

Annual Meetings of Omaha Banks to Be This Month

Loan and Building Associations Have Also Called Directors' Conferences for January.

Omaha banks, both national and state are to hold their annual meetings this month.

The national banks will hold meetings Tuesday, January 13. On the same day, the State bank of Omaha, the Federal Land bank, and the Security State bank of South Omaha will hold meetings.

The Bank of Florence and the Union State bank hold their meetings January 5 and the South Omaha Savings banks, on January 12.

Two of Omaha's loan and building associations held their annual meeting in December. They were the Omaha Building and Loan association, which met December 24 and the Bankers Savings and Loan association on December 22.

The associations to meet during January are the Metropolitan Building and Loan association, on January 6; the Occidental Building and Loan association, January 9; Conservative Building and Loan association, January 12; State Savings and Loan association, January 13; Standard Savings and Loan association, January 14, and the Union Building and Loan association, January 19.

The Nebraska Savings and Loan association will not hold its annual meeting until the middle of July.

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How Many Friends Can You Count On?



The Broadway undertaker is on his way to become a millionaire.

By O. O. MINTYRE.

A noted New Yorker recently left this world. The newspapers were filled with fulsome eulogies. They spoke of his many friends. And yet this man told me over a cup of coffee on a hotel roof garden about five years ago that he knew of but two friends he could count on if he happened to find himself in a desperate dilemma.

"Only two," he said, "who would go the limit." He was a man of pelating personality, a sportsman and one who gave large sums to charity. He had led an honorable life and had given account of the millions entrusted to him by his father.

And now that he has gone the newspapers speak of his countless friends. We are all friendly when death comes. But how are we in life?

I am not trying to be cynical. I'd really like to know how many friends a man really has. I feel that I have many who are loyal and steadfast. Two is an infinitesimal number compared to the number I think I have. But have I? Where would they stand in a crisis? It has been an almost invariable

cry among those who suddenly came upon misfortune to say: "I didn't know how few friends I had until I needed them." I cannot believe this. Humanity certainly cannot be so perverse.

Yet only recently I was in a club when a man came in. He was once hailed by all. People formerly liked to have him around but when he sat down this time there was a sort of clam-like silence. He was plainly the worse for liquor but he is a gentleman.

He lost his job through liquor—a big job too. And he has been hitting it up ever since. In all that time, however, I nor no one else knew him to do a small or mean thing. His worst enemy was himself. Still we shrank from him. He sensed it and after a few moments withdrew. No one tried to stop him. I was just as guilty as the rest and I went home feeling pretty much the cad.

There was a man who had been a friend of each of us and what were we doing to help him over a rough spot. His life is by no means ruined. He still has ability and he can still come back in his chosen work.

That night I wrote him a letter. It offered no apology, but asked if I might see him some time soon. There was a courteous but dignified reply. He had felt the hurt that I sensed he felt. He was entirely too proud and he wanted no sympathy. Nor does he want preaching. What he did want, I imagine, was loyal friendship and I believe I for one failed him.

And for this I am ashamed just as we all should be ashamed when we fail to meet friendship's test.

Friendship is one of the heaven-sent gifts. Very few of us appreciate it as we do. Sympathy is not friendship. That is deeper and more lasting.

I have a friend of whom I am very proud. He is one of many and yet I believe he measures up to the ideal friend as well as any man I know. And while I am about it I might mention his name. He is R. M. Brinkerhoff, the artist.

To me he is a remarkable person because he is devoted to his friends. He worries about them. Their troubles are his troubles. He is not one of these glad persons around sporting platitudes. He acts.

He is the sort of friend that I know if I were in a poor house he would be there every week to call. And if the distance was too great to call he would write. None of his friends could make a mistake so big that he would not overlook it.

His friendships are limited as perhaps they should be and I imagine he dislikes as many people as the average man. But those he likes he gives wholeheartedly of his friendship.

It is said that Pyrales and Orestes, ancient Greeks, celebrated for their friendship, died long ago and left no successors. This is not quite true, but I do believe friendship needs a stimulus. We all should gain a new perspective of its meaning.

Strawberries from Florida are selling in a Fifth avenue fruit shop for \$4 a box. There are 50 to the box—8 cents a berry. And there are just enough suckers to snap them up in a hurry.

