THE MORNING BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

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HER MISTAKEN ZEAL.

From a letter addressed to the "People's Voice" department and signed "A Mother," we take the following excerpt, preferring so to do rather than publishing the whole letter:

"My little 7-year-old boy, accompanied by a neighbor's boy of the same age, came home from school yesterday and said their teacher had told them there wasn't any Santa Claus; that their mammas and papas bought all the presents and that Santa Claus never was, and didn't go around Christmas. And I wish, Mr. Editor, you could have seen the hurt look in their eyes as they told me what their teacher had said. What do you think of a school teacher who would knowingly destroy the faith of little children in Santa Claus?"

There are numerous reasons why we are unable to tell just what we think of a school teacher, or anybody else, who would disillusion the mind of a little child, more especially the illusion of Santa Claus. One reason is that we strive manfully to restrain a somewhat hasty temper and a desire to indulge in rather strong language on occasions of this kind. Were we to throw off all restraint and give voice to what we feel, the postal authorities would get into instant action and many a sensitive mind would be shocked. And we frankly confess that it is extremely difficult to refrain from speaking freely and as the heart dictates upon this particular matter.

We can imagine how one who took cruel delight in knocking down the blocks of playing children, or in pulling off one wing of a fly in order to get a laugh from it ineffectual efforts to fly, or in tying a tin can to a dog's tail—as we were saying, we can imagine how one who could find delight in doing those things would also find delight in telling innocent and trusting little boys and girls that there is no Santa Claus. Of course the teacher in question was wrong, cruelly and wilfully wrong, and in our humble judgment no fit person to be entrusted with the molding of the minds and characters of the little folk given into her care.

Cruel, because it is cruel to disillusion the minds of little children who will gradually be disillusioned by life as they grow older. Wrong, because there is a Santa Claus. Ever since the first father and mother looked down into the face of their first born and felt its tiny fingers caressing their faces, there has been a Santa Claus. He came for many years under various names and disguises. Some called him father love, some called him mother love, some called him humanity, but there came a time when he was recognized as Santa Claus, the living, breathing embodiment of all that is tender and sweet and pure in childhood. His home is in the hearts of all good people everywhere, and from out that home he sends his gifts and his loving messages, just as surely as the sun shines, and the rains fall, and the seasons come and go.

He is just as much alive to little children as ambition is to their elders; just as much a personage as the ideals of men and women; just as visible to mortal eyes as the hope of immortality, and just as true.

No Santa Claus? You might just as well destroy at one fell blow man's hope of heaven as to destroy at one fell blow a child's belief in Santa Claus. As well kick the crutch from beneath the arm of the helpless cripple, or paralyze the faith of the aged who see by the eyes of faith the mansions beyond the skies, as to destroy wilfully a child's faith in Santa Claus, thereby implanting in that child's mind the seeds of doubt that may in the hereafter bring on a crop of regrets that must be harvested in tears and despair. Time will tell the child the truth, and to time may be entrusted the task.

This particular teacher needs to return to school, not as a teacher but as a pupil, and so returning seize the occasion to study to learn a few lessons of kindness and human sympathy and above all a few lessons in psychology.

No Santa Claus! Bless the dear children, for more than three score years this writer has been taking old Santa by the hand every Christmas, taking him as far as possible on knowledge and the rest of the way on faith, and when comes the time that for him there is no Santa Claus he will be quite ready and perfectly willing to bid farewell to the realms of earth, made brighter each recurring Christmas by the return of the good old saint.

SUPPORT FOR MR. BARNUM.

History is full of incidents wherein some bold adventurer has succeeded in masquerading, sometimes for years, and securing for himself attention he never would get if he depended on his proper identity. In fact, considerable history has been made by such impostors. One of them has just been brought to earth in New York, where the police authorities are holding him. His exact identity and place of birth are withheld, but it is known that for months he has gone about the United States, posing now as a Russian prince, now as a member of the British aristocracy, but always securing entree to the exclusive circles in whatever town he visited.

He has lectured, borrowed money, cashed checks, and otherwise secured the means on which he has supported his lofty pretensions in becoming style, and no genuine prince ever had a more enjoyable time than this adventurer. Now that he is in custody, he may face the fate of a common swindler, in event anyone who has been victimized by him should feel sufficiently interested to aid the prosecution.

