

THE OMAHA BEE
DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR

THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR
MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press of which The Bee is a member, is exclusively entitled to the use of the name of all news dispatches received by it or its stations in this paper, and also the use of the special news published here in violation of the rights of publication of our special correspondents is also reserved.

OFFICES:
Omaha—The Bee Bldg.
New York—210 N. 4th St.
Chicago—333 N. Dearborn St.
London—New York Office,
Council Street—11 N. Main St.
Washington—211 O St.
Lynchburg—Lynchburg Bldg.

Subscription Rates:
Daily 64,97¢—Sunday 63,31¢
Average circulation for the month subscribed and owned by E. B. Bagge, Circulation Manager.

There's only one tune for today.
Peace, but not at any price, is wanted.
St. Patrick will be heartily remembered in Omaha today by friends of humanity generally.

The police are directing their manhunt with zeal at least, and the wish of all is that they get the guilty.

Resurrection of automobile racing in California was quite successful, a driver having been killed in the first trial.

Champ Clark may never be president, but he is giving one wing of the democratic circus quite a bit to worry over.

Utah put the anti-vice bill on the whizzer after having passed it. Second thoughts usually do away with impulsive blunders.

"The watchword of Germany must be work," says the premier of Prussia. Yes, and work like hell, too, if they expect ever to get even.

Downtown corners are changing hands at a rate that justifies any sort of prediction for booming business in Omaha this season.

New York wets are lining up for a fast ditch battle against the dry laws. If Manhattan Island ever turns into a desert, where will we look for an oasis?

A Chicago gent paid over \$5,000,000 on Saturday as the first installment on his income tax. Wonder whether he runs a newspaper or a job printing shop?

Senator Chamberlain is starting another inquiry into acts of the army. If he ever makes one of his charges stand up, it will be a sorry day for Newton D. Baker.

The government-built road in Alaska is now termed a farce and a fizzle. However, it was a beautiful bit of camouflage when the demerits were putting it over.

Glory bet New York restaurants and hotels announce a cut in prices charged for meats. Now if this will only spread, how happy the hungry American will be made.

Paying \$4.50 for a pint of "squirrel" whisky and then paying the fine of \$100 for being caught with it makes the sport come rather high, but a lot of folks will take the chance.

The Bee's Rotogravure Section on Sunday held much of local as well as general interest. You are not getting the best unless you have the Sunday Bee with this section regularly.

"Flying circuses" as advertisements for the Victory loan may have reverse English, for they are likely to get folks to thinking of the \$60,000,000 that disappeared in the first aircraft fiasco.

The local naval recruiting station is working nights now to accommodate the boys who want to get back into the service. And the navy likes to get its recruits from this part of the world.

A course in road engineering at the state university will help a lot, if it has the effect of bringing people to understand that nowhere is the best the cheapest with as much force as in a public highway.

Decks are being cleared for the code bill fight at Lincoln, and the reactionaries outside the legislature are getting much worried over its prospects for passage. It promises a long step ahead, and probably will be taken.

Conviction of a "detective" who killed a girl riding in an auto shows that juries do sometimes hit a bulls-eye. This crime was peculiarly atrocious, and was made the more so by an attempt to blacken the girl's name after her death.

An Iowa section boss padded the payroll and secured a small sum of unearned money. Uncle Sam turned around and fined him \$4,000. If he had been dealing with the company alone, he would probably have escaped by losing his job. Another vote against government ownership.

Another Great War Decision
The United States supreme court's unanimous decision of yesterday in the Debs case follows with inexorable logic its unanimous decision of last year upholding the validity of the Selective Service act. As the nation, under the constitution, was held in the one case to have the power to command all of its resources in men and material to resist and overcome an enemy, so in the later case the nation is held to have the power, as through the Espionage act, whose validity is thus affirmed, to overcome and punish resistance to the operations of the nation's recruiting service.

While the court gives to Mr. Debs's defense a more respectful attention than they deserve, it is idle here to go over that matter. He was not tried and he is not now tried on a "state of mind" or on his general attitude toward socialism, as he contended. He was tried and judged by public speeches whose natural and reasonable probable consequence was to promote obstruction to the government's recruiting of men to fight Germany, and that this was his intent could not, therefore, be fairly questioned.

