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## THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

David felt as many another has since, and surely before him, that in the sacred precincts of the church he would find a consolation, a rest, and a respite that would not come to him elsewhere. The great temple had not yet been builded at Jerusalem; that was a work which had been denied to David, but was to be carried out by his son, but in the city was a place that had been consecrated to the worship of Jehovah, just as Moses had set up the tabernacle in the wilderness.

Long before the day of Moses temples had been erected in many lands, where many gods had been worshiped, and in most of them, in some form, tribute was paid to the true God. For as religion developed among men, the expanding mind drew more clearly its conception of the divine power that governed and guided all things, and this unerringly tended to the sublime thought of the Supreme Ruler, creator, preserver, destroyer.

To Him men have turned in their sorrow, in their perplexity, in their hour of need. Some have gone to Him in their rejoicings, in the time of their triumphs, and gratefully returned thanks for blessings bestowed and mercies enjoyed. Yet more go there for comfort, for consolation, guidance and assistance. Just as the mind of man has unfolded and steadily approached that all-controlling mind, whose single thought brought forth the universe, and from whom flows all the laws that keep the stars in their courses, and order in its place, men turn with surer thought to the sanctuary.

In cloisters dim the penitent pours out his sorrow and contrition, begging forgiveness and mercy; on the bare floor the weary mortal seeks for inspiration that will show him the way. In the dim light of the old chapel, under the rose window of the cathedral. in the temple or the woods, wherever a shrine is set, mankind looks for sustenance to the never-failing source of all power, and draws from on high the help he needs. God reigns through all the world, hears all prayers, and understands all languages.

In his soliloguy, Alexander Selkirk complained that the wilds about him "never heard the sound of a church-going bell," yet he learned that God was there, just as real in his presence as if many a spire rose from the little speck of land on which the mariner had been cast. Some tell us that in a solitude the falling tree makes no sound, for there is no ear to hear its crash, yet that downfall disturbs the air just the same. If the physical effects that would produce sound exist, is that not proof that the divine influence that directs all these things is also present? What a majestic thought it is, throughout the whole of a universe whose boundaries outreach the grasp of a finite mind, exists the Infinite?

David was glad when they said to him, "Let us go into the house of the Lord," and so should we all be this Sabbath morning. The house of the Lord inwites us, and none will be any the worse and some may be the better for spending an hour or two there.

## PUBLIC TASTE BEST CENSOR.

It is well to go cautiously when dealing with matters the great human race is supposed to decide for itself. All well enough to express an opinion as to the right or wrong, but very hazardous to lay down a hard and fast rule and demand that everybody toe the mark. One of these very delicate matters has to do with what is presented at the theater. Much agitation has been heard within the last few years concerning a censorship for the theaters. That has moved E. H. Sothern, one of the acknowledged leaders of the American stage, to express himself on the subject. He says:

"I am opposed to a censorship of plays. I believe that public opinion will best correct any error of taste in the presentation of a play. The general desire is for clean and wholesome entertainmentsuch as has ever been the most prosperous in America. The play of unpleasant flavor soon expires. One will be told that much that is exhibited on our stage is frivolous-well, very many people like what is light and trivial in the way of entertainment. nor should they be condemned to perpetual solemnity so long as what is gay is also free from offense. A censor might easily do more harm than good. In England and in some other countries such an official has been a source of contention constantly. "The privilege of free speech is not to be lightly

interfered with. A drama too strenuously controlled might dwindle into nothingness. "A really wise and capable censor would be al-

most impossible to find-his qualifications would to be numerous and superlative. The position might become political, which I should think would be deplorable. "I am for a free theater-the public and the

press will take care that it is a healthy theater. I am for community theaters, where a management of the people will produce fine plays at a small price without regard to profit. I am for a children's theater, where children will learn to love the best drama-not baby talk drama, but plays they will want to see again whenever they are finely played. Ambitious and capable actors have always had

the greatest influence on public taste, so let us pray for men and women who will aspire to play the

It will be well to listen to Mr. Sothern, who has never been connected with anything but worth while drama throughout his long and eminently successful career. He and his talented wife, Julia Marlowe, have reached the front place on the American stage through earnest, unremitting effort, always true to the ideal Mr. Sothern expresses in his statement. They must, therefore, be credited with sincerity, for they have practiced what they preached.

