

THE SUNDAY BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

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A MELODY FROM THE HEART.

What is your favorite hymn?
Everybody has one; the choice may date back many years, to an old-fashioned church, where the elder sounded the key note with a tuning fork or the little reed, and then pitched the air where all could grasp and follow it through the rising, falling, swelling and diminishing progress of the tune to the end. Perhaps a critic might in that singing have found every vocal fault or deficiency chargeable against the canons of music. All save one. Sincerity and melody were there. One hymn, for its words or simple melody, appealed to each more strongly than any of the others, and you were always uplifted just a little when the minister announced that the congregation would stand and sing that particular one of which you were most fond.

A New York newspaper has just announced, as a result of a survey it made, that America's favorite hymn is "Abide With Me." For the second choice, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," is listed. Without wishing to fix a definite conclusion, we are inclined to agree with the choice so announced. Around each of these hymns clings the hope and the aspiration of unnumbered followers of the Nazarene, as well as the expressed or undefined longings of all the race:

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide."

It is the soul nearing the close of its earthly day, coming to the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where "I shall fear no evil; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." "Nearer, my God, to Thee," he feels himself with each breath he draws, yet in his dependence and humility, he continues his supplication:

"When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the Helpless, O, abide with me!"

"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. . . . Even from everlasting unto everlasting, Thou art God." "When other helpers fail, and comforts flee," where shall man turn if not to God? "Under us are the everlasting arms," and the prayer set up in the hymn brings the consolation that our faith is not misplaced, and that through all the ways of this life and into the portals of the next we do not ask in vain, "O, Lord, with me abide."

THE LIFE OF A CHILD.

A little girl, the light of a home, whose short five years on earth had taught her nothing of the dangers that await a baby when away from its mother's side, toddled out into the world by herself. Today a home is darkened, a mother weeps, a broken little body lies still and cold, with the smile of an angel on the voiceless lips.

Just another little life crushed out under the wheels of an automobile, the juggernaut that is taking such terrible toll. All who saw the accident say the little toddler darted in front of the oncoming car and the driver had no time to stop or turn. Unavoidable accident will be the verdict.

Are such accidents unavoidable? Are we not paying too high a price in human life for the benefits of the automobile as an agent of communication? Such accidents have accompanied all the forward steps that man has taken, just because man's caution has not kept pace with his accomplishment. We have made great strides in all other ways but safety. Our practice has been to adopt a device, and then try to match it with another that will insure safety. Up to the present the race has been unequal, for danger has run ahead of security.

Blame for this must rest on the human element. The factor that in the end determines is that of caution, and the take-a-chance individual is always present. The latest unhappy episode, that of killing a little girl on the South Side Friday, is only another warning to parents and drivers that they can not be too careful. A lifetime of anguish will not compensate for the results of a moment of carelessness.

Omaha's residential streets will always be open to motorists, but they should not be used so as to exclude the safety of children.

GOING STRAIGHT UP.

When the sea creatures crawled out of the primeval ooze onto dry land it was necessary that new ways of living be conquered, especially new ways of locomotion. One group became flyers, and found in the air a freedom of motion equal to that their ancestors had enjoyed in the water. Man has labored for generations to overcome the secret that birds worked out for themselves. Lighter than air machines have gone far towards the solution, and heavier than air vessels have made much progress. Yet the true power of flight remains beyond grasp.

For example, birds rise with ease from any place; so does a balloon, but the airplane must get a running start. Birds soar or float; so does the balloon, but when the engine of the airplane is shut off, its forward motion arrested or lessened, down it comes. How to keep the machine aloft and apparently motionless is the problem that so far has baffled research.

At the moment an interesting series of experiments with the type of flying machine called "heli-copter" is in progress at Dayton. A device that will lift itself straight up from the ground, will be capable of lateral as well as vertical motion, and able to sustain itself at a predetermined height is sought. Success so far attained encourages the workers to persist, in hope that the end will be achieved.

