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CELEBRATING A BIRTHDAY.

The theatrical coup staged by Hitler, von Ludendorff and others of the Bavarian fascists seems to have failed. Its leaders incorrectly estimated the attitude of the German people, who, although sorely perplexed and harassed from within and from without, have not yet despaired of being able to govern themselves. The Republic of Germany, barely five years old, is not to be throttled in its infancy by advocates of the overthrown system of imperialism.

This does not mean that tranquility will return at once to the Germans. Whatever their external problems may be, the internal conflict between Marxism and fascism will be troublesome, so long as the present generation continues. Supporters of imperialism, to whom the principles of republicanism are abhorrent, do not resign themselves readily to the doctrines of a free government, and may be reasonably expected to agitate and foment movements for the restoration of the imperial state, with its classes and orders as sharply marked as existed prior to the abdication of the kaiser in November, 1918. The republican leaders realize this, and the socialist element among the people is also keenly alive to the danger, and may be depended upon to resist to the utmost any effort at putting on a throne any representative of a royal line, whether Prussian or Bavarian. The fatherland today is that of the people and not of a privileged family.

Constitution at Paris over the outbreak at Munich excites a smile. Although the French government had solemnly declared that no dictatorship would be permitted in Germany, the fascists leaders at Munich went ahead to establish one, and the French expressed astonishment. What else they looked for is hard to conceive. The unyielding course of the French government has not been calculated to assist the controlling group at Berlin in firmly establishing order and solidly founding the republic. In the contrary, Ebert and his associates have been driven almost to despair to meet the exactions and comply with the demands made by Poincare, and so have been weakened to that extent in their home position. Looking at the situation from this distance, the unavoidable conclusion is that the dissension among the Germans is just what the French seek.

However deep the misery, or sore the trial, the patriotic devotion of the German people to their own interests must engage the attention of the world, and the sympathy of all lovers of freedom. Hitler and von Ludendorff, barricaded in buildings at Munich, represent a hope as illusive as did the armies von Ludendorff headed behind the Hindenburg line. Germany will remain a republic while its people remain true to themselves.

MR. DAWSON, MEET MR. ROCKNE.

Nebraska's football team is about to be put to the acid test, the same appearing in the combined persons of Knute Rockne's all-conquering bone-busting bunch from Notre Dame. This outfit is coming with the prestige of having crushed all opposition so far this season, showing mercy to none, and leaving only wreck and devastation in its trail. Attila and Ghengis Khan were benevolent and philanthropic visitors in comparison with the Notre Dame football squad of the current season.

That is, if you put confidence in what the press agent tells you. As a matter of fact, the crew from Indiana has had little trouble, for it has not had much opposition yet this season. Just how it will be at Nebraska none can say. The Cornhuskers do not look especially impressive, their performance being of a negative sort. While the team hasn't been licked so far, it hasn't licked anybody worth while, and it missed two very good opportunities to win victories that the home folks think should have been won. Yet the scores are capable of another interpretation, as they may indicate that the other fellow is entitled to some respect and credit for his part of the performance.

What is certain to attract attention is that the Cornhuskers know all about Notre Dame; the teams have been meeting in annual contest for several years, until their clash is looked upon by both as the supreme event of their football season. Each has respect for the other, and no foolish sentiment is entertained by either. Dawson has had his gladiators secretly eating raw meat and drilling on maneuvers that may mystify the invaders. Nebraska is not going to be fed like a lamb to a wolf, make up your mind to that. Notre Dame may win, but scarcely by a walkover.

WHAT DO YOUR CHILDREN PLAY AT?

Columbus is about to stage a show that ought to interest all other Nebraskans, and may lead the way to considerable entertainment. It is to be a children's hobby exhibit, in connection with a winter flower exhibition to be managed by the Y. M. C. A. during September.

Such an exhibition may be deemed trivial, but it really holds much of promise. Children of any age have preference in the matter of toys, of games, and while they may not have developed into hobbies, many of them look beyond the realm of mere playthings and measure in some degree the bent of the youngster's nature. It is not only the prodigy that shows early in what direction the immature thought is turning, and frequently provides the hint that directs assistance in preparation for a life of usefulness and success.

