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HEART SONGS THAT LIVE.

When the call is for "close harmony," what strains do you expect to hear? "Old Black Joe," or "My Old Kentucky Home," to be sure. No "barbershop" tenor or "catarrhal" bass but feels at home with these. And if it is a ringing, rowdy song, just short of ribaldry, that is asked for, well, there comes up "Gwine to Run All Night," or "Old Uncle Ned." "Old Folks at Home," ravishingly sweet in melody, has challenged the best efforts of the world's greatest singers. Whoever heard Nordica, pour out the liquid loveliness of her wonderful voice in those caressing strains and did not yield to their allurement? Who has not solemnly intoned the somber measures of "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," or chimed in tempo if not in tune with "Nellie Was a

Kentucky has just dedicated a memorial to the author of these and 163 other songs, among them "Come Where My Loves Lies Dreaming," and many more of really high quality. Stephen C. Foster was but 28 when he died, a victim of dissipation, in a Bowery lodging house in New York. The story has it that when he wrote some of his best southern songs he had never been below Mason's and Dixon's line, and knew of the south only by hearsay, yet the tenderness of sentiment, the beauty of imagery, and the lilt of the soothing melody of Foster's songs captured the heart of the south as well as of the world, and have lived because they have the quality that deserves to live.

No song writer of the present day, or in the years that have intervened, has shown the fecundity of Foster. Irving Berlin, dean of "Tin Pan Alley;" Van Alstyne, Von Tilzer, nor any of their breed, take rank with Foster. Most of their songs were for the moment only, and one is forgotten as soon as another is brought forth. They pretend to no grace of permanence; perhaps Foster did not, but he did sound something that vibrates in the heart of men, and from "Zip Coon" to "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," he wedded sentiment to lyric verse and happy or grave harmony, and won for his muse an immortality he may have missed.

BURBANK FINDS A THANKLESS WORLD.

"And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

Thus did Dean Swift discourse upon a very practical topic, and his words have been glibly quoted ever since, but to what end? Luther Burbank, at the age of 74, feeling that his end is not far away, surveys sixty years of effort to improve plants for man's use, and deplores the fact that his work has not brought the benefit it should. Why not? Simply because man has declined to take advantage of what Burbank has presented to him.

The public has listened to stories of the spineless cactus, has eaten of the hybrid fruits, and has gone its way, unimpressed by what Burbank has accomplished. He writes of himself and his labors:

"I have thirteen acres of land at Sebastopol, Cal., that would be worth to the world a billion dollars an acre if all of the new creations upon this land were introduced to the world and put to use. I had sixteen acres at Sebastopol until I sold three acres a few months ago. It was sold to a cemetery association and every plant on it is being pulled up and burned so that the tract may be plotted for graves. Among the thousands of new and improved varieties on this little three-acra tract were more than forty new selected thornless blackberries that would have been worth \$30,000 if they had been introduced to the world. In addition, there were some thirty varieties of new hybrid roses from a selection of several thousands, a choice collection of some forty varieties of loquats, a large number of new apples, chestnuts, plums, peaches, nectarines, dahlias, and so on. "I am 74 years old. My strength is good for my

age, but it is not what it used to be. I sold part of the Sebastopol experimental farm because I could not operate it. The remainder will have to be sold for the same reason. On the thirteen acres that are left at Sebastopol are 2,000 varieties of cherries, 1,000 varieties of plums, 60 or 70 kinds of selected chestnuts, between 300 and 500 varieties of pears and 50 or 60 varieties of quinces. There is also a walnut tree that, for many years, has produced each year \$1,000 worth of walnuts."

This seems to disprove the prophecy made for the man who could produce the better mouse trap. Burbank did not build his cottage in a wilderness, nor has the world beaten a path to his door. Why we know not; we have Burbank's word for it that he is old and discouraged, but does not want to see all he has been able to bring about go for naught.

"When I am tired I sometimes feel that if the world does not care if the best varieties of plant life the earth has ever produced go to waste I don't care either. But it will be a great loss to the world if the thousands of improved varieties on the Se bastopol farm be permitted to go to waste. And they will go to waste unless somebody gives them the attention that I can no longer give.

