

# Letters From a Home-Made Father To His Son

### Why Work When You Can Lecture?

Dear Son: Don't get worryin' about what you're goin' to do when you get out of college. If you can't make a livin' workin' you can always be a lecturer. Every young man these days ought to give a thought to the lecture platform. It's a little overcrowded, but if you ever get a foothold on it it's the last thinkin' you'll have to do.

Up 'till a few years ago folks thought of a lecturer as a fellow who stood in a dark room with a fishin' pole and pointed hisel out in the lantern slides to the admiring audience. But that was the beginnin' of the industry an' like all beginnin' it was crude. The lecturer didn't even need to own a dress suit cause he spoke in the dark. He didn't need to wear anythin' for that matter if he was careful to leave before the lights was turned on.

In those days all you had to do was to go somewhere an' take some pictures of it.

"Prof. Juniper will lecture this evening on his trip through the heart an' lungs of Africa illustrated with lantern slides showin' some of the more shady places he visited on the Dark Continent."

As long as a man had sense enough to know when a picture was upside down he was a lecturer.

But the high cost of travelin' put an end to all that. Besides which the Sunday papers has made Pekin an' the pyramids about as thrillin' as Main Street an' the town hall. If you want to be a lecturer today all you have to do is to write a book an' get it published. It don't make much difference what you write about as long as you're gloomy enough about it.

If it's a novel you're strivin' fer, take a mail order catalog, hang a plot around it about how the cook had a secret love for the ice man still she found he was the father of four, an' divide it up into chapters. The main thing is to show everybody how unhappy they are.

You can't get wrong if you remember the motto that all's well that ends bad.

**Must Have a Hall.**  
Havin' published your book your next move is to hire a hall an' start talkin'.

"Let's go an' hear this genius," says the public. "He's the most delightfully depressin' person we've read this year. An' what a knowledge of life. Did you read that wonderful description of a kitchen sink in Chapter 24? An' as fer that part about puttin' up the storm door I consider it one of the finest bits in literature."

In plannin' your lectures never mind what you're goin' to say. You can work that out while you're on the platform drinkin' the glass of water furnished by the house committee. Once you get the public past the box office your responsibility is over. What you talk about don't amount to anything. It's what you say you're goin' to talk about that counts. You need somethin' catchy like "Should Divorce Precede Marriage?" "The Beauty of Ugliness." "The Joys of Bein' Unhappy," an' so on.

Havin' selected your titles an' your press agent hire you a dress suit, anchor your eyeglass to your collar button with a black cable an' you're all set. Durin' the last winter I helped support about two dozen lecturers on account of your mother so I know about how the speech should go.

"Dear Friends: It is a great privilege to be able to stand here tonight an' look over an' talk over the heads of such an intelligent audience. I have come to you with a message. Durin' the few brief hours which is allowed me I will endeavor to tell you what the trouble is with the world."

"The main trouble is that it's all wrong. Our laws are no good. I could write a better set with my left hand."

"Our statesmen don't know what they are talkin' about as I have proved repeatedly in my writin's to the public press."

"Religion has crumbled. Nobody goes to church any more—at least so I'm told. The Bible was well enough in its day, but its English is poor an' it's full of bad spellin'. I am now workin' on a revised edition bringin' the Old Testament up to the Peace Conference an' finishin' it off with a chapter on labor unions. Until this is finished you'll have to get along as best you can with what you've got."

**Cumulative Calamity.**  
"Wimmin's suffrage was a great mistake. Democratic government is all wrong. None of the voters has intelligence enough to know what's good fer 'em. Allowin' wimmin to vote has only made the situation twice as bad by doublin' the number of votes. It can't last long. That's the only consolation. A couple of years will end the whole thing. What's comin' then? I haven't decided. I'm writin' a book on it now an' I won't know till it's finished."

"History is nothin' but a hollow deception. It contains no great figures. As I showed in my last book most of your favorite heroes not only had no figures at all but was bunco men besides. Julius Caesar was a weak-minded rascal who spent all his time ridin' up an' down the Nile with Cleopatra on excursion boats. An' recent photographs has showed that Cleopatra was a large bony woman with a red nose."

"Shakespeare swiped all his plots from a man named McCready an' none of his shows ran more than two weeks. Napoleon was a littl', bald-headed man with the indigestion."

