The Omaha Bee welcomes let-ters from readers recording in-timate observations of animals or plants. A bird perhaps one has seen while waiting for a street car, or a voluntary flower or some

the city-these are-and always have been-of interest to others.

great numbers in the rivers of Cali-

ornia, Oregon and Washington, but

intensive fishing has practically wiped them out in California and largely so

ivers afford a very valuable resource

of this character.

The salmon formerly made their way

to the rivers of Alaska in early sum

continuing together, throughout the

rest of their excursion to the spawn

On the way up the rivers the sa

As the pair of salmon makes its

way up the river, it negotiates rapids, jumps falls and, after many hard

knocks, a lucky pair finally reaches

worse for wear; in fact, they look

Upon reaching the end of their

travels, they proceed to dig a nest

in the gravel, often three or four feet deep, and then the female begins to

deposit the eggs, which are fertilized by the milt of the male; then a layer

of gravel is deposited over the eggs.

Then another layer of eggs is put
down, and so on until the nest is
filled. While this is going on, the

season the calico trout, when taken,

for about a week, turn upon their sides and die, and thus the salmon

mon grow to three or four inches in

rivers to the sea, one species to reach maturity and return in two years.

another in three years, and the red salmon of commerce in four years.

found 400 or 500 miles away from

their native rivers, but when the time

hatched they do so with unerring ac

curacy, every salmon returning to its

Close to God

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

Out here in th' west where th' skies

are blue. An' th' pra'ries stretch t' th' far

Where you git handclasps that are

An' th' soft winds blow on th' ranger

Away out here where there ain't n

To'hide th' rays o' th' genyul sun, An' a feller that's fillin' his lungs

An' c'n fill 'em up without crowdin

We lose good sense an' go on th

But breathin' faith from the days o

We just git up right clost t' God!

Out west, where neighbors are all

face t' face; Where t' live plum' level's a daily

Where disgrace is only t' sit an

By th' side o' tracks real men have

Where a real he-man gits acquaint

This good ol' west is th' land for

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iens. Lenses only \$7.00.

near work. \$6.00.

with God

four-square, you meet your fellers plum'

prayer 'go broke tryin' ain't no dis

Where we ain't so rushed just

don't choke,

a feller c'n git right clost t

An'

An'

An' t'

distances: sometimes they are

While in the sea the salmon trave

calico trout watch on every

the spawning grounds much

nuch like veterans.

However, the Alaskan

n Oregon.

MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

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MOVING LESSON IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

Along the streets of Omaha next Wednesday will pass one of the greatest pageants ever devised in the world's history. Pagan monarchs in ages past celebrated themselves by barbarous pomp, displaying their own exploits to the gratification of their own vanity. Civilized kings have amused themselves by similar parades, now and then merely imitating their ancient predecessors. Incidents have been seized upon, allegories have been exploited, and poems illustrated in pageant, and even some bits of history have been so exhibited. But not in our time has an attempt been made to visualize the history of a great nation, from its inception and birth to the culminating epoch of its splendid career, as in this effort of

It was a veritable inspiration on part of John Lee Webster that took him before the board of governors of Ak-Sar-Ben last spring with the outline. Also, the board showed judgment equally inspired when it gave to Mr. Webster the sanction that has been so carefully and completely carried out.

However familiar Americans may be with the history of their home land, they lose nothing from hearing it repeated, and when it is presented as it will be in this pageant, the effect ought to be to revive and strengthen the sense of patriotism in all. Indeed, that is the very thought Mr. Webster had in view, and which he has endeavored to embody in the

Any one of the events that will be illustrated would in itself afford a theme for extended discourse, and altogether they will give a connected and complete record of our country's history. Ak-Sar-Ben has in the past shown many fine things, but nothing so great as this.

AUTUMN'S GREAT OUTDOOR SPORT.

Football is again taking the spotlight in the sporting world, and generally among those who love clean athletics just for the sake of the game. Essentially a college or school game, it has been the means of setting in motion a series of reactions that have greatly influenced the life of the people. For example, appeals for physical training to accompany mental culture were mostly in vain, until it came to be understood that a good football team was an asset to any institution of learning, and that football entailed some attention to other forms of sport.

