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TWENTY YEARS OF AVIATION.

When one hears the roar of the air mail going over the city, or sees the privately owned planes hopping off on the business of their owners, or reads that in Germany planes are being sold below the cost of the cheapest automobile on the market there, and that thousands of them are in daily use, it is not easy to realize that the heavier-than-air flying machine is just twenty years old. Yet that is a fact.

Twenty years ago the Wright brothers were down in the secluded sand hills of North Carolina, at Kitty Hawk, experimenting. It was there they first accomplished a successful flight. What has followed reads more like a romance. While the Wrights reaped where Langley had sown, and with the advantage of the one thing Langley needed, the light-weight power plant, they did make the first successful application of the principle the great inventor had discovered, and so are honored as pioneers in aviation.

The business of flying still is in its infancy, and he will be a bold or thoughtless man who will undertake to define its limits. Speed equivalent to four miles a minute has been attained; altitude of over seven miles; flight across the Atlantic accomplished; one great airship flew from New York to San Diego without stop; daily the air mail carries tons of letters between great cities; mail has been carried from New York to San Francisco in less than the span of a single day, and other marvels have been recorded. Aviation is certain to take a much greater part in the affairs of man than is yet understood.

On Monday, December 17, the twentieth anniversary of the first successful flight by the Wrights at Kitty Hawk, is to be appropriately commemorated, the National Aeronautic society having arranged for its observance. The public may generally contribute to the day's notability by giving a moment's thought to the service of these men. In other lands monuments have been erected to the Wrights; why not in America, where the greatest possibilities exist, and where the saddest neglect of the opportunity is noticed?

BANDITS CONTINUE THEIR CARNIVAL.

What shall we do with our bandits? Each day brings forth new and startling accounts of their activities, and seldom is there record of many of them being brought to account. In Chicago streets on Friday, according to the press dispatches, bullets flew like rice at a wedding while the police battled with three bandits who escaped with \$4,700 but had seized from a bank messenger. About the same time in St. Louis another band had a little worse of an encounter with the guards of an express truck that was carrying \$1,000,000 consigned to a local bank. Guards opened fire, which the robbers replied to and fled.

Such incidents are entirely too common. William McAdoo, presiding magistrate of the New York police courts, makes one suggestion that deserves consideration. For the solution of the New York City problem, he proposes to station at least one policeman at every intersection in the crowded part of the city, so that there will always be help within easy call of anyone, and a policeman ready to intercept the flight of bandits. He calls attention to the thousands of young men throughout the country who are resolutely opposed to doing any sort of honest labor. These live well, dress well, and have no outward signs of any honest means of support. Judge McAdoo would have the police inspect every pool hall and similar place of resort each day, carefully question the inmates as to why they are idle, and on what means or by what method they live. Those who do not give satisfactory answers should be treated as vagrants.

These suggestions are elementary, and relate to the activity of the police alone. Were Omaha to attempt to apply either, it would mean the expansion of our local police force, which is admittedly too small in numbers to properly patrol the territory it is expected to protect. Safety from highwaymen, day or night, will cost something, but it may be worth all it costs in the long run.

ANOTHER WORTHY NEGRO POET.

Steady progress of the American negro in art and literature, as well as in industry and the applied sciences, is given support by the fact that a negro has just won a prize in poetry contest. Countee P. Cullen has been awarded second prize in the Witter Bynner undergraduate poetry contest, in which 600 representatives of universities and colleges took part. One of the three judges is reported to have voted to award first place to Cullen, who is a student at New York university. The winner of the first prize is Maurice Leseman of the University of Chicago.

Cullen's topic was "The Ballad of the Brown Girl," and his poem contains 200 lines, its theme being presented in these verses:

Oh, lovers never barter love
For gold or fertile lands
For love is meat and love is drink
And love leads love's commands.

And love is shelter from the rain
And scowling stormy skies:
Who casts off love must break his heart
And rue it till he dies.

Cullen, who is the son of a Methodist minister, has shown much aptitude for writing as he has progressed through school, although he says it is not his ambition to shine as a poet. He plans on a teaching career, when he has finished his education.

