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GUS RENZE, ARTIFICER.
If it required brains and initiative to conceive the pageant of Historic Patriotic America, do not overlook the fact that it required brains and initiative in equal amounts to make it a fact. And while bouquets are being handed around to those responsible for that great pageant, Gus Renze will have them heaped about him until his rubicund face, wreathed in smiles, will be hidden from sight.

The success of the pageant would have been small indeed had there been no Gus Renze to put into visible form the ideas of the men who sponsored the floats. Gus has become such an institution that there is a tendency to take him and his work for granted, which condition is to be deplored. There is only one Gus Renze, and glory be, his abiding place is Omaha, Nebraska. His inventive brain and cunning hand have contributed to the amusement and instruction of hundreds of thousands, but Wednesday's brilliant display was the culmination of all his years of splendid effort.

Every year for nearly 30 years Gus has been building floats for Ak-Sar-Ben parades and pageants, and devising horrific tortures for those who would become subjects of King Ak-Sar-Ben, and each year has shown a long step upward in achievement. We have no fear that if spared to us Gus will fail to continue to improve upon the past, but at times we wonder how he is going to manage it. That wonder grows amazing great as we look back upon his crowning achievement of October 3, 1923.

A NEW STAR IN NEBRASKA'S CROWN.
Will the numerous and brilliant stars in Nebraska's crown of superior production make room for the new star of the North Platte Valley cantaloupe? Luscious and delicious beyond any comparison with the product of any other section, they made an instantaneous hit east, north, west and south. They met the famed Imperial valley melon half way to the coast and stopped its eastward progress. They enflamed and surrounded the Rocky Ford product and kept it confined to its own ball-wick. And it carried further and added to the fame already possessed by Nebraska for producing the best of everything. It emphasized anew the truthfulness of the claim that of all good things Nebraska produces the best; of all bad things the least.

Raising canteloupes is no new thing in Nebraska, but to the Scottsbluff section of the North Platte valley must go the credit of raising them for the eastern market in quantity. The effort so auspiciously begun this year proved a wonderful success, and the 140 experimental acres' seed this year will be increased several hundred per cent next year. The soil and climate of that favored section are peculiarly adapted to the successful production of canteloupes, and there are men of vision in that part of the state who have the nerve and the enterprise to lead the way to a greater diversity of soil products.

BARBERS THEN; TONSORIAL ARTISTS NOW.
Perhaps we should not expect to be shaved and have our hair trimmed as cheaply by tonsorial artists as we did when similar work was performed by barbers. But our reaction toward the suggestion that haircuts may soon be a dollar per co to emulate the late unlamented Absalom, even though forked trees be unusually prevalent. The women, God bless them, may bob their hair at a dollar per bob, but as for us we'll wear our hair in a braid.

It will be admitted that in the old days when we paid 25 cents for a hair cut, a hair cut was all we got. We got neither convenience, sanitation nor cleanliness. The barber shop of today is far ahead of the old-time shop in cleanliness, physically and morally. Time was, and not so very long ago, when the two places the women of any community most dreaded to pass were the saloon and the barber shop.

It is barely possible that if the saloon had been uplifted in the same ratio as the barber shop it might yet be in existence. Naturally increased prices accompanied increased comfort and cleanliness in the barber shops, and few indeed were the complaints when prices were increased in proportion. But when it comes to paying a dollar to have our hirsute adornment abbreviated—well, we simply aren't. If the women may change the custom of ages over night, so to speak, and bob their hair, then we men are privileged to change back to the custom that prevailed among us in past ages, and wear our hair in long flowing tresses or in a braid, just as we see fit.

HISTORIC POINTS TOO SOON FORGOTTEN.
Comes now the news that old Fort Laramie, in Wyoming, abandoned by the government about 1868, is to be made into a pleasure resort. Even making over the site of the old fort into a pleasure resort is preferable to allowing it to be utterly forgotten. It would be far better if the government again secured possession and preserved it as a reminder of a glorious page in American history.

It would be a splendid site for the erection and maintenance of a western West Point, and far better for the site of our national military academy than the one now in use. There yet remain at Fort Laramie three or four of the old buildings formerly occupied as officers' quarters, and one still may see remains of the old dam, the old parade ground, the old barracks and the old ammunition storehouse. Changes in the west have been so rapid of late years that we are prone to forget the things that made the present west possible.