And, with three acres gone for a cemetery, another man is trying to get three acres for a chicken ranch, and presently the entire Sebastopol farm will have disappeared, because Burbank no longer lives and toils and cross-breeds plants and flowers, to make their fruits or their blossoms more useful to man. He will live in name, hidden away in the encyclopedia, and all because praise for his work has not taken on the form of practical adaptation. For example, he once received an order for 10,000,000 walnut trees, to be delivered at the rate of a million a year for ten years. He could not fill the order, but might have supplied 65,000, which number was de-

Mendel's studies in heredity lay forty years in obscurity, yet his law stands a cornerstone for biological research today. Will Burbank have a similar his-

Poking fun at the president does not detract from the showing made that the treasury has a surplus of \$310,000,000 instead of the deficit the democrats made so familiar.

The man who rolled off the deck of the boat where he was sleeping and drowned must have been a sound steper,

DRAMA IN THE FIELDS.

A drama as big as all out doors is that of seedtime and harvest. Ever since the dim beginnings of agriculture in the world of primitive days festivals have celebrated the planting and the gathering of the crops. Such institutions as Omaha's Ak-Sar-Ben and the county fairs have their roots in antiquity, as has also Thanksgiving day.

It has remained for the tobacco growers of Kentucky to add a really modern touch. In a natural amphitheater near Cynthiana 5,000 persons recently assembled to witness a pageant whose climax depicted the success of their co-operative movement. In the days of antiquity there was not much to worry about after the harvest was in. The grapes were crushed into wine, the wheat and cheese stored for family use and the clives salted down in their jars. O yellow lion, leap and length Not until long after the days of the Greeks did the problem of marketing become acute. With the advance of civilization same new complexities. A last act was put on the drama of the fields, and not always one with a happy ending.

A glance at the plot of the pageant of tobacco, however, shows the joyous note of the harvest still remains. The story began when Sir Walter Raleigh, introduced tobacco in England in Queen Elizabeth's time. Tobacco was symbolized as the Princess Tobago, accompanied by a charter representing "Smoke," her handmaiden. As the tale unwound the princess was made captive by hard times, a big red devil, aided by little red devils of despair, who vividly recalled the 1 cent a pound market of 1921, the year before the association was formed. The Princess Kentucky, was downcast in this scene, but in the next, after the Princess Co-Operation appeared, she was joyfully crowned with "Prosperity," the ropes that bound the Princess Tobago were unleashed, the red devils, big and little, were banished and assurances of better schools, roads, churches and homes took their places.

It is good for people to view their common lives thus as a graphic whole, and to dramatize the story of their daily round. Here on the prairies of Nebraska could be presented a pageant of wheat and corn that would be as thrilling and full of interest as any play that holds the boards. Tragedy, comedy, adventure, despair, hope romance, wisdom, folly and every emotion known to man treads nature's stage. The community that made an annual feature of the pageant of the grain would soon draw sightseers from every quarter of the land.

Our hero is just past 3, and is standing on a stool, leaning against the wash bowl, while his granddad is preparing to shave.

"Dambad (which is 3-year-old for granddad), what you goin' to do?" "I'm going to shave." "Why?" "To get the hair off my face." "Why?" "So that it will feel better." "Will I have to shave?" "Some day you will." "When?" "When you grow up to be a big man." "Why?" "Because then you will have bristles growing all over your face.' "Why?" "Because all men have whiskers." "Why?" "I can't tell you why." Business of applying the lather. "Dambad, you look just like the funny clown." Stropping the razor follows. "Dambad, why do you do that?" "To sharpen the razor." "Does that make the razor sharp?" "Yes." "How

So it goes, all through the shaving process, and finally, when granddad puts a little bay rum on his shining phiz, 3-year-old asks why, and wants some

It was that way in the beginning. When the Neanderthal man sat down alongside a still pool, to and intellectually. pull superfluous hairs from around his eyes, that he might see better, one of his offspring crouched beside him and demanded to know why. Haeckel the suggestion of Jack Lee. asserts that in his lifetime man repeats the experiences of every generation that has gone before him, and so the youthful inquisitor is but reminding his mother's father of the questions he asked his father, and on back to the beginning.

