

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

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MOTHER'S DAY. "Sure, I love the dear old silver that shines in your hair, And your brow, all furrowed and wrinkled with care. And I kiss those dear hands, so toil-worn for me— God bless you, and keep you, Mother machree!"

What hymn of many attuned to mother tells more than that? What heart string does not vibrate with its music. What a picture it forms of Mother machree, Mother the dearest, mother whose love has gone out in ever-swelling stream to her children, sons and daughters, who have lain at her breast, clung to her skirts, clustered around her knee, listened their prayer in unison with her promptings, and who have never been able to wander far enough to escape from her tender influence, her long and jealous vigil, her love and hope and pride!

Do you wonder that the Egyptians, who were first to give the world an orderly system of religion, started with the concept of Mother as a basis for their outline of creation? All through the primitive religions this thought persists. Man in his vanity elevated the male above the female in heaven, but no effort has eradicated the beautiful thought of mother.

"If I were hanged on the highest hill, Mother of mine, Mother of mine! I know whose love would follow me still, Mother of mine, Mother of mine!"

Scientists have analyzed, lexicographers have tested, philosophers have debated, poets have sung, and artists have depicted the love of mother. One of the most appealing bits of sculpture now recalled is Thorvaldsen's "Captive Mother," naked, bound and disheveled, but kneeling that her babe she can not lift may suckle. Nowhere else is the mother spirit so truly exhibited in so few lines. Eternal, universal, unchanging, beyond price, is mother's love.

Mother's influence follows man through all the days of his life. At mother's knee he learns the fundamentals of life, of honesty and decency, of truth and honor, and if he departs from them it is through no fault of mother. Hers is the superlative task of keeping alive through the ages the light that illumines the soul of man, that brightens his path through his journey across the "narrow vale stretched between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities." Nothing penetrates deeper or lasts longer than mother's teaching.

And mother accepts these responsibilities, sustained by her love unmeasured. She bears and rears her children, watching over and guarding them through babyhood, childhood, youth and into maturity, sacrificing with such entire abandonment of self as makes for her the monument that endures in the soul of every man or woman alive, a shrine to which each may retire when weary of the world.

And this is Mother's Day, one day set apart on which we are reminded that it deserves to be celebrated on each of the other 364 days of the year, and probably is, for sometime during every day Mother comes into the mind of every son and daughter alive, just because she is Mother.

AN EXIT FOR THE "COOKIE DUSTER." Since the day when Roosevelt popularized that term of opprobrium, "mollicoodle," there has been a constant stream of expressions coined to apply to young men who lack the qualities that are spoken of as manly. First we hear of the "lounge lizards," and more lately of "cake eaters," "jelly beans" and now the "cookie dusters." There is in all these a touch of ridicule that may be counted on to discourage the cultivation of the species. This in itself is evidence of the innate soundness and wholesomeness of our society. No one admires such vapid characters, and not even the "cookie duster himself" would admit being one.

Flappers and "cookie dusters," the latter described as the male type corresponding to the former, are scheduled to die a natural death, according to a special worker who specializes in the problems of young people. The trouble has been, as he finds it, that our boys and girls have not had enough to do. Idleness, rather than any tendency toward depravity or general worthlessness lies at the bottom of this phenomenon. The co-ordination of community activities for boys and girls, developing their interest in outdoor life and worthwhile achievement is counted on to change their life.

For the children as for adults, there is today a lack of conscious aim. They are all safe as long as there is work to do and they are kept at it, but how many can make an intelligent use of their leisure?

THE WEST AND THE THEATER. A so-called "National" theater was opened in New York and continued for two weeks. It was under the control of the managers of New York, and was national only in its name. The drama it presented was one that has stood the test of many generations, "As You Like It," but the production did not appeal to the public, and to stop loss the house was closed.

Whether the fate of the national theater will depend on this not at all conclusive experiment is as unsettled as the effort was unsatisfactory. For those of us who do not always take step from the tempo of Broadway, a few remarks by Mr. Henry Miller are consoling. When in Omaha last week Mr. Miller expressed himself emphatically in favor of the judgment of those who dwell beyond the influence of Broadway. It is unjust, he said, that New York with its cosmopolitan life should decide what plays are to survive to be shown in the west. He feels also that outside of New York there is a vast audience of cultured taste that has been almost starved for good drama.

