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IN THE LIVING PRESENT.

"While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

"Then I will give you rain in due season, and the land shall yield its increase, and the trees of the field shall yield their fruit."

Two promises of God Almighty, one made to Noah, and the other to the children of Israel. To these latter it was most significant, for they came from a land where rain was a thing unknown. Egypt simmers the year round under a sun whose fervor is rarely dimmed by a cloud, and where rain falls so seldom that it is always a marvel to those who note it. In the days of Noah harvest time denoted the end of one year and the beginning of another: after the second captivity, the new year came with the vernal equinox. Thus, seed time and harvest were the epochs for the Jews.

It does not much matter how the year came to be divided into four seasons, instead of two. To. be sure, the arrangement takes care of the four great astronomical phases exhibited in the equinoctial and solstitial phenomena, on the regular occurrence of which depends the fulfilment of the promise of seed time and harvest, of day and night and summer and winter. Long before the day of Abraham the tribes of men watched for the rising of the star that denoted the return of spring, the beginning of a new year. This does not mean so much nowadays, even though the season of the winter solstice does presage that event.

Yet men do take note of time, if only by its flight. Each year is a milestone, a standard by which other years are measured. The end is a time for retrospect, the beginning a time for hopeful anticipation. Today most of us are taking a mental inventory, setting down what was done, and what was undone in the days that have slipped so swiftly away since last we wished all around us a happy New

Pride in achievement, regret for failure, something to the credit side, something to the debit, these will make up the record for each man or woman. None has done all that might have been done; many plans have gone askew, many hopes have been unfruitful, and disappointment rides with any joy, because they go hand in hand almost, and alternate like day and night throughout all lives. The year has not been wasted, because something has been done, and out of the failure the staunch spirit that has animated those who have bravely struggled forward will inspire them to press on.

What does the new year hold? No mortal can tell what the next minute holds, let alone a year. Yet it is well to plan, fix high aims and set a bright mark for the days to come, a definite object to achieve, a pattern to work to. Maybe the end of the year will not let any cast up a reckoning and say at the total, "I have done all I had planned!" The real test is not so much in the achievement as in the effort. A stout heart will not despair, but gather from any passing check new courage to press on to ultimate conquest. A well balanced mind will not be turned aside because of a temporary check, relying on its innate power for certain triumph, and with Longfellow:

> "Nor deem the irrevocable past As wholly wasted, wholly vain,

If, rising on its wrecks, at last To something nobler we attain."

Seed time and harvest are the promise, and as the night follows the day, so does victory come out of defeat, and the end of one year is the beginning of the opportunities of the next. Press on!

HALF A CENTURY OF FUN-MAKING.

"The way was long, the night was cold, The minstrel was infirm and old. Thus Scott introduces a bard who became one of the chief entertainers in his long list of notable gloom chasers. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" still is read by lovers of the romantic as well as the lyric. His minstrel, however, did not have back of him nearly the years of service of a pair who are about to dawn on Omaha for the umptieth time, and who are just now celebrating their jubilee.

Fifty years ago Tom McIntyre and Jim Heath decided to give over for the time being other employment and go into the minstrel business. Mrs. Heath provided them with a sketch, "The Georgia Minstrels," and they tried it out. Remember that tastes were much different in 1874 than now prevail, and then understand if you can that the same sketch is as popular today as it proved the night it was first presented. For half a century McIntyre and Heath have been making people laugh. Not always in that old sketch, for they have tried out many others in the 50 years they have worked together, but every time they repeat the original it goes good.

Fifty years of such life is something worth making note of. Partners on the stage, friends off, constant companions, they have gone through all events of life together, and now, each well passed the mark set as the limit for man's life, they still are spreading sunshine. Neither is infirm, nor is either of them an old man, judged by results, and they ought to go on for a long time to come.

The man who built the Eiffel tower is just dead at 91. The queer thing about the case is that nobody recalls that he helped dig the Suez canal, and did a lot of work for the French on the Panama ditch, not to speak of being the constructor of a great number of bridges. His plaything brought him fame.

The Polk county grand jury has rebuked a Des Moines preacher for circulating scandalous charges involving the womanhood of Iowa, and very properly so. Such sensation mongers are not only a disgrace to the ministry, but a menace to the society they pretend to protect.

It may comfort you slightly to know that in spite of the mild weather one hard coal mining company has just declared a dividend of 80 per cent on its stock.

"AND HOW CAN MAN DIE BETTER?"

