

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY NELSON B. UPDIKE, Publisher. B. BREWER, Gen. Manager.

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A WIFE BY ANY OTHER NAME. Wives who cling to their maiden names are misguided, in the opinion of G. W. Wickersham, former attorney general of the United States.

There lately died in Omaha a woman who conducted a commercial enterprise under her maiden name and not that of her husband. She had started on her career before marriage, and it was a natural and sensible thing to do to retain the name about which had grown up a considerable amount of good will.

Actresses have for many, many years observed the custom of preserving their separate identity. Many women authors who began writing before they had a husband continue their work without any change in name. For several years Mrs. Fisher issued her books under the name by which she was known to Nebraskans as a girl, Dorothy Canfield. A recent volume by a writer of popular romances illustrates the difficulties that sometimes occur.

This concession to the old-fashioned proprieties doubtless would please Mr. Wickersham, who declares: "I can hardly express with sufficient emphasis my opinion concerning the movement on the part of some women to retain their maiden names after marriage. Fortunately I was born in a generation whose women thought it a glory to take their husband's name when they married."

One can think of a number of complications surrounding the system of dual names, but the feminists have not yet suggested giving their own names to their children, if any. There was a primitive era of society in which children took the name of the mother instead of their father, but that is past.

LO! THE POOR INDIAN HAS LANDS. One of the scandals that hovered over the Sixty-seventh congress disappeared when the Bursum bill, dealing with Indian lands in the southwest, went to its doom. It left a bad odor, however, and the Snyder bill, which came up from the house, was nearly as sweet-scented as the Bursum measure.

It is unquestionably true that these Indians hold a great region; far more than is needed to provide each with the allotment that went to other tribes when they were induced to abandon tribal customs and take land in severalty. Equally is it true that the land is not of the same nature as that of Oklahoma, Dakota, Nebraska, or other states where the settlements have been made with the Indian.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE" A murder has been committed in Omaha. One man is dead, another is in prison. A mother is without a son; another mother, wife of two husbands, sits dumb with mental agony; two of her children side with her, the third with his father, who also is a slayer.

What brought this about? Inability of a man to control his own passions. Jealousy, "the green-eyed monster that mocks the meat he feeds on," possessed the soul of the man who did the shooting. His wife had left him and gone to another man. She says she had a divorce; her first husband says he never heard of it, and invokes the "unwritten law" to justify him in his deed.

Why did he not invoke the written law? Surely, the courts would protect him in any of his legal rights. Instead of bringing any benefit to anybody, he brought misery to all connected with the affair; sorrow to himself, to the woman he professed to love, and disgrace and shame to their children. Far better would it be for all had this man appealed to the law he set aside.

"Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay." When a man sets about to right his own wrongs, taking the law into his own hands, he generally makes a sorry mess of it.

KEEPING THE LIGHT UNDIMMED. Many men are made or broken by the way in which they consume their leisure time. Even more is this the case with adolescent children. A criticism of the American educational system that is coming more and more to be heard is that it is devoted too much to workaday matters without taking into consideration the possible uses and abuses of leisure.

Children in the cities have more idle time on their hands than those who are brought up on the farms and in the small towns. Lester F. Scott, a national executive of the Camp Fire Girls, referred to this in an address to the Lions club yesterday, and was corroborated by every man who had lived as a child in a smaller community, where chores and errands were a part of the regular routine.

Homes are different in the city, where so many forces are at work to decentralize the family circle. Some of them are little more than boarding houses where individuals sleep and eat, but have few interests in common. Mr. Scott is correct in asserting that parents are getting a long way off from their children. Recognition of this fact, and the effort to remedy it, are found in such movements as that of Father and Son week.

"If the boys and girls of Omaha are like those of other cities, they are all right," Mr. Scott says. "The problem for them is to fill their leisure time with wholesome interests." People are a little frightened over the flappers, but underneath the superficial aspects they are sound enough.

What is needed is an outlet for the high spirits of youth and a closer contact with the realities of life. Not all can be done through the schools, nor through the modern home, in many instances. That is where the Camp Fire Girls' organization and others like it come in.

An understanding love of nature is one of the moral substitutes for trashy diversion. Too many children and grownups, for that matter, feel lost in the out-of-doors. Last year 125,000 Camp Fire Girls went camping under the charge of competent leaders. There they learned to work with their hands, to live close to nature, and to perform numerous pleasant and useful tasks. They wore blankets and textiles and baskets and returned home with some new glimpse of the real but simple joys of life.

