THE SUNDAY BEE

MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

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"AS IT HATH PLEASED HIM."

A visiting minister told a group of Omaha listeners last week about a little African girl, born in the midst of savagery, who had been brought over here by a missionary, educated and trained, and is now holding a high position.

Nothing especially strange or marvelous in that. Environment determined, as environment usually does. Had the little girl remained among her own people, she might have come to a high position in her society, yet would have remained a savage. The difference is, not having known any other she would have been satisfied with the life she led. A British traveler of note, editor of a London newspaper, offered to take the son of a Bedouin chief to London, educate him, and return him to his people. The father refused to consent, saying his son would get the training he needed to govern the rovers he would lead, and that the things he would learn in London would be of little service to him in the

At one point in life the germ baffles the biologist, who can not tell if it will become one thing or another; it may be any one of created living forms in the end. Environment determines. Heredity has its influence, but comes into sway only after the course of the collection of germs has been determined by the conditions under which they are

"And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain; but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed his own body."

Many bright lights shine on the path of man, gleaming from sources that had been obscured and dim, and even without light at all in the beginning. Men and women have risen from the depths of poverty and ignorance to the heights of power and wealth, coming up a long and weary way, driven by something they did not understand and could not resist. They may have been "junk," but they were brightened up, and, when lifted from the lowly stage where they started, they shone in divine effulgence as beacons to their fellows.

"There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may." Who will say that God does not in some manner direct that destiny, and as He gives a body to the new grain that grows from the seed, give in like manner a life to each soul, "as it hath pleased Him?"

THE STUFF THAT WINS.

If "grown-ups" could show the same determina tion and resourcefulness often exhibited by the youngsters, there would be fewer people who are termed "down and outers" in this world.

A little boy in Albion, Neb., had cherished a dream of some day becoming a Boy Scout, but because of infantile paralysis in early childhood, his parents decided his strength at the age of 12 would not permit of the hikes, so he must wait another year. The year slowly passed, but by that time the organization in his home town was on the point of disbanding because of lack of co-operation on the part of the citizens. The case looked hopeless, even to the willing scoutmaster, but not to the boy.

He called on different ones about town, not with a hopeless or dejected air, but with a spirit of animation and sanguinity that could not be denied. No soliciting was done, but before the evening was over one man had volunteered assistance and the boy's own father had offered a site for a scout camp with enough logs from the native timber to build a cabin of suitable size. Word was immediately carried to the scoutmaster, who readily responded to the little chap's suggestions. If the hopes and plans of these two conspirators are carried out. Albion will have a good, strong organization of Boy Scouts, with a permanent camp, located on an ideal spot along the Beaver,

The boy who wished to become a scout has set a fitting example to older people. There are too many who bewail their failure in life and lay all to lack of opportunity. They wait for the knock, and even when it comes fail to meet it half way. Those who reach the top of the ladder are the ones who go out of their way to seek opportunity with a courage and determination that accepts of no

APROPOS OF THE MOTOR SHOW.

Whatever adds a new thrill to life, adds to the length of life. We live not by clock-ticks, by the calendar or any form of measured time. And no than has the automobile. Shortening the distance from point to point, it has given us all and more than the savings it has accomplished. What was but a short time ago a weary and toilsome journey, is now but a short and pleasant ride, and joy has replaced dread at contemplation of the trip.

Among other things the motor car has done is to bring city and country together, after a fashion that has benefited both. City folks can go miles away from the purlieus of smokestacks and street cars, and, free from din and dust, enjoy the hours of leisure in the open. Country folks with equal facity may vary their quiet lives with occasional forays into the teeming, noisy, grouping of buildings and men, called the city, there to partake of the excitement and pleasures, and return in a few hours to the content of a country home.

A city cynic has called the automobile "a great asset by day, and a liability at night." After dark, the automobile does have its drawbacks. One never knows what the other fellow is going to do, consequently one is always a little apprehensive. Yet, when the way is clear, and road is in good condition, the pleasure of a night drive, if the company

is just right, is not negligible. Bootleggers and various birds of prey make the automobile a great accessory to their marauding pilgrimages, which are carried on mostly at night, but this is no fault of the car. That it is adaptable is in its favor. Evil is the shadow of the good, and bad men can drive as skillfully as the most trust-

From any point of view, the automobile deserves the attention it has received, because it is a wonderful assistant to man in all his undertakings.

