

PREPARING TO BE PRESIDENT. You can't keep them down on the farm always—such men as Warren G. Harding and Calvin Coolidge. Each was born to hard work, and knew what it was to wear old clothes, to toil through long hot hours, and to go without things a boy's heart yearns for. Each felt an urge to go higher, an aspiration to something better than a life of drudgery. So do all boys, but not all seek the only way that is open.

Harding at the printer's case, Coolidge in the tobacco field, each was busy at his work, with eyes fixed on the days to come, translating dreams into reality by the age-old process of patient industry. When Harding was married, he had a job and that was all; when Coolidge was married he had permission to practice law, but no practice. Each had courage, though, and the women they wedded had both courage and faith. Such a combination can not be beaten in this world.

It was not a happy turn of fortune's wheel that landed either of these men in high places. Steady plugging, careful attention to business, a foresight that could distinguish opportunity and take advantage of it, but above all the infinite industry that kept everlastingly at it. Many a time the routine must have seemed like a grind to each of them, just as it does to every other worker, and perhaps they were discouraged now and then, just as all men be- come when they are dead tired. Yet each taking of stock showed they were progressing, and when the call came they were ready.

Harding went to the White House by way of the Ohio legislature; he was lieutenant governor and senator from Ohio, just because he had qualified himself for the jobs, and made good on them in turn. Coolidge was solicitor for the little town in which he lives, was a member of the town council, went to the legislature, became lieutenant governor and then governor of Massachusetts, and when he was nominated to be vice president it was known that he possessed all the equipment for the high office which he is now called.

This is an old, old story, repeated in the lives of most of our presidents. Not only that, but the great men in industry and commerce, in professional and business life, all show the same record. In America every one has a chance at the highest place, the greatest honor, the richest reward. These things are not obtained by yearning or longing for them, nor by faith without works. And, if everyone can not be president, there is much satisfaction in getting ready. As old Cato is quoted saying to his pupil: "This is not in mortals to command success, But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it."

LITTLE PICTURES.

The canvases which require a great room for their display are not the only masterpieces in the world's art galleries, but many that have been the wonder of the ages are done on a canvas so small that a child could carry them. Nor are all the masterpieces of nature to be found in the awe-inspiring view from some mountain top, nor in the sweep of a mighty river. But there are many little pictures, part of the scenes of every day, which are dearer to you than the more stupendous one could ever be. It may be just a glimpse of purple hills and winding river seen from your window, but you have come to love it for the inspiration it brings you whenever you look upon it. When the cares of a busy day press the hardest, and you long for the rest you dare not take, then you "lift up your eyes to the hills," and you are strengthened for your task because of their message of calmness and courage. Or it may be a little picture, framed by the branches of the trees, which you love to remember long after it has faded from your vision. In the pale light of the moon the roofs of the neighboring houses lose their grim harshness and stand outlined with gold against the clear blue of the sky. The clouds, white or gray, according as the light falls upon them, float slowly by, and the changing light and shadow gives the scene a touch of beauty undreamed of if you viewed it only in the glaring light of day. Thus the little pictures, made up of the familiar things of the everyday, becomes the dearest of all to us when we have learned to find their hidden beauty.

DID YOU EVER TRY THIS?

Of course it is delightful to board the family automobile in the cool of the evening and take a spin over the boulevards and country roads. And it is delightful to take a whole day's journey by automobile, pausing in some shady spot for luncheon. But did you ever leave the family auto in the garage, don your walking shoes and proceed to take a hike "over the hills and far away"? Over hills that no auto can climb, but which give a new zest to the life of the pedestrian who climbs them; through shady groves where the trees are too close to permit the passage of an auto; past the cold spring that lies in the mossy hollow; across the foot bridge that spans the noisy little creek, and up again and over the hill that lies just beyond!