The world had known of men whose learning was deep and profound, and who also had huge biceps and well developed calves, besides other muscles, and who could use them, too. It was said of the great Dr. Johnson that he once at least boasted he could use his fists, and did so to the surprise and discomfiture of a huge bully of a waterman, who had taken umbrage at the doctor's appearance.

But mere brute force is not the aim of educators who are devoted to the ideals of a healthy body as the fit tenement for a sound mind. That football calls for an excess of power and endurance, perfectly co-ordinated, is true, but it also demands alert mental processes as well, so that the star player is one who can think as well as act. The only serious criticism that is lodged against the sport is that it so greatly overshadows the others practiced in connection with schools that it assumes a proportion totally out of

line with its actual importance. The public is much to blame for this, because the spectacle of two great football teams has an attractiveness that is not afforded by any of the other events, and so the fees paid to see it make up the bulk of receipts on which the existence of the athletic department at most of the schools depends. When a day comes that "gym" is made not only compulsory but is not expected to be self-supporting, the socalled lesser sports will come in for a better show

than they now stand. Yet no game played out of doors or in through the fall of the year will ever rival in favor that of football. The titanic crash of well drilled elevens, struggling for mastery, with all the thrills of unexpected as well as directed plays, holds a fascination not to be denied, even by the most sluggish of souls, while to the youth in leash of tutor's authority it is intoxicating with an effect nothing else can produce. No scene is more stimulating than that at a football match, where even the most staid of mortals for the moment takes leave of his sobriety, and becomes a howling maniac, as he joins all around in raving college yells. Ponce de Leon's fabled fount had nothing

AUSSEY HAS A VERY GOOD EYE.

Premier Massey of New Zealand is a wise old birdhe has to be to head the government in his home land. His opinion therefore is worth its face value, and a little more, and that is why we devote this space to one he expressed while going through Omaha on his way to London. An inquisitive reporter pressed him for an expression with regard to Italy and Greece, as to the Ruhr, and some other matters statesmen are expected to know all about, but Mr. Massey pleaded ignorance. In desperation, the reporter asked him what he thought of the American

girls. "Now you are talking," chortled the great man from the Antipodes. He went on with an explanation that previously he had made his trips to and from between Australia and London by way of Canada or the canal, and had missed what he reckoned as the greatest thing in his life, the American girl. He lauded her, he praised her, and, had a chance presented he probably would have embraced

But he did not tell Omaha or the world anything new. The pity is that the premier's observation was restricted to what he could see from the car window. or on the train. He ought to take time to stop in some of our large cities, and meet the American girl enmasse, to see her in her every-day glory, and then he would realize what a boon it is to be an American citizen. Not merely because he then could vote and do other acts that smack of sovereignty, but he might daily behold the most wonderful parade that passes under the sun, that of the American

Anywhere from 1 to 100, no. matter what her age, she has a little something on all the other girls of the world, and we are glad the visiting brother from the other side of the globe noted this, although he did not need especial gift of observation to make the discovery.

THROUGH THE RAIN.

Walking in the rain! It's an almost forgotten joy in this age of automobiles, taxicabs and street cars. These autumn days when the rain comes down gently and intermittently, while the air is warm and there is just enough wind to blow the drops refreshingly against one's cheeks, give frequent op-

There is something of the primitive that stirs within, something kept alive in our blood from the What quaint beasts couch'd to hear days when our ancestors roamed the mountains and dwelt in caves. That's why it is pleasant to feel the spray in our face and to let it fall upon the unpro-

The streets are almost deserted except for the abiquitous automobile. The houses seem like brooding hens keeping their occupants snug and dry. Trees, shrubs and flowers hold up their leaves thirstily to the soft kiss of the drops. A Jersey cow stands tethered in a vacant lot, chewing her cud, happy in the rain which has driven away the flies.