As to the community theater, and the children's theater, those are matters that will await development. The time may be ripe for one or for both, or the day may not have dawned. Yet it will come, for Americans want the play, and the present system under which the theater is controlled is not meeting the demand. A new group of managers may restore conditions as they were a few years ago, or the oldtime stock company may be revived. but one or the other, the public is not willing to starve much longer because the shortsighted managers are unwilling to feed it.

Sixty days in jail will take quite a bit of the glamor off sisterly devotion that induces perjury.

## ARMISTICE DAY.

Armistice day! What echoes it arouses of that time when millions of men were pitted in desperate conflict, striving for mastery, to set up principles for the control of all men. What a blessed relief The oily politicians with their noisy came with the hour set for the cessation of hostilities on that day. Most of it seems like a troubled dream now, yet recollections of the events of those years of tension are vivid in all minds.

We have not achieved all we promised ourselves that day. It must never happen again, the words of our late president, still ring in our ears. We hope and trust, every true American, that it will never happen again, but we can not look with other than concern on what is going on abroad. Slowly the embers of hatred and prejudice, of jealousy, spite, revenge are dying down, yet now and then in some center they break out so fiercely as to threaten a renewal of the conflagration in whose flames all humanity was seared.

Some day this, too, will pass, for there must come an end to the strife and bickerings that mar the progress of the race. Man's destiny is onward to better things, to the full realization of all that was hoped for, yea, promised, to come of the war. If all that has not come to pass, it is because imperfect human judgment, obdurate human nature, still blocks the way it can not forever obstruct.

European nations turn to America, and find us neither unsympathetic nor without response to their cries. What we can not do in the present crisis is to take sides. We want to help all, for we are friendly to all, and can not consent to anything less than such friendship entails. Our steadfastness in this is the possible guaranty of our deep concern and our unwillingness to be swept away from a sure foundation to establish a temporary peace. Permanent peace will only come when all nations are ready to accept the great lesson the American republic has shown to the world

Armistice day means this, and much more to our people. Thousands of lives and billions of treasure were spent by them in the name of freedom for all people, and that sacrifice was not and shall not be in

### FATHER AND SON WEEK.

Sunday begins Father and Son week, and it going to be very generally observed by Omaha organizations. Doubtless it will be generally observed all over the country. This is as it should be. There is something fine about the spectacle of a big gathering of fathers and sons around a banquet table; something fine about the growing spirit of comradeship evidenced on all sides. Fathers deeply immersed in business cares, have been prone to forget that their boys are worth cultivating. Boys busy with their own problems and pleasures are very apt to forget that father might be a pretty good fellow to chum with and confide in.

Son may get the notion into his head that dad is an old fogy, but the chances are that dad could give the boy a flying start and then beat him in planning a day's real sport. Father may get the notion into his head that the boy has no problems worthy of dad's consideration, but if he could get right up next to the boy and win his confidence, the chances are he would discover that the boy's problems were as perplexing to him as other problems are to dad.

A tremendous lot of misunderstandings and heartaches and disappointments would be avoided if dad and the boy would get together oftener for an exchange of confidences. No business is worth tions. No game is worth the winning that keeps the boy from looking upon his father as the very best chum he can find. The boy would have a better appreciation of dad's toil and sacrifices if he knew more about them. And dad would have a better understanding of the boy if he would only take an understanding interest in the boy's problems.

Father and Son week is a mighty fine idea. A better one is to have 52 consecutive weeks in every year for fathers and sons to get together and exchange confidences and hopes and aspirations.

## AMERICA'S GREATEST HONOR.

"Only a nameless woman," but out of a heart overflowing with gratitude she writes to Secretary Hughes to express her thanks for what was done for her and for the other women and children of Japan when Americans rushed to relieve the distress and suffering that followed after the terrible earthquake disaster. Her letter is placed by the secretary above all other communications, even that of the emperor, on the same subject, and properly so.

It was the woman who lingered in the throng, hoping for a chance to touch the skirt of His garment as He passed to whom Christ said, "Thy faith has made thee whole." Her name is written in no history, for she was but one of the multitude surrounding the teacher whose presence drew crowds then even as it would today, and all the more was her faith effective because of that fact. So with this woman of Japan. She will typify to the world the heart of her nation, stirred by the generous endeavor of

A "nameless" soldier is buried in Arlington emetery, in the name of all the people of the United States, a shrine to which all patriots will turn through the centuries to come. So also will be it be with the letter from the woman of Japan, who spoke with sincerity for all those who suffered. America has won high honors and great glory in the estimation of the world, but none that becomes us as a people more than we have achieved by the unquestioning wift of succor to those who are in need. Almoners of God's bounty, our greatest triumphs have been won when we placed that bounty at the service of the afflicted.