Old Fort Laramie was one of the high spots on the old Oregon Trail. It was a central point for defense against Indian forays, and at one time the principal point on the Pony Express line between St. Joseph and Sacramento. For sentimental reasons, if for no other, the government should hasten to rectify the mistake that was made when the old fort was abandoned and the reservation sold, buying it back and either making it the site for a western military school or a national park that would always be a reminder of the stirring scenes and incidents of those glorious days when the west was being won.

LAST FLIGHT OF THE LARAMIE BOOMERANG.

The Laramie Boomerang, made famous by Bill Nye, has made its last flight. Slowly but surely sinking into obscurity from the day Bill Nye left it, the Boomerang has been absorbed by the Laramie Daily Republican. The news of the absorption is calculated to bring a pang of regret to the older members of the newspaper craft in the middle west.

Perhaps Bill Nye's peculiar brand of humor would not make much of a hit in these days, for times have changed, even in the west, since the day when Bill's editorial office was in a loft over a Laramie livery stable and his readers were advised to tickle the mule's heels and take the elevator. That joke went big then, but it wouldn't get a rise now. The livery stables of that day have been replaced by garages, and the present generation is more familiar with gasoline than with mules.

We have seen some great changes in our styles of humor since the days when Bill Nye and his Boomerang were sending waves of laughter over America, just as we have seen equally great changes in Laramie and the entire west. But it appears to some that the changes in Laramie and the west have been for the better in a greater degree than the changes in our styles of humor. The news of the Boomerang's disappearance will cause a pang of regret in the hearts of old-timers who remember the joys they experienced while reading the old Burlington Hawkeye of Bob Burdette's day, the old Arkansas Traveler, the Toledo Blade while John R. Locke was writing his inimitable "Petroleum V. Nasby" letters, and the Boston Herald when Ben P. Shilbar was doing his "Mrs. Partington" stuff. And, too, are our present day "Kolum Konductors" doing any better work than Shaw performed in his "Josh Billings" epigrams?

The Laramie Boomerang has been in a sad state of innocuous desuetude for many years, but its final obsequies were not unattended by mourners, who recalled the old days when it was a source of joy.

It is reported that a newly invented steel running entirely around the automobile will be protection against the results of collisions. A nice steel cell running entirely around the drunken or reckless automobile driver will contribute still further to similar results.

"Judges may open jail food inquiry," says a headline. It is to be hoped that doesn't mean the opening of a can of embalmed beef, such as was provided for the boys in the Yanko-Spanko war. The odor from jailward is bad enough as it is.

"Cuptacathesia," a sixth sense that enables the possessor to intuitively perceive the truth, has been discovered by a French scientist. He asserts that this sixth sense is especially developed in women. A lot of husbands will wonder why this is hailed as a recent discovery.

Prohibition Commissioner Haynes is going to put the story of prohibition on the silver screen. Doubtless the picture will be so moving that there will be wet eyes a plenty, even though throats be dry.

Fred Palmatg, erstwhile detective, who has recently inherited \$30,000, announces that he will run for the office of police commissioner. From whom is it said that his money is soon parted?

If President Coolidge was annoyed by the howls and growls of Laddie Buck and Peter Pan, White House dogs, what will happen when senate and house begin snarling and yapping?

Burbank has succeeded in crossing peaches with plums. We are waiting for the man who can successfully cross the weekly pay check with the household expense account.

The southern California Methodist conference purposes establishing a daily newspaper. Wouldn't it be cheaper to have the sewing societies meet oftener?

The people who expected a lot of bloodshed in Oklahoma are the same people who expected the anthracite conference to result in a reduced price for coal.

In the old days prizefighters retired and started saloons. The fact that we have eliminated the saloons may provide a valuable tip as to the pugs.

The governors will hold their "dry meet" on October 20. The fact that it is to be a meeting of governors is the only unique thing about it.

The refusal of the Omaha library authorities to put a ban on "Black Oxen" will doubtless result in lessening the drawing power of the yoke.

The 60th anniversary of the typewriter (machine has just been celebrated. We took cognizance of it, but didn't celebrate it.