In the home, through a system of honors, the ordinary household tasks that are usually looked on as drudgery are made part of the game. Girls wash dishes, iron, scrub, sew and care for smaller children as part of the work for higher degrees in their lodge. It is not hard to apply one's self to such work if it can be made to appear not an end itself, but the means to a higher object.

It is this way of looking at life that must be impressed on the rising generation. Not only that aimless idleness and illicit pleasures leave lasting scars, but that useful, wholesome living builds strong minds and bodies and brings permanent happiness. A great deal has been said about the manners and habits of some of the high school children in Omaha, but little of the criticism has been of a constructive nature. There are dark corners in which vice lurks, but these can not tempt those whose lives, in school and out, are filled with wholesome interests. Thus, and only thus can the spirit of the Torchbearer's pledge be spread: "That light which is given to me, I will strive to pass undimmed to others."

GHOSTS OF BYGONE TRIPLES. For all the praises by Senator John Sharp Williams, it is unlikely that any public subscription will be raised for the now disappearing race of bartenders. Though the traffic in which they were engaged is now outlawed, and never was high in public repute, yet among their clients they were held in the greatest affection. One is reminded of that old piece of exaggerated humor which declared that the happiest moment of a man's life was when he kissed the bartender good night.

On the night of his retirement from congress Senator Williams, who might have dined with statesmen whose names are known from one end of the nation to the other, chose instead to sit at table with Phil, a veteran bartender who since prohibition has been a senate doorkeeper.

"I have known presidents, many of them," said the senator in a farewell toast, "I have mixed with cabinet officers; indeed, I have made some. I have been friends with great judges, ambassadors, statesmen and representatives of kings; but there is one friend whose memory will stay with me longer, whom I will cherish more dearly than that of all the lords of fame with whom I have been associated—and that friend sits by my side."

This tribute, perhaps inspired by the memory of mint juleps, gin rickys and other forbidden fruit, will shock a good many good people and cause the rest to chuckle in unholy reminiscence. However, it does not refer to one characteristic of the best of the breed—that they seldom or never drank the concoctions they purveyed. No one knew better than the bartenders the unhappy results of indulgence. They realized the evils of the drink traffic better than any temperance workers, but like the philosophers they were, blamed it not on themselves, but on human nature.

February's building permit record indicates a considerable campaign in itself, and there are eleven other months in the year to be counted.

A man at Kansas City has just died from hiccoughs. They have a habit of carrying things to an extreme down there.

J. Pluvius must have heard about the drouth in Nebraska. At any rate, he made good.

Homespun Verse By Robert Worthington Davie A WOMAN'S WAY. Into the kitchen at daybreak. Called by a pleasure true; Fashioning foods for his sake. And love of ability, too; This is the rapture of living; This is God's method of giving; A woman something to do. Sweeping and putting aright. Cheered by a duty deep. Dusting the grayness white— As only a woman can sweep; Darning the holes in a stocking; Sewing—and singing and rocking; Her beautiful cherub to sleep. Twice in a day repeating; With cheerfulness never away; The process of cooking and eating; And making the haven gay; O, this is an art of beauty— A woman's wonderful duty. Achieved in a woman's way.

"From State and Nation" Editorials from other newspapers.

The Governor Shall—! From the Fremont Tribune. Any government, whether it be local, state or national, that devolves or attempts to devolve upon the shoulders of one man cannot stand. Any man who ventures to assume dictatorial powers in the administration of the affairs temporarily placed in his hands through the will of the people will soon find his position untenable.

There is no place in the governing forces of Americans for the imperious will of the man of egotistic bent. Governor Bryan has proposed to set up a one-man state government in Lincoln by which all Nebraska is to be ruled and regulated. He was to be the dictator, the czar, the all-powerful potentate. The state house slogan hereafter was to be "The Governor Shall—!"

The first session of the legislature had hardly settled down to business before Mr. Bryan brought forth his famous thirteen bills designed to replace the McKelvie code system and to give the state of Nebraska the most dictatorial and despotic form of government it had ever had in its history. All through these thirteen bills the phrase "The Governor Shall—!" was dominant.

House Roll No. 315 said, "The governor shall have all appointive power." House Roll No. 631 said, "The governor shall be state health director." House Roll No. 632 said, "The governor shall supervise and control the state engineering department." House Roll No. 633 said, "The governor shall be known as the commissioner of labor." House Roll No. 634 said, "The governor shall be state veterinarian."

