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Omaha-Where the West is at its Best

CHRIST ENTERS THE TEMPLE.

"And they brought the colt to Jesus, and cast their garments on him; and He sat upon him. "And many spread their garments in the way: and others cut down branches off the trees and screwed them in the way."

Thus was Palm Sunday first designated. It was the beginning of the most eventful week in human history. That peaceful triumph of the Savior led through the Temple to Gethsemane and to Golgotha and to Calvary and to the Tomb. It was the fulfillment of His destiny.

3 st the end of that journey was not in the tomb. The week went out in gloom and darkness. The veil of the Temple was rent in twain, and an earthquake rocked the city. When a new Sunday morning dawned, its light shone on an empty tomb. A risen Christ testified to His preaching, that there is life after death, that annihilation is not the doom of man, and that salvation is possible to all who seek it. With eternal happiness ahead for those who deserve it by having done right things and repented of the evil they have done while journeying along the road Jesus himself traveled as a man.

In those days when He taught in the Temple. Christ uttered many sage truths, many simple maxims, and gave comfort to all who heard Him. Knowing the end was near, He gave profounder thought to every utterance, yet indulged in less of mystery in parables to illustrate his point. Whether it was to call attention to the widow's mite, or to answer the subtle questions put to Him by the lawyers, who sought to confuse or trap Him, those closing hours of His ministry are fraught with such wisdom and sympathy of understanding as mark them for close study.

Palm Sunday, then, rightly marks the beginning of the greatest of weeks, not alone in the earthly life of Jesus, but for the church that He founded. Its joy is tempered by recollections of the passion. the trial, the agony, and the death of Him of whom it was said: "Others He saved Himself He could not save." But that sadness is overbalanced by the promise of Easter Sunday, only seven days ahead. While the words Christ spoke in the Temple during the four last days of His career as a teacher hold great sustaining power for His followers. It was there He spake:

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love they neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.'

Nineteen hundred years of progress also hang on those two commandments. Not yet perfectly appiled to the ways of man's life, but a dominating influence in all his affairs. From Bethpage to Calvary the way was dark and sore to tread, but down from Calvary shines a light that has guided many millions, and will guide more, to better living here and abiding faith in still better hereafter.

TRAGEDY'S SHADOW OVER MUMMER.

In the death of Madame Pasquali at a local hospital we have one more reminder of how fine the line is drawn between tragedy and comedy. Madame Pasquali was a singer, possessed of a wonderful voice. She had won high place in the world of art. When she came to Omaha a few weeks ago, to ring at the Orpheum, she had plans laid to soon sail for Italy. There she would rejoin her husband and take up again the work of singing in opera. Such plans ere now forever adjourned.

While she was away among strangers, she was not without friends. During her few days of life in Imaha before going to the hospital, she came into ontact with a number of people, who interested hemselves in all ways possible to administer to her, comfort. Big, generous hearts opened to her. She was ill and far away from her own people. Her passing recalls the fact that such an experience is ever faced by those of her profession. Folks who sit at the theater and enjoy the actor or the singer give little heed to the shadow that seems to lurk a little

nearer to those who are behind the footlights. Frank Mayo was coming back to Omaha to delight us again with his great character of Pud'n'head Wilson. The grim messenger called him from his berth just after the train had left Grand Island. Kyrle Bellew, full of life and vigor, charmed us with his comedy one night at the Brandeis, and three days later was dead at Salt Lake. Richard Mansfield gave all his strength and talent to illuminating the allegory of "Peer Gynt," at the Boyd theater, and not so many days afterward had made the great

So it goes for a long list. Part of life that can not be escaped. Yet the more tragic, because it takes these from their place in a world of make-believe, and hurries them through the sorrows of reality to the world beyond.

CAUSE GOOD, ARGUMENT POWERFUL.

A lot of parents will say "Amen!" to a decision endered by Judge Bryce Crawford. He held that 1 South Side father was wholly within his rights when he applied a 2x4 to the person of a young man who had kept his daughter out beyond the time limit. We know that 10 o'clock comes very early in the evening, yet that was the "X-hour" set by the girl's father. He made no objection to her going out for a joy ride, but he did tell the young folks to have it ever with by 10 o'clock.

