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

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A LAY SERMON FOR SUNDAY.

"Now as touching things offered to idols, we know that we have knowledge. But knowledge puffeth

Thus sayeth 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. Charity, if given its full expression, would make national boundaries nothing more than the party line fences between neighbors, and result in kindly converse across the fences.

The knowledge of power puffeth up, driving out charity, and the result is war and bloodshed and luman 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. Alexander's knowledge that he had conquered the known world puffed him up, and the deeds in which he gloried were but things written upon the sand. Lincoln, whose great heart overflowed with love for humanity, dedicated his life to the service of mankind. and his name and his deeds are written in a glorious history that is as deathless as the firmament.

The wizard of finance may sit in his counting room and puff himself up with the knowledge that in his hands are the destinies of nations, but comes the time when the voice calls to him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee," and his power vanishes like the mist before the sun, while his name becomes anathema to the generations that follow. But a Florence Nightingale or a Clara Bar-, ton, filled with the love that edifieth, dedicate their lives to the service of humanity, and the glory of their loving service is the richest diadem in their

Knowledge of power that puffed itself up plunged the world into the maelstrom of war, only to be pricked to collapse like the toy balloon in the hands of childhood. The bitter results will linger as a hideous memory until charity intervenes to teach the that he serves h world the best, and when mankind is thus edified then shall our swords be beaten into plowshares and ourr spears into pruning hooks.

"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 not in inquity, but rejoiceth in the truth: heareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

And that, dearly beloved, is what the world needs today-the charity that rejoices in truth and not iniquity, that bears all things instead of seeking to grasp all things, and that loves with an endurance that may not be prevailed against by thoughts of self. When this spirit fills the whole world the long years around as we try to make ourselves believe it fills the world for a brief Christmas season, then in-

"The war drums heat no longer And the battle flags be furled In the parliament of man, . The federation of the world."

"THE FIRST LADY."

Ever and anon readers of the newspapers are greeted with the portrait of the president's wife, or the wife of the governor, together with the legend that it is the portrait of "the first lady of the land." The intent, of course, is to pay a compliment to the woman in question. But there is not room enough in the largest newspaper in Nebraska to publish the portraits of all the "first ladies" of the state.

The "first lady" of Nebraska is legion. Wherever there is a happy home presided over by a loving mother, there you will find a "first lady." She may not know the difference between a lipstick and an aigrette, but she knows how to make a husband's meager salary cover a multitude of household expenses; if she knows how to keep her little flock clean and warmly clad; if she gathers her little ones about her knee and teaches them the simple lessons of love and faith and reverence that make for better chizenship; if she can make her home a quiet refuge after the turbulent day; if her cooling hand is ever ready to caress the fevered brow-there you have the first lady of the land to the members of that

The gracious woman who presides over the White House, the gracious woman who presides over the executive mansion at Lincoln, are among the first ladies of the land. But there are countless thousands of others of whom the world at large never hears. Day by day, year in and year out, they are quietly and effectively discharging their duties as wives and mothers; cheerfully and effectively rearing the future citizenship of the republic; lovingly dedicating their lives to the humble service of husbands and children and homes.

Adulation of the wives of executives of state and nation can not but be distasteful to them, and certainly it is distasteful to Americans who have not yet succumbed to the lure of worship of those in high places. And this aping of European royalty and European aristocracy is a weariness to the flesh of genuine Americans.

"The first, lady of the land"-the home-loving, burden-bearing, trouble-sharing, child-rearing, homemaking wife and mother as she stands forth in every American home worthy of the name of home! May she grow in numbers and in influence, and may she ever receive the love and tributes that are her due from her sons and daughters

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. Dr. Altenberg, who is a professor of biology-boys, that means the science of life-declares to be the truth what millions of boys have insisted upon, that bathing is nothing more nor less than a fad and is of no practical physical benefit. Boys, of course, have not used such highbrow language, but their assertion, "Aw, bathin' don't do no good," means identically the same thing.

