

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

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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."

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.

It does not 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 fulfillment of the promise of seed time and harvest, of day and night and summer and winter.

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.

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.

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 saved Covent Garden financial disaster by her appearance as Juliet, achieving a run of 120 consecutive performances.

The largest paying audience at an indoor Shakespearean performance in the history of the theater is that which turned in \$5,265.50 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.

HALF A CENTURY OF FUN-MAKING. "The way was long, the night was cold, The minstrel was infirm and old."

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.

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.

Seventy-five miles from Nome is the orphanage at Hot Springs. The holiday season was at hand, and there was lack of supplies for the merry-making.

Eight days ago the body of the priest was found, on the bank of the river, four miles from the orphanage. Just another of the terrible tragedies of the frozen regions.

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.

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.

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!'"

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!'"

What this country needs is a hard working society for the suppression of the gimme's, working in hearty cooperation with the society for the encouragement of gimme's.

There is a man in Chicago whose name is not known for his colossal gaul; He is a landlord who will not rent to a family without children, and he gives a month rent free for each child born in his flats.

Among other New Year's resolutions I will make this: "I Will Not Start a Diary." As usual, I expect to do it in 1924 at least many things that are better if soon forgotten.

An esteemed contemporary bemoans the fact that the good old custom of making calls on New Year's day has fallen into disuse. But the next day calls will be numerous enough, goodness knows.

An eastern judge has decided that cider is not a soft drink. But it didn't require a panel to arrive at that decision. When I was a boy, and that was several years ago, living in old Mizoo, two-thirds of the men over 40 years of age were drinking their front teeth. Every fall those men would make a few barrels of cider.

He swore off smoking cigars. He swore off drinking booze. He swore that plug and faneet he would not in future use. "Twa New Year's day he made these vows, And swore he'd keep 'em true, Then hustled every one of them On January 2."

Despite the fact that 1924 is campaign year there will be some compensations. The Nebraska legislature will not be in session.

As a general proposition I am not much in favor of New Year resolutions, but here are a few I have already taken and which will become doubly effective January 1, 1924.

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. It is my only choice for center on every blooming one of them.

The Sunday Bee: Omaha, December 30, 1923. Prairiegraphs

NEW YEAR GREETINGS. I wish a happy, prosperous year. To all my good friends far and near; From California 'cross to Maine, From lakes to gulf and back again; From north to south, from east to west.

I wish for each of you the best The New Year has within its store, All this I wish for you—and more. I wish a year of joy and peace; From sorrow and from pain release; For friends about on every side, And love's doors ever opened wide. Hope's full fruition day by day, And sunshine all along the way.

For you I wish instead of gold That you may gracefully grow old; That each day's slowly setting sun Will see some duty nobly done. I wish that home life stronger grow, That love's warm light be more and more, That God's rich blessings on you pour. All these I wish for you—and more.

The best that's old; the best that's new— All, all of these I wish for you. After all, good friends, the New Year is going to be for you very largely what you make it. It holds rich stores of good things for all of us, but believe you me we'll have to dig to find them, and some of us may have to dig pretty deep.

Others, looking about them see only discouraging conditions. World conditions that seem insurmountable. They see the signs of a coming divorce, bootlegging, extreme lack of law enforcement, the young people going to the dogs. Modern sins of every sort. They see only the forces of evil. So it was with the young man of the text for whom the prophet prayed.

My brother, look up for help, and look about you for opportunity—for work. The mountain top for outlook—the valley for work. The prophets were "seers." Men of the age of 50 or a little beyond, being living in the past. The past is dead. The future is aglow with life and promise.

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Out of Today's Sermons

"Looking Forward," is the theme of the New Year's sermon to be delivered by Rev. C. N. Dawson at Walnut Hill Methodist church today. 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 behind, and pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," he will say:

There are many who are walking in the blindness of sin. Their eyes are shut to the light. They prefer darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil. They have maintained this condition so long that they have lost their eyes.

Others like the blind man whose eyes Jesus touched. When asked if he saw again, answered, "I see men as trees walking." He needed another touch. Having been touched again, he saw clearly.

"Religion is eternal, creeds are temporal," said Rev. Albert Kahn, pastor of Bethany Presbyterian church, in his sermon on "Things Temporal and Things Eternal," Sunday morning.

