MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publisher

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A LAY SERMON FOR SUNDAY.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones."-Proverbs.

The once prevalent nation that Sunday, or the Sabbath, or the Lord's day, however you may be pleased to designate it, is a day to be observed with long faces and the complete suppression of every human emotion, was long ago exploded. In like manner the once prevalent nation that no gleam of humor, no evidence of merriment, must be allowed to enter into the observance of the day, was knocked higher than the famous kite of the late lamented Mr. Gilderoy.

Any system or theory of religion that fails to take cognizance of man's inherent sense of humor, or seeks to suppress every joyful human emotion, lacks binding material to hold together the stones in its structure.

There is an ever present danger in religious circles that so much emphasis will be laid upon the divine character of the Master that His human character will be lost sight of entirely. Yet, if the full beauties of His teachings are to be realized the man side of His character must be taken into account along with the divine side. If Jesus did not pessess a sense of humor He lacked an element common to humanity, and was therefore not a perfect man. He took notice of the children playing their games in the market places, and fully understanding and sympathizing with them, He used those childish games and impulses to emphasize His teachings. He saw the humor we all see in the spectacle of a woman losing sight of possessions worth while and frantically searching for a lost article of little value. We frail humans are wont to laugh at the man who buys a gold brick or invests in green goods. Jesus did not overlook the foolishness of the man who builded his house on the sand in order to save the expense of material for a solid foundation. He was human enough to enjoy a good meal in the company of publicans and sinners, and divine enough to seize the occasion to found therein a powerful sermon calling to righteousness.

It is easy to go to extremes on any question. There are those who make Sunday an occasion for riotous merrymaking, for dissipation and for reckless disregard for the rights of others. On the other hand, there are those who would compel everybody elese to conform to their narrow ideas of Sunday observance and make the day one of lugubrious worship. Between the two extremes, in the humble opinion of the editorial lay preacher, lies the real observance of the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday.

After enjoying the privilege, for privilege it is, of humbly acknowledging the all-wise Father for His mercy and loving kindness, and rendering thanks for His never ending bounty, there is no more fitting day in all the week for men and women to enjoy, in a way that will add to their physical and mental well being, the wonderful and joyful things that are spread about them. The open fields, the hills flaming in the ever changing colors of leaf and plant, the dancing sunbeams upon the rippling waters, the winding roads bordered by fields from which the bountiful crops have been harvested-all these things are for God's children to enjoy, whether it be on a Sunday or a Monday. And it having been ordained that most of us should toil and spin on the other six days of the week, it naturally follows that we are false to ourselves and false to the all-wise Father who made these things for our joy and comfort, if we do not improve our opportunities upon that one day, the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday.

Time was when instrumental music in a church was anathema to the narrow-minded religionists. Only a few years ago to smile, to laugh, to enjoy upon Sunday any of the real pleasures of life, was to court ecclesiastical wrath here and presumably divine wrath hereafter. Not so now, for men and women have come to realize that it is theirs to enjoy all the good things of life provided them, on Sunday as on any other day, having always in mind their duty to Him who provided them from His bounty.

So, brethren and friends, taking renewed courage of hope and walking by faith, let us not become blinded by narrowness until we are unable to enjoy those things given to us for our enjoyment; ever mindful that "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones."

THE DEATH ROLL TOMORROW.

If you are of the number opposed to the enactment of a law that will tend to curb the reckless motorists and prevent incompetents from sitting behind the steering wheels, we beg of you to closely scan the columns of The Omaha Bee, or any other metropolitan newspaper, tomorrow.

Today will see the streets of the cities and the rural highways filled with pleasure seekers. The competent and careful drivers will be in the majority, but even the careful and the competent will be at the mercy, too often, of the reckless, incompetent, intoxicated driver crazed with the joy of speeding.

And tomorrow you will read the long list of killed and injured, the toll exacted by our failure to take proper cognizance of an ever increasing menace. You may not be interested in the campaign to make life and limb more secure, the effort to minimize the damage wrought by motorists who show utter disregard of the safety of themselves or others, because you have heretofore escaped and no one dear to you has suffered.