The early winter flower show itself is worth while. It will bring much of beauty and merit from the homes as well as the hot houses, and will give the citizens of Columbus a better notion of what is possible. The idea of having flowers in the house during the winter months is an old one, and with modern conditions is widely prevalent among home owners.

The most interesting feature, though, will be the hobby exhibit, in which the pets of the youngsters will be brought out. These are the real plants of the home, and to keep them growing, properly nourished and directed, is the greatest of all duties. As the twig is bent the tree is inclined, today just as at any time in human history.

BARNUM WAS ABSOLUTELY RIGHT.

Horatio Earle, one time road commissioner of Michigan, has withdrawn by resignation from the church of which he was a member. As his reason for his act, he condemns a great many things the church is doing or trying to do, particularly its activities along political lines.

Here is where Mr. Earle puts himself on rather thin ice. While there is no political connection between church and state in the United States, and under the constitution the practice of religion is absolutely free and unrestricted, and our national motto is "In God We Trust," no amount of special pleading will ever disguise the fact that the church has been and is a tremendous influence in our national life. It would be a sad commentary on the leaders of the church if they did not take an active and intelligent interest in government.

Ministers are moral leaders, guiding and directing the thoughts and the lives of their people along right lines. No element of denominationalism enters into this phase of the activities of the church. Regardless of creed or confession, ministers of every sect concern themselves with the habits and manners of the communities in which they live. Some are more zealous than others, in that they presume to deal with matters that properly should be left to others, yet even these can bring a show of logic to support them in their position.

Another of Mr. Earle's charges is that many ministers, some in his own town, are looking for advertisement more than anything else. That is a difficult thing to demonstrate, yet it may rest on the natural bent of most folks. Few are so modest that they do not relish a little favorable attention to whatever they are doing. To call a man a "P. T. Barnum" is rather complimentary, for Mr. Barnum was one of America's greatest advertisers, and made a tremendous success from properly directed publicity. A dispassionate reading of the reasons set forth by the late commissioner of roads of Michigan, who says he is going to start a church of his own, inclines us to the opinion that he has followed the example of the great showman, who said the American people like to be humbugged.

JEW-BAITING DYING AWAY.

Brighter days are coming for the Jew, if the report of the American Jewish committee, just made public, is sound in its conclusions. Anti-Semitic agitation in the United States has collapsed, says the report, and this in turn has had a salutary effect on European countries, where such agitation is falling off. The report credits the collapse of the anti-Semitic propaganda in this country to the vigorous protests of the press, the church and other American agencies of public opinion.

Sporadic attempts along the lines of prejudice and oppression still are noted in this country, but, says the committee, "we feel confident, however, that the number of persons who will give credence to this insidious propaganda is comparatively small, and that the American people as a whole appreciate the injustice, wickedness and danger of such movements and may be relied upon to repudiate them."

Noticeable improvement in the condition of Jews in central and eastern Europe is reported, and in western Europe a general condemnation of anti-Semitic propaganda has come about within the last two years. In Germany some minor political groups still use the cry against the Jew, but in no instance is their effort seriously menacing. Lithuania is noted as conspicuously progressive along these lines, and in Poland the situation is clearing up.

All this is hopeful, and should encourage the Jews to continue in their efforts. If the sentiment complained of is vanishing, that is because the Jews have intelligently directed their attempts to dispel any prejudice that might have existed against them. Public understanding has been improved because the Jew has been patient in pleading his own cause, and through his own endeavor has shown how silly has been much of the propaganda used against him. Racial antagonism falls of its own weight when reason guides the judgment.

May Preston, who originated the part of Mary in the old drama of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," died in New York Wednesday at the age of 69. There are those alive now who really believe that it has been longer than that since they visited the scene around which the drama was written.

A French physician announces that the penetrating odor of the male goat has an important therapeutic value. But, doctor dear, there are some things worse than mere bodily ailment.