"The attacks that are increasingly made upon time-honored dogmas of the Christian church involving the divinity of Jesus and His work of redeeming mankind and the vigorous counter attack by the so-called fundamentalists gives to thousands the impression that the very foundations of religion are tottering. This is not so.

"I anticipate an increase in the vigor of the contest of creeds in the coming year, but I do not fear for the future of the Christian religion in itself stands in a position of losing its grip on humanity because of this agitation. I prefer a vigorous intellectual duel any time to mental submission and slavery."

Daily Prayer. We have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ—Rom. 5:1. Our Father, Thou who sittest upon a throne high and lifted up, Whose glory fills the heavens, make us conscious this morning that Thou art not far from any one of us, Thy children. Thou hast raised us from the dead in Jesus Christ, and we are now seated with Him in the heavens. Help us to see that our selfishness is the only thing that can separate us from Thee. Take out of our hearts every selfish impulse, and fill them with a holy love for Thee. Then we know that there shall be fulfilled for us the promise of Jesus, that Thou, our Father, and He, our Brother, shall come in and dwell with us this day. Speak to us by Thy still, small voice.

Christmas day has come and gone. We have given and we have received the tokens of friendship and love. We cannot repeat these gifts every year, but we earnestly beseech Thee that the Christmas spirit may abide in our hearts and in the hearts of mankind everywhere. Take out of our hearts every trace of jealousy and hatred toward any of Thy children, and give us the attitude toward all mankind which is shown in Jesus Christ our Lord. Hasten the day when our ears shall hear the morning stars singing together and all the sons of men joining with the angelic choir in the hush of the first Christmas morning. "Peace on earth, good will to men of good will." Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

REV. FRANK W. PADDELOFF, Boston, Mass. Heartless Wretch. Young husband—Dearest, I—o—o—I've been trying to tell you something for a long time, but until now I've lacked the courage. The Mrs.—Heavens! What is it? Don't keep me in suspense! Young husband—I don't like potato salad.—American Legion Weekly.

The Deceiver. Ethel—Isn't it strange that Flossie 'tracts such intellectual men?' Maud—Oh, no, she told me she always plans her gowns when they talk to her, and that gives her face that interested expression.—Harper's Bazar.

Join our 1924 Christmas Savings Club

It is our hope that Prosperity and Happiness 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

Occidental BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION Pays 6% Quarterly 18th and Harney Streets 35 Years in Omaha

National Bank Farnam at 16th St.

A Small Town on Saturday Night

On any Saturday night in Seward Neb., every parking space in the city and at the amusement park is occupied by the 57 varieties of automobiles used to bring the Seward county folk to town.

As one approaches this beautiful town, which is situated on a high wooded hill, the tall church spires and the three-story buildings of the Lutheran college form a charming sky line.

The people of the county do not come to town very early on Saturday night, as you know the better that brings 45 cents a pound must be packed in cool jars, the eggs safely crated in containers, and those who bring "springs" for regular customers must wrap them in snowy clothes. This chicken revenue is something that helps buy silk hose for the pretty girl of the farmstead.

A Modern Man Dreams. He saw in his doorway a vision of light Silver-tipped wings outspread for swift flight. Pen in hand to write, "I am an angel," he heard a voice say: "Come to take one troublesome burden away."

The Sunflower. I love its shining, smiling face, Along the calling prairie roads, 'Tis like some swelling organ note A rhythm from Valhalla's organ. A diapason of the past From one of nature's changing moods. With bold assertiveness, alas, On daintier verdure it intrudes, 'Tis in its place it hath a cheer And golden beauty undenied. "Strive on," it says, "and face the sun. Fear not the day or task untried."

Wouldn't Ride Free. President James Buchanan insisted on paying his fare at all times when he traveled, never receiving a pass, even when he was out of office. He would have been horrified at the idea of traveling free when he was president. Friends often heard him say: "I will pay my way while I can afford it. When I cannot afford to pay I will stay at home."—Inklings.

A Handy Place to Eat Hotel Conant 16th and Harney—Omaha The Center of Convenience

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION for November, 1923, of THE OMAHA BEE Daily 73,950 Sunday 79,265

TAKE CHIROPRACTIC AND GET WELL. Ninety per cent of all human ailments are primarily caused by spinal nerve pressure.

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