

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

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POST-MORTEM. It is with a feeling akin to sorrow that citizens of Omaha have watched the revelations of the water investigation. These contentions and disputes within the city are distressing, though as in this instance, necessary to be aired in order to be cleared up.

When the calamity of muddy water descended last August, the first impulse of human nature was to seek some one on whom to lay the whole blame. Senator R. B. Howell, who was about to resign his position of general manager of the municipal utilities, provided a shining mark. One, albeit, that did not shift nor dodge.

If the people were inflicted with mud in their homes, Mr. Howell received more than all together. If Howell had been like some men he would have torn up heaven and earth with denunciation of this or that subordinate. The testimony brought out in the hearing shows that there were several who might very easily have been loaded with the burden which the general manager so calmly accepted.

Someone allowed the construction work on the new pump to be hampered and delayed. This improvement should have been put through more promptly. Who is responsible for the leakage of the filter beds or basins is not for the public to judge. Nor is it known as yet how the mud valve was turned on that let the city water flow back into the basins almost as fast as it was pumped.

C. A. Robison, as head of the operating department, has admitted his failure to check up on the frequency with which the basins were cleaned. One of these reservoirs, it appears, had not been thoroughly washed for two years. His unquestioning confidence in the unflinching judgment and ability of A. B. Hunt, the aged superintendent of the water plant, is open to criticism.

For Mr. Hunt, who exclaimed on the stand that he was as worn out as his old pumps, no one can have aught but sympathy. And yet this sympathy would be misplaced did it endorse his continuance in this responsible office. His failure, and that of others to his associates, to report the discovery of the open mud valve which allowed 12,000,000 gallons of water to waste in one day when this might have been used for cleaning the basins, is one of the inexplicable things about this situation.

Citizens of Omaha who have followed the testimony would not be surprised to see a more or less clean sweep made in the staff of the water plant. Probably the majority sentiment would approve such a move.

Friction had existed for some months among the officials of this utility, the inquiry discloses. Mr. Howell, throughout his career has met opposition from so many directions that it is perhaps natural that he should allow himself to be satisfied by subordinates not wholly loyal or fully competent. It does not appear, however, that this was entirely wise. Matters came to a climax as the time approached to choose a successor to Howell as general manager. Doubtless there were those who found comfort in the embarrassment of the breakdown.

It is worth noting that the main criticism of Howell's management has come from those whom he has defeated politically. The people are not blinded to the fact that private corporate interests also have fought his claims of the efficacy of public competition.

It is said of Mr. Howell that he has interested himself too much in political and legislative matters. But it is by such work that the city plants were brought into being. Mr. Howell has been in politics, but so have his opponents. If Mr. Howell has gone to Lincoln to advance a bill before the legislature, there have been half a dozen representatives of privately owned utilities there before him, and more after him, until the corridors of the state house were thronged. It seems impossible to keep either privately owned or publicly owned utilities out of politics.

What will come of this hearing, or of the interest of the city council and the Chamber of Commerce in the post-mortem is mere guess work. The noticeable thing just now is that Mr. Howell has held the heavy problems of the job that Howell has held for these years is afforded by this investigation.

WHEN THE HONEYMOON TURNS COLD. Should parents close the door on daughter when she leaves her husband and turns to mother's arms for comfort and consolation? An Omaha judge says yes, but the probabilities are that he will revise this judgment when he has given it more careful thought. No doubt a great many divorces might be avoided if the young people did not know a parental door is open to them. The impulse to return to the old nest is strong when the bicycle built for two strikes a rough spot in the road. Maybe the quick retort, the anger and the mad desire to flee from bondage would not flame up and threaten destruction if the old home were surely closed against return.

But brides have been going home to mother since the world began. And mother will always welcome the daughters who come back with sorrow in their hearts because the roseate hues of a wedding morn have taken on the tinge of the cold-gray dawn of the morning after. It is well, too, that mother is in reach at such times, for she will nearly always be able to give counsel born of her own experience that will clear away the clouds and turn on the sunshine again. Who can tell how many marriages have been saved from wreck because a disappointed bride had a chance to talk it over with mother before she saw a lawyer?