Mr. Miller's present play, "The Changelings," was brought out after two failures in New York, wherein he spent considerable money trying to get attention that was withheld. He and his associates were agreed on the excellent qualities of the play for acting purposes but did not feel at all certain as to its reception by the public. Its immediate success was greatly encouraging, for it supports the belief that in America is a great group of intelligent people, who want to go to the theater, and will go if given something worth while to see and listen to when there.

Entered the Garden Contest yet? Come in

Ownership of a volunteer crop of wheat is now occupying the attention of the courts, and when settled it may afford a clue to the settlement of the old dispute as to which came first, the egg or the chicken.

The powers of Europe propose to overlook the Vorovsky murder. If they had felt that way back in June, 1914, things would be different all around.

Assassination has long been practiced as a part of politics in Europe, but it has never settled anything but the victim permanently.

Europe's farmers are said to be prosperous, but the main question is are they industrious?

Might as well get the old fly swatter oiled up, for the campaign is nearly ready to open.

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LENGTH AND BREADTH OF OLD GLORY.

An inch isn't much some place, but on the end of a man's nose it amounts to considerable. Which reminds us that a group of art experts has just decided that the American flag is ill-proportioned. Its length is too great for its breadth, says the "Fine Art commission," a body that exists at Washington, which recommends a reduction of 12.1 per cent in the length of the flag. The true dimensions should be length of 1.67 times the breadth, instead of 1.90, as it now exists. This conclusion has been reached by watching flags of various length fly from different poles.

And to think that for 147 years Old Glory has swung to every wind of all the world, without ever discovering that it is out of proportion! Gallant men have watched that banner waving over battlefields where the fate of nations was being shaped by iron blows of destiny and where the standard of Liberty was bathed and blessed by freemen's blood. On the ocean as on the land, it has floated, the emblem of man's highest hopes and noblest aspirations. Millions of men have marched under it, and hundreds of millions of eyes have been lifted up and blessed it. Over all the world the oppressed and downtrodden have turned to it as a harbinger of justice and a promise of opportunity.

None of these has ever stopped to think whether the banner was "artistic" in its dimensions. Francis Scott Key might have written: "Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, The flag that we love is not wholly right? The rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Show luridly, vividly, the great fact that's there— All men now will note, and will shudder and flee— The old flag is longer than it really ought to be."

Of course, it is better late than never, and a nation of freemen, who reverence the flag, will not be at rest until its length is reduced 12.1 per cent, and brought into proportions that will please the artistic eye of the Fine Arts commission, whoever they may be. But Old Glory will be Old Glory so long as it is the Red, White and Blue, and we sincerely hope the common sense of the authorities at Washington will be strong to keep the artists from dolling up the flag just to get its length and breadth to meet their notions of beauty.

CHARLIE AND POLA.

Now and then one hears of marriages that are made in heaven. Others, no matter where they are made, soon head in the opposite direction. In the old countries the parents of young couples arrange for their wedding. Matches among the royal family are usually influenced if not dictated, by considerations of state, with gray-headed diplomats playing the role of Cupid. But those has been the guiding hand behind the engagement of those royal personages of the movies, Charlie Chaplin and Pola Negri?

It is pleasant to think that this romance simply repeats the story of any couple that decide to unite for better or worse, that this very clever pair drifted together more by fate than design, and that Charlie popped the question just as have the rest of men before him—simply because he could not do otherwise.

However, so much publicity has attended this romance, and it has lasted so long with its ups and downs and falling-outs and reconciliations that the public may soon question whether it is any more real than a drama of the screen. The press agents seem to have taken the place of the old prime minister in the royal family. Carefully typewritten statements are given out by Pola's secretary, informing the world of the status of her affair of the heart. Newspapers are flooded with pictures showing her in a costume that looks like a wedding dress. Not the least opportunity is missed for stirring the people's curiosity over this wooing.