It may be only a late fall here in Nebraska, but up above the Arctic circle it is winter. Blizzards roar and growl up there, and men freeze to death when caught unawares on the lonely trails. All the To all my good friends far and near terror of a polar winter is present right now, and one man has testified to the danger by the loss of From north to south, from east to

Seventy-five miles from Nome is the orphanage at Hot Springs. The holiday season was at hand, All this I wish for you-and more. and there was lack of supplies for the merry-making. I wish a year of joy and peace; Rev. S. J. Ruppert, priest of the Roman Catholic From sorrow and from pain re church at Nome knew of the plight at the mission. And love's doors ever opened wide He also knew of the danger on the way. In his Hope's full fruition day by day, And sunshine all along the way. mind the comfort and happiness of the orphans out- An harbor safe when tempests roar weighed any risk or hazard he might assume, so he All these I wish for you-and more started with a dog-sled load of oranges, apples, For you I wish instead of gold candies and Christmas cards, to make his way to Hot Springs.

Eight days ago the body of the priest was found, Eight days ago the body of the priest was found, on the bank of the river, four miles from the orphan- That God's rich blessings on you again, he saw clearly. age. Just another of the terrible tragedies of the frozen regions. Robert Falcon Scott and his companions perished within 11 miles of safety. Others The best that's old; the best that's ture. "Say ye not, there are yet four have given up their lives almost on the threshold of All, all of these I wish for you. warmth and comfort. The "pestilence that walked in the darkness," and the "destruction that wasteth at noonday" are not more deadly than the grim monster of the cold.

So this faithful priest has gone on ahead of the flock, because he tried to serve them here beyond the limit of his strength. Only one more of the unselfish heroes, a name not long to be recalled, but a deed that ought to shine forever. The world can not be wholly lost while such men are willing to die for the happiness of others.

CLASSICS AND THE CASH DRAWER.

Some not at all encouraging conclusions are being drawn from the experience of the Drama league of Omaha and the Stuart Walker players. It is regrettable that the engagement did not prove a success, but the promoters of the enterprise should not be unduly depressed by that fact. No week in the season is more dreaded by the managers of theaters than that just before Christmas, and the Stuart Walker attraction was offered just at the height of Christmas buying.

Long ago Chatterton, a noted English actor, declared that "Shakespeare spells ruin," and thereby set in motion a train that still runs contrary to experience and to the best interests of art at the theater. Chatterton had just closed a disastrous effort, and put the blame on Shakespeare rather than assume any part of it for himself.

Minnie Maddern Fiske is authority for the statement that she netted \$47,000 in her tour in "Rosmersholme," a drama of the studious type, whose appeal is solely to the intellect. Other instances might be cited, if these are not enough to prove the case for art. People do want and will pay to see what is good at the theater. Arthur Hopkins, one of the most successful of present day producing managers, talking in Chicago last week, deplored the commercialism of the stage today, but predicted the early coming of a time when the demand for art would outweigh the considerations that now prevail. Then the are cold and hungry is the height of American theater will be restored to its true place in American life.

As a matter of fact, Shakespeare has spelled fortune to more players and producers than he has spelled ruin. As far back as 1824 Fanny Kemble | Start a Diary. As usual, 1 expect to do in 1924 a great many things that saved Covent Garden financial disaster by her ap- are better if soon forgotten. pearance as Juliet, achieving a run of 120 consecutive performances. Shakespeare has been the back-bone of the fame and fortune of such persons as day has fallen into disuse. But the Samuel Phelps, Henry Irving, Beerbohm Tree and next day Sothern and Marlowe, to mention but the high lights of the last fifty years.

Fanny Kemble's 120 nights of Juliet in 1824 correspond to at least a year under modern conditions; that decision. When I was a boy, Edwin Booth's engagement of 100 nights as Hamlet and that was several years ago, in the '60's would mean at least double that number men over 50 years of age were minus of performances today. When records are being their front teeth. Every fall those gushed over the country it would be fair to rememher that E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe have a row and straight. These were filled few box office statements as yet untouched by any other players of Shakespeare.

The largest paying audience at an indoor Shakespearcan performance in the history of the theater | hooped and the staves removed, is that which turned in \$5,266.50 to see Sothern and Marlowe in "The Merchant of Venice" at the Century theater in New York City on November 26. 1921, while the nearest approach to this is found in the same stars' production of "The Taming of the Shrew" at the same theater on November 19, 1921. when \$5,089 was paid into the box office. For a cubic foot. week's engagement, these players hold the record. He swore off smoking cigarets. At Poli's theater in Washington, D. C., for seven, instead of the usual eight performances, the receipts were \$27,297, and this during Holy week, the worst period in the theatrical year. An eighth performance would have brought this well over \$31,000. Nor should it be overlooked that this occurred not when these stars were in the first flush of sensational novelty, but after they had been acting together for fifteen years and were familiar and well beloved personages in the American theater.

