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THE SUNDAY BEE
 MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY
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EMPLOYEES OF A BIG OMAHA STORE ARE TO HEAR LECTURES DURING THE WEEK ON "STORE SERVICE." This is one of the features of modern merchandising. Stress is laid on service, which means taking care of the customer or prospective patron in ways of which he perhaps never dreamed. It means to anticipate his wants, his convenience and comfort, and while leaving him free to choose, to aid him in coming to a conclusion.

A great cross-section of life might be displayed in this phase of selling goods. After all, is not life in a great measure merely a selling game? A musician of established name, speaking to a group of Omaha men during the week, spoke of selling his goods, by which he meant he had to put before the public the one thing he had to sell, his musical ability, in such fashion as would induce purchase. Every man, when he sells himself, should also sell service.

What will that service be? "They also serve who only stand and wait." Not he may be leaders, but all can be servants, and he does best who gives his service with the least grudging and the best spirit. No one ever knew entirely what his influence in the world has been; he may not even measure its effect on those nearest to him, but he may be very certain that it has some effect, not on a few but upon all. One coral insect could never build a reef, but unnumbered millions of coral insects working together have reared islands from the depths of the ocean, where nature is beautiful and man is happy. Each of these tiny bits of animal life contributed something to the building of the reef.

Service is a little more than the selling of goods; it is also a selling of self. If the transaction is sincerely made, the sale is not to meet the requirements of the moment, but to build for the future, a coral insect adding its mite to the accumulation that soon will tower a giant pile of accumulated influence. It is a priceless asset for a business, a gem beyond compare for individual character.

Life is made up of little things; the hero meets the emergency, and wins the loud applause; yet just as heroic, though not so spectacular is the one who steadily pursues the path before him, giving heed to the things that fall into his care, and acquitting himself so that the end of each day will find someone recalling an act that gleamed with the true spirit of service.

Such a life is the true service of God; for it is not in the temples along the Most High is worshipped, but in the factory, the workshop, the store, the office or wherever one is called upon to labor. Deeds done for the good of men are the truest form of worship, the highest of service, and all may unite in this, without regard to other belief.

BEAUTY SPOTS IN NEBRASKA.

Nebraskans often are inclined to express pride in their state by extolling the many commercial advantages. So much time is spent in the effort to secure substantial benefit through commercial, manufacturing or agricultural avenues that no effort is made to take advantage of its many natural beauties, which tend to elevate and ennoble the mind, as well as to impart health and strength to the body. Therefore, doctors send their patients to other states to induce them to seek a change from the sameness and continual grind to which they have subjected themselves in the inevitable struggle—not for existence but for subsistence. The same relief could be secured within the boundaries of our own state if advantage were taken of it.

Few states in the union have as great a variation of scenery as has Nebraska. No one needs to go through the horrors and torture of a nervous breakdown for the want of variety. Many little towns of the state have their spots of natural beauty provided to gratify the beauty loving spirit of man that he may find rest from the monotony of every day work.

Fullerton's beautiful natural park is one of God's beauty spots, which many enjoy every summer during chautauqua, or at other times when quiet is desired. The many little rustic cottages show the civic pride and appreciation which Fullerton entertains for this wonderful spot of beauty. When wearied in mind or body, there is no relaxation that can quite compare with a picnic lunch and walk beneath those magnificent trees on a hot summer's day, or the grand view from the top of Lovers' Leap.

In all truth, we should avail ourselves more of the manifold blessings which surround us. We cannot realize the wonderful privilege of living—the blessings we inherit, until we learn to appreciate the glories and beauties of the universe, which lie at our very door.

DREAMS AND REWARDS.

Much of the mother's life is made up of dreams. Especially is this true of the early years when the babies are settling into the nest. In the life that mothers must lead there is much time for thinking, and out of the glittering stuff that floats so readily about her, she fashions wonderful garments to clothe her children. The little smocks and frocks on which she works with loving care are poor and pale compared with the glorified creations of her dreams.