SUPPRESSED TALENTS.

A fantastic story is that during the middle ages group of wicked men made a practice of fitting the bodies of babies into jugs and vases of various form. Here they were kept till the body grew into the shape of the vessel which encased it. Then the frame was removed and the child, shaped like a jug or bottle, was sold for the amusement of a

depraved populace. We shudder at the thought of anything so repulsive as this story suggests, and no punishment seems too drastic for one who would so mar or distort the body of a child. But the soul even as the body lends itself to distortion and deformity. Environment may dwarf the mind and form the soul into a hideous thing. The ideal way would seem to be that the soul of a child should be free and unfettered to develop according to its natural trend unhampered by shaping influence of any kind, but experience has shown that beautiful characters do not develop where children are allowed just to grow. It is necessary to build up around them such restraint and influence as will check untoward growth. Clipping away the offshoots. Protecting the tender buds of good intent.

On the other hand, those having the care of children may and often do err on the side of too much restraint. Parents sometimes act as if the child's life were some kind of jelly substance to be poured into molds of the parents' making, with no regard for the individuality or natural bent of the child. Children are forced into unnatural relations, often shaping their lives along lines that are repugnant to them, following careers for which they have no inclination or interest. Sometimes parents achieve their ends by harsh measures, but more often by the power of suggestive influence. Here a little and there a little, they apply the torch of persuasion, and pat and press into a semblance of their dream, one who would have achieved something of more worth to himself and to humanity if

given room for development of natural abilities. It is well for parents to maintain a high purpose in regard to the future of their children. To hand down to them such inheritance as will fit them for a strong life. To surround them with influences that will tend to strength of character and

ideals. To teach them the uses of freedom and control. To train them in way of life. But not to absorb them, to envelop their lives, their thoughts or ideals. To stamp out the individuality of any life is wrong, all wrong.

PIONEERING IN MORTAR.

Echoes of Nebraska's new state capitol will resound throughout the cities and towns of the state, says Dr. H. B. Alexander. That will mean at last that a native architecture has sprung up out here on the Great Plains It is fitting that on these broad spaces our public buildings should strive to express something distinctive. To continue to be content to echo the designs of the ancient Greeks, of the Egyptian, Gothic or modern factory style of architecture is to miss the opportunity and meaning of life in the middlewest.

All art did not die with the Greeks, and the pioneering spirit of Nebraska might well be turned to account in adventures along cultural trails. When once the new capitol is erected, it will be found that its porticos and general outlines, exclusive of the tower, are such that they may be adapted to a variety of purposes. Schools, courthouses, city halls and postoffices might better be built with this as their inspiration rather than as at present, like ancient temples, modern knitting mills or anything from a cathedral to a castle on the Rhine.

The middlewest is different from any other part of the world Instead of trying shamefacedly to conceal these differences, it would much better take pride in them and develop along new and individual lines. It is not solely a matter of architecture, but of the whole field of culture. Soon a beginning must be made, and the building of a new capitol provides a good point from which to start.

THE WAY OUT IS UP.

Amidst all the turmoil of present day life, with wars and rumors of wars on every hand, statesmen and diplomats," scholars and students, are vainly striving for a solution that will lead the world to peace and good will. Striving in vain, because their every solution is based upon human selfishness and greed, they look around on all sides, peering for some avenue of escape that will allow them to retain what they have and get a little more while escaping. And all the while the real solution lies ready to hand if they will see it and act upon it.

"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men un-

With all due respect for statesmen and diplomats, avants and students, the only way out is up. The nations that have forgotten God are of God forgotten. Eyes blinded by greed no longer see the gleaming cross, and hearts cankered by selfishness no longer respond to the Golden Rule.

Not until the Carpenter of Nazareth is lifted up, and eyes are turned upon him and ears opened to hear His humane philosophy, will come the peace that passeth undertanding. The way out is not through the devious mazes of diplomacy, but up, by harkening again to the Sermon on the Mount and living thereby; by living the Golden Rule in individdiscovery in all man's record has added more to life | ual and national life, and by walking in the paths made plain by the fathers and mothers of Israel.

FINDING A WIFE.