The cimex lectularis may not be sudden and unexpected, as the state labor commissioner says, but the line from the old song still fits him accurately. "He gets there, just the same."

If the money is there and waiting, why are not the road vouchers paid? If Governor Bryan wants an extra session, why does he not call one? And, finally, who killed Cock Robin?

The Illinois man who shot the horn off his radio, thinking it was a burglar, deserves recognition for his marksmanship at least.

Presently the new Technical High school will have to be enlarged, if it is to hold all its alumni at reunion times.

Woodrow Wilson passed his 67th birthday quietly. When a man gets to that point he knows the value of not being noisy.

Uncle Sam in the role of Santa Claus to several million American taxpayers will be a welcome sight.

Apropos of certain views now being expressed, it eems that "everybody's out of step but Jimmie."

again next year. Wait till the weather man begins to say, "I told

Santa Claus will survive the debate, and be back

vou so!" When Iowa legislators take a holiday, they

Question in Washington: "Is your name written there?'

Gas is going up again. O-hum.

The Sunday Bee: Omaha, December 30, 1923-Prairie graphs

NEW YEAR GREETINGS. wish a happy, prosperous year From lakes to gulf and back again:

west, I wish for each of you the best The New Year has within its store,

rom sorrow and from pain release

That you may gracefully grow old; That each day's slowly setting sun Will see some duty nobly done.

All these I wish for you-and more.

After all, good friends, the New Year is going to be for you very largely what you make it. It holds a rich store of good things for all of us, but believe you me we'll have of them must be brought to Him this city as the soul of man lives by the energy that there is a constant. o dig to find them, and some of us hay have to dig pretty deep. The Others, looking hing to do is to keep on digging. dance, bootlegging, extreme lack of the question. What is done the genii of prosperity. Dame Fortune is a fickle jade who does not come awoolng. She must be pursued and captured and subdued. She likes of every sort. They see only the forces of every sort. They see only the forces of every sort. They see only the young the captured and subdued. She likes of evil. So it was with the young the captured and subdued the likes of evil. So it was with the young the captured and subdued the likes of evil. So it was with the young the captured and subdued the likes of evil. So it was with the young the captured and subdued the likes of evil. So it was with the young the captured and subdued the likes of evil. So it was with the young the captured and subdued the likes of evil. So it was with the young the captured and subdued the likes of evil. So it was with the young the likes of the days of the days of the captured and subdued the likes of evil. So it was with the young the likes of the days of the days of the days of the likes of the

tion rise:

No. Rinaldo, that beaming gentle- every side. Everywhere. an who just shook you by the hand and asked after the famly, is not an old friend whom you temporarily forgotten. He is a andidate for a nomination.

own language.

NEBRASKA LIMERICK. There was a young man in St. Paul Who was known for his colossal gaul; On the street night and day He jabbered away, Till the people said, "Hire a haul."

of the gimme's, working in hearty co-operation with the society for the encouragement of gogetters.

ildren, and he gives a month ren free for each child born in his flats. Giving a cute little panty sweater forget the thrill of that moment when a dog while so many little children

a moral newspaper like The Bee that is to be the Christian's home wouldn't let me tell it. Among other New Year's resoluions I will make is this: "L Will Not Start a Diary." As usual, I expect to

enough, goodness knows.

An eastern judge has decided that

cider is not a soft drink. ing in old Mizzoo, two-thirds of the men would make a few barrels of with cider and set away in a cool Father. Then the barrels were taken into the people have seen Christ. If Christ ter this was done the barrel was uning a solid cylinder of cider. All the real content of the cider was driven was chipped off, leaving the core in-tact. The men wore off their teeth of biting chunks out of that core. There was a headache in each cubic

He swore off drinking booze. Would not in future use. 'Twas New Year's day he made these

And swore he'd keep 'em true. Then busted every one of them On January 2. Despite the fact that 1924 is cam-

aign year there will be some ensations. The Nebraska legislature will not be in session.

tions, but here are a few I have al-read taken and which will become doubly effective January 1, 1924: Never again to render my nether garments endeavoring to boost some fellow into fat office. Hereafter to worry a little less about the future of all the people and

more about the future of a very few

To get a laugh out of an officeseeker's protestations that he really doesn't want the office, and that to ot will entail considerable sacri-Heretofore I have had to keep a straight face because I had to pre tend to believe it in order to make the other fellows believe it. Really believe my life has been shortened 15 years because of failure to enjoy

aughs when possible. Whenever I think over my past foolishness in the matter of whooping it up for politicians, I'm glad nobody has compiled all American teams of political suckers. I'd be unanimous hoice for center on every blooming C.