Knowledge is not all born of experience. The greater part of it is passed from one to another, from mouth to ear, and the little boy who is eternally asking why only follows a natural impulse to find out about things he doesn't understand, and granddad knows this and is patient, for he also recalls what the grandfather felt of whom Riley wrote, "Since Little Wesley Died"--"An' to think I used to scold him for his everlasting noise!"

THE THINGS THAT PART THEM.

"Until death do us part," they promised each other, but in one day the district court dissolved the contract between them, and the pledge made when the vows of marriage were taken became mere lip

One husband complained his wife made him wash dishes and clean house. Nothing so awful about that, for many a man has done the same. A wife asserted her husband fussed and argued. They all do. Another wife says her husband married her "for spite." He ran away, and so did not enjoy his triumph to the full. A third wife says her spouse "nagged her." Usually it is the other way around. A soldier pleaded his wife would not follow him to Texas, where the War department sent him. She may not be to blame for not wanting to go to Texas, but should remember what Ruth said to Naomi, as an example of wifely obligation. One man admits he was a good husband, but says his wife left him, just the same. Maybe was too good.

One wife pleads that her husband got drunk and abused her. This seems the best reason presented. Another says her husband never supported her. This also sounds good. One husband was named Love, but his now ex-wife says he did not live up to his name, but threatened to cut her throat. Arguing was the great indoor sport of another husband, who could keep up a debate until 2 or 3 in the morning, but would not work. And finally the list winds up with the story told by a wife of her husband's refusal to support her.

In all this list but few really good reasons are presented, and no one of them but might be subject to treatment. Students of divorce might do well to examine these facts, and deal with them rather than with the actual number. Marriage is not regarded York and filled many concert engage with sufficient seriousness when such a record can be obtained in a single court.

Governor Bryan is rearranging and consolidating departments at Lincoln, but that doesn't seem to worry the democrats near as much as similar movements at Washington.

Amundsen gives up his flight across the top of the world, but that doesn't mean he couldn't do it.

A Montana judge has ruled there is no limit on prescriptions. Now, catch your doctor.

Summer would hardly be summer without a war between Greece and Turkey. Our notion of nothing to brag about is a heat

The "third party" is twins.

The Missouri

-By JOAQUIN MILLER-

bulls By millions, fat and unafraid; Where gold, unclaimed in cradlefuls, Slept 'mid the grass roots, gorge,

and glade;

With massive silver beams and bars. Hoar sire of hot, sweet Cuban seas, With copper bastions, height on There wast thou born, O lord of

To far, fair Mexic seas are thine! What colors? Copper, silver, gold Mad molder of the continent!

Of arm from out an Arctic chin-

strength!

Where ranged thy black-maned, woolly | What whirlpools and what choking cries From out the concave swirl and

sweep As when some god cries out and dies Ten fathoms down thy tawny deep! Yet on, right on, no time for death, Where peaks companioned with the You plow a pathway through the

And propped the blue with shining To Morro's castle, Cuba's plain.

Gray father of the continent. Fierce fashioner of destinies, Of states thou hast upreared or

Thou know'st no limit; seas turn

back. Bent, broken from the shaggy shore; But thou, in thy resistless track, Art lord and master evermore. With sudden sweep and fury blent, Missouri, surge and sing and sweep!
Enwound, unwound, inrolled, un Missouri, master of the deep. From snow-reared Rockies to the Sweep on, sweep on eternally!

clear to us. For every great religion

is set about with a personality. Wherever you find worship, there is

the demand for the personality. Christ supplies man's need of a leader. No

other teacher ever lived their teach-

ing as did Jesus. Then, Christ was more than a man, "He came from

who claimed so much, lived so much,

The way back to the "Father" was

to open the way, and to make the way so plain that a fool might not

err therein. He was not for the Jew, but for all races. He was the great democratic leader of all peo-

ples. He is not the way for a time, but for all time. There is no other

way, for he that tries to climb up

Christ gave us the truth about our

what we might become. His life is

our example. He said, "He that hath

was the true revelation of the Father.

true as the other. If the world would

only touch the hem of His garment

Pastor Titus Lang of Cross Lutheran church, Twenty-ninth

and Spring streets, will preach on the subject, "Service of An-gels." He will say in part:

Christ taught men apart from Him, they were dead, "I am come that ye might have life, and have it more

We may take these

ves, showed us what we were, and

n me hath seen the Father." Christ

any other way is "a thief and a rob-

louded and dimmed. Jesus came

and means so much to the world.