Well, if you have not done just that very thing since the hot spell began, you have missed one of the real treats of summer. And this treat is followed by another one. After you have returned home from the hike, the appetite that demands your attention is something that money can not buy, and which is vastly different from the appetite produced by lolling back on the soft cushion of an auto while gasoline does the work. No, sir! Money could not buy the hike-inspired appetite, and it takes real money to provide the wherewithal to satisfy it. Science tells us that the continued disuse of an organ finally results in its disappearance. If this is true, this country of ours is in danger of becoming a nation of individuals with withered and useless legs, who will have to be hoisted into and out of their cars by the aid of derricks. Partly to obviate that threatened danger, but more chiefly from a desire to show its readers how to really enjoy themselves now and then, the Omaha Bee suggests these summer hikes "over the hills and far away."

If some of the local floods could only be connected up with the California forest fires, much good would come to all. The law of supply and demand still runs, but over many a bump.

"WALK HUMBLY WITH THY GOD."

Not without reason, though probably with no thought of the fact, the minister chose one of Theodore Roosevelt's favorite texts to read as part of the ceremony for Warren G. Harding at the capitol on Wednesday. Micah may have been speaking to his people directly, but in reality he addressed all the world of men, then and now, when he spake: "He hath shown thee, O man, what is good: and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy; and to walk humbly with thy God."

Theodore Roosevelt, earnest, sincere, impulsive, a leader of men by his virile, dominant force that beat down all obstacles and was so impatient of opposition, walked humbly before God. So did Warren G. Harding, and so has every president who ever occupied the White House. Stern men have been among them, strong men and men who have felt the gust and sweep of hot passion; but not one but acknowledged himself to the Maker and Ruler of All Men.

"The Lord is my shepherd," that softly consoling thought of David, and "though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil," is the comfort of those men who have taken up the great burden of care and responsibility and carried it unflinchingly, even though that way led to the entrance of the Valley. All our national life is illuminated by the thought of our great leaders walking humbly before God. Washington knelt in the snow at Valley Forge, and gained from his approach to the throne of grace fortitude to carry on and come to victory at last. Abraham Lincoln on his knees asked for strength and wisdom to lead him through his great trial, and his sorely vexed soul was sustained to the very end.

Impetuous soldiers, like Jackson; sturdy, up-standing soldiers like Grant; gentle Christian men, like Garfield; philosophers, like Jefferson and Wilson; earnest men of affairs, as Madison, Cleveland, Taft; popular idols, like Roosevelt, and calm, patient men, like McKinley and Harding, have filled the high office, swaying power and authority unsurpassed in their time. Around them have blown the bitter winds of politics, the acid corrosion of opposing ambitions have scorched them, and men whom they had trusted have betrayed that trust. Disappointment has come to them, their plans have been thwarted, their efforts to serve turned aside, for even the greatest of mortals must taste this cup. Yet through it all, these men felt that humility of soul and conviction of right whereby they could meet that requirement of the old prophet to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God.

No feature of American life is finer than this, that the men who have been selected as leaders of the nation have been such as could realize what is required of all who would truly succeed. Only because deep down in the life of the nation is imbedded the principle of sincere religion can this be said. Folly exists, and frivolity, waywardness and wickedness, but they are merely the foam that breaks along the beach, or the light waves that stir the shallows. Beyond them is the deep surging water that is never stilled, and never stirred save by the mightiest of commotions, and underneath those depths is the soul of America.

"If, drunk with sight of power we loose Strange tongues that have not Thee in awe— Such boastings as the Gentiles use And lesser breeds without the law— For frantic boast and foolish word, Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord."

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

There are magic hours. Sunrise in the mountains or on the lake. In a wood after a rain, when all the birds break into a rainbow of harmony. Just before sundown on a country road where the rabbits break from cover and small life passes with fleet foot across the path. But, best of all, because of its human relationships, is the hour of the camp fire. During the day those in pursuit of vacation happiness scatter, fishing, swimming, hiking, riding, driving or loafing with a book. At the end, however, the pleasures of solitude wear off, and they are glad to unite around the dinner board.

