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ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S LINEAGE.

Something of real comfort is found in contemplating Abraham Lincoln in the new light that is shed on his life by the researches of Ida N. Tarbell. Whatever may or may not be said concerning her as an historian, she is a persistent, tireless investigator, pursuing the scent of any needed fact until it is established or is entirely disproved. Her quest for the ancestry of the greatest of American presidents covered a wide range of search. It carried her over a long and often obscure route. Through six states and many neighborhoods. It has been rewarded by a complete chain connecting Abraham Lincoln with a great-great-grandfather, who came to America, a boy, in 1737.

Not a link in the record is missing. Each step is carefully taken. Each move of the family is traced with great care. Abraham Lincoln was the son of respectable parents, with a line of descent plainly marked for almost two centuries. Of this there can no longer be reasonable doubt. His forebears were industrious, substantial, influential, some even wealthy. The first Lincoln, Samuel, who came to this country an indentured apprentice, died a wealthy man. His sons accumulated wealth and position in their time. Each generation brought forth a pioneer. The grandfather of Abraham in his turn felt the call of the wilderness.

This trait he transmitted to his son, Thomas, who was father of the president. It was not thriftlessness, nor idleness, that led Tom Lincoln to migrate from Kentucky, where he might have established himself, into Indiana, and then to Illinois. It was the urge of the pioneer, who faced the hardships and privations of frontier life because they appealed more strongly than the attractions of the more settled communities left behind.

Nor were these Lincolns illiterate. From the first to the last, they had what advantages of education their surroundings afforded. They were active in the public affairs of their days. Abraham Lincoln was not a chance offshoot of some forgotten or unknown ancestor. He was the culmination of a family whose inherent strength was concentrated in his mighty personality.

How is it, then, that so long a time elapsed before these things became known? This may be explained by saying that the almost seventy years that have passed since Lincoln was assassinated have not entirely sufficed to clear away all the mists of legendary lore, or of deliberate misrepresentation born of partisan spleen, that have beclouded the truth. Nothing dies harder than a popular tale. No American is subject of more of these than Abraham Lincoln. Generations will elapse, perhaps, before Miss Tarbell's labors avail against the untruths current against this man who deserves the truth as much if not more than any other American.

On Tuesday Americans may honor Lincoln, sprung from the soil, from the loins of the people, yet descendant of a family as respectable and as honorable as any. He was the man for his times, the leader the broken nation needed. He was not a mere freak, the impossible son of an utterly incompetent father. His memory will be revered, his labors esteemed, and his character loved as sincerely, because it is proved that his lineage was such as it is. Through long preparation in the creature of destiny he was fully equipped for the task set for him.

SPEAKING OF CONTESTS.

The contest now on between the churches of Omaha to determine which will be able to enroll the largest Bible class composed of men promises some interesting results.

Whether the benefits will be commensurate with the work involved will be known after it has been determined whether more members shall be all that is sought, or whether a better working knowledge of God's word is acquired. Mere numbers are not always the final test of the benefits of a religious revival. Usually the real test is in the number who "stick."

The world's greatest Teacher did not seek great multitudes. His greatest and most effective lessons were given to few at a time. But the few who listened and learned proved greater than an army with banners.

It may be that the smallest class enrolled will prove to be the greatest factor in the spread of the Gospel of the Nazarene. The success of the contest now under way in the churches of Omaha will not depend upon the number of men enrolled, but in the teaching they receive and the inspiration they feel as the result of that teaching.

But the contest is a worthy one, and the mere fact that men enroll themselves in the contesting classes is a good indication of an aroused interest in spiritual things. However, it is to be hoped that the contest will be based on something of more moment than mere numbers.

KNOW NEBRASKA BETTER.

Many a long winter evening is enlivened by planning for the summer automobile tour. The trouble with most Nebraska tourists is that they plan to speed across the state as rapidly as possible in order to reach the advertised scenery and resorts in other states. They hump themselves over the steering wheel and burn up the roads, looking neither to the right nor the left until they cross the line into another state. As a result they miss some of the most beautiful things that Nature offers.

The Bee suggests to Nebraskans planning a summer automobile tour that they see Nebraska first and know it better. And to further that suggestion The Bee points out some facts that are not generally known.

