THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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SEPTEMBER CIRCULATION.

50,085

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.
Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of September, 1913, was 50,085. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 1st day of October, 1913.
ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

Welcome back our old friends, Mutt and Jeff!

Many otherwise square men are round-shouldered.

It takes a man of stout heart to get gay with a bill collector.

Anybody heard yet of Boss Howell putting his junket money back?

The highest income tax paid in Oklahoma will be paid by Indians. Poor Lo!

In the lull following the world's series, Jerome somehow managed to move Thaw back onto the stage.

The way to keep the normal schools out of politics is to keep the politicians out of the normal school board.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young of Chicago disapproves militancy, and Mrs. Young is accomplishing things in the world.

And yet, perhaps we in America do not realize the conditions with which the British brick throwers have to contend.

Johnny Bull first recognizes, embraces, then accepts Huerta, but is horrified at Uncle Sam's flirting with Mrs. Pankhurst.

If Secretary McAdoo still strives to please he might move the consumers' coal.—Wall Street Journal.

Or foot the bills.

It is poor policy to pull down your window screens at the first cool breath of autumn air. Flies are not so fickle as that. Let no guilty fly escape.

It is proposed to make George Washington a saint in the Episcopal calendar. But George never pretended to be a saint when he was in the flesh.

It's too bad that State Treasurer "Walt" George holds an office which, by the constitution, makes him ineligible to stand for governor on the next round.

The Washington Star strangely remarks that "nature's work is drawing to a close with the season." Perhaps it meant in contrast with this perennial extra session of congress.

If Mr. Bryan had kept as silent about his chautalking as he has on this Henry Lane Wilson letter he would rank much higher as a diplomat who knows when not to talk.

Had that robber reward money only been held out sixty days longer, the judge might have made a hit by disguising himself as Santa Claus and distributing the prizes out of his pack.

While the rest of us are fretting over the high cost of eggs, poor Charley Schwab solves the problem by fixing him up a little $20,000 hennery. Strange the ultimate consumer did not think of that.

A Pennsylvania man who once loaned Mr. Rockefeller $20 is said to be in the poor house. He should have known that old proverb that "A fool and his money are soon parted." Mr. Rockefeller committed it to memory in his youth.

A so-called survey of the work done, and to be done, by any department of government is a good thing, or, rather, good so far as we take advantage of it. We had a fire survey of Omaha made last summer at cost of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, and presented to us free of charge, but so far as visible in results discernible to the naked eye, the survey may as well not have been made.

Too Many Mine Disasters.

Appalling mine disasters have occurred in rapid succession in West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Colorado and New Mexico. The toll of life from these calamities is enormous. They create sensations, occupy much newspaper space, excite a few words of sympathy and in their turn pass out of mind, apparently with nothing done to prevent recurrence. If in the same brief period as many railroad accidents, with proportionately as heavy loss of life, had occurred the country would be up in arms, and justly so, with indignant demands to compel better protection to life. Congress, under the spur of President Taft, made some slight provision calculated to secure a measure of safety to mine workers, but what has been done in pursuance? Action is called for, and it is thoroughly evident by now that any action worth while must be enforced by the government, as apparently it will not be taken voluntarily by the mine owners.

Has it Been Overruled?

For almost fifteen years the decision of the United States supreme court in what is popularly known as the Nebraska maximum rate cases has been a chief reliance of the railroads in resisting rate regulation by legislative and administrative bodies. Though, as we understand it, that decision merely held the particular rate schedule enacted by the Nebraska legislature confiscatory under then existing conditions and left the door open to subsequent enforcement when changed conditions might sustain their reasonableness; incidentally, however, the court indicated a method of computation decidedly favorable to the railroads.