But it is not until dusk, when the pyramid of logs in the center of the camp is lighted, that the pleasures of human companionship really begin. The old songs ring and the joy of the present is mingled with the memories of the past. Some one starts a parody of a new song, and zest is given to the jolly scene by its references to ways and happenings about the camp. Perhaps there is a girl who can recite one or two of Paul Lawrence Dunbar's ballads of the southern life, or a man who swells his chest with the outdoor verse of Robert Service. Be sure that before the camp fire melts to ashes these will come, and that from the shadows another will draw a banjo or guitar.

There are many pleasures in a vacation, but no holiday is rounded off without the hearty comradeship of a group about the fire.

While our democratic friends are predicting dire disaster to the national republican ticket next year because Johnson beat Brew 70,000 in Minnesota, they are remarkably silent about the fact that Johnson defeated his democratic opponent by close to 300,000.

While Henry Ford is trying to produce flivvers faster than gas can be produced to run them, and while the gasoline refineries are trying to make more gas than Henry's flivvers can consume, we are bound to hear walls about the high cost of living and the impossibility of the average man to "get ahead."

A Sunday school expert proposes a course in spooning, to teach the little boys and girls how to go about making love. As if old Dame Nature didn't know her business.

Albert B. Fall comes back from Europe optimistic. He says the folks over there will try anything once. That seems to have been the trouble from the start.

Colonel Bill Hayward is tearing up the line of New York bucket shop brokers much after the same fashion he used when wearing a Cornhusker uniform. He learned his stuff well in Nebraska.

Railroads are handling the greatest volume of business in their history, which may account for the reluctance to reduce rates that may get a little more.

President Coolidge says, "Industry, thrift and character are not created by law or conferred by resolve." That is a good sentence to remember.

Montreal police are also running down bootleggers, but the latter are handling tires, not "Scotch."

Another war bride has found that not all the battles were fought in Flanders.

If you do put all your eggs in one basket, watch the basket.

Governor McMahers of South Dakota shows speed.

Out of Today's Sermons

At the Lowe Avenue Presbyterian church on Sunday morning Rev. A. F. Ernst, the pastor, will have for his text, I Thimothians, xxii, 14, and will say: King David desired to build a house unto the name Jehovah his God, but was not permitted to do so. He prepared much silver and gold all materials in abundance. When he was 70 years old and his end had come, he spake to his son, Solomon, saying: "In my affliction I have prepared for the house of Jehovah, and thou mayest add thereto." Each one should add to the good works of those who had prepared before. We should appreciate what has been done by others. We enter into their labors. We are heirs of the past. The young people in our homes should appreciate what parents have prepared for them. Parents in our schools should not overestimate the value of books and buildings and equipment made ready for them. Church members should ever keep in mind the lack of those who have gone on before.

We should add to what has been accomplished. We do this by continuing on the plans of our predecessors. No one ever perished in the world's work. We should fall in with the Divine purpose and carry on toward completion. We should add to the plans of others as we get better and broader. We should add to the "Build thou more stately mansions, O my soul." Let us live the positive life. "Do" should be a bigger word in our vocabulary than "don't." We should transcend what we have received with increment. If we hide our pound in a napkin and fall to add to it, the world will not grow richer and better.

Rev. C. A. Segerstrom, pastor of the First Swedish Baptist church, Thirty-fourth and Burt streets, will have for his text, I Peter, ii, 1, and will say: Service is the key word to our very existence. Hence we dislike the lazy person who thinks the world is his for the taking without giving any service in return. We hope the time will come when the millionaire's son, who produces nothing, will be considered a nuisance for his idleness as much as the professional tramp who cheats his way through.