Things may be different tomorrow. Even if you tescape, perhaps some one very near and dear to you will be recorded among the victims of the reckless and incompetent drivers who infest the streets and

Having performed its share, and a bit more, in the task of making the world safe for democracy, is it not time for Nebraska to take stome steps toward

making Nebraska safe for Nebraskans? Think it over while reading the list of killed and Injured tomorrow.

THE GOAL OF PERMANENT PEACE.

There is but one direct road to the eagerly sought goal of permanent world-wide peace. All other routes are indirect, and many of them lead only into the swamps and morasses of ignominious failure. The seeemingly insurmountable difficulty is to direct the hearts and minds of the people to this one and only road to the sought for goal.

It is not to be found by following the directions of diplomats who play for national position by moving the pawns of oil and coal and new territory about the board of human endeavor.

It is not to be found in listening to the panaceas submitted by political palaverers, or following the devious paths of conscienceless capital that reckons not of blood and tears.

Where, then, may be found specific directions that will set the feet of nations upon the highway that shall lead them to the goal of their desires?

Not until the world ceases to regard dominion and power and wealth as the high things of life, and shall come to acknowledge the matchless leadership and submit to the divine counsel of Him who told us that he who liveth by the sword shall perish by the sword; who told us to love our neighbors as we love ourselves; who teld us to do unto others as we would have others do unto us; who warns us against lust for wealth and power and dominion -not until the world acknowledges the brotherhood of the race and the kinship with the divine will it be possible to banish war forever.

The intrigues of diplomacy, the schemes of politicians, the selfish designs of combinations of all kinds, can no more banish war than hatred can breed love or greed breed unselfishness.

When that glad day shall come, war will be outlawed and justice may rule with an even hand.

Not growing armaments; not increasing armies not the threats of universal destruction of human life by poison gasses; none of these things will avail to still human passions nor restrain the greed of men and of nations.

"But I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

Never will war be made an outlaw among the civilized nations until all men everywhere are drawn together by the spirit of brotherhood so wonderfully taught by precept and example by the Carpenter of Nazareth. And in this fact lies the challenge to Christianity-a challenge that has not been met as it should be met in all the nineteen hundred years that have elapsed since its Founder opened His eyes upon this earth-life in the lowly manger of Bethlehem.

A YEARNING TO BE SUBDUED.

"I want to write poetry!" exclaims a writer in the Yale Review. The writer goes on to declare that she feels always trembling on the brink of poetry.

The only cure for it, dear lady, is to write poetry. You may be trembling on the brink of writing poetry, but the trembling that now seizes you isn't a marker to the tremors that will strike you if ever you are compelled to subsist on the financial returns

At some time or other every normal youth feels the poetry urge. We wouldn't give two whoops in rain barrel for the young fellow who never felt the poetry urge as he thought of the fair maiden over the way; we wouldn't give three whoops for the maiden who did not nibble her pen and gaze thoughtfully out of her window as she tried to think up a

lilting lyric about her lover. If at some time in the not distant no, be they porter or bank president.

Then an old lady across the way sake don't suppress it. Just keep it subdued, so the earthquake had struck in the vicinity offered to take care of the twins your time that you can not wash the dishes, or sweep out the sitting room; or, in case of the male feeling to impress upon the minds of some the urge, that he can not carry in the coal or empty the ashes or keep a supply of spuds in the cellar and

flour in the bin. But for goodness sake don't yield to the urge to the extent of devoting all your life and energies to grinding it out. Don't waste time trembling on the brink, but plunge in and have it over with as quickly as possible. If you want to write poetry nothing on earth will be able to prevent it, and only time will be able to induce you to slack up and go to work.

Poets serve a most useful and uplifting purpose in the world. The man or woman without poetry in the soul is about as useless to this old globe as the buttons on the back of a Prince Albert coat. The love of poetry is something to cultivate; the production of good poetry is something that should be encouraged. So if you feel the urge, go to it. But don't mistake mental dyspepsia for an urge to

WANTED: A REAL NEBRASKA SONG.

