

THE SUNDAY BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

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BOUNDLESS REALM OF THE MIND.

Arthur Twining Hadley, president emeritus of Yale, recently discussed educational practices, asserting with some vigor that the system in vogue in America does not stimulate initiative in the student. He begins his critical consideration with the kindergarten, and carries it on through the universities, bringing much proof to sustain his indictment. Chiefly the failure rests on the destruction of imagination through the application of routine work that neglects the creative element of the mind, and develops memory rather than the faculty to see and conceive.

The human mind has challenged the utmost efforts of scientists to classify and co-ordinate its workings. Certain elementary reactions are scheduled, and psychologists find support for their conclusions in some few manifestations traceable to defined emotions. Yet the mind itself is superior to law in its natural state. It possesses in the beginning a capacity that, for want of a better term, is called imagination. It is best manifested in what the psychologists term the creative form, this gradually developing into the rational.

What has imagination done for man? It enabled Plato, for example, to outline a world, and to people its unexplored regions with fantastic creations in human and bestial shape. Long before his time, it enabled the shepherds, watching the stars by night, to form pictures that came into the folk lore, and eventually blossomed into astronomy. It set the early investigators on the track of the unknown and unknowable, and chemistry was born. Mystics saw in groups of stars the sacred numbers of their religion, and mathematics as a science slowly rose from the darkness to shed its beneficent light on the fundamental relations of numbers.

So much for the creative imagination. Its rational function has produced a marvelous array of wonders. In the first half of the Eighteenth century Herschel discovered the planet Uranus. One hundred years later, Adams, an American astronomer, calculated the orbit and determined that the planet was being disturbed by some outside influence. Uranus is distant 1,780,000,000 miles from the sun. Adams was joined in his views by a French astronomer, who calculated the spot where the interloper should be on a certain date, and on that date Neptune was added to the solar system, a billion miles further from the sun than Uranus, yet located within one degree of where the calculations predicted the presence of another unknown planet. Mendeleff, Russian chemist, eighty years ago, laid down his periodic law of atomic weights. Certain gaps had to be left for unknown elements, which must be discovered to complete the law. Radium, argon, helium, all have come to fill these gaps, to make positive the law.

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind sees God in the clouds, and hears Him in the wind," was but following the destiny of the race. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God," but the wise man, whose imagination is rational, knows there is a God, because his faculty for seeing things that are ideal leads him to the unshakable belief in that greatest of all ideals, the Omnipotent, Omniscient God.

THE HUMAN MULTIPLICATION TABLE.

In the last 100 years the population of the world has almost doubled. The increase amounts to about 700,000,000 people. At no other period of history has the race of man multiplied so fast.

The olden philosophers used to fret themselves about the results of adding so many persons to be fed and housed. And yet side by side with the rise in density has proceeded a gradual improvement in the standard of living. While population has doubled, the consumption of things that go to make life bearable or enjoyable has multiplied many times. If man had failed to learn how to utilize the resources of nature in ways of which primitive society had no conception, no such numbers could be maintained.

In his new book, "If Britain Is to Live," Norman Angell declares that Great Britain probably was more overpopulated in pre-Roman times, when the people numbered half a million, than now. That is to say, the early Britons lived more precariously, with more frequent failure of food, than is the case now that the population has increased nearly 100 times. In the same way, America must have seemed more crowded to a million Indians than with 110,000,000 persons now.

Even though this be the case, yet it is scarcely probable that the British nation will be thrown into alarm by the news that fewer babies were born last year than during any other year on record. That the infant mortality rate also reached its lowest point is welcome news. It is by reducing the death rate rather than by increasing the birth rate that the world's increase has come in the last century and will come in the future.

In late years the population of the world has increased at the rate of doubling every sixty years. The old philosophers were unduly concerned about what was to happen in the present day, and so perhaps we may be mistaken in any speculation concerning the future. The impossibility of maintaining throughout the coming centuries this rate is shown by a bit of arithmetic. In 10,000 years, allowing one and one-half square feet of space per person, the population would far exceed the available standing room on the earth's surface.

For all that, there is no need for worry over the population problem. Certainly migration will not settle it. As our numbers increase, there is, however, a more pressing necessity for the full use of natural resources and of human abilities. Living under the conditions that prevailed among the Indians, Americans would starve today. Living with the waste and friction that exists today, the people of the coming century would find life unbearable. Nature and the disposition of man to accommodate himself to circumstances may be counted upon to meet any emergency. Future pressure of population gives not despair, but hope for progress and civilization, unless a people is willing to live as the apes of Asia.

