

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publisher. MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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MANY MINDS, BUT ONE GOD. Bishop Homer C. Stuntz, talking to the Methodist conference at Ames, came out strongly for the present system of subdivision among the churches.

The thought of the bishop is in line with much of the economic argument used in debating the trusts or similar combinations of capital in industry and commerce. Experience there has proved very conclusively that up to a certain point the multiplication of units or consolidation of effort is worth the trouble by producing good results, but there comes a point at which efficiency is impaired if not absolutely destroyed by making the organization unwieldy.

No monopoly of religion is humanly possible, for religion is a personal matter, frequently changing opinions and views, and going from one creed to another as expanding thought leads them on toward truth. Eleven great religions exist in the world, and an uncounted number of minor beliefs. Each of the great groups is divided and subdivided into many smaller groups, until the shades of opinion and belief, creed and dogma, become a bewildering confusion, yet all aim in the end at man's salvation and future happiness.

It would be amazing if this were not so. All beliefs or faiths may have sprung from one root, but the growth has branched into many trunks and limbs, as man's mind has been caught and worked upon by one or another of the manifestations that impress upon it the knowledge of God. Difference of opinion in this regard is not fatal. God has declared His way and His word, but men do not interpret the message in the same fashion. Insistence on the accuracy of the creed of one and the mistake of the beliefs of another does not convince all. Eyes do not see alike, ears do not hear alike, and thoughts do not run always side by side.

Bishop Stuntz is right on the main point, for unity of creed or dogma scarcely will be attained. "One star differeth from another star in glory," and so do the minds of men diverge on even simpler matters than how best to express their faith in and reverence for God. And yet all of us will cross the same river, and enter by the same gate when we depart from this life to take on the new.

CAMPUS WILL SURELY MISS HIM. A bit of news came up from Lincoln during the week that was read with sorrow by the boys and girls who have been in and out of the University of Nebraska any time during the last thirty years and longer. Dr. James Thomas Lees asked for and was granted a year's leave of absence; to be spent in the milder climate of California, in the hope of recovering his bodily vigor. The faculty will approach the Board of Regents with a request that Dr. Lees be put on part time work, along with some other eminent professors whose health has broken in the service.

Dr. Lees was a little more than a schoolmaster, or, maybe it would be a little better put if we said his conception of pedagogy was broader than that of most teachers. He had a deep and healthy interest in men outside the classroom, and his associations were those of one man with another and not of a superior being condescending to great inferiors. If he knew Greek and Sanscrit, and he certainly did, he also knew how to take a boy by the hand, and find out what he had in mind behind the list of studies that made up his course at school. He answered to the name of "Jimmy," for the matter of that among a group of intimates with whom he would forego rather occasionally, when the talk drifted far away from the campus. These qualifications, as well as his learning, endeared him to those he met in his daily round.

Not alone as head of the department of dead languages and as provost of the university will he be missed from his haunts, but a host of really sincere friends will regret that he has been so overtaken just when he ought to be the most useful—for he is only 64—all will hope that California's salubrious climate will work one of those cures for which it is famed, and restore "Jimmy" Lees to the campus.

"NEEDED THE MONEY." What sort of a worm gets into the head of a boy to turn him from the paths of respectability into those of crime, just because he "needed the money"? The excuse he offers is not sufficient. Young Millard, who has just confessed that he robbed the office of the county treasurer at Hartington knew what he was about. He was a law student, and could not help being acquainted with the law on breaking and entering, burglary in its different degrees, and so on. His father is county attorney of Cedar county, and the young man had been deputy county treasurer. Familiarity with the law, the obligations of office and citizenship, all went into the discard together. Criminologists are baffled to explain such lapses from the moral path. One of the reasons assigned is that the boy planned on getting married, but even that does not answer, for he could not help knowing that a happy married life could not be founded on crime.