A deep sense of race consciousness oppresses him at times, he says, and he then writes to relieve it. We wonder if he will repeat the unfortunate experience of the hero of "Birthright," or if he will be permitted to give those of his race the benefit of his talent and not be broken against the solid wall of prejudice against which were shattered the hopes and dreams of Stirling's unhappy mulatto?

Whatever his future may be, young Cullen is proving his right to a place in the sun and a full share of the benefits and blessings of a cultured civilization.

FIRST FAMILIES OF SOUTHWEST.

Archaeology is one of the most attractive of sciences, for, with ethnology for a companion, it traces man back to the earliest starting point. Carefully, persistently, and ruthlessly, archaeology brushes away the dust of forgotten centuries, and brings out the life that is buried under the debris of ages. Homes and habits of men are reconstructed from the potsherd and fragments found in the excavations of tumuli formed from ruins of once happy homes, and the religion, politics, industry and social customs of the vanished races are reconstructed with mathematical accuracy, because of the story laid bare by the bits of bone, shell, flint, obsidian and poorly baked pottery brought to light.

And these discoveries are readily to tradition. Many a beautiful legend has vanished like a morning mist before the light science sheds on its origin. One of the latest of these to undergo the demolition by archaeology will interest Nebraskans, for it has to do with the "Seven Cities of Cibola." The proud title of King Ak-Sar-Ben will have to be diminished by omitting that of Duke of Cibola, unless it be the purpose to extend his domain far beyond the limits of Quivera.

A commission from the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution is just now excavating in two of the cities of Cibola, in New Mexico, and so far their inquiries have fully justified the contempt exhibited by Coronado, when he discovered what their treasure really was. Hawikuh, first viewed by a European when Fra Marcos di Niza, the intrepid Spanish priest, gazed upon its walls in 1539, is the first of these cities, and Kechipauu is the other. What has so far been discovered merely confirms the belief that they were Zuni pueblos, and had not been occupied longer than two or possibly three centuries prior to the coming of the Spaniards.

As the Zunis had no metals, and knew nothing of them before the Europeans came, Coronado found no such booty as Cortez took in Mexico or Pizarro in Peru, while the turquoise gems, sacred to the Zunis, were beneath his consideration. Something more worth while did come out of the venture. Coronado had no thought of returning to make report to Mendoza of the wild goose chase he had been sent on, and so pushed his expedition farther into the new land.

He penetrated far into what is now Nebraska, discovered nothing of which the Spaniards availed themselves, but he did leave what proved a benefit to the tribes he encountered. That was the horse. His were the first Indians of the western plains had ever seen, although the fossil beds of Nebraska are rich with remains of the progenitor of the horse of today. Thus archaeology completes its circle, and draws together two ends of the fabric of science that in its truth is more engrossing in its interest than any romance ever spun. We can survive without the Seven Cities of Cibola, for we have the record of Coronado's splendid adventure, and we have the magnificent horse of the day, as well as the bones of Eohippus and even some of his ancestors, back as far as the Pliocene.

Incidentally, the investigators at the abandoned Zuni pueblos are firmly convinced that they have discovered evidence of a race that preceded the Zunis. It is certain that the Zuni of 500 years ago was far above his descendants in a social way, and probably the race he succeeded was above him. These are the things the archaeologist and ethnologist are finding out for us.

President Obregon now has a little rebellion on his hands. He might compromise it along the lines of a recent congressional compromise—promising the rebels that if they will lay down he will give them what they want in case he decides that he wants to give them what they want.

If the movie magnates do move their studios from Los Angeles it may mean a rush of enforcement officers across the continent to head off the removal of what has at times seemed the chief equipment of some of the film artists.

Our Pacific coast neighbors are again boasting of the length of life in their happy land. Which brings up irresistibly the old answer to the stage conundrum, "They don't live longer—it just seems longer."

"I want to go out in the woodlands green, and stand 'neath the mighty trees," warbles Dorothy Parker. It's all right with us, Dorothy, dear, but we would advise you to wrap up carefully and put on your goloshes.

Plutarco Calles has shown his patriotism by giving up his candidacy for the office of president to assist Obregon in putting down the De la Huerta rebellion. It may prove a good stroke of politics at that.