It seems that another decision recently rendered in the Vandalia rate case, coming up from Indiana, is adverse to the railroads notwithstanding their invoking of the rule formerly laid down. As explained by the Indianapolis News:

Thus much was plain: Were the Nebraska precedent to be adhered to the Indiana petition was lost; were the Nebraska precedent set aside, not only would the way be opened for class rate revision in the Indiana-Vandalia case, but in other cases in other parts of the country. The Nebraska precedent was not followed by the supreme court in settling the local controversy, hence it can hardly continue to be regarded as a precedent in similar cases.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, the court's invitation to reopen the Nebraska case was never accepted, and we have gone ahead in this state to regulate rates along different lines by legislature-enacted horizontal reductions or railway commission revisions, and have, as a rule, made them stick. So whether the decision in our old maximum rate case is overruled or not, it can hardly affect our present situation.

To Win by Default.

Though not avowedly a candidate for president, Huerta evidently expects to hold on to the office by default. The latest explanation of the situation credits him with a very crafty plan of continuing his de facto government and forcing recognition by the United States. The intimation is that, owing to the disturbed conditions, it may be impossible to poll the legal number of votes required for an election, in which event an adroitly-laid scheme might carry and clinch his power.

If this suspicion proves well founded it will be all the easier to understand why Huerta has lent his influence to the spreading of new trouble recently—for example, in dissolving the house of deputies and imprisoning its members, who had the temerity to defy his will. Huerta frankly says that Mexico has never held an election in which the popular will really had free expression, so he evidently feels that it is not incumbent on him at this time to see that such an election is assayed. And the next most striking feature is the apparent aid and comfort he is receiving just now from Europe. It would be idle to argue that Huerta is not emboldened by the attitude of Great Britain, seemingly followed by other foreign powers.

The Garbage Question.

Householders are notified by the city that they will have to look out for the disposal of their own garbage during the month of December, owing to a shortage of department funds. The burden of expense will not be great, though there may be some difficulty in getting the garbage hauled. This incident serves the purpose, however, or should, of reminding us that we are not far from the time when we must have a totally new and adequate system of garbage disposal. The city has dallied unsatisfactorily with this question for twenty years and is now facing a condition which must be intelligently met.

The Bee endeavored in a recent series of thirteen articles to lay before the people of this city the mistakes of the past, together with possibilities for the future, for the purpose of arousing them to the needs confronting us. The city is now operating under a so-called contract, whereby it collects and delivers all the garbage at its own expense to a private contractor. This contract, a very unsatisfactory affair, expires next July and before then we should have decided upon and taken steps to inaugurate a permanent system that will solve the problem.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

OCTOBER 25.

Thirty Years Ago—

A reception given by Mr. and Mrs. George A. Hoagland for Mrs. Hoagland's nephew, Mr. Watson H. Wyman, and his bride, late Miss Alice Yale of Cincinnati, proved the society event. Among the beautiful wedding presents exhibited were a flower vase from Judge and Mrs. Foraker, some Parian marble figures from Mr. A. U. Wyman and a bronze lamp from Senator and Mrs. Saunders.

The concert given for Miss Lizzie Calderwood drew a select audience, which grew enthusiastic over the program. Miss Calderwood had been engaged as soprano at Trinity cathedral.

The public library is looking forward to getting into its new quarters in the third story of Williams block by December.

Mr. Warren Switzler has declined the nomination for county judge on the democratic ticket.

Two new and very pretty cars for the Omaha street railway company were received from a factory in New Jersey. They will probably be used on the St. Mary's avenue line.

C. P. Goodman is back from the east.

Omaha members of the federal grand jury are R. S. Hart, A. H. Engleson, Henry Stein, A. L. Merriat, F. J. Griffin, Richard Kitchen, H. P. Deuel, Samuel Herman.

There will be a select spiritualist circle held at 1618 Chicago street Saturday evening, with two first class mediums present. Admission, 50 cents.

Alvin Saunders, 1404 Farnam, offers at a bargain a pair of colts suitable for a light carriage or delivery wagon, or will swap them for city property.

Twenty Years Ago—

The directors of the Manufacturers' and Consumers' association held a rousing meeting at the Commercial club to boost the business of that organization, which was promoting the patronage of home industry. President Page and Secretary Holmes were at the head of a large contingent of Omaha citizens, as well as others from out in the state, all strong for boosting Nebraska's home industries.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Resler returned from Chicago.