Father, too, frequently helps in these matters, for usually he is a wise old bird and knows a lot more than the young folks think he does. At any rate, it is good for the bride and groom to know that just because they have started an enterprise of their own, they are not shut out from the old home. Courts may be wise, but they are impersonal, and what a young woman or a young man needs first of all at such a time is sympathy and consolation, and the advice may come later, and this course will lead to kissing and making up as often as it does to divorce.

LIVE THE FULLER LIFE.

"The days of our years are three score years and ten, and if by reason of strength they are four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for we are soon cut off and fly away."

In that prayer of Moses is an eloquent and poignant admission of the brevity and vanity of human life when measured by days. Life "is a watch set in the night, a tale that is told," when only the days are counted. Happily for mortal man, there is in him that spark of the Divine which sets him above material considerations, if but called upon, and to some extent for him, too, the passage of time becomes as with the Almighty, "for a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is passed."

Begin with Genesis and follow the record of the human race as set down in Holy Writ; no need to puzzle over Pithecanthropus Erectus, if inclined to hold with Mr. Bryan and against Mr. Darwin; think of Adam and forget the Neanderthal or the Cro-Magnon man. Come slowly up from a dark and unknown beginning, when "the world was without form and void," and traverse with man the road he has trodden up through the ages. His triumphs and trials, his vicissitudes and victories, are spread before you, if you only will read them in spirit as well as in letter.

Let your imagination clothe the skeleton with garments of reality; think of the early struggles of Adam and his children, as they wrestled with stubborn nature for the bread man was condemned to eat in the sweat of his face. Abel, a keeper of sheep, tending his flocks, watching them by day and by night, and bringing the firstlings of his flock as an offering to the Most High; Cain, a tiller of the soil, breaking the sod to plant his grain, and tilling it with care, that his yield might be such reward as his industry deserved. Call up old Tubal Cain, the first worker in metals.

"By the fierce red light of his furnace bright The strokes of his hammer rung." While he fashioned the crude implements and weapons of his time. Think of Seth and Enoch and Noah; of the tribes assembled on the Plain of Shinar, of Abraham, Moses, David, Solomon, and so on to the Son of Man.

Long before this authentic history was written, and the record is available to any. It contains nothing to disturb faith in God nor the institutions of religion, but on the contrary, it does and should increase that faith and deepen the devotion of any. Thus over the whole span of years, century upon century is before the soul that is not bound up in the little cycle that is counted by the ticking of the clock.

The days of our years are even less than a watch set in the night, or our life, as Macbeth puts it, "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, and signifying nothing," if we do not make use of all the wonderful faculties of observation and understanding with which we are endowed. If we do but use the gifts God has bestowed upon us, then life becomes full of meaning, rich and precious, because we then enjoy as it was meant that we should the many marvels of the world we live in and the sublimity of the Creator's work comes to us little by little as our capacity for conception increases and we live, not the little span that runs between the cradle and the grave, but through all the ages to which we are heirs, and so in a little sense fit ourselves for eternity.

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." KINGS DOWN ON THEIR LUCK.

Are Americans snobs, or are they just curious about the doings of an effete and all but obsolete European nobility? This comes up in connection with the cable account of a wedding in which the bride was the daughter of a former reigning king and the groom a former grand duke. The news story says little or no attention was paid to the wedding in Europe, yet it is considered of sufficient importance to be retailed in considerable detail on this side.

Kings and dukes and the like cut little or no figure in the general scheme of things any longer, even though some of the high up prophets profess to believe that democracy is in danger more than ever. Events since 1914 have given hereditary rulers, titles and the like some blows from which they are not likely to recover. We hear a great deal more about former lords of the earth who now are earning their own livings, and some who are not doing so well because they do not know how to work, than ever we did before. The son of a belted earl is at a decided disadvantage when he is looking for a job or trying to hold one, for not many of them have been taught the useful methods of a busy world.

Maybe the man who cabled the account of the royal wedding that went unnoticed in England knew what he was about. He tried to show Americans how completely royalty has declined, something that may be of value over here. A night of rest may always be purchased by a day of toil, and hunger continues to make any kind of food taste good. Another generation may know very little about babes being born to titles, and a royal wedding will indeed be an item of news, even in Europe.

