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MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

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JOB'S MESSAGE TO MODERN MAN.

The most insistence of men are appealed to by some quality of the Book of Job. A mystery surrounds its origin; until a very recent date scholars did not undertake to fix either the time or the origin of the book.

Eliphaz asks, "Can mortal man be more just than God?" and Job turns on him and the others and retorts, "No doubt, ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you."

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that in the latter day He shall stand upon this earth. And though after my skin worms shall destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another's."

"Man that is born of woman," says Job, "is of few days and full of trouble." Yet he does not question God's ways, but accepts what is sent in prosperity or affliction as the dispensation of a Creator whose ways are beyond man's scrutiny.

The philosophy, patience and pathos of Job are proverbial, and his example is noted by many teachers for the instruction of men. For, when Job had justified himself in his own righteousness, and his elder friends no longer contended with him, Elihu, the young man, rebuked him and the voice of God from the whirlwind brought him to understand and submit to Divine Providence.

Here is the argument, then: "Is mortal man more just than God?" Is man to justify himself, or to try to justify God and sincerely say: "Yea, though He slay me, yet will I trust Him," and saying so to strive with all his power to keep the favor of God, admitting that His ways are not within the understanding of man? Job answers this question finally:

"I know that Thou canst do everything, and that thou shalt not be withholden from Thee. Wherefore, I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes."

Even as little children must men be, coming in humbleness of heart and without pride of knowledge to learn of God and to accept His ways without question. The lesson of Job and the teachings of Jesus are in line on this point, and they show the way clearly and distinctly to the thoughtful. Neither involves creed or dogma; they show the futility of human pride, and the consolation of an unswerving faith.

GOING HOME—A SMALL TOWN REVERDY.

All day you have toiled in market or office doing your part in "the world of men," and now you are tired with the hurry and struggle. Across the roofs of the neighboring houses the long slanting rays of the setting sun fall like paths of gold and the western sky is tinted with the gorgeous colors of the sunset.

But a sudden change has come; there a few moments before was the hurry or traffic there is now only the distant rumble of a wagon or the hum of a motor sounding faintly in the stillness. Peace seems to have fallen upon the world, and descended into your heart. Perhaps a neighbor joins you; and you walk the familiar paths together, happy in the close companionship that only small town neighbors know.

Lights gleam out from the houses, and you feel anew the sense of peace and comfort as you catch a glimpse of the homelike scene within. The children have left their play in some neighbor's yard, and in response to some unnamed impulse, have sought their own dooryard as the twilight deepens.

Your companion leaves you with a cheery "good night" as he reaches his journey's end. As you stop for a moment to fill your soul with the beauty of your surroundings, and watch for a moment the sunset's fading splendor, revealed darkly at the end of the tree-bordered street, you realize that the perfect end of a day is going home.

GOOD TEETH.

If John D. Rockefeller, at the age of 83, has a good set of teeth, he is wealthier than has been generally believed. The Cleveland dentist who also reveals the fact that President Harding's teeth are well preserved has given the world two eminent examples. Boys who hope to attain wealth or be elected president may now be brought to feel that care of the teeth is a necessary preliminary.

Every conceivable scheme is adopted in the public schools to stimulate use of the tooth brush, and one of the first questions each morning in some classrooms refers to whether or not this function has been performed.

There is no doubt that neglect of the teeth often leads to disease. If Rockefeller's teeth had been neglected, he might have been dead long ago. Of course he has had the money to call in a dentist frequently, but a good bit of the credit probably was assigned to his personal efforts. It was an infection of the teeth that contributed to the early death of Theodore Roosevelt, and it is said that James J. Hill's refusal to consult a dentist was the direct cause of his death.

"WHEN MOTHER SANG SWEET AND LOW."

The refrain of a popular song conjures up a vision of mother, crooning softly, sweetly to a baby sliding gently into slumberland. It has a tenderness of sentiment and stirs soft emotions in the hearts of present generation men and women, who know or think they know what it means. Another generation will hear the words, and casually inquire: "How do you get that way?"

A music teacher told a group of mothers recently that tests made on several classes of youngsters revealed the startling fact that while most of the little folks responded quickly enough as to recognition of different varieties of music played, none identified a lullaby. This may surprise, or even shock, some, but the fact is that mothers seldom if ever sing lullaby songs. Baby is fed and laid down to sleep till feeding time, and this order progresses until babyhood has passed. It is one of the evidences of the progress we have made, and not a sign of retrogression or lack of love for the offspring on part of the parent.