Shooting the diners in a Chicago restaurant may have been after all, more merciful than killing them by the shock following the presentation of the dinner bill.

Henry Ford's railroad objects to being consolidated. As it will be no danger before Henry got it, it probably still is immune.

The British labor party is now up to where it will have to make good. And put up or shut up is usually the acid test.

If the movies do leave Hollywood, Los Angeles will still have the Iowa colony to fall back upon.

To the North Pole by air will not be such a notable feat. That's the way Doc Cook there.

Alvaro Obregon has but one hand, but he says the rebels will think it is made of iron.

When Silent Cal spoke everybody listened, and nearly everybody agreed.

The parade of bootleggers is not postponed, however.

These be the days when father gets his'n.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davies

THE LOVER SAID:

Last night we stood where maples meet
And whisper softly o'er the street;
I asked her for her love. She said,
"Too soon will summer time be sped."

Last night I told her of my plan,
And asked her ideal of a man.
She said, "How wonderful and bright
The stars are glistening tonight."

Last night my hopes began to blur—
I somehow lost my faith in her,
And felt, perhaps, as many do,
That maidens are often hard to woo.

"The People's Voice"

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

Licensing Motorists.

Omaha—To the Editor of the Omaha Bee: I have been much interested in an article in your issue of December 7, 1923, in which you have endeavored to bring about some plan to stop careless driving and speeding by motorists. You are certainly to be commended for your action in this matter but you seem to be placing all the blame on the man at the wheel. I believe you should take into consideration the responsibility that also rests on the automobile manufacturer, especially in the downtown district (I bring one of this class). Very few people seem to take into account the fact that a person driving a car has a powerful engine and is enabled to manage at all times and even if going 10 or 12 miles per hour it is not possible to stop instantly. You do not know from actual experience that people pay very little attention to a traffic officer or the general movement of traffic but crowd out in the street just as close to both sides of the road as possible. In my opinion, the only way to overcome the downtown accidents is to make the pedestrians and motorists equally responsible.

I believe also it is wrong to put any further taxes on the automobiles such as you propose charging for a license unless it would be a small charge of 25 or 30 cents as the purpose of this is certainly not to raise more money but to put a stop to careless and reckless driving; therefore another tax is unnecessary and unwise, would also suggest that the limit between Curlew street and Leavenworth and between Tenth and Twentieth be 15 miles per hour, the limit now being, I believe, 12 miles. It is a well known fact that the majority of the drivers to go over 12 miles so as not to congest traffic.

I also wonder after all the efforts you make for the pedestrian and the result will be to have all kinds of good laws dealing with this matter but with no results except a disregard of the law; as an instance, the parade which took place in Omaha on Monday of the same reason the above referred to ordinance, will not be enforced. It would seem you could do nothing better than start a campaign against the motorist who fails to obey the law. No law will accomplish its purpose unless those elected to enforce them, do their duty.

R. H. M.

Nebraska Farm Returns.

Elm Creek, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Nebraska land is still in demand. The price of alfalfa has advanced to \$1.25 per ton. Buffalo county farmers are not down and out with the largest acreage of alfalfa of any county in the state.

Trailing along the Lincoln highway to an alfalfa farm two miles east of Elm Creek, Neb., known as the Thomas Gass place and farmed by M. F. Gibson, is an alfalfa field. The alfalfa is in the field and ready for cutting. The alfalfa is in the field and ready for cutting. The alfalfa is in the field and ready for cutting.

This alfalfa was purchased by Besse Hay company of Kearney, Neb., and under date of December 6 their check was given to Mr. Gass for his half of the hay (the owner's share rental) \$2303.15. The alfalfa was cut and baled and some damaged hay rent share \$18.95.

Total received by land owner \$2322.10
Owner paid out for baling and delivery \$450.00

Balance net to owner \$1872.10
Fencing this 65-acre tract as it now stands with net returns of \$1,841.21 it makes the rent received for the 1923 crop just \$28.89 per acre.

Buffalo county farmers who are growing alfalfa should take note of the returns for 1923 almost equal to the Gass farm and this industry is here to stay and is attracting attention of the alfalfa industry.