Yet, there he is, under charge of burglary, to which crime he has confessed. His father will defend him, as a father should, for any boy is worth the best effort his father can make to get him out of trouble. His companion in the enterprise is dangerously hurt as a result of the automobile accident that led to their detection. His mother, too, sorrows, and her situation will get her sympathy from all who stop to think. The law has a claim on both these lads that can not be gainsaid, and they will have to settle with the law. Their experience is but another of the signs set up so that all boys can read, and men, too, pointing the way to honest living and showing the futility of crime. When a boy needs the money, the best way is to get it by honest work.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT WILD LIFE?

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead" that he takes no notice of the life around him, who does not love birds and flowers, and the bees and the blossoms, the saucy squirrel with his tail arched over his back, or the chipmunk, slipping like a streak across the road or along the fence? Or any one of an unending list of interesting things, animate and inanimate?

Which one of all our readers does not know of some personal experience or observation of these that he loves to tell to his intimates? We now invite him to tell it all to the great Omaha Bee family. One is not required to be profound in any of theologies to notice what is going on around him. Some of these things are odd, some are common, but all mean something, for they are parts of the chain that links all that is into one great relationship to nature and through nature to each other, binding and making firm the bond that unites every created thing with the Creator.

All, or nearly all, of these experiences will help everybody to a better understanding of what is going on in the world, of the great mysteries of life, and will lead to a higher conception of the privileges and benefits that flow from an exchange of view. John James Audubon spent a life time in the woods and along the streams and up and down the mountains of the United States, getting acquainted with birds. John Burroughs was happiest when he was watching some feathered or furry friend go about the business of getting a meal or filling in a few idle moments or some part of the program of life.

Not all can understand the great works of these masters, but who is not entertained and uplifted by the little stories they tell of what they watched? Your tale may be as interesting as one of theirs. It may concern the antics of a noisy jay bird or a flicker, or by some other chance, it may deal with the pranks of a mischievous squirrel or the cunning of a thieving rat. Whatever it is, it will be interesting, and the editor of The Omaha Bee asks you to write it out and send it in. It will be published. No prizes are offered, no contest is proposed; just a neighborly exchange of nature notes, for the pleasure of all during the winter that is coming.

"AND MAY THE BEST MAN WIN."

"He sayeth among the trumpets, Ha, ha; he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shoutings." Thus it is written of the horse, the battle charger, and how much less shall it be said of his master? No amount of sophistry, of fine spun philosophy or hair-splitting logic will change the fact. Men dearly love a combat, even where the principals are not evenly matched. When it is the meeting of two gladiators, capable and even assorted in physique, trained and qualified, the concern overtops all other interests for the moment.

From Buenos Aires come information to the effect that the 9,000,000 Argentinians paid no attention to the news of revolt in Spain. It was of little or no moment to them what became of the government whence many if not most of them trace their descent, and to which their new country is so indebted. Eyes and thoughts were centered on New York, where a fellow countryman was to engage in fistfights with a Yankee, the prize being the coveted championship of the world. Add to the Argentinian group the 110,000,000 inhabitants of the United States, the citizens of the British empire, and a large percentage of those of Europe, Asia and Africa, and you will have a notion of those who waited for the news from the Polo grounds.

Every possible device for disseminating the information was called into play. Even the "courtesy of the air" came to be availed of, and along with the song service and the bedtime story news from the arena was scattered through the air on the wings of ether, to be borne wherever the elusive force might carry it. Who knows but some of those waves may have escaped into outer space and carried a message to Mars?

Civilization, age old, the burden man has carried from the darkness of antiquity up to the present high light of culture, sits very easily on the best of us when a rattling good fight is in prospect. True, we have other interests, other things to talk about; we revel in the abstract, saturate ourselves with the purer forms of literature, art, and the like, exude philosophy and higher criticism, but we do not disdain to follow the fortunes of the prize fighter through all the vicissitudes that accompany him from the making of the match until the referee proclaims the victor.

A league of nations may be potent to settle international disputes that threaten to breed war, but it will never determine who is champion of the world among brawlers. Only the test in the ring can decide that, and that test will not lack for spectators in a long time yet, for man still says, "Ha, ha" among the trumpets.

