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Editorial Department. AT Inside 1021 or AT 1042.

NEVER A TIRESOME TASK.  
Often as we may be called upon to record instances of Nebraska's superiority in all lines of human endeavor, we never weary of the task. There is something inspiring about it; something that keeps one on the jump, wondering where the evidences of superiority will show up next, though all the time confident that it is bound to show up somewhere. Now comes the glad news that a Madison county man has been awarded the prize offered for the grand champion Duroc-Jersey hog. The Nebraska animal was shown recently at Peoria and was awarded first honors over all comers. Will all the numerous prize winners of Nebraska please move over, thus making room upon the bench for Col. D. J. Hogz of Madison county, Nebraska?

For long years we have yearned for the prize for having the lowest percentage of illiteracy, but somehow or other our sister state just to the east has always managed to nose us out by an infinitesimal fraction of a per cent. For a year we boasted of having the greatest milk-producing cow in the world, but doggone it, while we were boasting about it Wisconsin slipped in and subdued our pride. But we bid Wisconsin beware. For several years we chased the corn-producing championship, but Iowa managed to keep a point or two ahead of us because our farmers persisted in producing bumper crops of sugar beets and wheat and alfalfa, things that Iowa may never hope to produce alongside of us. We award the wheat championship to our sister state to the south, thus kindly expressing our sympathetic knowledge that the most of her area is unsuited to any other crop, while we can raise anything on ours. Right now we are intent upon making Nebraska the champion sugar-producing state, and due warning is given competitors that the prize is only a year or two from our grasp.

Of course our superiority in the matter of handsome women and pretty babies is admitted by everybody everywhere. We endure no competition in these respects. Our rejoicing over all these things, however, is somewhat tempered by the fact that we are in a neck-and-neck race for the championship in some lines not to be boasted about. Among them a lack of interest in development of some natural resources and a disregard of the importance of preserving things historic. But we note with some pride that there are evidences of our lagging behind in these respects.

THE PASSING OF THE HERFORD SUIT.  
A growing regard for convenience, a desire to save time and laundry bills, and a feeling of rebellion against being bound by conventionalities of dress, spell the doom of the "Herford suit." Be it known that the term of derision is not a small factor in its passing. At one time in the height of its glory it was known as the dress suit. Then the descent began. It became known as the clawhammer, the swallowtail, the soup-and-fish, and now it is derisively dubbed the Herford because it shows such a wide expanse of white. And effort was made to save it by replacing the stiffly starched shirt bosom that was wont to billow upwards and outwards like the front of a pouter pigeon until the head of the wearer was tilted backward until he could view only the ceiling and his neck acquired a "crick" that often threatened to become permanent, by a soft and numerously plaited bosom. But the laundrymen put the kibosh on that life-saving device by charging so much per pleat that laundry bills threatened to consume the balance of the \$1.54 left in the weekly pay envelope of the average devotee of the Herford suit.

Still another effort was made to save it by amputating the flowing tails of the coat that were forever getting all mussed up and in the road, and leaving the rest of the coat looking like a school-boy's unbuttoned roundabout. But the removal of the flowing tails made fewer the secret receptacles of the mothballs, thereby causing a greater expense of upkeep in times of financial stress. Many and ferocious were the attacks made upon the Herford suit in days gone by, chiefly by those who asserted that its wearers were dudes and sissies and apers of royalty. This attack was for a time combated by the rejoinder that the Herford suit was the most democratic garment men could wear, on the theory that at any big social function the guest of honor could not be distinguished from the head waiter through the identity of apparel. This brought out the unkind retort that it would be comparatively easy to distinguish between them by making due note of the superior intelligence exhibited by the head waiter.

And still another factor entered into the growing disfavor of the Herford suit. In order to be in vogue, and au fait and per se, the wearer had to like-wise don a two-story hat, and any man who has ever tried to wear one of those chimney-pot headgear knows what it is to suffer agonies whenever it had to be removed and taken care of temporarily. Taken by and all, many things have combined to spell the doom of the Herford suit. Even the one outstanding fact that the missing portions of the once long-tailed coat, and the coat that had been amputated at the waist line, permitted easy access of the hands into the trouser pockets, did not long delay the opposition. And so it has come to pass that only now and then is the Herford suit to be seen except when draped about the form of the head waiter and his satellites, the minstrel man or the long-haired virtuoso of the male persuasion who frantically hammers the piano at so much per appearance.

AN EXAMPLE WORTHY OF EMULATION.  
The officials at the temporal head of the great Methodist organization have just issued a bit of news of vast importance and worthy of tumultuous cheers from an oppressed public. It is given out that during the coming year the Methodist church will not lend its name to "drives" of any kind. For this much relief let us be duly thankful! And may the example of the Methodist church be imitated by other churches, and by organizations divers and sundry.

