounding those who sought to corner Him by questions and argument. Let us not lose sight of the man-side of Jesus while studying His divine side. Let us hold Him up to the world for what He was, and is, and what He has done for us.

In conclusion let us stand and sing as our closing number that good old song of our fathers:

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross,
Lift high His royal banner,
It shall not suffer loss,
From victory unto victory
His armies shall He lead,
Until every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed!"

And let us sing in the full knowledge and belief that Jesus, the man of red blood and fine courage, is really a brave leader of a mighty army winning the world to righteousness.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

to contend, except for political purposes, that the American farmer is on the road to pauperism. No one should know the falsity of such a statement better than Senator Howell. Nebraska is a typical farming state. There are few factories, and those in operation make products to sell the farmer, yet that state in 1923 had a per capita wealth of more than \$4,100. The estimated farm wealth in 1924 was \$2,200,000,000. There are 125,000 farms. This means an average of \$25,600 per farm or a wealth of nearly \$6,000 per person residing on the farm. The farmers, therefore, have a much greater per capita wealth than the Nebraskan who does not re-

side on the farm. The average mortgage debt per farm in Nebraska is approximately \$7,000, or only a little more than one-fourth of the total farm wealth. There were only 122 farm bankruptcies in that state in 1923, as compared with 615 in North Dakota, 489 in Iowa, 225 in Kansas and 712 in Georgia. Surely Nebraska is not on the road to pauperism.

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PIMPLES are the first thing one notices in another person's face. It is too often crust in its misjudgment. It judges from what it sees on the outside. Pimples are easy to get rid of. More red-cells! That is what you need when you see pimples starting at you in the mirror. Red-cells mean clear, pure, rich blood. They mean clear, ruddy, lovable complexions. They mean nerve power, because all your nerves are fed by your blood.

They mean freedom forever from pimples, from blackhead, from Blemish, from eczema and skin eruptions; from that tired, exhausted, run-down feeling. Red-blood-cells are the most important thing in the world to each of us. S.S.S. will aid Nature in building them for you. S.S.S. has been known since 1851 as one of the greatest blood-purifiers, blood-cleansers and system strengtheners ever produced. Start taking S.S.S. today. Its medicinal ingredients are purely vegetable.

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More About Peasantry

From the St. Paul Dispatch.
Senator Howell of Nebraska in the closing hours of the Sixty-eighth congress is reported as saying that "the American farmer is on the road to pauperism."
No one denies that the farmer was hard hit in 1923 and that the purchasing power of the farmer's dollar is probably not yet at par with the purchasing power of his dollar in 1914. But surely no one is so pessimistic as