"Can the German mark come back?" asks a contemporary. It will have to come a long ways up before it can even start back.

"School books blown two miles by tornado," said a headline. "We don't care if you never come back," sang the pupils.

The Omaha Morning Bee: Friday, October 5, 1923



MOTHER NATURE'S CHILDREN
The Omaha Bee welcomes letters from readers recording intimate observations animals or plants. A bird perhaps one has seen while waiting for a street car, or a voluntary flower or some creature one has come upon in the woods away from the noise of the city—these are—and always have been—of interest to others.

IN ONE YARD.
Last spring Mr. and Mrs. Robin Red Breast investigated the pillar on the front porch as a suitable place to build their home. After much chattering and discussing in which Madam Robin Red Breast did the most of the talking and Mr. Robin Red Breast mildly assented to all that she said, the work was begun. All day Saturday and Sunday they worked most industriously and built a cozy nest of mud and straw and grass. This post was opposite my studio window and the following Monday when pupils began to come for their lessons, Madam Robin eyed them very sharply through the window.

The morning passed and still she was watching. Later in the day when Mr. Robin Red Breast appeared on the scene a great discussion followed. She was so decided and animated in her talk that one could fancy that she understood what she was saying. Evidently she was telling him that she could not have her nest where so many people could watch her all the time and that it must be moved.

At first he objected quite decidedly; but his protests grew fainter and fainter as she continued her talk. The result of the discussion was that they took the nest to pieces and rebuilt it on the top of the chimney on the porch. Here they raised a family of four young robins. They grew so tame that mother robin would sit on her nest when we were out on the porch and look at us with her red eyes and when the little birds were hatched they would fly over our heads going back and forth with food for the hungry mouths of their chicks.

After the young robins flew away a pair of sparrows pre-empted the nest and raised a brood of young. We then took the nest down so as to let the sparrows and their nest be as plain as day. This is the first time I ever knew robins to build on the porch and we are waiting to see if they will return next spring.

A large bird pool in the back yard is a constant source of delight. From early spring till late it is in constant use. Many times a dozen or more birds are seen at the pool. They are robins, grackles, flickers, grosbeaks, catbirds, bluejays, wild canaries, bluebirds and turtle doves and there enjoying themselves. An apple tree close by affords them a fine place in which to finish their toilet. A mulberry tree and a large elderberry bush in the back yard furnish them with their favorite food.

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A pair of red squirrels grew so tame that they would sit out on my hand and follow me into the hall when I was making for the stairs. They grew too tame for their own good and one day a neighbor's dog mangled one so badly that it had to be killed. For some time after this the squirrels were scarce. Finally it ventured back and would sit on the porch railing at my elbow and eat nuts out of my hand while reading. It also came to the kitchen door asking for a nut. Squirrels were taken from my hand one by one and run and buried them in different places in the yard.

One day there was a great commotion in the back yard. Such a chattering and scolding is rarely heard in birdland. Going out to see what had occurred, a funny sight was beheld. Near the top of the tree a squirrel was on the ground. A squirrel was backed up against the tree surrounded by a group of bluejays, robins and sparrows. Every time the squirrel would jump for the corn the bluejays would pounce upon him, scolding at the top of their voices and the other birds joining in the protest. This continued for several minutes when Mr. Squirrel gave up the job and scampered up the tree. Then the birds soon devoured the corn.

Water, food and shelter have made it hard to have the red fox in the yard and they are a constant source of pleasure. There are but few days when there is not some bird in the yard and each season brings a new one. MRS. CORA A. BELMONT, Norfolk, Neb.

Daily Prayer
Her sin, which are many, are forgiven—O God, our help in age to come.
Heavenly Father, through the darkness Thou hast blessed us with Thy gift of sleep and rest. We thank Thee for it. The new day, too, is Thy gift, and for it we give Thee thanks. Help us to begin the day with a glad sense of Thy reality, Thy nearness, Thy love, Thy gracious Fatherhood.