SHAKESPEARE'S QUESTION ANSWERED.

"When Miss Juliet Capulet sat in the balcony in the moonlight and mused concerning young Romeo Montague, she delivered herself of a query that has been puzzling the world for a long time. 'What's in a name?'"

If we look on the billboards or in the newspapers, we may conclude that there is a great deal. A Missourian came to fame under the name of Pod Dismukes, while Omar Madison Kem once represented a Nebraska district in congress. But could either of these have mounted the glorious heights of music or movies? Richard Mansfield's name was good enough for him, and so was Otis Skinner's, but Nellie Mitchell had to become Nellie Melba before she could get far as a singer. Likewise, Maude Kadden found it necessary to give the world the name of Adams, and Julia Marlowe was known as Frost when she lived as a girl in Kansas.

When Edward Johnson, the Metropolitan tenor, was in Omaha recently he told a little story to a group with whom he was taking lunch that is illustrative of the point. He had just left school in Canada and gone to New York, seeking fame. An opportunity to join Nordica on a concert tour presented itself. He made a good impression on the great singer, and she took him to Walter Damrosch, her manager, for approval.

"I've found a tenor, Walter," she reported. "Good," said Damrosch, "bring him in."

"Wait, I want you to know all about him. He is an American, and his name is Johnson."

"Good Lord," ejaculated Damrosch, "is he white or black?"

And Damrosch is American by adoption, while Nordica was born Norton in New England. Johnson went to Italy, assumed the name of Eduardo di Giovanni, and sang under that until finally he came to join the Chicago company, where Campanini insisted on his assuming his own name.

Some day it may come to pass that one who is not ashamed of it may come to greatness on the stage in America wearing the name given him by his sponsors in baptism, but for the present the answer to Shakespeare's inquiry is "Lots." A name means the difference between success and failure on the billboards.

RECREATION FOR THE YOUNG.

In recent years there seems to be a general pessimism regarding amusements indulged in by the young, and apparently with good cause. Many pleasures left for the child of today would have a tendency to blight life rather than make it bloom in splendor, were it not for the fact that there is a spark of the divine in every human being; and this spark contributes to the conscience which is often more highly developed than in the adult.

The common criticism is that young people are so surfeited with artificial pleasure that the old-time diversions pall on them, but it is doubtful if these critics have taken proof of such assertions. Children have small opportunity for cultivating a taste for small pleasures as long as elder minds tend to artificial diversions. This inclination is evident in rural districts through the summer months, when a band concert and pavement dance will attract revelers of all ages in such crowds as to swell the population of a country town to metropolitan numbers one night out of every week. Yet, in the same community, there are the more conservative ones who bemoan the fact that the high school gymnasium is open evenings in the winter months to the physical director and his class for good, wholesome recreation. It is a fact to be lamented that many parents leave their children to seek their own diversions, while others are inclined to frown upon any form of entertainment for the young, in the belief that joy and happiness must be associated with vice.

There is little danger of the normal young person having too much diversion, but pleasures must be guided by wisdom and not left to chance. In rural districts the dearth of amusements often cause real suffering. Children are heirs to a joyless world and every effort should be made to brighten the morning of their days by good, wholesome recreation. The home, the school and the community should keep up a united interest to this end.

THE THINGS THAT SURVIVE.

Three thousand years hence what vestiges will remain of today's civilization? When the royal escort sealed up the tomb of King Tutankhamun in the Valley of the Kings some 30 centuries ago they little reckoned that they were leaving to the discovery of this modern age evidences of a great civilization. They put into the tomb mummified meat and birds so that their noble lord might have food in the next world, they left jewels to adorn his spiritual double, a boat for him to row on the dark waters, and comforts and luxuries that he had found agreeable in life and which they believed would please him in death. Who knows what treasures they might have chosen had they been guided by reason instead of superstition?

The wisest men of that far day could not dream what parts of their civilization would be valued most by men of the ages to come. No more can we in this modern time predict what will be carried on through time and adapted into the life of distant generations.