Take the Lincoln highway from Omaha and travel

at a medium rate of speed, pausing long enough in each town and city to take note of their progress. Keep on going as far west as Kimball, and then turn north to Gering and Scottsbluff, driving over Stage Hill, one of the most beautiful scenic roads in the entire west. Spend a day or two looking at the beauties of the Wild Cat range, climb majestic Scotts Bluff and look out over a wonderful valley.

From there drive north into the Bad Lands of Sioux county, visit the wonderful fossil beds at Agrate, and then turn eastward to Crawford and visit the beautiful valley of the White river and spend a few hours at historic old Fort Robinson. You have not seen the real beauties of the west until you have visited the Pine Ridge section of Dawes county, and wandered through the majestic canyons of Pine creek and the Niobrara river. The Elkhorn valley possesses scenic beauties that will appeal to every lover of Nature at her best.

Your summer vacation spent on wheels wholly within your own great state will be at once a revelation and an inspiration. You will return home refreshed and invigorated, and a better Nebraskan than you were before.

See your own state first, and know it better!

MAN'S EVERLASTING WILL TO KNOW.

One spot on earth is highest, reaching above all other mundane elevations. It is the top of Mount Everest, in the Himalaya range. It towers 29,002 feet above the mean elevation of the sea. Almost six miles of granite thrust up into the air. One Pike's Peak set on top of another would yet be short of reaching this elevation. No man has yet set his foot on that sublime pinnacle. Ice and snow and wind, and sheer bare granite have blocked the way. Last summer two intrepid explorers made their way within 1,700 feet of the ultimate goal, and were driven back. Superhuman strength, aided by all of man's ingenuity, had failed.

Another expedition will again essay the ascent during the coming summer. It may succeed. If it does not, another will in time follow, and so on, until Everest is scaled.

Somewhere, some time, so long ago no record remains, man set out to explore his surroundings. He measured the earth. He plumbed the depths. He surveyed the heavens. Brave hearts have trod their last steps and lapsed into eternal silence in the frozen north. Equally bold men have gasped their last feverish breath in the steamy jungles of the equator. No unknown terror has deterred the venture. No certain danger sufficed to check the effort to surmount it, and to bring more and more of earth's secrets to the knowledge of man. Always man has conquered.

If the fundamentalists were looking for proof of divine descent for mankind, they could find it in this kodlike qualification. What other explanation can be given for the restless, impatient, unsatisfied longing that has sent men in all ages out beyond the limits of the known to discover what might await them beyond? The first hunter who passed beyond the range of hills that bound his vision. The first sailor who saw the shores sink below the horizon, and found himself asleep on a limitless expanse of water, set the example that has been followed by gallants whose lives were given that man might know more of his surroundings. No more sincere worship can be indulged than to find out the work of creation and through it adore the Creator.

So the expeditions to the pole, the coming attempt to climb Everest, the promise of another attempt to pierce the roof of the world by airship, all are evidence of the unquenchable, unconquerable spirit that wants to know. Out of it has come every worth while achievement with which man's long march upward is adorned, and while it continues to animate the race, that upward march will not be checked. Not even the most intolerant bigotry can halt or turn this indomitable will to inquire. It is born of that which gives immortality, the very will of God.

LOOKING UP THE EARLY SETTLERS.

Whenever the intelligentia become bored stiff by what is going on around them, they seek refuge in a game that never will be ended. In Philadelphia, for example, the location of a new city hall, the energetic pursuit of vice by "Old Gimlet Eye," and such like affairs have wearied the elect. They are in revolt. In proof we submit the fact that the editor of the Public Ledger is being bombarded with letters on the timely topic of who discovered America.

One group holds out for Christopher Columbus, the other for the Cabots. Claims for the latter, naturally rest on the fact that Columbus on his first and second voyages saw only islands, and did not view the mainland until his third voyage, which was in 1498, while the two Cabots had actually reached the continent itself in 1497. Columbus is supported by those who adhere to the long extant theory that it was a result of his locating land at all that induced other explorers to undertake the great adventure.

All this is mighty interesting, but ignores the fact that 500 years before Queen Isabella went to the money lenders, Lief the Lucky, son of Eric the Red, had landed, and actually undertaken to colonize the new world. Life in America was not to the liking of these hardy sons of the north; the climate was too tame, the summers, lasting from May till October, were too long. So they pulled up stakes, abandoned three years of work, and went back to Greenland. Even the record of their experience was forgotten for 900 years.

Perhaps some Phoenician voyager, blown from his course, reached the shores of America long before the Norsemen. Maya and other relics suggest the possibility of this. Early man from Asia surely found his way to this country. All things considered, neither Columbus nor John Cabot has a very strong claim to being the first in this country.