Iowa is at the American Legion convention in San Francisco, singing the state's famous corn song. Naturally the Iowans are attracting a lot of attention to themselves and to their state. Favorable attention it is, and thoroughly deserved.

But we insist that these Iowans now in San Francisco are not better looking than our own Nebraskans there present; that they are not better singers, and that they are not singing about a better state than Nebraska. Speaking in confidence, we hold to the opinion that the only thing in which the Iowans excel is that they have a real state song, while Nebraska has none.

With all due respect to several Nebraskans of undoubted genius who have essayed the task of giving us a real state song, it must be admitted that to date they have scored a failure in their efforts to give us one with lilting rhyme and haunting melody is evident to him Asia is still in pretty that not only appeals to the masses but really "sings that not only appeals to the masses but really "sings in reading the police court news in itself," so to speak. That is the kind of a state song Nebraska ought to have; the kind of a state song Nebraskans want; the kind of a state song this newspaper wants and is anxious to help make popular from Rule to Harrison and from Hartington to

Benkleman. Not, if you please, an oratorio filled with sonorbut a joyous lilting verse set to music to which our ping on it. ous phrases in rhymed array, set to classical music, feet may keep time or our bodies swing blithely as we march along in patriotic pride on gala state oc-

If you please, nothing of the high-brow stuff; nothing of the ponderous swell of music inspired by classical composers. Just a couple or three verses of sentiment writ in swinging rhyme and set to music that will be easy to learn, easy to sing and cal- Graw. culated to set the b' d to flowing just a bit faster in the veins of patriotic Nebraskans.

That is the kind of a state song Nebraska wants, and Nebraska will have no other.

Here is the task, and it should be a labor of love, that is set before our Nebraska poets and composers.

Lloyd George is afraid his voice will not hold out. thick on the gods of professiona He would better entertain fears about his digestion baseball. A lover of clean and healthy Lloyd George is afraid his voice will not hold out. being equal to the strain.

Very pleasant weather, to be sure, but Col. Jack

Frost will not be unwelcome at any time now.

Prairiegraphs

HAUNTING MELODIES.

cocoanut shells filled with clat-

weary, so weary, of shimmy and

Of raucous noise they call music today.

feel I must shriek and go jump in get some relief from the stuff that they play.

The old cottage organ, with bellows

years that have sped; readles worn smooth, for they never were easy;

spread-old cottage organ-in memor; The tunes that it gave in the long.

long ago-fling back time's curtain, and old friends appearing. Sing songs full of music, and sing

Sweet and Low.' The violin fondled by one now de-

cheer the faint-hearted, And silence the din of the busy every other place, in the stations and mart's roar.
violin silent—there is no earthly I don't know why people at a depo

Back through the years to

of raucous voices in topical songs.

I'm fed up a-plenty on bangle and day. The man gets wrinkles in his day. The man gets wrinkles in his former bangle and day.

long for the songs that she sang in across the way.

Beneath the broad smiles of the man in the moon.

The husband with a grouch, grouches because after all what does it

from me to deny them anything in acquaintances.
the shape of equality that will bring The woman who likes to have peothem down to the level of mere men. ple estimate correctly her worth,

R. M. K. writes me for my opinion train. about the girl who will enamel her There was the day when the wo-face until she don't dare smile for man with adorable twins got on the fear of cracking it. If R. M. K. will train. Lunch time came and rather envelope I will undertake to express her lunch, as it was rather difficult myself. This being a moral journal, to go on the diner with two badies, devoted to social uplift, I am barred The porter wasn't one bit nice about from airing in its columns my opinion it. He said he would the way people

of Seventeenth and Farnam, do no be unduly alarmed. I have just undertaken, with cold chisel and hammer, printers, proofreaders and makeup men that the name of my home county consists of two words. If ar-rested on the charge of homicide I shall demand a jury made up of men from Scotts Bluff county.