This decision is another landmark in constitutional interpretation under the stress of the nation's great war. It is worthy of the preceding decision which has been referred to. The constitution of the United States created a national equal in its powers to every supreme emergency that might confront the nation. It is made impossible by these two decisions ever to construe that constitution as having provided within itself, whether in relation to the war powers of congress or the right of free speech, things with which to bind the nation's fighting arm into helplessness or an individual license of rebellion which can paralyze that arm when set free to strike.—New York World.

BUSY WEEK AT PEACE COUNCIL.

This will be the big week at the peace conference, both at Paris and at Versailles. Latest news is to the effect that the tentative draft of the main treaty has been handed to President Wilson for his personal. As yet no inkling of what this document contains has been given the public.

"Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at," may be all right in theory, but the present practice is quite against it. No convocation of peace or other delegates ever held has been surrounded with more of secrecy than has attended the conferences of the subcommittees to which were assigned the different topics to be treated. What bargains have been struck, what trades have been made in these conferences, we may never know, but we must realize that many deals had to be consummated before any treaty could be formulated.

Great Britain has swung back to the original proposition that the peace treaty should be first considered, and the League of Nations taken up afterwards. This may be abandoned, if Mr. Wilson insists on coupling the two, but the British are moving with the thought in mind that the senate of the United States will be in a mood to ratify a peace treaty, whereas it may delay if not wholly defeat the proposed convention if coupled with the League of Nations plan as now formulated. Modification of the draft of the submitted constitution may remove the objections that now are lodged against it.

What all the nations of the world now want more than anything is to know the basis on which peace is to be established, to have the fact announced, and to be set at the work of reconstruction without delay. Enough of time in which to accomplish this has elapsed, and plain folks are beginning to show impatience.

Gentle St. Patrick and His Day.
St. Patrick was a gentle man. On this one point all his biographers agree. Likewise, all legends agree that his mission to Ireland was to convert to Christianity the pagan pirates who kidnapped and sold him into slavery. His ministry was marked by such zeal and earnestness, such humility and generous piety, that not only did he bring conviction to the heathen he sought, but left so rich a heritage that more or less of controversy has raged about it ever since.

For the present it scarcely matters whether Patrick was a Roman Catholic, a Reformed Presbyterian, or a Singing Baptist. The argument as to this point is as futile as any of the windy debates that swirl in irritating gusts over other points as immaterial and as irrelevant as the sectarianism of the saint whose day we celebrate today. He carried a gospel of love and kindness into a region where it was needed; he taught lessons of forbearance and mutual help, and showed those who came under his ministrations a better way to live.

Differences of opinion over one or another of points St. Patrick probably would have ignored as entirely outside and apart from the great scheme of salvation have divided the people to whom he preached, as they have divided the rest of the world. It might be well for us all if we would only try to realize how well the teachings of Patrick fitted his time, and how easily they might be applied to ours, were we inclined to accept them with as little question as did the bare-legged bog trotters who idolized him for his gentleness.

Among the British national heroes of Irish birth may be recalled the Duke of Wellington, Earl Roberts, Earl Kitchener, Viscount French, Viscount Garnet Wolsley, General Gough and General MacMahon. Of course, the Irish have a long list of heroes, and their own particular list of heroes, and a mighty list it is.

Then another part of the hall of fame would include these: Daniel O'Connell, Charles Stewart Parnell, John Mitchell (father of John Purroy Mitchell), Thomas Francis Meagher, Robert Emmet, John Blake Dillon, Justin McCarthy, stout old John Redmond and, when their time came, the "Red" O'Connor and bitter-tongued Tim Healy.

And still there are scores left out, even such names as Senmas MacManus, Shane O'Neill, Edward Fitzgerald (translator of "Omar"), Edmund Burke, Henry Grattan—and so the names spring to the tongue, names of all the sons and daughters of the land of all genius.

There is something in the soil of Ireland, in its lakes and woods, its rocks and hills that carries a long memory. So it is that many of its natural beauties have been chronicled in legend or poem, and the world is familiar by picture with spots unseen.