It is greatly to be desired that the word "drive" be eliminated from our vocabulary, along with other much abused words, like "booster," "live wire," and "sold on"—words that have come to mean little or nothing. The various drives, following fast and faster since their initiation in the early days of the war, were rapidly ending in one colossal drive, that of driving a harassed public crazy. Did some anxious seeker after notoriety feel that his time was at hand? Immediately a drive to raise funds to provide knit underwear for the hapless Hottentots of the African hinterlands. Did too much time elapse between the publication of portraits of the pampered princess of some potentate's palace? Immediately a drive to provide patent leather shoes for the barefooted boys of Borneo.

We have had drives for about everything under the shining sun, and the inauguration of a drive to protect us from drives is as welcome as "enclosed please find check," or the news light and water rates are to be reduced. Methodist officials have conferred a great favor upon a suffering public, in behalf of whom we tender our thanks and renewed assurances of our consideration.

BUT THIS MAN SUCCEMED.  
Oftimes have we, and presumably every other average man, been sadly tempted to indulge in certain freakish enterprises. Have you ever felt the impulse to determine by direct action what would be the result of throwing a fresh egg into a rapidly revolving electric fan? You have. Often as we have been tempted we have managed to refrain, being somewhat timid by nature and willing to let George do it. And have you ever felt the impulse, as you stood in front of one of those electric fans and watched in fascination the blades in their mad whirl, to poke your finger into the interior mechanism and ascertain by actual experience just what would happen? You have, and we have. We are now satisfied on this subject, and for all time. It was not our finger that disappeared, but the finger of a Falls City man who mustered up more nerve than ever we were able to muster, and unless tetanus sets in he will be all right. But his finger has gone to join the limbo of departed things.

But we will never be wholly satisfied until we are privileged to witness the results of throwing an egg into one of those busy fans. And when so privileged we want to be standing on the side lines. In fact, considerably to one side.

"William J. Bryan is the only democrat in sight who has any chance of being elected president," declared Senator Brookhart at Omaha. The whick makes is awfully tenuous for McAdoo, Ralston, Smith, et al.

A Denver man who tried to commit suicide drank carbolic acid by mistake. One accustomed to Denver's brand of bootleg needs prussic acid in wholesale lots if contemplating a shuffling off.

An Iowa man sued another man for \$10,000 for alienation of his wife's affections, but accepted \$750 in settlement. Wifely affection rated at such a price could not have been very difficult to alienate.

The statement that Ambassador Harvey resigns to enter politics may be classed under the head of "useless information." Mr. Harvey couldn't keep out, no matter what the situation.

Senator Brookhart says it requires more brains to be a real farmer than for any other job on earth. Are we to accept this as one explanation of why he quit farming for politics?

Let it be distinctly understood for all time that red is only one of the national colors and can never predominate; and that yellow is not now, nor never will be, one of the colors.

The Omaha Morning Bee: Monday, October 8, 1923  
"The People's Voice"  
Editorials from readers of The Morning Bee, to be used in this column freely for the expression of matters of public interest.

Suggests Norris for President.  
Omaha—The Editor of The Omaha Bee: Looking over the different editorials and clippings of newspapers that I value very much, especially The Omaha Bee editorials, I found an article in The Sunday Bee of September 23 by our honorable senator, George W. Norris of Nebraska.

The subject was "On Helping Farmers Prosperity." Mr. Norris states in his article that the great war has left the consumer and the producer much further apart than they were before. He also states that all this machinery between them, much of it unnecessary, and most of it extravagant, must be lubricated and kept in order by the sweat and toil of the great common people.

I hope that The Omaha Bee will republish that article or comment on it in its editorial page. Those who have not had the privilege to read this logical and timely article by Senator G. W. Norris can no doubt get it at The Omaha Bee office, so I advise the readers of other Omaha papers to get it and read it slowly and carefully.

Nebraska ought to be proud of its great statesman, for he is serving the people of his state with honor and performing a duty with clear conscience and look after the welfare of the people of his state as well as the people of the entire nation. He is beyond the reach of the corporations and of the unscrupulous and crooked politicians. He is not an extreme radical nor an extreme conservative, but he moves with evolution; he is a real progressive, and does not appeal to human passion or prejudice.

My choice for nominee as presidential candidate would be Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska. I hope that the Omaha Bee will start in Omaha and Nebraska. Let the slogan hereafter be: "Norris for President."

