THE SUNDAY BEE

MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

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CHRISTIANITY AND WARFARE.

Agreeing with the truth of the statement that at all times there has been a yearning in the hearts of men for a cessation of warfare, we believe it to be true also that never in the history of the world has this sentiment been so general as it is today. Everywhere there is at least a professed aversion for war, and statesmen, philosophers, teachers and leaders of thought are seeking a basis on which may be erected some form of structure that will contain the aspirations of all nations and enable them to maintain friendship and harmony of effort for the general good of all mankind.

"Can Christianity stop war?" When that question once was asked Phillips Brooks, he replied, "It has never been tried."

Some are now willing to give it the test. The Christian citizenship conference, that lately met at Winona, Ind., where 5,000 representatives of the religious, commercial, industrial and educational world discussed the problems, decided that "the time has come to try Christianity as a remedy for the world's ills." In the message this conference sent out to the world it is stated:

". . . . nations are accountable to the same Christian principles as individuals; the nation is an intelligent moral entity which God holds responsible for the use of sovereignty and authority; God's judgment can be averted only by national repentence and obedience to the laws of love; because nations have held themselves above all moral law, present day world conditions are chaotic."

The application of this is going to be less easy than its formulation, for getting back to the teachings of Christ is not such a simple process. It will require a general change in the ways and habits of men, in their behavior and their thought. "Less of self and more of service," was the ringing motto that moved the nation to its great sacrifices during the war, and yet is the guide for many. Enough, however, have departed from its spirit to make it very hard for the rest to follow along the path that seemed so plain. How to win all into the way that leads to understanding and peace is the problem.

Glenn Frank, writing in the Centry, on the general phases of this great problem, in which all mankind is interested, says:

"Hounded free lance that He was, berated, betraved and beaten by the fundamentalists of His own time. Jesus would be ill at ease in reading the theological pronouncements of that over-doctrinized Christianity which has for centuries usurped the place, misinterpreted the prinicples and maladministered the influence of His essentially simple religion, which was and is not only personally regenerative, but socially revolutionary."

Maybe this is what Phillips Brooks meant, and surely it expresses what the Winona conference had in mind, the simple religion of Jesus, not the clashing of creed on creed, for the setting up of peace and concord among men under the law of love.

Charles M. Schwab, who worked himself up from a job in the material yard of an iron mill to the position of one of the world magnates of steel, and who

SCHWAB AND THE RICH MAN'S SON.

once drew a salary of a million dollars a year, whether he earned it or not, has just delivered himself of an opinion as to the sons of wealthy men. Testifying in the suit against Charles W. Morse, he said :

"I told Charles W. Morse that relatives were no good in business. Most rich men's sons won't work like I want people to work for me."

Probably, if the full truth were known, not many men willingly work as Charles M. Schwab wants them to. It is human nature not to, and that explains why there is only one Schwab and several milion others who are just one jump ahead of the poorhouse. To get to the point, however, Mr. Schwab's judgment as to relatives in business is not to be taken too seriously. The Rothschilds might be cited as an example on the other side.

As to the sons of rich men working, when Jay Gould's will was read, it was found that he had left \$7,000,000 to his son, George, to pay for services rendered. George Gould toiled in his shirt sleeves in his father's office, drew his salary, and went quietly about his business, and the shrewd old financial giant valued his services at almost as much per year as the steel trust paid Schwab. Many another rich man's son has worked, steadily and faithfully under his father or for some other employer.

Omaha can furnish numerous examples of how relatives have gotten along very well in business together, and of the sons of wealthy men who have made good for themselves. Indolence is not the exclusive portion of the rich, nor zeal for labor that of the poor. Variations in human nature are not marked by dollar signs, but it is quite true that the lazy man is apt to be a poor-man, while the industrious and thrifty always has the chance of acquiring wealth.

ACTING VERSION OF ROBERT E. LEE.

John Drinkwater has done it again. This time he has made a drama of Robert E. Lee, and his English followers are much more enthusiastic over it than they were over his efforts to dramatize Marie Stuart or Oliver Cromwell. This is very likely for the good and sufficient reason that they are no better posted on Lee than they were on Lincoln, and the idealization of the author appeals to them. It will probably appeal to Americans, much as "Abraham Lincoln" did, and for no other reason.