Mayor Bemis left for Chicago to while away a few days at the World's fair.

Mrs. J. P. Short of Prairie du Chien, Wis., was visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. B. Wallace, 1818 Corby street.

Mrs. J. E. Izard and Mrs. J. E. Glick left for a little visit to the World's fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oberfelder of Sidney stopped in town on their way to Chicago and New York.

George W. Loomis, chief clerk to the general manager of the Burlington railroad, said business showed a general and marked improvement all along that line through Nebraska and adjoining states.

Ten Years Ago—

Senator Charles H. Dietrich was in Omaha after a trip to Alaska, saying he came to Omaha to answer the advertisement in The Bee inquiring as to his whereabouts.

The street car company let it be known that its plans for improvements contemplated through service to Dundee in the near future.

Roy Keys, a 14-year-old negro boy, residing at 514 North Fourteenth street, died of wounds inflicted by a revolver in the hands of a younger playmate. It was entirely an accident.

Judge Blair gave a review of the life of Ralph Waldo Emerson at the Philosophical society's meeting at the Paxton hotel. It was largely a reminiscent review.

A large shaggy St. Bernard dog undoubtedly saved the life of the little daughter of Morris Blank, grocer, 1002 Davenport, when a colored man fired three pistol shots at his recreant sweetheart. The child was playing and was in direct line of the shots, but fortunately, the dog, too, was standing so as to shield the child. As a result no one was hurt, unless it was the man behind the gun, who landed in jail because of his jamboree.

People Talked About

Lieutenant General Simon B. Buckner of the confederate army in the civil war, who was a pallbearer at General Grant's funeral, is still living at 90 years of age.

A New York money lender has been jailed for charging $300 interest on a $10 loan. Respectable highway robbers and second story workers would even resent such competition.

Moonshining is said to be on the increase in Georgia, but at all events the efforts of the revenue men have raised the price of the "white lightning" from $1 a gallon to $1 a quart.

New York will in December entertain the first international exposition of safety, which will show how thousands of lives have been conserved in recent years by standardized and scientific methods.

Chauncey M. Depew says the typical American girl of today is not nearly as sweet and lovely as the typical American girl of fifty years ago. Chauncey is over three score and ten, too much of a back number to rank as an impartial judge.

Albert P. Onetto, head waiter at a Providence hotel, has broken every record for finding pearls in oysters. When he opened what he thought to be a sandy oyster he found thirty-nine small white pearls and one black one. The total collection is valued at several hundred dollars.

William H. Walton and Margaret Miller of Paterson, N. J., married forty years ago by the informal ceremony of jumping over a broomstick, were remarried with legal ceremony last Saturday, the husband being on his deathbed. While there isn't much style about a broomstick wedding in this instance it proved to be as strong as the regular function.

Postmasters of all classes have been notified by the first assistant postmaster general to boost for good roads. "The department's attention," says the official notice, "has been attracted to proclamations issued from time to time by the governors of states designating certain days as "Good Roads" days and postmasters as representatives in their communities of the national government, are expected to manifest as active an interest in this movement as is consistent with the proper performance of their official duties."

In Other Lands

Chinese Alarm Clocks.

President Yuan Shih Kai of China enters upon his five-year term with every assurance of a lively time. His task is taking on the joyless activities of a Mexican presidency. Mongolia on the north, Tibet on the west, and the revolutionists on the south are pressing on the borders of Yuan's domain, insisting on recognition or blood. The so-called loyal troops of the republic sent against the Mongolian rebels coached by Russia are reported disinclined to face the bullets of the Mongols and wisely dodge meeting the enemy in the open. The latter finding no Yuanites to shoot at are pressing on to the great wall, hoping to find thereabouts material for a Chinese cemetery. The Tibetans are taking advantage of the situation to demand complete autonomy, and are driving back the Chinese troops sent to enforce Chinese authority in the land of mystery. Conditions in south China are equally disquieting for Yuan and his following. A statement recently issued by Chan Kwing-Ming in behalf of the revolutionary committee, accuses President Yuan of having procured the assassination of five responsible leaders of the original republican movement, and by bribery and conspiracy attempt to discredit the men who defended the integrity of the young republic. "In the interest of our country," says the revolutionist statement, "we cannot do otherwise than go to war with him until we get rid of him. We shall never give up this campaign until we punish Yuan Shih Kai and drive his clique out of China." Should these rebellious factions shoot as they talk, the "strong man of China" will not require a gymnasium to get all the exercise he needs.