Darius M. Amberry was one of the quiet men who have done a great deal for Nebraska without making a great deal of fuss about his work.

An Omaha man tried to carry out a crime along lines laid down in a sensational magazine. Is it necessary to say that he is in jail?

It is a little out of old King Ak's line, but he seems to have started several things this year, some of which ended in elopement.

Maybe it is dissolving golf balls and not decaying vegetables that provide the poison in the lake at Fontenelle park.

Proclaiming Thanksgiving day before the convening of congress is to be classed as among the happy thoughts.

If the Saturday Evening Post wants to establish a warehouse here, it will find plenty of good places to build.

Santa Claus letters are showing up at the post-office, which ought to be a hint to Christmas shoppers.

General Upton's star will shine over Fort Howard, but he will be well remembered in Omaha.

Homespun Verse
—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davis.

THE MORAL OF THRIFT.
A miser folks think him who looks with a frown
On pleasure. From dawn till old Phoebus goes down
He faithfully struggles to gain and to lay
A fractional part of his earnings away.
Folks laugh when he speaks of the future with dread,
What virtue has wealth when the toiler is dead?
Live, live out your years and enjoy life at best—
It's only a step to the Haven of Rest.
God grant you your leisure and all that is just,
And spend as you will and live as you must,
But know that earth's paupers would surely be small
If future was first in the visions of all.
Youth fades and strength follows, the toiler is bent,
And tearfully craves for the opulence spent.
Wealth isn't life's goal, you may rightly say,
But blessing it is when you're tired and gray.

"From State and Nation"

—Editorials from Other Newspapers—

Funny Business.

From The St. Paul Dispatch.
It is, of course, the business of Mr. Hamilton Holt, in his capacity as advocate of the League of Nations, to defend that organization against criticism, but when he goes so far as to pronounce that the league should be gloriously from the recent row between Italy and Greece he is merely being funny.

As we recall the circumstances, certainly a man named murdered at Janina in Greece. Italy declared that the Greek government was responsible, and promptly served upon Greece one of the most drastic ultimatums since another—more drastic, even, than Austria's famous ultimatum to Serbia. Greece, being the weaker nation, immediately informed the league that the affair was none of its business and threatened to withdraw the Italian representatives. It is a pity that the league was so timorously debating this disturbing development, the council of ambassadors intervened and gave a decision awarding to Italy pecuniary reparation, she had demanded of Greece. Meantime Italy had bombarded and occupied Corfu as evidence of what might be expected unless her ultimatum was complied with. It is the meantime, a neutral commission of military men investigated the murders and absolved the Greek government of culpability.

Now Mr. Hamilton Holt says that the league averted a bloody war between Italy and Greece. It did nothing of the kind. It did not even try. It feebly debated what it should do with the terrible Mussolini while the council of ambassadors accepted jurisdiction and gave that gentleman everything he asked for. Greece, the weaker nation, and, if a military commission is to be believed, the guiltless one, was heavily fined and humiliated while the league was futilely trying to pay the Danube Hotel. Italy took to the Italian man on horseback. History records no more calamitous fiasco than this. Mr. Holt's effort to extract from the episode some credit for the league is as ingenuous as it is not ingenious. It is amusing.

A Pause in Filmdom.

From The Chicago Daily News.
Mr. Zukor and other brilliant personalities in the moving picture manufacturing industry are worried by the overhead. They say they are going to go to the movies, but what they really mean is that they will stop production of films, not only of staging and the mechanical side generally, but also of the actors' salaries, will not fall to lower levels. The expense will have nothing to do with the way of trouble," wheezes the Davenport Times.