Mothers are taught to do the things that are good for baby's welfare, and this requires the omission of a great deal that once was a regular program. One who comes closely into contact with the rearing of infants can not fail to note the benefits that flow from the new process, both to mother and child. Common sense has prevailed, and what might have been looked upon as heathenish a generation ago is now part of reasonable routine.

Mother's love is not lessened, nor her care relaxed because she no longer croons her low sweet song over the infant's trundle bed, and her baby is the better off because of this.

THE YOUNG GIRL OF TODAY.

The young girl of today is better fitted physically, mentally and morally to meet life's battles than the girl of many previous generations. Yet the very causes which have brought this about give rise to criticism.

Was there ever a time when she lived, played and dressed more as God intended she should? Her ideals are entirely different from hers whose girlish tendencies were crushed and stilted that she might come up to the distorted ideal of her age, making the victim prematurely old. Today the young girl refuses to read the literature represented by the cheap novel of thirty years ago. The frail, fainting heroine no longer represents her ideal, for she admires the one who is ready to meet danger or emergency with a courage backed by a clear mind and a strong body.

It is possible to idealize too much, but there are many wholesome girls who, when not helping with the household tasks, spend their leisure time out of school in such simple diversions as long hikes in the open air, which strengthens mind and body.

She is frivolous, but who has a better right to be? This is the reason she brings a ray of sunshine into the home, and frivolity is just as essential to the growing girl as play is to the younger child. If some mothers could imbibe a drop of this innocent frivolity and become lighthearted girls for a time, daughters would be more ready with their confidences and many serious mistakes would be avoided.

Many mistakes are made by the young girl of today, not because of wrong inclination but in order to obtain some of the joy and happiness which every healthy young girl craves and which is her rightful heritage. Why must she be forced to find this outside the home?

"THEY ALSO SERVE."

Ever and again, Fame lifts her trumpet and announces a new name to have immortality because of some deed done for humanity. A new machine has been devised to speed up production, or something of the sort, and a name is connected with it permanently.

What about the men who silently but faithfully aid in making the achievement of the leader possible or practicable? Burbank did some things to fruits and flowers, and his place in the public mind is fixed. Can anybody give the name of the professor and students of the University of Minnesota, who laboriously crossed one wheat with another, that an improved breed might be developed? Who thinks of these men in the field, microscope in hand, painstakingly lifting the pollen from the stamen of one wheat blossom to deposit in on the pistil of another, that more bread may be had from the same ground area? Likewise, Burbank has shown how the grass seed was developed into the ear of corn; but who gives thought to the succession of farmers who have carefully selected seed corn year after year, that generations of the grain may show advance?

A great building goes up, and the architect proudly points to it as a visible proof of his genius, his dream come true in stone and steel and glass. Do you know that back of this architect stood ranks of draughtsmen and calculators, who prepared the plans, made the sketches, worked out the measurements, and set down every detail, before the dream could come to realization? The linotype was Otto Mergenthaler's idea, but as it stands on the floor of the composing room it represents the fruit of study on part of many men, whose ideas have been embodied in the machine. Mergenthaler is known, but how many know anything about the men in the composing room who have contributed to the development of the idea?

"They also serve who only stand and wait." Scores of men in humble station daily add to the sum of human knowledge or contribute in some way to the softening of human existence. The man working next to one of these may know about his benevolence, or the foreman, who sees that it is adapted as an improvement in shop practice, but Fame never hears of him. Great inventions and timely discoveries have shaped the course of human progress, but these have only been made useful because millions of men have toiled and thought to make them useful. Here is one place where "Virtue is its own reward."

"The American of tomorrow sits in the school room of today," said an educator at the teachers' convention. A thing to be remembered when under the guise of economy it is proposed to abandon the high standards of our schools.

The Nebraska Children's Home Society has found homes for 10,000 orphans. This work deserves every encouragement and the \$40,000 sought for a new building should be speedily forthcoming.

The French chamber of deputies is a dignified parliamentary body on most occasions, but certainly can get worked up when a political motion comes to a vote.

Uncle Sam is a nice old party to do business with, but he has some old-fashioned notions, one of them is that debts ought to be paid.

Even the French can not dig coal by injunction.

The Flight of Time

From the London Times.