When it does come, man will have discovered the most important element of the great process by which the fowls protect themselves against conditions they can overcome only by flight. The air can be conquered, the only doubt being as to whether man is on the right track. What has been done stimulates the ambition to do more, and out of it all may yet come that knowledge which will permit us to soar from place to place as readily as if the air and not the land were our medium. Man has overcome greater obstacles, and surely will win this contest.

DRAMA ON NATURE'S STAGE.

Georgia's peach crop has been killed so often, sometimes by a late frost, sometimes by mere rumor, that there would seem particular wisdom in celebrating the blossom time instead of the harvest. It is difficult to picture a festival more picturesque than one held recently among the orchards of Port Valley, Ga.

The Japanese have their cherry blossom fetes, but inasmuch as their cherry trees bear no fruit, from an accidental standpoint there is something lacking in the significance of the occasion. To unite the celebration of the fruitfulness of nature and its pure beauty is seemingly much more to the point.

For the second year, under a canopy of delicate pink, Georgia has held its pageant of the peach. The scene itself, with 8,000,000 fruit trees abloom, was like a miracle. The finest thing is that the people thereabout should realize it, and burn incense at the shrine of nature.

There were, of course, floats depicting the planting, cultivating, picking and shipping of the crop. The main part of the pageant depicted the history of the land itself. Painted Creeks and Cherokees summoned by the spirit of history swaggered across the five-acre stage, withdrawing upon the approach of De Soto and his troopers. Oglethorpe and the debtors with whom he settled the colony, then the boys in gray, completed the historic scenes. The gods of the orchard, the wind, the rain and the sun, came on, and then in fluffy pink organdies and carrying blossoms from the trees, 300 girls danced ahead of the king and queen who are to reign until the next festival.

Three miles of tables were set up beneath the trees and 25,000 persons sat down to a barbecue. Southern hospitality would not consider an event of this sort complete without devoting attention to the inner man.

It is, however, the way in which this ceremony brings the people close to nature that is most to be remarked. Something of the same spirit is to be found in the apple blossom fetes of Norway. How fitting it would be if in Nebraska communities the people would celebrate in some such beautiful way the gathering of the harvest. The orchards have their wonders; so also have fields of wheat and corn.

REAL BOY.

A natural boy is one of the most refreshing and beautiful wonders of God's creation, and this would be a joyless world without him. Yet, it often happens that the boy is the object that receives the brunt of the criticism from the home, the school and the community. Perhaps this is because of his habit of simply being what he is, and his scorning to do the little things which make up the niceties in social life, but which do not necessarily come from the heart.

He is tender-hearted and quick to show mercy for helpless animals, but scorns pity for himself. The starved tramp dog will always elicit sympathy from the boy and he will sacrifice his most treasured possessions for the privilege of taking a neglected dog into his home. A little boy was recently seen leading a lame pony on the sidewalk because the unpaved street had frozen in a rough condition and hurt the bruised foot of his pet.

The boy is loyal and expects loyalty from others. He is fair. Not many have as highly developed sense of fairness as has the boy. The failure to live up to the code, "play fair," followed by groups of boys in daily association, is often the cause of the boyish fights indulged in from time to time.

There is nothing the boy appreciates more than a show of confidence from an older person in his own ability, provided he knows this to be sincere and he has respect for the judgment of the older person. There is nothing dishonest in the boy and he is quick to detect deceit in another.

These praiseworthy attributes may be appealed to, and thus the criticisms avoided. Parents and teachers can help the boy by building upon the honesty, tender nature, loyalty and fairness; and advantage, profitable to character building, may be taken of the boy's joy in proving himself worthy of the confidence placed in him, and thus the minor offenses may be crowded out and eliminated.

"BREAD PILLS OR BITTER ALOES?"

While the discussion as to the moral quality of books and plays goes on apace, uncoupling its length in interminable sentences, another line of thought with regard to literature is coming in for a little attention. Modernists are eager for realism, to the entire exclusion of romance, and from that flows some of the complaint against morals. Writers of today pretend to deal with facts, taking things as they find them, and set up the claim that they hold the mirror up to nature only.