The evidences of the cultured state of the ancient Egyptians is found in the king's tomb—what has not been revealed is the method by which these objects were produced. The pottery is unexcelled by either Greek or modern practice. The texture of the garments is of a fineness scarcely equalled today. The jewels, the carvings and the vases are dazzling. Science had developed back in those days. Astronomers were mapping the stars and had devised a calendar which took into account the solar year. It is of such matters as this that we should like to learn more. No Egyptian record thus far discovered has contained any reference to the life of Moses. Many important things have been overlooked, perhaps because they were considered of small moment. And when 3,000 years from now the ruins of our cities are searched by a new race of explorers, it may be that the things they are most curious about will be missing, and only the trinkets and trappings will be available for their study. The things most sought will be our ideas, which cannot be preserved in material form, but will perhaps persist, as some of the customs of the Egyptians persist today, unknown within our daily life and habits.

Europe may not be able to produce enough to eat, but when it comes to providing arms and ammunition—well, that's different.

The Michigan woman whose temperature sticks around 114 degrees is winning honors for warmth, if nothing else.

Another proof that spring is just around the corner is the appearance of new Ak-Sar-Ben buttons on coat lapels.

Out of Today's Sermons

Dr. George A. Miller, pastor First Christian church, will preach this morning on "The Incarnation." He will say in part:

When we speak of the incarnation we mean God having become man, has dwelt amongst us in the person of Jesus Christ. The incarnation is the central fact of history. It has been for ages the fundamental doctrine of Christianity. In these latter days some have doubted, but they have not brought the greatest blessing to humanity. They are not reaching those who need most the great salvation. The world through all ages has been ever seeking to know God and man. This knowledge has come only through the human life of God in Christ. Christ said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," "Which one cometh me to know God? Abstract principles and philosophies have never brought God within the range of human life and sympathy."

No other revelation of history has satisfied the longing of the souls of men. The incarnation, the life of God in Christ, and that alone, has solved the question of God and the soul of man. The spiritual and the finite are inseparable to the finite mind of man, but God as revealed in Christ has ever been a means of satisfying the longing of the soul of mankind. The compassion and love of God were manifest in him.

He was divine, but still had our nature and love. If "divine metaphysics" or an "ethical freed" would have saved mankind, there would have been no need of Gethsemane and Calvary. Only by a personality was this accomplished. Today for us there is the religion of the incarnation or no religion. There are many moral precepts, much ethical culture, but no real religion of the soul.

In Buddhism there is a philosophy; in Mohammedanism, a monotheistic philosophy of the universe; in rationalism, no redemption; in Unitarianism, a philosophy but no regeneration. The atheist denies the existence of God. Agnosticism doubts. Polytheism has many gods and therefore none.

The incarnation unites the human and divine in the Christ of Bethlehem. This is religion of salvation, delivering us from sin, a religion of faith, saving us from the negations of unbelief; a religion of hope, delivering us from despair; a religion of spirit, delivering us from the bondage of the flesh; a religion of life and immortality delivering us from death and darkness beyond.

At Hillside Congregational church the pastor, N. H. Higgins, will preach this morning on "Cleansing From Sin." Following is a part of his sermon:

When a man comes home for the daily meal with hands soiled and grimy from the shop or office, he usually turns gladly to a place to clean up and wash off the dirt. How glad he is for soap and water, so he can sit down with wife and children with hands and face clean and enjoy the meal and the fellowship of the home.

But we have a greater need of cleansing from sin than the laboring man has to wash the grime from hands and face when he comes in from work. How wonderful is God's provision for our cleansing.

"If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Our great need as Christians for cleansing from sins and unrighteousness should lead us to God in humble confession, not to be saved, for that is accomplished by repentance and faith; but now as children of God we need cleansing that we may enjoy fellowship with our gracious Lord. And this cleansing is ours if we are willing to confess our sins and unrighteousness to the Lord Jesus and so we may be happy in the constant fellowship with our Lord.

In his sermon this morning Rev. Albert Kuhn of Bethany Presbyterian church will preach upon the question of "Personal Liberty" as follows:

Paul was a liberal. He shocked orthodox Jews by his frank statement that he did not believe the Almighty insisted on circumcision; he shocked them by saying that there was no harm in eating meat sacrificed to idols; he shocked them by declaring that the strenuous Sabbath laws of Jewry were not binding upon the Gentile converts or, in fact, on any Christians.

Yet Paul warned his equally liberal followers that, if by insisting upon the freedom from restraint, they disturbed the harmony of the church or tempted another brother to violate his conscience, they should rather forego their privileges and avoid thus hurtful provocation.