So the world forms idealized pictures of Killarney, of the great Shannon, of Tara, of the Rock of Cashel, of Galway of the Races, of Tipperary, of Blarney Castle, of Drogheda, Kerry, Killybeg, and the many sweet remembered spots enshrined in the songs of devoted Irish hearts.

And there is now a tragic memory for Old Head of Kinsale with its grim ghost-ridden cliffs and the ocean graveyard of the Lusitania moaning ceaselessly at its black feet; forever a monument to the women and children who perished cruelly in a war which it was not theirs to wage.

There is Limerick, the City of the Broken Treaty. Associated with its final surrender is one of the saddening episodes in Irish history, when the Irish soldiers, given the choice of serving under either of two flags, French or English, sailed from the Shannon, leaving their crying women behind them on the shores, soldiers of fortune, henceforth and a race of exiles.

Since that day in 1691, practically the Irish have been emigrants. In 1841 the population numbered 8,000,000, and the decrease has been steady ever since, until now it is little more than 4,000,000.

These exiles have joined their songs to those of the poets who remained at home. Usually there is a note of pathos and longing, a sob of regret, reflecting at once the unprosperous, afflicted condition of the country itself and the clinging affection it inspires in all its children.

Omaha and Its Auditorium.
Mayor Smith is to discuss the Municipal Auditorium before a committee of the Chamber of Commerce this week, from the standpoint of: "Shall Omaha finish the Auditorium, or do without one?" This question ought to answer itself. Omaha can not do without an auditorium. It is either finish the one we have started, or build a new one. Perhaps the present building is not as advantageously situated as might be, but it is all we have at present. Quite a lot of work needs to be done to put it into first class condition, but the money that is being spent on frills and fripperies in other directions might well be used to put the Auditorium into such condition as will enable it to meet in a measure the requirements of such a structure.

In time, if found feasible, another building may be erected, but for the immediate future we will have to choose between the one that stands and none. Mayor Smith could do nothing better than to have the Auditorium finished.

Secret treaties solemnized between the Entente Allies during the war are likely to be overhauled by the peace conference, but Lloyd George has said they will all be preserved in their integrity. This complication is likely to make more trouble than the attitude of the United States on the League of Nations, and may be one reason why the Europeans are so anxious to have us in and bound up with them.

Ireland in Song and Story

Cyril Arthur Player in Detroit News.

Ireland is the last eternal home of the fairies. A strange destiny croons its story through the centuries of aching history down to the hungry years of the present. It is a story blended with the lore of whimsical superstition and a grave, sweet beauty. In a minor, in passion, it is a tragedy, it accents the world with the perfume of its genius, its Ireland. Where imagination ceases and dull circumstance begins, no man can say; it is necessary even to separate the two at all? Is it not true, perhaps, that this ancient cradle of culture and nursing mother of inspiration is the living paradox where fact and fancy meet?

Today Irish linen is a standard of the world over, a mark of distinction in the atmosphere given to Irish linen that delicate whiteness which is unobtainable in any other country. The Irish from time immemorial have been boatbuilders, although the west coast mackerel fishermen, or the hake coast to the south, or the haddock fisheries on the southeast must be visited to understand the real ingenuity of the Irish native boat builder.

In a larger way Belfast represents the high development of the shipbuilding industry, where the principal yard, before the war, employed ten thousand men, and was turning out a larger annual tonnage than any other yard in the world. The whole of the White Star fleet was built there.

The evidences of early and mediæval culture in Ireland are a multitude of beautiful things, not only classics of literature but likewise works of art and architecture. Thus at Cora Aibera, where sleep many of Ireland's ancient dead, and among them Rory O'Connor, the last king, there is an exquisite cross with golden traceries and delicate beauty of silver and copper and enamel and bronze, a proof of the civilization built up within Ireland long before the Normans ever crossed to her shores. Such instances might be multiplied.

Throughout the older periods of Irish literature nearly all the greatest works are anonymous. In the modern Irish period it is possible to begin the record of Ireland's great with such names as Duaid MacFirbis, the genealogist; Geoffrey Keating, the poet, who also wrote the standard classic, "History of Ireland"; Teig M'Inis, an Lughnadh O'Clery, Brian Mac-Giolla Meidhre, author of the remarkable "Midnight Court," and Anthony Rafferty, the blind poet of Killeadon, to mention only a few of the earlier Gaelic writers of the modern period.