Is this altogether true? Consider "The Forsyte Saga," or "Main Street," "Miss Lulu Bett," or "The Hairy Ape." Do they, or either of them, hold more than the impressions of the author, to which he has carefully fitted a set of puppet characters, each measured and trimmed to fill a prepared niche in the tale, to wear clothes, perform evolutions and speak phrases, designed to carry the argument the author conceives will throw upon the page a cross-section of life as he believes it to exist.

As a general result, people fail to recognize what is pretended to be a photographic reproduction of themselves, or else, as did Polonius when he determined to fool Hamlet to the top of his bent, they find "it is backed very like a camel." Meanwhile, there is real hunger for the good, old-fashioned story-telling novel, one in which souls are tried and wherein the course of true love eventually turns into the quiet pool of life and the lovers are forgotten.

This is not merely a yearning for the happy ending, for the treatise of literature. Rabellais was as realistic as any of the modernists who are getting their books suppressed or excluded from the mails, but he also had in mind a definite thing. Cervantes wrote an immortal farce, and he laughed the armed knight to death. Dickens achieved with his romances remarkable reforms; Thackeray's mingled pathos and satire illuminated the social ways of early and mid-Victorian England as did no other; George Elliot drew with careful lines the pictures of English life of the middle and lower classes, as Disraeli threw its political and high social pictures on a screen from which they will never fade. Scott and Lytton wrote the most engrossing of romances, but with a background of history, science and philosophy that is unapproachable and undeniable.

The list might be continued. In America we have Hawthorne, Cooper, Irving, Bret-Harte, and among the later writers Harold Frederic, S. Weir Mitchell, Tarkington, and Basil King, whose romances are frankly fiction, yet filled with such sense of realism that they satisfy because their truth is palpable. Our people do not require their moral or sociological teachings in capsules or sugar coated, but they do not require that all the contents of the dose should be exhibited in their stark nakedness. Realism loses nothing when it is clothed in agreeable romance.

Via Football

The Story of a Boy Who Found Himself.

By Martha B. Kelly

Bud Bailey was just a boy. That appellation describes him perfectly, though he was known around town by other and less complimentary terms. His father worked in the factory. His mother worked hard in the home. Bud's parents had little education. Their opportunities had been meager, and the higher forms of culture were unknown to them. But they were honest and honorable. Possessed of homely virtues, clean of life. The children born to them were strong in body. They were sent to school for two reasons. The law compelled it and it was a measure of relief to get rid of the turbulent brood that harassed the overworked mother. When they were at school she was reasonably free from the haunting fears of danger that beset the life and limb of children of the type of Bud Bailey.

Bud belonged to the gang. He could shoot straight in a game of keeps. He could line out a ball on the diamond. He could make a handful of green apples from the neighbor's cherished tree and consume them with never a pang of stomach or conscience. He could yell louder, run faster, fight harder than any other boy in the school. He was not a mental prodigy. In lessons he was classed as slow. He gave his teachers considerable trouble for the excellence of spirits in his rapidly developing body made him restless and hard to manage. A bit of a bully on the playground, as boys like Bud Bailey would be, he was not a disgrace and the subject of complaint.

Bud came to the notice of the physical director of the school when he tried out for grade school athletics. He had a fine physique. The broad shoulders, the muscular limbs and agile step. Here was material. He had a talk with Bud's teacher and found out a few things about his qualifications and characteristics.

Nothing daunted, he collared the boy the next day and talked to him. He told him a number of things and Bud listened as he had never listened to anyone before. In the matter of smoking, his father had told him between pipes to let tobacco alone. His mother had faintly presented the evils of the practice, still Bud intended to smoke as soon as he was big enough to overcome the hazard that in his mind was represented by the feeling he would get of caught. Bud took it before him at a different light. He said: "Bud, it's up to you now. The time to quit is before you begin." He explained many things in terms of the boy's character.

School took on new meaning from that day. He became possessed with an ambition to go to high school. To play football. Yes, shamelessly he said for a period he would like to be the height, his ambition to play on the high school team. The coach had said he could make it, but he explained further that to be qualified for a place on the team he would have to maintain a certain grade of scholarship. Athletics was pie, but lessons meant work, grinding study, a handicap. He had no scholarly aptitude to back him. It was dig for Bud.