Grant us, O Father, a fresh sense of Thy forgiving grace, that the sins of the past may not haunt and accuse us. Grant us Thy helping grace, that we may be steadfast in the presence of temptation; that we may be cheerful and faithful in the performance of our tasks; that we may carry our cross of trial, if such shall be laid upon us, bravely and unflinchingly; that we may lay away our selfishness and unkindness, and live to-day a loving life with our dear ones and all others with whom we shall have to do. Our help is in Thee.
Bring to our remembrance Thy great promises. Make the Saviourhood of Christ real in our hearts today. Shed forth Thy Holy Spirit anew within us. And what we wish for ourselves, grant, we beseech Thee, in Thy great goodness, to others. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen.
PROF. J. H. BRIDGE, D. D., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION
for August, 1923, of
THE OMAHA BEE
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Sunday 75,138
Does not include returns, left-overs, samples or papers sold in printing and includes no special sales.

V. A. BRIDGE, Gen. Mgr.
B. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of September, 1923.
W. H. QUIVERY,
(Seal) Notary Public.

"The People's Voice"
Editorials from readers of The Morning Bee. Use this column freely for expressing matters of public interest.

Corru-Copia!
Lincoln—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee:
Now that the most of Nebraska's corn crop is safely out of the way of frost, the about the only word that adequately describes crop conditions in this state this year.

1923. 1922. 5-Yr. Av. Farm Pr. (last figures omitted.) 1922-1923
Corn .. 227,418 182,400 204,200 44.49
Wheat .. 31,322 29,828 26,416 75.31
Hay .. 2,546 4,256 2,844
Oats .. 86,917 86,196 78,928 26.31
Barley .. 2,546 4,256 2,844
Potatoes .. 9,312 11,676 9,039 76.39
Hay in tons. Other products in bushels.

The estimated farm values of these crops on September 1, 1923, was \$209,122,100, compared with an estimated farm value of \$199,822,250 on September 1, 1922. Adding sugar beets, rye, vegetables and fruit, the total value for 1923 amounts to approximately \$315,000,000. Add another quarter of a billion dollars for live stock, dairy and poultry products, and the value for 1923 amounts to approximately \$450,000,000 over 1921.

In other words, the estimated farm value of all Nebraska crops, live stock, poultry and fruit, the total value for 1923 this year amounts to an average of \$4,500 for each farm family in the state.

There is little that needs to be added to these figures. They explain, better than anything else, the come-back of the Nebraska farmer and the outlook for greatly improved business conditions during the forthcoming months. It is notable that in only one instance is the yield less this year than it was last year, or than the five-year average. There has been a substantial increase in the yield of the live stock except wheat, the yield of which was a little more than 50 per cent of 1922, and 60 per cent of the five-year average.

A great deal has been said about wheat. Fact is, this is really a small item to Nebraska farmers as a whole. It represents this year only about 8 per cent of the value of the six farm crops enumerated in the foregoing tabulation, and the decrease in value was far more than accounted for in the increase in value of other crops. This means that more than appears on the face of the figures, for both hay and oats facilitate the more economical handling of live stock and do not have to be sold directly to the market if prices are not satisfactory. Also, the shortage of the wheat crop and the low price will prove a blessing in disguise, for the growing of wheat on the higher priced Nebraska lands is a very doubtful enterprise, and this will tend to further decrease the acreage.

The decrease in wheat acreage this year was 20 per cent, and we anticipate that it will be 10 or 15 per cent next year.

Corn is the cornerstone of Nebraska's prosperity. This, with hay, grasses and live stock, is the foundation upon which the material progress of this state has been substantially built. The yield of corn this year leaves Nebraska second only to Iowa and Illinois among all the states of the Union. The price at the present time is satisfactory, as are also the prices of most kinds of farm livestock, dairy and poultry products. In that the number of hogs on Nebraska farms is greater than it has been for a long time, and with liberal numbers of cattle, sheep, dairy cows and poultry, the outlook is the more encouraging.

Generally, business conditions are favorable. Deposits in state banks have increased more than \$5,000,000 in the past year, and this has been done equally well. Another large increase in deposits will follow the marketing of the corn crop. Eleven million dollars of the \$12,000,000 that was borrowed by the Farmers' Agricultural Bank during the fall of 1921 and the spring of 1922 has already been repaid.