When Mr. Drinkwater was in Omaha a couple of years ago, he very frankly admitted that he was not writing history, he was writing plays. If history does not wholly agree with his story, so much the worse for history. Mr. Drinkwater blandly knocks the records endways when he takes up the making of a drama with a great historic character as its central figure. We are not so sure but he is doing a real service in this pursuit. In the case of Marie Stuart, he supplied a clear enough reason for the erratic actions of that lady, whose amours form the background for his play. Oliver Cromwell is lifted out of a maze of conflict, and walks and talks like a man, rather than a demigod. "Some Gromwell, guiltless of his country's blood," was visioned by Drinkwater in the opening act of the play, and the sorely perplexed leader is portrayed at the end, but history has done its work too well in England to permit a modern poet to make much headway against hard set impressions.

In dealing with Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Drinkwater had rather an easier job. This great American had not receded so far down in the corridor of time but he could be well recalled by many living Americans, while the English never did and do not now know him very well. Actual historic facts were

The Sunday Bee: Omaha, July 29, 1923-The Lantern

By DON MARQUIS. We Move to Amend. Old wine the post once extolled-Port, Tuscany, Champagne, Ma

deira Alas! Such phrases leave us cold In this morose and arid era. Yet, since a mournful zest they bring To Volstead's parched and thirsty victim.

No satire at the bard I'll fling, But just accept his tuneful dictum Old books, if I recall aright.

This self-same skald was wont t

treasure; A well-thumbed tome, an easeful night-He asked no greater joy or pleas

ure. And sooth, as I have found full oft

His words were reasonable and true ones-Since paper prices soared aloft It cost too much to buy the new

ones. Old friends-but here, my worthy

wight. I raise objection most emphatic. have but little appetite

For rheumy eyes and joints rheu matic. Too soon this brief existence ends;

Reminders of our fate are plenty. Avaunt, grim sprite! In choosing friends

I'll take mine feminine-and -T. O. twenty.

On Looking Out of the Window. We are not one of the sophisticated

folk who find a railroad journey tire-some. The simple pleasure of lookng out of the car window suffices to make an adventure of it for us. We never used to take much pride

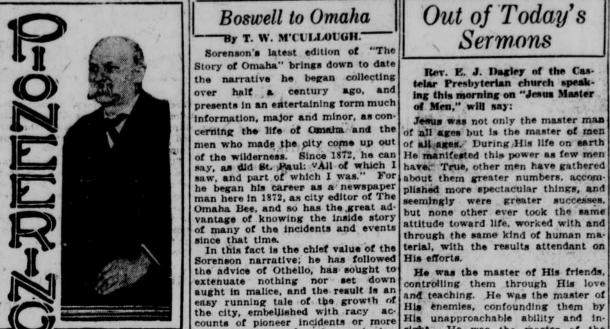
in this. We supposed everybody en-joyed looking out of the window. In ur early youth it seemed not unrea sonable to us that persons of affluence should travel solely to indulge hemselves in this delight.

This theory we confided to a cousin, girl. She assented and said she liked to watch the telegraph poles race past and imagine that from one of them might be suspended a great sword of marvelous keenness and just before the train reached it the conductor would shout "Heads Out!" Whereupon all the passengers on that side of the car would be de-capitated neatly and all their heads led up in a heap beside the track. That was altogether too robust meat

or us. It was a long time before we asked any one else if he didn't like to look out of the window. In fact, we can't remember putting that question to anybody since, such was the corror inspired by our sanguinary We have gathered, how ousin. ever, from information that was volnteered by those with whom we have travel that our passion was a unique That's one reason we mention The other reason is obvious. But we continue the childish pas Ime quite heedless of the rest of the this season Mentally we depopulate the world.

ountryside we are racing through reclothe it in its primeval forest and people it with Indians and wild beasts. As a child we did this vaguely and nadequately. Now, with the aid of John Fiske and the scant remnants of a smattering of geology, we can jump clean back to the age of ice in the few seconds in which a landscape flashes past.

The possibilities are almost unlimed, the more so as one never has long enough to fill in the picture so ails. There is just the glimpse of dark, barbaric figure shoving a tails.



Yes, the Missouri river fleet ence amounted to something in the com-merce carrying line. From The Omaha Bee of April 6, 1876, we get this information.