Bud went into high school and long pants at 15. He was bashful, awkward, gawky. But at ease in study. He was a tortoise to him at first. At the first call of the coach he was out for football practice. Fellow athletes wore tailored clothes in school. They were decked out in exactly like his own, looking no better nor hardly as well as he in the clownish suits. They were put through their paces and the practiced eye measured their muscle and skill.

Bud's progress through the four years of high school was a succession of triumphs in athletics. That does not mean that they were easily won. He fought for them. Under capable instruction he developed qualities that, added to native strength and speed, made him a star.

It is not the purpose to set forth Bud's exploits in this respect except as they contributed to the development of his character. While Bud played football he was getting something that was of far more value to the making of a man than the development of physical ability. Bud learned that strength and size alone did not win the game. He learned teamwork, to measure such qualities as he possessed with those of others of the team, so that as one man they played for victory. To count the success of the team greater than personal honor. He learned to obey without question, to act without command. He learned to take heed for himself and for his fellows. He knew the thrill of victory. He tasted the bitterness of defeat. Often bruised in body and sore in spirit. Now hot, now cold, the variable winds of popular acclaim swept over him. There were lessons in courage, in self-control, in sportsmanship, losing fights, hardly won battles.

Not in athletics alone did Bud make progress. His body took on lines of grace as well as strength. He overcame much of his shyness and engaged in the social activities of the school. Athletic honors gave him a degree of prestige among his schoolmates, to be sure, but he commanded and held their respect by strength of character. Bud came to know through his association on the field that the secret of the race and swimming were not always the easy guys he had once thought. That many of them were abundantly able and disposed to give him a lick and take one even as he, Bud Bailey. It was good something that was of far more value.

Prairie Gems

Have you had any new potatoes? You will note they are like a politician—they are thin skinned.—Hastings Tribune.

Occasionally one reads of a jury sending men to the penitentiary on an old-fashioned term of years. One good way to stop crime is to punish criminals.—Nebraska City Press.

An economist is a man who goes visiting when foodstuffs are high priced.—Blair Pilot.

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION

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H. BREWER, Gen. Mgr.
V. A. BRIDGE, C. Mgr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of April, 1923.

W. H. QUIVEY,
Notary Public

We Nominate--

For Nebraska's Hall of Fame.



JEANNE BOYD of Fremont has made for herself an enviable reputation in not one but three branches of music. Perhaps best known as a composer, she is also a brilliant pianist, an able accompanist and a teacher of experience and wide knowledge. Since 1914 she has appeared a great deal in public and has composed many songs, piano pieces and works for orchestras. Her work is purposeful, her musical tendency fine and sincere as well as modern, and she is recognized as one of America's foremost composers.

Miss Boyd was accepted last year as a member of the famous MacDowell colony, endorsed by Mrs. Edward MacDowell and sponsored by the Chicago composer, Rossett G. Cole and Eric De Lamer. Her work is a mark of recognition as an artist and creative genius.

At present Miss Boyd is located in Chicago, where she is connected with the Lyceum Art conservatory as director of the theory department and teacher of piano.

For him to know this! It battered down that unwholesome sense of consciousness.

Bud will graduate in the spring. He will not carry off the honors of his class in scholarship, but his record has been creditable; more than that, he has been a great help to the school as he has learned to apply himself to serious study. What of the future? It is for the people of Nebraska that he has been working. He has been writing the baseball news for the daily paper, whether you play on the church organ or on the washboard, consider as part of your prayers to Almighty God.

Oh, what a revolution would be wrought in our city if everyone from Mayor Dahlgren down to the smallest newsboy would look at his job as a divine service.

What good groceries we would have; what honest customers the grocers would have; what a number of happy homes would have there would be no bribe-taking policemen, no bootleggers trying to bribe them; there would be no people perishing themselves in towns and no lawyers teaching them how to do it; there would be no bosses offering starvation wages nor workmen loafing behind the boss' back.