House Roll No. 635 said, "The governor shall be vested with authority, control, regulation and supervision of the bureau of inspection." House Roll No. 701 said, "The governor shall be the chief enforcing officer of the department of fish, game and athletics." Each of the above nine bills create new departments and they provide for salaries of the heads of departments aggregating \$25,750 annually, and provide unlimited power in the governor for providing additional assistants. None of these appointments is required to be approved by the house or senate.

Governor Bryan makes the claim that if these proposed bills are allowed to become law the state of Nebraska will save the mammoth sum of \$5,000,000 annually. George F. Smith, republican representative from Fremont, declares that the Bryan plan would not save the state a solitary dime. In the first place, the governor has usurped the powers of the legislature in framing the bills, and, in the second place, he merely created the head of an octopus with more tentacles and arms and legs branching out than any octopus ever possessed.

Government in the first person is distasteful to the average American citizen. Charles W. Bryan is not the first man elected to public office who has held the idea that the reigns of government have been delivered into his hands alone. The others have long since fallen by the wayside, as will Mr. Bryan. As long as we pretend to maintain a representative form of government we will never tolerate a dictator for the simple reason that the people will be strong enough to be representative of all of the people.

Primitive Psychology. From the Toledo Blade. Not long since one could buy love philters in drug stores. As recent as 30 years ago an old drudge, brought into court as a vagrant, insisted that he was a merchant. What he sold were rings and neckties, and he would wear the wretched rheumatism, witchcraft and the less of jobs. Believe in the evil eye still obtains in some of our larger cities.

It ought to be a wonder that humankind, even in our day, which we boast of as scientific and enlightened, responds to the call of magic. A hard-boiled chemist, a philosopher and a training whom you could not get to listen to a perpetual motion proposition, will yet drink in the words of someone who promises to cure him of his rheumatism, or to train his billiard form of incarnation. A housewife who would consider it silly to make passes over cooking food accepts without question or critical examination the words of a fortune teller who claims purely in out of clothes from the spirit who asks to read the palm.

We are, indeed, but a little removed from the time of the ancient magicians, and the faith in the black art. Modern medicine is modern in every sense. In our own lifetime all of us who may be called middle-aged have seen outcasts of the race, and some anatomists who could carry on their studies only by financial connections with grave robbers.

Primitive psychology is tenacious. Daily Prayer Ask of God, and He will give it to thee.—John 11:12. Our Father, we thank Thee for the home with its protection and loving fellowship. Whatever else it may or may not be rich in, make it rich in the presence of Thy Holy Spirit in fulness and power. Forgive and forget, we beseech Thee, for the sake of our Savior and Thy dear Son, the sin of our lives, and cleanse us in His precious blood. Send each one of us forth filled with the spirit of our Master, which is the spirit of unselfish service. Strengthen us to do every proper task, teach us to be kind and helpful to others in Christ's name, make of us blessed channels of Thy mercies, and lead us into that pathway of life in which we can best glorify Thee and serve our fellowmen. Make our home life continually more Christlike, and may that life as well as our individual lives react for good on all with whom we come in contact. Hasten, through the services of our lives, the coming of Thy worldwide Kingdom, and the crowning of King Jesus, in Whose Name we pray. Amen.

PROF. WILLIAM J. MARTIN, Davidson, N. C. NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION for JANUARY, 1923, of THE OMAHA BEE Daily 71,555 Sunday 78,845

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Songs of Courage by John G. Neihardt Nebraska's Poet Laureate

TITAN-WOMAN. O great kind Night, Calm Titan-Woman Night! Broad-boomed, motherly, a comforter of men! Reach out thy arms for me And in thy jeweled hair Hide thou my face and blind my aching eyes!

I hate the strumpled smile Of Day! No peace hath she. Draw thou me closer to thy veiled face! For thou art womanlike, A lover and a mother. And thou canst wrap me close and make me dream. As one not cursed with light. I shall forget my flesh, This flesh that burns and aches And fevers into hideous, shameless deeds!

And in the sweet, blind hours I shall seek out thy lips, I shall dream sweetly of thy Titan form: The languid majesty Of smooth, colossal limbs At ease upon the hemisphere for couch! And of thy veiled face Sweet fancies I shall fashion; Half lover-like I seek thee, yearning toward thee! For I am sick of light, Mine eyes ache, I am weary.

O Woman, Titan-Woman! Though lesser ones forsake me, Yet thou wilt share my couch when I am weary. Thy fingers! Ah, thy fingers! They touch me! Lift me closer, Extinguish me amid thy jeweled tresses!