Between showers little barefoot boys and girls come chattering from the houses and wade in the water. A black squirrel which has been observing the shower from his window in a big box elder tree now descends the trunk, with a nut in his mouth which he buries in the ground, covers up carefully and then scampers back to his house as more drops

Sparrows don't mind the rain. They sit on wires and keep as snug as possible. Robins appear on the lawns and gobble the worms flooded from their un-

It's a wretched day for chickens, which go about with tails turned down dejectedly, apparently grumbling at the rain which interferes with the work of honest fowl. But the ducks and geese in many a back yard quack and honk joyously.

Never is the air so pure and invigorating as in the rain. Keep your feet dry. That's the principal health rule. Let nature take care of the rest.

And oh, what an appetite you have for dinner! Something like what Hairy Breast, your remote ancestor, had when he came back to his cave after a rainy day in the mountains with the drops splattering his paked holy and his feet sploshing through the
millions to straighten them out ing his naked body and his feet sploshing through the puddles.

THE MISTAKE OF LIEF.

Old Mazeppa was right: "Time at last sets all things even." School authorities in Minneapolis and St. Paul have decided that the saga of Lief the Lucky and Eric the Red shall become a part of the course of study in the public schools up there. That portion which tells of the pre-Columbian voyages of the Norsemen to the shores of North America will be especially emphasized, so that the descendants of those bold seafarers will know something of the exploits of the Tenth century forebears.

However, this setting of Lief alongside of the Genoese explorer is likely to throw into high light another phase of the matter. Making all due allowances for differences between the culture and enlightenment of the middle tenth and late fifteenth centuries, wonder still is excusable at the motive which led Lief and Eric and the others who ventured with them to prefer the east coast of Greenland to that of Martha's vineyard.

Verily, there is no accounting for tastes, but choice here made is not easily understood. Remains of the big and little farmsteads set up by those colonists who fled from the wrath of the king in that faraway day still stand as monuments of the enterprise of a hardy people. Iceland carries on, and a new race has developed in the region where the Norsemen found big timber in plenty, grapes chough.

them and gain for the land the name of Vinland, I saw Auntle starting To see the matinee. found big timber in plenty, grapes enough to fill Grown-ups are so puzzling! some charm needed to hold them.

The conclusion that can not be escaped is, to use a Minnesota formula, "Minne for Columbus, and ha ha for Lief the Lucky."

A BLESSING THAT MAY BE A CURSE.

Today, as always, the world is ruled by women. Spain is rocked by revolution. A military dictatorship is set up. The very throne of Castile trembles. And we learn that the cataclysm was precipitated by a powerful politician whose wife was snubbed by wives of other politicians who considered themselves her betters.

In the same paper is a paragraph which tells of a man caught robbing a slot machine. He said he was trying to get money to buy his sweetheart a pair of silk stockings.

Isn't there something terrible about this power of woman? The softness of white arms, the redness of Cupid's bow lips, the curve of a velvet cheek may upset man-made kingdoms or induce a penniless man to risk prison for a few dollars with which to buy silk stockings for his sweetheart.

This mystic urge of the woman not always is malign. It is the power behind great achievements. Without it man wouldn't build railroads and steamships, and skyscrapers; he wouldn't spend hours in laboratories; he wouldn't venture to the unexplored places of the world; he wouldn't write books. Back of each achievement is the woman with soft eyes and tender words of commendation and faith.

Yea, though a man be of but small importance in the world, his wife may take as great pride in his little successes as though he were president of a railroad. Those women who take lightly their responsibilities and pull men down instead of pushing them up, distort a beneficent power into a curse.

HIS SOUL TRIUMPHED.

A week ago almost unnoticed passed the centenary of a great American. It may have been unfortunate for Francis Parkman that another eminent American was occupying public attention just at that time, but in years yet to come his name will shine with steady light, while that of Jack Dempsey will only be a mark in the record of the "P. R."