"In summ'n' up let me say the world will be at war again in two years. Bolshevism at our throats, prices higher than ever, wages out of sight, an' there's every likelihood of there bein' a plague. Thankin' you fer your kind attention I suggest that we close the doors, turn on the gas an' commit suicide."



"Mr. Diggs Threw one leg over a pile of baggage whimsically."

account of his impressions of Hoboken.

**Basking in Publicity.**  
"Among the arrivals on board the Aquitania was Mr. Dolemus Diggs, the imminent novelist. He was picturesquely dressed in a plaid shawl, a gray flannel cut away, an' a green umbrella. Asked what he thought of America Mr. Diggs threw one leg over a pile of baggage whimsically, looked around to see if there was any ladies near him an' replied:

"America is the smallest big country in the world. I don't know anythin' about it an' I'm comin' over to terget what I know. If I can learn more than I ferget while I'm here I'll know enough to ferget to come back."

"The great novelist seated himself in the middle of the gang plank in a characteristic attitude. Then he threw back his head an' gave an engagin' laugh.

"You see, he explained, my wife is carryin' the suit cases up from the cabin. I always let her attend to such matters. I don't understand these details."

"He tapped on his mind significantly."

"What do you think of prohibition?" he was asked.

"The people of the United States is bein' drowned in a desert, says

he, givin' vent to a hearty paradox. Whereupon he consented unwillingly to bein' photographed in seven different positions an' drove to his hotel."

"What's the use in workin' an' accumulatin' troubles of your own when you can earn your livin' by tellin' other folks about theirs. If I was a young man just startin' out I'd spend a couple of weeks in the ugliest town I could find, write a novel on the ugliest person there an' put in the rest of my time lecturin' on the 'Hopefulness of Bein' Hopeful.' I can't imagine a more enjoyable way of passin' your life."

Yours talkatively,  
AMOS H. AMESBY  
FATH.  
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**Drastic Reductions Now in Force at Philip's Big Store**  
Specials for Monday Only  
**PLAY SUITS**  
For the Little Folks

Boys' and Girls' Play Suits and Rompers, made of Gingham and Chambray, finest washable material, light and dark colors, button in front or back, belted effects, large pockets, sizes 2 to 8; also large assortment of Little Folks' Coveralls, Slipovers, Kupid Clothes, etc., values up to \$1.75, on sale for Monday, only—

**59c**  
Finest Quality  
**Gingham Aprons**  
Best made, standard brand Aprons in different styles, light and dark colors, assorted patterns, made by the American Garment Co. of the best Percelle and Gingham materials.

On Sale Now **98c** Regular **\$2.50 Val.**  
at each  
**Muslin** 36-inch finest Standard Brand Muslin, soft finish, extra fine woven, just what you have been looking for, at a never-before-heard-of price of—  
**15c a yard**  
**Curtain Samples** 1,500 pieces of finest Curtain Materials, many different patterns to select from; these samples are large enough for any window, in white and ecru; regular \$1.00 value, on sale for Monday only at **39c each**

**PHILIP'S**  
DEPARTMENT STORE  
24th and O Sts. South Omaha  
Ask for Green Trading Stamps—They Are Given With Each Purchase.

# 26 Americans Are Added to New York Uni Hall of Fame

### Tablets, Dedicated to Illustrious Citizens, Are Unveiled at Exercises Attended by Prominent Folk.

New York, May 21.—The names of 26 famous American men and women were placed today in the Hall of Fame of New York university. Impressive ceremonies attended the unveiling of the tablets attesting to their celebrity.

The exercises were attended by hundreds of men and women prominent in literature, education, science, music, art, statecraft and army and naval life. The names of six men and one woman for whom tablets were unveiled were selected in the quinquennial election held in 1920. The other 19 names were chosen in a previous election but their tablets had not before been unveiled.