He may gain immunity, because his victims were among those who are reluctant to appear in court, preferring to pocket a loss rather than to admit having been gulled. That is what makes it possible for so many mountebanks to thrive. Their activities are carried on among those who suffer in silence because of their pride. Our social code would be much firmer if these would just take as much interest in pursuing an offender as they do in concealing the fact that they have been taken in by a smooth-tongued, well-dressed scamp.

Whether they like it or not, Americans put up with a great deal of humbuggery in one form or another, and none of it is more widely practiced than the social.

THE SONGS GRANDMA SANG TO THEM.

More than three score years ago a winsome little southern girl cherished the ambition to be an opera singer. She went about her daily tasks, singing the songs of her girlhood; lifting on Sabbath morning and evening the good old songs of Zion that draw men and women nearer to the skies, and always looking forward to the time when she might stand before the multitudes in trailing robes and under the brilliant lights, singing the title roles in the world's best operas.

But Dan Cupid, always setting snares to lure men and women into his kingdom, always piercing human hearts with his fiery arrows, decided otherwise. Came lover with soft words and tender caresses; came plighted troth, then marriage vows; and fate ordained that a girlhood ambition to be an opera singer was to be thwarted. Children and grandchildren came to bless and to burden; to bless with their baby caresses and burden with the care of their little lives.

Came death and heartache. But the sweet voice of the singer was not stilled and the ambition to be a giver of joy through song was not quenched. Year after year in her little home town in Texas she sang in the church choir, sang over the mortal remains of friends and relatives and neighbors. She sang the crooning melodies of childhood first to her own children and then to her children's children. She led the songs when the brave sons of Texas marched away to drive the Spanish tyrant from the western hemisphere, and sang them welcome home. The years sped on, with ambition yet unfilled, and she led the community songs that inspired the sons of Texas when they rallied to the colors to follow it overseas, and she was there to sing the songs of home when they returned from duty nobly done.

Four score years had come and gone since she was born; four score years of love and tenderness and self-sacrifice and thwarted ambition. And then her great moment came. Last Saturday night in the great city of New York, Sarah Jane Brown Wright bowed to an audience of strangers, sang to it the sweet songs of her own childhood, the tender ballads of her own beloved southland, and left it an audience of friends and admirers. To that audience of critics she sang only the songs that had charmed three generations of Texans, not the soaring arias of pretentious operas. From her grandmother heart she sang into the hearts of the audience—gripped them in the bonds of melodies that shall never die.

The passing years have silvered this wonderful woman's hair, and left their impress upon cheeks and brow. But they have not chilled her loving heart nor quenched the fires of her girlhood ambition. Other and perhaps greater singers have warbled their wonderful notes in the hearing of those blase New Yorkers, but never a one so appealed to hearts and minds as appealed this frail little mother who had ventured so far from home and loved ones to reach the pinnacle she had sighted from the earliest days of her girlhood bloom.

May Grandma Wright be spared for many a year to come to brighten the lives of those about her, and to remain a living, breathing, loving example of patience and self sacrifice and helpfulness to humanity.

NEBRASKA GOOD PLACE TO LIVE.

Despite the fact that death is an inevitable episode in the round of human existence; as certainly as birth begins it, so death will end it; few like do dwell on the thought. Considerable comfort may be extracted from the knowledge that Omaha is a good place to live, for here the summons comes about as seldom as in any of the larger American cities. Figures for 1922, just given out by the health bureau of the United States, show that Omaha ranks ahead of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver, and a number of places where claims are made to being "health resorts."

Several reasons might be cited for this, first among which will be salubrity of climate and the excellent sanitary care that is given the city. All has not been done in this regard that may be, but such improvement has taken place in the last few years as has brought the standard for the city up to a high point. One thing on which the citizens can take pride is the water supply, which has almost entirely eliminated typhoid fever, a water borne scourge that once afflicted the community severely.

Nebraska as a state also ranks high among the commonwealths having a low death rate. This, too, rests on good foundation. Most of the people of Nebraska, whether rural or urban, spend a good part of their time in the open, and bright sunlight and fresh air, filled with ozone, are the best tonic known, Even in Nebraska none live forever, though, yet the days spent on earth are the most pleasant and profitable when they are lived under such conditions as are found here.

Wives of Plainview exservice men are reported to have pressed their husbands' pants in order to earn money for their auxiliary treasury. We husbands are familiar with that old pants pressing stunt to get money. It usually results in creases in the pants but not in the change inadvertently left in the pockets.