By side by side with the dwindling Gaelic group a new Irish literature in English made its appearance at the close of the Eighteenth century. This era opened with songs and ballads, songs of a patriotic and a general, and a patriotic and a passionate patriotism. Others were idylls of sentiment and peasant love melodies convivial and humorous.

"The Wearin' of the Green" was one of the first street ballads, and since has become a national anthem. "The Cruiskeen Lawn" and "Irish Molly O" are other early examples. Thomas Moore came along with his poems, many of them fine, and in the same period came Gerald Griffin and his "Eileen Aroon."

One of the notable Irish writers of the first half of the Nineteenth century was "Father Prout" (the Rev. Francis Sylvester Mahoney), who wrote "The Bells of Shandon"—"that sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the River Lee." Charles Lever's novels, "Harry Lorrequer" and "Charles O'Malley," are classic now, and Samuel Lover contributed "Rory O'More" and "Handy Andy."

Among the British national heroes of Irish birth may be recalled the Duke of Wellington, Earl Roberts, Earl Kitchener, Viscount French, Viscount Garnet Wolsley, General Gough and General MacMahon. Of course, the Irish have a long list of heroes, and their own particular list of heroes, and a mighty list it is.

Then another part of the hall of fame would include these: Daniel O'Connell, Charles Stewart Parnell, John Mitchell (father of John Purroy Mitchell), Thomas Francis Meagher, Robert Emmet, John Blake Dillon, Justin McCarthy, stout old John Redmond and, when their time came, the "Red" O'Connor and bitter-tongued Tim Healy.

And still there are scores left out, even such names as Senmas MacManus, Shane O'Neill, Edward Fitzgerald (translator of "Omar"), Edmund Burke, Henry Grattan—and so the names spring to the tongue, names of all the sons and daughters of the land of all genius.

There is something in the soil of Ireland, in its lakes and woods, its rocks and hills that carries a long memory. So it is that many of its natural beauties have been chronicled in legend or poem, and the world is familiar by picture with spots unseen.

So the world forms idealized pictures of Killarney, of the great Shannon, of Tara, of the Rock of Cashel, of Galway of the Races, of Tipperary, of Blarney Castle, of Drogheda, Kerry, Killybeg, and the many sweet remembered spots enshrined in the songs of devoted Irish hearts.

And there is now a tragic memory for Old Head of Kinsale with its grim ghost-ridden cliffs and the ocean graveyard of the Lusitania moaning ceaselessly at its black feet; forever a monument to the women and children who perished cruelly in a war which it was not theirs to wage.

There is Limerick, the City of the Broken Treaty. Associated with its final surrender is one of the saddening episodes in Irish history, when the Irish soldiers, given the choice of serving under either of two flags, French or English, sailed from the Shannon, leaving their crying women behind them on the shores, soldiers of fortune, henceforth and a race of exiles.

Since that day in 1691, practically the Irish have been emigrants. In 1841 the population numbered 8,000,000, and the decrease has been steady ever since, until now it is little more than 4,000,000.

These exiles have joined their songs to those of the poets who remained at home. Usually there is a note of pathos and longing, a sob of regret, reflecting at once the unprosperous, afflicted condition of the country itself and the clinging affection it inspires in all its children.

Omaha and Its Auditorium.
Mayor Smith is to discuss the Municipal Auditorium before a committee of the Chamber of Commerce this week, from the standpoint of: "Shall Omaha finish the Auditorium, or do without one?" This question ought to answer itself. Omaha can not do without an auditorium. It is either finish the one we have started, or build a new one. Perhaps the present building is not as advantageously situated as might be, but it is all we have at present. Quite a lot of work needs to be done to put it into first class condition, but the money that is being spent on frills and fripperies in other directions might well be used to put the Auditorium into such condition as will enable it to meet in a measure the requirements of such a structure.

In time, if found feasible, another building may be erected, but for the immediate future we will have to choose between the one that stands and none. Mayor Smith could do nothing better than to have the Auditorium finished.