Getting married is for most persons not a very difficult task All in all, it is usually much harder to avoid matrimony. Almost it seems as if the whole world were in a conspiracy to pair off the population. How, then, are to be explained the frequent letters to public officials from lonesome men or women who complain that they cannot find a mate and ask to be put in touch with a better or a

Perhaps these anxious inquiries proceed from persons who are hard to suit or at least are unable to romanticize over the persons within their circle of acquaintanceship. Some, no doubt, lack the courage to conduct their wooing in person and hope to progress by the easy stages of correspondence. Others will be found unworthy, perhaps scheming, and so unfavorably known in their own communities that they must go far afield to make a catch.

True romance does not clothe itself in such dull colored garments. It is impossible to think of anything more sordid and less attractive than a matrimonial bureau, or a less promising introduction than that made in response to an appeal for aid to some public official. Marriage is not thus to be sought in cold blood, but is to be looked for as the natural outgrowth of propinquity, the fruit of acqueintanceship and the result of forces primeval, scarcely understood and most certainly beyond individual control. At the very least, a person who announces to the world the intention to get married, catch-ascatch can, stands a smaller chance than one who remains discreetly silent and awaits the hour of fate.

Under the Student Lamp By WILL M. MAUPIN.

It is said that when one treads slippered pantaloon" age, one's mind instinctively turns back to the yes-terdays. Whether or not this is true, my mind goes back tonight as there comes through the window of my den the jazzy music of an orchestra in the hall just across the street. In pace of the glaring incandescent light that swings above my battered old typewriter, I can see with memory's the now obsolete "student lamp, which was, in its day, as much of an improvement over the flickering old kerosene lamp as the incandescent lamp of today is an improvement over

the old student lamp.
I am not yet three score, but being a native born Missourian I am fa-miliar with the tailow candle, and I have seen all the improvements there on-the flat-wick lamp, the round-wick amp, the student lamp, and now the neandescent. And I would talk to ou now of the good old days of the student lamp, and compare them in some measure with the incandescent light of today and all the things that were found therewith.

Far be it from me to say that the and girls of today are worse than the boys and girls of my young-er days. I know better, and so do u. But we boys and girls of yester ay were fortunate in having better rents, as a rule, than the boys and dris of today can boast. This is a confession on my part, for it so hap-pens that I have four boys and four girls of my own.
From across the street come the

opated noises in which the clacking of drumsticks on a hollow box, the clanging of cowbells, the blare of a saxophone and the slambanging of piano makes a medley which impels me to say that if the result is real music than I am John Phillip Sousa. The street is lined with automo Phrough the windows of the dance hall I can see couples gyrating up and down and cheek to cheek, she ders wriggling, hips undulating and spinal curvature, threatening. Of course the dancers are enjoying it, or they wouldn't be dancing. But bout the times we youngsters used to have in the days when the student lamp was in its prime, and old Dobbin hitched to the buggy furnished the motive power that carried us to and

Dances were not quite so commo in those days. As a matter of fact, dancing was rather frowned upon, and those of us who did indulge ocasionally were considered as being eaded along the broad way that adeth to destruction. Heavens to eadeth to destruction. Heavens to Betsy! Suppose we had dared to iance then like they dance now, and the same sort of music! bless your soul, our most daring dances in those days would have been the very acme of decorum by the side of the commonest sort of dancing

Among other differences between the dances of yesterday and today is the fact that one had to have some brains to learn those ofd dances—the lanciers, the minuet, all the changes of the quadrille, Virginia reel, money musk, schottische and polka. Anybody who can wriggle and jiggle in anyhing like time to syncopated noise an get away with it on the modern all room floor.

In my student lamp days we had real music. We didn't know a thing about this or that "blues," hammered out on cowbells and tooted from blaring saxophones, but we did know the beautiful rhythm of "When the beautiful rhythm of "When the Leaves Regin to Turn" as brought an altar, we knelt while father asked out by fiddle and plane. We recog-nized the "Blue Danube waitzes" when we heard them, and when "Tur tey in the Straw" started we could ollow the most intricate changes any prompter could call. If somebody ried to stage the old "Firemen's Dance" in that hall across the street. those fox-trotting youngsters would get it mixed up hopelessly before the second "alaman left." Yes, it took both brains and gracefulness to dance