Mr. McAdoo announces his candidacy but is discreetly silent as to platform. Does Mr. McAdoo imagine that he can tunnel his way into the presidency?

The White House may have structural defects, but the accoustics of the Capitol building seem to remain unimpaired.

Noting the economic and political gyrations of some who aspire to national leadership we are forced to admit that this is indeed a freak country.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—

Robert Worthington Davie

LITTLE THINGS.

Little hands that touch my shoulder
Like the winds caress the bough;
Little smiles that seem much older
Than the one who wears them now.

Little words that lift a father
To Devotion's subtle height,
And a little boy to bother
When his daddy reads at night.

Little laughs that are inspiring—
Fairly bubbling o'er with joy;
Little gestures, never tiring,
Of a carefree little boy.

Little things I name them gladly
With my own inherent pride,
And I know I'd miss them sadly
Was the privilege denied.

Little things they are, and dearer
Than expression may portray—
Little things that lead us nearer
To the bigger things each day.

"The People's Voice"

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

"Jazzing the Bible."

Omaha—To the Editor of the Omaha Bee: Your editorial, "Jazzing the Bible," was splendid. You were absolutely right in every respect. I am so glad you took the stand you did in defense of the best guide book the world has ever known.

Not only do the people demand jazz in the Bible, but they want it in the home, the church and the school.

A few years ago we could read God's word and understand it. We were taught it was God's holy word and as children, committed chapters of it, and many of us remember when it was read in the home and no word of unbelief was ever heard.

Today the wording is changed, and some ministers give their own versions; they also cast doubts into the minds of their hearers by saying they don't believe this or that, and leave question of doubt in the minds of those who listen, who have come to hear the truth, but after hearing, go away saying, "Well, he knows. He is an educated man; I think he is right." And as these doubts help to fit in with the rest of the jazz of everyday life, it's the blind leading the blind, and both fall into the ditch.

Read Revelation 22:18-19, if tempted to add to or take away any word from this book.

God and His word is our only hope for salvation from sin. If we obey its laws and commandments it will save our souls and make us better people to live with at home and in business. Jesus said when leaving His followers: "Let not your hearts be troubled." That he was going to prepare a place for you. We must be a prepared people for that prepared place. Believe Him, trust Him, live and work for Him and leave Him to pave the streets of heaven or do whatever is best for us. If he could do all we believe He has done, we can trust Him for heaven. But our minds can grasp this one thing, it is not heaven here on earth with the wicked—and would not be heaven for us in another world with the wicked—so there surely is a separate place for them, you may call it whatever you wish.

Now, let us not ignore these things, and as was said recently in The Omaha Bee, the sooner the world gets back to the Bible as it is, the sooner the world will be brought to God.

So, let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.

MRS. EVA SHEARER.

Answers Tenth Ward Critic.

Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Heighho; and a pocket full of monkeys. Who is this "citizen of the Tenth ward," this self selected censor of the efforts of the Tenth Ward Improvement club, organized to see that our needs and desires for public improvements are properly and humbly brought to the attention of our city fathers? What office does this modest and shrinking violet seek, that his mind is so engrossed by the desire for it, that he cannot witness anyone's effort to "improve" but he has to feel that here is a potential adversary who must be squelched and run out of the way?

Of course we know he belongs to the class of "the more substantial citizens" who own something more than a cigar holder, and do not become intoxicated, because his language implies that he is just about to lead this "substantial" body in the noble attempt to redeem us from the odium of incompetency which he evidently feels, clear down in his boots, that our improvement club is bringing on this part of the city.

Now that he has given public vent to his jealousy and spleen against a few earnest workers, in the daily paper under a nom de plume, perhaps he will gather sufficient courage to come out to the next meeting of the club and fight the matter of the speeder evil out in the open.

We are just a humble member of the club who owns an automobile and does not get drunk and we sure would be glad to see him there with all war togs on.

Not only that, but speaking unofficially, we know that the members of the club want nothing more than, that they want more members, even to enlarge the circle of participants in its meetings until every last one of those "more substantial citizens" are on the list and marked present at every session.

Come right along, neighbor; pay your 50 cents for "upkeep" and get your blue card. Then give us the benefit of all your collective wisdom. Show us little ciphers how to promote, foster and promulgate in your great way, those things which will redound to our prosperity, and thine shall be the glory forever, amen.