The Walton impeachment seems to have been framed on the old bolus prescription system, which was to get in enough kinds of medicines to insure at least one that would strike at whatever ailed the patient.

Frank Kellogg ought to be a very acceptable ambassador to the court of St. James. At any rate, his recent experience should guard him against any indiscretions of utterance, either abroad or at home.

It seems to be the general opinion that Governor Pinchot should pluck those 1,400 Philadelphia saloon beams from his own optic before calling attention to the mote in the presidential eye.

The Postoffice department is making a supreme effort to have correspondents use care in addressing their mail. Those who address the please remit letters seem never to make a mistake.

Better Backbone week begins November 1. Long ago we injected enough stiffening into our spinal column to enable us to hoof merrily at all this special week stuff.

The governors' conference not only developed a lot of hot air, but also put a lot of them into hot water.

One point settled at the water inquiry is that mud valve was open. Next in order is to find out who opened it.

In the meanwhile, let us hope that the mud valve will remain closed in the political campaign.

It appears that Governor Walton backed up and sat down upon his own bayonets.

When Mr. Harvey resigned the American people seemed to be.

The Sunday Bee: Omaha, October 28, 1923

Prairiegraphs SWEETEST MUSIC.

There is music when the ocean, lashed to fury by the gale, Beats upon the rocky ledges with resounding sob and wail.

There is music when the thunder, backing up the lightning's play, Rolls out deep its diapason from the heavens drab and gray.

Music sweet when songbirds calling from the woodland branches high, Or the soft winds gently stirring autumn leaves when passing by.

But the sweetest music ever now begins each rosy morn When the ears plink 'gainst the thresholds in Nebraska's fields of corn.

Dan Deadlines sets feet to tapping with his lilted melodies, And there's music from an organ when a master sweeps the keys.

Orchestras that masters manage breathe the music of the spheres To enrapture the soul in glory as it falls upon our ears.

Songs by prima donnas warbled, long by tenors known to fame, May bring rapture for a moment, then die down in accents tame.

When compared to that grand music each each night is born When the stars plink 'gainst the thresholds in Nebraska's fields of corn.

Golden notes each ear is sounding as it hits the old threshold, And the notes in quick succession ring around a magic chord.

That awells out to join the chorus sung by mighty sons of toil Who have wrought a golden harvest from Nebraska's fertile soil.

Till around the world it echoes, bearing in its sweet refrain The glad tidings of contentment where the toiler reaps his gain.

O, 'tis music, sweetest music, when you hear at rosy morn That ker-plunk against the thresholds in Nebraska's fields of corn.

The great American novel has not yet been written and probably never will be. But great American novels are not few, and the prospects for better ones are very bright.

Nebraska has already given to the world some really great novels. In them Willa Cather, Ella W. Peattie and Mary Holland Kinkaid, to mention only the few, but better novels than any yet written are now in the making in the fertile imaginations and rapidly expanding brains of Nebraska's rising generation.

Referring again to the subject of music, how sweet the sound of the first streams of milk splashing on the bottom of the milk pail!

How would it do to invent a ploy guided by a steering wheel similar to the one on an automobile? It is not to be conducted considerably less burning up of the highways and a lot more turning of the fertile soil!

Time was when about the worst you could wish an enemy was to wish that he'd invest all his money in a sawmill. Now the worst you can wish a man is that he own either a big tractor or a threshing outfit.

Madge—I hear you have given Cholby the go-by. How come? Maud—Yes! He hasn't courage enough to suit me. Actually he insists on keeping both hands on the steering wheel when we go autoing.

Death sits at the wheel when John Barleycorn steps on the gas. A lot of society people who sneer at the plebeian game of croquet are very enthusiastic over roque. That recalls Ed Howell's wedding. Ed Nye's remark that a chaffing dish is merely a skillet that has broken into good society.

Falling to get my picture on a society page, I've about made up my mind to be cured of something and set it into the advertising columns.

Entertaining advertisers overlooked a bet yesterday, which was Navy day. None of them featured the bean.