September 16, 1823, Francis Parkman was born, to grow up a great soul in a feeble body. He never gained much physical strength, his long journey over the Oregon trail leaving him worse off instead of bettering his frail physique. Yet it provided him shakespeare," answered Mr. Stormwith material for one of the most subtly charming ington Barnes. "But there's always narratives in the English language. He also gained on that journey experience that strengthened a determination already reached to write a history of the early relations between the white and red men in America. This was later broadened, until the series of works he produced stand to justify the verdict pronounced by no less a critic than John Fiske that they belong "in the highest rank among the world's masterpieces, along with the works of Herodotus Thucydides, and Gibbon."

Blind for several years, lame, tortured by mental as well as bodily ills, Parkman never swerved from his great undertaking, and finished in triumph. The world affords few examples to compare with him, his inflexibility of soul carrying him over such mountains of obstacles as not many men ever surmounted. The casual reader is delighted, and even the student at times may forget that it is authoritative history he is perusing, so great is the charm of style of this remarkable man,

The Lantern By DON MARQUIS.

When Earth Was Young. When Earth was young! What sights when Earth was young. What sights, what sounds, what flights of monstrous wing!

tongue! what Orpheus sang! What squirming dragons catched and mocked and drawn

What lyric tigers from the dusk gave

By pranky sirens through the finny

What galloping centaurs up the slope of dawn

Sped with a thunderburst of hoofed What chuckling humor sculped the flesh of earth

clownish shapes and whims and grins of art! To What sudden beauty flashing through the mirth What sudden terrors leaping at th

When Earth was young, what frolk revelry What moods grotesque, what plastic fantasy Prize fighters are getting as touchy

about their ages as popular actresses. It is only when a performer feels to the rivers of Alaska in early sum-himself slipping that he takes the mer in such numbers that one would rouble to lie about his age. Capt.

Peter Fitzurse, who will be 96 years old next March, is proud of his years, and takes every opportunity to men-

The captain, by the way, has his ing grounds. on method of testing liquor these On the wa days. He carries with him, always, a sword cane. He pours a little of the liquor on the blade, and if the bears of the region are also very deliquid is so vicious and felonious that structive, as they will take their it eats into and corrodes the steel, he at some strategic point along knows it is too bad for him to drink. stream and, as the salmon pass, Then he makes the bootlegger who throw them out on the river bank in tried to wish it onto him drink three great numbers, thus destroying many If the bootlegger re more than they eat. In fact, they fuses the captain jams three fingers seem to enjoy fishing as much as do of the sword cane into the variet's humans,

Lots of men set out to make a million dollars so earnestly that the

The Failure of Civilization. The World Has always been

Too dodgasted dignified To invent A good back-scratcher.

Marriage . . . a theme prolific f epigrams and sterile of conclusions. French Without a Struggle,

At some of these here French bon feeding on the eggs. Of course they In order not to influence a child first be careful not to be that child's parent or grandparent.

After the nest is completed, the salmon swim slowly away, linger around wonderful!-we have the notion parents should be punished, and not finishes the cycle of its life.
he: it isn't he who has done wrong.

At the end of about six months the and eggs hatch, and when the young salit is his forbears; his father mother should be warned against having any more children of that sort. In the sort in the however, he should be decently and quietly beheaded at the age of 12, lest etuate his nature.

The vagabond is the only kind ond not subject to fluctuations of the No man should write of sorrow until upon the grounds where they were

has conquered it and can laugh particular stream. R. B. HOWELL, Omaha.

Inconsistent Auntie.

But she wouldn't take me You're too little, dear!" And cried one little tear.

An' what you s'pose she said then' "I declare now, Sue, Aren't you 'shamed to cry like that Great big girl like you

ELLEN GLINES. Famous Sayings of Antiquity. Atlas: "It's a great world if you don't weaken."

Pandora: "Troubles never com singly."
Medusa: "I can never do anything

with my hair just after it has been "Fortune makes Procrustes: strained bedfellows.

Sisyphus: "A rolling stone gather Prometheus (on Caucasus): "Bird of a feather flock together."

Tantalus: "The time to stop before the first drink."

Daily Prayer

I command thee this day to love the ord thy God.—Deut. 30:16.

