

THE SUNDAY BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

THE OMAHA BEE PUBLISHING CO. NELSON B. UPDIKE, President B. BREWER, Vice President and General Manager

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HOW TO MAKE HOMES HAPPIER.

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," but four walls and a roof may make a home. Where love is and content abides, where concord rules and repose may be enjoyed there is home. Loved ones meet there in that sacred sweet communion enjoyed nowhere else on earth, and from it goes out those influences that have strengthened man in all his long journey upward. By the light that shines from the home hearth he has found his way.

Yet home should be something more than four walls and a roof. Where love dwells there is inevitably the tender aspiration to serve love, and this expresses itself in many ways, but chiefly in the decoration and adornment of the home, that the souls of those who dwell therein will have its blessings and its solace as well as the body and the mind. What shape these decorations should take is not always easy to express, yet it is reasonable that some general rules be followed. Each individual has likes and dislikes, preferences and prejudices, and these are to be dealt with. But, each has some modicum of good taste, as well, and is not unresponsive to the appeal of beauty. In no other spot is the opportunity for indulging the esthetic element of man's nature than in the home.

Furniture and wall paper, pictures and lighting fixtures, all the furnishing and decorations, should in themselves betoken to a visitor as well as to the owners, the comforts and happiness of a home, for when these are in harmony then indeed is the music felt and that peace that passeth understanding. All can not achieve this, for all do not understand the laws of harmony, and frequently the false note is felt rather than realized, and the sweet bells are jangled out of tune.

Men and women have made a study of this phase of homemaking, and are willing and anxious to show to others the result of their research, their experience. This does not mean expense, it merely requires adjustment, the little change that brings all into the right perspective, and gives the picture its final touch. A little study will often show the fault, and the way to remedy it is easy.

It is to help all the homemakers that The Omaha Bee Home Beautiful show is going on at the City Auditorium, beginning on Monday of this week, and ending on the 5th of May. This is not to be confused with ordinary building shows which deal merely with the shell, for after a house is built there is much to be decided in its arrangement and decoration. Lectures by nationally known experts in their line, with exhibitions showing how interiors are to be arranged to get the best effects, the newest of appliances, and all the things that go into the home beautiful. This will be of immense value to all homemakers, for they will gain knowledge of the latest and the best ideas and will take away much information that will be valuable. Better homes for all is the watchword.

THE REWARD OF GENIUS.

So often the story is told of genius starving in a garret that when an instance is discovered of talent receiving tremendous reward, there is no one to utter a word in criticism. Paderewski, it is said, has received \$460,000 in the last six months from his concert tour. This is an average of about \$7,000 for three hours of music.

These earnings are stupendous, even measured by the salaries paid baseball players, moving picture stars or ordinary captains of industry. In their way they answer the charge that is frequently leveled against Americans, that they are lacking in appreciation for art. Most splendid of all is that Americans do not begrudge this sum.

Years of studious application, feeding a natural talent for drawing the soul out of a piano, have gone to the making of Paderewski. He has not arrived at his powers by any easy path—and yet he has arrived. There is an inspiration in all this, even for those creative geniuses whose efforts now are unrecognized or disregarded. What he has done may be done also by any one equally gifted. America does appreciate the best in music and will not willingly see any genius go unrewarded.

GRANITE FROM WHICH WE WERE HEWN

Useful as well as ornamental at all times, Ak-Sar-Ben is going to give his subjects a lesson in American history next fall. In years gone romance and poetry have afforded subjects and themes for the great fall pageant of the kings. Fairy stories, allegories, tales of the operas, and isles of the sea have been called upon to afford decorative topics for the edification of the multitude. Now the most interesting of all themes is selected, the history of our own country.

John Lee Webster, than whom few men are better versed in either narrative or philosophy of American history, has outlined to the board of governors his ideas for 24 floats, the outline has been approved, and the details for the great pageant are now being worked out. Mr. Webster is not only profound in the subject, but his well developed artistic sense will serve to present the pictures in the manner best calculated to impress the beholders.

PILGRIMS OF THE BY-PATHS.

Go north along the river road or south past Child's point and Fontenelle forest and you will pass (if you ride in a motor car as no doubt you do if you are taking a family of small children for an airing) squad after squad of hikers. Carefree and happy, they are as much at ease as if instead of riding Shank's mare they were reclining on the cushions of your car.