Farmers and labor cannot follow the course of the candidates, so let us boom Senator Norris, regardless of partisanship. Let the women join the slogan: "Norris for President."  
JESSE M. REPEL,  
514 North Sixteenth Street,  
Omaha, Neb.

Omaha's Sewer System.  
Omaha—The Editor of The Omaha Bee: In behalf of the helpless people who are victims of Council Bluffs food, I want to thank you for the very much needed criticism given the city of Council Bluffs. The poor devils who haven't been able to get a hearing on this matter duly appreciate it.

Now kindly give our own officials an equal jacking up. On Thirty-third street is a monstrous canyon on property controlled by the city. The water rushes in torrents through a hole in the wall and 9 feet deep—gutter—and now threaten the foundations of a house (25x12). It is within five feet of it. Appeal after appeal has been made to the authorities and not a cent has been given them whatever. What does it matter if a poor man's home goes in the ditch? With this flood even the smallest building is in danger.

Boards and all kinds of braces have been used to protect the homes of people on this street, but without avail. Kindly give this matter as much publicity as you can. The people and your helpless home people will appreciate it.

The Omaha Bee is worth more than a city council for building up the town. It's about the only authority that officials respect. Long may it live and prosper.  
H. D. STEWART.  
From a Council Bluffs Editor.  
Council Bluffs—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: It is with irrefragable evidence that I write you concerning an editorial that appeared in your paper of this week in connection with the matter of damage done by the excessive storm which struck our community last Friday and Saturday. A very recent storm rendered your water plant in such a condition that it was impossible to get pure water to your community. You found ready assistance from our city authorities, particularly from our city administrator. The calamity of this recent storm was not within the control of human hands and while we agree with you that the recent flood has been a menace to our city for a considerable period of time and that it should have had more serious attention yet it has this year taken care of all ordinary storms and we have spent money on it to keep it in condition. It seems to me that your editorial was nothing more or less than a sarcastic reply and retort and that it showed an attitude of appreciation for the relief that we attempted to give your city when calamity befell you. It seems to me that this should be taken into account and that an apology entered on the part of your paper and instead of criticism at least a spirit of sympathy and help should be extended.  
A. F. SMITH.

MOHER, NATURE'S CHILDREN  
The Omaha Bee welcomes letters from readers recording intimate observations of animals or plants. A bird perhaps on a house 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 always welcome—interest to others.

Begining at Home.  
From the Portland Oregonian.  
Representative churchmen who within a few days have pointed with solemnity to the increase of the spirit of lawlessness and even of immorality have the warrant of statistics for their declaration that this has been attended by growth in the divorce rate of the nation, but they are likely to be wrong who have assumed that the whole evil of which they complain can be abolished by the mere enactment of laws regulating marriage and divorce. The error is in supposing that fundamental relaxation of standards is the product of insufficient law on those subjects. The fact more probably is that we now have laws that are too strict to enforce them. Growth of divorce is less likely to be the cause of present conditions than one of the manifestations of a general trend.

Between 1870 and 1917 there was an increase of 400 per cent in the national rate of divorce, which was 28 per 100,000 of the population in 1870 and 116 per 100,000 in 1917. The rate of increase in that period was about three times the rate of increase in the whole population. The present total output of divorces in the United States is about 160,000 a year, which some statisticians have figured is equivalent to about one every one and a half minutes. This is but an impressive figure of calling attention to an obvious fact, but it does not mean that by repealing all divorce laws or even by achieving federal uniformity we should make all homes happy that are miserable or that we should have removed more than an incidental cause of unrest.

Undoubtedly the divided home is not conducive to the inculcation of the highest ideals in the young and parents who cannot agree as to other matters are unlikely to set examples of contentment and ethical progress for their offspring. But the mere coincidence of crime figures and those for marital anarchy does not in itself indicate the depth of the problem. Acceptance of the responsibility of parenthood is part of the social disposition to regard other duties seriously, including those of citizenship. Divorce law will not be a complete solvent, since what is needed is emphasis on morals in general. This is a problem in education, in the solution of which the churches have an opportunity to play an increasingly important part.

Not Working As Expected.  
From the Nebraska City Press.  
The failure of the Nebraska law to operate in accordance with the preconceived notions of its authors emphasizes once more the need for a uniform marriage and divorce law in the United States. It is as useless to attempt a reform through the sporadic efforts of one state as it was, a few years ago, to attempt prohibition of the liquor traffic through county and local option. If reform is needed in the marriage and divorce—and no doubt it is—it must come through the concerted and co-ordinated activity of all the states.