Ten o'clock went by, and so did 11. Had the swain in the case ever read "Tam o'Shanter," he might have had a glimmering of what was going on. There sat father, "gatherin' his broo like ae gatherin' storm, nursin' his wrath to keep it warm." When 11:30 came and the tardy couple returned, they learned very shortly that 10 o'clock means just that and nothing else in father's glossary. A piece of scantling was substituted for the traditional bed-slat, Crawford holds that it was justified.

Brusque and entirely informal as the proceeding may have been, it will bear fruit. A few more such incidents, and the joyride schedule will be modified. Juvenile court proceedings may fall off, and a lot of other annoyances may disappear. Fathers should take courage from the affair, and assert themselves ward, to block the march of civilization. Rather, set | end. the world going ahead on a little more orderly course by restoring some vestige of parental authority and control. When moral suasion fails, a bed-slat or a piece of 2x4 is a powerful argument. The cause is always good.

ONE AMERICAN ANNIVERSARY.

Come Sunday-week, and we will have the opporevent. April 19, 1775, date of the Battle of Concord the first armed clash that made the American Revolution sure, and marked an epoch's beginning. It was they are alarmed by nothing the crucial occasion, when the bridges were burned, the Rubicon crossed, and there could be no turning back. Firm hands had grasped the plowshare, and until Cornwallis marched out at Yorktown, six years later, the drive was onward.

Major Isaac Sadler chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, ask that the event be not allowed to pass without some recognition. No tumultuous manifestation, no great public demonstration, but just a pause for a moment to acknowledge that the way along which the nation has traveled to greatness is not forgotten. Chiffy, the D. A. R. women ask the ministers of the city to remember the date, and to make some mention of the day and its significancee in connection with their sermons. This reasonable request ought to be generously

It is not much, but history holds few dates more momentous. Great battles have been singled out as turning points in the affairs of man. No current of \$1.40 a year, and it is a ghastly fact that in 47 states history was more decisively determined than that which began its direct course on that day when, as Fmerson wrote-

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood, Their flag to April's breeze unfurled, Here once the embattled farmers stood And fired the shot heard round the world."

The echoes of that shot still are heard. It shattered ancient privilege, it threw down the mighty from their high seats and set up liberty for the people instead of divine right for kings. Thrones have toppled and despotisms dissolved because of that shot. Men stand upright and decide on their own offairs, shape their own destiny, and enjoy the fruits of their own industry, because of that shot. We hope it reverberates until Freedom is the portion of every human being who walks the globe, and justice and equality rule everywhere.

END OF LENIN'S DREAM.

Lenin sought with deliberate purpose to destroy light. wealth. It was a step to the realization of his dream of a world in which there would be neither riches nor poverty, nor class distinction. The dullest would move on a plane with the most brilliant. Hunger would vanish, and there would be no nakedness. Government would allot each his task and apportion his reward. No one would be worked beyond capacity, and each would get enough to live on, and no more. All would be happy, for none would be envious, because there would be nothing to envy.

Now the successors to the government of Lenin and Trotzky tell a Russian secret the world has been well apprised of for a long, long time. Government control of production and distribution has failed. Russia is going back to the later Lenin ideal of modified private capitalism. The "new economic policy" is to be restored. Private capital, especially the foreign variety, is invited to come to Russia and go to work. The invitation will be heeded, just to the extent that the soviet government shows its sincerity. Russia will be restored, but not as swiftly as it was

For Lenin it may be said he lived as he taught. He worked hard, and in every way shared the common lot of the Russian people. His plan broke down, just as it has always failed. Human nature has changed very little since the time Moses established the jubilee for the Hebrews, and which that people abandoned when they went to Samuel and said: "Give us a king to rule over us!" Many Utopias have been set up, many communistic experiments have been tried, and all have broken on the rock of uates. individualism.

Men will co-operate in common undertakings, but will not submit to a system that puts industry and indolence, thrift and unthrift, on a common level. Superior capacity will assert its dominance over inferior, in spite of any effort to restrict its operations. It is right that it should. "The survival of the fittest," always the law, still controls.