These serve as a pattern to which she tries to shape the lives committed to her. She finds it hard to make the pattern fit the material at hand. But with patience she tucks here and lets out a bit there, cutting away the edges. There are stubborn seams in unexpected places, and rough spots that must be hidden. Sometimes the ideal is changed, modified or enlarged. And all along the way are doubts and dreads and dangers. But there are joys and smiles and hopes to offset them.

Ah well, for mother's dreams. They have a part in life and serve their purpose. Children seldom attain the heights that mothers have dreamed for them. Sometimes they seemed possessed to travel far and fast toward the depths and the glowing dream is shattered by evil. Shame and disgrace spread a staining blot over the fair pattern. The supreme tragedy of a mother's life is in the sin of her child. Her justification, her joy and reward is found in his worth and well doing.

"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND."

Two events took place in Omaha last week that deserve attention. One was the organization of a committee that plans to raise a fund by which to enable struggling genius to find expression. The other was the awakening of a public sentiment in favor of making a place for John G. Neihardt at the University of Nebraska.

Musicians are born, that is great ones, and so are poets. But it requires a lot of preparation for them before they are able to pour out in melody or verse the visions or emotions they entertain. The world honors them, delights in them, and neglects them, when it comes to making return for their service. Mr. Neihardt has had many words of commendation, much praise in public prints, and letters that encourage him, neither of which will get him credit at the grocer's or with any other of the dealers in necessities of life.

Amy Lowell tells us the world is turning to poetry, that verse is in demand. Perhaps this is true. A Neihardt is as much an asset to his times as an Edison, but in a different way. The poet's works are expressive of the spiritual side of man's life, as the inventor's are of the material, and the one is needed to balance the other, if life is to be symmetrical and well rounded out. So it is with the musician. Little Sammy Carmel is in just the same place that little Mischa Elman was a few years ago, or Kocian, or Kubelik, or anyone of that long list. He is struggling against odds for the hearing his soul yearns for.

A place at the university for Neihardt will bring credit to the state that already has given him a high compliment without material advantage. If the local committee succeeds in translating its enthusiasm into a fund for the assistance of those students of music or other arts who need help, it, too, will have brought credit to the community.

America pours out wealth in unstinted measure to reward genius from abroad. Without disparaging the guests from other shores, might it not be well to encourage home talent, at least to the point of giving it a fair chance and a decent living?

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

In childhood and youth the possibilities and hopes of the future are so alluring that few stop to even think of the many beautiful incidents of the home life, which, in themselves, seem trivial, but which later prove such great moment in the lives of those who are permitted to enjoy their molding influence. It is only when the young have passed out into the world, beyond its social threshold, do they realize that the privilege of a life made sublime and beautiful by family ties, in a Christian home, is a benediction for all time.

To the homelick boy or girl who has been nurtured in an atmosphere created by Christian parents, the thoughts will turn toward home as the dusk of evening settles. The mind reverts to the vision of a dear face lighted by mother love as the bed-time stories are told, which later give place to those of divine inspiration, of which no child tires when they come from the lips of a mother who has spent much time and thought on the Bible. The image of a white-robed little figure, kneeling at mother's knee listening the childish prayers will oftentimes cause this grown-up child, longing for the mother love, to unconsciously repeat those supplications of childhood which are almost forgotten, but which tend to bring peace and refreshing sleep.

Another picture on the mental vision is of a noble father bowed over the open family Bible as he reads and explains passages from its pages to the group listening in reverent silence. Now comes the hymn, softly sung by the little circle, before all humbly kneel while father offers up a prayer which makes each feel that he is in the presence of God.

These are not merely forms of the past, for those reared in such a home know that something vital is lacking when these practices are omitted. The customs of earliest childhood are seldom cast aside when the new home is established. Such customs are vital in molding the citizenship of a Christian nation.

WHAT IS IMAGINATION FOR?

Enormous crowds pressed into the huge amphitheater at Rome, filling the seats until hundreds of thousands were ranged in tiers, waiting for the show. Under the blazing sun of an Italian summer day they watched men battle against each other, and against savage beasts, to the death. They saw Christian maidens fed to lions, they saw old and young captives, or offenders, torn to bits by tigers or trampled by elephants. They were seeking thrills, and they wanted the "real thing."