There is the noise of an auto with the cut-out wide open turning in at the curb across the street. It is aded with couples just getting to te gand bell-and a glance at shows they are getting there just about the time we youngsters at that would have put in as many hours dancing. As I shove the bather strap, hand "her" into dad's sidebar buggy, tuck the lap-robe around "her" and start for be around "her" and start for ome. And that's where we had the

I have a wonderful money making theme in my mind-if I only could figure that there are hundreds of thou ands, yes, millions of people just like me, who are weary of these jazzy tunes, these "I Got the Something or Other Blues" sort of stuff, and who would like to spend an evening listening to the real music we enjoyed in those long dead student lamp days My plan is to get a double quartet of real singers, four men and four women. Then I could have a female quartet, a male quartet, a mixed quartet, and solos and duets and trios. And with this band of rained vocalists I would tour the country, giving the people a revival of the old songs that appealed to the bair and dimming eyes, how would you like to hear a real mixed quartet singing "Come Where the Lilies Bloom?" What would you give to Bloom?" What would hear Frank Lombard sing "Old shady" again, or his brother, Jules, Back in the Low Back Watch?" or Baranaby singing show our appreciation for life by our have not only a sordid. Strike you as being a lot better than the patter songs folsted upon us these chance to serve. May we today over tistic and merals ideals.

O, those dear old student lamp days! I know we are living far in advance of those old times, but are we really living better? What wouldn't you give if for just one night you could live again those happy hours around the family table. lamp? Father over there in the old lips moving as he reads to himself from the pages of his pary's leading newspaper. Mother in her rocker quietly darning the stock the colone's casary and the dings heaped in a basket that seeming bit me."—American Legion Weekly.

HYMN BEFORE BIRTH

By JOHN G. NEIHARDT. -

Soon shall you come as the dawn from the dumb abysm of night, Traveller birthward, Hastener earthward out of the gloom! Soon shall you rest on a soft white breast from the measureless mid-world flight

Waken in fear at the miracle, light, in the pain-hushed room.

Lovingly fondled, fearfully guarded by hands that are tender, Frail shall you seem as a dream that must fall in the swirl of the morrow, but the vast, immemorial past of ineffable splendor, Forfeited soon in the pangful surrender to Sense and to Sorrow!

ho shall unravel your tangle of travel, uncurtain your history? Have you not run with the sun-gladdened feet of a thaw? Lurked as a thrill in the will of the primal sea-mystery, The drift of the cloud and the lift of the moon for a law?

st is the tale of the gulfs you have crossed and the veils you have lifted In many a tongue have been wrung from you outcries of pain; You have leaped with the lightning from thunderheads, hurricane-rifted, And breathed in the whispering rain!

Latent in juices the April sun looses from capture. Have you not blown in the lily and grown in the weed? rned with the flame of the vernal erotical rapture, And yearned with the passion for seed?

ured on the deeps from the steeps of the sky as a chalice, Flung through the loom that is shutted by tempests at play, Myriad the forms you have taken from hovel or palace-Broken and cast them away!

You who shall cling to a love that is fearful and pities, Titans of flame were your comrades to blight and consume! we you not roared over song-hallowed, sword-stricken cities. And fled in the smoke of their doom?

For, ancient and new, you are flame, you are dust, you are spirit and dew, Swirled into flesh, and the winds of the world are your breath! The song of a thrush in the hush of the dawn is not younger than you-And yet you are older than death.

The "Hymn Before Birth" was written in a metre that came to Neihardt in his sleep. One morning about daylight, he awoke remarking to his wife, "A fellow was just now reading me a perfectly ripping thing." He came out of sleep with a sense of the dynamic scheme of the entire poem. There was an echoing of sounds within the lines, all sounds coming back until they merged into the original sounds. Though he had a feeling of having heard four stanzas, he was able to recall only this one, which came clear certain in his sleen:

Swirled with the dust in the wake of a world that is strange, The croon of the rain has the pain of an old tune for me; And thunderful murmurs foretell me the wonderful change,

When I shall be lost in the tempest and tossed in the heave of the sea. The "Hymn Before Birth" is one of the 11 lyrics by which the poet celebrated the coming of his first child, Enid. Later, in the epics we shall hear of Sigurd, the son, and dramas are dedicated to Hilda, the third child.