Just why Philadelphians at this time should be so upset over this more or less academic discussion is hard to understand. No doubt General Butler who is trying to remake the police department will not be diverted by it.

If it is true that orders from Berlin prevented the flag over the German embassy at Washington from being half-masted for Woodrow Wilson, the result may be unfortunate for thousands of innocent little German boys and girls.

Among England's other troubles just now is a flu epidemic, that is carrying off hundreds of victims. Life is just one thing after another for John Bull these days.

Is it possible that Trenmor Cone is the only Nebraska democrat who has the courage of his senatorial convictions?

Of course Mr. Doheny was active at the San Francisco convention, intent upon having an anchor to windward.

It appears that the coca-cola king did not confine all of his saccharine to his marketable product.

Out of Today's Sermons

Rev. Albert Kuhn's sermon this morning at Bethany Presbyterian church discusses "Woodrow Wilson as a Tragic Figure in History." He compares Wilson and Lincoln, saying:

Both men were leaders of tremendous intellectual and persuasive powers; both had the gift of crystallizing into immortal words the aspirations and ideals of the best of their time; both lived at a juncture of time when these ideals struggled for realization or preservation in the crucible of a gigantic war.

The one of them led his host to a definite and overwhelming victory; the other had to see his purposes at least for the time frustrated and the majority of the citizens pointedly away from his leadership. Why this difference? To my mind the difference lay in their wills. Abraham Lincoln was the most easy man to compromise on nonessentials, but stood adamant against the most tremendous influences that were brought to him to compromise with the south on the issue of our national unity. Woodrow Wilson was exceedingly tenacious in his insistence upon his own way in nonessential political matters; but when it came to make a stand to death for his own and the countries' convictions, as immortalized in his sagacious "14 words," ideals for the realization of which he demanded and received the sacrifice of the lives of his fellow citizens, he compromised, and compromised so decidedly that the country and the world were turned from him with deep disappointment.

Had Woodrow Wilson held out at Paris against the imperialistic dreams of the French militarists, against the ruthless greed of Japan, against the hunger for national advantage at the expense of the defeated on every side, he would have won a more stupendous victory as did Abraham Lincoln: for the masses of Europe, vanquished and victorious, and of his own people, who saw the form of China were with him, against such a force of world opinion and conviction the old school diplomats at Paris would have given up. It was the order to save the world and the form of the League of Nations on which he had set his heart, he agreed in the actual peace treaty to terms which not only the nations, but the people, also he, himself, and the majority of our nation felt to be a direct violation of the principles of international justice which he had formerly given voice to.

This compromise by him has resulted in a foul peace, a terrible misery and ominous danger of a new war. If there was any personality in this world that was in a position to bring about a period of peace, justice and good will, it was Woodrow Wilson. Had he been Lincoln, I believe he would have done it.

To me Woodrow Wilson is one of the most tragic figures in the history of the world.

The main thoughts of the sermon to be given today at St. Paul Lutheran church, by Rev. E. T. Otto, pastor, follow:

In our today's text, Matthew 13:31-33, Jesus speaks of a deplorable condition of the visible Church of Christ on earth. He speaks of the tares among the wheat. When we speak of a visible church we mean the whole number of those who profess the Christian faith and who claim to be under God's Word, but among whom, beside the true Christians, there are also hypocrites. Thus Jesus mentions the net and the fish of every kind. Matt. 13:47-48.

In our series of Epiphany sermons since New Year we have presented in its manifold aspects "the glory, the majesty of the only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Should not His Church possess similar qualities, perfection and holiness? What is the Epiphany of the church? This is a fair question. Permit me to answer it in the words of Christ's greatest apostle. By the imputed righteousness of Christ, which comes by faith, we as members of Christ's Church are perfectly justified, holy and acceptable before God.

In this sense the Holy Christian Church is the sum of all believers, all Christians; for only believers, and all believers, are members of the church of Christ. Paul says: "Christ loved the church and gave himself for it; that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." Eph. 5:25-27.

The parable of the tares among the wheat warns the followers of Christ against taking offense at finding children of Satan among the children of light in the visible church. This parable of our text gives three reasons: First, because they are in the visible church without it; second, because they are not members of the church; third, because on the day of judgment they will receive their just dues.