Do not, out of a natural impulse of cameraderie, make the mistake of offering them a lift. It is part of their enjoyment to be at liberty to cut across woodland paths, making the intimate acquaintance of the spring flowers, the birds and the squirrels. Walking is a splendid trainer of the eye—and these khaki clad girls and boys see many sights that are hidden from travelers along the roads. They know views of the river that are beyond the ken of motorists. Once in a year or so you yourself may have driven on a picnic to the country and discovered some of these wonders.

But no one measures distance like a hiker. When one is afoot one gets into the habit of reckoning how far it is to the schoolhouse over yonder or to the next farmhouse where a windmill seen through the trees holds out the promise of a cooling drink. The custom of the natives of the southern mountains who signify distances by such measurements as "two looks and a holler" is not in general use out here, but it is in some such homely fashion that estimates are made. Certainly time is no element, unless it be on the return journey.

These are pilgrims, bound on a visit to the shrine of nature. They go light-heartedly, breathing the sweet, pure air, finding not only a great deal of pleasure but wholesome exercise as well. There is no envy in their hearts for those who pass them by—if there be any envy it is rather to be expected from those who whirl past unaware of the secret beauties of the by-paths.

CHRIST HAS HELPED THE WORLD.

"If Christ came to earth today, He would be rejected as He was 2,000 years ago!"

These words are attributed to Anton Lang, the Oberammergau actor who impersonates the Savior in the Passion Play, and are reported by Karl von Wiegand, the well known correspondent. We are disinclined to accept all that is contained in the statement. Herr Lang has given the world on three of the decennial productions of the drama a wonderful picture of the gentle Man of Sorrows, but we fear he has not rightly appraised the spirit of the day. Hatred does not wholly rule the world. It is present, and is potent, but it is not the governing influence.

Let us look about us, and compare some of our daily experiences with conditions Jesus encountered in His daily walk. He found men wrapped up in their own affairs to the exclusion of all else. Charity was unknown, save as the Pharisee distributed alms, that all might know of his piety. No hospital opened its door to the afflicted and the miserable. The poor cripple beside the Pool of Bethesda languished day after day, for none would carry him down to the waters, and he could make no headway in the mad rush when the angel troubled the pool. Christ healed him by a touch. The man who journeyed to Jericho and fell among thieves would have died by the roadside, had it not been for the good Samaritan, son of a despised race, for chatting with one of its daughters Jesus was ostracized by the Jews for a time; out of Samaria came the aid the poor man needed.

Slowly through twenty centuries the power of the gospel of love, so simply preached by the Nazarene, has permeated society, breaking down the barriers of selfishness, wearing away the indurated crust that so long held the heart of man impervious to the cry of want, the moan of the afflicted or the supplication of the helpless. Love does not rule all the world, maybe, but its sway is over a far wider portion than when Jesus was here among men, over more hearts than ever in history, and is gradually extending the number of those who hold allegiance to the first and great commandment, and the second that is like unto it, "That ye love one another."

"Even a cup of water to a little child," said Jesus, pointing out how slight a service done in His name would win favor in Heaven. How shall we proceed to measure the things that are done in His name today? All the sorrow and pains of the world are not healed, all want and misery is not banished, and tears of anguish still flow, but they are not so many, nor is suffering so helpless and hopeless as it was 2,000 years ago.

Jesus did not walk the earth and teach in vain. Men have heard His message and sincerely try to do His will. That cathedral which the Bishop of Benares erected (in "The Servant in the House"), whose roof was supported by great arches composed of men's arms, their hands clasped in brotherhood, is yet to be realized, perhaps, but its walls are slowly coming up from the foundation laid so well when Jesus answered the lawyer who questioned Him that day in Jerusalem.

Love is surely prevailing over hatred in men's lives, more and more every day, and while the world might not recognize and welcome Jesus of Nazareth, were He to come again today, He would find that His earthly life had not been in vain, and that men are better because He did walk among them.

"WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING."

The old story of the thrifty farmer who crossed his bees with fireflies, so he could have a night shift of honey makers, is being approached by a German scientist, who has discovered a serum to do away with that tired feeling. A single dose of it revives the exhausted muscle and nerve and the worker goes on as if he never knew fatigue.

It will be some time before this becomes as popular as some of the good, old-fashioned remedies for the same ailment. However, it has some suggestions. For example, a marathon dancer, with proper dosage of the drug, might set the mark at such a number of hours that all others would despair of attaining it, and so turn their energy to more useful channels. The well known "tired business man" might slip himself a shot of the dope, and thus permit something worth while to be presented at the theater. Senators who have long speeches to deliver could surreptitiously administer some of it to their colleagues, and so be sure of a quorum while they talk the clock around.