Among men there are none

Nebraska Artists Out of Today's and Authors Sermons

TEBRASKA'S newly awakened pride and interest in its native artists and authors has attracted attention in the east. The New York World, taking editorial notice of the proposal for a Nebraska authors' week, mentions the fame of Willa Cather and John G. Neihardt, While the words of the Lord seemed and then proceeds to some pertinent puzzling to the apostles, they are very comment, as follows:

There are other writers in Nebraska-there must be, because they are not of the sort that appear before the mind's eye and leap to the tip of the tongue when the state is mentioned. There are many writers of fair success who were born in Nebraska and who have identified themselves with other localities. Miss Cather herself lives in Green-wich Village. Her ties with the soil of her state are largely literary and reminiscent. So it is with nearly all the boys and girls who come to New York from the middlewest, They come here in search of opportunity, just as Shakespeare went up to London and ambitious Frenchmen go to Paris.

"But it would be better for Nebraska, better for New York and better for the country as a whole if the cream of the population did not drain so diretly to one metropo-Too much talent is smothered in this city, while the middlewest suffers for lack of it. Yet if talent is to be kept at home it must be honored at home. That is the first step, and an Authors' week in Nebraska is a hopeful sign."

he Omaha Bee by Jack Lee, author "Niobrara Waifs," for a poets today they would be made whole. Sub, is valuable. Scattered here and would vanish by the teachings of our there on the prairies of Nebraska are a number of men and women of considerable literary ability who would be greatly heartened if they could be

their societies which are significant as "ask what we a privilege of getting acquainted and granted unto us." ming familiar with the latent disinction of each individual. These societies are a benefit, both socially "I can not see why the poets of this community should not profit by or-

"If others are interested, perhaps of creatures the visible and the invisible, would be well for them to the perhaps ble. The Bible tells us Colossland 11.

several other compositions, ranging the invisible creatures are the angels, also dispatched for the service

Although one Nebraska newspaper can be disinctly observed and is felt 34:7. onstantly coming up names of more that the Word of God revealed in the against a stone." Ps. xci. 11:12 Nebraskans whose work is worthy of comment. One of these is Lity Ruegg Button of Fremont. Mrs. Button is not only an accomplished pianist, but has also made an extensive study of hird sores. She has a severe were suited to should erect his building without a hody and therefore the should erect his building without a hody and the severe were should erect his building without a hody and the severe were should erect his building to the severe with the side we learn that angels are chicken business to should erect his building the severe were should be should be should erect his building the severe were should be should be

Nebraska. There is, for another, pened on various occasions as the Frances Nash, an Omaha girl, who Bible informs us. rothers and sisters reside and are heaven where they always behold the Grand Rapids Press prominent in various lines of

Miss Nash gained much of her musical education in Omaha before supple menting it with additional study America and in Europe. Miss Nash has played with many orchestras both in America and Europe and has madmany concert tours from coast to coast. In private life she is the wife of Colonel Watson of the United States army, stationed at San Antonio

Marie Mikova is another nat. omahan who has achieved a prominent place in the ranks of concert Miss Mikova went to the Omaha schools, through the high supplementing her school work with the study of music. When this was completed her teacher, A. M. Borglum, took her to Wasse took her to Wager swayne in Paris, with whom she als studied for several years. Miss Mi kova became the assistant to Mr. Swayne, and moved to America at the peginning of the war. Since then she has taught with Mr. Swayne in New

The campaign to raise funds for a ortrait of Willia Cather to be hung in the Omaha public library is meet-ing with splendid success, pushed as it is by prominent women of the city.

Dr. Hartley B. Alexander's address "The Hebrew Contribution to the Americanism of the Future" has been published as a pamphlet by the Menorah society.

HAVE The Omaha Morning Bee or The Evening Bee mailed to you when on your vacation. Phone AT lantic 1000. Circulation Department.