The New York lawyer who had an "unofficial" engagement with one of the well known Gish girls is going to have an official engagement with the court. He will answer disbarment proceedings and a charge of perjury, preferred by the judge who listened to

The proposal to give Keck the floor of the old house chamber was not altogether inappropriate. Very likely he will be heard asking for the floor of the new chamber at the next session.

The democratic national committee's second thought on the great advertising campaign was better than its first. The money may yet have to be spent, however.

About now "the farmer jocund drives his team afield," although most of them are using flivvers to get out in and tractors after they get there.

The nice thing about the progress made by the University of Omaha fund is that it has nearly all been raised without undue ballyhooing. Kansas City and St. Joe are getting lots of sport out of their big new landing fields. "Air parties"

are the rage down that way now. Considerable sentiment will be required to preserve one of those old chairs or desks from the state-

house very long. Odd, isn't it, how business keeps up while Wall street is shivering?

"Near" beer will get no nearer, under the new

Hunters Menace All Birds

By WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

The present state and future prospects of the birds of North American are such as to fill the mind of every friend of wild birds with gloomy forebodings. The wild quadrupeds of our country, game and not game, already are so nearly gone that soon we may cease to trouble ourselves about them. In 1922, in the best game state in our land, Pennsylvania, it took 127 hunters to and the application was quite successful. Judge kill one deer and 1,205 to kill one bear. This was the proportion of hunters to game killed by the 47,000 hunters who fully reported their luck.

A very limited effort to save decent remnants of our North American game birds is today at its climax. If the killers and the deadly optimists win, as we greatly fear that they will, then our last killable game birds will soon follow the bison, moose, caribou, sheep, goat, antelope and grizzly bear. A reported abundance of ducks in their half dozen winter resorts has aroused feelings a little more vigorously. No need to turn time back- of false security, which will merely serve to hasten the

If heretofore the odds against the birds have been great, today they are enormous. In this year of 1825 it seems that about 90 per cent of the score of factors hat now affect their fortunes have combined to destroy them. And it is the human equation that is delivering he knockout blows. The birds can withstand the march of civilization, the decrease of food and shelter, the hawks and owls and the twin curses of huting dogs and hunting cats, aye, and all the rigors of the elements, and still carry one. They cannot, however, withstand tunity of observing the 150th anniversary of a great | the supremely cruel and murderous hunting conditions of foolishly liberal laws, and machine guns and auto mobiles that greedy and reckless hunters have provided Bridge, or of Lexington, whichever you like. It was for themselves through obliging lawmakers backed by the new-type conservationists who are so optimistic that

> In the pages of the official Game Laws for 1924-25, as published last year by the federal government, under headings of our 48 states you will find 48 lists of down and-out game species. The catalogues of species under the heading "No Open Season" are merely to show so many gravestones to vanished game and sport. Under the head of "Bag Limits" you will see figures that will amaze you by their reckless size. Under the head of "Open Seasons" you will note the painstaking efforts of the hunters to give themselves the most sweeping privilege for slaughter, always taking the utmost advantages of the helpless game, save in the breeding season itself.

> The only concession of the bird-killer to the bird is season in which it may possibly-if other enemies per mit-produce more gun-fodder for him.

If the 6,000,000 sportsmen of the United States were skillful enough to kill in one year even one-half of the game allowed them by law and by their own licenses, absolutely all the killable game of the United States would be blotted out in one hunting season. Only sanctuary game would remain.

The cost of the average resident hunting license is the only money available for the support of same pro tection department and game wardens is that derived from hunting licenses, as the price of blood. Only one state, so far as we know, has risen to the decent level of paying for its game protection work regardless of bunting license fees, but in several states it requires constant fighting to keep the hunting license funds from being stolen for "good roads," "education" and other

Our American system of free-shooting for every citizen and game protection by blood money alone is unsound, foolish and sweepingly destructive. Our big bag limits and long open seasons are extravagant and sometimes idiotic and exterminatory.