POLITICAL BRAYING.
Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The World-Herald is bragging again in an article, "New History Tells Achievements of the Democrat Party in America," and enumerating among these great achievements, "Gave the farmers the rural credits act, the creation of the Federal Reserve bank system, which the democratic national headquarters states is the greatest piece of financial legislation in the world." Then on the editorial page, we find the World-Herald editor worrying about the farmer's financial condition and talking about our "lost markets," and quoting President Coolidge's story to the Associated Press, "That it is not the lack of credit but the lack of markets that lies at the bottom of the farmer's difficulties."

Thousands of former democrats who left the party in Nebraska during the last election on account of the "Crime of 1920" are now being recruited into the ranks of the "New History" while senator of the great commonwealth of Nebraska misrepresented when he voted for the Federal Reserve act, which has done more to put the donkey to cause it to bray so loud. This debt creating money and credit octopus—Federal Reserve bank system and rural credits which permitted the farmers of Nebraska and every other state in the union to get overwhelmingly in debt, then in 1920 withdrew their credit and demanded payment of the debts, and refused further extensions of time, thereby causing the producers of the nation to lose \$34,000,000,000 leaving a trail of suicide, bankruptcy and ruin, to be remembered as one of the great achievements of the democrat party, and think of an election victory in 1924.

The World-Herald and ex-Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock should be the

"From State and Nation"
—Editorials from Other Newspapers—

More Slot Machines.
From the Fremont Tribune:
An observing newspaper columnist goes into a rhapsody regarding a trouble-saving innovation at Chicago university. Some genius has put in filling stations for fountain pens all around the campus, and is reaping a big harvest. The student simply drops a penny, turns a handle and fills his pen.

It was, an obvious thing, anybody would suppose—after it is done. With a world full of gasoline filling stations, why not similar institutions for ink, where ink is a commodity in universal demand?

Why not go further with this brilliant idea, inquires the columnist. Why not a penny-in-the-slot pencil sharpener on every street corner? Why not automatic shoe lace vendors? And particularly, why not machines to make change?

Here may be a chance for some enterprising manufacturer to make a fortune. The possibilities of the slot machine have hardly been touched.

The Menace of Youthful Car Drivers.
From the Kansas City Star:
The menace from youthful, reckless drivers of motor cars in Kansas City may be corrected by the enforcement of a law now on the statute books. No person under 16 years of age is permitted, under the state motor vehicle act, to drive a car on the public highways. Violators of the law are subject to heavy fines and imprisonment in the county jail.

A Hint to Nimrods.
From the Columbus Telegram:
Edward Howard is the Columbus Telegram. When a good man bags a bunch of wild ducks he will distribute them among his friends who are neither physically nor financially able to go duck shooting. And if the successful hunter be a really good man, he will always remove the feathers from the ducks before giving them to his neighbors. That is the way a good hunter did—never even a pin feather on any duck which he presented to his neighbor.

Horsehair Snakes.
From the Kansas City Post:
In the Atlantic Monthly, Mrs. L. Emille Pearsall tells us down the line of battle to the scientists by declaring that no matter what these scientists may say snakes are developed from horse hairs. She knows that the story is true because she herself, assisted in such development.

It was in this wise: "When she was a girl she struck some horse hairs in the slime of the water in the trough and some weeks afterward a couple of little water snakes were found in the trough. As these snakes were not found in the trough before, but after she had struck in the horse hairs, it follows as the necessity of logic that said snakes came from said horse hairs."

The accuracy of reasoning this choice bit from the Atlantic is hard to expel. With one crack of her whip Mrs. Pearsall has driven the scientists up a tree. No matter what she may say, she has put her hands in the trough and "those snakes curled about my fingers." She has handled the snakes; she can doubt no more.

Which moves us to say that a lot of horsehair snakes are squirming and wriggling through much of present-day thought and speech.

Congress enacted certain legislation and "after" that enactment business droops or revives. Therefore, this legislation is responsible for such revivals or such depressions. The president does this or that and "after" doing we have good or hard times, therefore the presidential act brought these times about—horsehair snakes—horsehair snakes by the dozens.