SEPTEMBER MORN AND CHRISTMAS.

These are the days, and they are getting better each time the old world turns over. When the sun goes down in such a glorious burst of color the sky from horizon to zenith looks as if a paint store had blown up and spilled all its brightest colors and choicest hues from horizon to zenith, and even beyond, begins a glorious night, an invitation to unbroken, restful slumber, under the blankets, of course. Then comes the dawn of another day, when all that gorgeous display of wonderful light and color is repeated on the other side of the sky, and man doesn't need to rub his eyes when he opens them.

He is awake with the first impulse, and gets up to breathe air so full of ozone it tastes like champagne—some of you may remember what champagne tasted like—and a day begins with a paean of praise and the knowledge that it is good to be alive. Only one drawback to its perfection in the life of the city dweller. He must get away betimes to his business, whatever it is, most of them stowing themselves away in little four-square apartments called offices, and all of them going to work with just a little rebellious longing in their hearts for the big outdoors.

Oh, to have a job driving team, or some other such employment when September begins to slow down the wheels of summer, and tapper the heat with its glorious promise of Indian summer. What an invitation these mornings are to the man with a dog and a gun. Next Monday quail, snipe and the like will be available, but it is a long, long wait until October 1, when one may lawfully take a prairie chicken on the wing. However, the law of self-defense has never been repealed, and any man has a right to protect himself when out in the open. Should he, while looking for a jacksnipe, say, be suddenly surrounded by a great covey of man-eating grouse, and there is not safe shelter for him to retreat to, he is expected to sell his life dearly. Only, it will be well if he keeps the matter from the knowledge of the game warden.

September mornings only come once a year, no matter what the painter may have suggested by his beautiful canvas.

The Lantern By DON MARQUIS.

A Plea for Disarmament. (Reprinted by Request.) 'Twas a rollicking, frolicking Bull and he lived in a country town; And his mood was rough and ribald, this Bull of great renown; Oh, the rollicky, frolicky Bullock! The Bull of great renown!

He was the bossiest Bullock that ever fetched a snort; When he belowed it broke the windows, and was his only sport; Oh, the rollicksome Bull, he belowed that trouble was his brot!

'Twas the Big Behemoth Brother that trouped it to and fro; With the Mastodontic Marvels of their Great Gigantic Show— Oh, the Big Behemoth Brothers and their Great Gigantic Show!

'Twas a ramping, ring-tailed Rhino, and he was a circus crank; He wigwagged with a temper and he lived in a circus tank— Oh, the rampant, ringtum Rhino, he lived in a circus tank.

The rollicky, frolicky Bullock ate rocks as well as grass; To nourish his noble rages, and his bones were as strong as brass; Oh, the rollicking, bullocky Bullock, his bones were made of brass!

He stood on a little hillock, this Bullock of great renown; When the Big Behemoth Brothers paraded through the town— A procession of cannons parading through the town!

And he saw the Tucky Tiger a-screaming for his own good; And there was the Horrible Hippo and it was sweating blood; Its purple perspiration rolled down in globes of blood!

And he saw the Libyan Leopard, that Clawed Carnivorous Cat; And also the Poison Python so shiny, sleek and fat— the Python, so poisonous, pink and fat!

And the Clowns and the Cavaliers, they rode on the front and flank; And there was the ring-trained Rhino a-founcing in his tank! The ramping, ringtum Rhino, afaunting in his tank!

And the Bullock said to the Rhino: "What are you doing here?" And the Rhino said to the Bullock: "Who spoke to you, you bum?" Oh, the ringtum, rangtum Rhino, he called the Bullock a bum!

And the Bullock said to the Rhino: "You beat it out of town. Or I'll burst your warty proboscis! I'm a Bullock of great renown! I'm a Bullock of great renown! I'm a Bullock of great renown!"

And the Rhino said to the Bullock: "I will ruin your bleeding skull!" And the Rhino jumped from the tank and he mixed it with the Bull! Oh, the ramping, ringtum Rhino and the rollicky, bullocky Bull!