Jesus sowed the good seed of eternal and heavenly truths. By them He won true followers, who became good seeds by the good seed sown into their hearts. They are planted in the great acre of this world. His church is on earth today. Christ does not immediately remove His followers from this earth. He keeps them here as long as He has a work for them to do.

Look at verse 25, which tells us that the evil one who, this also applies to false prophets who parade as harmless lambs. The wheat field remains a wheat field in spite of the tares or darnel which in its first stages much resembles wheat.

What shall be done with the tares first? Christ says: "When they shall be ripe, ye shall say, 'Let them alone, till I come, and then will I gather them, and bind them in bundles to burn, and will say to the angels, 'Gather ye up hence, that offend my Father, and all who do iniquity.' So will I gather them, and will bind them in bundles to burn, and will say to the angels, 'Gather ye up hence, that offend my Father, and all who do iniquity.'" Matt. 13:40-42.

Blowing His Wealth.
A couple of old Yankees were discussing the doings of a certain youth. "Do you think," asked Uncle Eph, "that the money young Silas made down in New York will last him long?"

"You bet it won't," exclaimed the other old fellow. "He's going at an awful pace. I'm told, I was down in the general store the other night and young Silas was reported to me to be writing hundred-dollar checks and flouting his cigars with them." Harper's.

Matrimonial Notices.
Miss Antique—You ought to get married, Mr. Oldchapp.

Mr. Oldchapp (earnestly)—I have married many times lately that I had a wife.

Miss Antique—Have you really? Mr. Oldchapp—Yes. If I had a wife, she'd probably have a sewing machine, and the sewing machine would have an oil can, and I could take it and all my office door. It squeaks horribly.—Tit Bits.

SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget
That Sunrise never failed us yet"
Celia Thaxter

LOOKING AROUND.

I'm looking 'round a bit these days to see full of hope and praise, Not just a sermonette. I yearn of soul to find a place Where gospel truth's applied. And pastor talks with radiant face ("Christ and Him crucified.")

I'm weary of theology And splitting hairs so fine. The good old ways will do for me— I claim old truths for mine. It matters not from whence I came; It matters where I go. I put my trust all in His name; None other will I know.

Let theologians rave and rave, My faith I build secure. I know His power has to save, That His name shall endure. Let learned pulpites expound, And fight on every side. I only know that I've found "Christ and Him crucified."

I'm looking for a place to hear The old-time gospel preached; The Zion songs sung loud and clear 'Till God's gates are reached. I'm sure to find a place to go Of 'Is'm on every side. And yearn to hear, somewhere, somehow, "Christ and Him crucified!"

One of the stock jokes of the newspaper game is that the department of Counseling to the Lovelorn is presided over by a gruff man of middle age who seldom shaves, smokes a pipe, swears like a pirate and hates the female sex. But it isn't true. It never has been true. In the first place, you couldn't get a man like that to tackle the job. In the second place, there are no such men on metropolitan newspapers. In fact, all kind of soft-spoken men, every one of us deeply in sympathy with those whose affections are not up to par. Readers of The Omaha Bee who want advice on matters of love, etiquette, etc., may rest assured that their letters go to a very sympathetic young woman who spends all her spare time seeking how best to serve those who confide in her.

The wrecking of the original court house of the most recalls another bit of Nebraska history. Kimball county was organized in 1888, and the building just wrecked was occupied as a courthouse for several years. Kimball county was formerly a part of Cheyenne county, and Cheyenne county has become known as the "Mother" county of Nebraska, and is now the largest county in Nebraska, but old Cheyenne formerly held that distinction. From it have been carved the counties of Kimball, Kearney, Morrill, Garden and Deuel. And Mother Cheyenne has every reason for feeling proud of her progeny.

It is to be regretted that Nebraska did not retain more of the Indian names when naming counties and cities instead of using the names of so many politicians and officeholders. Replete with Indian lore and legend, it would have been fitting to commemorate the pioneer days by using Indian nomenclature. But only a few such names have been perpetuated, among them being such names as Nemaha, Fognelle, Red Cloud, Ogallala, Keya Paha, Niobrara, Otoe, Nemaha and Arapahoe.

We are not of those who deplore all this quarreling that is going on among the theologians. True, it is not showing the church to be a well organized and militant force to battle the hosts of evil, but it is resulting in a more intensive study of the Christian religion, and goodness knows something like that has been needed for a long, long time.

