

The BEE BOOK MASHETT

Old Home State

Viewed by the Old Home Folks

What Well-Known Writers Have to Say About the States They Claim for Their Own.

"THESE UNITED STATES," a symposium, second series, edited by Ernest Horn, Boni & Liveright, New York, publishers.

Here is a little bit of publisher's enterprise that goes to the meat of a question of considerable national importance. Often in these days we hear of the sovereignty of the states, of their rights, of the various and conflicting interests. Also, we listen to the boasts of their sons and daughters. Nebraska is not free entirely from the habit, although it is in no sense Pharaonic to give thanks that as yet our fair state has not gone to the extent of some of its neighbors. So to set out the reasons for state pride, to discuss the state between these sovereign entities that together make up the great federation that is known as these United States, this work has been published.

It is a really interesting symposium, too. Each of the 24 states represented in the present volume is told about by one of its favorite authors. For example, Sinclair Lewis tells of Minnesota, and the reader learns from him that the Gopher state is not one long Main street, and that it has other and far more interesting communities than Gopher Prairie. Willa Cather tells about Nebraska, or, more definitely, she approves the "first cycle" of Nebraska history. Telling of the settlement of the difficulties and hardships of the pioneers overcame, and of the real achievements of the men and women who laid the foundations, Miss Cather treats the subject with sympathy, vision and in a way that will be understood by those who read what she has written.

Similarly other states are told about, so that the one who pursues the several articles will have a fair understanding of the differences that exist. Why Idaho is not like Montana, for example. The book is most attractively arranged, too. Seemingly in order has been the selection of its authors. For example, the Nebraska history. Telling of the settlement of the difficulties and hardships of the pioneers overcame, and of the real achievements of the men and women who laid the foundations, Miss Cather treats the subject with sympathy, vision and in a way that will be understood by those who read what she has written.

Handicaps That Hang Heavily Over Newspapers

"FREEDOM OF THE PRESS," a study of the newspaper in the United States, by Samuel Arthur Dawson, The Columbia University Press, New York, publishers.

Mr. Dawson, who took a master's degree in journalism at Columbia university, has prepared a most interesting and informative work. In it he traces the development of the freedom of the press, which is not so very free after all. Although the constitution of the United States and those of practically all the states proclaim the right to free speech and free publication, newspapers are still hedged by "qualified privilege." The law-making bodies and courts, the most important agencies dealing with the liberties of the people, are free. But the newspapers are not entirely free to print the proceedings. Absolute privilege in the legislative halls or courtrooms becomes "qualified privilege" when the newspaper reporter writes his account for publication. Courts have ruled in favor of the publisher often enough to materially soften the condition, but the fact remains that the privilege of publication is a matter for the judge to pass upon. Mr. Dawson's little book should be carefully studied by the young men who are entering journalism. Even some of the old timers, well acquainted with liber suits and contempt proceedings, can get something from reading the book.

Where the Anzacs Made Gallant Efforts in War

"THE STORY OF ANZAC," by W. B. Mason, Angus & Robertson, Ltd., Sydney, Australia, publishers.

This is volume II of "The Story of Anzac," and deals with the period from May 4, 1915, to the evacuation of the peninsula of Gallipoli. It is a part of "The Official History of Australia in the War." As such a document it is of real value to the historian and the student alike. Over the naked skeleton of facts little effort has been made to throw a veil of description. Yet enough of the narrative form is preserved to give a distinct and impressive view of the terrible experience of the soldiers from the Antipodes in their hopeless job of trying to dislodge the Turk from possession of command of the entrance to the Dardanelles. One must read it carefully to know the heroism of the men who took part in that disastrous endeavor. And when that knowledge is obtained, the effect will be to produce a feeling of higher respect for the Australian and New Zealand soldiers.

Mystery Concealed in Heathen Idol Image

"THE JADE GOD," a mystery tale by Alan Sullivan, The Century Company, New York, publishers.

Mr. Sullivan knows how to tell a story better than many other Englishmen. Most of them overdo their mystification, but Mr. Sullivan keeps just enough of it on tap to sustain the interest of his readers to the end of a story, which is also more reasonable than the general run of such yarns. He clears up a case that baffled police inquiry, redeems the reputation of a fine old house, and welds his common sense here to a girl who deserves a good husband. The jade god that figures in the story holds the interest of those who love their tincture of the occult just enough to make them wish for more. Another point for commendation is that reference to the East and oriental customs are but incidental, and are not featured.

Adventures in a Soda Water Parlor!

By O. O. MINTYRE.

I am one of those shy souls easily rebuffed. If a theater ticket seller keeps me waiting for 20 minutes while he adjusts his scarf, slicks up his nails and telephones Gert about the fine time they had last night, I wait patiently.

If I ask him for two good seats down front and he gives me two behind the post, I take them with a pleasant "Thank you sir." There isn't a headwaiter in New York who hasn't made me feel like a crawling worm and the way hotel clerks have snubbed me is nobody's business.

