THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

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Omaha—Where the West is at its Best

BRING THE WORLD FLIERS TO OMAHA.

Bring the world fliers to Omaha. This should be the slogan of every citizen of our city. The Chamber of Commerce has acted. The National Aerouautical society, through Gould Dietz, has acted. The Rotary club, the Lions club—other service clubs—have acted. The city council and Mayor Dahlman will act.

The round the world cruise of the American air men is one of the great accomplishments of all time. When they have again reached their home land they will find the day and night air mail service of the Postoffice department completely established and working splendidly.

No compliment to the air mail service would be more in order than to route the world circling air men over the regular transcontinental air line. Not only would it be a gracious recognition of the accomplishments of the air mail service. It would be the practical thing to do. The air mail line is equipped with the best landing fields, with the best mechanics, the most complete supplies. The great cities on the air mail line desire to extend a welcome to the men who will be the first to fly round the world.

Omaha desires to take part in this welcome.

The Omaha Bee calls upon all organizations in the city, upon all citizens of Omaha to write, to telegraph, to urge in all proper ways, the acceptance of the city's invitation.

Letters and telegrams should be sent to Gen. Mason M. Patrick, chief of the air service, War department, Washington, D. C.

Bring the World Fliers to Omaha.

SERVICE THAT COUNTS.

In every modern community exists elements which, if properly co-ordinated and directed, will constitute a mighty force for good. Not alone to the community, but to all society. It is an axiom of social philosophy that whatever helps one group must in turn help all. No group of society can go up or down alone, for the interdependence of all is such that whether it be noted or not, the influence of one is direct on all. Some effort has been made to take advantage of this fact through the organization of societies that find their outward expression in the form of service clubs—or so-called luncheon clubs.

Man's social instincts incline him to such forms of association, and in them he finds an outlet for something of his nature he might not be able to express otherwise. Thus we find Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, with great international organizations, even holding world meets. These gatherings are not taken up entirely with the affairs of the organization itself, or the exchange of good fellowship among the members. The programs include practical ways of dealing with problems that are common to all. Nor is it these alone. Some clubs, such as Concord, purely local in their nature, act along similar lines, lacking only the great scope of the international groups to become equally influential. Then there are the Optimists, Professional Men's, the Triangle, the Continental, and others, formed to bring members into touch with one another, to consider common interests and to exchange common or uncommon experiences.

All this is good, but it can be made better. A beginning along lines of closer communion between the service clubs of Omaha was noted last week, when officers of several met together to informally discuss the question of closer relationship. It is not intended that either of the clubs shall sacrifice any of its individual identity. It is the general desire only that they find some means to develop greater unity of action on such things as affect the entire community.

Each of the Omaha organizations is called upon individually to aid in all worthy affairs of a general character. If it were possible that such assistance could be rendered under the direction of a joint "clearing house," the result ought to be more satisfactory to all, for reasons that must be obvious. The harmony between clubs and their willingness to help was splendidly shown during the recent convention of the Lions. It is now planned to perpetuate the spirit then on exhibition, and to get it to working all the time for the good of Omaha. Each of these clubs serves, and each wants to make its service count. Team work will do it.

MET IT LIKE BIG MEN.

When a baseball league blows up, as not infrequently happens, the detonation is generally more noted for its depth than its noise. The Tri-State league has just folded its hands, drawn its last breath, and rests quietly. Sioux City flopped, and that took the rest of the league with it. How much heart ache and disappointment this failure may have caused may serve as an interesting topic for speculation. One thing about the affair, however, deserves more attention than it is likely to get.

Players who were connected with the Grand Island team lost their jobs, but not their wages. President and directors of the team put down their names on notes to secure the money that was needed to settle in full with every player on the team for all that was due to him. Back of the team officials stands the Chamber of Commerce. The loss will in due time be distributed pro rata through the business community, each member taking his proportionate share.

Here is the full recognition of the fact that the baseball team is something more than a private institution for making money. It really does, in a greater sense than usually is acknowledged, belong to the community. Our Grand Island friends realized this, and acted accordingly. However much regret they may feel at the collapse of the league, it will not be tinctured by any reflection that Grand Island welshed on the players.

The spirit that is back of this is what has made the county seat of Hall county, Nebraska, one of the finest communities of the whole land.

WEALTH AND THE WISHING-RING.

Edwin L. Doheny has been much in view during the last few months. His wealth and his political activites together have secured him great attention. Isaac Marcosson relates how Doheny made his start. It was at Los Angeles, where he had wasted all but about $1,000 out of a fortune of $100,000 he had accumulated in a lucky venture in mines. Idling one day, he noted a wagon load of dirt that seemed peculiar. Questioning the driver, he learned where the dirt had been dug. It was that peculiar sort of dirt that to the experienced indicates the presence of oil. Doheny hunted up the place, drilled a well. Out of that well came 45 barrels of oil a day. Other wells followed the first. Because he asked a teamster whose load of dirt carried the key to oil, Doheny is many times a millionaire.

Other tales of sudden fortune are recounted by Mr. Marcosson, who has just published a book concerning the oil industry. All of these are interesting. Perhaps the most significant information contained in the entire volume is that disclosed in the following paragraph:

> "In the sixty-five years that represent the span of the oil industry in the United States approximately $12,000,000,000 has been placed in the legitimate channel of oil development and operation, according to the most reliable estimates. This, however, does not represent the vast sum wasted by the public in fly by night or fraudulent promotions. Conservative producers, and by them I mean the heads of the great and established companies, maintain that only $7,500,000,000 has been returned from the sale of the crude. Thus the producing industry still has $4,500,000,000 coming to it. If these figures are accurate they merely prove the old adage that more money goes into the ground than ever comes out of it."