To us it matters not the least whether this world was made in six calendar days or six cycles of millions of years each. We refuse to worry ourselves sick over the question of whether Jonah was swallowed by a great fish or whether that story is mere allegory. We concern ourselves not at all whether we evolved from monkeydom or came into being as created in Genesis. We are, however, greatly concerned about being here and considerably interested in our final destination. So, while accepting the conditions as we found them, desiring to make the most of our opportunities, even though falling lamentably short of the time, and supremely confident that One Great Master Mind conceived it all and manna it divinely, we are not giving a hot for the disputations of clerical gentlemen. All the theology we possess could not blow through a mosquito's feather into a snail's eye without making a hole.

Morley's Caustic Pen.

From the New York Evening Post.
One of the most interesting literary secrets of the Victorian age has just come out. Who wrote the famous Saturday Review attack of 1866 upon Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads," which caused the immediate withdrawal of the book and injured Swinburne's reputation for life? Seldom has a more savage criticism appeared in England. "An ancient, gray imp from the pit," it called Swinburne; "the libidinous laureate of a pack of satyrs." Edmund Gosse now reveals the fact, withheld when he wrote his life of Swinburne, that the critic was John Morley!

Few would have thought this possible until, incidentally, in 1887—Morley became a fast friend of Swinburne, and as editor of the Fortnightly Review made Swinburne's articles a leading feature. Their originality, enthusiasm and splendor of imagery were of the greatest value in redeeming and enhancing the poet's reputation, so that, as Gosse now puts it in the London Times Literary Supplement, "the same hand that struck him to the ground in 1866 raised him to glory in 1887." Morley himself told Gosse that he had actually written the Puritanical attack. A curious fact is that Swinburne had some suspicion in 1866 as to the identity of his assailant, but he had no means of knowing, predicting that virtue, turning on hypocrisy, will

"before she finds her art stale Fling some Morley at the cart's tail."

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V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of February, 1924.
W. H. QUIVEY,
(Seal) Notary Public

When I Blink, But We Are Mightily Long on Faith.

Now that the case has been decided in his favor, we feel at liberty to tell Colonel Can-deep of Atlanta that in our humble opinion any 67-year-old man who would write those "Sweetums" letters should have been cinched to the financial limit.

Why all this discussion of who was the greatest fighter that ever lived? In fact, it was so stormy that the record is available. Samson stepped into the ring and knocked out 3,000 opponents, one after another.

There was a young fellow named Birch Who took his fair sweetheart to

When he fell in a doze "The young lady arose And left Mr. Birch in the lurch.

A week ago today it was storming so badly in these parts that church attendance was reduced to the minimum. In fact, it was so stormy that thousands of people had nothing at all to keep them from the theaters.

Which impels us to pause and inquire if the boys of today are subject to a peculiar malady that afflicted the youth of some 50 years ago? So far as we have been able to discover the symptoms have never been described in text books, and no drugs of record seemed sufficient to cope with the disease. It was a milder in character, but wonderfully regular, the first symptoms appearing about 3:20 a. m. every Sunday, and growing rapidly worse as Sunday school time approached.

The ringing of the first bell found the disease in its acute stages, relief coming slowly after the ringing of the second bell, and disappearing with miraculous suddenness as soon as the patient's parents had patted the covers about him and departed for church. If the disease ever had a Latin name we never heard it or saw it in print, but its common or garden variety name was "Sunday sickness."

Concerning the Nebraska primary law and propositions for amending the same, the purpose being to make it understandable and workable and assert that the proper disposition to make of the primary law is outlined in the recipe for cooking a carp.

We need a slogan to end war," says a magazine writer. How about "pay as you enter."—Eugene Guard.
England will soon know whether or not a labor government will "work."—Fresno Republican.
An eminent professor declares that 20 years from now women will do no housework at all. Whatever he means, it will certainly start an argument.—Louisville Courier-Journal.
WILL M. MAUPIN.