They met as if 'twere engines propelled by steam; For they were full of anger and they were full of ire— Oh, the rollicky, bullocky Bullock and the Rhino red with ire!

They met as if 'twere cyclones that leapt across the globe; To each other's innards and tear them to bits from the globe! Says the Rhino to the Bullock: "I'll rip you lobe from lobe!"

They met as two volcanoes both bent on damage fell; Might but each other, bursting, and they would have blown to hell! Oh, the ramping, ringtum Rhino and the rollicky, bullocky Bull!

And all the gentle townfolk, they were most sore afraid; And the Big Behemoth Brothers abandoned their parade— For something seismic sizzled in the midst of their parade.

Dame Nature and Her Children By John Burroughs in "Under the Apple Tree."

When I saw a chipmunk going by my door, busily storing up his winter supplies in his den in the bank a few yards below, I thought how curious it is that these wild creatures, thrown entirely upon their own resources in the great merciless world of wild nature, with all one could for them or advise them, should get on so well, and apparently have such a good time of it. I was, of course, looking at the subject from the human point of view; but could not help thinking how many appliances, how much science, how much co-operation, and what laws and government, and like we require in order to live out our lives as successfully as the wild creatures do.

In summer and winter, in storm and cold, in all seasons and in all places, by night as by day, without organization, or power of reason, or supervision, or leaders, or defenders, or government, or schools, or churches, equal to all, or nearly all, emergencies, and making fewer mistakes than we human beings do. Think of our elaborate helps and conveniences, of our machinery for taking us abroad, for preserving us at home, of our laid-up stores; and then think how unequipped are the wild creatures in comparison.

Look at the snow buntings in winter, so triumphant over storm and cold, or the tiny chickadees the frozen point of view; but he does not need to look for their food, what to do by day, and where to go by night. They know their enemies; they know where and how to build their nests, and how to rear the young; they know all they have to know in order to live their lives.

When I see a chickadee or a kinglet get their bit of seed, that I put out on the trunk of the old maple in front of my window in December, I say: "See that infant! How can he face all alone the season of scarcity and cold? But he does not need coaching from me; he avails himself of my suit, but he would get on without it. He is wise in his own economic. I doubt that any winter bird will freeze or starve, unless in extraordinary circumstances.

When I see a band of robins in late October sporting in my vineyard, filled with its red and yellow, calling, singing, squealing, pursuing one another like children in some sort of game, apparently not at all distressed by the cold, or the inclement season and the failure of their food supplies, I almost envy them their felicity. They are wise without reason, happy without foresight, and by doing their best, they are safe of any sort. When a Cooper's hawk makes a dash among them, their mirth turns to terror, but they are as quick as lightning in the emergency, and by diving through the vines they manage to escape him.

It is said that when a flock of mallards, or of black ducks, while feeding upon the water, are alarmed, or a certain large hawk coming, they take to wing, knowing that they can outdistance their enemy, but that when they see a duck hawk coming, they do not take to wing, but knowing well that their safety is not in flight, but in diving beneath the surface.

What ages upon ages of schooling in the fierce struggle for existence it must have taken the wild creatures to get their wisdom into their very brains and bones! Yet we are proud of them as existing without it; we cannot go back in thought to the time when they did not have it; to be without it would be to cease to exist. What, then, is its genesis? We cannot think of man as existing without his reason, his tools, his artificial aids of one kind and another; yet there was a time when he did exist without them, just as the monkeys and anthropoid apes exist without them. Sufficient for the day is the wisdom thereof. Every animal of this phase of animal life is wise in those things necessary for its continuance, but whether that wisdom comes from experience or inheritance, or in one way or another, it is the wisdom of the whole economy of nature—that makes the heart beat and the eye see, and that adapts every organism to its environment—who can tell?