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Japanese Characteristics.

"The Japanese are not a warlike people," declares Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, who traveled around the world in the interest of peace a year ago. President Eliot's declaration, while opposing common opinion, has the merit of being based on personal observation. Despite the fact that the Japanese fought two wars within a few years they were defensive wars in which the inspiring motive of the soldiery was "an intense patriotism, not love of glory or a natural love of fighting or a desire for new conquests and possessions." "They are a homing people," he says. "They are commercially adventurous, and will travel far and wide as peddlers or in search of trade and work; but they are not colonists. The Japanese government has had great difficulty in inducing Japanese to settle in Formosa, and at the present moment it has a similar difficulty in Korea, although the Korean climate resembles that of Japan. The desire for children in a Japanese family is intense. In short, their present civilization is more likely to endure by the century, now that it can defend itself against attacks from without, than the civilization of several occidental nations. No matter what the intellectual achievements of a nation may be they will all be lost as time goes on if the physical basis of the national life ceases to be wholesome and natural child-bearing declines through the effects of vice or any sort of physical degeneracy."

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Great War Monument.

The greatest war monument reared in modern times is that which was dedicated at Leipsic on October 18, commemorating the overthrow of Napoleonism 100 years ago. It was reared by the people as a tribute to the valor of the people of Germany, Austria, Russia and Sweden, who unitedly turned back the invaders and emancipated Germany. The monument is 300 feet high and stands on a knoll 100 feet above the surrounding country. It was started fifty years ago, but was actually constructed in the last eighteen years. The material is reinforced concrete faced with porphry. On the ground level is a crypt, surrounded by eight gigantic stone masks representing Fate. In front of each mask stands two warriors, twice life size, holding the death watch. Above this crypt is a rotunda inclosing the hall of fame. About the walls sit four figures, two male and two female, seven times life size. They represent Courage, Sacrifice, Exaltation and Belief. Around the outside of the domed cupola which surmounts the monument are twelve gigantic warrior figures. One striking feature is noted in connection with these statues—not one represents any prince or sovereign. The uprising against Napoleon was an uprising of the people, not of their rulers. The monument commemorates that fact.

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A Naval Holiday.

The British government, speaking through Winston Churchill, first lord of the admiralty, puts squarely up to the German government the question of stopping warship building for a year. A similar offer was made a year ago, but did not meet with German favor. What the answer will now be is anybody's guess. The Naval league of Germany, with over 1,000,000 members, has no counterpart in Great Britain, and its influence, it may be assumed, will be thrown against any abatement of the German fever for a mighty navy. Whatever the German answer may be, the British proposition is worth rereading as a specimen of national good will. Mr. Churchill said: "Now we say in all sincerity and friendship to our great neighbor, 'If you will put off beginning to build your two ships for twelve months we will put off in absolute good faith the building of our four ships for exactly the same period. That will mean a complete holiday for a year so far as big ships are concerned. By this spread of the appropriations Germany will save nearly $30,000,000 and Great Britain nearly $60,000,000, and the relative strength of the two countries at the end of three years would be absolutely unchanged.'"

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New Maps of the Balkans.

Affairs in the Balkan region have become sufficiently composed to warrant a revision of the maps of eastern Europe. The new maps drawn in accordance with the treaties of Bucharest and Constantinople, and ignoring the treaty of London, leaves Adrianople and Kirk Killisseh, and gives Bulgaria a narrow stretch of coast line on the Aegean sea, but far enough to the west to avoid menacing Turkish control of the Dardanelles. Greece and Servia are shown to have annexed the old province of Macedonia, the former taking in the towns of Saloniki, Kavala and Dedeh, and the latter Monastir and Uskup. The little slice of land promised Montenegro has not been fully determined, but the revised maps show a slight expansion in the direction of Skutari. Albania, considerably reduced, remains a buffer state for the exercise of Austria's serpentine diplomacy. The prospects are good for a few years of peace, a prospect wholly due to the financial poverty of the recent combatants.