Consequently they must have a lot of fun with me in a New York soda water parlor. And before indignant soda water parlor proprietors in the hinterland waste caustic words, I want to say my observations are confined strictly to New York.

On my next visit to one of them I am going to take along one of those sidewalk scooters the children use. It will save heaps of walking. You tell the clerk you want a chocolate soda. He tells you to get a check from the cashier. You walk a half block and the cashier asks you if you want vanilla ice cream or chocolate ice cream. You tell her either one will do and she demands to know which is a difference in some parlors there is a difference in price.

By that time your ears are burning.

Ninety cents for a soda water! I don't believe there is a clerk in New York who could lift 90 cents worth of soda water.

Still soda water has become a national beverage and we must have it—even if we have to be snubbed and booted about.

I have never seen a poet who was not a bit temperamental. Somehow they seem to live a little above the pack. Some years ago I used to play pool every Saturday afternoon with a crowd that included Berton Braley, the jongleur. We played for an inconsequential sum, but Braley never had cash. He would give each man a check for varying amounts. It grew rather irksome and we began to abuse him about it.

"Why don't you bring money with you?" we would demand.

"Because I would spend it before I got here," was his bland reply. And that is exactly what would happen. Braley also wears the most outlandish, goshawful hats. They would desecrate most city dumps. Otherwise he is very neat in his appearance. He says he likes old hats because they are comfortable and, being a poet, he gets away with it.

From a letter: "For 10 years I lived in New York. Several months ago I was promoted and am now in a large western city. At first I was unhappy.



On my next visit to a soda water parlor I am going to take along a scooter and you decide. Then you walk back to the clerk. He is polishing a glass and discussing Al Jolson with one of his conferees. You stand on one foot and then the other. They won't seat you in a New York soda parlor. Finally you clear your throat and say in one of those frightened adolescent voices changing from bass to tenor: "Chocolate soda, please."

"Vanilla or chocolate cream?" with a click and in deep bass.

"You're forgotten, but you say chocolate ice cream and you've bought one for vanilla and so you have to go back to the cashier again. The cashier of a soda parlor is never in the same place. He may be in the rear, up front or right at your back and as a rule he is freighted with importance. He seems to question your intelligence to know just what kind of a soda water you want.

If you say a lemon phosphate he looks at you as much as to say: "You poor nit-wit, nobody drinks that." Many times they have frightened me that way and I have immediately changed the order. I don't want them to think I am not capable of ordering a soda water.

I went into one place and asked for a crushed raspberry sundae. "We haven't any raspberries." So I made it easy for him I told him any crushed fruit would do. But he said he hadn't any kind of crushed fruit.

"Well, give me just plain ice cream," I replied, and he gave me a dish of lemon ice and what is more I ate it and said nothing. When he asked for the check I realized I had neglected to buy it and when I went to get it I forgot what I had ordered and was all so confused that when I departed I tried to walk through a side wall mirror.

If there had been a trapeze there I would have swung by my tail. I certainly made a monkey of myself.

There is an old wheeze about a soda water patron, but I think he did not intend to be funny. He was merely fahbergasted.

"Give me a chocolate soda," said. "We are out of chocolate but I can give it to you without vanilla."

"No, I wouldn't care for that, give it to me without sarsaparilla."

In some of the large soda water parlors in New York they have floor walkers. They are supposed to make it easier for you but most of them I have seen are too busy admiring themselves in the mirror to be of any help whatever.

The most expensive fountain in town is on Fifth avenue. Here the ordinary soda is 40 cents and they have some fancy fixtures at 90 cents. They ought to include a free-hair cut and a pair of Sox for that sum. I remember the time when for a dollar and a half you could go buggy riding all afternoon and take your girl out for dinner along with it.

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Any breaking out of the skin, even fiery, itching eczema, can be quickly overcome by applying Mentho-Sulphur, declares noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, this sulphur preparation instantly brings ease from skin irritation, soothes and heals the eczema right up and leaves the skin clear and smooth.

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ADVERTISMENT. GOLDSD

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ABE MARTIN On the Value of Intestines



Lester Pine, Yesterday an T'day.

Doubtless many have read about the early hardships of John D. Rockefeller, how he had to clerk in a general store in his bare feet, and how he struggled and struggled to get where he is today. Not his ever said about anybody's early struggles till they've cornered nearly all the money, where there's very few worth-while people today that didn't have to hustle an' dig as hard as Rockefeller 't' get up in the world. Rockefeller didn't have to have a car, an' own a dinner suit, like th' biddin' youth o' today. Besides, Rockefeller has allus had dyspepsia an' saved hundreds o' thousands o' dollars on that account. But, all Rockefeller aside, Mrs. Tip-ton Bud has a nephew well along in years, a Mr. Lester Pine, whose life story is enough to make any aspirin feller give up. Lester Pine's mother an' father fought all their days, an' he was turned over to an aunt th' day he was weaned. Th' usual few years o' schoolin', interspersed with jobs that ruined th' shape of his hands, an' rounded his young shoulders, followed. At 15 he entered a soap factory an' studied Greek at night. At 17 he'd

New Head of U. S. National Waives Seclusion of Private Office

Robert P. Morsman, president of the United States National bank, does not believe in a private office, as other bank presidents do.