Valentine Immortal

By ALTA WRENWICK BROWN.
Printed in powdery wig, ruff and courtly velvet breeches, Into Modern Day his steps from Past's Salon of Riches. Dignified, ad vivum, real lace foam o'er knuckles, Out he steps, chivalrously, in shoes with sapphire buckles. Joins he waiting Lady Love-Rosebud of Ante Bellum— Costly as the rarest scroll of script e'er done in vellum— Bows he to her scornful, shy, heart-captivating greetings— Kissing fairy finger-tips of protuberating sweetness. Folding round her fichued breast robe gem-strewn, of gold threadings. Off he carries her to coach and four for ball room heading. Shown of sterling silver mounting stars the high breeds' trappings. Livered, state-coachman heads slave-footman's order-tappings. Soon from bloom-strewn board walk gay with canopied protection— Enter they Hall Grandeur decked for "February 14, Reception"— Where volucinous in hoops and rustling gowns broad-based— Venus dances minuet by Galahad fain aided. Slew and graceful, quaint and square, to subtle music flowing. Measure acts, mid scent of musk, neth candelabra glowing. Silk and lace, light scent and wig, bloom, belle, beau, music, sandal— Valentine Immortal—Scene immune from Time and Vandal.

Center Shots

Except that it is impossible and unworkable the democratic substitute for the Mellon plan seems to be all right.—Detroit Free Press.
Very original New Year card just in from Secretary Mellon, headed "Just what you need, a plan that will make your individual income tax return." Many thanks, Andy.—Boston Transcript.

This country thinks so much of Mexico that it is going to build a nice barbed-wire fence on the boundary line.—Toledo Blade.

Mr. Bok who was responsible for the peace plan that suggested the league of nations all over again, at least found out that the American people have not forgotten to throw things, including a fit, when something is offered them that they don't like.—Sioux City Journal.

The United States will make formal apology to Poland for raiding the residence of the secretary of the Polish legation. But if there was \$50,000 worth of liquor in that cellar, apologies for the abuse of courtesy ought to be coming from Poland.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The statement contributes their autobiographies to the congressional directory but often write their obituaries for the Congressional Record.—Cleveland Times.

A new congressman coins epigrams, but they don't affect congress half as much as telegrams.—Marion Star.

"We need a slogan to end war," says a magazine writer. How about "pay as you enter."—Eugene Guard.

England will soon know whether or not a labor government will "work."—Fresno Republican.

An eminent professor declares that 20 years from now women will do no housework at all. Whatever he means, it will certainly start an argument.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

Spice of Life

What's this strange tale the wires tell?
The beautiful coeds at Cornell Would put hip liquor on the blink— They will not dance with men who drink.

Of course, the drinkers will complain, They needn't though, as I'll explain: To make things even, they've a chance— Refuse to drink with girls who dance. —Milwaukee Sentinel.

Friend—Mandy, ain't yo' 'spicious 'bout yo' husband quittin' work soon as he done married yo'?


Mandy—'Yo' jes' keep yo' jealous nose outa mah business, Sally Jackson! Mah husband is merely takin' his honeymoon.—Exchange.

He thought to run a chicken farm. The plot at this point thickens. For him the plan was full of charm. But it was rough on chickens. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Off we wonder how a crab Gets a wife. There are many questions drab In this life. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Here's one answer that I nab. Hear me buzz. Oftentimes he's not a crab 'Till he does. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

"What's your opinion of prohibition?" "I hardly know what to say. If you can believe what other people tell you it seems to have driven a lot of them to drink."—Detroit Free Press.



When in Omaha Hotel Conant

How an Exact Accounting System Has Enabled Me to Lower Costs

THE MULTITUDE of details necessary to properly conduct a funeral require time and most careful attention, and therefore enter into my costs. These costs must be paid for, either directly or indirectly.

No Funeral Director can furnish such items free. No Funeral Director does furnish them free. It is impossible to do so.

The old practice was to GUESS at such costs—and then add them on the price of the casket. That practice was unbusinesslike and misleading—the public believed the Funeral Director charged a price out of all reason for a casket—in short that he profiteered.

I do not believe the public is any more concerned with the SEPARATE items of cost of a funeral, than the housewife is concerned with the grates, base, body or lids of a kitchen range cost. All these parts are necessary to the range—she is buying a range—not the several parts which go to make it.

I know that the only FAIR WAY to serve (and charge) in my profession is to know one's costs, and then make ONE CHARGE for the complete service, including merchandise and service.

I have kept exact records of costs for four years. Knowing these costs and the fact that my buying and operating is conducted upon a very extensive basis, has enabled me to pass on to the public a considerable saving.

Under my new plan of doing business, each patron knows just what the bill will be—and the amount to be spent may be determined in advance. It may be as little as \$100 for a complete adult funeral service—it may be as much more as the patron desires to spend.

But the service always is the one COMPLETE service which Hoffmann has perfected, and which Hoffmann always provide.

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