Articles about proper methods of rearing children always appeal to me, and I read them with avidity. Not that I expect ever to secure the opportunity to discover, as I always have, that the only method of properly training children will be discovered coincidentally with the time when all children will be standardized from birth. As long as they come like the snowflakes, no two alike, it is a waste of time trying to figure out a proper method of rearing. It is the biggest game in the world, and as joyful as it is puzzling. Those of us privileged to be fathers and mothers never attempt to formulate any hard and fast rule about rearing our children; we merely experiment day by day. The rule and rote business we leave to maiden ladies and bachelor men of advanced age, who are always ready to tell us that the only way we are never so foolish as to follow.

LISTENING IN On the Nebraska Press

Noting that Representative Willis G. Sears' hat still fits his head, the Nebraska City Press observes that Judge Sears is so different from the average new congressman, something ought to be done about it. A new congressman who can keep his perspective on straight is deemed by Editor Sweet to be a Slight Worth Beholding.

Noting that Tom Dennison of Omaha announces his retirement from politics, the Aurora Register hesitates between deeming him a very bad citizen or a very much maligned one.

Evidently the belief that there is really too much passing the buck in this prohibition thing, Editor Buechler of the Grand Island Independent stands up to remark that the eighteenth amendment is a federal matter and the enforcement act a congressional act. This, however, must not be considered due notice that the Independent is for Prohibition.

Noting that the Navy department plans to abolish the pancake style of hat worn by sailors, John Kearns of the Beatrice Express voices the hope that in the not distant future the sailors will be given trousers that look like real pants.

After cogitating for a time on the resounding around of Dunn and Butler in Omaha, the York Democrat ventures the hope that peace may prevail for a little while in the metropolitan matter and the enforcement act a congressional act. This, however, must not be considered due notice that the Independent is for Prohibition.

Although usually very capable of quick and correct decisions, the Ogdensburg Independent admits that it is often confused trying to decide whether Nebraska is wet or dry.

"Why," plainly inquires the Cozad Local, wiping the coal dust from its eyes, "should Cozad take coal that will not pass inspection in Omaha? And why," wails the Local, "should Cozad buyers pay full price for slack that Omaha dealers are compelled to screen out?" About the only answer in sight is that Cozad buyers who do it are charter members of the We Have No Spine club.

The Gottenburg Independent notes that men can irrigate and save the dry spots, but it is wondering what they are doing with the wet spots in this country. Recent information at hand is to the effect that the ultimate consumers are doing a pretty fair stunt of keeping those wet spots well drained.

Maine farmer votes defeated the referred law providing a 48-hour week for women. The Norfolk News seeks to tell the farmer that he doesn't want to get a lot of foolish notions in his head.

The sage of the York Republican, noting that some Franklin county folk have gone to law over some oil leases, remarks that some people go to law on suspicion, and mighty little of that.

Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm has erected an eight-foot fence around his castle at Doorn to keep the reporters out. Lew Shelly sneers with the wet spots in this country. Recent information at hand is to the effect that the ultimate consumers are doing a pretty fair stunt of keeping those wet spots well drained.

The Aurora Sun insists that the wife man's hay in Nebraska is the corn crop. Hub! Old Jake Q. Corn is not only a white horse, but an acknowledged champion.

The Cozad Tribune has it all figured out that the wet element in Vermont gets very little consolation from the primary election returns of that state. The general consensus of opinion is that the club of voters seeks his consolation from jug or bottle, not from primary election returns.

The York News-Times seems to be a suspicious sort of publication. It insinuates that Tom Dennison is merely going to California so he can hop across to Tulsa, Kansas, and see the horses gallop, not to make California his permanent home.

After donning his magnifying spectacles and carefully scanning the record, Editor Brown of the Kearney Hub confesses his inability to see where Henry Ford helps his case in the Muscle Shoals affair by attacking the motives of Secretary Weeks.

He hath showed thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God. Micah 6:8.

Almighty God, Whom truly to know is everlasting life, we draw near to Thee at the beginning of this day, desiring to know Thee as the Father of our spirits, and to refresh our spirits in Thy eternal love, which is our near to Thee in worship, we pray that Thou wilt draw near to us in blessing and inspiration. Grant us, we beseech Thee, the things of which Thou seest our need. We ask for health, for opportunity, and for a willing mind that finds delight in fruitful labor. Grant us the consciousness of sin forgiven, that in our labors and undertakings there may be no sad friction of remorse and shame.