So many avenues for the employment of such a specific come to mind that no attempt will be made to catalogue them all. One thing may be set down as certain: Under the soviet regime the market of Russia will be pretty well closed to the new discovery.

Six thousand members are sought for Ak-Sar-Ben this year. That is not an unreasonable number.

Omaha's June race meet is already casting its shadow across the calendar.

Odes to spring were a little premature.

EIGHTEEN

The poem with which Janet Pressley of Omaha won second place in an intercollegiate contest.

Annis, Eloise and Marguerite Fashion with white deft fingers Pillow slips, scarfs, luncheon cloths And sheer soft underthings, Making the work fine with careful embroidery.

Small stitches, intricate patterns And slender designs, With perhaps an occasional ribbon, And these they fold away in their hutch chests.

But I do not have white fingers Deft with the needle, And for you I fashion instead, rare thoughts, in my mind.

For I may embroider only with pink or blue, Pale and tawny, but I make my thoughts fair With golden threads and threads of scarlet.

With threads of silver and purple and crimson, With threads of all the colors And every varied tint and shading, I weave quaint fantasies—bright birds, fair gardens, Temples, castles and woodlands, Or sometimes only vague harmonies, remote and lovely, Like far-heard music.

But all my thoughts are not heavy With fancy, Nor so strange or splendid, For every day and general use I fold away neatly in sizes and dozens Plain thoughts and white, with hand-turned hems.

Made of cloth woven from thread that is strong, And still much finer than usual thread, And I have other thoughts of filmy lace, And spider silk—so delicate That even you may not touch them, But only look and wonder.

Sometimes I leave an unfinished thought on the garden seat Where the sun will find it, deepening its soft, strange colors, And lighting all its hidden loveliness, Then, if Rex or John or Hilliard comes to call, I watch his eyes, if he only glances at it carelessly, as he passes.

Tolerantly, as "the fancy work of a girl," If he does not see that it is rare And strangely beautiful, then I know he is not you.

He may not have your gifts, But if you—should—never—come? Why then I should still have my thoughts, I should take them out quietly, Shaking the rose leaves from their shining folds.

And when I see them where I might wear them every day— A slip of white linen, a vivid silken scarf, An eastern sash, a fairy scarf— O, I should be smiling, beautiful and very wise.

For I should have made enough to last me Down the years, But I should be sorry for you, As I should be sorry for one From whom a treasure had been stolen.

Or as I should for a child, Robbed of its birthright.

"Druidia" and a New Novelist

By H. B. ALEXANDER.

The west is certainly coming to its own in literature. In every field of writing it is producing more and more of the books that attract attention, and we seem to be in no more than the early dawn of its day. One of those who has done a man's full part in working toward that day is John T. Frederick, who started the Midland as a purely literary magazine for the west, and who has heroically kept it going. Mr. Frederick is now connected with the University of Pittsburgh, but in spirit and interests he is midwestern, and will certainly be claimed as one of our regional writers as his reputation grows.

That it will grow is to be confidently predicted. His first novel, "Druidia," just published by Alfred Knopf, New York. The publisher courts comparison with Miss Cather's "My Antonia," primarily from a certain similarity of theme (coupled with contrast) as well as from the fact that both pertain to the same geographical, and one might say spiritual, environment. The particular locality of "Druidia," one suspects, is Minnesota, in which state Mr. Frederick spent some time as a teacher; but in such matters state lines are unimportant; the region might equally well have been Iowa, where he longest lived, or Michigan, his recent home, or Nebraska, or any other place in the central west. The whole story is filled with the life of the plains country, and it will be read with most interest, I imagine, by those who know the country with greatest intimacy.

I must say that in one particular Mr. Frederick's story agrees with me—true. He takes—probably for the sake of dramatic contrast—a too ungenerous view of the human average, depicting our society as almost systematically unlovely. But no one can deny the faults that he castigates, and it is probably good medicine for any of us to be shown how contemptible we may appear in order that we may guard against falling into the reality of contemptibility. Yes, Frederick is no giver of praise; he sees the faults of his native plains-folk, and he shows them ugly and vicious. But he sees also something that only a plain man could see, the elemental beauty of a country which is bound in its day to sustain an opulent humanity, and he dreams (as we also dream) that this may become, if the stuff is in us, a noble humanity.

