

### King Kleagle Gone And Fiery Cross of K. K. K. Flickers

#### Klan's Final Appeal Fails to Impress Wary Natives, Who Refuse to "Kick In."

The "fiery cross" of the Ku Klux Klan is flickering out in Nebraska. The reason appears simply to be that business was not so good. Disputes over the distribution of those offices with the highest and highest-sounding titles started internal dissension. Then, as might be expected where there is a \$10 fee to split several ways, organizers are signed to realize they began to wrangle. And still again, there appeared a growing reluctance among the astute natives to kick in with 10 hard silver dollars for the doubtful privilege of parading in a hooded robe and detting one's conversation with Ks.

#### Complete Collapse.

The result has been a complete collapse of the imperial wizard's organization in this state.

Scant ceremony marked the departure of officers and organizers who originally had been sent here from Atlanta to lead the message of "Non Silba Sed Anthar" and incidentally gather in such unattached 10-dollar notes as might be available. With a brief farewell they forsook their flocks and harkened to the call of more fertile fields.

Although it, of course, may be only coincidence it is at least significant that the Ku Klux Klan fiddlers began to tune up for their swan song shortly after certain recent relations concerning the operation of the knights of the invisible empire appeared exclusively in The Bee.

#### "Suggested by Yourselves."

On the other hand, the break-up would appear to have been disappointing to another Omaha newspaper. Among the records of the Nebraska realm was a letter from the World-Herald, duly signed by one of its principal editors, in which that newspaper offered to cover the clan's affairs "in any manner to be suggested by yourselves."

The joy which these gladsome tidings brought about the clan's official headquarters can well be understood by those who know how bitterly the kleagles, et cetera, denounced The Bee for printing news of clan affairs in a manner decidedly not "suggested by yourselves."

Today such as remains of the Ku Klux Klan in Nebraska is trying to ride without a leader. Some of the exalted cyclops, klalfis, kligrapps, klabees, night-hawks and others, who were left behind by the summary departure of the imported organizers, are scanning with eager eyes the southern horizon in the uncertain hope that the imperial wizard from his palace in Atlanta may see fit to dispatch in this direction a hustling kleagle or two to bring new hope to the faltering spirits. But it's an uncertain hope at best for it appears that those in charge of the empire, occupied with more important duties nearer home, have overlooked the entreaties of their subjects way out here.

#### Folds His Tent.

F. E. Maxey, the organizer sent from Atlanta to be king kleagle of Nebraska, has folded his tent and faded into the night. Reporters for The Bee learned that Maxey shook the dust of Nebraska from his heels early this week. He is now in Minneapolis. He is no longer connected with the Ku Klux Klan. In company with Ex-King Kleagle Tracy of Minnesota, who apparently decided to give up K. K. K.—ing at the same time Maxey did, and B. E. Newton, an assistant of Tracy's in Minneapolis, Maxey is said to be preparing to launch a new order with Canada as the ultimate goal.

Maxey's office in the Wead-Baldridge block, which was headquarters of the Klan in Nebraska, has been abandoned. All that remains is the furniture.

This furniture offers a brief story in itself. It was cheap furniture and the total cost was only \$87.50. But \$87.50 was more money than the king kleagle could comfortably pay in a jump sum as the dollars from Nebraska had not yet started to roll in. Maxey did have \$25 through desks and chairs were necessary. So he parted with the twenty-five and promised to pay for the remainder at \$20 a month.

#### Mioaks are Hidden.

Maxey made his farewell to his former subjects at a meeting last week. But he said a little bit more than goodbye. He told them the Klan in Nebraska was disbanded.

This, however, may be a point open for argument. When the Nebraska Ku Kluxers kicked in with their 10-spot each it was understood that sum was to start at least a winter. So as long as they have part of their \$10 worth coming they may find that the Klan in Nebraska was disbanded.

All Nebraska klaverns except the one in Hastings were represented. Hastings refused to be assayed. Perhaps Hastings knew what was in the wind and decided to save railroad fare.

But Maxey is not the only organizer sent here from the sunny southland only to find himself out of a job just as the snows and blasts of winter threaten. William H. White, who was assistant king kleagle for the realm of Nebraska, like his chief, has given up the ship and is seeking a new occupation. Less fortunate than his former chief, he declined to believe the ex-king kleagle's statement that the Klan is

disbanded, especially as there was no mention of a refund. Of course, it may be difficult to continue ku kluxing without leaders, but the klansmen can at least continue to wear their Mioaks snugly hidden just beneath their coat lapels. The Mioak, he it known, is the sacred symbol of the Klan. When the Mioak was designed it was planned to have the klansman wear it so that other klansmen could see it and thus recognize a worthy brother. But after The Bee's recent revelations it was decided, strangely enough, that the proper location for the Mioak was under the coat lapel.