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." And then will follow more trouble when father and mother insist that son acquire an education, even to a college degree. For will not the son, eager to get out into the world and be doing something, will say: "Aw, what's the use? You don't take no stock in what them perfessers

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. How we would have hailed as guide, counsellor and friend an Altenberg in those far gone days of the old washboiler on the kitchen stove and the wooden washtub on the kitchen floor. With those memories surging over us as the tidal waves surge over the reefs and lowlands, we are about ready to say that were Dr. Altenberg eligible to the presidency of this great republic, and a candidate therefor, we would lay awake all night the night before election, fearful that we oversleep, thus losing our chance to plump a vote for him for that exalted office.

We trust, however, that Dr. Altenberg's pronunciamento 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.

YESTERDAY'S DEAD DELIGHTS.

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. Joints become creaky and step that once was light and springy become slow and deliberate, but the man does not give up. He is not slipping. All around him he may see the signs of change, even in other men, but fondly he magines that somehow for him the march of time has been stayed.

Here 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.

Vanity of vanities! Senectitude has missed the sweetest pleasure of life, that of growing old without losing any of the attractions along the way. He is so enamored of the first act of life's drama he does not want to play in any other. Finally for him the curtain will have missed the entire play after the prologue. We may all be Peter Pans at heart, but very few of us realize the dream of forever remaining young. Despite the Gertrude Atherton Goat Gland clinic, plenty of cracked voices will remain to shrill the regretful lines of Tom Moore:

"Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;

Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of

Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best

One fine thing about broadcasting campaign speeches by radio-it is easier to turn the switch than it is to get up and walk out.

The Omaha water fund is to be milked of \$81,-000, which may be taken as an effort to restore the balance in the general public's milk fund.

It appears that the Ford boom is out of gas, a tire punctured and the lifting jack left in the

From reindeers to airplanes and limited trains s going some, even for Santa Claus.

Homespun Verse -By Omaha's Own Poet-

Robert Worthington Davie

IF YOU KNEW THE SECRETS OF SANTA CLAUS.

Wouldn't you be joyful, if you knew that Santa Claus Would be sure to bring you everything you wantedjust because

had been up there where ice is and the ground is And had heard him name the places where on Christmas Eve he'd go,

you heard your own self mentioned, and you heard old Santa say: She's the sweetest little girlle; none are truer, better—

For she minds her dad and mother, and she doesn't And she's going to get her wishes when the Christmas

You expectant little shaver, wouldn't you be more than heard that Santa called you a deserving little lad

And assisted dad and mother in the finest way you How he pointed the direction to the cozy cottage where You'd be sleeping when he hastened in and left your

And you heard him tell his reindeer how you toted in

presents there,

And the reindeer promised Santa they would lead him straight and true-For there must be no forgetting little folks as good

And your mother and your daddy, wouldn't they be Knew that Santa Claus was going to make them happy

Christmas Day For the things they've done to keep their little girlie blithe and good For the words they've said to bless their little laddle toting wood?

Saying splendid things about you where the thick ice never thaws?your mother and your daddy, wouldn't they be

Wouldn't you be happy children, if you'd heard old

truly gay. If they knew about the presents packed away in

Out of Today's Sermons

An excerpt from today's sermon by E. T. Otto, pastor of St. Pauls Lutheran church, Twenty-fifth and Evans streets, follows:

Our today's text, Matthew 3:1-15 ounds a true Advent message, proclaimed by the voice in the wilder

During the residence of Jesus at preacher and exhorter, solemnly her-alding the approach of the kingdom of heaven. The grace of God in Christ was about to appear, bringing salva-tion, healing and deliverance to sinsick souls, to all men.