Our Heavenly Father, we come to Thee this morning with praise and thanksgiving for Thy care and love. blessings Thou hast given us, and for the loved ones we have to enjoy. We thank Thee for the gift of Thy Son

We ask Thee to forgive our sins and to cleanse us from all unrightousness. Be with us this day, and selp us to be kind and courteous. Help us to be more like Thee. May our eyes be opened to the opportunities for serving Thee and helping others to know Thee. Whom to know aright is life eternal. May Thy Spirit be with those, at

home or abroad, who preach or teach salvation, and grant that the word preached may not return unto Thee Be with those in authority. and may they rule with justice and equity. Comfort "as one whom his nother comforteth" those in trouble and sorrow, and strengthen those in sickness.
Our Father, hear our petition, and

keep us this day without sin, for the sake and in the name of Jesus, our Savior. Amen.
CLARENCE B. MITCHELL.
Haverhill, Mass.

The Great Revived.

'I understand you are going to re vive Shakespeare." a chance of Shakespeare's reviving an actor."—Washington Star.

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Does not include returns, left-overs, samples for papers spoiled in printing and includes no special sales.

B. BREWER, Gen. Mgr.

V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of September, 1923. W. H. QUIVEY, (Seal) Notary Public.

The Last Days of Summer

Tall and thick by the river.

Down by the river the redbirds call,
And the dragonfiles dart and quiver.

And the shadows lie cool Over each amber pool By the side of the dreaming river.

ut on the roadway, the dust mounts high, Swirls high in the air and turning, Falls in a haze from a dazzling sky
Where the August sun is burning

Burning the milkweeds, Bursting the weed seeds While the highway sighs, choking and yearning.

creature one has come upon in the woods away from the noise of Hot is the breeze where the highway WHAT HOWELL SAW IN ALASKA ool is the air for the dragonflies
And the depths where the brown Salmon were formerly found in

carp shivers.

Low hum the wild bees, Dusty and tired bees Loaded with treasure from wild flower givers.

old dance the butterflies out on the highway, Flutter and settle like gay autumn leaves.

he byway: Golden the treasure of harvested sheaves. Old soon the butterflies Gone soon the dragonflies-Gold shall the summer die, yet no

one grieves. liet and cloudy the first breath of morning Chirrups the grasshopper all

swarming. Shrill is cicada's harvest time song. And listen now quick at That sound from the thicket Where a callow young woodthrush

is learning his song. ttles a haze o'er the still dreaming Softens the rays from the brazen

turn the redbirds with flutter and quiver Cool stretch the roadways, Autumn is nigh.

Still dance the butterflies, Shrill still cicada cries. Summer is dying, is gone with a

-Winifred Newman, Hastings, Neb.

Center Shots

every now and then darting in and are chased away by the fish, but, of a man who could not tell when he nevertheless, during the spawning was singing and when talking. He should make a hit in musical comedy. are found to be full of salmon eggs.

> ticed that they're good tellers .- quirer. Toronto Daily Star.

but nature never laid out a perfect golf course." - Louisville Courier-In some parts of the country they oncunce barber "bobber" and it is

just about as descriptive.- Syracuse Herald. The man with trouble should be onsoled by the fact there are so many people borrowing it .- Oakland

"What the allies lost at Lausanne the Turks have found .- Washington

The world admires a man who has sand and sense almost as much as one who has dust and dollars.—Illinois

State Journal. A man is old when he can yawn and go to bed and leave the hero in the middle of a bad fix on page 184.— Akron Beacon-Journal.

An' you breathe the air that'll cure There are at least three ways of Well, away out here is th' place fur setting about reforming the world-all of them ineffective.—London Sat-Where th' stars smile down on th'

Out of Today's Sermons

Excerpt from the sermon by Rev. W. F. MacNeill, pastor of Grace Baptist church, Tenth and Arbor streets, Sunday evening on the subject, "Where Are the Po-lice," follows:

Where are the police? Text, Ezek. 33:7: "So thou, oh son

unto the house of Israel. A good place to study the Consti-tution of the United States is to study the police force of your own city. The very name "police" is the Eng-The police department is the city's no rivalr most effective advertisement bureau. students. is efficient or inefficient.