It may be all right to arrest women the same as men, but Superintendent Dunn is correct when he says it is the function of the court to punish. A woman speeder, however, is just as dangerous as a

Oregon, it appears, did adopt the income tax law, but the greater fact is that a majority of the state's voters did not express an opinion one way or the other by the ballot.

A Beatrice boy has won distinction as an athlete and he heads his class in college, which shows it can Poincare will not even have the satisfaction of

trying his case if he keeps on the way he is going

The Stokes case being ended, the janitor may now disinfect the court room. Lawyers out in Lincoln county seem to be im-

Does the Armistice spirit cling to you?

## Prairiegraphs

MY HOUR OFF.

clack and clatter May engulf me as I do my daily grind. But when ev'ning comes their clatter is a thing that doesn't matter.

For I leave their bunch of chatter After supper, with the smoke wreaths curling up towards the ceiling And my tired feet in easy slippers

er my soul there comes a stealing such a glorious sort of feeling That I think of politicians with dis-

You may lean upon my shoulder and talk long about the tariff, Or discourse on reparations all you

During working hours, but hear me, am pretty sure to swear if You attempt that sort of thing when I'm at ease.

When the evening meal is over and i easy chair I'm seated, That's the hour all that worries

And the oily politicians can rave

I've got 'em cheated, For I wouldn't listen to 'em on a You may talk of Ford, of Johnson

Trying hard to give a line on each of them. You may talk of prohibition, or repeal,

until you're blue, But you'll have to let me go at p. m. After that I wouldn't listen for a

ment to your chatter, For I'm due to grab the chance love best. When I'm home with wife and chil-

That is where my life's worth living, and I rest.

an ulterior motive in everything pro-I look upon my neighbors with sus of corn. going to the demnition bow-wows because it will not listen to me; when gage in-I say, when the time comes on the stalk.

A local contemporary, describing a song rendered by a noted soprano, corr spoke of her colorful tones. Even our the great prima donnas are singing thos

ing very seriously. If he means remnants and bright odds and ends is blurred and politicians. I must decline to answer on the ground that I have already given the Recording Angel too much

A generation ago mother would say as her son left the house: "Don't stay out late, Willie." Now, when Will starts for his hat mother shricks:

'Don't you dare take the young man. Your father and I want it to go to the dance of the Jazz Lovers Jiggling Jambo and my feet are too sore to walk. What Bill says as he goes out is not to be repeated.

It is a wise father who never strikes My companion made a purchase, one of his children, except in self-de-

Bill Quivey's dog, which animal ould rather have a bath than a juicy beefsteak, to hear Bill tell it, isn't in with my dog. . That dog of mine will stop eating any time to engage in favorite pastime of scratching

It is a wise husband who always gives his wife half of his poker winnings, no matter if he loses.

Up to date no scientific gent or re searcher in social psychology has discovered why children wear out their shoes faster when shoes are high price than they do when shoes are comparatively cheap.

There was a young lady in Blair Who boasted of her beautiful hair. 'Twas her constant delight To remove it each night To hang o'er the back of a char.

Kansas City is raising \$900,000 for charitable purposes, which is a high mark to shoot at and necessitates omaha raising her sights.

Having forgotten most of the Latin I learned at school I am at a look give a scientific name to the thing Eating grapes of Iowa from that is carrying off so many citizens.

Grandma's homestead vine." learned at school I am at a loss to but Hootcheritis strikes me as being amply descriptive.

To be sure we should deport the aliens who make it. We'll only have to provide a burial place for those

Young folk may think they are having a good time at their social func-tions these days, but what young fellow of today ever had the joy of find-ing a red ear of corn when She was all of a tremble for fear there wouldn't be one in your pile of corn?

Now that the dramatic editor has had his say and the company has left for other parts, I summon up courage to say that I prefer Charley Ray on the screen to Charley Ray in the

A book written in 19 hours was awarded the Columbia university Very recently I have been as signed the task of reviewing several books that impressed me as having been written in less time than that, and with no effort at all.

