

Ralston Public Building Site to Be Selected

Town Board Calls Meeting to Settle Location of Newly-Voted Community Center.

The town board of Ralston has called a meeting of taxpayers and citizens for this evening in an effort to settle the dispute as to the location of the large community center soon to be erected.

Primarily, the building will be the town hall, affording office room for town officials, city library, council chamber and an auditorium for public meetings.

Last Tuesday there was an election at which taxpayers and citizens voted on a proposed bond issue of \$25,000 to raise funds for the building.

Sentiment of the town largely favors the lower location. Among those who favor the upper location are the large manufacturing industries among which may be mentioned the Orchard & Whidmeyer company, the Barker-Evans company, the Howard Stove and Furnace company and the Ralston State bank, as well as the leading merchants of this town.

The other faction would prefer a location up the hill to the north, which is on the edge of the business district and in what may be regarded as the residence district. It is said that the Women's club will advocate the selection of the upper location. The plan is to begin construction as soon as practicable.

HIDDEN ADS ARE UNDER CODE BAN

Columbus, O., June 28.—Newspaper advertising in the guise of news or editorial matter is disapproved in a new code of ethics adopted by the Association of Newspaper Advertising Executives, a national organization, at its annual convention here.

The association recommended advertising be clearly designated as such by border type, or similar device.

Promulgation of the code of ethics was prompted by the desire to "guarantee the continued freedom of the press and strengthen the hands of reputable advertisers in their pursuits and trade."

Projecting from the central tenet of the code, stating that "no advertising fraudulent or harmful advertising should be accepted," are nine other divisions relating to various phases of newspaper advertising.

PUBLISH NAMES OF NEW PAUPERS

Waukegan, Ill., June 28.—"Publicity for the Poor" is the new cry in Waukegan following the discovery that the city's charity bill was running too high. It was charged that unworthy persons were dipping into the Lake county poor fund and to put an end to this the county supervisors voted to publish names and addresses of people aided.

The discovery of strawberries, sponge cake, powdered sugar and \$8 dresses on the list of things that had been purchased for the poor aroused the ire of the commissioners.

TO MAKE LONDON PHONES MODERN

London, June 28.—Plans are under way for the virtual rebuilding and modernization of London's telephone system. It is understood that several million dollars will be expended to bring the system up to date.

A Change of Viewpoint

"I wish we could afford to give parties like the Mortons. I sometimes envy them, they are so carefree and have such a good time. Gertrude's house is so pretty and she has such gorgeous clothes."

"Pretty little Helen White was talking to her husband as she sewed away on an organdy dress she was making over for Gertrude Morton's party the following Saturday night. She made neat all her own clothes and did her own work; she had the satisfaction of knowing that she was helping Harry save and get ahead, but tonight she was a little disheartened."

"My wife and I have gone out of the bluff business, and many another twenty is going to follow this one into the little old savings bank."

Co-Ordination of Industry, Harmony Between Capital and Labor, Single World Unit, Today's Economic Program

Plight of Agriculture Has Affected Every Industry and Individual in Middle West.

By WALTER W. HEAD, President American Bankers' Association and Omaha National Bank.

For more than three years, the farmers of the west have been looking forward to the return of prosperity—anticipating each season that the next year may bring a turn in the tide.

In this, the farmers have not been alone. The prosperity of almost every industry and every individual in this section is dependent upon the prosperity of agriculture. Every one of us, therefore, has watched the course of the markets upon which the farmer depends, which have such a vital effect upon his prosperity.

Every one of us has hoped, each year, for the restoration of the old time parity between the prices of farm products and the prices of other commodities.

Several causes have combined to retard the return of nation-wide prosperity. One of the principal difficulties has been our failure to co-ordinate properly the various agencies of production, of distribution and of finance. Within their respective limits, most of these economic units function efficiently.

But each attempts to play its part without due regard for the part units, without due regard for that dependence upon each other which is a distinguishing feature of modern times.