Certainly if this match could have been planned by the press agents it could not have better advertised the main actors in it. Suppose that it actually was devised as a piece of advertising? Would Charlie and Pola go through with the ceremony, or would they at the last moment back out? Certainly the moving picture gossies have set their hearts on a happy ending to this serial romance. And it is up to Charlie and Pola to make good the expectations which they have roused in the breasts of their admirers.

COLLEGE DEGREES AND MATRIMONY.

"Come out of the kitchen," for the true way to happiness does not lie in that direction, if we are to believe what Dr. Jessica Peikotto has to say about marriage and giving in marriage. College-bred men and women, when they mate with equals, make the ideal marriages, according to the doctor, who says: "Marriage between college trained individuals should result in ideal partnerships. Both parties appreciate the intelligence of the other, and pay tribute to it by regarding marriage as a real partnership. In this ideal combination, there is a free working toward common aims rather than any handicap. The woman, as well as the man, is able to meet and cope with existing conditions, no matter how adverse."

We are ready to admit this without argument, but it remains true that a large number of very successful home altars have been set up and cherished by men and women who knew of college only as a name. Culture and refinement more readily result from careful training received along with general education, but that by no means deprives those who did not have the advantage of schooling from being cultivated in other ways. One of the truest gentlemen who ever lived in Omaha was an old negro, who had been a slave and a field hand before Lincoln's proclamation set him free. His manner was courtly, dignified, but not a grotesque assumption; his speech was pure, and his manner gentle, and he was a great influence for good among his people.

It is not surprising that college men and women make good husbands and wives; it would be shocking were this not true, yet the world is full of happy homes in which neither husband nor wife had the advantage of college training. "True hearts are more than coronets," and the union of true hearts makes a happy home.

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Old-Time Revival Meetings

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

Mr. Bryan's latest "paramount issue," the destruction, root and branch, of the theory of evolution, somehow or other turns my mind back to the days of nearly a half century ago when men and women took their religion most seriously, and the mid-winter revival meetings were looked forward to with as much impatience as the next bridge whist club meeting, and the next jazz club dance, are in these more or less degenerate days. Rural America was really "rural" then, and the free rural delivery and the automobile eventually took of future time.

Imagine, if you can, a family in those days hooking the team to the old wagon and driving five or eight miles over bottomless roads just to get to the village church and sit for two solid hours of gospel preaching. It just isn't done, now. Men's shoes are hard enough to get them out to listen to a sermon 30 minutes long, when they can travel over hard surfaced roads in their automobiles, or take a convenient trolley car. Why, even our most eloquent bishops, our most learned prelates, wouldn't think of preaching more than 45 minutes, knowing full well they would never be invited to do so again.

The minister who reached his "lastly" inside of an hour and a half was considered as slouching on the job. In those two-hour sermons held an appeal that kept the people coming back night after night, for weeks on end, earnestly seeking for more.

Far be it from me to make invidious comparisons. Present day ministers may be more eloquent, present day churches may be more attractive and doing a far greater work—but the fact remains that each year sees a smaller percentage of the people attending church, and that the family altar has all but disappeared, the midweek prayer meeting is almost as extinct as the dodo, and the theological seminaries have given way to disciplinary courses that attract only the ministers who have dared to do a little original thinking out loud.

Those old-time revivals were real events. They afforded about the sole winter release from a deadly dull monotony and gave the people of the community an opportunity and an excuse for meeting socially for a few moments each week. Then people found vent for their exuberance in the fervor of religion, now it is easier and more often found in the dance, the card club, or the golf course. Booker T. Washington, who was an Episcopalian, told a story about a colored woman who happened into an Episcopal church one Sunday morning and, becoming much enthused at the eloquence of the pastor, began to weep backward and forward. Finally she could not restrain herself and shouted: "Bless de lam! Glory to God!" A vestryman tiptoed up into the gallery and, tapping amity on the shoulder, whispered: "You know de best, but quiet, my good woman. You an disturbin' worship." "I jus' can't keep still, 'cause I see done got religion!" she shouted amity. "But, my good woman," insisted the vestryman, "don't you know this is no place to get religion?"