One of the joys of this writing game somebody takes exceptions to what I write a If ever the time comes when very dy who reads these scriven-ing lagres with all of them, I will be convinced that I am no longer writing anything worth reading. It be charged that I am doing that now, but an occasional note of protest keeps me heartened up,

Comments called forth by the recents

ath of Judge Oldham were confined

chiefly to his ability as a lawyer and

his reputation as an orator. rved all of the eulogies, but I want to call attention to the fact that udge Oldham was at his best in lose companionship with kindred ouls, recalling incidents of other days and commenting with bubbling humor on current topics. He could describe a friend in fewer words than any man I ever knew, and in a single sectence strip hypocrites and pretend-ers to the hide. His pungent wit. ever directed against his friends; his ability to expose sham and pretense and his never failing humor, made him a delightful companion. One never foregathered in any company where Bill Oldham was without car

rying away something to remembe WILL M. MAUPIN.

The Fun We Had Out of Nothing By ANNE PEDERSEN. TES. I had a doll with curly bair of ribbon came in handy. We put

times we youngsters had, with toys that never were bought, toys that grew in our minds, and were picked rom tree, bush or field, cut from iper, gathered from the corn fields, constructed from whatever mater-Perhaps first and foremost came our

paper dolls of every form and decription, always patterned after some and names. Sometimes we cut them from old newspapers and they were features. them from white paper, gave them the most beautiful scalloped dresses, black or golden curls, a smiling or cowling mouth and dresses of rain-

bow hue I remember our pet lamb utterly destroyed one whole family while we were attending to the welfare of our neighbors, who live in another part amb, for a few days. We accused it of trying to eat our very nicest family, and knew positively that it was impossible to make another like

individual. have never owned a stable full of bit of childish pride in ownership. dren, all your politics don't mat-

coarser ones were our draft horses or our "scrubs." If we wanted a snowy When the time comes that I can see peel the skin off. We worked them, We worked them, had been. named them, traded and raced them, posed by men; when I believe that all public officials are dishonest; when fed them on sweet clover and kernels We treated them as if they is lived and breathed.

A time of year we were particular-I believe that all men charged with ly anxious for was the time of year her "Tamie;" the kittens we drowned the management of big public service when the corn begins to slik. When corporations are crooks and thieves; the soft yellow and red hair begins and red bit that fell from its nest when I believe that politics is too rot. to creep out of its green shell and perished in the night; the hoot en for decent men and women to en- hang in straight or curling ringlets owl, with its bright eyes and snappy

a majority of them, I am going to put begged, coaxed and pleaded to be alrope around my neck, take a dose lowed to make a trip to the corn field. tried so hard to save; even of poison, shoot myself, and then Usually it took quite a little pleadjump over a cliff, shouting, "Here ing, for mother must ask our renter if he cared if we took perhaps a

The trip was fun. We ran from stalk to stalk, for when you can have A friend asks me what Nebraska it pays to pick those with the longest, farmers are thinking about these days.

If he means politics, they are thinkbe dressed; that's where mother's

Y and eyes that closed, a tea set an enormous bow in Miss Corn Doll's blue, all the things little girls hair and a bright sash around her like most, or are supposed to like waist to brighten her dull green dress, most, yet, when I try to think back At night we put them in the outside most, yet, when I try to think back at high we put them in the butshed to the fun I had with any one of them my mind is a blank.

Instead there intrudes the good of life was brief.

The mother hens were rosebuds or flict. perhaps hollyhocks, and the eggs were the buds. In the evening we set our "hens" in a place that would be shady no reparations, no indemnity. To during the day, among the tall, dewey family we knew, both as to number grass and, perhaps you doubt it, but grass and, perhaps you doubt it, but in a couple of days our eggs would hatch and little dwarfed roses or holcorrect to go through life without any lyhocks, fully open, would smile up ism, and the idea that might is right; eatures. At other time we made at us from their dewey nest. We fed to usher in peace upon earth among to usher in peace upon earth among the nations and to forever abolish them sand to make them' grow.

Tired of raising poultry, or racers,

ers for trimming. The burdock leaf, carry the farmer's pest, was our favorite years. You see, each paper doll was an

have never owned a state full of thistle. It was very stylish, if the gold star mothers of today point beauties like ours, you have missed a clined to use its stickers. Our hats to the tremendous price the nation bit of childish pride in ownership.

Our horses were long, slim shoots ers were willing to pay the price, so the control of the step of the s financial success.

We had another interest that was back of the orchard. hopes, we had none of them, but our

The squirrel the cat caught after it was so tame; the white leghorn, ples was so friendly that we named mouth, that sickened and died when tions protected better today than we whispered to mother— we tried to tame it; the rabbit that the restriction of the restriction we rescued from our playful pup and is war forever banished, do the prin black pig we had no love for, but

> rounded and clean and covered them Germany is preparing a country the grown-up world seemed to do. The moments were never dull. Each eason brought the material for some turmoil. thing new and different.