In the mountainous, rugged country near the Dead Sea and on the slopes toward the Jordan valley, the istere and ascetic appearance and ode of life of this antitype of Elijah corresponded with his message, which enjoined renunciation of the world and repentance. His clarion call was clear and penetrating: "Prepare ye

The paths must be made straight. At the announcement of the coming of a king, the citizens in olden times would go out to repair the roads; mountains were leveled, valleys filled, detours straightened. This is the natural condition of the

way into men's hearts. Mountains

of sins are piled up. Shortcomings in faith and in holiness of life yawn like valleys. Unbelief and hypocrisy make the way crooked and treacherous. How is the way to be prepared? The herald gives only one direction, "Re-pent ye!" John shows up the prevailing sins of his day. The Messianic hope of a Savior had been diverted to the appearing of a national hero. Conditions in the church are similar today. A wave of religious liberalism, nationalism, heathen teaching in Christian garb, has swept the church. I am not now speaking of crime spattered over the country, but of the callousness and worldliness that has become the fashion of Christians. Do we abhor the utter enormity of

"The Cross Christ" is the tople of the sermon to be delivered to-day at the North Side Christian church by Rev. F. K. Hargrove. He will say:

"For the preaching of the cross to them that perish foolishness, but unto us who are saved it is the power

of God." 1st Cor. 1:18.

The cross stands among the schemes of redemption just where Christ stands among men. Every man and every system must be measured down, "By their fruits we shall know them." Other religion by the unalterable rule that Jesus laid them." Other religions were founded while their founders were living, but Christianity was established by the death of its founder.

The cross then stood for weakness, it now stands for power; then it was shameful, now it is glorious; then it neant defeat, now it means victory; then meant death, it now means

Turn the wheels of any machinery backward and you will find a grave. Turn the wheels of the government ick and you will find Chateau Thierry, San Juan Hill, Manila Bay, Get Turn back to the building of Doug-las street bridge and you will find a Williams floating down the Missouri river to his death.

Turn the wheels of religion back and you will find the cross of Christ

At Plymouth Cohgregational church today Rev. Frank H. An-derson will preach on "The Leaven of Congregationalism" as follows: The birthday of American Congre

ational churches is next Friday, popularly known as Forefathers' day.
I do not believe that Congregational churches are to become a big, power ful organization, but rather a leaven. Congregationalists readily affiliate with other churches, or unite in forming federated or community churches.
Its principles, government and creed are the basis for a community church.
It has a "community conscience."
At home, as well as in foreign

lands, all union enterprises, whether churches, schools or welfare organizations, find us ready to lead or at

least co-operate.

In educational work this leaven has been powerfully at work. Horace Bushnell selected the site for the University of California. Dr. Beard suggested to Mr. Stanford the founding of Leland Standford Jr. university, Dr. Gunsaulus influenced Mr. Armour to found Armour institute.
It was a Congregational college that

was the ploneer in co-educational work, granting the first degrees to women. It was the leader of the anti-slavery movement. It advocatd schools for colored people very early. It became notably tolerant and broad-minded on all questions. In that same It was the leader of the institution the Anti-Saloon league was organized. The first prison reform meeting was also held there. We organized the first modern

Protestant foreign missionary organ-ization. It has blazed the way for all the others. It spied out the land. all the others. It spied out the land.
It was the pioneer. Its mission is not to carry sectarianism into foreign lands, but to co-operate with all other societies, in establishing the Church of Christ in those lands.

We started the first and second

home missionary societies in this country. The Christian Endeavor society owes its origin to our leadership. Ours was the first theological seminary in this country. The first religious newspaper printed in this country, the first hymn book, the first emperance society and the first mothers' meeting all owe their beginnings leadership in Congregational