Fifty years ago, when a majority of people lived on farms, or in towns and villages, few men were so contented as the revivalists. There were always two revival meetings in each town or village. Our Methodist brethren called them "revivals," but I recall a lot of people called us "Campbellites" which appellation always brought on a controversy in which the New Testamentists called them "protracted meetings." If we held our protracted meeting for a few weeks before Christmas, the Methodists held theirs shortly after. In these meetings did not last six weeks with over one hundred failures, and they usually went eight weeks. I can remember how the Presbyterians attended now and then, always with an air of theological superiority. You know we took our church affiliations very seriously in those days. For one to attend a church of which he was not a member was something of an adventure.

We Christians used to have a lot of fun about the shouting and "amen-ing" of the Methodists during their revivals, and the Methodists used to have a lot of fun with the ever-lasting and persistent demand for baptism by immersion. When first the joke was sprung about our belonging to the Army instead of the Army of the Lord, it sort of hurt our feelings. But we've gotten over it—but we are as insistent as ever about immersion. I can think of no better word than "satisfaction" to describe the religious differences of various Christian bodies in those old days.

My father, who was a Christian minister, was an intensely partisan republican. His later years were spent at Hennessey, Okl., and there occurred a little incident that explains what I mean when I say "partisan" religious feeling. Senator Owen visited Hennessey during a very fierce campaign, and was introduced to father.

"Well, senator, have you come up here to show us republicans the error of our ways?"

"That is my mission, elder; but somehow I am inclined to despair of success," replied Senator Owen. "And that reminds me of a story."

"A couple of hard-shell Baptist preachers learned that a Campbellite missionary was holding meetings at a nearby country school house and decided to go and hear him. The missionary expounded at length upon the tenets of his faith, and finally one of the hard-shell preachers leaned over and whispered to his companion: 'That fellow is about right. He's all right, but I'd go to hell before I'd admit it.'"

"I sometimes fear that you republicans are much in the same frame of mind," concluded the senator.

We didn't have our choirs in those days; that is, we Christians and Methodists did not. Only those very exclusive Presbyterians boasted of such a thing. But we might expect almost anything of them. Why, some of them actually danced. But we did have something better—we had such congregational singing as you couldn't hear anywhere in America in those days. If we had a musical instrument in the church it was one of those little Mason & Hamlin organs, and it was right in the middle of the church. Not every church in those days had an organ, and if anybody had told us that some church somewhere had a piano we would not have believed it. A lot of good Christians in those days thought an organ in church a sacrilege, and still more were convinced that "the devil is in the fiddle." Yes, we were inclined to be narrow in those days, but believe me, religion then was something that wasn't laid aside with the donning of business clothes Monday morning.

Since! Bless your souls, that's the way the good people of those days expressed their innermost feelings of

Her Picture

Isn't she wonderful? See the dear face In the old-fashioned picture that hangs in its place Look at the lips, they are rounded and sweet, With tint of the roses that brush her soft cheek.

Isn't she wonderful? Look at the hair Pushed from her forehead with neatness and care, Combed in the style of a princess or queen, In its waving a glint of spun gold may be seen.

Isn't she wonderful? White throat that seems To swell as with song, while she peacefully dreams There in the picture, her head proudly bent As she gazes upon me with kindly intent.

Isn't she wonderful? Blue eyes that smile Wisfully out from the frame on the wall; Almost I hear her in whispers that ring Of youth passed away to come never again.

Oh, what a picture! How wondrous to know The beauty of mother's face long ago, What a rich heritage mine, to enjoy Her presence although she has long been away.

—Mrs. Jack Burton, in "Mother Poems for Mothers' Day."

Out of Today's Sermons

Rev. Albert Kuhn, pastor of Bethany Presbyterian church, speaking this morning on the subject "Mother," will say: From every pulpit in our land will be spoken this day the praises of mother. She will be painted before the vision of the hearers as a model of purity, tenderness, of godliness, of true and never failing love.

It is a fine thing that thus once a year every one of us should be made to reflect upon the high possibilities of strength, tenderness, refinement which are hidden in the mother instinct and to remember how much that is good and sweet in life is owed to mother. And yet the preacher, who before anyone else should say the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, should also point out how many women are falling sadly in attaining anywhere near to the ideal thus pointed before us.