A man never fully realizes what a big state Nebraska is until the fates compel him to remain in the extreme the missus and the kiddles must re anin in the extreme western end.

EPITAPHICALLY SPEAKING. Tread light, stranger, for here we All that remains of John Q.

Dawes.

He had the nerve to tell a kid There wasn't any Santa Claus. He caught the gout, the grippe, The flu, and also fits of sneez-

You ask us where Dawes' soul may be-Our guess is where it isn't Here's hoping that your ship ar ives safely in port during 1924. WILL M. MAUPIN.

Out of Today's Sermons

self-existent being, then God must

have been born of woman and also put to death. The Bible does not

put to death, but Christ, the God

ists and modernists understand the

"Religion is eternal, creeds are temporal," said Rev. Albert Kuhn, paster of Bethany Presbyterian

church, in his sermon on "Things

"The attacks that are increasingly

Christian church involving

As long as the heart of the Universe

that flows from that heart, this sou

of man will have a shrine at which

lutely no sign that the Christian world

has changed its conception of God in

swer to the question: 'What is God?'

change of the symbols of faith.

submission and slavery."

of this agitation. I prefer a vigorous

Daily Prayer

glory fills the heavens, make us con-

us the promise of Jesus, that Thou,

shall come in and dwell with us this

day. Speak to us by Thy still, small

Christmas day has come and gone.

Take out of our hearts

Through Jesus Christ our

every trace of jealousy and hatred view,

toward any of Thy children, and give

us the attitude toward all mankind

which was in Jesus Christ our Lord. Hasten the day when our ears shall

REV. FRANK W. PADELFORD,

Heartless Wretch.

on't keep me in suspense! Younghusband—I don't like potato

The Deceiver.

Ethel—Isn't it strange that Flossie tracts such intellectual men?
Maud—Oh, no: she told me she al-

rays plans her gowns when they talk o her, and that gives her face that

sterested expression .- Harper's Ba-

our Father, and He, our Brother,

Temporal and Things Eternal,

Sunday morning.

man, the mediator between God and

"Looking Forward," is the theme | need revision. No man is required of the New Year's sermon to be delivered by Rev. C. N. Dawson at Walnut Hill Methodist church to-Using the two texts, II Kings 6:17: "Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see," and Philippians 3:13; "Forgetting these things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," he will say:

There are many who are walking man, suffered death. Let fundamentalin the blindness of sin. Their eyes ists and modernists understand the are closed to the light. They prefer word of God. Interpreted correctly darkness rather than light because the occasion for their contention will eir deeds are evil. They have cease. naintained this condition so long that e light is painful to their eyes.

Others like the blind man whose yes Jesus touched. When asked if e saw aught, answered, I see men s trees walking. He needed an-Others are unable to see anything made upon time-honored dogma of that needs to be done.

duty seems to be in the distant fumonths, and then cometh the har-vest? I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

Others, looking about them see only ning to do is to keep on digging.

Neither congress nor the legislaure holds any magic wand to wave

Labor troubles, Sabbath desecration. and bring prosperity. Law is not a divorce courts, fast living, the public its essentials. It still finds the and the graph of Along the calling prairie road light. bootlegging, extreme lack of "Fortune and fame from no condi-tion rise."

"Fortune and fame from no condi-prophet prayed. When his eyes had victions of Jesus. prophet prayed. When his eyes had been opened, he said, "They that are "Creeds are the indispensible but Act well your part—there all the honfor us are more than they that are
ever changing symbols of religion.