Thou wert the first great mother, Shall be the last fair woman; With breasts of flesh grow cold, soft flesh lips wither: O First and Ultimate, O Night, thou Titan-Woman, Thou wilt not fail me when these fall to dust!

The moon upon thy forehead! The stars amid thy black locks! Extinguish me upon thy breast, amid thy tresses!

as well it might be. Its development was through hundreds and thousands of years, perhaps hundreds of thousands of years. No matter what conditions prevailed, Mark could always think how it might have been worse, and consequently was always happy. Today, when on every side we come in contact with gloom spreaders and calamity howlers, we almost pray for the spirit and disposition of Mark Tapley.

How to Fight a Cold. From the Hartford Times. Dr. Copeland, New York, health commissioner and senator-elect, thinks that one reason for the spread of influenza down there is the failure of so many people to take care of the colds in the early stages. The phrase "fighting a cold" is a misnomer and the sooner it becomes the fashion to "give up to it," the better for all concerned. There is no virtue in risking pneumonia and death for the sake of telling people, who don't care anyway, that you are "fighting a cold on your feet." Most of the time you are better when you are fit to be out of than when you are exhibiting courage and virility by spreading germs among your associates. This is not to advocate valentianism, and warnings like those from Dr. Copeland wouldn't be necessary if there weren't so many more people who are afraid to appear in public places than there is sufficient to guard themselves against illness.

Rebukes the Gloom Spreaders. Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Did you ever read "Martin Chuzzlewit"? Do you remember Mark Tapley? He who could, under all circumstances, find some reason for being jolly? No matter what conditions prevailed, Mark could always think how it might have been worse, and consequently was always happy. Today, when on every side we come in contact with gloom spreaders and calamity howlers, we almost pray for the spirit and disposition of Mark Tapley.

I have no doubt that when our arborescent ancestors found that one of their number had lost the prehensile member of his anatomy and could no longer swing among the branches as he had been wont to do, the majority of his contemporaries thought that the end of all advancement was near and the reputation of the family was forever ruined.

When ages, yea, eons afterwards, the Babylonians sacked Jerusalem and carried the Hebrews away into captivity; when the Persians under Cyrus had like a flock, the Babylonians and overwhelmed the civilization of that great city; when the barbarians, as locusts, consumed the fatness of Egypt; and Egypt, in turn, went down under the advance of Greece; she in her turn becoming a prey to Rome, and Rome to the Germans and the Franks; when the Bourbons of France were destroyed by the rabble of Paris, and now, when the bolsheviks—or rather the menshiviki—of Russia

Public Now Prefers Vegetable Laxatives

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin affords prompt relief in a natural way. THE public is constantly becoming more discriminating in its choice of medicine. Those subject to constipation try to learn what makes them constipated, and then avoid it. If constipation persists in spite of all their efforts they take the mildest, most easily tolerated laxative compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with pleasant-tasting aromatics, and has been satisfactorily sold for 30 years. Unlike the harsher physics it does not produce a habit, and increased doses are not required; in fact, it so trains the stomach muscles that in time medicines of all kinds can be dispensed with.

Many take a teaspoonful of Syrup Pepsin once a week as a health safeguard. Others use it only when required, as, for example, Mrs. J. W. Borrughs of Little Rock, Ark., who finds it equally valuable for herself and the children, and Mr. Enas S. Costa of Watsonville, Cal., whose family uses it regularly. Try Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in constipation, biliousness, pines, headaches, sallow complexion, and to break up fevers and colds. A generous-size bottle can be had at any drug store, and it costs only about a cent a dose!

THE BEST constipation remedy is the one that moves the bowels without shock to your system, and such a one is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is a vegetable

MAKE DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN THE family laxative. THE NEW UNIVERSITIES DICTIONARY 3 Coupons and 98c. We want the loan on your home. Take advantage of our 6% Interest and Easy Terms. THE CONSERVATIVE SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION

'The People's Voice'

Should Nebraska Exile Talent? Wayne, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The University of Nebraska, in fulfilling its ideal of providing the best in all lines of learning for the students should and does have the interest of the young people at heart in selecting their surroundings. An atmosphere of refinement and culture is present. To maintain such an atmosphere the university must be continuously on the lookout for men or women of talent who can be of desirable influence. Such an influence they might have in John G. Neihardt if he were appointed to an honorary chair in the institution. His poems are inspiring; they represent the best in literature and, with him present, they preserve the minds and the students. Though Neihardt had no classes in the school, his presence, his contact with school life and the acquaintance he might have with students, would be of great benefit.