How many mothers there are, who never teach their little ones to pray, or if they do so, teach them to pray with the lips only, like parrots of like fetish worshippers of Africa. How many a mother sets her child an example of utter indifference in all things that pertain to our relation to our Heavenly Father, constantly neglecting His worship both at home and in the house of God, how many without blushing before their little ones, how many neglect their home and tend to everything under the sun, only not to their duty as mothers; how many let their children roam the streets at night, too lazy and too easy-going to take care that they do not get into a bad way. I know mothers who are letting their young daughters run at all times of the night with any kind of men, married and unmarried, who let them wear apparel and paint which brands them at once as the legitimate prey of men of immoral designs.

Oh, mother, and this Mothers' day be true to the sacred mother instinct. Be true to the mother bird teaching her brood the art of living, so teach your child by your own example, how to work, how to love, how to be true, how to pray. All love flows from the source of love. God, Mother love makes no exception, go to Him, mother, and get your bosom charged with the love which God gives.

MOTHER'S DAY. Dedicated to Mary Wilhelmina Card, in honor of motherhood, a day set apart— As a Sabbath from out all the year— For me to give thanks from the depths of my heart— That my mother's influence and love is still here. For had she taken with her, when she went away— The courage and good that she suffered in me— I unworthily am I, could not be today— So profound in reason, God's mercy to me.

Beautiful mother of mine, sweet angel of God— I love you dear mother, and in this my reverent and respect, my hope and my love— I will breathe to the skies, and by infinite ways— My faith will so reach you in the heavens above— You shall know how I love you today of all days.

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We Nominat--- For Nebraska's Hall of Fame.



HUTTON WEBSTER

HUTTON WEBSTER, professor of social anthropology at the University of Nebraska, is a scholar of international repute. His excellent series of elementary histories, this month of a library edition of Dr. Webster's "World History," which has been widely used since it was issued as a text book in 1921. Some years ago now, I see her zodiac face. Webster's new task of rewriting the conventional histories of the school rooms he brought with him a modern point of view, a broad perspective, a clear, simple style and thorough scholarship. Almost alone he revolutionized the teaching and writing of the subject. His books tell of the culture and civilization of peoples of the world, of the sociological causes of events. They won immediate success. They are now used in thousands of high schools, including our own. In addition to this work, Prof. Webster has made two notable contributions to social anthropology in his studies of primitive secret societies and rest days.

MOTHER'S DAY.

O Mother's day, so bright and fair, Is spreading sunshine everywhere. And now I see her zodiac face, Her lovely smile and angel grace, And hear her sacred evening prayer.

I hear her footsteps on the stair, And see the silver in her hair, And feel her touch and warm embrace, O Mother's day!

I see the little mound out there, Neath which she sleeps without a care, And in that lonely, silent place, There's not a single sound or trace of sorrow, anguish, or despair, O Mother's day!

—Henry Polk Lowenstein

Prairie Gems

The fellow who is up to his toes is seldom down in the mouth.—Blair Pilot.

It may be said for the radio, in passing, that men listen more attentively to it than they do to their wives.—Nebraska City Press.

The Omaha Bee wants to know what can be done to promote the safety of children in the streets. Well, for one thing, their parents might keep them out of the streets a good portion of the time.—Fairbury News.

It has taken the present legislature longer to do less than any other legislature of recent years. That's what comes of electing lawmakers of one political faith and a governor of another.—Norfolk News.

The noisy socialists want Chief Justice Taft to renounce his annuity of \$10,000 a year from the Carnegie estate. Will he do it? Not right away.—York NewsTimes.

Daily Prayer

Thou Lord hast not forsaken them that seek Thee.—Ps. 2:10. O God Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for all the gracious gifts Thy love bestows. In whatsoever ill we suffer, teach us submission to Thy will. Forgive us our transgressions for His sake. Who is the propitiation for our sins. With hearts softened by Thy boundless mercy, may we forgive all who have offended against us.