Grant us the blessing of friendship greatly widened. We would not think of ourselves as too good to mingle with the humblest. We would not live apart from others in hope and sympathy. Rather do we seek from Thee guidance in the common life of all Thy children, and the awareness of Thy universal love. Thou who hast made us of one blood, help us to toil and hope and suffer and rejoice as brethren, that in a common life Thy purpose may be glorified, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

REV. HOWARD CHANDLER ROBBINS, New York City, N. Y.

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Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of October, 1923. W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public.

Out of Today's Sermons

Melvin R. Laird, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian church, corner Woodworth avenue and Thirty-fifth street, will preach today on the text from Genesis 26:18, "Buried Wells."

"And Isaac digged again the wells of water which they had digged in the days of Abraham, his father." He will say in part: "Taken as a simple fragment of history, these words need no explanation, but as I watch Isaac and his servants working away at those old wells, clearing out of them all the earth and stone with which the Philistines had choked them up, till at last they set free once more the cool, sweet water that had quenched no man's thirst for many a year, I can find truth in a parable. Part of your work and mine in the world is to look for the buried springs of life's sweet and wholesome water, and they need looking for. They are often lost beneath the drift of the years or choked up by the rubbish that a Philistine world has cast into them. It is easy to forget that they are there.

Now, one of these wells is the well of worship. Our fathers drank out of this well and worshipped in this temple. There is in many quarters an unmistakable custom, telling me that this time-honored custom of public worship is no longer necessary. But the very insistence with which the merits of these substitutes for worship are pressed upon the public, seems to hint at the lurking conviction in the heart of those who make these claims that after all it is not so, and that out of that old well from which our father's drank, there is yet to be found water which will refresh and strengthen as nothing else can do. When one detaches oneself from the body of our social life, and takes a view of mankind in his struggles and occupations, one will see how great a contribution the well of worship has made to man's life, and how incalculable the loss for the nation that gives it over.

Closely allied to worship is the habit of prayer. Have you choked that well? If so, what substitute have you found for it? If once it was your manner of life to pray and now that the old well of prayer has been choked, wherever you have gone, whatever you have done, you have never found anything that takes the place of prayer.

For some the Bible may be a choked well. Yes, after the newspapers and the magazines and the works of fiction and poetry have entertained us and instructed us, for life's deepest lessons we turn to the Bible.

In a recent issue of one of the commercial journals the editor makes this observation upon our national life: "What America needs is not a railway extensions and low tariff and a merchant marine or anything else, is a revival of piety, the kind mother piety used to bring piety that counted it good business to stop for daily family prayers, that prayed fervently in secret for the home, the church and the country."

"The Ku Klux Klan of Omaha is planning next spring to elect a city ticket consisting of members of the Ku Klux Klan, according to a letter I received this week from one of the members of the Klan," said Rev. Albert Kuhn Sunday morning at the Bethany Presbyterian church.

"My plan of last Sunday morning," he continued, "for a real spirit of fraternity between Christian and Jew has aroused the resentment of a member of the Klan. He sent me the following letter: "Dear Sir: Are the Jews of Omaha paying you your salary that you are defending them in your Sunday sermon? Attack Henry Ford's Dearborn Independent all you wish, but don't attack the Ku Klux Klan any more."

"The Ku Klux Klan members are your friends, the Jews are your enemies. The Ku Klux Klan members are Americans, heart, body and soul. The Jew is an American only for the wealth that's in it, his heart is somewhere else.

Rev. Mr. Kuhn, as a Protestant minister you should not attack the Ku Klux Klan; if you only knew our doctrines you would be of us.

"We are getting stronger day by day, and next spring we will place our men in the city hall of Omaha, who will run the city of Omaha with true American principles, moonshiners, bootleggers and Jews will not have access to their office!" "Yours truly, "K. K. K."

"This letter shows," commented



MOTHER, NATURE'S CHILDREN. What have you seen? Are you ever attracted by the voice of the world of nature which surrounds you? The Omaha Bee welcomes letters from readers on observations of nature.