"The steamers Key West, Far West and Josephine expect to get away

Beginning with the Indians, Mr. Sor-enson follows closely in chronological he great enterprises that exist here the newspapers, the railroads, the

commercial enterprises, the industrial "Capt. Andy Johnson has taken concerns, and all in order, and pre-command of the Millie Peck, and sents a vast amount of information, Capt. John A. Williams is expected to served in a chatty, easy manner of expression. Through it all runs the command the new C. K. Peck. Cap-tains Haney and DeViard are on the Katie Kountze. there comes up vividly a picture of Katie Kountze. "The steamer Carroll, Capt. Tim some one or another of the men whose Burleigh, J. Q. A. Parr, clerk, and lives have been part of that of the dity William Massey and Tony Schwaab, This is in addition to the personal ages to come. To demonstrate His pilots, left St. Louis for Fort Benton sketches and biographical, matter fitness to become such He displayed

Old-timers who remain, and there are many, will enjoy the book because of the many pictures of the past that way, John C. Barr, her clerk, left will be conjured up by reading its yesterday by fast train, to overtake pages, and the later comers will be her if possible. The fact is, it started interested and entertained through beof men who were here at the start machinery, and it is now one of the and who endured the toils and priva-

freight and 20 passengers when it left St. Louis. Every pound of cargo is for Benton, the head of navigation. Joe Garneau's cracker boxes were conspicuous in the cargo. Joe Ohiman and Ben Jewell are its pilots.

Louis from Yankton, to take charge of the E. H. Durfee, and that boat with 710 tons of freight. It was billed to leave for the head of navigation yesterday. Captain Todd's talented

son, Josephus, goes on the Josephine A week later the marine reporter got busy again, and published this

> here this afternoon, enroute from St. Louis to Fort Benton "The C. K. Peck will be here early

for Fort Benton last Saturday morning, the 8th. Capt. Andy Johnson is in command; John Hanna, clerk, and

No Tears For Her.

LISTENING IN

On the Nebraska Press

It used to be that a vacant lot was a mighty poor investment, now you never can tell when some one willwant it for a filling station .- Fairbury News.

The fact that you had the right of way may be a financial heritage to your heirs and assigns, but it will not restore life after the crash.-Fairbury News.

Will Maupin has become convinced he began his career as a newspaper plished more spectacular things, and that Governor Bryan instead of seemingly were greater successes, Omaha Bee, and so has the great ad- but none other ever took the same "growing" under his responsibilities vantage of knowing the inside story of many of the incidents and events since that time. "simply swelling." - Eairbury News.

In this fact is the chief value of the terial, with the results attendant on It is rather tough to be thinking about the winter supply of coal these hot, summer days, but it will be a He was the master of His friends, lot tougher to be without coal next controlling them through His love winter.-Nebraska City Press.

extendate nothing nor set down aught in malice, and the result is an easy running tale of the growth of the city, embellished with racy ac-counts of pioneer incidents or more sober narration of serious episodes. Some of Judge Perry's primary ideas are very good. Some of them are unutterably bad. In the latter equainted as he was and is with the masses, gaining their temporary adcategory the proposals for party conventions to nominate candidates for builders of the community, knowing herence through the natural appeal the primaries. The convention system is long since in the discard and there

been enabled to put them before the Jesus was the master of situations. let it stay, "hide, hoof and hair."-reader as human beings, filled with He refused to be made king, evad Kearney Hub.

the importance of the parts they were playing in a great and ambitious un-from them. He always triumphed in desire, but truely and inevitably. the clashes with the political and Elevated standards of life characterecclesiastical authorities, and this by ize those lands known as Christian. merely manifesting Himself as "the While much regrettable evil abounds, foundation until now. He deals with truth." He was master in the upper yet Jesus is more and more the master room, at the last supper, as He was of men. Great upheavals occur, and in the garden of Gethsemane where chaotic periods are experienced, but the soldiers quailed before Him. He after each some greater truth is remight easily have been master, esvealed for the advancement of the tablishing Himself as the mightiest race. Isaac Watts voiced a prophecy monarch of all history. worthy of our acceptance in his great