The poet is a Nebraskan. He writes the history of Nebraska in his epic poems. He has served his state, has loved and made immortal the country, and its early inhabitants. Now that he is engaged in furthering Nebraska's interests in "The Song of the Indian Wars," it seems but right that he should have the distinction bestowed upon him. To place Neihardt on the university faculty would be recognizing Nebraska talent. Neihardt is poet laureate of the state, and when he is serving his lifetime in that position, this section of the country it would seem a just compensation to the poet that he might continue his work. Men are paid to preserve the forests of the state; others preserve the birds and animals. Should not the state preserve its poetic talent?

Carleton college in Minnesota has offered Neihardt an honorary position with compensation, the purpose being to secure his presence as an asset to the institution. Would not his presence be valuable to Nebraska? Should not the state bestow an immortal help compensate such a gift as his talent? Should the best of literature be hampered by a lack of financial means, necessitating a stunting of talent? Should Nebraska keep and cherish its poet laureate? To all these questions the solution is obvious. Neihardt should be awarded an honorary position in our highest institution of learning, the University of Nebraska.

EDITH HUSE. Rebukes the Gloom Spreaders. Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Did you ever read "Martin Chuzzlewit"? Do you remember Mark Tapley? He who could, under all circumstances, find some reason for being jolly? No matter what conditions prevailed, Mark could always think how it might have been worse, and consequently was always happy. Today, when on every side we come in contact with gloom spreaders and calamity howlers, we almost pray for the spirit and disposition of Mark Tapley.

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Pop's Evening. A collection of cartoon panels with humorous dialogue. Panels include: 'NIGHT TIGHT', 'MIGHT AS WELL GET SOMETHIN' T READ', 'FATE T HAVE AN EVENING', 'WTH NTHIN' Y DO EXCEPT SIT AROUND BED TIME', 'GETTIN' SO I JUST CANT STAND IT BE IDLE', 'DONT LINE IT, GUYS IM JUST AT IN AGE WHEN A FELLA GOT T HAVE SOMETHIN' FOR THE OLD MIND T WORK ON', 'REMEMBER, YA - YOU WANTED ME T REMBER YOU UP THE WHOLE TALK', 'SOMEBODY'S ALWAYS LININ' UP SOMETHIN' FOR YOU T WORRY WITH!!', 'Do fishes smell?' one heading in the Literary Digest. I'll say they do.—Lester most (Colo.) Call. Movie announcement: 'The Fly,' which visited Detroit last summer, soon to return to the screen.—Virginia News. Hostess: "It looks like a storm; you had better stay for dinner." Jackson: "Oh, thanks, but I don't think it's bad enough for that."—Virginia News. Customer: "But you guaranteed the watch would last me a lifetime." Clerk: "Certainly; but you looked pretty sick the day you bought it."—Christians Bazaar. "Jim" she said, as he settled down for a comfortable smoke. "I've got a lot of things I want to talk to you about." "Good," said her husband. "I'm glad to hear it. Usually you want to talk to me about a lot of things you haven't got."—Lawyer and Banker.

The Spice of Life. "Do fishes smell?" one heading in the Literary Digest. I'll say they do.—Lester most (Colo.) Call. Movie announcement: "The Fly," which visited Detroit last summer, soon to return to the screen.—Virginia News. Hostess: "It looks like a storm; you had better stay for dinner." Jackson: "Oh, thanks, but I don't think it's bad enough for that."—Virginia News. Customer: "But you guaranteed the watch would last me a lifetime." Clerk: "Certainly; but you looked pretty sick the day you bought it."—Christians Bazaar. "Jim" she said, as he settled down for a comfortable smoke. "I've got a lot of things I want to talk to you about." "Good," said her husband. "I'm glad to hear it. Usually you want to talk to me about a lot of things you haven't got."—Lawyer and Banker.

Common Sense. You Can't Dream Yourself Into a Better Job. You feel that you should be earning more money and have a more important position than you now occupy. Then why do you not break away and go after that better place? Fear—that it's—the reason why you do not try for another job; you are afraid that you could not hold the job if you got it. Then you are not fully prepared for a better position and it is necessary for you to study and fit yourself for it. If you were sure you could discharge the duties of the better position you covet, you would not hesitate to quit your present place and take up new work, would you? Therefore the better job will be no nearer a year from now than it is today unless you earnestly prepare yourself. Hope and wish and day-dream till doom-day, but it will not get you nearer your goal without work. You are the one to take the initiative. You must prepare yourself—so start now. (Copyright, 1923.)

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