Daily Prayer

(For Sunday morning.)
We thank Thee, O Lord, for the holy Sabbath, so full of blessings for Thy childred. We adore The by childred. We adore Thee for its memorial of the precious work of our redemption, and type of the rest that remains for the people of God. Help us to keep the day holy. May we be richly, blessed in reading Thy Word, in listening to Thy Gospel, and in all the services of the holy day. Be with all ministers of the green and considerable with the rest of the green and considerable with the process of the services of the green and considerable with the services of the green and considerable with the services. gospel, and especially with those who preach Thy Word today. Bless our children, at home and in the Sabbath school. Give to the teachers the power to mold character and to guide the children along the path of the just. Comfort all that mourn, especially such as the part of the children along the path of the just. cially such as have not been allowed cially such as have not been knowed to attend Thy house today. Give us grace not merely to hear the Word, but to help in the spread of light and life over the world. Enable us to live nearer to Thee. May each Sabbath be a spiritual benediction to all Thy people. Look upon those who are yet sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. Send abroad Thy light and Thy truth into the benighted portions of our globe. Turn the nations from idols to serve the living God. Let the people praise Thee, let all the people praise Thee; and blessed be Thy glorious name forever and ever. M. MAYO, Lake Charles, La

Prairiegraphs WAITING FOR CHRISTMAS.

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. long, O how I long to hear The kiddles laughing without paus

As on that frosty morning clear They get their gifts from Santa

The years seem lighter as I near The day that brings most childhoo

To mind comes many a mem'ry dea And once again I am a boy, From out the mist of vanished days Come voices of the friends of yore, And faces meet my mem'ry gaze

And we're a youthful group once

in mem'ry round the old home place I hear again a mother's prayers, And happy thoughts remove each

Of mounting years with all their watch my children dance with glee

And seeing, quick forget three score,
To dance with them around the tree,
A happy, care-free lad once more. God grant the years ne'er bring to me Forgetfulness of Christmas joy, But may I e'er in feelings be

May coming years bring peace, good To men in earth's remotest part; And joy bells ring aloud until The world keeps Christmas in the

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

There is a noticeable absence of haps you have taken due note tha he absence thereof has been productive of a larger and more generous distribution of quite another and much better brand of Christmas spirit? This better brand of Christmas spirit s not bootlegged, either. Its distribution is not banned; on the contrary, it is commended and wholly desirable.

H. P. B., Albion, Neb .- Thanks for letter. Quite agree with you echnicalities and quibbles

NEBRASKA LIMERICK.

There was a young fellow in Wayne Who had an abdominal payne Who had an abdominal payne
For fear he'd grow sicker
He took bootleg licker—
He's too dead now to do it agayne.

I'll stand on the sidelines and cheer while the combatants go 'round and evolution, but the minute anybody intimates that Santa Claus was ever anything but Santa Claus I'll shuck my coat and join in the fray on the

idge insisted on buying his own Thanksgiving turkey need not be taken as indicating the fact that the ilot of This Department would refuse There are many points of difference between President Coolidge and this Pilot, accepting turkeys being one of

He boasted that o'er country's laws He'd show superiority, So made some hootch and drank it all And joined the great majority.
Upon his headstone is engraved
The very simple words, "Hic Jacet."

For he who laps the bootleg up out rocket.

desert: like the handclasp of a the drama of life. Anyone who will friend when all seems darkest, so use his eyes can see life in its varied were your kind words to me. Like forms, its pathos and humor, and occurred to the second of the sec unto one of old, I have neither gold or silver, but if what I can give has this center helped, then I am indeed well content. Your little note will serve to make my own Christmas a happier one.

If I have an enemy in all the world I'd like to know it. Right now I'm in the best possible position to wreak vengeance upon him. I have what was once an automobile that I'd give him. Certainly I'd never give it to a

Once they had to be maneuvered nder the mistletoe. Now they carry t around in their hair. Sally Ratus—"Cholly promised to give me a diamond ring for Christ-

Carrie Way-"Huh, if Cholly thinks he is going to get it back merely be-cause I broke our engagement, he has another guess coming.