But say, partner, if I may address you by that endearing term, please leave your burning fires of spite at home when you come. Box up your ill tempered maledictions and put them in cold storage for the winter.

We know that the great majority of people want to associate in such business with generous big hearted men and women; not old grouches and evil thinking spitfires. Just redress your lingo a little when you express yourself, and take your animadversions out of the bootlegger class.

A MEMBER OF THE CLUB.

Marriage and Divorce.

Papillion, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I was glad to see in the "People's Voice," two repudiations of Rev. Baltzly's very strong statements against dancing. J. C. McClintock and "World War Veteran" are certainly correct, as the great majority of young dancers will attest.

Rev. Baltzly's reported lecture as a whole was very good, but very unwise in places. We should have stricter divorce laws, but certainly not as strict as Rev. Baltzly preaches. There are occasionally other good and sufficient reasons for divorce than violation of the sixth commandment. Rev. Baltzly says: "What happens if your first marriage venture is shipwrecked? Why you're shipwrecked, of course." Very true, Dr. Baltzly, but why not board a better and more reliable and more shipwreck-proof ship? EDWARD I. KUSHNER.

CENTER SHOTS.

English Vicar (making announcement)—Next Sunday being egg day on behalf of our local hospital, will the congregation lay their eggs in the front as they come into the church? —Boston Transcript.

One trouble with Germany is that it has six parties to contend with, while the United States only has two. —Indianapolis News.

The native of Punksutawney gets a lot of fun out of such funny western names as Walla Walla.—Lafayette Journal and Courier.

Aviator who flew at the rate of 243 miles an hour is envied by some of our automobilists, but they have hopes.—Pittsburgh Gazette Times.

A Portland (Ore.) pedestrian was struck by two automobiles simultaneously. Somebody must have been off-side.—New Castle News.

"From State and Nation"

—Editorials from Other Newspapers—

The Children Ask Us.

From the Milwaukee Journal.

Wondering children, in a rural school at Brandon, Wis., ask a question:

"The heritage of our grandfathers was the buffalo and wild pigeon; the heritage of our fathers is the goose and duck, the muskrat and the mink. If the animals of today are not protected and provided for, what shall be left for us?"

In the names of the mothers and fathers of these United States we answer that question by our acts:

"Nothing shall be left for you. We will dig our drainage ditches through your marshlands and swamps and drive before us your waterfowl and your song birds. Our fires shall sweep over your woodlands, searing the last of your song birds and scorching out the dens of your foxes and your wolves. We will cut the fringes of your timber, far in the northland, starving your moose and your elk. As we denude your land we will bake dry your pools and your lakes, your rivers and brooks.

"Your heritage shall be desolation—a land swept clear of sheltering trees. As in distant China, floods shall come down upon you, killing you by thousands, scattering your bodies over a parched countryside. Your agriculture shall be a combat with insect hordes and, at the last, they will strip you bare—for, without birds there can be no agriculture and we shall kill your birds. These things shall be your heritage. But with them we will give you steel and bricks and stone—man-made things on a land of desolation in the name of civilization and progress.

"Thus are we dealing with your patrimony and, in the name of prosperity and profit, we promise you these—you, who are our children!"

A Limping Navy.

From the St. Paul Dispatch.

The state of the navy, as disclosed in the annual report of Secretary Denby, is not a reassuring one. The situation, of course, so far as capital ships are concerned, is satisfactory. The United States is permitted a parity of tonnage in capital ships with Great Britain under the terms of the Washington treaty, and this parity is roughly maintained. It is not enough, however, that capital ship be matched with capital ship if the ratio of strength established by this nation, Great Britain and Japan at Washington is to be relaized. A capital ship is to a large degree helpless if it does not have a suitable complement of auxiliary strength, and in this, the United States is sadly deficient. The navy, that is to say, limps.

We therefore hope that congress will give very careful and sympathetic attention to the recommendations which Secretary Denby has placed before it. These fall into two classes, those pertaining to the modernization of capital ships, to bring them to full efficiency, and those having to do with the three auxiliary arms of the service. The program of modernization includes an appropriation for raising the elevation of turret guns on certain of the treaty battleships. There seems to be little difference of opinion now as to the legality under the treaty of increasing the range of these guns in this way. This would have been done last year, indeed, inasmuch as the money was then appropriated, but was held up by an unfortunate error in comparing the range of British with American turret guns before congress. A wrong impression was thus given of the true situation, and the inadvisability of proceeding until the point had been clarified was generally recognized. There is now no longer any reason for delay, and this, with the rest of the program, should be undertaken.