## Grandma's Homestead Vine By ALTA WRENRICK BROWN.

was seated in a Pullman. By a brother bent with age; 'er the great divide we journey Through its brush of sage. Vhen my view of Rocky mountains, Robed in icy capes, Was arrested by the train boy's 'Will you buy some grapes?"

Treated me and said: "They're fine-But they're nothing like the clusters On our homestead vine! In a low-ceiled, oak-beamed cottage, 'Way back there in Iowa, resided with grandmother

In my boyhood's day. What a wealth of luscious berries That one huge grapevine amassed, And how valiantly it weathered Storms that o'er it passed! Dear grandmother! I can see her gray Quaker cap and gown.

With the quaint and kindly twinkle In her eyes of brown! With wee wrinkled hands, as snowy As her saintly crown of hair-Please excuse my tears!-Oh so true

off she deftly snipped the vintage-Sun-kist, dew-sprent, rouged with And, sure's you are born, sir, bearing

Edenland's perfume! Ah! The sight of grapes bring back,

'Child, come take thy cho Somehow, I recall more clearly, As my years of life decline,

To this day, her sad, sweet voice, With its tender tremble, saving:

"He's in bed with some green apples." was the reply.—Judge. (Copyright, 1922.)

# Daily Prayer

O God, we come to Thee as children for blood out over the world at a mo me to their father to ask for Thy ment's notice. oving care and protection. We know of life or death, and before we enter this untried, unknown future we would commit our way to Thee, remembering Thy promise that Thou wilt direct paths. We thank Thee for the most unnoticed and forgotten. We thank Thee for the special blessings which are the evidences of Thy per sonal care over us. Because of Thy ask Thy mercy for our sins, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. We pray that Thou wilt give us moment by moment both spiritual and material blessings. Help us to trust Thee when we can-not understand, knowing Thy word s true that all things work together for good to them that love God. We pray that all those who belong to us may belong to Thee, and that Thy benefits and blessings may extend to all mankind everywhere. day when Christ shall reign in every ne and heart throughout the entire world. May not one of our dear one and friends be missing in that land of glad and blessed reunion beyond he valley of the shadow. We give hee praise for the privilege of prayer and for the gifts which have been and

will be ours because of Thy loving kindness and tender mercy. Amen. JOHNSTON MYERS, D. D., Chicago, Ill. A New Malady. A neighbor of the Joneses, fond of he Jones' children, with whom she iked to talk, as they were bright, met Billy Jones one day, and wondered why he was alone, as usually his little brother accompanied him.
"Where is Tommy?" she asked.

# Sale of 12,500-Acre Ranch

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This ranch is ideally located on the main line of the St. L., B. & M. R. R., about 100 miles southwest of Houston and 20 miles from the Gulf. Townsite on the property. Lake, irrigating canals, artesian wells, about 900 acres timber, about 5,000 acres irrigated rice land, about 6,600 acres in grazing and general farming. All irrigable and tillable except timber. Well

Large, modern house containing hall, two living rooms, dining room, butler's pantry, kitchen, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, wide verandas, sleeping porches, electricity and telephone. Servants' quarters, several barns, grain warehouses, silos, corrals, machine shop, vegetable garden, rose garden, etc. Delightful climate, abundant water supply, rich soils, excellent transportation facilities, good roads and interesting oil pros-

The above described property to close estate will be sold under sealed bids. All bids to be accompanied by a certified check for 5 per cent of the amount bid, and deposited with The First National Bank of Bay City, Texas, on or before 2 o'clock p. m., December 15, 1923. All bids shall be opened and successful bidder determined under direction of said bank. The owner reserves the right to accept or reject any or all bids. Checks deposited by unsuccessful bidders will be returned by the Bank immediately after the award.

Terms of sale, \$150,000.00 cash, balance to be evidenced by Vendor's Lien note, due five years after date, bearing 6 per cent interest payable annually.

For reference, write The First National Bank of Bay City or Palacios State Bank, Palacios, Texas. For all other information address

The Stoddard Ranch, Buckeye, Texas

## Out of Today's Sermons

Rev. Herman G. Heuser, minister Miller Park Presbyterian church, will preach this morning on the topic, "The Question of the Hour-Has the World War Been in Vain?" He will say:

To find an answer to this question chickens, far more beautiful chickens one must consider two things: First, than the most progressive breeder of the principles that moved us as a nather two things: tion to enter into this gigantic con-flict. Our part in the world war

Second, to carefully consider the or bringing up a family of nerve-rack-ing corn dolls, we turned our attention flict. The price paid for peace and fought are accomplished. to the millinery business.