Jesus, however, did not do this, for hymn He wanted His mastery to extend to 'Jesus shall reign where'er the sum Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom spread from shore to shore. Till moons shall wax and wane no more." all lands and all times. He desired to be master of all human life in the

fitness to become such He displayed mastery of himself, submitting to **I**AVE The Omaha death on the cross. Morning Bee or The His death was not a result of fanatical ideas, but was a manifesta-Evening Bee mailed to you tion of divine hatred for sin, a divine

love for men and a desire, infinite and holy, to see men saved from sin. coming acquainted with the manner Having displayed self mastery, righteous desires for men. He could, and did, command men to follow him. tions of early days to become great This is to be done in the spirit of

Out of Today's

Sermons

Rev. E. J. Dagley of the Cas-

telar Presbyterian church speak-ing this morning on "Jesus Master

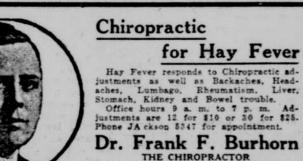
Jesus was not only the master man

of all ages but is the master of men

of Men," will say:

His efforts.

During the twenty centuries sinc his appearance men have gladly ac knowledged Him master. From Paul and John, to Clement, to Chrysostom, Lake, to Erasmus and Luther, to Knox and Calvin and Wesley, and to the men of today who are leaders Christ has been master. These, unlike Jesus, were not without their faults and human weaknesses, but each in his turn was happy to accredit any good found in them to the dominating in-He is not only master of the in dividual, but is master of human his



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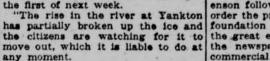
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their public and private lives, he has of His greatness.

"RIVER NEWS."

from Yankton for upriver with freight



on the 1st with a small amount of which fills a considerable portion of freight, the balance of the trip to be the book.

taken on at Yankton and Bismarck. "The St. Louis Republican of the 1st says: 'The Benton being underoff like a deer. Improvements have been made in the Benton's wheel and

machinery, and it is now one of the tions of early days to become great fastest boats on any river.' "The Benton draws three and one-half feet of water, having 275 tons of half feet of water, having 275 tons of Earlow, Caldwell, Hamilton, Drake.

"Captain John Todd has reached St.

discussed the pleasures of railroad arrived from Pittsburgh the same day

further information: "The steamer Durfee is expected

next week. "The Nellie Peck left St. Louis of its predecessors. Jo Fects and Bob Wright, jr., pilots.

Jesus. Millard, Redick, Poppleton, Hanscom Rosewater, Miller, Kuhns, Estabrook Strickland, Dodge, Jones, Durant Balcombe, Kennedy, Doane, Lake Wakeley, Neville and others that run

hrough the pages are full of sig-ifficance for anyone familiar with the istory of the city, and should hold nterest for all who are concerned knowing of the past as well as the present of the town.

Boswell to Omaha

By T. W. M'CULLOUGH."

The name of Sorenson deserves little attention, for the author of this fluence of Jesus, the master of men. work has tolled early and late with the city of his choice for more than half a century. His long career as a tory. His will is worked out in the newspaper reporter, manager and world, not as speedily as we might editor has given him qualifications

neculiarly essential to the successful arrying out of the work he has just presented to the public. It is the hird of his ventures in this field each of his former two volumes being prized for their contents, and the third should become as popular as eithe It contains 70

pages and 225 illustrations, togethe It has 285 tons of freight on board, and draws threa and ora half foot for interesting events. and draws three and one-half feet for

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE" AGAIN.

Somehow the heart warms up a little to this story from California. A little crippled boy fell into the swift running Yuba river, not far above a thirty-foot fall. He was swept over and drowned, and his body was retained under the waters. Of course his mother mourned and refused to be comforted. Her little. son was dearer to her because he was crippled and needed her help. That is a way with mothers-they are drawn more closely to such of their offspring as may be afflicted in any way. And this mother longed that her son's little body be restored to her, that she might give it burial.

Two weeks after the accident, the bruised and lifeless corpse of the dead lad was tenderly laid away. No, it was not a miracle that came about to induce the deep pool under the falls to yield up its prey. The funeral was held because a corporation intervened. Workmen were engaged in preparation to harness the water of the river and turn its waste power to useful purposes. Engineers on the job asked permission from the "big bosses," and got leave to recover the body if they could. Accordingly, a new channel was prepared and the stream turned into it temporarily, so the falls dried up, and the mother's heart was comforted, just because human sympathy is not dammed up when men set about to dam up a river and make money produce more money.