Out of Today's

Sermons

"Why Some Men Fail in Wor-ship" is the subject of Rev. L. A. Brumbaugh's sermon to be deliv-

ered this morning in the South

Side Christian church. A re-

True worship elevates men's

thoughts, purifies and ennobles their

desires and purposes, fortifies their

wills and inspires them for the high-

Many men fail to enjoy its fruits

because they do not avail themselves

of their opportunities which are conducive to this end. It is the sincere

ducive to this end. It is the sincere desire of the church to help men in

this regard.
Some sen attend the services of the church, yet fail in worship be-

but true worship is very difficult for those who have not felt its need.

because their hearts and deeds are

wrong. The self-sufficient and su-

perior attitudes make real worship

mpossible. Others are not blessed

ude toward and in their treatment

What a man takes to his worship

because they are wrong in their atti-

will in a very large measure de-termine what he takes from it. This

being true, it behooves him to pre-

Rev. Ada Stone Anderson of Plymouth Congregational church will speak in the morning on the theme, "Is God Real to You?"— Job 23:3.

She will discuss the great first cause

-God-showing how His existence can

perience with Him. Evidence will be

energizing power has ever been God

the orderly processes of nature; man's need of and capacity for working with

of intelligent men of many centuries

She will develop the theme more especially along the line of making

God real to men and women of to

day, giving concrete illustrations of

these points.

Taking into consideration the dif-

ferent temperaments of individuals.

she will mention the various ways in

which people come into a vital rela-

vate the habit of recognizing the pres-

ence of God, trusting in His promise,

"I will never leave thee nor forsake

Rev. Albert Kuhn, pastor of Bethany Presbyterian church, in his discussion of public questions Sunday evening will touch upon

the movie censorship question as follows:

I believe in movies; they are be ides means of entertainment power

ful instruments for the education and

democratization of the community. I

make them a regular feature of my

Sunday night and Wednesday meet-

bing side in their personality, but an-

is nothing but fair to this indus-

scenario and of the rehearsal of

I am sure that it would be in the

operate in the elimination of pic-tures whose chief attraction consists

in their suggestion of lust and view

The churches ought to co-operate

Her hearers will be urged to culti-

tionship, a real intimacy with God.

introduced to make the existence

of their fellowmen.

Others desire to worship, but fail

Their motives may be worth;

est type of life and action.

has no bottom. Sister over theere with busy needle making those farcy little colored didoes as decorations for some sort of a jacket fashionable then, but whose name has slipped from memory. Brother, with out-thrust tongue, is trying to figures the interest on \$1,245.58 for one year, six months and 23 days at 6 cent. And you vainly trying to find

what "X" equals.

And about 9:30, or somewhere near the time those young people across the way begin arriving for the dance, father would lay aside his paper, mother would roll up the stocking and put the darning ball in the basket, sister would wrap up her pre-cious fancy work, and we boys would close our arithmetic and algebra without a single regret. Then father would lift the old family Bible that was never missing from that center table, open its well-thumbed pages with reverence and read a few verser As I look back on those days it seems to me that every other night he se-lected the third chapter of John, because in that wonderful 16th as summed up his abiding faith. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that

whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have life everlasting." the blessing of the God he loved and served upon that family cfrele.
While little brother was bringing

the bootiack to father, mother was winding up the heavy weights of the old clock, and sister at the kitchen door was calling, "Kitty, kitty, kitty," And I, or you the other brother, was shaking the ashes from the kitchen stove and making the exasperating taskof crawling out in a 'way-belowzero temperature at 6 o'clock in the morning and starting the fire as easily

Gracious alive! It's 'way past midnight, and they are still dancing in the big hall across the street. We We be proven only through human exand sound asleep by this time, and ready to turn the dingus that tinguishes my incandescent light, can not help wondering edge on the young fellows of these incandescent lamp days—or nights.
Old Dobbin could do his own steering. up old Dobbin to get to the dance, or the spelling school, or the taffy pull-or the Friday night "literary." than he youngsters of today have with all scate some "angel" to back me I their autos and jazz orchestras and glittering electric lights.

No. I wouldn't for the world have us slip back to those old days and those old ways, for they were full of discomforts and sacrifices unknown to the present generation of young sters. But there are some things out of that old life that I would like to transplant into the life of today And among them is reverence for age, courtesy to womanhood, fegard for parenthood, and willingness to render service worthy of the wage received. The student lamp did not shine with the radiance of the modern incande-scent, but it at least reflected a home heart as well as to the sensuous. Say, you oldster with the graying life that made for better citizenship.