Automobile Industry Example. The automobile industry has achieved a remarkable degree of efficiency in quantity production, without sacrifice of quality, but it has failed in notable instances to give due consideration to the demand for adequate financing.

The agricultural industry similarly has solved the problem of large scale production. Machines have been invented and power has been applied to make possible the cultivation of thousands of acres with a minimum of



labor. But here, again, there has been too little consideration of the limitations of consumption and the difficulties of distribution. The result has been, in the last few years, a serious collapse in the price of farm products.

The co-ordination of these various units of our economic structure is a peculiar need of this period, and this task offers a special opportunity to the banker.

Of all men, the banker is best equipped to act as the industrial and commercial co-ordinator. For generations he has been successfully undertaking exactly that duty. He has gathered together the surplus and idle capital of the world and has put it to work in production enterprises for the benefit of all the people. He has supervised the operation of the reservoir of capital which has supplied the seasonal requirements of certain industries and certain sections of the country.

Single Unit for World. The present task of co-ordination is far greater and far more complex than that upon which the banker works ordinarily. The need today is to co-ordinate industries, commerce and finance, to harmonize labor and capital, to pacify antagonistic nations, and to weld the whole world into a single unit.

This is not merely desirable. It is absolutely necessary. Increased population, together with improved means of transportation and communication, have made it impossible for any part of the world to live entirely apart from the rest of the world. The intensely competitive nature of modern industry has made it impossible for any industry to be entirely independent of other industries.

The banker, because of the necessities of his everyday business, comes into contact with a wide variety of industries and a wide variety of interests. He must capitalize these contacts. He must develop from them a broad view of general economic and political problems, which will enable him to lead in the more efficient organization of all industry—upon a basis that takes into account all fundamental factors.

Specifically, at present, the bankers of the whole United States must give ear to the plea of agriculture that it be accorded particular consideration because of its particular needs. The problem of improved marketing facilities for agriculture products, the problem of reducing sharp fluctuations in prices which tend to encourage gambling in the farmers' products, the problem of a more nearly stabilized production of the principal crops—all of these things are of interest to the banker as well as the farmer, and to the banker of the west. These are problems which should enlist the best effort of the best brains that the bankers can summon to the task.

The Boss Was Right

Cornell went in to ask the boss for a raise. His palms were a bit damp and his heart beat a little faster, for this was a ticklish bit of business—this asking for a raise.

Still he felt justified. He had worked hard and was conscientious and trusted. And his salary was less than that of the other men in the office. He explained all this a little excitedly to old Weaver and the verdict was in. Everyone respected John Weaver, for he was a good business man and a successful one who had worked from the bottom rung of the ladder. But he had queer notions about some things, so his employees said.

"How much are you saving every month, Cornell?" "Nothing, sir. I'm barely able to get along with costs what they are. You see I have a wife and two children."

"How much did you save year before last?" "Nothing, sir." "Costs were higher in 1920, and you've had a raise since then. Are you living better?" "Well, sir, I don't seem to be. It seems about the same to me."

"Let me tell you how I run my business. What is left after paying all the expenses is profit. When my business ceases to show me a

much higher elastic limit than the kind now used in ship construction, with the result that plates may be built thinner without losing their strength, rendering it possible for a ship to be lighter and still have heavier cargo capacity, with the same engine.

German Shipping Still Far From Pre-War Efficiency. Plymouth, England, June 28.—It will be a good many years before the German mercantile fleet attains its pre-war standard, in the opinion of Carl Stimming, director-general of the North German Lloyd.

"For some years," Mr. Stimming said on his way home from a shipping conference in London, "we must be content with the progress we have made up to the present time."

Leider Keep, managing director of the Hamburg American line, returning from the same conference, declared there was not the slightest chance of his line resuming its fast pre-war standard of sailings to and from New York for many years.

There are no steamers available, he said, and construction costs have risen so high that the building of ships with speed must wait awhile.