All measurements of time serve to impress us with a fact which every revolution of the sun drives home. Time is always passing from us. We cannot stop it; nor can we hasten it. Sometimes we feel as if it were hurrying past us winged with incredible swiftness, and then it seems to stay its course with laggard feet, crawling like a stolid child to an unweelcome task. It is not so, but it is true, certainly, without haste and without interruption, never ending until we leave this life's stage and find it engulfed in eternity. We count time carefully by seconds, minutes, days, as well as by weeks and months and years, and as it shadows the dial of life we become increasingly aware of its strange value. It is so short and yet charged with such bright beauty. It is potentially so mighty, yet not fall to become meaningless. We do not fall through lack of time, but through our own fault.

A year is a large space in the measure of any life. We speak of old age at three-score years and ten, yet this is but a small measure of time which we have had at our disposal. It is true, though men may add to the brief span of mortality, they find those later years but a feeble epilogue to manhood before all dies down in silence. Whether we realize it or not, hence, time is our opportunity, and therefore we cannot think of it but with solemnity. Some who recognize the swift passage of unburying time would wish to have their lives so busy that they would not be aware of its brevity. A wise man, however, will always wish to look the truth in the face. There is much meaning in Hazlitt's profession of dislike to a watch hidden in a metal case, which, like a footpad with his face muffled, is unwilling to help us on our journey and to witness our knowledge by compulsion. We must have it open to us, and like wise merchants put it to the best account. We are all conscious of this at the end of a year and the beginning of another. Then, at any rate, we can do better. Time is a trust for which we must give account.

It is a true instinct that makes us unwilling to welcome the future than reflect on the past. We wish to think less of the old year than of the new. Retrospect has its value. Memory gathers its treasures, and experience borrows its wisdom, but these are put to best use only as they are brought to the service of the present and the future. The new time is what we have to face, what we have to live, what we have to win. The fortunes of time past are no justification for hopelessness; rightly apprehended they can spur to renewed energy. Every end is a beginning.

Time belongs to the world, and it has its context elsewhere. As it proceeds, the wise man finds in it a new significance and power. He no longer mourns, and he does not regret the past. He is content with the present, and he is ready for the future. He is not a slave to the past, but he is not a slave to the future. He is a man who has learned to live in the present, and he is a man who has learned to live in the future.

Time is a gift, and it is a gift that is not to be taken for granted. It is a gift that is given to us all, and it is a gift that is not to be wasted. It is a gift that is given to us all, and it is a gift that is not to be wasted. It is a gift that is given to us all, and it is a gift that is not to be wasted.

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PREACHERS

Wail, preachers may be preaching for a living as they say. An' I figger 'em out their sermons so's to turn the biggest pay. An' all that sort of gossip that from their lips we hear is probably authentic 'n' is probably sincere. But here's the way the matter fits the logic that I see— A preacher's got to have his bread an' meat like you an' me. An' if he don't sit nothin' for all the time he spends He's got to keep a-beggin' fer assistance from his friends.

I think thought a preacher had an awful life at best. To please his congregation with the vision he expressed. An' he was a lawyer, ere his sermon he would say: "I'll advise ye all to hades if ye don't advance my pay." But he's a kindly mortal bent on sendin' An' evan' livin' in his godliness an' love. His life's wholly squandered an' his bliss is wholly spent. In searchers for 'n' the nation's betterment. I think to do him justice with the spirit We had to see a grumble when indebtedness is due.—Robert Worthing Davis.

health, happiness and self-control through the application of autosuggestion." Warts on the hand are amenable to suggestion in a very remarkable manner; one of my best patients thus removed." the author writes.

J. S. Fletcher, writer of detective-mystery stories, makes it necessary for his characters to use violence to gain their objectives. He uses the melodramatic element sparingly. His characters use their heads rather than their feet or fists. "The more Mr. Lintwhite" is the latest in the list of Mr. Fletcher's mystery stories. In this book, which is published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York, the author leads the reader gently by the hand, through chapter after chapter of building up his case in a plausible manner. In this book, Richard Brick, London newspaper man, demonstrates his ability as a detective while in search of his uncle, John Lintwhite, whose disappearance is the motif of the story. Another thing in clear style of expression. It is a satisfying mystery story.

The World Almanac is presented to the American public for the 38th year of its publication improved in form, handier to consult, easier to read, better printed and on better paper.

New statistical tables present the latest census figures regarding population, vital statistics and industries, which are supplemented by those of the Departments of Agriculture, Commerce, Labor and the Interior, all setting forth in clear form the material growth of the republic.

In addition, the World Almanac presents this year descriptions of the several states of the union and its dependencies, and descriptions of all the foreign countries with their colonies and dependencies, carefully prepared in most condensed form from the best available authorities here and abroad. Much of this material has been furnished or revised by the embassies, legations and consulates of the countries concerned and by the World Almanac's correspondents abroad.