The incident has its little lesson. In a world where everybody is busy, too much occupied it seems with personal affairs to have great concern about their neighbor's, when an emergency arises the primal impulse to helpfulness springs anew into action, and a great, generous work is done. As long as this is true, man is not beyond redemption.

JUST A LITTLE HOP.

Thirty years ago the "999" ripped off 112 miles an hour, and set the world talking. Distance was being annihilated, Old Father Time was getting the worst of the contest. Eighteen hours from Chicago to New York was the rule, and perhaps even factor time would be made. Developments shoved that schedule back two hours, and even that is sometimes lengthened by events that laugh at the locomotive, no matter how speedy it may be.

Salute the monoplane. Thursday night at 11 o'clock one left Chicago, carrying seven passengers, and Friday morning at 8:30 landed them in New York, and the passengers claim they slept all the way. Anyhow, they were asleep when they reached New York. Possibilities herein disclosed exceed by far any the race of the "999' may have conjured up.

A seaplane is carrying "commuters" from Newport to New York in an hour and a half, a journey the railroad trains take eight hours to accomplish. Of course, only a few use the new methof of transportation, as only a few will be accommodated by the flying ships between Chicago and New York. That is for the present, however. In time the service is certain to be made available for all who care to travel that way.

Thus the thousand miles that stretch out between the two great cities of the country, the sand dune, the prairie, the lake shore, the mountains, the Geneseo, Mohawk and Hudson valleys, with their wonderful history and charming scenery, become just a little hop, a few hours spent in going to sleep in Chicago and waking up in New York after an ordinary night of rest. Where will we turn for a real thrill?

now know him very well. Actual historic facts were not allowed to stand in the way, but at that the record was not so greatly distorted as to call for any severe condemnation. Robert E. Lee is said to be treated much in the same manner as Lincoln, although one American reviewer begs to remind Mr. Drinkwater that Virginia was not the only southern state involved in the war. Those of us who recall some of the American war dramas, "Shenandoah," "The Heart of Maryland," "Secret Service," and the like, will have little occasion to censure any foreign writer on this score; although Augustus Thomas did move the scene of his post-war drama, "Alabama," to another scene, and gave us Talladega instead of Richmond.

The new drama is promised an early production in America, where the interest aroused by "Abraham Lincoln" is expected to continue to the benefit of "Robert E. Lee."

A MAN AND HIS DOG.

Where or when it began nobody knows, and history is silent on the point. Yet somewhere it started. Away back yonder, in the dim beginning of things, a skin-clad figure might seen, slowly making his way across the landscape and after him trudged what looked like a wolf but really was a dog. Somewhere before this, in the mysterious process of nature, there had been a division in the primeval wolf pack, and some of them grew up to be friends and companions of men, and some to be enemies and pests.

No matter where it started, or who was first to feel the new impulse, the bond between a man and a dog has ever been one to cite as an example of fidelity, trust, confidence and love. Usually, the boy and the dog are celebrated, but that affection is not to be mentioned alongside the partnerships that exist when that boy has grown up and is fully capable of definite and lasting attachment. Senator George G. Vest knew this, when he uttered his famous panegyric: .

"Gentlemen of the jury: The one absolute unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog."

And Pope, in his "Essay on Man," wrote of the chap who looked forward to meeting his canine companion again in a happier world, where they never would part. So other poets have noted the bond, until now it is a commonplace. It is no wonder, then, that Omaha dogs come to bear names such as were discovered by the inquiring reporter, who examined the register and reported on the fact. Dogs thus distinguished not only bear the affection and esteem of their masters, but are distinguished by names that commemorate the hero or heroine most regarded at the time. Yet it will be a safe guess that the dog is seldom called by the title under which And the reporters can write little he is set down at the license bureau.

Freeman R. Conaway, just dead, was one of the men who gave Iowa journalism its high standing. He belonged to the later days of Hatton, Clarkson, Swalm, Irish, Junkin, Hartman, Claggett, Walker, Hull, Eichelberger, and others, and carried on the traditions of that powerful group of thought leaders. If ever there was a golden age in Iowa, it was when these men were discussing issues and weighing candidates.

Well, Alaska had a good going over

on the slope below, or the ponderous march of mammoths with scimitarike tusks through the rank weeds of a marsh. The pictures come and go as swiftly as though thrown on a screen and with as little mental ef-

fort on our part.