With respect of auxiliary strength not coming under the terms of the treaty there are immediate needs which must not be overlooked. The American navy is far behind both Great Britain and Japan in cruiser strength, to the point where it is doubtful whether any major operations could be carried out against any formidable enemy. To correct this lack of balance, so far as the deficiency in cruisers contributes to it, the secretary asks for eight 10,000-ton cruisers.

Secretary Denby does not propose to engage this country in a race for supremacy in submarines, but he does point out that a single foreign power is building 41 submarines, of which 23 are to be of more than 1,000 tons, and that if the United States were to attain the treaty ratio, a total of 50,000 tons would have to be constructed. His recommendation for only three cruiser submarines is therefore only a modest essay in the direction of correcting this inadequacy.

The present situation in the naval aviation branch is described as one "to be viewed with concern." We have repeatedly emphasized the need of keeping the navy abreast of progress in aviation, and believe that the five-year program which the secretary will shortly submit, as sketched in his report, should be adopted. Other recommendations deal with the development of naval bases.

Siberia for Extortioners.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

If Bartley Campbell were alive he might find it worth while to rewrite his "Siberia." An exile system for profiteering extortioners, for gamblers, for those who demoralize society is a novelty a la Russe.

Time was when the certified shackle scars of "the mines" were the seal and guarantee of high thought and high patriotism. Just as a cynical witness in an American court could confound a browbeating lawyer by refusing to answer the question, "Were you ever in prison, and where?" until the court insisted on a response and then replying, with assumed reluctance, "In Andersonville," the Russian anywhere on earth could accomplish the same end by the talismanic "In Siberia." 'Twas a credit, not a disgrace, in the eyes of civilization. Yet was it true that even under the old czarism there was occasionally a brutal thing, an ingenious thief, a real criminal in the sad, slow convoys moving toward the icebound prison settlements.

Moscow is exiling its social "undesirables"—persons who would be as undesirable in London or Paris or New York. Part of them it is sending to Siberia. The rest will go to Solovetsky monastery on a bit of an island in the White sea, but they will have to wait till spring to be transported from Archangel because navigation is now closed. The gang of 200 will be sorted out at Petrograd.

There are some experiments of the soviets that statesmen of other nations should not condemn without deliberate consideration. This is one of them. Isolation and useful industry for a term of years may cure the gambler. They will at least benefit the profiteer, even if no cure for him is possible. And something like ideal is the isolation of Siberia or of a White sea island.

Daily Prayer

O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.—Ps. 65:2.

Most Gracious Father, from Whom all good gifts come, grant us, we entreat Thee, the gift we need above all others, Thy Holy Spirit to help our infirmities, that our worship may be purged from all unreality. We long to pray to Thee sincerely, but we cannot unless Thou dost cleanse our hearts from the dross of vain desire. Free us from selfishness in our prayers; deliver us from asking for those things that minister chiefly to our earthly pleasure. Thou must inspire the petitions which Thou alone canst answer. We are conscious of our sinfulness, but cannot be truly sorry for our misdoings until Thou dost move us to honest contrition and unfeigned repentance. We would be grateful to Thee for the multitude of Thy tender mercies, but it is not until Thou dost grant us a due sense of Thy goodness, and awaken within us sincere gratitude, that our cold hearts are ready to praise Thee.

Our love languishes and dies except Thy Spirit shall quicken it into a living flame. Our good deeds cry aloud to Thee for pardon, if Thou dost not inspire them and purify them by Thine own indwelling.

We would live the prayer life; we would learn what it is to pray without ceasing. To this end do Thou come and dwell within us, O Thou Spirit of Christ! We want day by day to glorify Thee, our Father, and to serve our fellows, even as did Jesus. In His name. Amen.

S. P. ROSE, D. D.,
Montreal, Canada.

Magic Manger

Stars like that of oldtime
Gleam on glistening white
Earth for Christ-Child's birthtime—
Hark! Gongs peal midnight!
Cattle kneel—to worship Him—in
cozy bedded stable,
Safe and warm as was the dog we
heard of in the fable.