Out of Today's Sermons

"Love never faileth" is the theme of Rev. Carl A. Segerstrom, in his sermon this morning at the Swedish Baptist church. He will say in part: The best in the world fails. Rich or poor, wise or unwise, learned or unlearned, weak or strong, the morally bad or the morally good, yes, anything of this world fails. Not so with love.

Hated, in contrast to love, has proved itself a failure again and again. The recent world war, with all its horrors and terrible consequences, was colossal failure for its promoters. Did Germany or any other nation gain anything? Cain hated and killed his brother. His very name will forever remain a curse. Can you think of anyone who really gained anything by hatred? Yet this sinful, sinless world is yet fostering the spirit of revenge. Wars, suicide and murder are kept lurking in the minds of the peoples of the world. What is the only remedy for this dreadful condition? Let it be written in golden letters across the sky—"Love."

Love cannot fail because it is not something that the world has substituted for it. Love does not a lot of flowery talking; love does not brag of its great knowledge; love does not boast of how liberal it is in sacrificing itself or its possessions, because all these things without love fail. Surely love can speak, it does know, it has sacrificed to the utmost, but in the spirit of perfect humility. Love suffers long, and is kind; love envies not, vaunts not itself, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil. To such a man as this, without love fail, I know thy works and thy labor and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them, which are evil. Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." Rev. 2:24. Here a church was about to fail without love.

Rev. Albert Kuhn, pastor of Bethany Presbyterian church, will preach this morning on "The Sacredness of the Common Life." In his sermon he will say: Religion is a much broader matter than superficial folks regard it to be. They identify religion with that which is directly connected with customary forms of worship. The man, who walks to church on a Sunday morning with his Bible under his arm or the prayer book in his hand, or who goes to confession, or who performs the Talmudic rites at his home, is, they think, practicing religion.

Our text: "Whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God." (1 Cor. x:31). It is not the man who is entirely different conception of what pertains to the realm of religion.

Whatever ye do, whether you prepare a sermon or peel potatoes, whether you run a rescue mission or a nickel show, whether you read a mass or write the baseball news for the daily paper, whether you play on the church organ or on the washboard, consider as part of your prayers to Almighty God.

Oh, what a revolution would be wrought in our city if everyone from Mayor Dahlgren down to the smallest newsboy would look at his job as a divine service.

Daily Prayer

Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord; He going forth is prepared as the morning, and He shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth.—Hosea 6:3

O God, Father, Savior, and Revealer, sanctify all those who in the midst of truth seek more truth. As they question the authority of the past, increase their loyalty to the things which are eternal. May their hearts of thought leave unswayed the simplicity of their trust in Thee. As the steep ascent of truth reveals the ever-widening horizon of Thy thought, lead them in the narrow path of humble and sacrificial service. Enable them to share the joy of their emancipation without weakening other men's faith in the God of their own experience. May pride of learning never chill the warmth of prayer. May opposition and misinterpretation arouse within them no bitterness or plans for retaliation. As by Thy grace they are led into deeper sympathy with their Lord, may they give to the world their new assurance of the triumph of His Kingdom, rather than the agony of their struggle with doubt. And ever amid the clash of argument may they find the peace that passeth understanding in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

SHALENE M. STREWE, D.D.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

The Song of Three Friends

By Nebraska's Great Poet
John G. Neihardt

"VENGEANCE IS MINE."

Talbeau becomes penitent and seeks for Mike.
'Twas long before Talbeau could sleep, that night.
Some questioner, insistently perverse, Assailed him and compelled him to rehearse
The justifying story of the friend Betrayed and slain. But when he reached the end,
Still unconvinced the questioner was there
To taunt him with that pleading of despair—
For old time's sake! Sleep brought him little rest:
For what the will denied, the heart confessed
In mournful dreams. And when the first faint gray
Aroused him, and he started on his way,
He knew the stubborn questioner had won.
No brooding on the wrong Mike had done
Could still that cry: "Please now, ferocious toime's sake,
A little drop!" It made his eyeballs ache
With tears of pity that he couldn't shed.
No other dawn, save that when Bill lay dead
And things began to stare about the hall,
Had found the world so empty. After all,
What man could know the way another trod?
And who was he, Talbeau, to play at God?
Let one who curbs the wind and brews the rain
Essay the subtle portioning of pain
To souls that err: Talbeau would make amends!
Once more they'd drink together and be friends.
How often they had shared!