Have we made much advance? We do not turn "thumbs down" to condemn a fallen man to receive the death stroke from the victor who stands over him waiting the mob's verdict. Our tender feelings would not permit such a performance today. Yet the longing for thrills, for the "real thing," still permeates the mind, and, however sensitive we may be, we will accept the performance as greatest that most nearly pushes the action to the ultimate point of death. If the actor braves the danger and escapes, it makes his performance all the more worthy.

The news stories have just come through from Los Angeles which give emphasis to this craving on part of the public. In two instances film actors have been seriously burned by fires, started for the purpose of giving a touch of verisimilitude to the scenes of a picture. Here will be a very near imitation of a genuine fire, when the pictures are offered to the public—realism carried to an extent that seems beyond reason.

Not so many years ago a bucolic play was exhibited under the title of "Blue Jeans." Its principal scene was where the villain tied the hero to a sawlog and set the machinery in motion to saw the victim in two. On one occasion something went wrong, and the machinery could not be stopped until the hero had lost an arm. The audience did not see that part, but it narrowly missed perhaps the most realistic presentation of the noted sawmill scene ever staged. Of course, a different and safer form was adopted for the future presentation of the play, but that did not give the maimed actor back his missing right arm.

When the managers and producers give over their relentless pursuit of "the real thing," and leave a little more to the imagination of the onlooker, it may enhance enjoyment. Even the dullest of us scarcely is entertained by the thought that the effect shown on stage or screen is achieved at cost of human suffering, not to say of life.

The Reparations commission admits the correctness of the United States bill for maintaining the army in the Rhineland, but regrets to report that there is no money on hand to pay it. Oh, very well; we are getting used to it.

South Carolina will banish pool and billiards, but child labor remains a cherished institution there.

April Theology
 By JOHN G. NEIHARDT

Oh to be breathing and hearing and feeling and seeing! Oh that ineffably glorious privilege of being! All of the world's lovely girlhood, unfeigned and made spirit, Broods out in the sunlight this morning—I see it, I hear it!

So read me no text, O my brothers, and preach me no creed: I am busy beholding the glory of God in His deeds! Seed! Everywhere buds coming out, blossoms flaming, bees humming! Glad athletic growers—reaching, things striving, becoming!

Oh, I know in my heart, in the sun-quickened, blossoming soul of me, This something called self is a part, but the world is the whole of me! I am one with these growers, these singers, these earnest becomers— Co-heirs of the summer to be and past aeons of summers!

I kneel not nor grovel; no prayer with my lips shall I fashion, Close-knit in the fabric of things, fused with one common passion— To go on and become something greater, we growers are one; None more in the world than a bird and none less than the sun; But all woven into the glad indivisible Scheme, God fashioning out in the finite a part of his dream!

Out here where the world-love is flowing, unfettered, unpriced, I feel all the depth of the man-soul and girl-heart of Christ! Mid this riot of pink and white flame, in this miracle weather, Soul to soul, merged in one, God and I dream the vast dream together. We are one in the doing of things that are done and to be: I am part of my God as a raindrop is part of the sea!

What! House me my God? Take me in where no blossoms are blowing? Root me from the blue, wall me from the green and the wonder of growing?

Parcel out what is already mine, like a vendor of staples? See! Yonder my God burns revealed in the sap-drunken maples!

The Bee Bookshelf

In his recently published "Americanism," Mr. Stuart P. Sherman has mixed sociology and literary criticism with rather dubious success. His book is confessedly an endeavor to conserve and purify the American national spirit on the grounds that this spirit is the one defense against the forces of internationalism which hopes to save humanity from self-immolation by destroying national civilizations and substituting for them a cosmopolitan culture.