The plants are all wise in their own way; they have to be, or cease to exist. The cultivated ones cannot shift for themselves like the weeds and wild ones; they have to be dependent upon the care and culture of man for that; thrown upon their own resources, they perish, or else resort to the habits of their wild ancestors, as the animals do.

I suppose it is impossible for us to conceive of the discipline, the struggle, the schooling, the training, that all species of animals and plants have gone through in the course of biologic time, and that has given them the hardness, the hold upon life, that they now possess. The strongest, the cleverest, the fittest have always had the best chance to survive. Natural competition has constantly weeded out the feeble, and still does; but it does not do it so thoroughly among men as among mice, because mice have no medicine, no surgery, no hospitals, no altruism.

Different species of animals and plants differ greatly in their power to get on in the world. The ruffed grouse, for example, has a much deeper hole under its feet than the quail, mainly because he is a more miscellaneous feeder. In deep snow the quail is in danger of perishing for want of food, but the grouse takes to the tree tops and subsists upon the buds of the birch, the apple, and other trees.

The flicker will thrive where other woodpeckers would starve, because he is upon a grand pecker as well, and lives upon ants and other ground insects. In the struggle for existence the red squirrel is more than a match for his big brother, the gray, because he is more energetic, and has a wider range of diet. When hard put, he will go to your orchard and garden and his way into your house and barn, and will take toll of your crops in a way that the gray squirrel will not do; on the other hand, his lesser brother the chipmunk will survive, because he regularly lays up stores in his den in the ground, and is snug and warm with a full larder, while the red squirrel is picking up a precarious subsistence in the cold, snow-crusted woods. The bear lasts after the wolf is gone, because he is a miscellaneous feeder, and is rarely reduced to extremity for the same reason; the hawk starves where the crow thrives, if the crow cannot get flesh, he will put up with fruit, and grain, and nuts.

The flycatcher among our birds are far less numerous than the fruit and seed eaters, and the herbivorous and granivorous mammals greatly exceed in numbers the flesh eaters; they get their food more abundantly, for they do not have to use speed, wit, strength, or prowess in order to obtain it. How rare are the weasels, compared with their prey of rats and mice and birds and squirrels and rabbits! Yet the weasels have goodly families each season. If man had not been a miscellaneous feeder, could he have overpread the earth as he has done? If an animal could not eat, it must keep near the water; if it can eat only nuts, it must keep near the woods; if it subsists upon mosquitoes, it must live near the marshes; if grass is its only diet, it must be confined to certain zones and certain seasons.

The farmer finds it much more difficult to check or exterminate certain plants or weeds than others. The common milkweed and the Canadian thistle defy his plow because the parent roots are beyond its reach; they creep horizontally under the soil, and send up their shoots at short intervals. To exterminate the plants, you must remove the parent plants, and dig up the roots. The doctrine of natural selection, it would seem as if these two plants had learned through experience to avoid the plow by diving deeper into the soil and sending up their shoots at intervals. This method of habit baffles the plow completely. What other enemy or circumstance could have so driven them into the ground? In a region unvisited by the plow, they would not succeed just as well nearer the surface, or with only a tap root like most other plants? This habit is doubtless much older than the plow, and it is very doubtful if any explanation can be found in the theory of natural selection. Quack grass is so difficult to remove, because there is a family root that travels horizontally under the soil and sends up shoots all along its course; dig out a yard of it, and yet if you have left an inch, the plant will be back in a few days. The field veronica is an innocent weed, but its ability to get on in life is remarkable. It stole into our vineyard like a thief in the night, where it came from I have no knowledge; for 20 years there was no vestige of it; then suddenly it appeared, and rapidly overran the surface of the ground. It blooms in April, and in the time the plow starts, a sheet of delicate blue hovers over all the vineyard slopes. It is a low plant, only an inch or two high, and the plow wipes it out completely; but the next spring there it is again, thicker than ever, painting the ground in the most delicate cerulean tints; it matures some of its seeds each spring before the plow starts, and so is secure.

