THE SUNDAY BEE: OMAHA, DECEMBER 28, 1924.



ful dungeon of torture.

at Sherry's with the gold service.

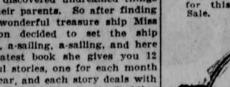
home. smoke that curls up from chimneys.

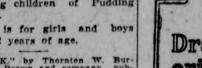
Snow lies deep in the cup-like valleys and the hills resemble high shimto turn to green.

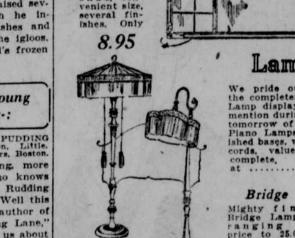
about Joseph Pulitzer, the brilliant and blind publisher of the New York World with whom he was so long associated. For years Pulitzer, sightless and racked with pain, guided the World through many tempestuous the seven seas in quarters that were sound proof for he could not endure the destinies of his pape but only a

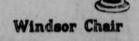
imperfect world. He was a sensitive man and never

sought the limelight. His heart was











And he still carries on. the large wood pile at the back of the farmer's home.