I have no intention of telling Frederick's story, but for a touch of his quality, I would give a paragraph of his description of "Druidia's" night march across the prairie. "Presently the wild land gave place to a plowed field, where wheat was growing. Druidia looked back again at work on his farm, her mind dwelling on the picture affectionately. She walked on and on. The music in her legs grew tired and her feet ached. Mile long fields she passed, the wheat all of a size, black in the straight, whispering vaguely in the slackening wind. As she walked she thought of the weariness of those who had plowed

"There's No Place Like Home" The Story of the Writer of a Great American Song.

A song that haunts the hearts of millions was written a century ago, and on May 8, 1823, was sung in public for the first time in London. No words in our language have more poignant appeal, none so completely express the longing of soul for that dearest place on earth, home!

It must have been born of the homesick heart of the man who wrote it. This is the belief that the most of fiction has been woven about the circumstances of the song's birth. Yet John Howard Payne was not a homeless wanderer when it was written. He was a man who had known the pinnacle of his popularity had given over acting to take up play writing, in which he had been equally successful. And from the drama he had turned to the libretto of the opera in which the song appears having first been prepared as a play, and then changed into a form in which it was given to the world.

John Howard Payne was born in New York City on June 7, 1791. His father was the principal of a school at East Hampton, L. I.; his mother the daughter of a Jew named Isaacs, whose reputation is sustained by the inscription on his tombstone, that he was an "Israelite, imbedded in whom there was no guile." At 13 the lad had written plays and poetry, and was giving so much of his attention to the theater that he was placed in a boarding school, where his relatives had an interest, in hope that contact with business would change his bent. It did not, for he found time to publish a small paper, which attracted the attention of the "New York Post" who was hesitant to believe that a 14-year-old boy could write so well.

At the editor's suggestion, Payne was sent to study law, where he proved both brilliant and unmanageable to a degree. Three years of study there found him even more determined to take up the career of an actor. His mother had died, and his father failed, and was thus forced to agree that the boy should have his own way. At 18 Payne had made for himself a name as an actor, host of friends, and seemed to have the golden keys to success in his grasp. At 22 he sailed for London, and in England he quickly became as popular as he had been at home. He met Kemble, Keen, Coleridge, Southey, Thomas Moore and other great men of letters. The great French actor of the time, Talma, became his friend and admirer. Talma is mentioned in Lamb's letters, and his correspondence with Washington Irving has been published. He must have had ability as well as charm to win and hold such friends. On the stage he played more than fifty roles, including Hamlet, Romeo, Young Norval and other big parts. He toured the provinces and was as successful and as popular as he had been in the city.

At this height of his flight, he compared himself with Keen and Kemble, and concluded he felt something short of being a great actor, and determined to take up writing. One of his first plays, "Brutus," has been played by all great actors since. Had royalties been paid author and actor, Payne would have been enriched by his work. On the contrary, he was frequently out of funds, and at least twice he was imprisoned for debt. These matters he seemed to have accepted as part of the play, for he was always able to arrange for his speedy release from difficulties. A fanciful tale has had much currency of how the great song was written by a penniless tramp, standing in the rain under a dim lamp on the street, scribbling down the immortal words on a scrap of paper. Payne's own story is rather more prosaic. He says he got the melody from a song he heard a peasant girl singing in Italy. He fitted down a few notes of the air, which he says suggested to him the words for "Home, Sweet Home," and later sent the song and his notes to his composer, Sir Henry Bishop, who had been to know the air and who fitted the music to the words that have become so famous.

Payne returned to his native land in 1822, penniless, having lost his all in unsuccessful ventures. As a producer in London, he was fettered by benefits in various cities, and soon was prosperous. Going to Washington during the first Jackson administration, he became one of a select group of writers centered there among them Whittier, Hawthorne, Bryant and Emerson. He never again took to the stage or the drama, but seemed to have lost his enthusiasm for the work in which he had made so great headway in his youth.

A mission to the Cherokee Indians said to have had its inception in quest of a location for a new magazine, brought him more closely into official notice at Washington, and in 1842 he was sent to Tunis as consul. A change of administration brought him home again in 1845, but in 1851 he was returned to Tunis, where he died in 1853. At the time and for many months he had been engaged on a literary work, which has never been published, for the reason that most of his papers were lost after death.