Our national indifference to the fate of our game irds and quadrupeds already has caused the extermination of about 95 per cent of our nation's original stock of game, and it is about to finish the remainder. Whoever says that "game is more plentiful now than it was 50 years ago" is reckless with the truth. When Frank Forrester warned the American people against the ex-tinction of their game supply he was a prophet. "The Game Laws of 1924-25" abundantly prove that he was

list of killable game at least a score of wild species in two-score of states. The records of the bison, moose caribou, sheep, goat, antelope, deer and bear are records of foolish and wicket waste, state by state.

Easy-going American folly, optimism and inertia

The state by state extermination of the wild turkey, quail, heath hen, sage grouse, sharp-tail, prairie chicken, woodcock, snipe, whooping crane and several species of duck and geese, point straight to the ultimate finish of all hunting sport in America by the automobiles and the deadly automatic and pump guns. The total ex-

tinction of the pigeon, Carolina parrakeet, Labrador duck, great auk and Pallas cormorant, is but the forerunner of the fate that soon will overtake other important species. Of the whooping crane there is no

reason to believe that more than 100 individuals remain The supreme curse of our wild life, forests and waters is the deadly apathy and indifference of the American people as a whole, and the insatiable greed of about one-half of them.

Ever since 1920 we have been demanding of sportsmen, game-hogs, conservationists, pseudo-conservation ists, editors, lawmakers and the general public a quick armistice for our game birds and quadrupeds, both state and federal, in the form of greatly reduced bag limits and open seasons. The response has been not one-tenth what it should have been. The real duck killers, of the big daily bags, firmly refuse to abate any of their killing privileges. Some of them now are getting "ugly' about it.

In the great leading conservation states, New York and Massachusetts, after a direct appeal to each legislator and the leading organizations of sportsmen for progress in game protection, who do we see? Up to a few days ago the only bill before the New York legislature really in the interests of game was one to reduce the open season on woodcock from 60 to 45 days, and in the Massachusetts legislature the only one was to coninue the closed season on quail in Plymouth county.

The clubmen of the Atlantic duck resorts, who greatly rejoiced when we put the market gunners out of business in 1918, now are angry at us because we sk them to accept a duck bag limit of 15 instead of 25. They are very likely to bring pressure on the biological survey very soon to prevent any worth-while waterfowl reductions in the federal "regulations" for killing migratory game. They see ducks "very plentiful" in the four or five duck resorts of the Atlantic coast. And yet in Pennsylvania in 1822 it took five men to kill one duck, five meneto kill one quail and 160 men to kill one goose! And this in a concededly "good game state," with game laws well enforced.

When we talk about stopping 50 per cent, or even 40 per cent, of the wasteful and exterminating slaughter, the eastern conservationists immediately muddy the water by talking about "sanctuaries," "better enforcement of law," "feeding of game"-yes, and "publis shooting ground." Now, we are heartily in favor of all those things. We always have been. But who will for one instant be fooled into believing the big bag limits are anything else than the chief, the surest causes of game extinction?

The way to begin the real saving of the remnants of our nation's game supply is by at once stopping 40 per cent of the killing of it. Declare an armistice now.

Again, and for the third time, the public shooting grounds bill has failed in congress. Even if it should pass in the next session, it would not be until July 1, 1927, that the first money from it became actually available for use in paying for sanctuaries and hiring more federal wardens. The idea that its 100 extra federal game wardens would really provide "adequate protection" for the migratory game of the United States is utter nonsense. It would take at least 1,000 new wardens to do that. Even at the best, sanctuaries would come slowly; and even when they began to arrive, few of them would be breeding grounds for the real increase of wild fowl.

This reminds us of Canada, the great breeding place for our United States duck and goose supply. One of the most active and level-headed game defenders of the Dominion, E. R. Kerr, demands in the columns of "Rod and Gun in Canada" that in the next revision of the migratory bird treaty that instrument shall provide for federal bag limits on ducks of 10 only per day. We once read in a good book something about "handwriting upon the wall." Perhaps this is it.