Life was not all a round of politics and consequent animosities in the early days of The Bee. Edward Rosewater had the true editorial instinct, and sought to give his paper variety, that its readers might be entertained as well as instructed. He carefully selected the miscellany that went into the paper, and gave personal attention to the collection of minor items, which he grouped under appropriate headings. One of these symposiums follows: F. H. King, pastor Harford Memorial United Brethren church, will preach today on "The Way, the Truth, and the Life," as fol-

"Jesus saith unto him, 'I am the ray, and the truth, and the life." "A man accused of bigamy said his

> "On dit: That Major Pauline Cush- Dancing in the bright sunshine yoke. "A western jury recently brought in

left. Here is a chance for those men With the moon just slowly rising who pant for a wife of the good old There'd be the same old spell; days. "An affectionate wife in New Al- The candle light would shine,

"The girl that jilted the gorgeous
Stanley in other days is passing the
present nights on the Kansas City
When the day was ended,
When the evening's work was o'er,
We'd stretch our tired bodies "At a Washington wedding recently Upon the carpet floor.

"Mme. Thallberg has obtained per mission to keep her late husband's

father's villa near Naples. "A Louisville young man was rather nervous at his marriage ceremony and handed the minister his washerwoman's bill instead of the license. "An old woman named Christina

tor from Mississippi."

being able to feign her ignorance.' When God in the beginning created gether, let no man put asunder, "but ganizing a poets' club, according to heaven and earth He made two kinds the suggestion of Jack Lee.

When God in the beginning created heaven and earth He made two kinds them," so help you God."

it would be well for them to write "By Him were all things created, that The Omaha Bee, or communicate with are in heaven, and that are in earth, They are mighty spirits excelling in the second to have been wightle and invisible." The forement strangth who in uncounted numbers Mr. Lee, since he seems to have been visible and invisible." The foremost strength who in uncounted numbers Mr. Lee, since he seems to have been the sponsor of this idea, and with him as a center some definite step may be taken."

Now let's hear from Carolyn Render of the days of the ground and housed and in a certain order and rank surround the throne of God and sing the line of the ground and heathed also might be they are his companies. They are his frew of Hastings and some of the dust of the ground and breathed also ministering spirits. They are his women poets. Miss Renfrew, by the into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living being, created in who have often brought important verse, "Songs of Hope," as she has the image of God. The foremost of messages to His people. And they are from verse and drama to juvenile stories, ready for publication. The opening poem of her new book is the one which was awarded the prize in the man science knows nothing of angels, leased Peter from prison, and the Omaha Women's Bress club competias it only deals with those creatures Bible tells us: "The angel of the Lord which can be seen and with the forces encampeth round about them that of nature whose power and influence fear Him, and delivereth them." Ps. "He shall give His angels expressed the fear that there would on earth. Our knowledge concerning charge over thee to keep thee in all be standing room only in The Omaha angels we therfore receive only from thy ways. They shall bear thee up in Bee's "Hall of Fame," yet there are

has also made an extensive study of bird songs. She has set many of these down in musical notation.

There is no end of musical ability in Spirits, personal, intelligent beings should erect his building so it may be readily converted into a garage.—

Canton News.

Particular of the control of the control

"CONNUBIALITIES."

only fault was his appetite for spare That one could scarcely think.

a verdict of 'justifiable breach of Then you'd stroll back through "There are 450 revolutionary widows While the evening shadows fell,

bany, Ind., made her husband a pres. To mark the day's quiet closing, ent of all his store bills duly receipted. In your old home and mine.

married the bride with a diamond Can't you see the grandpa clock?

embalmed body in a glass case at her

"Senator Alcorn is now living with

words literal or spiritual, one is as

'ask what we will and it will, be

"An Iowa country squire concludes ways to the praise of Thy Holy Name. the marital knot ceremony thusly: Amen.

Badly Needed.

Above all the other crying needs has won for herself a high place as one of the women planists of the territory. Miss Nash spent her early life in Omaha, where her mother and life in Omaha, where her mother and



A Baby Grand which embraces all the up-todate features necessary in making a piano of quality and beauty -priced at only

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Your old home and my old home, How those joys and pleasures thrill, How the floods of childhood memori Of that old place linger still. We can see the little cottage With its clinging ivy vine,

And our thoughts go rushing back-To your old home and mine.