The record of the year 1922 is given with greater fullness than heretofore. The reader will find the carefully compiled chronology or diary of the year, the death roll, the benefactions, the record of scientific progress, the tariff law and other new and important laws, the full election returns, and the complete sporting events and results to which he is accustomed. He will also find new features in authoritative reviews of the financial world and bond market, with the range of prices for stocks on the exchange up to December 1, 1922; also special reviews of labor and strikes, American relief work in Europe, the great progress made in aviation, the creation of the Irish Free State, the rise of the fascist; the platform of the British labor party; and in another field, reviews of the year in the book world, art, music and the drama, and in wireless telegraphy and telephony.

The World Almanac is published by the New York World. Price 50 cents, postpaid.

"GENTLEMEN ALL AND MARY COMPANIONS," by Ralph Barendsen. B. J. Barendsen, the author of "The Wanderer of the Wasteland," and Howard Pyle should accord at least one bay of his laurel wreath to Ralph Barendsen. For none of the real pirates immortalized by Howard are more picturesque, and certainly none were so merry as the group Ralph has given us. Not since Frank R. Stockton introduced us to the Pie Ghost in "The Cruise of the Merry Chatter" have we had anything more deliciously droll or ludicrously laughable than 10 who make up the company that roved the seas on board "The Tender Polly," and dwindled to nine when one succumbed to the charms of Mehitabel, the schoolmarm who was kidnapped to teach them to read. They stole a schoolmarm to educate them, and a servant girl to keep house for them. They were temporarily converted to total abstinence. Their rescue and adoption of a baby must ever stand to their credit, and indicates with some exceptions the spark of goodness that exists, with some exceptions, in the worst of men.

Auto-suggestion seems to be the panacea of the hour, and many appear to find comfort in the various systems being promoted. "Self-Healing Through Autosuggestion" is the title of a manual prepared by Dr. Charles P. Winbigger, Ph. M., and published by the American Library Service. There are many points of contact between this book and Emil Soue's recent book, "Self-Mastery Through Conscious Autosuggestion." Dr. Winbigger claims that his book contains in simple language direct methods by which one can obtain

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To the Sick People

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Why remain sickly when we can start you on the road to health? We will accept no cases that we can not help.

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Dr. Burhorn's Chiropractic Health Service

AROUND NEBRASKA

Hastings Tribune: Hastings can boast of being the cleanest and most progressive city in Nebraska. Are there any votes to the contrary?

Wayne Herald: News reports tell of a 12-year-old boy who killed himself because people made fun of his attentions to a school teacher older than himself. Are people becoming so sensitive and feeble that they cannot stand the stings and kicks of society? The way people sometimes ridicule youth is cruel and merciless, but it is less so than it used to be, as we remember. And it is well to be less so if many are as thin-skinned and easily crushed as the one who found relief in suicide.

Gothenburg Independent: You can't judge the size and kind of families any more by what's on the clothes-line.

Genoa Leader: What the country needs worst is not new law but a better enforcement of the laws now on the books.

Hartington Herald: Energy itself is no guarantee of success. A runaway locomotive has got plenty of energy, but it's the biggest kind of a failure. Just so with people. You have got to have something besides mere energy to insure success. There must be purpose—control—direction; in other words, energy must be coupled with ideas before it will produce results useful and helpful to society.

Fremont Tribune: The year of 1922 has left its mark on the newspaper industry of Nebraska. The number of papers in the state has been reduced by 49, largely through consolidations of competing plants in towns

The Little Town

Over there is the little town, and I've heard the strangers say. Things of it that were impossible in a rude and reckless way. They laughed at the stores, and they laughed at the homes, and they laughed at the likes of me, because the ways of the little town were not as they'd have them be.

The little town is a pleasant place where the country people go. Of course, it isn't a paradise where never a fault can grow. But, the little town is its own true self, nor does it care what the big town says; if the strangers come and laugh at its dress, the little town forbears.

The little town is a place to meet, and the folks who the farms run. To buy their needs of the friendly stores, and to ask how the rest have been. And if the hand comes out to play on Main street after dark, the little town is more than the street can park.

Over there is the little town, and never will it pine to be. Up in the place where the strangers strut in the pride of their paucity. Heart of the countryside it is—Now, what would the country say. If the little towns of the whole wide world were patterned the strangers way?—Jonathan Johnson.

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We Now Offer to Investors a limited issue of these gilt-edge securities, owned and recommended by Home Builders.

Ask us for circular describing the property. Call and see us.

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