A Chase county man alighted from his horse to kill a rattlesnake, and for the Orpheum in a middle western before he finished the job he had city had contributed their bit. weeks ago Dr. Hoffmeister of Imperial assured me that no county in the state excelled Chase county in en-forcement of the prohibitory law.

SUMAC TIME.

have gazed on wondrous paintings, Heard the critics gasp with awe That such perfect blend of colors They, or others, never saw. But the glowing, glorious celors That to me excel them all

of Nebraska in the fall. Just as soon as I see some man marching along with a gonfalon in-scribed. "Reform of the Reformers."

Adam Breede says Henry Ford nows how to run things, but insists that running for the presidency is a horse of another color. But why speak of horses in connection with Henry Ford, Adam?

heard a Ford running. They also forget the large number of cranks always in evidence during a presidential campaign. -

China, Judga Mungericot Idificolaring he would on the streets of Omaha. Whereupon Harry Wisner remarks in his Scottshluff Star-Herald that it faithfully and earnestly the responsit his own paper.

According to the Shelton Clipper Representative Edgar Howard se to think that Governor Bryan is the most logical candidate for president that the democratic party offers. Per naps Edgar means loquacious.

There's a great difference between

At the risk of being hooted and jeered, I selze this occasion to say that I don't give a whoop which team wins the world series. I'd rather shake hands with some country school teacher who is unselfishly at work developing the minds of mentally hungry boys and girls than to shak hands with Babe Ruth or John Mc Graw. In my humble opinion, the labor and rears a family, sacrificing in many ways to give his boys an girls a good education and a fair start in life, is a darned sight bigger man than Babe Ruth. I have to high an opinion of the intelligence of the majority to think its member tion and deification smeared a foo sports. I'm weary of all this profes sionalism and jockeying and silly adu lation and press agenting and guff.
Having relieved my chest to that
extent I feel better.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

Those That Love Life

I'm weary of jazz and the loud synco. Down in a valley where blackbirds are calling, A windless warm valley that faces the sun.

saxys and banjos and blaring The first yellowed leaves of the autumn are falling-(O the hours and the moments, how swiftly they run!) The butterfly flits, the cicada is crying,

The spider still quivers her shimmering snare, Still sweet is the breath of the summer a-dying, And the wan leaves slip softly a-down the bright air. They, the worn with endeavor, the weary with laughter,

The satiate with sucking the warm milk of life, Sink down unrepelled to an earthy hereafter, At ease from rejoicing, in quiet from strife.

and keys that are yellowed with But those that love life shall be torn thence resistless, And hurtled reluctant into the moist grave; They shall envy the fate of the wearied and listless-O the wild winds of autumn, how coldly they rave!

On the Train

By ANNE PEDERSEN,

After all, there is nothing in life parted.

Its long silent strings he will touch never more,

not people in trouble or joy, but just people as you meet them and rub shoulders with them every day, at lady who told me for a solid hour of the danger of talking to people while traveling. Yet, she was talking to me. Aren't people funny, but aren't they chanted the tunes that would your work, on the street cars. your work, on the street cars, in the elevators, at the theaters, and, above

treasure

or on a train should be so interesting
I'd not exchange gladly if I could unless it is that here are found people from everywhere, for the time being at least, all bound for somewhere Of hearing bim playing the sweet of all, a day coach, they are found with their flags down. I mean they relax and forget themselves.

The children forget themselves.

manners and cry and fuss; it's hard trousers, forgets he has no Of blaring of bugles and rattle of comb" on his hair, while he half drowses, read or studies his neighbor

the gloaming.

As hand clasped in hand, and our That neighbor is eating his lunch two hearts in tune,

that neighbor is eating his lunch ens of children that labor too little which he brought along as indifferently as if he were at his own are stunted by overlable. It was a labor to little and none who are stunted by overlable.