The 26 persons whose achievements are thus honored are:

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, author; Roger Williams, preacher and theologian; James Buchanan Eads, engineer; William Thomas Green Morton, physician and surgeon; Patrick Henry, statesman; Augustus Saint-Gaudens, sculptor; Alice Freeman Palmer, educator; George Bancroft, historian; William Cullen Bryant, poet; James Fenimore Cooper, novelist; Oliver Wendell Holmes, poet; John Lothrop Motley, historian; Edgar Allan Poe, poet; Francis Parkman, historian; Mark Hopkins, educator; Phillips Brooks, preacher and theologian; Louis Agassiz, scientist; Joseph Henry, scientist; Elias Howe, inventor; Daniel Boone, explorer; Rufus Choate, lawyer and jurist; Andrew Jackson, statesman; Alexander Hamilton, statesman; Harriet Beecher Stowe, author; Frances Elizabeth Willard, reformer; Charlotte S. Cushman, actress.

The Hall of Fame is a colonnade, 500 feet in length, on the grounds of New York university, overlooking the Palisades in the Hudson river and the valleys of the Hudson and Harlem rivers. Throughout the length of this colonnade provision is made for 150 tablets. Under the provisions made for the election of candidates to the hall the quota will be completed by the year 2000. The unveiling of each tablet will be under the direction of a committee composed of men and women interested in the line of endeavor followed by the one to whom the tablet is dedicated.

**Lloyd George Leaves for Hythe to Spend Week End**

London, May 21.—Prime Minister Lloyd George has gone to Hythe near Dover, where he will spend the week-end with Sir Philip Sassoon. Suggestion was made that he would meet Premier Briand of France while at Hythe, but dispatches from Paris indicated there was no disposition on the part of the French premier to discuss the Silesian situation with Mr. Lloyd George before Tuesday at the earliest.

See Want Ads Are Business Getters.

# The Married Life of Helen and Warren

### Warren Extends a Frosty Reception to Kindly But Intrusive Neighbors.

"Dear, we've plenty of time," Helen coaxed as they left the dinner table. "It's only half-past seven. You can phone for seats."

"Nothing doing. Too tired," glummed Warren.

"But we ought to go somewhere on your birthday."

"Well, you won't root me out to any show tonight. Where's that last number of Colmore's?" searching through the magazines on the library table.

"I do after they're 2 months old—but we take so many. Here it is."

"Pretty fair cigars," opening the birthday box Lawrence had sent him. "Wonder where he gets 'em."

"They're made for his club, aren't they?" She drew up her own easy chair.

Settled with the last installment of "The Veiled Shadow," Helen was quiet reconciled to the evening at home. Pussy Purr-Mew, curled in the chair beside her, contributed to the atmosphere of restful content.

It was after 9 when this domestic serenity was disturbed by Cora, plainly flustered, appearing at the door.

"Mrs. Curtis, could I speak to you a minute?"

"Was something wrong? Was she going to give notice? With sick apprehension Helen followed her into the dining room."

"They're some people out here! They wouldn't go to the front door." In the kitchen Helen was confronted by an amazing scene.

There stood the Sanfords from the apartment below with a large basket, and the Merlins from the 11th floor with a pair of ice cream.

"He didn't hear us, did he?" stage-whispered Mrs. Sanford. "Let's get the table all set before we call him!"

A surprise party. Helen tried to equal her dismay. How would Warren take it? He was always contemptuous of such childish festivities.

"Why, how did you know it was his birthday?" she stammered. "You mentioned it last Thursday at bridge. I thought of it then."

"We'll put one over on Curtis this time," chuckled Mr. Sanford.

"Sh-sh," warned Mrs. Merlin. "Don't let him hear us."

Whispering and giggling, they all trooped into the dining room after Helen had drawn the folding doors.

Everyone helped unpack the basket. Roast chicken, sandwiches, cocoanut layer cake, cider, and a frivolous assortment of paper favors.

Mrs. Sanford helped bring in the dishes and glasses while the others arranged the table.

"Now we'll light the candles and call him," suggested Mrs. Merlin as she placed the cake, bristling with candles, in the center.

"No, he'd see use when he came in," protested her husband. "Let's have the room dark. Say the lights are out of order—ask him to come fix them."

They switched off the lights. Noislessly Helen slid open the doors. How would Warren respond? She knew he abhorred such parties—and tonight he was tired.

Nervously apprehensive, she tried to make her voice natural as she called.

"Dear, something's wrong with the dining room lights. They're all off."

"I'll see about it in the morning. You don't need 'em tonight."

"Yes, I do. I want to get something from the sideboard."

"Oh, all right," irritably. "Be there in a minute."

A vibrant pause. Then they heard him coming.

"Spill anything out here?" as he reached the door. "Smells like booze."