Today the same holds true. You or I may not feel the slightest compunction about making a little home brew, or visiting the pool hall, or holding a church raffle, or attending a Saturday night dance downtown. But if we know that our example will encourage our neighbor, a former boozefighter, to take up his old habit, or some young chap to become a shiftless, good for nothing pool shark, or our people to acquire a taste for gambling, or some young girl to frequent questionable dance resorts, we refrain from the use of our liberty because of the love we bear these friends.

The true motive for national prohibition must be our deep concern in our fellow men's welfare. Not law, but love of our fellows, should keep us sober and obedient to the constitution. If it is true that the nation manufactures and sells of intoxicants results in physical, economic and spiritual harm, not only to his weak neighbor, but to his innocent family and his whole community, and few people will contest that, then even the sober and sensible friend of a good glass of whisky, if he loves his neighbor's soul more from his own whisky bottle, will help to stamp out the production of whisky. He does not wish to lead his weak neighbor to ruin by pulling him with the rope of his own personal liberty.

Yes, "Any Port in a Storm." Seems funny to find the eastern cities raving about soft coal smoke. Way they have been talking it would have been thought they would be glad to have anything to burn.—Florida Times-Union.

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION

for FEBRUARY, 1923, of

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Daily 71,558
Sunday 78,661

B. BREWER, Gen. Mgr.
V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of March, 1923.

W. H. QUIVEY,
(Seal) Notary Public

Gaea, Mother Gaea!

By JOHN G. NEIHARDT

Gaea, Mother Gaea, now at last,
Wounded with too much peeking, here I cast
My soul, my heart, my body down on thee!
Dust of thy dust, canst thou not mother me?

Not as an infant weeping do I come;
These tears are tears of battle; like a drum
Struck by wild fighting hands my temples throb;
Sob of the breathless swordman is my sob,
Cry of the charging spearman is my cry!

O Mother, not as one who craves to die
I fall upon thee panting. Pierce as hate,
Strong as a tiger fighting for his mate,
Soul-thewed and eager for yet one more fray—
A Gaea, Mother Gaea, thus I pray!

Have I not battled well?
My sword has ripped the gloom from many a hell
To let the sweet day kiss my anguished brow!
Oh, I have begged no favors until now;
Have asked no pity, though I bit the dust.

For always in my blood the battle-lust
Plunged awful sword songs down my days and nights.
But now at last of all my golden fights
The greatest fight is on me—and I pray.

Oh let my prayer enfold thee as the day,
Crush down upon thee as the murky night,
Rush over thee as a thunder-gust, alight.
With swift electric blades! Nay, let it be
As rain flung down upon the breast of thee!
With something of the old Uranian fire
I kiss upon thee all my deep desire.

If ever in the silence round about,
Thy scarlet blossoms smote me as a shout;
If ever I have loved thee, pressed my face
Close to thy bosom in a lonesome place
And breathed thy breath with more than lover's breathing;
If ever in the spring, thy great trees, seething
With hopeful juices, felt my worship-kiss—
Grant thou the prayer that struggles out of this,
My first blood-cry for succor in a fight!

Alone I shouldered up the cringing night,
Alone I flung about me halts of day.
Unmated went I fighting on my way,
Lured on by some far-distant final good.

Unwarmed by gliding fires of bitter wood,
Feeding my hunger with my tiger heart,
Mother of things that yearn and grow, thou art!
Thou Titan brood sucked battle from thy pap!
O Mother mine, sweet-breasted with warm saps,
Once more Antaeus touches thee for strength!
My victories assail me! Oh at length
My lawless isolation dies away!

For Mother, giving Mother, like the day
Plunged down from midnight, she who was to be
Bloods all the brooding thunder-glooms of me!
And in the noon-glow that her face hath wrought,
Stands forth the one great foe I have not fought—
The close-ranked cohorts of my selfish heart.

Sucker of virile fighting things thou art!
Breathe in me something of the tireless sea:
The urge of mighty rivers breathe in me!
Speak me with purple like thy haughty peaks!
Oh arm me as a wind-flung cloud that wrecks
Hells-furies down the midnight battle-murk!
Fit me to do this utmost warrior's work—
To face myself and conquer!

Mother dear,
Thou seemest a woman in this silence here;
And 'tis thy daughter who hath come to thee
With all the wise, and mother-heart of me,
Thy luring wonder and immensity!
For in her face strong sweet earth-passions brood!
I feel them as in some wild solitude
The love sweet panting summer's yearning-pain.