CLARENCE G. BLISS.

Pity for the Germans.

Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I observe in surprise and amazement a recent communication by one Dell McCain, relative to Germany's reparations payments. How many more desperate plight than the one she is now in is beyond me.

He writes as though Germany had paid nothing. I wonder if he knows that a couple of months ago the reparations commission made public a report giving Germany credit for the payment of \$213,670,000 gold marks, the equivalent of 2,000,000,000 gold dollars, an amount twice the total of the French indemnity of 1871. In reality, they have paid more than three times this amount, as shown by the independent investigations of Moulton and Maguire (see their book, "Germany's Capacity to Pay") of the Institute of Economics at Washington.

Economic scientists tell us that a nation cannot pay reparations unless it is able to muster an excess of exports of goods and services over imports of goods and services, and yet since the war Germany has had, instead of a surplus, a cumulative deficit of approximately 10,000,000,000 gold marks.

The cause of the matter is, as every well informed man, I think, knows, that Germany has paid until she has impoverished herself and has rendered further payments for the present at least impossible.

The plight of the German people is desperate, almost beyond description. In the cities the masses are starving and living precariously on one meal a day, furnished by the government, which will not even be able to furnish this much longer than perhaps a few weeks. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of children are dying, older people all over Germany are committing suicide because of lack of sustenance. If it is only because the people of Germany are unable to pay the war debt, it will be only because they have been succored by charity from this country.

As the English writer, H. G. Wells, stated in an article in The Omaha Bee of October 7, 1923, the German people were rendered on promises held out to them by the 14 points of President Wilson and by the British propaganda of "Crawling Home." We promised the German people that if they would expect the Kaiser and abolish militarism that they would be treated with humanity and justice. They expected a day of starvation and millions of arms, making it impossible for them to resume resistance, and received terms of punishment so violent and vindictive that the best minds in the

LISTENING IN

On the Nebraska Press

The Nellig Leader has it all doped out that if Norris does not run for senator again he will run for governor. "Norris is one of the practical class of reformers," observes the Leader. "He does not promise wonders, but can be depended upon, if governor, to give the state an economical business administration of the best type without claiming credit for good crops or things over which he has no control."

"Prohibition has brought sunshine into many homes," asserts W. J. Bryan. "And moonshine into many others," chortles Fletcher Brewster of the Beaver City Times-Tribune.

Noting that Governor Bryan has senatorial ambitions, Charley Cass of the Ravenna News is wondering just how long it will take the governor's senatorial ambitions will be received by ex-Senator Hitchcock and his supporters.

"The News as a republican organ naturally has a chance for a president," says one of the editors of the Liberty News, "but it refuses to believe that the salvation of this nation rests on the shoulders of one man." And Lew was looking straight at Hiram Johnson, when he said it.

"Don't worry about Cal's silence," is the advice Fred Howard hands out in the Clay Center Sun. "Cal demonstrated in Boston that when he talked he said something."

The York Republican, noting the discussion about the two most wonderful things in the world, solves the whole thing by pronouncing Nebraska's governor for both of them.

A Nebraska City scientist announces that about 400 insects live through the hardest winter, and John Sweet of the Omaha Bee says that the fellow who always leaves the Daily Press office door open.

Hugh McGaffin of the Polk Progress writes that Nebraska voters are nothing to Senator Norris, having paid his way for the past 25 or 30 years. "And what has he given in return?" asks Hugh. This excited voter says he has seen many times Hugh voted for Norris.

The McCook Tribune says that Germany is now the only country in the world that has money burn. The chief drawback, observes the Tribune, is that it takes too much of the money to buy the match needed to start the fire.

After carefully noting for a couple of weeks what was going on, the Kearney Hub decides that nothing worth while has happened as a result of Hiram tossing his chapeau into the presidential ring.

Noting that Wrigley is to be Hiram Johnson's principal backer, the York Democrat says that he has no excuse whatever for chewing the rag during the campaign.

Ole Buck of the Harvard Courier will not believe that Governor Bryan is a wizard at price changing until he exercises his wizardry and hoists the prices of some things the farmers have to sell.