law and the constitution. The police police force the whole-hearted back-ing of the law respecting citizenry Merna Messenger. and the results will be immediately apparent.

and thankless job. And the way to out of order.—Kearney Hub.

spirit of America. United States a great document? Not a raft on which to float to security. alone the provisions it contains. But The country is sympathetic toward rather sacred document becomes flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone, then shall Mrs. Coolidge says there are

we become true progenitors of the enough birds in the White House now faith of our fathers. It has been well said that America to her from Omaha. is a spirit, not a geographical boun- is wise.—York News-Times dary merely. There are those born here who don't belong here. Ameri-

thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of the founders of our repub-Dally Bee gives an interesting account of a trip on a fast engine between one write about their subscription observations he gives his opinion that John Hancock-citizens who by their deeds write about their subs to American principles so big that no to see where they stand.

Hogs are produced on three-fourths women are naturally adapted for the of the farms of the United States and business of banking. She has no in all of its cities.—Philadelphia In-

LISTENING IN On the Nebraska Press

Nebraska's grape crop has gained considerably over last year. Just

The state board organized for the purpose of undoing the work of the courts and juries has recently had another session at Lincoln. It is de-clared to have been quite a successful of man, I have set thee a watchman one!-Grand Island Independent.

Resolution passed by the board of ducation over at Callaway makes it compulsory upon the students to comly with certain rulings as to dress. no rivalry in dress among the girl students. The ruling as passed re-It can neutralize the Chamber of Com-merce efforts or intensity them as it es and skirts, gingham or dress of a Furthermore, the police department wear cetton hose to school. This is is the mirror in which the average not such a bad ruling when you uncitizen can see what he thinks of the derstand that each girl wishes to apdepartment in the last analysis is clothes as heat and to wear as fine you. If it is inefficient it is because worked a hardship with the parents, you want it so; if it is efficient it is many being financially unable to many being financially because you are on the job. Give the clothe their children in the fine tog-

Mr. Legislator Auten, who headed Morale is as necessary for winning a university investigating committee the battles of peace as it is for war. at the last session, makes public de-It is a vital necessity in policing a mand for the resignation of Chancel-city. Incessant and covert attacks for Avery. Rather high-handed, we from whatever source if they suc-should say. First, what is the ceed in their purpose mean a crook's charge? It is proper that the chanhand in your pocket or his bullet in cellor and the public should know.
your heart. Policing a city is a hard Mystery and sensation are entirely

appreciative. And the way to that happy condition is to have the batteries of our life recharged with the tions on a great scale. Fortunately What makes the Constitution of the fuses to take the bankruptcy act as the spirit that breathes a man of Governor McCray's sort and through it. Its mother was love of it hopes he will come out of his dif-liberty and its father the dauntless ficulties with colors flying—as he un-spirit that achieved it. When the doubtedly will.—Nebraska City Press.

and refuses to have a canary shipped

canism. like Christianity, on which it sults, why not direct her military is founded, is an enthusiasm. It grips the very soul. And our times cry out for crusaders—for men and women thereafter the control of the cont

A reporter for The Omaha Sunday accidents at rail crossings are due to the careless motorist who, in spite of the signals from the approaching en gine, takes a sporting chance trying

were taking an auto trip, we noticed hat often when we were approach in a railroad crossing cars would come shooting by even though the engine was seen approaching and close upon the crossing. Maybe we are a little timid when approaching An ardent golfer was asked if he didn't love nature. "Yes," he replied, both ends meet?" both ends meet?"

"Not the end of my money and the end of the week."—London Answers.

shave ourselves once—but it is better to be timid than be dead.—Stromsburg Headlight.

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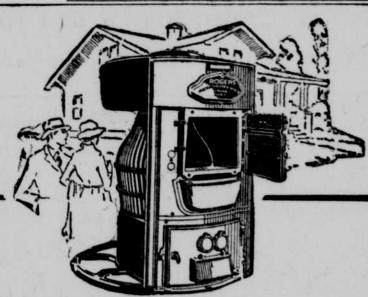


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