If there is a national tradition, to defend it against the disintegrating influence of foreign ideas is, from a certain point of view, a laudable undertaking. But the array of subjects on which Mr. Sherman rests his case seems to disprove the very existence of such a tradition. For the word "tradition" implies unity and continuity and it is the lack of precisely these things in our social history which Mr. Sherman's book demonstrates. Consider the disparity of the essays in which the author deals with the two chapters in which the author demolishes Mr. Mencken and his cohorts, there are essays on Franklin, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whitman, Jouquin Miller, In addition, Andrew Carnegie, Theodore Roosevelt, the Adams family and Mr. P. E. More. One looks in vain among these names for any true continuity of spirit or accomplishment. Here are six literary men, a politician, a financier, a jack-of-all trades, and a family of aristocrats; or, again, a foreign-born Quaker, three New England Puritans and a family of Americans as well, and isolated figures from widely separated sections of the country. Imagine Mr. More's surprise and chagrin at finding his name linked with those of Theodore Roosevelt, Andrew Carnegie and Mr. Sandburg as a manifestation of the American spirit. Clearly these men have little in common. Mr. Sherman could hardly have chosen a more likely lot if he had been endeavoring to demonstrate the nonexistence of an national spirit.

As a matter of fact, there are no national literary tendencies. The history of the United States since the Revolution has been unfavorable to the development of a national literature; for it has been a continuous movement of expansion. There have been no stationary centers of national life, either physical or spiritual, about which such a national tradition might grow up. As a result, what tradition exists in America is not national, but regional; like the New England tradition or the far western. If Mr. Sherman's book indicates anything with regard to America it is that we are extremely young and as yet lack—may always lack—the bonds of common history. The essay on Carnegie is a polite gesture toward the business of money getting, which has played such a large part in American life generally and could not, therefore, well go unmentioned in a collection of essays such as this. One wonders whether Mr. Sherman has overestimated the influence of Carnegie—and of Roosevelt, as well—upon the popular mind. These men are close to us and loom large. It seems not improbable, however, that in the course of a very few years our present valuation of such public characters must undergo a considerable modification, and that as a result the Titans of today will appear in the role of fallible and rather ordinary human beings.

Forrest Reid in his latest book, "Pondering among the Stars" (Houghton-Mifflin company), shows rare good taste in more than one department of his profession. His technique is always good, clear, precise, concise and graphic; his choice of colors and action enhance the book.

In Pender Reid deals with two romances, one of the present day and the other of the world. Both go upon the rocks, but the story is interesting throughout. In dealing with the supernatural Reid shows another rare trait. He refuses to introduce secret panels, blood-curdling cries at midnight, ghostly voices and other "dirty work at the cross roads" technicalities which make the usual "ghost" or mystery bromide. Pender, a poor relation, school teacher, soldier and seeker after peace, fails here to the family fortune and technicalities of the night, of wandering, toil and general misfortune. He decides to settle at the old homestead and to realize his life's ambition to write.

He soon finds himself interested in the life of the village about him, also engrossed in a love affair of his own. However, his own affair sinks into the background when he, each night, witnesses the love affair of two of his relatives, who left this sphere of activity years before. He soon learns that his affair is all wrong and waits patiently the culmination of his "ghost" affair.

Reid shows rare good taste when he doesn't try to get into a spiritualistic argument regarding the "ghosts" of the night. He is successful in merely stating what happened in the old family mansion and lets that suffice, something writers of other "spiritual" thrills might very well emulate.

Essays and Miscellanies. Joseph H. Auerbach. Harper, New York.

Another book of essays by Mr. Auerbach, a distinguished lawyer, has for its opening article, a whimsical treatise on a small boy whom the author calls "Mum's Boy." Mr. Auerbach explains in the preface that the first wrote about the little fellow—causal notes here and there—merely for the "Boy" to read when he grows up. Extracts from it were published at Christmas time in the North American Review and later the author was persuaded to publish the present paper. Parents of young children should be interested in the delightful glimpses of the tiny personality, as well as in the authoritative suggestions for child training, which Mr. Auerbach so earnestly advocates.

Two pleas made by Mr. Auerbach in his profession, a Commencement Day address, a defense of Theodore Dreiser's "Genius" before the New York Supreme Court, when its suppression was threatened by Society for the Suppression of Vice in that state, a memorial to a departed bar member, and a plea for better literature and higher criticism, under the title "The Athenaeum Club" complete the book.