"Now, if the job organizer the Klux Klan in Germany that country will have nothing to do with the way of trouble," wheezes the Davenport Times.
The Ottumwa Courier opines it is high time for the St. Louis woman who has just secured her 13th divorce to decide she is unlucky in matrimony.

clation reports that more than 70 in every 100 of his charges are doing well. "Moreover, even of those who have been in liberty over 11 years, including the difficult years during and immediately following the war, more than 60 per cent have not again come into conflict with the law."
On the whole, there is no doubt that the system has made, and is making, for the happiness and good of those brought under its influence. Thanks to the work of the institutes, large numbers of men and women who would otherwise most likely have been the cause of persistent injury and misery to themselves and others have in the last 21 years been guided in the direction of a life of normal activity. Such results bear testimony, louder than could be borne by any word of mouth, to their value and also to the quiet heroism of the many who have made the country of England and Wales who are devoting themselves to this work of assisting these young men and women so in need of a helping hand.

Graft Eternal.

From The New York Republican.
Grafting is quite common these days, but it is not more common nor fragrant than it was 150 years ago. A county superintendent in Missouri sells certificates for \$5 per, and thereby augments his salary some \$1,500. A governor has his private auto driver put on the pay roll of the medical department of the state at 200 bucks per and thereby saves the expense and trouble of paying him out of his own hard earned salary. Some might call that thrift; you name it graft, which is hitting the bullseye.

But during the revolutionary war, when patriotism was at flood tide, a general in a fashionable patriot army was convicted of speculating in the meager rations of the soldiers. Moreover he was a general and even aspired to throw George Washington over the transom and get his place. He was censured, but continued in command.
A good many men now are worse than they ought to be, but not worse than men used to be.
What Coroners Have Learned.
From The Cincinnati Enquirer.
Toadstools can't pinch-hit for mushrooms.
The middle of the crossing is no place to argue with a railroad train.
Wood alcohol isn't as safe to drink as water.
Jay walking gets you a ride in a hearse.
Fools and drunks never make good drivers.
Two cars can't occupy one and the same spot on a road at one and the same time.
Getting into the woods during the hunting season makes a man look like a deer.

Where the Tall Corn Grows

Noting that a squirrel swiped 61 golf balls from a neighboring course, the Clinton Herald opines that the golfers had a poor judge of value, to take golf balls instead of golf players.

Admitting that Lowden is as good a political timber as any, the Sac City Sun opines that the psychological moment has passed for Frank.

The Keokuk Gate City fears that Arizona's attempt to cultivate cordial relations with the U. S. A. is a covert attempt to get Uncle Sam's goat.

"We ought to be grateful to our junior senator for not taking the credit for raising the price of corn to around \$1," admits the Waterloo Tribune.

"Vendors of flapdoodle," remarks the Sioux City Tribune after a careful survey of the situation, "and as ready a market for their wares in one state as in another. Incidentally, has anybody noticed any decrease in the demand for flapdoodle?"

Having figured it out in the nth degree, the Davenport Times announces that the 30,000 motor car accidents reported last year, 30,000 of them were sustained while the cars were proceeding at a moderate rate of speed.

The best thing that can be said for the Ford candidacy is that it will arouse the old-timers, the wheel men, the knowledge and the money of the friends of the major organizations. It will put new life in them, force them to new studies of and new promises to "the people." Ford's long as it stimulates his opponents. It would be a catastrophe if successful.—Cedar Rapids Gazette.

"Providing the whitewash brush is not put into operation Colonel Forbes' case will receive a thorough going over," says the Davenport Times, "unless gone over thoroughly why use a whitewash brush at all?"

A Des Moines editor quotes a man of that city as observing that a few years ago wives asked their husbands to button up the back. Now wife's dress has no back.

The Harlan Republican, seeing that the Italian administrators a copious dose of castor oil to fellows caught "mashing," express the notion that it might be a good idea to import both idea and oil into this country.

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.

"OLD JIM CROW." Tennyson, in "Lockley Hall," writes of "the many wintered crows that leads the clanking rookery home," testifying to the longevity of the bird. Others have paid similar tribute, and every farmer boy will tell you of his wariness and wisdom. One recent writer has suggested that the crows are migrating to the west, moving their habitat from the east to the more open spaces. Whether this be true or not, Nebraska farmers have complained lately of the flocks that have created some havoc with growing things of late years, and are accused of driving out many birds who are more useful or at least less harmful. On a recent journey across the state to the Pacific coast I observed many flocks of crows in regions where I never had noticed so many before. This may bear out the statement that the crow is going west.