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Out of Today's Sermons

Rev. Albert Kuhn, pastor of Bethany Presbyterian church, will refer in his evening sermon to the observation of the coming week as Constitution week. Taking as his subject, Delight in the Law, he will say:

The Judges of the district court of Douglas county have requested the ministers of Omaha to exhort their people during the week to be loyal to the constitution of our country. This is a very laudable suggestion and I am sure that a good many churches will fall in line with this movement for the promotion of good citizenship. The constitution of the United States is something for us to be proud of; it well fits the genius of our people and it has shown its soundness and practicality for over a century, and at no time more clearly than in our days. Whilst everywhere around us thrones are tottering and parliaments and cabinets fall like houses built of playing cards, there is not a ripple of a revolutionary movement in our country.

We should all hold our national constitution in high regard; it deserves it; at the same time we should not make a fetish of it. We should keep in mind that it is a human instrument and that nothing human is perfect; that after all it is not the office of the life of the nation to conform itself to the rigid letter of the constitution, but the office of the constitution, to conform and adapt itself to the life of the nation. It is not treason to agitate a change in the constitution when the conviction has grown upon one that it does not promote but checks the healthy progress of the nation. Just to lambast and persecute a man as a "radical," a "boishevik," an "anarchist," because he attacks certain phases of our constitution is both unwise and unjust. Every American citizen has a perfect right to use his power of persuasion to bring about a change in the constitution; but he has at the same time the duty to conform his public life to the laws and regulations of that constitution until it has been changed by the will of the people as expressed through legislation. In such a way only may we be assured of a govern-

ment which makes for safe and sane progress. In this matter of loyalty to the constitution the judges of our country should set a shining example. It is the last weeks the country at large has been informed through the press that two judges of the Omaha courts are openly expressing their disapproval of the laws regulating the use of alcohol and are using their power to make the enforcement of these laws a farce. I am not prepared to take sides against these judges without having heard both sides of the controversy; but I do say that it is the duty of every true friend of our republic to demand of our judges the unquestioned support and enforcement of all our laws, including the liquor laws. Any judge who by his record shows that his sympathy is with the bootlegging fraternity and their illegal trade ought to be forced from the bench by the vote of friends of law and order, regardless of the question whether these judges are bright and likeable personalities.

People do not look for beauty in face and figure any more. The chances for judgment are gone. Personality, deportment and disposition are mostly considered now. If a man has these, she is beautiful.—Gothman Independent.

When a snake begins to swallow a rabbit it takes its head first. Then the rabbit helps things along by kicking itself into the snake's stomach. That's what kicking does. Don't be a rabbit.—Aurora Sun.

The bobbed hair rage has brought forward a question in barber shop etiquette. Should a mere man give up his hair when a member of the fair sex comes in, or let 'em wait?—Elgin Review.

The national Department of Agriculture finds that returns from wheat and oats this year do not meet the cost of production. The department could further find practically the same with regard to potatoes and other products. The profits that the producer should be insured are absorbed by transportation and commission charges. What about it?—Kearney Hub.

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FINEST IN THE MIDDLE WEST One of the Best of the Co-operative System BEATTY'S Henshaw Cafeteria In Henshaw Hotel.

Daily Prayer I have a stewardship entrusted to me.—1 Cor. 9:17. Our Father, who art in heaven, We are done together at the day's beginning: Give us Thy strength for refreshing sleep for release from care, and for the quiet rest of the night just passed. We wait before Thee as Thy stewards to learn Thy will for us this day. Give us understanding, O Father, that shall find opportunities for service; loving hearts that shall rejoice in being brother to all who are in need; and give us the strength of Thy spirit, Thy deepest joy in sharing our blessings with others. Help us so to live this day that at its close we can come again to Thee and give an account of these gifts as Thy stewards, and of possessions that shall win from Thee those gracious words that were spoken long ago to the faithful steward: "Well done, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Hear our prayer, we beseech Thee and send us out into the day with Thy blessing, for we ask it in Jesus' name. Amen. REV. GILBERT BIRN, Philadelphia, Pa.

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