John Kearnes of the Beatrice Express says it may be all right to admit an immigrant on parole, but he insists that his baggage be searched for lectures.

Adam Breede still occupies space in his Hastings Tribune to talk about what he calls "Nebraska's fool marriage law." And Adam, you know, perhaps noted, never took advantage of Nebraska's marriage laws at any time.

Allan May, who contributes a department of verse and other things to the Omaha Bee, says he has studied the subject a great deal, but to date has found nothing to bolster up the claim made by some men that tobacco stimulates thought, calms the nerves and makes them think more clearly. Allan doesn't smoke, which may account for the fact that he has become so riled up over the subject.

As for the propaganda to which Mr. McCain refers, I find that almost any mendacious and cruel creed of French origin or inspiration can get a prominent place in the news columns of the daily press, whereas one is forced to go to the liberal weekly publications like The Nation, the New Republic, or the Freeman for any news as to the situation in Europe. While Clemenceau's speeches were widely published in the west, Lloyd George's message did not reach us at all in Nebraska, unless he said something that could be made to appear as detrimental to Germany.

And yet Mr. McCain asks why these people do not pay up. Is it possible for malice, ignorance and injustice to reach lower levels than this? W.

C. J. Sodergren, A. M., D. D., Minneapolis, Minn.

"From State and Nation"

—Editorials from Other Newspapers—

More Poets Born Than Insurance Agents.

Witter Bynner, in The New Republic. Catch your poets young. Not too many of them. Knock the nonsense out of them—the affectations, the self-deceptions, the guesses toward what will seem poetry to others, the catches at vogue. Release them from the dead hand of English literature. Dislodge them of fear, disabuse them of "modestavities," as Lamb called false modesty. Lead them to distinguish between self-importance and self-confidence, between push and poise, between pater and poetry, between pretense and truth. Send them outdoors. Encourage them to write in the open; to give terms of themselves to the sky and, as far as possible, those same terms to their neighbor, whether or no the neighbor is it. Show them that there is neither shame nor distinction but just humaneness in their being as ridiculously natural as they are prompted to be. Let them laugh. Let them smoke. Let them say or write anything which genuinely impels them, discovering among one another that honesty is the best poetry. And, above all, after you have made sure that they understand your general and particular judgments, let them, without pride or prejudice, believe their own daring judgments to be as good as yours—or better.

"Can the writing of poetry be taught?" I answer, "To poets, yes; to the rest of us, no." I add in conclusion, for the observant, that the are more poets born than insurance agents.

War's Glamor and Its Aftermath.

From the Christian Science Monitor. There is a well authenticated story that, just prior to America's entry into the world war, in the course of a conversation between two respectable ladies concerning the prospects, one of them said to the other: "Oh, I hope we get into it, because if we don't, we'll miss so much money." Nor were these two individuals by any means uneducated, because this very same perverted belief of things appeared to enter into the mental fabric of thousands of other perfectly respectable people, who seemed to be caught in the glamor of the war, and to forget, as a result, everything except the mercenary advantages which were likely to accrue to them or theirs through the war-time activities. Moreover, an extraordinary feature of the situation was the utterly inexcusable recklessness with which people possessed of those responsible for the disbursement of government funds, so that it has since been discovered that millions of dollars were deliberately wasted in needless and other purposes.

Recently, in connection with the disposal of some of the buildings, etc., at Camp Devens, it has been charged that a score or so of men have entered the premises, and by means of similar methods, to the extent of many thousands of dollars. This aftermath is but another aspect of the same distorted sense of things.