Most of the cases against the crow on account of his capacity for destruction must rest on his insatiable curiosity. He is an inveterate noser after knowledge and will do anything, just to find out the effect. He is wary, watchful, difficult to approach and hard to catch. The boy who has achieved something to be proud of, invariably, when a flock of crows is feeding, a sentinel will be stationed. Stop your car and get out and no attention will be paid to your lift anything out of the car, a stick, a gun, or any similar article, and the sentinel immediately sounds his warning, and long before you can get within range every crow will be singing his way to safety.

This brings me to what I wanted to boast about. When a small lad, a good many years ago, I became somewhat expert with the bow and arrow, or at least so fancied myself. On one expedition I shot a crow, wounding him in one of his wings. After something of a chase among the trees, I succeeded in tying up his beak and claws and carried him home in triumph.

The minute I put him down on the floor and loosened his bonds, he became one of the family, not offering to escape. My father fixed his wounded wing so that he recovered its use, but never did he try to fly away, although he often visited the high tree tops around the house, he always returned. Jim, for that naturally was his name, could not or would not make friends with either the family cat, and they soon learned to let him alone, for he could put up a very pretty fight in his own behalf. He was very friendly with all members of the family, and was a number of simple little tricks, which he delighted to show.

His most marked trait, though, was his mischief. Especially was he attracted by bright things, and spoons and the like were his weakness. His hiding place was up in the garret, where he was at home and where he deposited his plunder. It was one of my regular duties to climb a ladder into the garret and search under the eaves for the missing things. Jim frequently pulled to pieces articles that he could, apparently for no other reason than to see what they contained or were made of. He did not attain the many winters of Tennyson's crow, but he was the source of much amusement to the family and the neighbors for many years, finally coming out second best in a midnight battle with a big tomcat, which cost his life.

T. W. McCULLOUGH.



"The People's Voice"

Editorials from readers of The Morning Bee are invited to use this column freely for expression on matters of public interest.

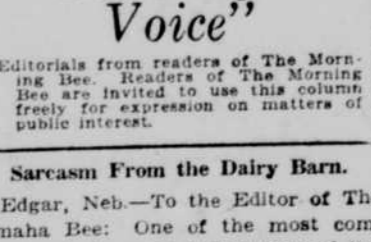
Sarcasm From the Dairy Barn.
Edgar, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: One of the most common, yet the most undesirable of human traits is ingratitude. It was therefore with great regret that I read the letter of Mr. Peterson's, which, no doubt, represents the feelings of the majority of farmers. It is too bad when the bankers and commission men of our great cities are so willing to help us, that we will have none of it. When we have such a chance to benefit ourselves and our fellow men and then turn it down.

Butter fat is now 49 cents, and going up possibly still higher. But one has to buy it. How, then, can the poorer citizens of the towns pay its great price for butter? It seems to me that to bring down the price we must reach the farmer should be willing to give up a few hours of his time. Any expert milker could take on a dozen or more cows in an hour, then allow an extra hour twice a day for feeding and cleaning out the barn or bedding the animals among the calves, you see would add only four hours to the day. I don't know of any farmer who works more than 18 hours a day now. No polecat got along nicely on four hours sleep. Why shouldn't farmers? Surely they don't hope to be greater than Napoleon. But a farmer is a stubborn animal, and if he won't, he won't, and that's an end of it.

However, all is not lost yet. The commercial clubs and bankers are interested, and when they get all the praise, the farmers have had more than their share now. If the back yards are too small or missing, that need not worry them. They can get up quarters in the country club, in fact, they could use the golf links. Each have his old little shed for his 12 cows and motor out each night and morning with his family. He could teach his boys and girls to milk and feed the calves, while his wife would be delighted to wash up the milk dishes. No woman has tasted real happiness until she has washed separator daily for several years.