While not inclined to look with matter what strangers think, if the avor upon women smoking, far be it mask is worn well before friends and

them down to the level of mere men. ple estimate correctly her worth, gets but I never think of women smoking a chance to tell her tale without fear without how I, when a small boy, of contradiction to the perfect stranger who sits next to her, who of Grandma Hill juggling a live coal having smoked his last cigar, read having smoked his last cigar, read having smoked his last cigar, read his last paper, and memorized the his last paper, and memorized the within the bounds of reason. It would fireplace, and conveyed to the bowl of passing scenery, submits to the tale within the bounds of reason. It would appear that the brand of insanity as less boring than merely nothing."

a day beautiful I have found on a

timidly she asked the porter to bring it. He said he would the way people say they will do a thing when you

accepted with such a relieved smile that a nicely dressed woman lost her indifference and offered to held one of the twins. A traveling salesman came down the line, smiled at the babies and talked a few minutes. A woman with a wriggly little boy of fered his cookies. Before those bables arrived at their destination everybody had helped smooth their journey Even a group of entertainers bound ity had contributed their bit.

Almost everybody in that car had

niled at the stranger across the way and it's smiles you know that make a day worth while. Oh, there are lots of such incidents.

There was the day when the man from Omaha told me all the joys he had had here as a child and what a

thriving, growing, booming city is There was the man from Oklahoma parbecue and who thought the unio had no state like his. I was almost tempted to forget where I was going and head straight for Oklahoma City. Then there was the student wh

Daily Prayer

Fight the good fight of faith.-Tim

We thank Thee, our Heavenly Father, for the care, the rest and re-freshment vouchsafed unto us during another night. We thank Thee for the privilege of being able to present ourselves again before Thee, we trust, Lew Shelley opines in his Fairbury in the spirit of worship and of conserves that those who anticipate a cration, for the life and work of this new day. We recognize that the highest, as well as the holiest, possible ideal of life is the doing of Thy will and the accomplishment of Thy pur poses concerning us. We recognize Speaking of his competiended in thina, Judge Munger of Idicolarus also, that even as Thou hast said, the Way of man is not in himself, that thina, Judge Munger of Idicolarus also, that even as Thou hast said, the way of man is not in himself, that this is not in man that walketh, to be able always and everywhere to direct his steps aright, and so we look to Thee for the strength and wisdom Thee for the strength and wisdom the strength and stren us deeply sensitive to Thy presence and to the other privileges and bless ings of the day, so that they shall no from us unappreciated and un

> Grant unto us the spirit of pa of sympathy and of will ness to help any one who may not be ber those in weakness, in suffering or be called upon to pass through any of these experiences, may there also me with them the grace of resigna lon and of trust. Amen.
> REV. ROBERT MILLIKEN B. D.,
> Regina. Sask, Canada.

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION for September, 1923; of

THE OMAHA BEE Sunday75,942

Does not include returns, leftovers, samples or papers spoiled ir printing and includes no specia-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, (Seal) Notary Public

The Omaha Bee welcomes letters from readers recording intimate observations of 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. HOW THE ORIOLE BUILDS HIS

ways of explaining the "weakness of wheat" in this country, but no one has undertaken to explain the strong.

When it was completed they were

It was George Norris who led the And let us hope that Sawyer will be with the 14 points which he set up as fight in congress for the overthrow of "Cannonism," and since that day the country has recognized him as the real leader of the progressives in Washington. He has earned a rest from his strenuous congressional la

LISTENING IN

On the Nebraska Press

"doing appear that the brand of insanity which develops with the running an Isn't it surprising that some genius has not invented, manufactured and put upon the market a little utensil that is toothpick on one end and match on the other?