Inside yule logs blazing
Light up ingle nooks,
Where the well-filled stockings
Laugh and clutch their hooks—
Look! There's loaded Santa, muffling bells and clinking chains,
dears!
Up the chimney, out he goes to patient waiting reindeers.

Dawn is slowly breaking,
Nod-land's breath abates;
'Neath home's frostlaced windows
Carol Christmas waits;
"Noel, Noel, Noel!" While the merry
time's glad greetings
Flit from lip to lip of souls in reunited meetings.

Comes the fragrant fir tree,
Mystic packet decked;
Never, never were the
Branches better decked!
Feasts and thanks and generous dividing with the stranger—
All because of Christ-Child's love
wand swayed from magic manger!

—Alta Wrenwick Brown.

Not So Good.

She—Did you see the Indian squaws, John?

He—Yes, and now I know why they call their husbands "brave."—American Legion Weekly.

Self-Solution.

The best way to cure some folks of their surplus conceit is to give them a little authority and let nature take its course.—Fayette Advertiser.

LISTENING IN

On the Nebraska Press

The York News-Times complains that Nebraska's electrocution department is not working effectively.

* * *

"Even an old-fashioned girl," muses John Kearnes of the Beatrice Express, "hates to think that a man married her just because she had great talent for manufacturing meals."

* * *

Recalling some of his own boyhood experiences 70 or 80 years ago, Ole Buck remarks in his Harvard Courier that there isn't a boy in the town who has ever had the pleasure of ravelling out an old yarn sock and winding it into a ball around a chund of rubber bootheel. "Us old-time boys got more pleasure out of making things to play with than we did out of playing with them after they were done," says Ole, with a reminiscent sight.

* * *

Lew Shelley, wiser'n a tree full of owls, conveys to Europe via the Fairbury News, the sound advice to go slower until it is able to pay as it goes. Which same advice, by the way, might well be applied pretty much all over this republic.

* * *

Noting that Mr. Rohrer complains that the public is not well informed on the prohibition enforcement statutes, John Sweet of the Nebraska Press opines that Mr. Rohrer is right, basing the opinion on the large number of bootleggers and customers thereof.

* * *

The York Republican suggests Barney Baruch as a running mate for McAdoo, but is in doubt about which one to award first place.

* * *

Mentor Brown of the Kearney Hub who has been watching political history ever since the channel of the Platte river was excavated, tells us that Governor Bryan's scheme for currency inflation to the minimum of $50 per capita is not new. He calls attention to monetary conditions in Europe to prove it.

* * *

Noting a rumor to the effect that there is soon to be another decline in the prices of automobiles, Fred Howard of the Clay Center Sun sarcastically remarks that if the rumor is true it will mean a lot more people hard up.

* * *

Noting the political ambitions of some men the Neligh Leader, evidently speaking out of sad experience, remarks that "there always comes a time when one cannot win with a pair of deuces."

* * *

George Burr of the Aurora Register frankly confesses that his wartime experiences causes him to look with less favor upon the public ownership of utilities.

* * *

The Fremont Tribune expresses the belief that Magnus Johnson has by this time discovered that Henry Cabot Lodge is merely a human being. If Cab hears that he'll take a Lowell with him and go over in a corner and throw a fit.

* * *

George Burr of the Aurora Register is the prize optimist. He opines that the gambling craze will die out some of these days, and the speed craze probably accompany it.

Abe Martin

We like t' git Christmas cards, fer if we jest feel sure our friends are thinkin' of us we'll gladly buy our own loungin' robes an' safety razors. 'Bout th' only real, safe way t' fool with wheat is t' go in th' bakin' business.

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Eatmor

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(Seal) W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public

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Lv. Chicago	9:15 p. m.	Lv. Chicago	10:10 a. m.
Lv. Indianapolis	*2:55 a. m.	Lv. Indianapolis	3:20 p. m.
Ar. Chattanooga	†3:40 p. m.	Ar. Chattanooga	6:30 a. m.
Ar. Atlanta	†8:40 p. m.	Ar. Atlanta	11:25 a. m.
Ar. Jacksonville	†7:45 a. m.	Ar. Tampa	5:30 a. m.
Ar. Miami	†12:50 a. m.	Ar. St. Petersburg	7:55 a. m.
		Ar. Bradentown	7:12 a. m.
		Ar. Sarasota	7:45 a. m.

*Sleeping cars ready 9:00 p. m.
†Schedule effective Dec. 1st
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