#### Hastings Not Annoyed.

The situation out in the state is the same as in Omaha. Before leaving Maxey summoned heads of klaverns to Omaha, informed them of his impending departure and notified White, who has prospects elsewhere, and performance remains in Omaha.

#### Back to Houston.

Then there is a district organizer who has been here since last April and is preparing to pull up his stakes. And then there is a former organizer, a local product, who for a time admitted that he was the king kleagle for the state. He's on a claim out in Wyoming now.

And there are the records of the Klan. Where are they? Some of them were gathered up by a traveling officer sent here from Houston, Tex., when it became evident Maxey intended to quit. This officer, reporters for The Bee learned, gathered up everything he could find in Maxey's office and liked back to Houston.

A number of things led up to the departure of Maxey and his co-workers, reporters for The Bee learned.

#### Not Enough Enthusiasm.

First friction occurred when the newly naturalized citizens failed to display the proper enthusiasm. Maxey worked on a commission basis and enthusiasm was necessary. The new klansmen failed to turn out at the meetings. And Maxey sought to rebuke them. The result was a clash when it came time to elect officers—and the Maxey candidates lost out in Wymoting now.

Next came a dispute between Maxey and the grand goblin. The grand goblin is one John E. Crippen, who fits between St. Louis and Kansas City and occasionally got as far north as Omaha. He was in charge of organization work in the Missouri river district and Maxey's immediate superior.

And then there was that little matter of slow sledding. It made the King kleagle impatient and finally his impatience got the best of him. He left.

#### Very Confidential; Read it.

Before leaving the service, Maxey and White made one final plea to speed up. It was a message from White to all the kleagles in Nebraska.

It was a very confidential message and twice on the face of it was a warning to "burn after reading." In addition it was as frank as it was confidential. The assistant king kleagle did not mince words, he admitted memberships were needed—and also \$10 per membership.

"Let us make hay while the sun shines," the letter urged, "and exert every effort for an intensive membership campaign before the holidays begin, at which time as you know it will be very much harder to interest anyone to the extent of parting with \$10—or 10 cents except for Christmas presents."

#### The "I. T. S. U. B." Appeal.

But the plea apparently had little effect. The kleagles, apparently failed to hit the ball, despite the fact that Mr. White had subscribed the appeal with the ever-present "I. T. S. U. B.," those mystic letters which mean "In the sacred, unailing bond."

And now Mr. Maxey and Mr. White care little whether they hit the ball or strike out.

There is, though one plaintive note of tragedy in the disruption of the Klan in Nebraska.

The klansmen were never given an opportunity to wear their white-hooded robes.

Except for the imported kleagles the goblin stuff never arrived in Nebraska.

Three railroads are testing automatic train control system designed to prevent wrecks, two in Illinois and one in Virginia.

#### DRUGGIST RELATES CONVINCING STORY OF WIFE'S RECOVERY

#### Pharmacist Endorses Tanlac After Seeing How It Has Restored Her Health.

"My wife has taken Tanlac with such splendid results that it gives me pleasure to recommend the medicine every chance I get," said Ed Lyons, well-known druggist, 3400 Strong Ave., Kansas City, Kan.

"After my experience I'm convinced that Tanlac is of unusual merit and does everything that is claimed for it. For some time I had been worried over my wife's condition, as she was suffering from a stubborn case of stomach trouble and seemed to be losing weight and strength every day. She was so run down and felt so miserable that many days she wasn't able to be up at all.

Now she does me good to see her eat now, for she has a wonderful appetite and apparently her digestion is perfect. She declares she feels better than in many years, and certainly she looks the picture of health."

Tanlac is sold in Omaha by the Sherman & McConnell Drug Co. and by leading druggists everywhere.

### Tax Measure Sent To Conference

#### Democrats Wage Ineffectual Fight to Force Vote on Senate Amendments.

Washington, Nov. 11.—The house sent the tax revision bill to conference today without instructions to its managers on any of the 83 senate amendments, but with the promise of republican leaders that opportunity would be given later for a vote on acceptance of the 50 per cent maximum income surtax rate.

Democrats waged an ineffectual fight to force an immediate vote on acceptance of the senate amendment. Representative Garrett of Tennessee, minority leader, offering a resolution instructing house managers to accept the 50 per cent rate. The move apparently caught the majority leaders unawares, but after a sharp debate, Representative Mondell of Wyoming countered with a motion to table the resolution. This motion prevailed.