Percival and the Punch. Percival soribbles whole reams of stories

For all of the fiction magazines; Pen-pushing Percival simply glories In "punch" and "color" and foreign scenes,

Perilous ventures and marvelous travels, Escapades much to be wondered Percival all of this stuff unravels

Safe in his Madison avenue flat.

Percival's yarns are simply dripping With strife and turmoil and human Down every page the knaves come tripping. Blood-guilty reprobates, score or

score Great indeed is his skill in painting Scenes all cluttered with maimed

and dead-Percy himself would be nigh to faint-If he had to sever a chicken's head.

friends and neighbors. The man Percival's heroes are doughty fellows stepped ashore at Vancouver and in 12 Each of them built like a true white

hardly the man Canada expected. From United States press reports Necks like pillars and chests like bel-Canadians had been led to believe that Arms with tendons like stout hemp the president was simply a figurehead.

Varied and weird are their feats of valor.

Great are their conquests on land ideas is that they get acquainted with their president. Free from the influ-ence of republican 'pats' and demoand sea-Percival owns to a scolarly pallor: Percival's stature is five feet three

thatic 'rups,' and having only good will to ask and receive, the Canadian Percival writes of the elemental. public were able to take full measure Raw, rough, red-blooded facts of of Warren Harding as a man. The president got through the heads and

Thereby garnering food and rental And gowns and hats for his pamhearts of Canadians with his homely truth that the best citizen was the

pered wife. "Life with the pack and the lone go and borrow a couple of eggs from. A man with common sense enough to camp fire; Stripped of convention and un afraid"life proves that he means what he

Percy yawns, as he plans to hire A Paris chef and a new French -T. O. maid.

Ill Winds.

Poets like spring in the springtime, And autumn don't suit 'em at all Inless it begins in September And continues all during the fall.

Winter is never quite winter Inless it appears when it should, And summer has got to be timely Or else it isn't much good.

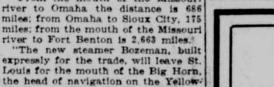
But it's awful good news when the weather Is "Ice and snow for July."

pleces About "Picnickers frozen; may die.

A man \$1 years old, a resident of Dover, N. J., lost his life in a fall from a cherry tree which it had been his custom to climb every Fourth of July. We all have our cherry trees, but most of us fall before we are \$1 years old.

Very few families can afford skeletons in their closets these days an apartment with a closet big enough to hold a skeleton costs \$20 a month more rent. DON MARQUIS.

that point is from \$60 to \$75, and going to. I want my money in adfreight 2 cents per pound. "From the mouth of the Missouri vance .- Answers, London.



stone, and all intermediate ports, on April 15."

"Uncle Warren" in

Canada

Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 28 .- (Special

Telegram.)-The Vancouver Sun, under the caption, "United States

Lucky in Harding," says editorially: "America's president created a very

favorable impression with Canadians, there is no question about it. For reasons of heritage and for sentimen-

tal reasons, Canada will always be part of the British Empire, but that

should not prevent Canadians from

seeking full advantage of the fact

that the North American continent

forms a single commercial trading unit and that Americans are our good,

ours won the people of Canada was

placed in office through political com-

promise. Our unsolicited advice to those Americans who have any such

one you were friendly enough with to

talk that kind of language and whose

head because wheat goes up or down

who is one day pandering to class and the next day to mass. He is the

kind of a man people look for when

things get in a mess. Just now the

orld is fed up with alleged super-

nen as leaders and is looking for the

Harding type. Canada believes the United States is lucky in Harding."

NET AVERAGE

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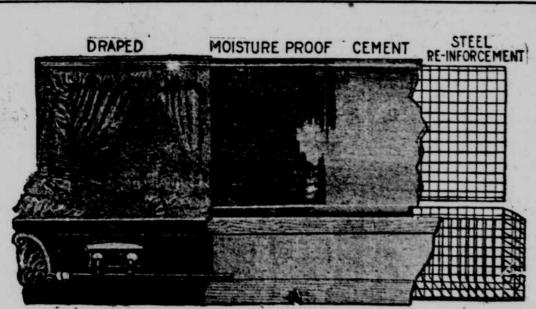
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of July, 1923, W. H. QUIVEY, (Seal) Notary Public.

cents, is not the public demagogue

is not the man who will lose his



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