"We're not crazy to find out what the world is coming to. What we'd like to know is when it is coming to." —Toledo Blade.

ARE WE GROWING?

Established January 17, 1922, 2 1/2 years ago. Deposits trebled at end of first year over that at the end of first six months. Deposits increased seven times over within last two years. Have paid a 6% dividend since organization. Have over \$200,000 in Real Estate First Mortgages secured by improved Omaha property valued at over \$600,000. And Still Steadily and Healthily Growing.

Union Building & Loan Ass'n 1310 William Street Omaha, Neb.

250,000 Phones in State Average One to Family

Big Onward Strides in Railroads, Telegraph Service; Lowest in Illiteracy Percentage.

Progress in public utilities in Nebraska has been worthy of note. In telephone and telegraph work in the state, there are more than 250,000 telephones in Nebraska, an average of one to a family. Telephone headquarters for five states are maintained in Omaha.

The important position in Nebraska from a telegraphic standpoint is shown by the fact that headquarters for the Western Union system controlling five states, are in Omaha. As for railroads, Omaha is the east and west transcontinental gateway. Twelve trunk railroad systems operate in the state.

Nebraska is traversed by about 80,000 miles of roads. And of these, 5,600 miles are in the state highway system which connects all large cities.

The state divides honors with one other state in having the smallest percentage of illiteracy. Over 7,000 schools offer education to boys and girls. Teachers are paid above the average in most states.

Old Frank Sands. No one could remember when he first came to the plant. He was always sitting at the same old desk, doing the same work in his same old methodical way. He was one of those kindly pathetic souls that all the younger men felt sorry for.

Every morning he came in at identically the same minute. When he took his hat to go to lunch you knew that it was exactly 12 o'clock. His clothes gave the impression of much brushing and careful preservation.

There was something dreamy in his kindly old face. You didn't know why, but you wanted to shield him from a heartless and hustling world.

Men had come and gone at the plant. Frank had begun below him and advanced clear to his seat. He drifted along from year to year, and seemed to enjoy watching the world pass him by. Poor old chap. Everybody loved him. What did life give him? Where was he getting?

And then the lightning struck. The thunderbolt fell. Frank was going around shaking hands with all the boys, saying goodbye.

Unthinkable! Preposterous! What was it all about? Frank was one of the fixtures. He was as stable as much a part of our daily lives as the venerable building itself. Was he going to leave after all these years? And then it came out.

"I'm going to our farm to live the rest of my life. I've never wanted to be a big business man. I didn't want the worry of it. My goal has been a peaceful haven where I could go and loaf through my old age. I've got it now. It's been splendid jogging along here at my little desk all these years, but I'm 58 years old today, and I've worked long enough."

"Well, sir, it seems that he'd been saving a part of his meagre salary all these years—just a tiny bit every pay day. Finally he had bought 20 acres in a beautiful spot on the banks of the Wabash. He and his wife had picked it out years before.

They had kept on saving a little each week and then built a bungalow on it and furnished it. Then they had gone there summers and set out fruit trees.

Three of us from the office visited Frank that summer at his little place. It was too much. His cottage was ideal and his farm was a garden spot. Frank and his wife were as happy as two children and growing younger every minute. The whole place simply radiated peace and contentment.

After all, wasn't he the biggest success in the office in this business of living life?

When we told him so he smiled in his happy old way. "I never carried a very heavy load to the bank, boys, but I made more trips than the average fellow."

"Poor Frank—?" (Copyright, 1924, N. T. Co.)

West Virginia couple were married at Ashland a month after the girl had her fiancé arrested for hitting her ear off. Probably she wouldn't listen to him before that.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Where Do We Go From Here?



"My dabbling in spiritualism only resulted in one discovery. My great-grandfather is still wearing his woolen necktie."

Every writer seems to be turning to spoofs and spookesses and consequently many magazines are filled with table tappings, mysterious rappings, soothing winds and other shivery fiction.