The Bee's Letter Box

Contributors are again reminded of our rule requesting reasonable brevity and the right we reserve to cut down letters exceeding 300 words.

The Cult of Chris Columbus.

OMAHA, Oct. 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: I am accused of bigotry as a logical sequence of expressing a sincere opinion independent of the dictum of another—because Columbus day is repellant to my sense of Americanism.

I said so in The Bee. I am proclaimed by the editor of the True Voice a bigot. Because Columbus day is compatible with his sense of Americanism, he proclaims himself a patriot.

I question the genuineness of the Americanism that is so very insensible to national duty as to have disregarded throughout the entire history of the republic the homage alleged due a historical celebrity, and, then after 150 years of indifference, the American people are actually forced by law to pay that homage. That is not Americanism—it is conspiracy against Americanism. If to refuse to conspire against my country, to seek to imbue the national consciousness with a sentiment absolutely foreign to the character and genius of its people under the pretense of honoring Columbus is bigotry, I glory in the appellation and sincerely thank my accuser for the compliment he unwittingly pays me.

The heart of the nation is warm and responsive, but that warmth, that responsiveness cannot be controlled by legislation. The law is cold, and with the coldness of the law will Columbus day be observed. They may entwine Old Glory with the flags of Italy and of Spain, as the expediency of diplomacy, but never as Americanism, because there is an ever-widening chasm between the ideals of these nations.

As I stand on the American side of the great chasm I salute the editor of the True Voice with Old Glory as the symbol of my Americanism—and as he waves back from the Latin side of his chasm the flags of Italy and of Spain as emblems of his Americanism, I instinctively exclaim: "God save the republic."

J. BRAXTON GARLAND.

Editorial Siftings

Philadelphia Ledger: Every time Mr. Cannon sees a picture of President Wilson he has to laugh to think that he himself was once called a czar.

Chicago Record-Herald: Still, if Mrs. Pankhurst were to have a chance to marry and settle down here the authorities at Washington would probably not insist on her departure at the end of her lecturing engagements.

Chicago News: It is characteristic of perverse human nature that a citizen will pay good money to be put through a system of physical exercises, yet he views with horror the prospect of having to shovel snow off his walks.

Indianapolis News: No salary increases in the federal estimates for next year? This thing of holding a government job grows less attractive daily. And yet there are lots of fellows who feel mighty uneasy because the statesman of their district can't get anything done for them.

Baltimore American: The United States is acting as a vast civilizing force in teaching the nations of Central and South America that the popular dissatisfaction with a government or a ruler must be settled by the ballot and not by rebellions. In lasting effects the man behind the ballot is more powerful than the man behind the gun, and when our hot-tempered Latin neighbors learn this lesson their real enduring prosperity will begin.

Philadelphia Record: Six or seven years ago the most appalling of all mine catastrophes occurred in France. This mine horror in Wales must be next to it, or very nearly next to it. Over 500 miners were rescued and about 400 were killed. It is not to be denied that we are inattentive to life-saving precautions, and the death rate of our mines is two or three times as high as that in Europe. But those exceptionally fatal disasters in countries where it is easier than here to enforce obedience to rules show that even after the dangers are minimized they remain appalling in their possibilities.

Twice Told Tales

Old and New.

The late Robert C. Ogden, business man and philanthropist of New York and Philadelphia, possessed old school morals, and saw nothing laudable in finance of the new school—the school that occasionally lands in jail.

In an address in Philadelphia in aid of his wonderful Hampton school, Mr. Ogden said:

"In the old days a business man was satisfied to hold his own, but the modern financier insists on holding other people's."—Philadelphia Record.

Restricted Childhood.