Swift Justice Deters Crime.  
From the Philadelphia Bulletin.  
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From a Klan Advocate.  
Missouri Valley, Ia.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I am glad to know you, Mr. Whistler. Thank you very kindly for giving us the "once over" that appeared in your paper of a prairie fire? Stand and shout at it, or start a "back fire"? Generally fight fire with fire—Don't we? Well, one certainly can't know much about a thing unless you are in it. Sure would be a funny fellow to criticize the Eiks, Odd Fellows, K. P. or any other bunch unless you were a member of it. You can't tell how cold the water is until you're in it. That's common sense. Well two. See the papers today? Well the whole state, women and all, sure ain't in on it. They certainly haven't got the whole state bluff. Why did the Lawton affair hush up so soon? Though cops down there to jail the whole state. Never hear any more about it. Didn't seem to be any more thistles after all on "the tree," and there sure was a bunch picking it over. Well three.

Have been around where ceremonies have been held. Never saw anything so terribly secret about it. The hood business is apparently only a part of the folderl that most any other secret order goes through. Happen to know quite a number of four-square, honest, and influential men that make no bones of the fact that they are members of the order. It would be hanging around with a bunch of cut-throats. Well four.

Can I have the base? I'll confess I can't lose the rhetorical "ins" and "outs" you can pitch, but I'll do my best to get the ball of argument over the plate of common sense where you can swing at it.

"From State and Nation"  
—Editorials from Other Newspapers—  
Beginning at Home.  
From the Portland Oregonian.  
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H. C. Shields, Division Passenger Agent, 3909 Harney St., Omaha

in warm indoor quarters. A cozy, comfortable living place is both desirable and necessary, but can be overworked as a living place. A steady diet of indoor winter-time life is a misfortune and not a blessing for those who are physically able to get into the open. It weakens the relative powers of important membranes. It tends to breed lassitude and indolence. It takes "kick" out of the vital energies. To use a phrase from the lingo of the garage, it chokes up valves and cylinders with carbon and reduces the "pep" of the engine.

Skating, supervised coasting and outdoor games ought to be encouraged in all reasonable ways. They are worth while as contributors to vigorous youth, and they are commendable because they afford in winter time the contacts and the gross zest that go with the summer playtimes. Outdoor life in winter has its dangers; to health it is not properly directed, but these dangers are not serious in comparison with what is meant by the term "over-heated and under-ventilated houses."

The Woman's Community council committee is right in applying its influence to the promotion of winter recreation. Its program embraces contests, community sings and other forms of entertainment which will bring young and old together in stimulating intercourse and competition. Winter life in Minneapolis has been too much a hothouse existence. It ought to open up and broaden out. We ought to get over the habit of shutting ourselves in our doors in December and wondering how late or early in the spring it will be before we see him again across the back fence.

Trot Out the Ultimatum.  
From the Fargo (N. D.) Daily Tribune.  
The calm that has come over national politics since Mr. Coolidge entered the White House is a strange contrast to the usual order of things. There is calm almost surly.

Where are all those manifestations by which we inject our fighting instinct into politics and sport? No "war cries," no "slogans," no "battles," no "skirmishes," no "armies" or "chieftains," no "alignment of forces and legions." How come? Politics usually serve the purpose of allowing us to let our fancies and imaginations satisfy our instinct for a fight by giving us a chance to talk of battles and victories as if we were taking part in some of the tribal feuds of long ago. A few years ago observers told us that with the advent of women in politics these manifestations of male pugnacity would melt like snow in the face of a "democratic" party. The experience of the last few years has not borne out the prophecy. We still crave to show our boyishness and our yearning to play pirate or warrior by using our imaginations in politics.

Political "camps" are quiet and watchful. No "defiances" are being "flung in the face" of one party or another. No sobs are rattling, and lieutenant's party chiefs must be spoiling for a rumfus. If some national party does not "turn its artillery" on the "entrenched positions" of its adversaries soon, the "rank and file" of the rival camps will take up the culture of geraniums or hops. The calm before the opening of the battle is becoming irksome. Stiffed imaginations and repressed desires are domesticating the political regiments. Will some one please trot out the heavy artillery?

Buncombe.  
When a candidate says that he favors a vigorous policy he means he doesn't know what in the Sam Hill he is doing.—Shreveport Journal.

Outdoor Life in Winter.  
From the Minneapolis Tribune.  
The children's council of the Woman's Community council is interested in making outdoor Minneapolis an all-year playground for both adults and children, more particularly for the latter.