"The next second the room was flooded with light and filled with howls of laughter.

But Helen did not join in the general mirth—for Warren was in his pajamas. She had not dreamed he was getting ready for bed. But there he stood—a ludicrous, night-clad figure.

"What the hell does all this mean?" he demanded savagely.

"Many happy returns!" they shouted, hilarious at his absurd appearance. Helen gasped. His pajamas did not even match! The plain blue coat flashed gaudily with the pink-striped trousers. He had taken them from the drawer, regardless of their mates.

"Go quick—get dressed!" she was trying to shove him out of the room.

"I'll be dashed if I will! If you folks wanted a party—why in blazes didn't you call up and say so?"

"Warren, don't be rude!" She fairly forced him out. "Get into your clothes—quick!"

The painful constraint that followed was relieved by the haughty entrance of Pussy Purr-Mew. While Mrs. Merlin fed her bits of chicken before an admiring audience, Helen slipped out to hasten Warren's toilet.

Rushing into the bedroom, she was horrified to find him in bed!

"Warren, you can't act like this! You've got to dress and come out."

"Why have I?" belligerently. "I won't join that idiotic party. I'm tired and I've gone to bed. You tell 'em so!"

"They'll never forgiv e you. They've brought a great basket of

expensive things. You must come," trying to drag him out of bed.

"Here, you let me alone!" jerking back the bedclothes, he offered them, do you?"

"Warren, you don't want to offend them, do you?"

"Don't care a hoot whether I do or not. Those fool Sanfords. This comes from your being so chummy with the people in the house. Oh, well, throw me my bath robe. I'll put that on—but I'll be hanged if I'll dress."

His surly obstinacy was impervious to her pleadings. He would go in his robe or he would stay in bed.

He had meant the toweling robe on the bath room door, but instead she brought from the closets his more decorous blanket robe.

"Those slippers have no heels—they show your bare feet," getting out his slippers. "Now, dear, don't be rude—do try to enter into the spirit of it! That's the least you can do after they've gone to all this trouble."

Girdling the robe closer, he slipped into the dining room, his manner far from gracious.

"I'm afraid we struck you at the wrong time," observed Mr. Sanford.

"No, it's just that he's had a headache all day," lied Helen, to excuse his discourtesy. "He ate hardly any dinner—so I know he'll enjoy this, holding his breath for fear he would blurt out some brusque denial."

All the spontaneity had gone from the party, but working hard to bring it back, Helen had a swift inspiration.

"I've just one bottle of cocktails that I've been saving. We're going to have it now!" unlocking the lower part of the sideboard.

Hoping the alcoholic cheer would dispel the restraint of Warren's chill reception, she served it in generous glasses.

A strong mixture, it soon had a mellowing effect. With stimulated geniality they sat down to the table—Warren an incongruous figure in his robe.

"Who wants a drumstick?" Mr. Merlin started to carve. "Hold on, you can't all have one—this bird isn't a centipede."

A wing for me," clamored his wife. "Oh, isn't she cunning?" as Pussy Purr-Mew sprang up on the back of her chair. "Give her the neck."

"Does this suit my style of beauty?" Mr. Sanford donned the green fez cap from his tinselled favor.

"Curtis, here's one for you," tearing open another. "This'll set off your bouidoir effect."

Warren managed a grin as he clapped on the frilled pink-and-blue cap.

"It matches his piebald pajamas."

Is that the latest style, Curtis—or is the misus making you wear out your odds and ends?"

"Buttons all off the other coat," growled Warren. "Had on the trousers and wasn't going to change."

"Why, dear, I always go over the laundry before it's put away."

"Don't you worry, Mrs. Curtis. I bet he took 'em out wrong and was too lazy to match 'em up."

"That makes me think of a good sleeping-car story," chuckled Mr. Merlin.

Other jokes followed, but Warren stubbornly refused to join in the merriment. A reluctant grin was all the most hilarious story could evoke.

Twice Helen nudged him as she passed to the sideboard for an extra fork or spoon. But he failed to respond to her anxious promptings.

When Mr. Sanford made the move for departure, in spite of Helen's polite protest that "it was not late," they all rose with evident relief.

Now at the crucial moment of leave-taking, she tried to make her effusive cordiality cover Warren's curiously unresponsiveness.