Service is a word originated in heaven. Jesus said, "I have come to this earth to serve, not to be served." He tells us that He "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and even to give His life a ransom for many." Mark 10:45. Of the angels: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Heb. 1:14. The Master taught His disciples that true greatness can only be found in service. Speaking about the rulers among the gentiles exercising lordship over others, he says: "But it shall not be so among you, but whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister, and whosoever of you will be chief shall be the servant of all." Mark 10:42-44. Giving ourselves to service we find ourselves "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it." Mark 8:35. We speak now of service done in the Lord, when "the love of Christ constrains us." The words of the apostle Paul were used to go and tell what God had done for him. "And he went his way and published throughout the whole city that he had seen and heard of what was done unto him." Luke 8:39. Stagnant water must be drained or it will cause sickness and death, but the flowing active stream of service is a place of refreshing. The Dead Sea illustrates lives that will constantly receive fresh water unwilling to be themselves "a channel of blessing." The clouds take the water from the sea only that they may give it back again in fertilizing showers to gladden and refresh the earth. In return the earth gives us fruit, flowers and herbs, indeed, everything good for men and beast.

Service is satisfying. The great satisfaction at the end of a day well spent is in itself a great reward. This is the reward of service, the loss to the ambitious soul. He knows that night cometh, when no one can serve. True joy can be had only by the way of Jesus. He said: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me and to finish His work." Joh. 4:34. Nothing gave Mary, Martha and Lazarus such joy as to minister to the needs of Jesus. He said: "The same great privilege is ours. He says: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these brethren, ye have done it unto me.' Mt. 25:40. Indeed, as we read the other day, 'The

An excerpt of today's sermon by Rev. E. B. Brown, at Omaha Gospel Tabernacle, follows: Moses, as the representative of God, wanted his credentials, and in response to his inquiry he received these four tenement dwellings, which he said to the Lord: "I am that I am hath said thee." The names set in the scriptures have been the object of severe attacks by destructive critics, but they have also been the source of great spiritual truths to those who reverently sought their meanings. For a careful study of the revelation of His person and His work in Genesis, chapter 1, we have the word in the original, "Elohim," which is really a plural name for God. Later, in Genesis 2, in speaking of Himself, He employs the title, Almighty God, or "Elohadai," which means the all-sufficient or many-breasted God. This rather unusual title, "I Am," naturally implies that He was and that He is. God is a self-existing and a self-propagating personality. In our present day conceptions we have two outstanding groups, the first who denies the existence of a personality, properly called Pantheism; and the second is comprised of those who exclude God from His relationship, but who would rob Him of His right in relation to the life and work of the individual.

But as we study the progression of the revelation of the "I Am" in the Scriptures we find employed in the New Testament by Jesus Christ in John 8, where he declares Himself to be the "I Am." This immediately shows a great flood of light upon the person of Jehovah in the Old Testament, as well as upon the truth of the deity of Jesus Christ. He therefore, claims for Himself pre-existence and deity. This being true, we now have in Christ a complete revelation of God as a Saviour and as a Father. For the "I Am" in the New Testament declares: "I am the light of the world"—the source of the illumination; "I am the way, the truth, the life"—the knowledge of God and life; "I am the bread of life"—the spiritual needs. How much more satisfactory is this revelation than an ultra-modernistic conception that robs God of His personality, and leaves man with nothing but an inanimate image rather than an ever-living, all-powerful personality with whom he may have fundamental, living fellowship and communion. Have you a real God or a mad God?

Daily Prayer

Ye have compassed this mountain long enough. Now, O God, we beseech thee. Our God and Father, we give Thee thanks that there is One who knows us and cares, and daily calls us to higher and better things. We humbly confess our shortcomings and pray for Thy forgiveness wherein we have hesitated in the face of duty, or have been half-hearted in the pursuit of our tasks, or willful in our own conceits. We thank Thee for another day in which we may make amends for our failures and meet the responsibilities of the new hour with fresh inspiration and courage. We pray for the blessing of Thy presence through all the tangled paths of years to come. Help us to commit ourselves afresh to Thy love and leading in the home, in our business, in our church and in all those relations which involve the human and the being of others as well as the peace of our own hearts. Give us the courage to take our stand at the side of integrity and justice of mercy and sacrifice in all of the right principles of our day. May we never settle down to tasks below our best abilities and be satisfied. Thou hast called us to greater things; may we not disappoint Thee, but press forward the mark of highest calling. We offer this petition in Jesus' name. Amen. HARVEY E. CRESSMAN, Philadelphia, Pa.