> My brother, look up, for help, and ok about you for opportunity—for thought does not die with the gradual work. The mountain top for out-look—the valley for work. The prophets were "seers," Men

of forward look. Too many men at I reckon I'll have to run for governor or something, on a platform hat I claim is most comprehensive: dead. The future is aglow with life and promise. "The good old days the latter than the control of the latter than the latter t That's are now, and just before us. by you in copious doses." That's are now, and just before us. The chat many another candidate will coming year will be the grandest and ffer, but they will disguise it in high- best since the world began. Having put your hands to the plow, look not Lot's wife looked back-n her fate. "Let the dead ward. Shun her fate. bury their dead," said Jesus, "and come follow me," He ever moved forward. His command is "Forward Christian Soldier." We are facing the sunrise. Great days are before us What this country needs is a hard orking society for the suppression "Good morning" until the middle of the gimme's, working in hearty operation with the society for the great things of life that he is not operation with the society for the great things of life that he is not operation with the society for the great things of life that he is not operation with the society for the great things of life that he is not operation with the society for the great things of life that he is not operation with the society for the great things of life that he is not operation with the society for the great things of life that he is not operation with the society for the great things of life that he is not operation with the society for the great things of life that he is not operation with the society for the great things of life that he is not operation with the society for the great things of life that he is not operation with the society for the great things of life that he is not operation with the society for the great things of life that he is not operation with the society for the great things of life that he is not operation with the society for the great things of life that he is not operation with the society for the great things of life that he is not operation with the society for the great things of life that he is not operation with the society for the great things of life that he is not operation with the society for the great things of life that he is not operation with the society for the great things of life that he is not operation with the great things of life that he is not operation with the great things of life that he is not operation with the great things of life that he is not operation with the great things of life that he is not operation with the great things of life that he is not operation with the great things of life that he is not operation. aware of the lateness of the hour. My good friend who left the land There is a man in Chicago whose of his birth to become an American. ness to us in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Forgetting the things that are besomething or other, but I know that hind, let us look forward, to the land eternal.

> "Is Christ the Eternal God?" is the title of this morning's sermon by Rev. J. L. Beebe, pastor Grace Evangelical church. Mr. Beebe says that the debate btween the modernists and the fundamental-ists over the Deity of Christ originates from a misunderstanding of the scripture. The fundamentalist confuses Christ with the eternal God, while the modernist tries to make it appear that Christ is a mere man. are mistaken, he claims. An excerpt follows: There are several reasons for re

hear the morning stars singing to-gether and all the sons of men joingarding Christ as separate and dis-tinct from God the Father. Christ dinct from God the Father. Christ ing. "Peace on earth among men of said that "all things are delivered The barrels were tall, nar- unto Me," showing that Christ's power and authority is derived from the Father. The Bible states that no Younghusband - Dearest, I -or -I've been trying to tell you some-thing for a long time, but until now pen and allowed to freeze solid. Af- is the eternal God would He have given the Holy Spirit to Himself? Christ declared He could do noth-I've lacked the courage.
The Mrs.—Heavens! What is it? g of Himself, which indicates that Christ is a distinct person from God. Moses said, "That God is not man nor he son of man." Christ was both salad.-American Legion Weekly an and the son of man! This shows hat God and Christ are distinct per sons. Christ was sent into the world. Daes anyone imagine that God would If Christ is the eternal God then we are without a mediator and Paul was mistaken. Paul sald: "There is one God and one mediator between od and man, the man. Christ Jesus." To make Christ God destroys the whole mediatorial work of Christ. To make Christ a mere man, however, destroys the atonement. Christ is a unique person. He is the only beorigin directly to God the Father.

It has been argued that Christ being the Word is God. The Greek As a general proposition I am not nuch in favor of New Year resolu-God. The oneness of the Father and Son is a oneness of spirit, of purpose, of moral nature and not a one-

mess of person.

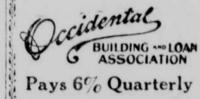
Many of the creeds of the world 子であることできてきることできること

New Year Greetings

It is our hope that Pros

perity and Happines may attend you in 1924 and that your reserve account in the bank of good fortune may ever be larger. To this good advice let us add our thanks for your past favors and friendly regard with a true resolve that our institution shall always continue to merit your confidence and valued patronage.

Assets Over\$12,000,000 Reserve Fund ... 440,000



18th and Harney Streets 35 Years in Omaha | Distribution and an arrange

A Small Town on Saturday Night By MRS. E. E. BETZER,

On any Saturday night in Seward | courthouse to listen to the weekly to abandon reason to be a Christian. Creed makers have made about as Neb., every parking space in the city concert given by the Seward Municimany infidels as believers. The Bible and at the amusement park is occu-

teach that God, the eternal being, was the three-story buildings of the Lu- "blues."

ard, embowered in heavy forest trees, is some castle on the Rhine, because of its high location and splendid appearance. On a moonlit night Seward is like fairyland.