ALLIGATORS' LONG SLEEP. Omaha's alligators have been put to bed for the winter in one of the fire engine houses, and will stay there until spring. Park Commissioner Hummel, who knows all about them, says: "The ordinary alligator hibernates for about five months out of every twelve. During this period of rest and relaxation, the reptiles remain under water most of the time. They can exist comfortably at depths five to ten feet below the surface. On the champion alligator farm in Florida, during the winter season, the alligators are sluggish and dormant. Most of the time they remain submerged in the pools and ponds, which are securely fenced. In one little enclosure, about as large as the average city man's rear lawn, the writer saw 275 alligators enjoying their winter time vacation. The reptiles ranged from five to thirteen feet in length. Some of the largest ones weighed from 1,100 to 1,500 pounds. "The female alligator lays from forty to sixty eggs in as many minutes during the months of June and July. She scoops a hole in the sand and burrows with her feet and in this she deposits the eggs. Then she throws the earth back into the hole with her tail. Ninety-five per cent of the eggs are fertile and hatch out sixty days after normal conditions. The young alligators hatch out and immediately seek shallow streams, being practically self-sustaining from the time they are incubated. The male alligators will eat their young if they can locate them. The fact that the youngsters hide in little, shallow pools proves an effective safeguard, as the adults rarely enter such places."

Mr. Kuhn on the letter. "Both the good and the bad side of the Ku Klux Klan movement. It has his good side. I am sure the writer of this letter and many of his comrades want to work for a clean-minded, liberty loving community, representing the best there is in American ideals. To that extent I am with him heart and soul, and I shall help him by my vote and co-operation in his effort to elect men into our city hall who are not the friends and tools of moonshiners, bootleggers and Jew traffickers, or any other kind of grafters.

But the Ku Klux Klan has also its very bad side, and this letter is evidence of it. It arouses a whole sale prejudice against races who are as much our brothers as the members of the Ku Klux Klan. It wants us to boycott them, politically and socially. It urges us to practically disfranchise them. This is an un-American and an unchristian attitude. The true American stands for equality of opportunity to every man, and Christ enjoins us to do the very opposite of what the Ku Klux Klan is seemingly advocating. He asks us to give our trust and our love to every human being, regardless of race and creed."

Happy Thought. If Admiral Lord Beatty is sent to Washington as British ambassador, President Coolidge might return the compliment by sending Admiral Sims to London.—Halifax Chronicle.

Suffering That is Suffering. Few people ever suffer as villagers do when there is a stranger in town who won't tell his business.—Greenville News.

A Handy Place to Eat Hotel Conant 16th and Harney—Omaha The Center of Convenience

Jack Frost

Jack Frost came last night to the country! This morn his white mantle is seen— A glisten of gossamer lace-work— All over earth's glimmering green.

Fall's russet leaves quivering and rustle Like muffled gongs loath to be struck— And drop unconcernedly downward On shivering youngsters who pluck Unseen in the darkness and silence, Jack's stealthy, destructible wake Made each healthy vine of tomato Appear as a slimy black snake.

Fat pumpkins are sighing for cellars, The shriveled corn cries to be shocked; Spry squirrels store acorns where empty Bird nests on storm bushes are rocked.

Jack Frost came too swiftly, too surely! So many poor people today Are lacking the useful equipment To ward off the sting of his stay!

Unworried ones joy in Jack's breathing, And low at his beauty'sness, While thoughtlessly, maybe, neglecting, God's children of men in distress! —ALTA WRENWICK BROWN, Glenwood, Ia.

Qualified. "We want a man for our information bureau," said the manager. "He must be a wide-awake fellow and accustomed to complaints." "That's me," replied the applicant. "I'm the father of twins."—Cornell Widow.



Hanan Shoes. Hanan's Famous Duplex Combination Last Boots For Men. Two sizes in one shoe! Twice the comfort of ordinary boots for men who are hard to fit. Hanan's Duplex Last is justly famed among men everywhere. Have you worn them? Brown Kid \$15.00 Tan Calf \$13.50 Black Kid \$13.50 Drexel Shoe Co. The Store of Good Shoes 1419 Farnam Street Exclusive Agency

The Home of Ideal Butter



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THE JIG'S UP! WE GOTTA QUIT