With the coming of the 8th amendment came another crop of these snakes, nearly every economic istic and social distress that has cropped out since that amendment came into being being attributed thereto. We didn't have this sort of time "before" prohibition. We have it since, therefore prohibition did it! Which is as logical as to say that as Noah got drunk "after" the flood—

last ones to advise President Calvin Coolidge on our "lost markets," and especially when it proposes the former senator's pet scheme of the Wall street bankers for a bank of nations, modeled after that great democratic achievement, the Federal Reserve bank system, a privately owned monopoly of money and credit, which is not only a curse but a menace to the people of this nation, and the principle reason that thousands of former democrats in Nebraska, like myself, in the last election, voted to keep Gilbert M. Hitchcock at home, and from further misrepresentation of the farmers of Nebraska in the United States senate.

Money is the life blood of all business, and we lost our markets when the privately owned Federal Reserve bank system withdrew over \$5,000,000,000 in currency from circulation and destroyed it during the years 1920, 21, 22, and we never will have prosperity again until that money is restored back to circulation, and the people who were deflated will see that the democrat party is never given another chance for such wifal betrayal of public trust as was exhibited during the Woodrow Wilson administration, with its proud record of Federal Reserve bank and rural credits system. ROY M. HARRIS.



there is no report of his drunkenness before the flood—therefore the flood responsible for his drunkenness, though this is the only historical illustration of a spree being brought on by a ride on the water wagon, or, more strictly, "in" the water wagon ark, gentle reader.

What a lot of lills have come to men since they ceased to wear suspenders and shirts that must be put on over one's head. Charges up the hills, then, to belts and open-front shirts.

And so it goes, everywhere, in every watering trough the twisting and the wriggling of horsehair snakes. Scotch 'em!

What's the Answer?
From the Brooklyn Standard Union:
The total exports of the United States to all of Europe during the first half of 1923 amounted to \$50,000,000, or a decrease of 4 per cent under the corresponding figure of last year; imports from Europe into the United States during the same period rose to \$613,000,000, an increase of 40 per cent over the 1922 figures.

How do the democrats and their allies account for that? We were assured when the present tariff law was under debate that the more Europe would buy from us and that the proposed law would prohibit the entry of European goods into Europe, we would get more and bought from us 4 per cent less.

Steamer Trunk Briefs on Europe.
From the Minneapolis Tribune:
It probably is close to the fact to say that about a fourth of those who will sit in the Sixty-eighth congress have romped around Europe more or less this summer "on investigating" tours. Wherefore the country may expect to be in for a vast deal of wind-jamming as a feature of the coming session. The continent-trotters are well divided between republicans and democrats, hence both sides of the political fence will be heard from.

Many of the "investigations" were of the while-you-wait order. In the luggage that went over with the investigators were a lot of ideas fathered and reared on this side. These ideas in many cases were shielded very carefully from European contamination. It never was intended that they should come back so changed by the trip that they would not readily be recognized at home. Other ideas underwent quite a transformation—so much so that the persons who knew them best would scarcely believe they ever had been in this country at all.

It would be easy to name offhand quite a number of topics which, when they lob up in the coming session, will call forth bumptious recitals of what this, that or the other member heard, saw, felt and thought in his meander through Europe. Tariff, immigration, shipping, international court, reparations, national debts, agriculture, army, navy, prohibition—all these and other subjects will be feebly turned to account so that the member who went abroad will feel that he is getting a little more of his money's worth out of his trip. Most of the "reporting back" will show that it bears a definite relationship to the fact that there will be a presidential and congressional election next year.

So far as can be conjectured from preliminary out-rivings of European investigators, the Wilson league of

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Abe Martin

We like quiet people, but President Coolidge ought to say something 'purty soon' just as a guarantee that th' government at Wash'inton still lives. We hain't read nothin' more incredulous than "Ford won't run."

nations holds less esteem in the collective democratic mind in congress than it did four years ago. Just how Russian sovietism will fare remains to be seen. It will have its champions and its assailants, but the sum total of the contributions is not likely to make much of a dent in American popular opinion. After the suitcase and steamer trunk verdicts have been spread out and dilated on by the owners thereof, we as a country probably will settle back and consider that what we have done about Europe is about what should have been done.

Home Run.
"I played golf yesterday for the first time."
"How did you make out?"
"Fine! Made a home run right at the start, I batted the ball into the tall grass in left field and ran around the entire course before they found it."—Boston Transcript.

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