I believe the extinction of hunting sport in America, either by the practical or total extinction of our remaining species of game birds and mammals, looms close sefore us. It is like a mountain of ice dead ahead, shrouded by fog. We have done our best to make the outlines of the berg visible through the mark, but, fear, mostly in vain. Because of the greed, folly and mertia of the American people I predict the worst. believe that, without a human and humane upheaval that I have no reason to expect, the year 1950 or thereas the Gobi desert of Manchuria. I think that the most of it will be gone by 1935.

Unless men's hearts lose their, lust for innocent blood; unless powder, shot and machine guns lose their present joyous freedom in killing game; unless the headly automobile can be curbed in its pursuit of game, and unless editors, lawmakers and the people-who-don't shoot awake, act and do about one hundred times more than they are doing, or ever have done, then we may

SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort nor forget, That Sunrise never failed us yet:

HOMEWARD BOUND.

- I want to hear the click and clack
- My thoughts are hourly turning back To home, and where my loved ones stay.
- I long to greet the face of friends With whom I do the daily grind:
- To be at home where journey ends And weary miles are left behind. I've roamed about the "sunny south,"
- And seen but little of the sun. 'Neath chill gray clouds, 'midst lengthened drouth.
- And damp and fog when day is done.
- I've seen their cities, great and strong, Sprung up from the oil fields crude and raw; But how I'll laugh at brakeman's song
- When he sings, "Next is Omaha."
- I'm coming home with heart elate
- From roaming o'er the whole southwest.
- To old Nebraska, my home state. Still to my mind the greatest, best.
- I've seen them all from coast to coast, From lakes to gulf, and yet, b'gee, I still love old Nebraska most—

She's plenty good enough for me. Homeward Bound -Got the turkey all packed and just waiting to get started back home; back to the daily grind that isn't a grind; back to the old familiar scenes; back with the old friends and associates. It has been a wonderful trip, taking it by and large. A scattered family has once more been re-united for a brief season, old friends have been visited, and we many new friends have been made. But, after all, the

We have seen some things we wish Omaha and Nebraska had. On the other hand, Omaha and Nebraska have many things that folk down here wish they had. So, after all, things work out about even, with the old home state and the old home town having a bit the best of it.

best thing about a vacation is planning it and returning from it.

Down in these parts we hear much in praise of WOAW's splendid programs and of G. R.'s announcing. We trust this will not go to Gene's head. On two or three occasions while down in these parts we have listened in and caught Omaha. and it at once cheered us up and made us homesick. Just as soon as Gene will let us we are going to radiocast our thanks to a fine lot of southerners who have made our visit so pleasant.

Thank goodness we Nebraskans are at last rid of one nuisance. In times gone by, when a Nebraskan wandered far from home, the first thing he heard when he said he was from Nebraska, was, "O, you are from Bryan's state." We haven't heard that a single time on this trip, but on three or four occasions we have been aked about Bro. Charley. Maybe the time will come when a Nebraskan can wander far afield and not even hear the name of Bryan. Remember how we used to think it was advertising our state?

In our humble judgment about the best advertising Omaha and Nebraska can grab off now is to send a special train of good fellows to the big advertising convention in Houston in May. We've told these southerners about the Omaha Ad-Ssell Club, and if Doc MacDiarmid and his assistants and fellow Ad-Sellers don't make good, I'll be thoroughly discredited. And even the bunch will have to go some to measure up to the reputation I've given the club.

If the sunny south is never any sunnier than it has been while I've been down here, somebody sprung a joke when he evolved that name. On the anniversary of the Omaha storm, when it was \$5 there, it was 55 in Galveston. And 55 there is

We wouldn't have missed this trip for a lot. We wouldn't give a snap to be able to turn around and make it all over again. The very thought of getting back to home and work makes us chortle with glee. Don't laught when we say "work," either. WILL M. MAUPIN.

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will be shipped by us to Chicago, Ohio and Pennsylvania next Monday and Tuesday. Will ship cars to Los Angeles, St. Louis, Dallas, Tex., latter part of April. Any packing or storage you contemplate, we will give complete cost to destination. Our pool cars to all large cities save you money. Phone JA ckson 1504.

TERMINAL WAREHOUSE CO.