Teach me the passion of the wooing rain!
Teach me to fold her like a summer day—
To kiss her in the great good giant way.
As Uranus amid the comic dawn!

Oh, all the mad spring reveling is gone,
And now—the wise sweet summer! Let me be
Deep-rooted in thy goodness as a tree,
Strong in the storms with skyward blossoming!
Teach me the virile trust of growing things,
The wisdom of slow fruiting in the sun!

I would be joyous as the winds that run
Light-footed on the wheat fields. Oh for her,
I would be gentle as the winds that stir
The forest in the noon hush. Lift me up!
Fill all my soul with kindness as a cup
With cool and bubbling waters! Mother dear,
Gaea, great Gaea, 'tis thy son—Oh hear!

"Gaea, Mother" is a prayer before marriage. From boyhood Neihardt has been a lover of nature. In times of melancholy he was accustomed to lie upon his breast and press his face against her and from that contact he seemed to get comfort and strength. In prayer one sees his ideal self, himself as he would be in the eyes of perfection. Surely, says a critic, "Gaea, Mother" is as truly prayer as any utterance that ever came from human lips.

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AROUND NEBRASKA

The national call of the bootleggers is hip, hip, hurrah! Their national home the hooch-gow.—Blair Pilot.

Pretty nearly every time some people want to make other people better by law those same "some people" attach some "fee" provision to the statute. Anything to get the money! Grand Island Independent.

Some day some man who is not very smart, but who is intensely practical, will introduce a bill into the Nebraska legislature which will change our entire form of county government and enable us to hire a county manager to take charge of our public affairs.—Clay County Sun.

A "swan song" is all the more tragic when it is sung by a "lame duck."—Norfolk News.

We did not get one of the governor's postal card ballots. How did he know we would not vote to abolish the code?—Atkinson Graphic.

The bankers who have to make good the losses sustained in banks that fail are entitled to some voice in the management of the banks they guarantee. Any man who would "play politics" in the solution of this banking problem is little else than a traitor to his people.—Gering Midwest.

One nice thing about living in a small town is that when a neighbor cooks something that is extra good she always brings in a sample.—Harvard Courier.

Those who refuse or fail to profit from the past are of the very same juicy and succulent foolishness as those who live in the past.—McCook Tribune.

Nebraska's need of Neihardt is greater than Neihardt's need of a university salary check. Let's keep Neihardt in Nebraska.—Columbia Telegram.

Isn't it too bad! Governor Bryan wanted to cut the automobile license fee in half and thus save \$5,000,000, and the legislature wouldn't let him. The fact is, however, that it takes a certain amount of money to carry on the state activities, and if the money is not raised by this fee, it will have to be raised by general taxation. And

some who have to pay license fees pay no other tax. So there you are.—Oakland Independent.

If you are drawing wages and not saving anything you are being overpaid.—Clay County Sun.

Omaha Automobile club is to exhibit pictures showing how not to drive a car. What is needed, perhaps, is a series showing how to drive.—Nebraska City Press.

Another reason why the world's rubber supply is becoming shorter is that skirts are becoming longer.—Norfolk News.

Pointdexter will limp down to Lima and draw a good salary. Not so bad for being a lame duck.—York News-Times.

Daily Prayer

We are more than conquerors through Him that loveth us.—Rom. 8:37.

Heavenly Father, the strength of all who put their trust in Thee, be with us each day, we pray Thee, to uphold our hands and guide our hearts that we may give of our best to Thy service.

Thou knowest our weakness, how much we care for the opinion of others. Give us of Thy strength, that we may never be afraid to do Thy will. Each day there come temptations, sorrows, successes; may we be ready to meet each with a clear faith in Thee and an earnest trust in Thy goodness.

Help us as we go about our daily task, in the mill or the office, the school or the home, to have pure thoughts and clean lips.

May we try to give ourselves in helpfulness to those whom we come in contact, each day making some one happier by word or deed, so that, as the evening comes and the shadows lengthen, we may go to our rest happy in having been of service to the world.

Grant that we may, by our surrender to Thee, and our sacrifice for others, gain the strength to bear the cross, following His footsteps, in Whose Name we offer this, our imperfect prayer. Amen.

REV. EDWARD H. HONSAILL, JR.,
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