For every one Whom we should remember before Thy Throne of Grace, Advise the interests of Thy Kingdom throughout the world. By Thy Holy Spirit prompt and enable us to be workers together for Thee for the salvation of all men. Make those in authority over us to be capable and honest, and may we honor them as being by Thy ordinance. Pity all who are in adversity. May Christ so dwell in our hearts that we shall seek to minister, rather than to be ministered unto.

For our sakes make us sufficient, and for our burdens, strong, and when Thou art ready for us, call us home to Father to the joy of Thy eternal presence.

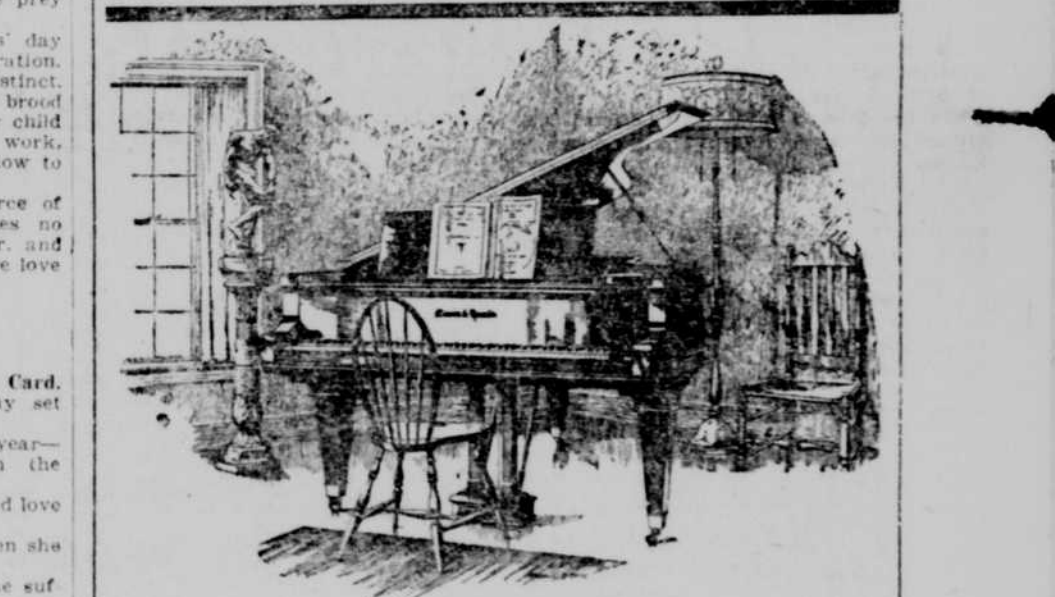
All these things we ask in the Name of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior. AMEN. BISHOP LEWIS W. BURTON, D.D., Lexington, Ky.

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION for APRIL, 1923, OF THE OMAHA BEE

Daily 75,320 Sunday 82,588

Does not include returns, left-over samples or papers spoiled in printing and includes no special sales.

B. BREWER, Gen. Mgr. V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of May, 1923. W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public.



Mason & Hamlin PIANOFORTE

There are some productions of genius of such distinctive quality that they are separated from all others and classed as masterpieces.

As a true sense the Mason & Hamlin Piano is a masterpiece—a masterpiece in its tonal quality and furthermore in its exquisite workmanship.

As a result of its unique system of construction, developed in 1900, it has set a new standard of piano tone and durability and is pronounced the most beautiful piano the world has ever known.

It is presented to the public—not in price competition with any other, which its cost and quality preclude, but as a work of art to be judged solely on its merit. In the words of its maker's trade-mark inscription: "PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT"

A. Hospe Co.

1513-15 Douglas Street

Padded Moving Vans CAREFUL MEN BEKINS OMAHA VAN & STORAGE 16TH & LEAVENWORTH STS. Inspect Our Fireproof Warehouse—Separate Locked Rooms

\$1.50 for a Name. Petersen-Pegau Baking Co. Only Two More Days

Remember the closing date is May 15th, 6 p. m., so get your names in NOW. In case there are two or more persons sending in the "winning" name, the judges will "reward" the party who sent in this name "first," all entries being "timed" upon arrival at our plant.

Send Your Suggested Name to New Name Judges, Care of Petersen & Pegau Baking Company 12th and Jackson Streets, Omaha