He was never married, his youthful attachment for a young lady of Boston having been chilled by parental interference. Yet his biographers agree that although wifeless he was not loveless.

In England arrangements have been made to fittingly observe the centennial anniversary of the wonderful song. An echo of this celebration will be heard in America, the land of homes, and the land of the home which Payne sang and for which he yearned when he spent his childhood years. His body was brought back from Africa for interment in 1883 and now rests in the Oak Hill cemetery at Georgetown, near Washington. A memorial was unveiled for him in Brooklyn, in 1873; another has been set up at Union college, and the old home at East Hampton, Long Island, where he spent his childhood years, is the spot sought by pilgrims, who pay homage to the song that can never die, because of its tenderness, its wistful longing sentiment, the echo of which has been the heart of every man or woman who ever left home.

"Be it ever so humble, There's no place like home!"

Daily Prayer

My prayer is unto Thee, O Lord—Ps. 138:1

O God, our Father, give us Thy blessing in these moments of spiritual communion with Thee. We come before Thee in a deep sense of our unworthiness. We have sinned in thought and word and deed. Yet hear us, as we turn to Thee again with penitent hearts. Forgive us our sins; grant us again Thy peace. And give us grace to serve Thee in newness of life, to the glory of Thy Holy Name. We thank Thee for Thy constant goodness; for the bounty which has supplied our wants; for the providence which has kept us from harm; for the love which has redeemed us from sin; for the grace which has helped us to serve Thee on earth; and for the promise of an inheritance in Heaven.

Keep us from the evil in ourselves; from the evil in the world about us; from all selfish, unkind and impure thoughts; from all hard and bitter words; from doing that which we ought not to do, and from leaving undone that which we ought to do. Keep us in the constant sense of our membership in Christ in the thought that we have His discipline and power, in the love of our Father's house, and in the hope of our eternal home. We ask all in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen.

Communion, adapted by permission from a Book of Common Orders, used at St. Giles' church, Edinburgh, Scotland. BISHOP ROYD VINCENT, D. D., Cincinnati, O.

Prairie Gems

Some folks of the larger cities laugh at the presumed dullness of rural life and roam about the streets wishing they knew somebody.—Tecumseh Chieftain.

A New York bank trebled its deposits in five years by adopting a habit of courtesy. Any teller who does not say "thank you" when a deposit is offered is fired. Lesser concerns and individuals can profit well by this experience. Courtesy costs nothing and pays handsome dividends.—York Republican.

Someone has discovered that country folks visit their neighbors where there is a case of sickness but city folks when there is a case of hooh.—Blair Pilot.

Metropolitan furniture stores are now advertising "ladies' cigar cabinets." We were so unsophisticated that we didn't know "ladies' smokes"—Seward Blade.

The Fremont Tribune asks, "What is a Piker?" A piker is a man who lives in a community long enough to make a lot of money, without contributing a cent to his "Alma Mater," and then leaves it with a sneer on his face.—Nebraska City Press.

"SAVE YOUR MONEY — OR SOMEONE ELSE WILL"



Do You Realize--

That Savings & Loan deposits build financial independence for you—and more and better homes for the community?

What would happen if there were no Building, or Savings & Loan Associations in Omaha?

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION for MARCH, 1923, of THE OMAHA BEE Daily 73,997 Sunday 80,029 Does not include returns, left overs, samples or papers applied in printing and includes no special sales. B. BREWER, Cir. Mgr. V. A. BRIDGE, G. Mgr. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30 day of April, 1923. W. H. QUIVERY, Notary Public

Out of Today's Sermons

Newman H. Hawkins, pastor of Hillsdale Congregational church, will preach on "A Living Faith" today, saying: For our restless age one needs a living faith in the living God. Such was the faith of Paul, and nowhere is it so tersely expressed as on the storm-tossed ship as he journeyed to Rome. Dire disaster seemed sure to be coming to all on board when the angel of God assured Paul of deliverance. At once he began to assure those on the ship of their safety and before the close of the chapter (Acts 27) all escape safe to land. Paul gave them as the reason for his faith in the words, "For I believe God." True faith shows itself by belief in the word of God. In the Bible God has given a revelation to men concerning the creation of the universe, man, the fall, the redemption by the blood of Christ. True faith is shown by those who say, "I believe God," rather than the vain reasonings of deceived men.

