

DRAMA IN THE FIELDS.

A drama as big as all out doors is that of seed-time 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 olives salted down in their jars.

Not until long after the days of the Greeks did the problem of marketing become acute. With the advance of civilization came 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 unfolded 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-operative appeared, she was joyfully crowned with "Prosperity," the ropes that bound the Princess Tobago were unloosed, the red devil, 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 trends 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.

WHY?

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." Stopping the razor follows. "Dambad, why do you do that?" "To sharpen the razor." "Does that make the razor sharp?" "Yes." "How does it?"

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 on his.

It was that way in the beginning. When the Neanderthal man sat down alongside a still pool, to pull superfluous hairs from around his eyes, that he might see better, one of his offspring crouched beside him and demanded to know why. Haecel asserts that in his lifetime man repeats the experiences of every generation that has gone before him, and so the youthful inquirer 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 service.

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 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 record.

The "third party" is twins.

The Missouri By JOAQUIN MILLER

Where ranged thy black-maned, woolly bulls By millions, fat and unafraid; Where gold, unclaimed in cradles, Slept 'mid the grass roots, gorge, and glade; Where peaks companioned with the stars, And propped the blue with shining white; With massive silver beams and bars, With copper bastions, height on height— There wast thou born, O lord of strength! O yellow lion, leap and length Of far, fair out an Arctic chine: To arm, from out the Arctic chine: To arm, from out the Arctic chine!

Nebraska Artists and Authors

NEBRASKA'S newly awakened pride and interest in its native artists and authors has attracted attention in the east. The Nebraska Artists and Authors' week, which opened on July 1st, is the first of its kind in the state. The Nebraska Artists and Authors' week, which opened on July 1st, is the first of its kind in the state. The Nebraska Artists and Authors' week, which opened on July 1st, is the first of its kind in the state.

Out of Today's Sermons

F. H. King, pastor Hartford Memorial United Brethren Church, will preach today on "The Way, Truth, and the Life," as follows: "Jesus saith unto him, 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life.'"



CONVULSIONALITIES.

"A man accused of bigamy said his only fault was his appetite for spare ribs. 'On dit: That Major Pauline Cushman will soon assume the hymeneal yoke. 'A western jury recently brought in a verdict of 'justifiable breach of promise.' 'There are 450 revolutionary widows left. Here is a chance for those men who want to be a hero of the good old days. 'An affectionate wife in New Albany, Ind., made her husband a present of all his store bills duly receipted. 'At a Washington wedding recently the groom wore black kid gloves and married the bride with a diamond ring. 'Mrs. Thalberg has obtained permission to keep her late husband's embalmed body in a glass case at her father's villa near Naples. 'A Louisville young man was rather nervous at his marriage ceremony and handed the minister his washwoman's bill instead of the license. 'An old woman named Christina Mack, who was recently burned to death in a shanty in LaSalle county, Illinois, was the survivor of 10 husbands. 'Senator Alcorn is now living with his third wife, and 21 children can now proudly exclaim, 'My father is a senator from Mississippi. 'Upon the marriage of Miss Wheat of Virginia, an editor hopes that her path may be flowery, and that she may never be thrashed by her husband. 'A Scotch shepherd named Cameron, 76 years of age, was recently made the happy father of a fine boy, the fourth since his marriage six years ago. 'We once heard a woman of the world say: 'The estate of widowhood is inconvenient, for one must have all the necessities of a young girl without being able to feign her ignorance. 'An Iowa county squire concludes the marital knot ceremony thusly: 'When God the court hath joined together, let no man put asunder, but suffer the little children to come unto them, so help you God.'"