Here's where our brother came in handy. He served as our transportation line. We sent him far and near tions to achieve victory. A war debt to get leaves for our frames and flow.

The principles mentioned above. Billions of dollars were spent by the nations to achieve victory. A war debt to get leaves for our frames and flow. to get leaves for our frames and flow-the generations to come. People will erhood of man, peace on earth, good ers for trimming. The burdock leaf, carry the burdens of taxation for will among men. Then when ideals the farmer's pest, was our favorite years. Property uprooted—land-land dreams come true that we had hat frame, it was so soft and velvety. marks of inestimable value destroyed when we entered the struggle, will and expensive. We had, however, as and expensive. We had, however, as many styles and shapes as there were types of leaves in our community.

No one can determine the value of step made in the civilization of the community. individual.

Types of leaves in our community.

For trimming we had flowers from our paper dolls for the time our garden, every wild flower that being lost their charm, there was our grew, feathers the chickens had disposed.

The paper doll was an inally syles and snapes as there was in our community.

No one can determine the value of property loss during the world war. But, above all, the price paid in man power. Yes, men. Those that sleep world and the kingdom of God become a reality. carded. We even used the prickly in Flanders field under the poppies, thistle. It was very stylish, if in the gold star mothers of today point

or saplings, with leafy tails. The slen-or saplings, with leafy tails. The slen-our millinery season was always a men, clad in khaki, testify to the price paid by our nation and represent the scrutinizing the principles for which ot all joy, as these other interests we entered, carefully weighing the That was our graveyard in sacrifice made—thinking men are orchard. Not of buried asking htis question, "Has the world going south a month ahead of the asking htis question, "Has it paid to war been in vain?" Has it paid to average flitting. But the negroes are sacrifice our sons on the altar of war still coming north, and maybe one weather sign balances another. homes-was it worth while?

survey the fruits of the war. Is civ ilization better today for the world war? Has barbarism ceased, is ruth less destruction a thing of the past other been vanquished, are weaker na ciples of Christ reign? Look at the nations across the sea

Turkey, the oppressor of peoples, wo From our sand pit we got the head the victory at Lausanne and now is pieces for our graves, put on them again strongly entrenched among the What for? Have you never had a in a childish scrawl some identification powers of the world. France, through the corn doll? Never picked one from the mark, kept the little mounds her Ruhr attitude and her policy in with flowers on Decoration day, as bolshevism and sowing seeds of re venge and hatred. Russia, although a republic, a nation of anarchy and turmoil. Propaganda through force and by the sword is their motto. Italy and the Balkan states ready to fly at one another's throats at a notice. Intrigue, false diplomacy wretched and abominable statesman ship has robbed Europe and the world of peace and prosperity. A veritable lava of hatred, revenge and thirstiness

> "Has the war been in vain?" Ou country today-has it been worth while the price we paid? Unrest is prevalent in the nation. Hatred and revenge for the vanquished foe still

aflame in the hearts of man. The greed for gold that hath grown out of war prosperity is breeding a selfish nation. The high and holy principles and results are forgotten.

The principles of the armistice, the Wilsonian 14 points are a dead issu long forgotten. The men of the world war, the disabled and wounded vet-erans, clad in khaki, receive no reward for their sacrifice. Their bonus s sidetracked—what little money set aside by the nation has become a channel of graft-yes, even money destined to restore health has been misused, stolen. I wonder if they feel whether or no erty, democracy, has been in vain?

I also believe in facing the facts; I believe out of it will come a better no reparations, no indemnity. To believe out of it will come a better protect our citizens upon the high

is everlasting. and high principles of Christianityseeking to abolish forever through love and just recognition the evils from off the face of the earth. Unfought are accomplished, all the sacri-

Personally we have never exactly experienced the thrill of refueling in

midair, but once we ordered a ham sandwich in a railroad station two minutes before train time.—Portland Even Things Up.

Not in Air. But on the Fly.

## Brooklyn Eagle. A Handy Place to Eat

The Center of Convenience

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THE OMAHA BEE Daily .........72,205 Sunday ......76,995 Does not include returns,

overs, 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



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on GREAT WHITE FLEET Cruises to the Caribbean

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