Sheffield Ingalls, lieutenant-governor of Kansas, believes in giving Young America a full chance to enjoy all there is in wholesome boyhood play. He tells the following story to show how youngsters are hampered:

Gordon, 7 years old, was playing bandit, and for some time had been staggering around, as if badly wounded, without actually toppling over as a victim of the imaginary bullets of his playmates. A neighbor, watching the game, called to him:

"Gordon, why don't you fall down?"

"I can't," answered the boy, crossly. "I ain't allowed to. If I had my old pants on I'd have been dead long ago."—National Monthly.

Lost Baggage.

One of the jokes of which Kentuckians never grow weary concerns Senator Blackburn and his loyal appreciation of the liquid products of his native state. The senator had gone to pay a visit to a friend of his who lived many miles distant. His friend met the senator as he alighted at the station.

"How are you, Joe?" his friend asked.

"I'm up against it," was the reply. "I lost the best part of my baggage en route."

"Did you misplace it, or was it stolen?" his friend inquired solicitously.

"Neither," said the senator. "The cork came out."—Washington Post.

SAID IN FUN.

"Do you think a man can ever be excused for sleeping at his post."

"Yes, if it is his bedpost."—Baltimore American.

"Which is the smarter, the dog or the horse?"

"No comparison. The dog is the wise one."

"How do you make that out?"

"You know how the horse works. Did you ever see a dog working for a living?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I read every word of your last speech."

"Every word of it?" inquired Senator Sorghum.

"Every syllable."

"H'm. Are you a compositor or a proofreader?"—Chicago Post.

Ethel—I declare, Elsie, how well your father looks. He belongs to that downtown business men's gymnasium, does he not?

Elsie—Not daddy. Dad's more up to date than that. Mother and we girls talked him into joining Miss Martin's tango classes and the improvement has been simply wonderful.—St. Louis Republic.

"Why do you suppose it is," she asked, "that nearly all the great men of this world have been married?"

"I suppose," replied the old bachelor, "it's because they had to do something to get their minds off the troubles they had at home."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I was speaking with your father last night," said the young man.

"Oh, were you?" answered the sweet young thing, lowering her eyes. "What were you talking about?"

"About the likelihood of war with Mexico. Your father said if there was a war he hoped it would be short."

"Oh, yes, I know papa is very much opposed to long engagements."—Youth's Companion.

"I understand there is a movement on foot to secure good roads?"

"Well," replied Farmer Corntossel. "There was. But it fell through because some o' the folks around here are too progressive. They say we ought to wait a few more years and see whether they can't develop airships so that we won't need any roads."—Washington Star.

"My motto," said the self-made man, "is look up, not down."

And as he had been standing on the curb for two hours looking up at the score board, he spoke with a certain degree of authority.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ONLY A HOBO.

Only a hobo, dusty and tired,
Sitting by the railroad track;
No friends or relation to care for him now,
His wardrobe contained in a sack;
Sadly he thinks of days gone by,
Of home and wife so dear,
Of the dear little one they have laid away
And his grief is hard to bear.

Where is his wife? perhaps you ask
As you watch him beside the track;
She left one day with a traveling man—
Of course she never came back.
Wildly he searched for the erring one
Till hope and money were gone,
Then took to the road, a common tramp,
The search he still carried on.

At last he found her, deserted, alone,
Dying of sickness and want;
The wolf of hunger looked in at the door,
Famished, eager and gaunt.
Quickly he knelt by the pallet of straw
And raised her poor, tired head;
She murmured softly, "Dear Jack, forgive!"
Then the erring one was dead.

Sadly he turned next day from her grave,
No hope, no friends and no home;
No wife or children to love him now,
He must wander through life all alone.
Back to the track he found his way,
All pride and ambition were dead;
Wearily he travels his lonely way
Begging his daily bread.

No word of censure e'er passed his lips
Of the woman he loved so true;
His anger was all for the traveling man—
I honor him for it, don't you?
If ever a man deserved a crown
'Tis that hobo, meek and mild,
Who loved and lost the woman he loved—
The mother of his child.

—ROBERT F. SHUTES.

Ralston, Neb.