"It's been a wonderful party—we've enjoyed it so much! It was dear of you to think of it. I love unexpected things!"

But she knew she was nervously overdoing it. A less gushing tribute would have sounded more sincere. Her face crimson with self-consciousness, she finally closed the door after them.

Returning to the dining room, she confronted Warren with flaming indignation.

"That was the most selfish ill-bred thing I've ever known you to do."

"It was, eh? Well, that's what you get for being so thick with the people in the house. Never have any privacy when you get too chummy."

"I'm not chummy! It's only decent to be neighborly. They went to all the trouble of getting this supper—and for you to act as you did!"

"What'd I do? After the way they horned in here—I was darned civil."

"You sat there like a log!" she flared. "They're all furious—but they were too polite to show it. None of them will ever come near us again."

"That'll suit me fine," rolling his paper cap into a ball, he fired it at Pussy Purr-Mew. "Less we have to do with the people in the house—the better I'll like it. They had their nerve to spring that fool party! Now let this mess go and get to bed."

Next time anybody butts in here—they'll be handed a mighty frosty reception!"

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Fresh Bargains for Monday in the Annex  
**TRY HAYDEN'S FIRST**  
A Continued Selling of Silk Dresses \$9.95 In the Annex

# A Great Reorganization Sale of Dresses

New Shipments Received in Time for Monday's Selling

**\$4, \$5 and \$6 Dresses, Monday \$3.00**

200 more elegant house and porch dresses received for Monday. Made up in Ginghams, Tissues and the always popular Zephyr Gingham. Blue and white striped dresses that usually sell at \$4, \$5 and \$6. Monday... **\$3.00**

**\$2.50 and \$3.00 Petticoats \$1.50**

20 dozen Women's Floral Pattern Heatherbloom Petticoats, fully finished saten.

**Corset Specials For Monday**

LOT 1—Your chance to get one of our Binner or Lady Ruth Corsets, made in that durable bonding, front and back lace. Good assortment of sizes, special at... **\$5.00**

LOT 2—Pink, fancy striped, elastic top, unusual values. Special for Monday at... **\$3.79**



**Special for Women**

**New Summer Dresses**

**\$19.50**

Your choice Monday of 185 lovely Summer Dresses made up in Swisses, Imported Ginghams, Tissues and French Voiles, in an almost endless variety of dainty as well as practical styles. All shades, many checks, dots and floral patterns. Suitable for the Miss, Matron or stylish stout. Monday, special values... **\$19.50**

# From Alexander Smith & Sons

## On Sale Third Floor RUG AUCTION On Sale Third Floor

Our buyers were "on the spot" again with plenty of cash. Below are a few of the many bargains "snapped up" at savings:

RANGING FROM	25%	UP TO	50%	SALE MONDAY
9x12 Wilton Rug, worth \$125, special				<b>\$80.00</b>
8-3x10-6 Wilton Rugs, worth \$110, special				<b>\$75.00</b>
9x12 Carlton Axminster Rug, worth \$80, spec				<b>\$60.00</b>
9x12 Colonial Velvet Rug, worth \$85, special				<b>\$60.00</b>
9x12 Nepperham-Brussels Rug, worth \$55, special				<b>\$40.00</b>
7-6x9 Nepperham Brussels Rug, worth \$37, special				<b>\$25.00</b>
9x12 Manner Brussels Rug, worth \$40, spec				<b>\$25.00</b>
7-6x9 Manner Brussels Rug, worth \$30, spec				<b>\$18.00</b>
6x9 Manner Brussels Rug, worth \$27, spec				<b>\$16.00</b>
36x72 Smith's Axminster Rug, worth \$15, special				<b>\$9.50</b>
27x60 Smith's Axminster Rug, worth \$11, spec				<b>\$6.50</b>
27x54 Smith's Axminster and Velvet Rugs, worth \$5.50, special				<b>\$3.25</b>
Special on Inlaid Linoleum, worth \$2.25, special per square yard				<b>\$1.50</b>
Just received, a shipment of the Gold Seal Congoleum, worth 95c square yard, special, square yard				<b>.70c</b>
We are headquarters for best window shades in west. Best Oil Opaque Shades, 36x84, spec				<b>\$1.25 up</b>

It Pays—TRY HAYDEN'S FIRST—It Pays