Since his election to the presidency of the bank, Morsman has moved his desk from its former place to a point farther in the interior and has it faced so he can see all that transpires in the bank.

The former office of John L. Kennedy, former president, is being used as room for visits between the executives of the bank and customers.

The room has a round oak table instead of the flat desk formerly used by Kennedy.

"I don't care much for the closed up rooms," Morsman said. "I'd rather be out where I can still greet the customers."

"A bank president should be accessible to the customers at all times. Being closeted in a private office makes one act too much on the aloof," Morsman says.

The former president's room is now called the round table discussion room. "We get around it and discuss matters," declared Gwyer H.

Yates, vice president.

At present the United States Trust company is occupying all extra space.

The trust company is awaiting the completion of the new wing of the bank, work on which will not begin before April 1, when the contractors having the undermining of the Omaha National bank are finished with their work.

Held for Burglary.

Central City, Neb., Jan. 31.—Charles Penn and Burdette Knowles, both of Clark, charged with burglarizing the Hords elevator and the Farmers elevator at Clark, were bound over to the district court under \$5,000 bonds. Penn was recently released from the county jail where he had served the minimum sentence on an assault charge.

Shortage Is Probed.

York, Neb., Jan. 31.—F. H. Graf of the Lincoln firm of Van Boskirk & Remington is in York, checking the books of R. C. Allen, retiring clerk of the district court. There is an alleged discrepancy in accounts.

Demand

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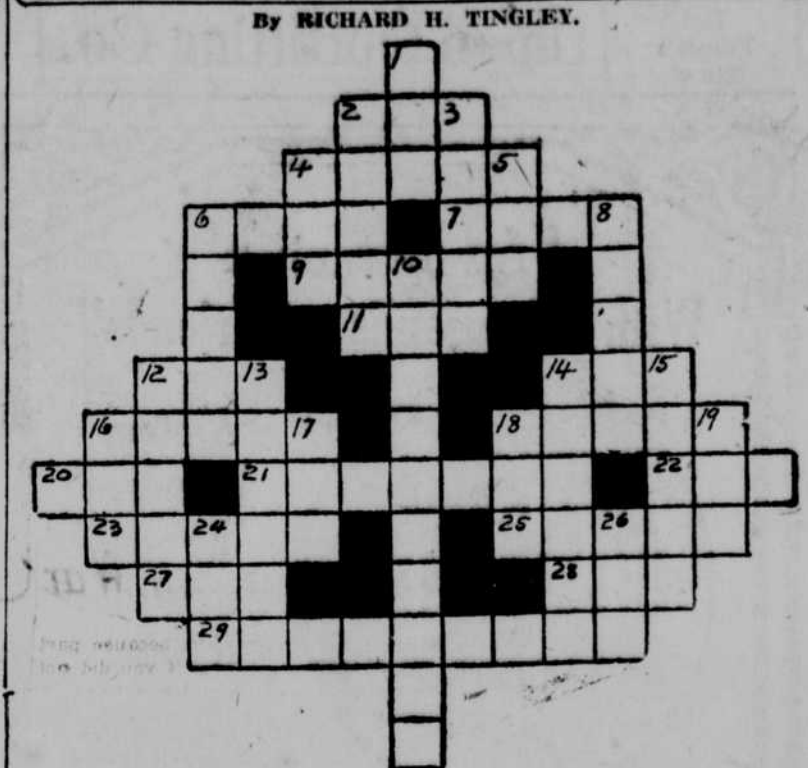
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The Daily Cross Word Puzzle



- Horizontal.
1. Illuminating fluid.
 4. To talk foolishly.
 6. A color.
 7. A highway.
 9. A nut.
 11. A brief snooze.
 12. A greedy person.
 14. A favorite.
 16. An ancient Teutonic law.
 18. Incendiarism.
 20. Belonging to him.
 22. A poker term.
 23. A theatrical manner.
 25. At a later time.
 27. Shaped like an L.
 28. To wander from the truth.
 29. European farm laborers.
- Vertical.
1. Sheep's talk.
 2. Blue and yellow.
 3. A long, narrow strip of leather.
 4. A young dog.
 5. Eternity.
 6. One of the ropes of the sailing vessel.
 8. Disreputable resorts.
 10. To accuse falsely.
 12. An adhesive mixture.
 13. A titter.
 14. To like better.
 15. A drunkard.
 16. Sister (slang).
 17. To shed tears.

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