Secret treaties solemnized between the Entente Allies during the war are likely to be overhauled by the peace conference, but Lloyd George has said they will all be preserved in their integrity. This complication is likely to make more trouble than the attitude of the United States on the League of Nations, and may be one reason why the Europeans are so anxious to have us in and bound up with them.

People You Ask About

Information About Folks in the Public Eye Will Be Given in This Column in Answer to Readers' Questions. Your Name Will Not Be Printed. Let The Bee Tell You.

A. S. Miller, Madison, Neb.—Available American biographies fail to give the names of the parents of General Thomas Lyons Hamer, Ohio congressman and brigadier general in the Mexican War, who died at Monterey, Mex., December 2, 1848. One volume refers to them as pioneer farmers of Pennsylvania, in which State General Hamer was born. Subsequently the family moved to the borders of Lake Champlain, where his boyhood years were spent. According to an authority young Hamer was 17 years of age when the family settled in Ohio. He was a lawyer by profession, was elected to congress in 1853 and served three terms. Entering the Mexican war as a major of Ohio volunteers he was promoted to brigadier general July 1, 1848, and distinguished himself in the battle of Monterey, a service which congress recognized by voting "a sword of honor to be presented to his nearest male relative."

It is difficult to realize that we have with us yet, with promise of many years to come, the one American who made the brightest of his genius, Charles F. Brush of Cleveland, inventor of the first practical electric light. Mr. Brush has just turned 70 years. As a young man he completed a course in mechanical engineering at the University of Michigan. Mr. Brush conceived the idea of employing electricity for lighting purposes. Obstacles blocked progress for several years. Capitalists scoffed at what they regarded as an inventor's dream. Eventually scientists took notice, backing appeared, and a practical demonstration of the new light at the Paris electrical exposition made the world his patron. The inventor became a millionaire overnight. France took him a cavalier of the Legion of Honor.

Frank J. Goodnow, who is to assist in the re-organization of the Polish government, is president of Johns Hopkins university and a leading authority on government. Some years ago he was selected as an expert adviser by China's high officials in putting the infant Chinese republic on its feet and later headed the Institute for Government Research. Mr. Goodnow had his cultural education at Amherst and his professional education at Columbia university, supplemented by studies at Paris and Berlin. Returning to the U. S. he became an instructor in Columbia and in 1914 was made president of Johns Hopkins. He is the author of many books dealing with politics and administration, taxation and municipal government.

Norman Hapgood, newly named American minister to Denmark, is a well qualified statesman. He is the author of many books dealing with politics and administration, taxation and municipal government.

Norman Hapgood, newly named American minister to Denmark, is a well qualified statesman. He is the author of many books dealing with politics and administration, taxation and municipal government.

Norman Hapgood, newly named American minister to Denmark, is a well qualified statesman. He is the author of many books dealing with politics and administration, taxation and municipal government.

Norman Hapgood, newly named American minister to Denmark, is a well qualified statesman. He is the author of many books dealing with politics and administration, taxation and municipal government.

Norman Hapgood, newly named American minister to Denmark, is a well qualified statesman. He is the author of many books dealing with politics and administration, taxation and municipal government.

Norman Hapgood, newly named American minister to Denmark, is a well qualified statesman. He is the author of many books dealing with politics and administration, taxation and municipal government.

Norman Hapgood, newly named American minister to Denmark, is a well qualified statesman. He is the author of many books dealing with politics and administration, taxation and municipal government.

Norman Hapgood, newly named American minister to Denmark, is a well qualified statesman. He is the author of many books dealing with politics and administration, taxation and municipal government.

Norman Hapgood, newly named American minister to Denmark, is a well qualified statesman. He is the author of many books dealing with politics and administration, taxation and municipal government.

Norman Hapgood, newly named American minister to Denmark, is a well qualified statesman. He is the author of many books dealing with politics and administration, taxation and municipal government.

Norman Hapgood, newly named American minister to Denmark, is a well qualified statesman. He is the author of many books dealing with politics and administration, taxation and municipal government.