Daily Prayer

dinging "Maggie in the Low Back of Father, God, we thank Thee to intelligently and heartily with the producers of moving pictures and the the North Platte river right now if the North Platte river right now if the Help us today to remember that "we on the other side I could again hear live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures pictures is really entertaining and the Hutchinson family sing "By the Blue Alsatian Mountains," or Donovan's Original Tennesseeans sing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." How would you like to hear a real baritone and a real tenor singing "Larboard Watch?" or Baranaby singing Work.

"Original Tennesseeans sing heart throbs." May we ever be reminded that "he lives best, who thinks best, feels the noblest, acts the best." Help us foday to so act that we may show our appreciation for life by our have not only a sordid, money graphing the Despa".

other one which responds to large arhopatter songs folsted upon us these look no opportunity to reach out a look no opportunity to reach out a helping hand, to speak a kind word, not by a bunch of saintly "knockers," to show sympathy; and above all, help Honestly, I believe that with my singers giving a program that in cluded the songs named above, with "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "When You and I Were Young, Magically "Annie Laurie," "Gandfather's we do this day, do our level best; may we strive to use our clock," "Wait for the Wagon," and clock," "Wait for the Wagon," and thoughts; may we strive to use our of them would respond. Clock," "Wait for the Wagon," and others whose titles you oldsters will readily call to mind. I could have the "S. R. O." sign hanging out in every community we struck.

We sthink the highest and best pleasant place to live in, the majority of them would respond.

I believe in a censorship, but a national censorship, in which the after" the spiritual life we long for.

Then help us to "give to the world" to recommend the majority of them would respond.

I believe in a censorship, in which the leaders of the moving picture industry are themselves to be strongly Then help us to "give to the world the best we have, that the best may come back to us." Hear us. O Fath-er, in the Name of Thy dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen. try that the censorship should take place before the expense of produc-tion is incurred. It should consist in the examination and approval of the

D. WALTER MORTON, A.M., C.P.A., Eugene, Ore.

Old Lady-"My good man, were you interests even the financial interest Private Flannerty (arm in sling)-"No, operate in the elimination of

You are not thoroughly posted on he geography of Nebraska if you the geography of Nebraska if you do not know where the Minnechaduza river is located. There are lots of people who know where the Platte or the Mississippi, or even the Amazon rivers are, but the babbling, sparkling Minnechaduza, right in our own home state, has been lost track of.—Mason City Transcript.

a "treeful state" has taken a new and encouraging impulse.

A gasoline station on every corner may not be one's idea of civic beauty,

Statesmen are simply caring too little for the individual human being.— Grand Island Independent.

but it beats a saloon.-Norfolk News.

Senator Harrison always fears the think such a thing is impossible.-York News-Times.

We recall when usury was abol ished the same direful predictions were made of what would happen to borrowers if the Shylocks were not privileged to exact from 3 to 5 per cent a month, but the law was passed and the dire prophesies were not ful-filled.—Aurora Register.

State bankers in Nebraska contend that passage of the proposed new banking law will effect a large saving to the guaranty fund and greatly re duce expenses in conducting receiver ships.-Kearney Hub.

State Senator Larkin of Omaha has introduced a bill which provides that persons who have been convicted of driving automobiles while under the

AROUND NEBRASKA

It is well to remember that all of influence of liquor shall be prohibited the foolish voters are not in one party.—Hastings Tribune.

You are not thoroughly posted on the geography of Nebraska if you

The idea behind motion picture censorship is that we should have three high-salaried people in the state to do for our children the things that we are too indifferent to do ourselves.

-- Harvard Courier. The well-balanced person is hard to insuit. He knows that his inferiors

The movement to make Nebraska cannot insult him and that his su-"treeful state" has taken a new and periors will not and that his peers are gentlemen.-Clay Center Sur

Governor Bryan campaigned on an economy platform and promised if elected to slash right and left, but when the legislature attempts to reduce the salaries of the code secre-taries Governor Bryan vetoed the bill. That certainly was a cruel thing for the legislature to do, when a governor is elected and then wants to pass out some nice fat jobs to a few of his friends the legislature should know better than try to cut to plums in two.-Fairbury News.

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION for JANUARY, 1923, of THE OMAHA BEE

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