There's the little fenced in garden, Where the pretty roses grew, With its hollyhocks and larkspur, And, the purple pansies too. We can almost hear the cowbell In the pasture lot nearby, As we'd drive old brindle homeward, In the evening, you and I.

Why it almost makes one startle When he thinks he hears the yell Of the boys down in the meadow, When they heard the dinner bell. How they'd grab that old pump hand How they'd make the water fly, And rush in to the table At that old home, you and I.

Over by the willow spring. You could hear the birds a singing From the tree tops where they swing.

And, perchance the same old fishpole With its line and rusty hook, And the path that leads down yonder To the quiet shaky brook.

Where the jay, the wren, the brown

And the saucy bob-o-link Would stir up such commotion Still you'd watch that old cork bobber man will soon assume the hymeneal Till some fish would pull her under, And you'd land him just in time.

When through the cottage window

the groom wore black kid gloves and Can't you see that bright old carpet?

Daily Prayer

May we never forget to be thankful o Thee, our Father. Thou dost daily load us with benefits. Thou art continually planning for our welfare; yet Mack, who was recently burned to we are indifferent to Thy great gooddeath in a shanty in LaSalle county, ness. We pray, and our prayers are Illinois, was the survivor of 10 hus answered, but we forget often to say, 'Thank you."
Make us more mindful of Thee, of

his third wife, and 21 children can now our dependence upon Thee, and of Thy proudly exclaim. My father is a sena readiness to supply all our needs. Then may we do more than speak our "Upon the marriage of Miss Wheat praise; may we live our praise, and of Virginia, an editor hopes that her show our love to Thee by our acts, path may be flowery, and that she Be present with us in our home be greatly heartened if they could be brought together and given the opportunity for the exchanging of ideas.

The first reply to Mr. Lee is from Robert Worthington Davie, the Robert Wor may never be thrashed by her hus. Teach us to trust Thee, to listen to "A Scotch shepherd named Cameron, the joy of serving Thee. When doubt world say: 'The estate of widowhood earnest in prayers, in gifts, in service s inconvenient, for one must have all Let our home be a center from which the modesty of a young girl without blessings go out to neighbors near being able to feigh her ignorance.' and far. And show us how to live al-

Philadelphia, Pa.

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION for MAY, 1923, of

THE OMAHA BEE

Daily73,181 Sunday 80,206 Does not include returns, left-overs, samples or papers spoiled in printing and includes no special B. BREWER, Gen. Mgr.

V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr. Subscribed and sworn to before me W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public You'll never see one like it, Though you walk a country block.

Perhaps your mother's waiting, Sitting in the same old chair, And you can find the footstool And feel her fingers through your

Then as in days of childhood, All your worries you'd resign, To share again those comforts Of your old home and mine.

You may have your stately mansion, With all its fuss and frill till I know there's nothing in it, That will cause you half the thrill Of a trip back to the old home With its clinging ivy vine. And that old fashioned garden Of your old home and mine.

WALTER C. NYE, Ogallala, Neb.

LISTENING IN On the Nebraska Press

A New York apartment house for pachelors has illuminated keyholes. The owner of the building is one New Yorker who has no misgivings hat prohibition is going to prohibit. Norfolk News.

"dance until the cows come home" has now delivered the palm to the one who marathons until the calves are all in.-Kearney Hub.

The old-fashioned girl who used to

Henry Ford's political machine might have a self-starter, but we doubt if it will have the staying qualties.-Leigh World.

Ku Klux Klan takes occasion to riticise the "petting parties" which are said to be a social diversion in Lincoln. In Lincoln! Why, the very idea!-Nebraska City Press

Governor Bryan has already dis covered that only slight reduction of public taxes can be effected by cutting and school districts must also fall in line if there is to be a great reducion in cost of government.-Kearney

"The cow does not blow her own horn," declares an erudite and observing newspaper paragrapher. does not, but she chews the cud an awful lot, and frequently gets fresh.-Nebraska City Press.



NO DROPS "I am often asked, "Do you use drops in your examination?" The an-

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oes not require the use of drops. We elleve them absolutely unnecessary nd often injurious except in cases f diseased condition. There are no l effects nor uncomfortable feeling

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Peerless

\$37.35



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Peerless

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