Faith is the active principle of life. Doubt chills, darkens, disturbs, degrades. Have faith in God. "Oh God, give me Scotland or I die," was the cry of John Knox, the great Scottish reformation leader. W. H. Jordan, minister of this Presbyterian church, will say this morning, giving the fourth message on Reformation leaders. He continued: Like every other great leader, his was a special preparation, passing as he did through refining fires, giving him a conviction, a courage and power equal to the emergencies of the harsh age in which he lived. The Scottish reformation was the work of a Presbyterian minister. The prayer of the mighty reformer has been answered in a most wonderful way, for the influence of Knox and his teachings is felt worldwide. Like Wyclif and Luther, Knox championed the cause of the people and was backed much of the time by the nobles. The influence of the Reformation was further reaching in Scotland than in England. Knox enjoyed the acquaintance and fellowship of Calvin. Mary Queen of Scots is said to have feared his prayers more than an army of 100,000 men. On the continent he shared in the preparation of the Geneva Bible. Years before when a galley slave he cruised along the shores of Scotland and saw the steeple of St. Andrews, where had had so often preached. He learned, as he himself said, "to call a spade a spade." In his last days, when so feeble that he was assisted to the pulpit, "ere he was done with his sermon he was so active and vigorous that he was like

to ding the pulpits into blades and file out of it."

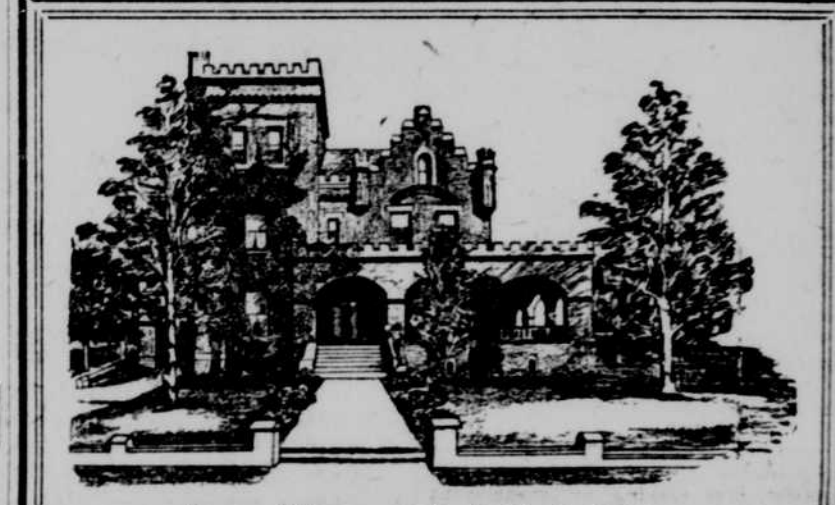
Rev. Albert Kuhn, pastor of Bethany Presbyterian church, speaking this morning on the subject, "Love, the Highest Attainment of Life," touches upon the present situation in Europe by saying: The root of the world war was the lack of brotherly love between the French and the German nation. Every little Frenchman had been taught in public school that it was a patriotic duty to hate the Boche and to vow vengeance for the defeat of 1871. The foreign policy of every French ministry was that of building up a coalition to hate the Boche and to vow vengeance for the defeat of 1871. The immense loans made annually to Russia for more than 20 years were all made for the building of strategic railroads that would permit the mobilization of the Russian army against the German frontier and for the equipment of the Russian army. All this is common knowledge. What else could the fruit of such a policy be than what it has been?

Now France, after having defeated Germany by the aid of the rest of the world, is persisting in the same policy. She is carefully nursing her old hatred and is trying frantically to keep the anti-German feeling alive among her former allies. In my opinion, she is sharpening again the sword which will kill her own children. She has forced millions of Protestant Germans who have not a drop of Polish blood in them to become subjects of Poland, whose population is Roman Catholic, is for the biggest part filthy and illiterate, and whose government has been for centuries the joke of Europe. She is now choking the main artery of German industry.

There is only one permanent remedy for the present nervous prostration of continental Europe. The birth of mutual love and trust between the French and German people. Any French or German policy which works in that direction is a wise and statesmanlike policy; any policy which works in the opposite direction is suicidal.

While Borah Is By Himself. Senator Borah has returned to Idaho to face a fight in his own state and his own party. This will give Harding and the other boys at Washington a chance to rest up and wash off their clothes.—Buffalo Express.

Unanimous! Everyone who is glad that the United States is not mixed up in the European fracas, stand up. Yes, that is just the way we feel about it, too.—Knoxville (La.) Journal.



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