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION for July, 1923, of THE OMAHA BEE Daily 72,472 Sunday 75,703

Does not include returns, left-over samples or papers spoiled in printing and includes no special rates. V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr. B. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of August, 1923. H. W. QUINN, Notary Public.

LISTENING IN On the Nebraska Press. That "monster" in the Big Springs lake may be the "ghost" of Governor Bryan's well-known tax reduction plans.—Nebraska City Press. The state is only half dealing with the women whom it incarcerates in the state reformatory at York. It cures them of their diseases, instills in many of them a keen desire for reformation, elevates their self-respect, gives them a new outlook on life—and then turns them loose upon the world at the conclusion of their terms without money and no place to go. Is it any wonder that many of these women go back to their old lives of sin and shame? The state of drying rooms on the roof, chutes for garbage, cellars, and are under scrupulous moral and sanitary supervision. The refuse is collected from the cellars by carts privately employed by the landlord. Water is admitted everywhere, and some of the houses have an agreeable open place or garden within the quadrangle. "Mr. White has not as yet published the death rate in his houses, but there is little doubt that it will not exceed that of the healthiest resorts in the country, say 15 per 1,000. All this large settlement of houses represents a capital of \$250,000, and yet so well has it been managed that the rents alone for the past year have amounted to \$28,682; against this has been charged \$3,664 for expenses of office, reading room, cleaning; taxes and water rents, \$5,156; with a considerable sum, \$4,840, set aside for improvements, leaving a net income of \$15,515, or more than 6 per cent. on the capital stock of \$250,000. This is certainly thorough success. The dwellings have not only given pleasant, healthful homes to a thousand people, but have proved an excellent business investment, and have demonstrated to the landlords and builders that improved and wholesome tenements, without overcrowding and under moral conditions, can be made to pay."

"The question of improved dwellings for the poorer classes is engaging the attention of the public at present to a greater degree than ever before. The noble example of George Peabody and the Baroness Burdette Courts in London has not been wasted and the alarming statistics by the health officers in our crowded cities are calling loudly for some prompt and effective action. A band of philanthropic New Yorkers have lately organized themselves into a company whose object it is to build a number of model tenements for the working classes of the city which will be furnished with all the sanitary improvements of the age and will be at the same time comfortable, home-like and attractive. The separate cottages for individual workmen will be built of the best materials, well lighted and ventilated, while the tenement houses are equally comfortable and healthy. "New York, however, is not the first American city which has attempted the problem of cheap and healthy dwellings for the poor. Five years ago Mr. White, a Brooklyn philanthropist, determined to make the experiment of founding a system of model tenement houses in that city. The result has been a surprising success, and from the first beginning a large settlement of Mr. White's cheerful little buildings has sprung up on the corner of Hicks and Baltic streets. The New York Times, which has been investigating the workings of Mr. White's buildings, finds them admirably conducted and peculiarly successful. The buildings include cottage houses for individual workmen, and large tenement houses. There are eight houses with nine rooms each and 26 houses with six rooms in each building; besides these, four tenement dwellings with six rooms each, 22 tenements with five rooms, 143 dwellings with four and 46 with three each, besides 18 stores and shops, or 249 total dwellings. So successful and attractive have these tenements been that on May 1 266 were already let. There has been during the year in these improved dwellings over 1,600 tenants, with an average of 2.1 persons in each tenement and 5.15 in each cottage. The great body of the tenants are of the laboring and artisan classes. The rooms are all separate suites with separate closets; they have in general no dark bed rooms and are capably ventilated; many are cheerful and sunny apartments; all have fireproof stairways.

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