He struck a trot,
Eyes fixed upon the trail. The sun rose hot,
Noon poured a blinding glare along the draws;
And still the trail led on, without a pause
To show where Mike had rested. Thirst began
To be a burden on the little man; His progress dwindled to a dragging
But when he tipped the flask, that pleading face
Arose before him, and a prayer denied
Came mourning back to thrust his need aside—
A little drop! How Mike must suffer now!
"I'm not so very thirsty, anyhow," He told himself, /And almost any bend
Might bring him on a sudden to his friend.
He'd wait and share the water.
Every turn
Betrayed a hope. The west began to burn;
Flared red; then ashen; and the stars came out.
Dreams, colored by unacknowledged doubt,
Perplexed the trail he followed in his sleep.
And dreary hours before the tallest steep
Saw dawn, Talbeau was waiting for the day.
Till noon he read a writing in the clay
That bade him haste; for now from wall to wall
The foot marks wandered, like a crabbed scrawl
An old man writes. They told a gloomy tale.
And then the last dim inkling of a trail
Was lost upon a patch of hardened ground!
The red west saw him, like a nervous hound
That noses vainly for the vanished track.
Still plunging into gullies, doubling back.

And pausing now and then to hurl a yell
Among the undulating steeps. Night fell.
The starlit buttes still heard him panting by,
And summits weild with midnight caught his cry
To answer, mocking.
Morning brought despair:
Nor did he get much comfort of his prayer:
"God, let me find him! Show me where to go!"
Some greater, unregenerate Talbeau
Was God that morning; for the least heard
His own bleak answer word for word:
Go on, and think of all the wrong you've done!
His futile wish to hasten sped the sun
That day, as he recalled it in the dark,
Was like the spinning of a burning arc.
He nodded, and the night was but a swoon;
And morning neighbored strangely with the noon;
And evening was the noon's penumbra haze.
No further ran the reckoning of days,
'Twas evening when at last he stooped to stare
Upon a puzzling trail. A wounded bear
It seemed, had dragged its rump across the sands
That floored the gullies now. But sprawling hands
Had marked the margin! Why was that? No doubt
Mike too had tarried here to puzzle out
What sort of beast had passed. And yet—how queer—
'Twas plain no human feet had trodden here!
A trail of hands! That throbbing in his brain
Confused his feeble efforts to explain!
And hazily he wondered if he slept
And dreamed again. Tenuously he kept
His eyes upon the trail and labored
Lest, swooping like a hawk, another dawn
Should snatch that hope away.

A sentry crouw,
Upon a sunlit summit, saw Talbeau
And croaked alarm. The noise of many wings
In startled flight, and raucous chattering
Arose. What feast was interrupted there
A little way ahead? 'Twould be the bear!
He plodded on. The intervening space
Sagged under him; and, halting at the place
Where late the flock had been, he strove to break
A grip of horror. Surely now he'd wake
And see the morning quaken in the skies!
The thing remained! It hadn't any eyes,
The puffed sockets bore a pleading stare!
A long, hoarse wail of anguish and despair
Aroused the echoes. Answering, arose
Once more the jeering chorus of the crows.
(The End.)

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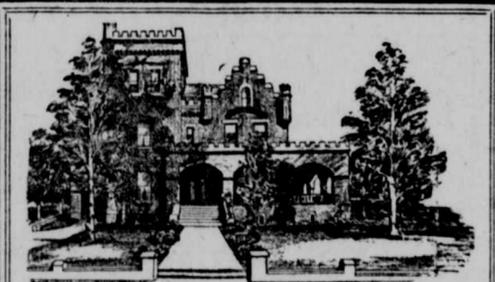


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