The great and worthy success of the recent historical novels of Rafael Sabatini has led to the republication of his earlier works. "The Snare," (Houghton-Mifflin), is a story of the campaign of the duke of Wellington against the forces of the Emperor Napoleon. There is in "The Snare" the same rollicking style, the romantic situations, planned in the grand old tradition, but executed in a more modern manner, human characters whom one knows are unreal and a trace of the philosophic in the asides of the writer which characterize Sabatini. It is another good story, though it is somewhat below the high standard of "Scaramouche" and "Captain Blood."

Out of Today's Sermons

M. Allen Keith, pastor of Pearl Methodist church, will preach this morning from the text, James 4:14, "For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." He will say:

Who does not stop at times, amid the hurly-burly, the rush and sweep, the stress and strain of life, to ask himself the question, What is it all about? Is it really worth the fight? And, in our best moments, our natures demand there shall be a purpose, an aim, a destiny, to human life commensurate with its struggles. He challenges its deepest pangs and highest hopes—no hap-hazard, bit of miss, happy-go-lucky existence can satisfy the best in man.

But where shall we go for an answer to the true meaning of human life? In questions of law we refer to Blackstone, in philosophy to Plato and Aristotle, in mathematics to Euclid, in botany to Gray, in electricity to Edison, etc., because these have made a signal success in their respective fields. So, in searching for life's highest values and deepest meaning we will go to Him who has made the greatest success of life. He of Whom it is written, "He spake as never man spake," and even His enemies said "I find no fault in Him."

What does Jesus say about the meaning of life? Just this: It is an immortal, eternal purpose which cannot be measured in material and temporal terms—even as human life was born in the mind and will of God, it will find its deepest meaning and satisfactions in conformity to that divine will and plan. In other words, no person who fails to reckon with God and give Him first place in his life can ever hope to plumb the deepest depths of life's joys and meanings. "Thou hast made us for Thyself," wrote the great Augustine, and "Thou art the end of our journey." He who would find the true meaning of human life—Jesus Christ showed us the meaning of life when He said, "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of Him who sent me."

In his sermon, "Paul's advice to married folk," this morning, Rev. Albert Kuhn, pastor of the Bethany Presbyterian church, will refer to our modern problems in the relation between man and wife. He will say in part:

I don't believe in the wholesale condemnation of the divorce that is so fashionable in ecclesiastical circles. Just as the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath, so also the institution of marriage must meet the real needs of a man or a woman instead of man or woman making themselves miserable to satisfy a stiff and unchangeable marriage code. If any marriage is conclusively proven to be a case of mistating, it ought to be dissolved. Neither the state's license nor the minister's benediction is the validating seal of a marriage. If the souls are not married through mutual respect and love, the marriage of the bodies is an unnatural state. No man ought to be compelled to continue in marriage with a woman whom he cannot help but despise and dislike.

It is not so much our divorce laws that are at fault as the spiritual condition of our men and women. A vivid consciousness of one's responsibility to God will make one thoughtful before he asks another person in marriage and after marriage makes him keenly conscientious of his duty to wife or husband. Where both parties live in the presence of God from day to day, divorce is almost unknown, not because the couple feel a legal restraint that keeps them back but because the divine spirit which lives in both of them renews from day to day the bond of their souls.

What we need is not more legal restraint but a deeper and nobler soul life. Let husband and wife daily in humble and childlike faith kneel before their almighty Creator and Father in common petition for their daily needs, and the mutual bitterness and the other differences will melt away. But when your faith in God dies, your faith in the nearest of your fellow mortals is very apt soon to die also.

AROUND NEBRASKA

Some folks say that since women are voting none but handsome men can be elected to office. This is disproved by the kind of men women married.—Harvard Courier.

Some girls who enter beauty contests are not always as beautiful as they are painted.—Shelton Clipper.