There are social as well as hygienic reasons why the summer play spirit should be carried over actively through the winter months. For children who are comfortably dressed, as all little folks have a right to be, the crisp, cold air of a Minnesota winter is a physical stimulant of the brain, and any child that is a good builder of mind and character. It is very easy to get into a mood of inertia, into a habit of thinking that is the thing in winter climate like ours to remain as much as possible

Abe Martin  
SAY YOU WANT YET?  
YEP, AH! BOUT A MEKTRIE

If you want 't disguise your hand just use a puff office pen. It ain't no time since Mrs. Ike Lark give her husband a silver flask, an' now he's dead.  
(Copyright, 1922.)

Nebraska Politics  
Charley Leads With Saxophone.  
Just think of the fun Nebraska will have at the next democratic national convention. It is already as good as settled that Governor Bryan will be one of the nominees. New York is saying that Governor Bryan must take second place; that he must be nominated for vice president. That sounds like a joke to me. If those eastern newspaper fellows were really acquainted with Charley Bryan they should know that he is not in the habit of playing second fiddle at any political dance.—Columbus Telegram.

Another Ford Booster.  
Believing Mr. Ford to be the man of the hour, the one best qualified to fit the needs of the day, I favor his nomination and election. We realize that the special interests will move heaven and earth to bring about his defeat, but the eyes of the people are opening, and with a vision of better things they will press on with a determination that knows no defeat.—Howells Journal.

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION  
for September, 1923, of  
THE OMAHA BEE  
Daily ..... 72,518  
Sunday ..... 75,942  
Does not include returns, left over, samples or 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 5th day of October, 1923.  
W. H. QUIVEY,  
Notary Public  
(Seal)

The Best Substitute for a Washing Machine  
High-Grade Laundry Work  
5c, 6c, 7c, 8c per lb.  
HA rrey 0784  
SANITARY WET WASH  
HA rrey 0784

Money to Loan on  
Omaha Real Estate  
The CONSERVATIVE  
SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION  
1614 Harney

Stubbed Toes  
are not confined to children. Grown-ups—your wife, son or daughter—unacquainted with details of business policy and practice, are apt to "stub their toe" when they attempt to invest the insurance funds which you provide for their future care.  
Insurance is only the first step. Trust Company administration completes the fulfillment of your purpose.  
Our booklet, "Your Life," will interest you.

The Omaha Trust Company  
Omaha National Bank Building

Daily Prayer  
Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of Lord. Blessed are they that keep His testimonies, and do not lose them; they shall have His reward, and His crown: they shall not be ashamed. They also do no iniquity; they walk in His law, and do not depart from His commandments: they shall be fruitful in righteousness, their seed shall be multiplied, and they shall be blessed in all they do. They shall not be ashamed, nor shall they be wanting in anything. They shall be fruitful in righteousness, their seed shall be multiplied, and they shall be blessed in all they do. They shall not be ashamed, nor shall they be wanting in anything.  
Our Father, Who dost love us with everlasting love, may we rejoice in that love, and endeavor day by day to show our love for Thee by glad obedience to Thy Will. Keep us pure, strong, and full of trust in Thee, that we may be victorious over temptations to wrong-doing, and may ever know the joy and help of Thy presence in our lives.  
Banish all selfishness, and inspire us with desire for justice to all men, and stir up our wills to establish the rule of Christian brotherhood on earth. May we look upon Thy whole family with loving eyes, may we be for sympathy and compassion, and to every challenge to heroic and self-sacrificing service for our fellow men.  
In all things give us the guidance and direction of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may serve and please Thee, in the name of our Lord and Master, Who loved us and gave Himself for us. Amen.  
REV. ROMULUS F. HUMPHRIES,  
Baltimore, Md.

ETROT  
Two splendid Wabash trains leave Chicago—Dearborn Station—daily for Detroit at 10:30 A. M. and 11:25 P. M. All-steel equipment, a smooth track, courteous employes and good meals in dining cars make these two fine trains models of comfort, safety and convenience. For detailed information about the Wabash service from Chicago phone or call—TICKET OFFICE, 1416 DODGE STREET  
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Homespun Verse  
—By Omaha's Own Poet—  
Robert Worthington Davis  
MEDITATION.  
It sort of reminds one of winter somehow;  
The corn is as yellow as gold.  
The stubble is faded; in places the plow  
Has turned up the black of the world.  
The trees are a trifle despondent and drear,  
Like one who is weary and gray;  
The leaves lie in clusters, and much that was here  
In summer has faded away.  
Gaunt stalks of the flowers decrepit recline  
Where blossoms of summertime grew,  
And grass—wearing colors divine, O divine,  
In summer—is lusterless, too.  
It sort of reminds one of winter and brings  
A grateful conception, and thus  
We see in our dreams of disconsolate things  
The bliss that is dearest to us.