Does Mr. Ford imagine that the presidential campaign soiree is another species of Muscle dance? Speaking of music and the dance

as we were not doing, but which we intended doing, having but recently listened to a jazz orchestra whose music consisted chiefly of hammering on cowbells and pounding on empty cigar boxes, the finest dance music I ever tripped the light fantastie toe to in all my born days was furnished by an accordeon. Of course that was a great many years ago, down in the hills of Missouri, over down in the hills of Missouri, over Rockport way. We had no dancing academies, but those oldtime homes had big dining rooms, and we young folks were wont to foregather therein, take out the long table, roll up the old hit-and-miss rag carpet, and proceed to dance until dog-gone near midnight sometimes. Every other dance was a quadrille, and a young fellow with the aforesaid accordeon furnished. dance was a quadrille, and a young fellow with the aforesaid accordeon
furnished the music. He had but one
failing. Every now and then, while
playing a waltz(he would drop off to
sleep and keep playing the same
waltz tune over and over again until
some tired waltzer kicked him on the
shins and awakened him. Things are
so different these days. Instead of shins and awakened him. Things are so different these days. Instead of kicking the jazz orchestrators on the shins to wake 'em up. I feel more like using a 2x4 to put 'em to sleep. If it is my untrained musical ear that is at fault I'm proud of it. While eating and enjoying the

Christmas fudge that I daughters will provide in bountiful supply, away down in my heart I'll be

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Saturday Nights in Our Towns

r- DAVID T. GUSTAFSON, Oakland, 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.

Saturday night and the sun has Gadtown has a library with 1918 sunk to rest behind Scotts bluff. Presupport of the sentily the moon will be shining over lighted. All ages and sizes of children of the bluff, showing the rugged outlines dren and adults come with books, to They come early and stay late. the bluff, showing the rugged outlines dren and adults come with books, to those who are not familiar with of Scotts bluff, Mitchell pass and get books. No dogs can effer with country life, it may seem peculiar Dome rock.

that all these country folk come to town on Saturday night. Mother in their grandeur watching so much comes to get groceries for the coming history in the making.

their small masters, nor roller skates are allowed. The library can be truthfully called the community center. Because everything, anything is

careful when crossing the street and ple. along tonight. Perhaps they are lisening in on the radio at home.

The new street lights pass their orilliant rays upon hundreds of people

walk up Main street. Outside the are talking and laughing and seem to

enjoying themselves. The millinery shop is filled to caacity tonight. lently is going on.

That the automobile has not com pletely taken the place of old Dobbin s proved by the fact that the harness op is still in existence. Here the the times that were. Those days when dad was a kid and we all came to town in the old spring wagon.

Next we come to the grocery store.

ters and boxes filled with groceries. eggs, are lined up along the counter. our eye. Here they are busy demonstrating the mysteries of radio to

an attractive place, but women like to visit there. They like to see the that we'd be better off with a lot more glistening ranges, wishing one for of Gaslin justice and a lot less of their own. We overhear a woman say: "No. John, we can't afford a new range now, but when you get the corn to market we'll get this white enameled one-it just matches

> Across the street is the jewelry and its impressive window displays.
>
> A little ruddy-faced chap, gazing in at the watches in the window, is say-

Sit down a while and watch the rowd go by. See the throng of hap-There is an old gray aired man being assisted across the He has dropped his ice cream cone: coin. The child's face is a picture loy, and, remembering what mother mister," and hurries away. It is now getting late and the crowd

is dwindling. The tired merchants re closing their stores, one by one Weary, yet they do not complain how they enjoy to serve these

The street is deserted now, but be fore we leave let us take a parting look upon this now quiet scene. Most of the street lights are out. The lighted. Was the silhouette of a figure across the street. That is the night watchman

Dr. E. H. J.—Like a cup of cold water to the weary wayfarer in the desert; like the handclasp of a like the handclasp of a use his eyes can see life in its varied use his eyes can see life in its varied in the mathon and occurred to the city to say the desert its nathon and humor, and occurred to the city to say the desert its nathon and humor, and occurred to the city to say the desert its nathon and humor, and occurred to the city to say the desert its nathon and humor, and occurred to the city to say the desert its nathon and the city to say the desert its nathon and the city to say the desert its nathon and the city to say the desert its nathon and the city to say the desert its nathon and the city to say the desert its nathon and the city to say the desert its nathon and the city to say the desert its nathon and the desert its nathon and the city to say the desert its nathon and the d casionally a tragedy can be found in town on a Saturday night.