The people of the county de not come to town very early on Saturday night, as you know the butter that brings 45 cents a pound must be packed in gool jars, the eggs safely fore an appreciative audience, who

packed in cool jars, the eggs safely fore an appreciative audience, who easily crated in containers, and those who oring "springs" for regular customers the must wrap them in snowy clothes.

The band boys are Seward business men, who practice twice a week in the

with people who deposit their produce the people of the county for 20 males and then park their cars around the around are here to enjoy the music.

Seward Neb.

does not require a man to believe pied by the 57 varieties of automotic folk, and some of the younger, go to be believe by the incomprehensible. If Christ was God, the eternal self-existent being then God roust folk to town. folk to town.

As one approaches this beautiful banks in "Rosita," or Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood," and others town, which is situated on a high go to the dance at the amusement wooded hill, the tall church spires and park. where an orchestra jazzes

theran college form a charming sky line.

If you come up the Blue river in a boat you can easily dream that Seward, embowered in heavy forest trees, is some castle on the Phice bosons.

The swimming pool at the park is the mecca for many a heated farm lad, who delights in the pellucid water that laps itself around his weary form.

Little children wanden around the

divinity of Jesus and His work of re-fhis chicken revenue is something heated council chambers such popular deeming mankind and the vigorous that helps buy silk hose for the pret-selections as "The Bohemian Girl." counter attack by the so-called fundamentalists gives to thousands the impression that the very foundations of ard is crowded with machines filled but, at any rate, whatever band plays, but, at any rate, which where the band plays, but, at any rate, which was a second plays, but, at any rate, which was a second plays, but, at any rate, which was a second plays, but, at any rate, which was a second plays, but, at any rate, which was a second plays, but, at any rate, which was a second plays, and the second plays, but, at any rate, which was a second plays, and the second plays, a

A Modern Man Dreams

Pen poised to write. Say:
"Come to take one troublesome bur. On daintier verdue it intrudes,
Yet in its place it hath a cheer den away,

What shall it be?" He saw help divine on We can no more do without creeds He gathered his senses and sighed in "Strive on, "it says, "and face the "Oh, take Christmas, such a bore, Fear not the day or task untried." press our thoughts. But just as such a grief.

The pen touched the paper, a gold disappearance of this or that lan-guage, be it the Assyrian or the Santhread affoat skrit, or the Greek or the English. Across its white surface, she read as on paying his fare at all times when religion will not disappear or even change its essential nature with the "To take away Christmas I must hark even when he was out of office. me away

"I anticipate an increase in the To the lowly manger where the Christ of traveling free when he was presiregion of the contest of creeds in the vigor of the contest of creeds in the coming year, but I do not fear for I must blot to oblivion His wondrous will pay my way while I can afford it. When I cannot afford to pay I will in itself stands in any danger of And tear from life's pages His stay at home."-Inklings. teachings on earth.
I must take from earth's music, cul-

intellectual duel any time to mental ture and art
All that was molded or touched by the I must take from child eyes that wondrous light That comes when candles burn clear

and bright. Our Father, Thou Who sittest upon a throne high and lifted up Whose a throne high and lifted up, Whose I must take from you each memory you hold

scious this morning that Thou art Of the Christmas joys that were yours of old. dren. Thou hast revealed Thy near-"Enough," he cried in a voice of pain 'Take what you will from earth's do is the only thing that can separate us But let that priceless gift remain." from Thee. Take out of our hearts every selfish impulse, and fill them with a holy love for Thee. Then we light, know that there shall be fulfilled for Joyous young voices sang "Silent

Night. -Anne Pedersen. Crowding the Cities. "Any bootleggers in this neighbor asked the stranger.

"No," answered Farmer Corntossel We have given and we have received "They've all got rich and opened of the tokens of friendship and love. We fices in town."—Washington Star. but we carnestly beseech Thee that the Christmas spirit may abide in our About This Time. Our idea of a perfectly delightful ob is that of demostrating mechanihearts and in the hearts of mankind john

toys.-Spokane Spokesman-Re-

The Sunflower

By CAROLYN RENFREW.

light
Silver-tipped wings outspread for swift
Tis like some swelling organ note A rhythm from Valhalla's odes; A diapason of the past I am an angel," he heard a voice From one of natures changing moods. With hold assertiveness, alas,

Wouldn't Ride Free. President James Buchanan insisted he traveled, never receiving a pass, would have been horrified at the idea

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