What all of this indicates is the fact, which must be apparent to any who will consider the matter for a few moments, that one of the seemingly inevitable consequences of war is a peculiar dulling of the moral sense. This is not surprising when it is remembered how crude a manifestation of the carnal mind war, as a matter of fact, is. That, therefore, is really surprising is that there is

Daily Prayer

I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: John 6:51. We render Thee grateful thanks, Thy source of every blessing, for the rest of the past night, under the mighty shadow of Thy wings, for the daily bread of Thy providing, and for new opportunities of welcome service, each in our appointed calling. We thank Thee for Thy actual presence in Jesus Christ and for "the bread of life" so abundantly provided in Thy Holy Word for our spiritual sustenance. O make us truly mindful of all Thy many blessings, and let our lives show forth Thy praise. We pray Thee for grace to employ the hours of this day aright. Give us strength of body, mind and soul to perform our tasks acceptably in Thy sight. Shield us from harm and give us victory in the hour of temptation. Sanctify our homes and make them nurseries of Thy kingdom. May Thy Spirit rest upon all institutions of learning. Remember in mercy the laborers in the harvest fields abroad. Let Thy name be hallowed and Thy will be done in our homeland, which Thy quickening Spirit quicken. Thy church Grant each of us grace to bear faithful testimony in word and deed to the saving power of the cross. And when we have finished our allotted task here, receive us into that perfect world above with Thee and the innumerable multitude of those who have come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb. We ask it all in the name of our blessed Redeemer, Amen.

C. J. Sodergren, A. M., D. D., Minneapolis, Minn.

ever found associated with it anything that even savors of true morality. The very nature of war practically determines the character of those associated practices which from time immemorial have been inextricably interblended with it. The explanation of the Camp Devens lootings and all such war incidents is, therefore, to be found in the essential immorality of war in and of itself.

The Mark Twain Park.

From the Kansas City Star. At Florida, Mo., land is to be purchased for a Mark Twain memorial park. The Mark Twain association has about 400 acres under option, extending about three-quarters of a mile on both banks of the Salt river. The land was appraised before it was placed under option. The lowest price fixed for the upland was \$42.50 an acre. The highest price asked is \$199 an acre for about 30 acres of bottom land along the river. The Mark Twain association desires to buy at least 125 acres. Mr. Violette has agreed to give the association the two-room cabin, the fireplace of Mark Twain, fitted with antique furniture and relics—Kansas City Star.

No More White House Dogs.

From the Washington Star. President Coolidge in effect closes the doors to further gifts of dogs. He so told a caller the other day who intimated that he would like to add to the canine collection. There are now three dogs in the White House kennels, an Airedale, a wire-haired terrier and a collie. That is a good combination, representing a wide range of canine pulchritude and attractiveness. So far as known, they are good friends. Well bred dogs, which are well kept are not quarrelsome, and the White House dogs are of the highest breed and have the best of attention.

Undoubtedly the American people like to know there is a dog in the White House grounds. An American home always seems more complete with a dog or so on the premises, and the White House is, with all its official restrictions and responsibilities, a true American home. Our presidents have made it a veritable residence, a place of family assemblage. It is a "house" and not a "palace." During the administration of President Harding Laddie Boy became a national institution.

A Handy Place to Eat

Hotel Conant

16th and Harney—Omaha

The Center of Convenience

His successors under Mr. Coolidge's administration are already well known to the people and there is no pleasure in their sight than these three animals romping about the lawn or lying, with the dignity that a dog, whatever his nature, can always maintain, watching the passing show.

str. Coolidge likes dogs, but not to excess. Three are enough. And so, with the word passing that the kennels are full, there will probably be no more arrivals, and Paul Fry, Peter Pan and Oshkosh will remain the sole guardians of the place.

Money to Loan on Omaha Real Estate

The CONSERVATIVE SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION

1614 Harney

Money! Stocks! Bonds!

But—has she been trained to look after such securities—to prevent loss—to safeguard income?

Your estate is sufficient to care for your family—
—if wisely administered. Don't burden your wife with an unfair responsibility.

The smaller your estate, the greater the reason for careful conservation. Ask our Trust Officer to outline our plan of handling trust funds.

The Omaha Trust Company

Omaha National Bank Building

Advertisement for Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen. Text: "They are expecting Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen 'The Daddy of Them All' for Christmas. Do not disappoint them—No other fountain pen brings such lasting joy in reliable service or such keen pride of possession. The Waterman's reputation is not limited to a city, state or country—it is the standard for the world. L. E. Waterman Company 181 Broadway, New York Boston San Francisco Montreal. Pen illustrations 1/2 actual size." Includes image of a fountain pen.

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