Norman Hapgood, newly named American minister to Denmark, is a well qualified statesman. He is the author of many books dealing with politics and administration, taxation and municipal government.

Norman Hapgood, newly named American minister to Denmark, is a well qualified statesman. He is the author of many books dealing with politics and administration, taxation and municipal government.

Norman Hapgood, newly named American minister to Denmark, is a well qualified statesman. He is the author of many books dealing with politics and administration, taxation and municipal government.

Norman Hapgood, newly named American minister to Denmark, is a well qualified statesman. He is the author of many books dealing with politics and administration, taxation and municipal government.

Norman Hapgood, newly named American minister to Denmark, is a well qualified statesman. He is the author of many books dealing with politics and administration, taxation and municipal government.

Norman Hapgood, newly named American minister to Denmark, is a well qualified statesman. He is the author of many books dealing with politics and administration, taxation and municipal government.

Little Folks' Corner

DREAMLAND ADVENTURE

By DADDY

"THE STRANGE NEW ANIMAL"

(In this story Peggy Billy and Lonesome Bear again encounter the Flying Ogre, from whom in last week's story they saved the King of the Wild Geese and the beautiful Blue Goose.)

CHAPTER I. Lonesome Bear Laughs.

PEGGY and Billy heard an odd noise as they walked through the grove near the river. "Wa! Wa! Hump! Hump! Wa! Wa! Wa!" It was like a laugh, a roar and a stomachache all mixed together. At the same time there

Lonesome Bear was laughing so hard he was all doubled up. He was the sound of a heavy body rolling violently about among the bushes. Billy drew Peggy quickly behind a large tree.

"Billy, do you suppose it is?" he whispered. "Maybe it is the Flying Ogre." "Maybe," Billy agreed. "And I haven't a thing to fight him with except my bare hands."

Peggy and Billy still called the foe of the Wild Geese the Flying Ogre, although they now knew that he was only an enterprising naturalist who was using an airplane to study the Wild Geese and secure specimens for his museum.

Billy didn't want to encounter the Ogre, for the Ogre might have learn-

members of our state councils of defense, particularly of Nebraska and Iowa, which posters and propaganda have helplessly insulted and injured the feelings of hundreds of thousands of loyal and patriotic of our foreign-born citizens of these states and unjust cast suspicion upon them, a large number of whom had their boys in khaki fighting the battles of Uncle Sam. Now, since America has again become "safe for speech," our citizens are beginning to sit up and take notice of the tremendous harm that has been wrought during the period of the war by the idiotic chanting of a few irresponsible hypocritical, mean-spirited, hard-boiled (of bribery fame), and Kennedy, self-styled super-patriots, who have delighted to themselves with an arrogance that would make the Kaiser and his six Hohenloren sons turn green with envy.

What was the matter with them? We need in this country, and particularly in this state and our sister state of Iowa, is more common sense in dealing with the foreign-language question than the least fanciful, more level-headed, clear-thinking, logical, Claiborne, and less fire-breathing, foolish, fanatical, Metcalfe, Hardings and Honorable Rosicky.

WATER ROSICKY.

Numbers on Buildings. Omaha, March 15.—To the Editor of The Bee: In going into different parts of the city of Omaha, a person who observes cannot help noticing that great numbers of buildings have no numbers on them. Whole blocks of dwelling houses and even blocks of business buildings have scarcely a number on them.

Then there seems to be no system in many places in numbering houses, and in many others the beginning number in the block where I live or place is number 2201, the next house to us is only about 20 feet from us, yet the number is 2205, then the next house is only about three feet from the second house, yet the third house is number 2211 on it. If those numbers are correct, I miss my guess on it. Then suppose the beginning house will be numbered 2245 and the house next to it will be numbered 2257, then the next house will be numbered 2269, and so on.

Should not brag of Omaha being an up-to-date city until we see that every building has a number on it and that the numbers are correct. This ought to be something to keep some of the city commissioners busy for a little while.

FRANK A. AGNEW.

LINES TO A LAUGH.

First Credit Man—How about Jones of Florida? Second Credit Man—He always pays cash, so we don't know how honest he is.—Boston Globe.