Karl Kitchen has found an undertaker who is becoming quite a figure on Broadway. He would have gone into bankruptcy if it had not been for the flu epidemic a few years ago, but that calamity put him on his feet. Now the many deaths from bad liquor are making him a millionaire. And he is stepping out.

A man who has been coming to New York with his wife for 20 years says that on his first visit here he thought twin beds were an insult. Later on he and his wife began occupying separate rooms. Now they stop at separate hotels. Next thing, no doubt, will be separate lawyers.

It is difficult to remain long about the New York harbor without magnificent dreaming. Most of us are nomads at heart and our souls float out with ships. A bench in Battery park and there come thoughts of the far away places—Cyprus and Crete, Smyrna, Iceland, Norway and where not. Dancing girls in Burmah. The jungles of the Ganges. The blue of the Mediterranean. And the bay of Naples. It is no wonder the Battery park benches are always filled with dreamers. No one is immune from the romance of the sea. In Battery park you see the rich man, the scholar, the doctor and lawyer along with beggars, charcoal vendors, fortune tellers, flower sellers, blackbills and sailors. And each is touched by the odd magic.

Harlem's lottery is patronized chiefly by the darlings in the Black Belt. Many of them devote more than half of their earnings wooing the goddess of chance. And, strange to relate, a flock of reporters scouring the district, failed to find one winner in the past 10 years.

From a letter: "I write you from a tent in Arizona where I get my only thrill watching the Santa Fe trains rush by. I am a 'lunger' suddenly

shifted from the roaring torrents to the backwaters of life. My only companion is a dog. You used to see me in the supper clubs of New York. Once we chatted amicably from adjoining tables. Your articles appear in a California paper I receive and that is my only excuse for writing. The fact is I am lonely. It is a numbing sort of loneliness, for I know that even though I make the grade I must remain here for years. The most tragic thing in life is to become a useless member of society. And still I find comfort in existence. I want to live. Why is that? I am not yet a philosopher, but I believe that eventually I am going to find happiness. Already I am beginning to enjoy the skies, the stars. Before this experience, skies were just where the rain comes from. And when I thought of stars I thought of Billie Burke or Maude Adams. I am not really afraid of the Great Adventure, but I find myself praying now and then. How I wish I had gone to church. I hadn't been in one for 22 years except at a wedding!"

WINDOW-KICKERS ARE SENT TO HOME

James Smith, 2, son of Anna Smith, 1346 South Twenty-fourth street, and Joe Lucchino, 10, son of Tony Lucchino, 2207 Mason street, who kicked in a plate glass window at the Hayden brothers store in order to obtain cookies displayed therein, were committed to Riverview home from juvenile court Saturday morning.

Bennie, 5, brother of Joe, who did not actually participate in the kicking, was paroled to his parents. John, 14, and Donald Coyle, 13, 412 North Twenty-eighth avenue, who were charged with breaking and entering the home of H. B. Liddell, 425 Lincoln boulevard, on December 29, were paroled to their parents by Judge Day Saturday morning.

HITCHCOCK WILL TALK AT LINCOLN

Former Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock will deliver the principal address at the annual meeting of the Nebraska State Historical society, January 13, Superintendent Sheldon announced. Meeting of the Native Sons and Daughters of Nebraska will be held at 6:15 p. m., January 12, in the Lincoln hotel, Lincoln, preliminary to the Historical society meeting the next day. There will be a dinner and a program. Reservations may be made through the secretary, Mrs. Margaret Sheldon, 1319 South Twenty-third street, Lincoln.

Postal Receipts Higher. Columbus, Neb., Jan. 3.—Local post-office receipts here were \$2,486.60 more this year than last, and December receipts were \$250 higher than in the same month of 1923, Fred Scofield, postmaster, announced today. Approximately 133,594 pieces of mail were canceled under first-class rules here during 1924.

Buffalo Banquet Planned. Beatrice, Jan. 3.—The local chapter of the Isak Walton league has arranged for a buffalo banquet to be held on the evening of January 8

in firemen's hall. These officers were elected: Dr. C. C. Baird, president; C. O. Gudner, vice president; Dr. C. A. S. D. Kilpatrick, W. H. Goble, Bruce Anderson, secretary; Frank Hughes, Thomas, and Dudley Scott, directors.



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