Your old home and my old home, How those joys and pleasures thrill, How the floods of childhood memories Of that old place linger still. We can see the little cottage With its clinging ivy vine, And our thoughts go rushing backward, 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. And the path that leads down yonder To the quiet shady brook. 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 handle How they'd make the water fly, And rush in to the table At that old home, you and I. You'd see the same old milk house Over by the willow spring, You could hear the birds a singing From the tree tops where they'd swing. And perchance the same old fishpole With its line and rusty hook, And the path that leads down yonder To the quiet shady brook. Where the jay, the wren, the brown thrush, And the saucy bob-o-link Would stir up such commotion That one could scarcely think Still you'd watch that old cork bobber Dangling in the bright sunshine Till some fish would pull her under, And you'd land him just in time. Then you'd stroll back through the meadow While the evening shadows fell, With the moon just slowly rising, When through the cottage window The candle light would shine, To mark the day's quiet closing, In your old home and mine. When the day was ended, When the evening's work was o'er, We'd stretch our tired bodies Upon the carpet floor. Can't you see that bright old carpet? Can't you see the grandpa clock? Great is Thy faithfulness—Lam. 2:22. May we never forget to be thankful to Thee, our Father, Thoud dost daily load us with benefits. Thoud art continually planning for our welfare; yet we are indifferent to Thy great goodness. We pray, and our prayers are answered, but we forget often to say, "Thank you." Make us more mindful of Thee, of our dependence upon Thee, and of Thy readiness to supply all our needs. Then may we do more than speak our praise; may we live our praise, and show our love to Thee by our acts. Be present with us in our home. Teach us to trust Thee, to listen to Thy Word, to do Thy will. Teach us the joy of serving Thee. When doubt disturbs us, may we have a vision of Thee that will take away all distress. Forbid it that we should darken the days of others by doubting words. Forgive our sins, and make us more earnest in prayers, in gifts, in service. Let our home be a center from which blessings go out to neighbors near and far. And show us how to live always to the praise of Thy Holy Name. Amen. JOHN T. PARIS, D.D., Philadelphia, Pa.

LISTENING IN On the Nebraska Press

The old-fashioned girl who used to "dance until the cows come home" has now delivered the palm to the one who marathons until the calves are all in—Kearney Hub. Henry Ford's political machine might have a self-starter, but we doubt if it will have the staying qualities—Leigh World. Ku Klux Klan takes occasion to criticize 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 discovered that only slight reduction of public taxes can be effected by cutting state levies, and that counties, cities and school districts must also fall in line if there is to be a great reduction in cost of government—Kearney Hub. "The cow does not blow her own horn," declares an erudite and observing newspaper paragrapher. She does not, but she chews the cud an awful lot, and frequently gets fresh—Nebraska City Press.

Daily Prayer

Great is Thy faithfulness—Lam. 2:22. May we never forget to be thankful to Thee, our Father, Thoud dost daily load us with benefits. Thoud art continually planning for our welfare; yet we are indifferent to Thy great goodness. We pray, and our prayers are answered, but we forget often to say, "Thank you." Make us more mindful of Thee, of our dependence upon Thee, and of Thy readiness to supply all our needs. Then may we do more than speak our praise; may we live our praise, and show our love to Thee by our acts. Be present with us in our home. Teach us to trust Thee, to listen to Thy Word, to do Thy will. Teach us the joy of serving Thee. When doubt disturbs us, may we have a vision of Thee that will take away all distress. Forbid it that we should darken the days of others by doubting words. Forgive our sins, and make us more earnest in prayers, in gifts, in service. Let our home be a center from which blessings go out to neighbors near and far. And show us how to live always to the praise of Thy Holy Name. Amen. JOHN T. PARIS, D.D., Philadelphia, Pa.



NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION for MAY, 1923, of THE OMAHA BEE Daily 73,181 Sunday 80,206. B. BREWER, Gen. Mgr. V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of June, 1923. W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public.

15% Reduction ON EVERY Refrigerator IN STOCK. Here is your opportunity to buy that needed refrigerator at a substantial saving. Prices will not be lower later in the season. We urge early buying, as we are limited on some sizes. Peerless Refrigerator \$32.00. Peerless Refrigerator \$37.35. Peerless Refrigerator \$42.35. This Sale Includes Peerless, Seeger and McCray Boxes. ESTABLISHED 1855 MILTON ROGERS AND SONS COMPANY Hardware and Household Utilities 1515 HARNEY ST.

Have The Omaha Morning Bee or The Evening Bee mailed to you when on your vacation. Phone AT lantic 1000, Circulation Department. The Vose Small Grand \$885. The Vose small grand meets the requirements of these times. It is small in size, thereby occupying little space—yet its volume of tone has not been sacrificed. It occupies no more space than an upright piano and costs little more. Come in tomorrow and let us demonstrate this wonderful instrument. Sold On Convenient Terms. A. Vose Co. 1513-15 Douglas Street.

The Vose Small Grand. A Baby Grand which embraces all the up-to-date features necessary in making a piano of quality and beauty—priced at only \$885. The Vose small grand meets the requirements of these times. It is small in size, thereby occupying little space—yet its volume of tone has not been sacrificed. It occupies no more space than an upright piano and costs little more. Come in tomorrow and let us demonstrate this wonderful instrument.

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION for MAY, 1923, of THE OMAHA BEE Daily 73,181 Sunday 80,206. B. BREWER, Gen. Mgr. V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of June, 1923. W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public.