> wishing that I had a chunk of old fashioned sorghum 'lasses taffy. reckon I'll never get over some of those Missouri habits—one of which is to insist upon having my coffee served before I begin eating.

Hoping your Christmas will be as happy as you deserve because of hon-est effort to make it a happy Christ-mas for others. WILL M. MAUPIN.

By ANNA M. JOHNSON, Gering, Neb.

week and to exchange news with her our feet would rather turn toward whispered city friends. Father must go to the these mountains, but necessity comcity friends. Father must go to the barber shop to get the latest political pels us to go in the opposite direction, news and, incidentally, a shave. The children come to visit the candy shop and to promenade about the streets.

Cars of every description pour into town. They are parked along Main country people, and the clerks are tired, and people who live in town should be the capture of the country people, and the clerks are tired, and people who live in town should be the capture of the country people, and the clerks are tired, and people who live in two should be the captured by the country there is a captured by the captured by the country there is the captured by the cap street, wherever there is available do their shopping earlier in the day. space. Father takes the butter and But as we go down the street we look

time. Grandpa and grandma are not Wheat's tire shop, and Brown's drug store listening in.

ple mostly, with town children be-tween the ages of 8 and 16. We have City hotel sit a number of drummers in mind one lad of 14 who always stranded in town over Sunday. They goes to the show Saturday nights are talking and laughing and seem to with his country pal, a bachelor many which can be bought at a street in-

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

The barber shops are full, each the barber shops are full, each dreds and hundreds of dollars in pay-

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

country people hurry to make a few last purchases, then homeward, where wrapping to see what is inside, for A laughing group of high school stu dents is coming down the street, hav-ing been practicing their junior play nome life for the week end to many as many men are out on the irrigation of some big monster, but 'tis the drag carry water to irrigate thousands of

Eleven o'clock; the sugar factory shift is changing, men are going to work and men are returning home get big I'm gonna buy me a 'jewelry turning home.

Soon the lights go out, one by one. nd the night watchman has his lone-

ly vigil till morning. The hest feature of radio entertain nent is that it can be shut off .- ToBy IDA SMITH HUTTON,

Our feet would rather turn toward whispered there, from politics to

Right next door to the movie is the eggs to the store, where he is cheerinto the windows to see how Gering
fully greeted by a smiling clerk.
spends its Saturday nights.

Mother is telling the children to be
The stores are full of country peoters that may have escaped the pic-

There are many radio fans at Jack There are three meat markets and There are three meat markets and four grocery stores in Gadtown. These store listening in.

Children are hurrying to the public farmer trade, after the picture show, and the late trade of the town dwellshow begins. The two picture shows ers, who are down to see the people, are filled to overflowing, country peo. Automobiles line both sides of Grand be avenue (Main street.)

High school boys and girls are walktersection.

No doubt the boy, especially, will have pleasant memories in after years of the Saturday nights spent with his and greet each other. "Hello" is the

popular salutation.

Nights are frosty, the older people

Nothing else can be afforded, for not building a new church, or ing a much needed auditorium Noth mprovements until the paving is paid. Yet automobiles continue to be

ought and sold.

In Gadtown the people hate each other, right royally, behind their backs. Oh, the deceit that is winked and nudged, and slyly indicated, or Saturday night and all the days.

Poor Gadtown, such a bundle of

ossibilities, such materialists, such

dull driven mortals.

nocence, mother?

bath rooms and furnaces, what more inder heaven, should we want! They Start Early These Days. Small Elizabeth-What is the age of

Mother-You're too old to under-

stand, darling.-Exchange A Handy Place to Eat

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