Mrs. Smith—They tell me one of the French class that everybody noticed. Mrs. Compo (proudly)—I guess it was a daughter. Mrs. Smith—You make any of them French things—Baltimore Sun.

Jane Willis—You look as if you had lost your last friend. What is wrong? Marie Gillet—I've just discovered that the letter 't' is not in the name of my French friend that he wasn't even looking at.

Buy Your Insurance From Meyer Klein 636 First Nat'l. Bk. Bldg. Telephone Tyler 360.

Conveniently located outside of city limits (320 acres) west of Forest Lawn cemetery—beautiful landscape—perpetual care. Granite, marble and mosaic chapel. No profit to anyone. Street car terminal. Forest Lawn Cemetery Association, Office: 720 Brandeis Theater Building. Phone, Douglas 1276. Cemetery Phone, Conlax 134.

Daily Dot Puzzle

12 11 10
15 9 8
14 16 7 6
35 2 5
17 3 4
18 38 31
19 52 28
20 36 23
21 35 26
22 27 25
23 24 25

What has Tommy drawn? Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

went smashing harmlessly into a tree. Another second and Lonesome Bear, the laughter scared out of him was racing for life through the woods, while the Ogre danced around in the bushes, holding the tip of his damaged nose.

(Tomorrow will be told how Lonesome Bear finds himself in serious trouble.)

The Bee's Letter Box

"Words Written on Paper."

Stromberg, Neb., March 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: Thomas More was born in the year 1480; he departed this life in 1535. He wrote an imaginary Utopia, where everyone lived in peace and happiness. Where no wars were to take place except by virtue of great provocation.

Stromberg, Neb., March 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: Thomas More was born in the year 1480; he departed this life in 1535. He wrote an imaginary Utopia, where everyone lived in peace and happiness. Where no wars were to take place except by virtue of great provocation.

Stromberg, Neb., March 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: Thomas More was born in the year 1480; he departed this life in 1535. He wrote an imaginary Utopia, where everyone lived in peace and happiness. Where no wars were to take place except by virtue of great provocation.

Stromberg, Neb., March 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: Thomas More was born in the year 1480; he departed this life in 1535. He wrote an imaginary Utopia, where everyone lived in peace and happiness. Where no wars were to take place except by virtue of great provocation.

Stromberg, Neb., March 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: Thomas More was born in the year 1480; he departed this life in 1535. He wrote an imaginary Utopia, where everyone lived in peace and happiness. Where no wars were to take place except by virtue of great provocation.

Stromberg, Neb., March 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: Thomas More was born in the year 1480; he departed this life in 1535. He wrote an imaginary Utopia, where everyone lived in peace and happiness. Where no wars were to take place except by virtue of great provocation.

Stromberg, Neb., March 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: Thomas More was born in the year 1480; he departed this life in 1535. He wrote an imaginary Utopia, where everyone lived in peace and happiness. Where no wars were to take place except by virtue of great provocation.

Stromberg, Neb., March 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: Thomas More was born in the year 1480; he departed this life in 1535. He wrote an imaginary Utopia, where everyone lived in peace and happiness. Where no wars were to take place except by virtue of great provocation.

Stromberg, Neb., March 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: Thomas More was born in the year 1480; he departed this life in 1535. He wrote an imaginary Utopia, where everyone lived in peace and happiness. Where no wars were to take place except by virtue of great provocation.

Stromberg, Neb., March 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: Thomas More was born in the year 1480; he departed this life in 1535. He wrote an imaginary Utopia, where everyone lived in peace and happiness. Where no wars were to take place except by virtue of great provocation.

Stromberg, Neb., March 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: Thomas More was born in the year 1480; he departed this life in 1535. He wrote an imaginary Utopia, where everyone lived in peace and happiness. Where no wars were to take place except by virtue of great provocation.

Stromberg, Neb., March 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: Thomas More was born in the year 1480; he departed this life in 1535. He wrote an imaginary Utopia, where everyone lived in peace and happiness. Where no wars were to take place except by virtue of great provocation.

Stromberg, Neb., March 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: Thomas More was born in the year 1480; he departed this life in 1535. He wrote an imaginary Utopia, where everyone lived in peace and happiness. Where no wars were to take place except by virtue of great provocation.