"Insurgent" republicans favoring the 50 per cent rate over the house maximum of 32 per cent, split on the motion to table. Twenty-five voted against, while one democrat, Campbell of Pennsylvania, voted for the motion. Republicans opposing included Andrews, Nebraska; Barbour, California; Curry, California; Dowell, Iowa; Kopp, Iowa, and Sinnott, Oregon.

Among "insurgents" supporting the Mondell motion was Representative Dickinson of Iowa.

#### "Curb Gamblers' Wager on Pigeon Perched on Clock"

Defiance, O., Nov. 11.—Curb gambling has started here. The gamblers stood across the street from the county courthouse. Their wagers were made on the probable time a pigeon, perched on the big minute hand of the courthouse clock, would maintain his lofty perch.

The longest guess was five minutes. But the bird clung fast until 20 minutes later, when the bell tolled five. Soon after the striking ceased, the bird returned to the clock and rode the hand 15 minutes longer.



#### CHAPTER XIII. Two in a Garden.

Jimmy Rabbit was enjoying a few nibbles at one of Farmer Green's cabbages. He hadn't noticed that there was anybody but himself in the garden. So it startled him to hear a shrill voice cry, "Get out of our garden!"

Jimmy Rabbit jumped. But he didn't jump far, for he soon saw



"Get out of our garden!" Jimmy Rabbit jumped.

that it was only Henrietta Hen newly arrived from the city. "Why should I get out of our garden?" Jimmy Rabbit inquired mildly.

"I should have said Farmer Green's garden," said Henrietta Hen. "Thank you very much for the warning; but I don't think we need go away just yet—if old dog Spot isn't around," said Jimmy Rabbit. "I don't believe there's any danger."

"You don't understand, Henrietta Hen cried. "I ordered you out of the garden."

"You order me?" said Jimmy Rabbit, acting as if he were astonished. "Yes," Henrietta declared. "And

I'd like to know when you're going to obey me."

"It's easy to answer that," Jimmy Rabbit replied. "I'm going away as soon as I've finished my lunch-son." Nobody could have been pleasanter than he. Yet Henrietta Hen seemed determined to be disagreeable.

"I don't see your lunch basket," she sniffed, looking all around. "No," he replied. "I forgot it. I meant to bring one with me and carry a cabbage-head home in it."

Henrietta Hen spoke as if she were very peevish. "You've no right," she said, "to take one of the cabbages away with you."

"I'm not going to," Jimmy Rabbit explained. "You were nibbling at one when I first noticed you," Henrietta Hen insisted.

"Was I?" he gasped. "Are you sure you're not mistaken? Are you sure you weren't pecking at a cabbage-leaf yourself?"

Now the truth of the matter was that Henrietta had herself come to the garden to eat cabbage. Really she was no better than he was. But somehow Henrietta Hen never could believe that she was in the wrong.

"You're impertinent," she told Jimmy Rabbit in her severest tone.

"You know very well that Farmer Green raises these cabbages for home use only."

"Well," said Jimmy Rabbit, "I'll make myself at home here, then." And turning a cold shoulder on Henrietta Hen he began nibbling at a cabbage leaf once more.

Henrietta felt quite helpless. Somehow nothing she could say to the intruder seemed to have the slightest effect on him. And he appeared to be enjoying his luncheon so thoroughly that it made Henrietta Hen very hungry just to see him eat.

In spite of herself she couldn't resist joining him at luncheon. "Ah!" he exclaimed between mouthfuls. "I see you're making yourself at home, too."

Henrietta Hen tried to look very dignified. She pecked at the cabbage in an absent-minded fashion, pretending that it was no treat to her. As a matter of fact, she had been trying to get a taste of cabbage for a long while. And this was the first time she had managed to crawl through the garden fence. "One has to eat something," she murmured.

Jimmy Rabbit smiled slyly. Henrietta Hen couldn't deceive him. He knew that she was as fond of cabbage as he was himself.

"Did you ever hear it said," he

asked her suddenly, "that eating too much cabbage causes long ears?" (Copyright, 1921, by Metropolitan Newspaper Service.)

A nail puller of the familiar pivoted jaw type has been invented that can be carried in a pocket, the claws of a hammer increasing the leverage when necessary.

#### Kearney Pastor Resigns

Kearney, Neb., Nov. 11.—(Special.)—Rector George St. George Turner of St. Luke's Episcopal church has tendered his resignation to the church vestry, to become effective December 15. No successor has been chosen and laymen will fill the pulpit until a call has been accepted.

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