In a leading play in New York all the passengers suddenly awakened to the fact they are on a ship—dead and bound for somewhere or other. One passenger remarks: "Well, I am dead. I can be myself now."

And somehow there is a tracing of a greater philosophy than the playwright probably imagined. Out of all the jangle of excursions into the other world by the great and near great it appears to summed up in one great truth—that after the change called death we go on being ourselves.

I have always been a great respecter of beliefs of others. There is enough good in every religion to make us respect it whether or not we accept it as a tenet of faith.

My dabbling into spiritualism has only resulted in one discovery—that a great-grandfather of mine was still wearing his woolen necktie. Still I respect the earnest believers of this faith.

What I do dislike is all the miraculous hokum that is being evolved about death. I rather cling to Charles Frohman's classic line as his piece was going down: "Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in life."

We came into a pretty fair world and I imagine if there is another we are going to find it acceptable. If we do not there is not much we can do. So why worry?

Thomas Edison is continually sounding the doom of life after death. He is an astounding scientist and yet his spiritual reflections do not upset me one whit. When he can explain the mystery of birth I will be content with his explanation of death.

Edison appears to me to be talking about something he knows nothing about. He tries to explain a spiritual fact with physical chemistry.

A magazine editor recently told me no type of article or fiction brought so many letters or aroused so much interest as those dealing with life after death. Not so many years ago the subject was carefully avoided in all magazines.

The conclusion naturally is that those who lost loved ones in the world war are groping about for some sign that gives some inkling of life's continuity.

Whether one believes in his theory or not one cannot help but be impressed with the sincerity of A. Conan Doyle. Rarely have I ever talked to anyone so sure of his faith. The same is true of Sir Oliver Lodge, so others tell me who have talked with him.

Back in a small town where I used to live we had only one who accepted spiritualism. She was regarded by folk as "queer" and was rather

West 44th street, a few steps from Fifth avenue. Mencken in repose gives the impression of a drollly wise gnome. He has an unusually large head and short neck. He is not so meticulous in his dress as Nathan and might be born in a college professor. His choice of words is astounding, yet there is no professorial dignity in talk. Now and then he swings into the slang of the day or punctuates his talks with stirring expletives. He comes down from Baltimore, his home, weekly to confer with Nathan.

Nathan as a dramatic critic is hated, feared and admired. If he does not like a play he invariably leaves in the middle of the second act.

Haywood Brown of the World is another New York personality inspiring curiosity. Brown resembles a big lumbering bashful boy. He has a fine head and is usually in need of a haircut. When he talks he usually has something worth while to say, and his diction is excellent. Although born in Brooklyn he has a southern accent.

He is notoriously lax keeping engagements, but his good humor keeps him from breaking friendships. While he belongs to the so-called Algonquin group of serious thinkers, I believe he is the least self-conscious of the lot. He once quarreled with me about something or other I had written about him and in an interchange of letters his attitude was much like that of a pouting petulant schoolboy. There is little question that Brown has the largest personal following of all who write signed articles for New York newspapers.

As a result of the recent newspaper mergers in New York five members of the sobolster squad were thrown out of employment. All have gone in for magazine writing and are said to be exceeding their newspaper comes. An ill wind, etc.

It seems to me most of us worry entirely too much about our jobs. When it becomes something we fear to lose we generally lose it. Over-anxiousness spoils one's ability as much as slothfulness. The jobs I have lost usually resulted in better things, and that seems to be the general experience of others.

I believe the job I lost that caused me more concern than others was night clerk in a hotel in a small Ohio town. It was a true expression of laziness to hold down this clerkship. After 11 o'clock I could sleep on a cot in an ante-room and I had freedom of the loobox and its delicious cold food. I rarely saw the proprietor—my employer—while I was employed there. Years later I ran across him.

"I was afraid your sleeping sickness might be contagious," he replied. (Copyright, 1924.)

A Paris paper says the campaign in the United States will be waged around the Dawes pipe; which may be true enough since it puffs something more than pipe dreams.—Chicago Evening Post.

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