McGuffey's "Readers"

From the New York Times. housands of these were sold, but their and south. emembered by the surviving ancient dent of Cincinnati college. The or elderly men and women who dog-

Looking over our western exhanges, almost every week we find McGuffeyite after McGuffeyite testi-fying. One letter calls out another. netimes McGuffeyism seems a cult. Sometimes it seems additional evidence of the curious associative American habit. It is widely diffused Brethren are always turning up in New York, where the sacred books were only slightly used, so far as we know. Generations of new "reading books" follow one another and find no collective worship. In the '50s George S. Hillard, a fine, old-fashioned scholar, compiled a series of "Read-ers" that was a model of taste in se-lection and of compressed information bout the authors represented. ny antique Yankee venerate them Do old codgers in Pullman smoking compartments fall on one another necks when they discover that both ard? Yet the boring passion of age for reminiscence, the revival

outhful companionship, the natural logic by which we subscribe chee fully for a silver pitcher to be given to an octogenarian schoolmaster whom, when he was in his twenties we ritually abominated as and So," are as present in the on case as in the other. Was there some incommunicable agic in McGuffey? His "First

Reader" was full of a moral simplicity and dogmatic virtue of which the west is perhaps worthier than the east. The permanent after-effect of "Readers" would be hard to trace; but it is hardly doubtful that from them millions of men and women, at least in the old days, got their chief literary cultivation, spart from the lible and a few devotional books, "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe." Their poetry, outside of "Watt's Hymns," was mostly de-rived from the "Readers," which conained selections read over and over o, at least up to a generation ago, a study of successive "Readers" would give us a fair comparative view popular literary acquirements. William Holmes McGuffey was born in Pennsylvania in 1800. In 1826 he became professor of ancient lan-

| guages, in 1832 of moral philosophy May the report be true that the at Miami university. He held various other college appointments in Ohio; and from 1845 till his death in 1873 give to the New York Public Libra- he was professor of moral philosophy ry his collection of the many editions, and political economy at the Universome of them rare enough to tempt the most virtuous bibliomaniac to lardown in the books as "an American eny, of the long-famous "Eclectic educator," and he was a great Amer Series' 'of school books prepared by can educator, yet less by his faithful his father, William Holmes McGuffey. We don't know how many hundred books used by multitudes in the west circulation, especially in the west, was somebody rich, not him. His first prodigious; and some of them, the book, we believe, was published in "Readers" in particular, are so well 1836. In that year he became presiared, defaced or scurrilously in "out loud," like little Mohammedans cribed them in their school days, that had by no means declined in favor 'out loud." like little Mohammedans it might almost be said that there is Not long before there were as many an Association of McGuffey Grad- "loud schools" as "silent schools" in Indiana, and probably in Ohio. The often be heard a half mile away, the jurisdiction. The swish of "the word with the bark on" was frequent in every schoolhouse.

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WHEN IN NEED OF HELP OMAHA BEE WANT ADS -and God made Holiday Land

CO that cool, clean, invigorating air may be breathed, God piled rock on rock to form mountain peaks and crests so high they stab the sky. That man might behold and marvel at His sublime artistry, He carved and fashioned cliff and crag and canyon into masterpieces of colossal statuary. In between, He put pleasant valleys filled with roaring torrents or quiet, limpid lakes, singing streams and murmuring brooks; to meet, with wondrous completeness, man's every divergent taste and desire.

Motor out to "Holiday Land" this year - through the quaint old cities and Indian pueblos of New Mexico; San Isabel and Grand Mesa National Forests, with their trout-filled streams and relics of the Cliff Dwellers; by the way of the Pikes Peak region and the Garden of the Gods, or the wonderful mountain parks and resorts near Denver - with good roads, good hotels and pleasant camping places all the way. Whether you follow the Park-to-Park Highway through the Yellow-

stone, with its wild-life and geysers, and Glacier Park, to Bryce Canyon, Zion Canyon and Cedar Breaks near Salt Lake City; whether you visit Great Falls, Montana," The Niagara of the West, and bathe and fish in the "Lake Country" of Idaho; or just pitch your tent in some nearer place, you will enjoy a splendid vacation, away from summer heat and discomforts.

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