Isn't it surprising that some genius automobile is also not susceptible to deducation and therefore they must be determined to a griculture to be remained for lying. What they get thrashed for is telling the truth. There is nothing some people abhor like the touches that go so far toward making the enforcement of those laws so that it.—York Republican.

autocrat of birddom, the oriole, build

was coming from some small Iowa town, bound for Berkeley, Cal. He had been to other schools, but he believed in trying them all, so much more broadening than sticking to one. He was brimming over with "pep." This time he chose a limb of one I shared amused glances, as a passenger across the aisle began on her fifth "hot dog" with undiminished enthusiasm. Yes—and there was the lady who told me for a solid hour of the limb and we could plainly should support the effort of Great work at their home building from our upstairs the throat of Germany. I do not advinced to be first in noblity of soul, in real concern in the welfare of humanity, in readiness to act in the spirit of the Christ whom we confees, in a manity courage in the defense of the weak against the brutality of the big builties.

Just at present I believe America should support the effort of Great Britain and of practically all the neutral powers to pull France back from the throat of Germany. I do not advinced the property of the concern in the welfare of humanity, in readiness to act in the spirit of the Christ whom we confees, in a manity, in readiness to act in the spirit of the Christ whom we confees, in a manity of the big bullies.

Just at present I believe America the brutality of the big bullies.

Just at present I believe America the brutality of the big bullies.

Just at present I believe America the brutality of the big bullies.

Just at present I believe America the brutality of the big bullies.

they had it all filled in. As they reached the top they tapered it. It took them several days to complete it, for Mr. Oriole had to stop

ready to begin housekeeping. Mr. mess in Europe, since we let Presi Oriole furnished us with much enterness of everything the farmer has to tainment that summer as we would the statistics show the increase of child labor. In factory towns it may be a great evil, but we know of doz-

it will make it safe for the average citizen upon the public highways of the state.—Madison Star-Mail.

the last of the "personal" physicians the platform of a righteous settle-to the president of the United States. ment under the spontaneous applause In England they have "personal" tail-ors to his majesty; "personal" dress-world. makers to her majesty, and all that sort of monarchial flub-dub. Let's intervention in 1917 there is infinitely have no more of it in America.—Co-more of a reason for her immediate,

There may be some farmers who want succor and who would like to have legislation act in their behalf.

Out of Today's Sermons

Rev. Albert Kuhn of the Beth-any Presbyterian church speaks Sunday morning on "The Joy of Service." Referring to the pres-ent interntional problems he says: Nations as well as individuals shou

Nations as well as individuals should be filled with the joy of service. I am proud of our relations to the Philippines and to Porto Rico because of the vast economic, social and moral improvements that have come to these countries because of our connection with them.

Personally, I am getting fed up considerably with the slogan, "America First." That priest who went by the victim on the road to Jericho probably said to himself, "Mr. Cohen first," as he passed by and thought probably said to himself, "Mr. Constitute," as he passed by and thought that the good Samaritan pursued a wrong policy when he got off his mule and spent his time and money on a stranger. I want America to be first, but not first in greed, first in indif-It was my privilege to see that but not first in greed, first in indifference, first in egotism. I want utocrat of birddom, the oriole, build America to be first in nobility of soul,

First they built a framework of coarse grasses and strings, then Mrs. Oriole sat down in the middle and ducted at present, but I do advocate Mr. Oriole brought strings, grasses the immediate participation of Amerand hairs, and with her help from the inside they wove the material back and forceful effort to set Germany and forth through the framework till upon her feet while at the same time insuring France against an unprovoked attack by Germany for the next 20 years. I also believe that America should firmly insist upon a radical modification of the treaty of needs of the nations concerned; When it was completed they were are partly responsible for the present oction of this treaty. Woodrow Wil from limb to limb, and bough to bough, singing as he went, searching for food for his quiet, little quaker wife.

GRACE F. BLAINE.

Norfolk, Neb. born and that the treaty would bring about starvation and despair for 000,000 people, I am sure that he would have stood pat on his demand

forceful and big-hearted intervention today. Why Thrashed.

OUR ANNUAL FALL

SAL

AND DEMONSTRATION FIRELESS Gas Range

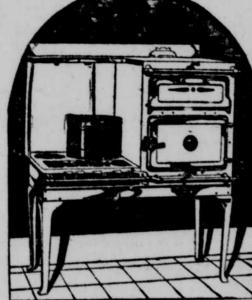
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