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Now as touching things offered to idols, we know that we have knowledge. But knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.

Thus saith the scriptures, and with the near approach of the Christmas season, when the whole world should be filled with thoughts of good will and peace on earth, as a nation and as individuals we should be concerning ourselves more and more about the charity that edifieth—the charity that vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Charity, which is love, is the world's greatest need today. The lack of it means marching armies and gathered munitions of war; it means hopeless hearts in women's breasts and shrinking forms of innocent childhood; it means hatred in hearts that should be beating in unison, and jealousies and fears in bosoms where friendship and trust should reign supreme.

The knowledge of power puffeth up, driving out charity, and the result is war and bloodshed and human suffering. The charity that edifieth makes known the eternal truth that all men are brothers, and impels men to forget self in the greater good.

The greatest men this world has ever known have not been the men whom knowledge had puffed up, but the men who have had in their hearts the love of their fellows to such a degree that they have dedicated their lives to human service.

Whatever else Gertrude Atherton has done by her methods of advertising, she has proved that men cling to youth tenaciously. Days go by in steady procession, and years accumulate; hair imitates the Arab and silently slips away; teeth decay, and muscles lose their suppleness.

He comes Dr. Somebody, and in his hand he holds a magic wand, tipped with a goat gland. Under its gentle touch all the toll taken of man by age is paid and a gallant youth of three score and ten stands upright to assume his place among the infants of half his years.

Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.  
If Dr. Edward Altenberg of Houston, Tex., is a native born American citizen, and we entertain some fears that he is not, judging by his name, he is in line for the presidency if the small boys of America learn about him and retain their knowledge until they become voters.

Of course no father or mother who is not a college graduate will have the temerity to dispute what the learned professor of biology asserts to be true, and when the hesitant son quotes the professor shortly before bedtime on Saturday night, the only reply that can in good conscience be made is to say, "I don't care what the professor says; you are going to take a bath anyhow."

The average American youth is so often contradicted, so often suppressed, that we hail with three rousing cheers his vindication on this bathing thing. Our youthful days are not so far away that we have forgotten the tortures of that Saturday night inquisition, our our heart goes out to the youths of today who are compelled to suffer, even as we have suffered many times and oft.

We trust, however, that Dr. Altenberg's pronouncement will not have the effect of crowding Santa Claus out of first place in the heart of the American small boy in order to make room for the biologist.

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The Sunday Bee: Omaha, December 16, 1923  
Out of Today's Sermons  
Waiting for Christmas.

I count the days that come and go And wait the time when I can see The blazing candles all aglow Upon the family Christmas tree.

The years seem lighter as I near The day that brings most childhood joy; To find some many a memory dear, And once again I am a boy.

Speaking of punishments, there is nothing that could be too cruel or too inhuman to inflict upon the child who knowingly and premeditatedly undermines or destroys a little child's faith in Santa Claus.

There is a noticeable absence of Christmas spirits of a kind, but perhaps you have taken due note that the sufferer of Christmas spirit is not being neglected, this distribution is not banned; on the contrary, it is commended and wholly desirable.

Dr. E. H. J.—Like a cup of cold water to the weary wanderer in the desert; like the handclasp of a friend when all seems darkest, so is your kind words to me.

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Saturday Nights in Our Towns  
By DAVID T. GUSTAFSON, Oakland, Neb.  
By ANNA M. JOHNSON, Gering, Neb.  
By IDA SMITH HUTTON, Ravenna, Neb.

Saturday night is a big night in my home town. It brings with it a host of our country neighbors and friends. They come early and stay late.

The new street lights pass their brilliant rays upon hundreds of people passing in review. Walk up Main street. Outside the City hotel sit a number of drunks.

That the automobile has not completely taken the place of old Dobbin is proved by the fact that the harness shop is still in existence. Here the harness maker gathers and talks of the times that were.

Next we come to the grocery store. Groceries are piled upon the counters and boxes filled with groceries, given in exchange for butter and eggs, are lined up along the counter.

Across the street is the jewelry store with its brightly lighted interior and its impressive window displays. A little ruddy-faced chap, kazing in at the watches in the window, is saying to his companion: "Gee, when I get big I'm gonna buy me a jewelry shop."

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Saturday night and the sun has sunk to rest behind Scotts bluff. Presently the moon will be shining over the bluff, showing the rugged outlines of Scotts bluff, Mitchell pass and Dome rock.

Our feet would rather turn toward these mountains, but necessity compels us to go in the opposite direction, for we must make our more purchases. We have a guilty feeling, for we think Saturday night belongs to the country people, and the clerks are tired, and people who live in town should do their shopping earlier in the day.

There are many radio fans at Jack Wheat's tire shop, and Brown's drug store listening in.

Children are hurrying to the public library, showing their books to the first show begins. The two picture shows are filled to overflowing, country people mostly, with town children between the ages of 8 and 15.

Up in the residence section the many bright lights indicate a party in progress here and there.

The barber shops are full, each awaiting his turn, discussing politics. Farther up the street an old-time dance is in progress, drawing its crowds from all walks of life.

Now the first show is out and the country people hurry to make a few last purchases, then homeward, where eager little hands are ready to help carry the bundles into the house, perhaps tearing off a little corner of the wrapping to see what is inside, for children at this time of year have all the curiosity of the elephant's child.

Small Elizabeth—What is the age of innocence, mother? Mother—You're too old to understand, darling—Exchange.

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Gadtown has a library with 1918 upon it. At 7 o'clock it is open and lighted. All after and sister of children and adults come with books, to get books. No dogs can enter with their small masters, nor roller skates are allowed. The library can be truthfully called the community center.

Very few people in Gadtown say "How do you do?" when they meet and greet each other. "Hello" is the popular salutation.

Gadtown has hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of dollars in paving. Nothing else can be afforded, since the paving. It is the reason for not building a new church, or having a pastor in a church, or having a much needed auditorium.

Rich Gadtown, so self-satisfied, with both rooms and furnaces, what more under heaven, should we want!

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

IF YOU KNEW THE SECRETS OF SANTA CLAUS.  
I. Wouldn't you be joyful, if you knew that Santa Claus Would be sure to bring you everything you wanted— Just because You had been up there where ice is and the ground is white with snow.

II. You expectant little shaver, wouldn't you be more than glad, If you heard that Santa called you a deserving little lad And you heard him tell his reindeer how you toted in the wood.

III. And your mother and your daddy, wouldn't they be glad, if they Knew that Santa Claus was going to make them happy Christmas Day For the things they've done to keep their little girls blithe and good.

Daily Prayer

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God.—Ex. 20:8-10 (For Sunday morning.)

We thank Thee, O Lord, for the holy Sabbath, so full of blessings for Thy children. Give us grace not merely to keep the Sabbath, but to help in the spread of light and life over the world.

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION  
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THE OMAHA BEE  
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Does not include returns, left-overs, samples or papers spoiled in printing, and includes no special sales or free circulation of any kind.  
V. BREWER, Gen. Mgr.  
W. H. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of December, 1923.  
W. H. QUAY, Notary Public.

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