The more I think of this plan the more it appeals to me. Think of all these philanthropists forced to spend time on golf and in the clubs for entertainment after their work is done when they might have been milking their own nice little herd of 12 cows and feeding their 12 little calves. It's not only themselves and their great benefit to their fellow men in lowering the price of butter, but also the blessing it would confer upon their children to help in such work.

Wish, gentlemen, that you would



Abe Martin

"Economy in office an 'reduction of taxes!' I remember of 'hearin' that ole ruse when I was a boy." Says Uncle Niles Turner, 103. Silence can't be misquoted, but it kin be misinterpreted.

take this matter up carefully at your next club meeting, and if it seems with your approval, as I am sure it will, I have some other little hints that will be of great benefit to your club.

JOHN DOW.
The Annual Problem.
A good memory is the one that retains the method by which you managed to regulate the heat of the furnace last year.—Baltimore Sun.

Roll of Honor

Have you read the roll of honor? From across Dublin bay, Have you seen where O'Connor, Fell with Cohen, side y side? One was nicknamed Irish paddy, From across Dublin bay, And the other was a lady— From the ghetto of Broadway.

Then Grzhbovsky and Gabriell, Here comes Poland greeting Rom, Some were wounded in St. Michel; Many never did come home.

Not come a Jones, a Texas blackie, None no other rank but "Boss." All were dressed up in proud khaki— In their heart one noble cause. PINE TWERSKY.

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16th and Harney—Omaha
The Center of Convenience

Popular Saturday Free Concert

Nov. 10, 1923, 3:30 P. M. Lasts One Hour.
The fifth this season of these popular Saturday concerts. Come and bring your friends. The following well-known local artists make up the program: Celso Solo played by Hans Hanke; Piano Solo by Rebecca Garrop, pupil of Mrs. F. Stewart; Violin Solo by Leon Chall, pupil of Harry Kononovich; Vocal Solo by Mrs. Harold Crew, accompanist Florence R. Marsh; Recitation by Ed Quest and Herbert Kaplin, pupils of Miss Amy Woodruff; Piano Solo by Lela Jensen, pupil of Karl E. Tunberg; Song and Dance by the Whitebrook Sisters; String Sextette by Louise Schaubert, Hazel Bell, Henry Jorgensen, John Fleming, Boyden Williker, Helen Williams and Jean Sterling.

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A regular \$1 seller everywhere. Finest quality. Get in on this big Saturday special. 29c



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Saturday we offer 250 Beautiful HATS!

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A closeout of all early Winter Hats, embracing every new material and type of trimming. Hats for every occasion in every color; bewitching in style; these hats are worth three and four times this extremely low price.

Beddeo's Fall Festival and Dance

Empress Rustic Gardens, Monday Evening, Nov. 12
Special Prizes—Many Novelties
Apply at store for any number of tickets you may desire. They are FREE. We invite you to be our guest at this Fall Festival Dance. Form your parties and make request for tickets.

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION

for October, 1923, of THE OMAHA BEE
Daily 72,205
Sunday 76,995
Does not include returns, leftovers, 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 November, 1923.
W. H. QUIVEY,
(Seal) Notary Public.

Daily Prayer

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.—Phil. 4
Our Father, we thank Thee for Thy goodness to us during the night. Thou hast watched over us whilst we slept. Now we pray Thee to guard and guide us through this day. May Thy presence be with us. As our day, so may our strength be.
May the love of our hearts and manifest in our conduct. Enable us to resist evil, to endure trial, to overcome difficulties, and in all things to do Thy will.
May we first do, may we do it with our might.
Keep us from becoming discouraged. May Thy joy become our strength. May Thy word be in our hearts and in our hands. May Thy word be a lamp to our feet and a light to our path. Keep our hearts and minds pure and lovely. Give us a good report. Supply all our needs this day. Make all things work together for our good. We ask in Jesus' name. Amen.
DAVID M. BURNETT, D.D., Cincinnati, Ohio

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