A telegram from London announces that box constructors are the latest fad in pets for London women. What is the matter with the English men? Are they losing their grip?—Nellig Leader.

Every time one tree is cut down in Nebraska three trees should be planted.—Hastings Tribune.

The new motorist said he was getting along fine until he saw a bridge coming up the road and he turned to the right to let it pass. Both he and the car passed.—Blair Pilot.

Here is a question for the interested taxpayer to solve. If Mrs. Blueblood has a \$900 sealskin sacque, which is listed at \$100 with the assessor, and Mrs. Highstep has a \$1,000 piano listed at \$150 for taxation, should the washwoman's kitchen stove, table, chairs, straw mattress and washbasin be assessed at all? That's right! We knew you could solve it, and we do not see how anybody who can't solve it ever broke into the legislature.—Aurora Sun.

Burning the midnight juice while reading the seed catalog is not a bad way of preparing for the coming spring.—York News-Times.

Unpleasant truth as it is some of the homes in which reforms, for the sake of the rising generation, are most needed, are homes the mothers of which are out attending teas, whilst parties or even meetings of the reform-the-children-club.—Grand Island Independent.

Congressman Blanton of Texas pokes fun at the Marine band and calls it a "Society band." But with-out the Marine band, "Laddie Boy," lobbyists and funny little congressmen like Brer Blanton, what would Washington folks do to have fun?—Nebraska City Press.

"Charley" inherited a governorship that was in prime condition. But he seems determined to make it over or wreck it.—Atkinson Graphic.

An Omaha woman who is suing her maid for stealing her husband started on the witness stand that those peppy girls will steal anything you leave around the house.—Genoa Leader.

The day may have arrived when the life of a newspaper depends upon the most popular comic strip. But even were it so, the average newspaper reader would soon demand something more substantial. Every year has its shortest day.—Grand Island Independent.

Daily Prayer

He will be our guide unto death.—Ps. 43:14.

Almighty and most merciful Father, we begin the day conscious of our helplessness, and Thy supreme and sovereign power. As Thou didst give us life, so we implore Thee to sustain it and to make us ready and fit for our larger service. For Thy care and protection through the night we praise Thee; the day and the night to Thee are both alike. As Thou hast watched about our beds, so we believe Thou knowest and planest all our ways. Do Thou prepare us for all that Thou art preparing for us. If perchance we should fail in our fulfillment of Thy plan concerning us, do Thou gently correct us and restore us to Thy love and favor. If disappointments or sorrows should attend us, make us strong to bear our burdens and enrich us with Thy sustaining grace. Make us ever faithful in each particular duty; loyal to every obligation to Thee and to those about us. Give us to know the way that leadeth unto life. Make us ever faithful in the peace that passeth understanding. May the shadows and the sunshine alike develop and ennoble our characters. Bind us as a household with the love of eternal life, and rise ever more into the measure of the stature of the fullness of Him Who for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich—Thy Son, our Savior, Jesus Christ, Amen.

JAMES W. FLEMING, D. D.,
 Bishop, Episcopal Diocese of Nebraska, Omaha, Neb.

The Sunset Land

Have you ever dreamed in your fondest dreams
 Of the land where the sunsets die?
 Where you catch the gleams of the
 Silvery streams
 'Neath the blue of a cloudless sky?
 Where the waters leap to the canyon
 deep
 And the pines in their splendor stand?
 Then I know for you, 'twas a vision true
 For you dreamed of the Sunset Land.
 Have you ever sighed at the close of
 day
 As you stood at the open door,
 For a glimpse of the peaks where Nature
 speaks
 For a sound of the ocean's roar?
 Have you ever thought of a blissful spot
 With the touch of an artist's hand,
 Then I know for you, 'twas a longing
 true,
 For you sighed for the Sunset Land.
 Have you ever stood at the dawn of
 day,
 Where the old world floods with light,
 And thought of the place where the
 light
 And the eagle wings his flight?
 Where the ice-fields glare in the cooling
 air,
 And the tide-wave sweeps the sand?
 Then I know your quest was the golden
 land,
 And you longed for the Sunset Land.
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