True of the oil industry, this is true of mining, of any venture of life. The one who succeeds is seen in strong light, envied and cultivated by those who seek to profit through another's gains. In his long shadow are covered the hundreds who tried as he did and failed. From them little is heard. The world has not much time to waste on those whose ventures come to grief. This does not mean that there should be an abandonment of any undertaking that savors of risk. "Nothing ventured, nothing won." Whoever ventures, though, must not be surprised if he loses. Fortune is fickle, uncertain, and nobody ever understood just where to place the risk.

Take H. A. W. Tabor, for example. He came out of Leadville, many times a millionaire. He was lieutenant governor of Colorado, senator of the United States, postmaster at Denver, and died a pauper, because he did not know how to look after the great fortune he acquired so easily. The Tabor opera house, the Tabor block, the Windsor hotel, all magnificent buildings in their day, and still standing in Denver, were proof of the civic spirit of the man, but in time all passed out of his hands into the hands of others.

Patient industry may not always bring great wealth. It will bring something that is better than wealth, however—content. "He that tilleth the land shall have plenty of bread," said the Wise man, "but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough." Contentment does not mean to cease striving. Its purpose is to sustain under trials that will disturb and disquiet one whose mind and soul are not anchored by a firm hold on truth, well ballasted by reason.

Wishing-rings are well enough for idle moments, but serious enterprises demand that devotion of strength and purpose alike be not diluted by fancy. More money has been spent in vain pursuit of sudden fortune than ever was returned. Great seams of rock have been built up by lava cooling after overflowing from a volcano, but they are as nothing when compared to the immense strata deposited grain at a time from the dust sifting down through the water.

LOOKING AFTER THE LITTLE ONES.

In the United States children between the ages of 5 and 18 are regarded as being of school age, and in most of the states are required by law to attend public school until certain specified conditions are complied with. In 1900, according to the census of that year, 72 per cent of the children of school age were enrolled, and the average daily attendance was 50 per cent. In the next score of years we find a notable improvement. The census of 1920 showed 78 per cent enrolled and the average daily attendance was 58 per cent.

Thus it appears that under the grinding conditions that are forcing the people of the country into abject poverty, according to the calamity chorus lifted on behalf of "Fighting Bob," the fathers and mothers of the land found it possible to get more of their children down on the roster at the "little red school house." Moreover, each state in the union shows a decided improvement in its equipment of public schools in that double decade. Some states have increased their school expenditures two and three and even four times. Nebraska's have more than doubled.

In 1900 of all the boys in the land between the ages of 10 and 15 years, 26.1 per cent, or more than 1 in every 5, were engaged in gainful occupation. That is, they were at work, earning their own living and contributing to the support of the family. In 1920 the percentage was 11.3, or about 1 in 10. For the girls the percentage was 10.2 in 1900 and 5.6 in 1920. And the congress which has just adjourned passed a resolution submitting an amendment to the federal constitution to entirely forbid child labor.

The dolorious wail set up on behalf of the children of the United States by those who would sovietize the government entirely sounds a bit more than ever out of tune when one looks at what is being done for the children by the government the radicals want to overturn.

Apparently "Jake" Thomas knew who to talk to when he came to Omaha looking for consolation. He went at once to the city hall.

Any rain next Thursday will not count. That's the day the grocers and butchers have picked for their picnic.

Pretty hard to hold business back when the farmer has money to spend.

At least one of the governor's "yardsticks" took his boss seriously.

SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet
Celia Thaxter

IN THEE!

Theology don't worry me; and as for evolution
I haven't time to waste upon that score.
The modernists may claim to have the up-to-date solution,
But there are things that int'rest me much more.
I reckon it don't matter very much the whence my coming,
But quite a bit just what the end may be.
So I'm content in simple faith to keep right on a-humming
The old song, "God Through Jordan Leadeth Me."

I do not care a single rap for all the wise expounding
The theologians may see fit to do.
The scientific stuff and guff that's through the air resounding
To date has not sufficed to change my view.
My origin, be it monkey, mud or protoplasm,
May worry others till it grays their hair;
But I'm content that simple faith will bridge the future's chasm
And lead my feet to mansions over there.

And so "I lay me down to sleep," while theologians shiver
Because their views are often held in doubt.
"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep," and without fear or quiver
Sink into rest with all their words shut out.
"If I should die before I wake" the faith my mother gave me
Will, I believe, my safest passport be.
"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take," 'tis Thou alone can save me.
All else is vain—I leave my soul to Thee!

Dearly beloved, we will take for our text this morning the "Glory Verse" of the New Testament as we find it in the Gospel of St. John, 3:16:

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

It does seem to your pastor, good brethren and sisters, that in this wonderful verse that sums up the whole scheme of redemption, we should find a complete answer to those who would sidetrack us from the highway to heaven by quarreling over creeds and dogmas, fundamentalism and modernism, isms and schisms.

It matters not at all the origin of man. It matters everything what he does while on this stage of action. Nothing he can do can have any effect on the whenceness of his coming, but everything he does has a tremendous bearing on the whenceness of his going. And it is goal, not the origin, that should most concern us.

"He that doeth!" Keep that fact in mind, beloved. It isn't he that merely heareth. "Not every one that sayeth!"

The Almighty has put us here, beloved. That much is settled. Why quarrel over the when and the how? In the above quoted scripture He has told us how much He loves us. So much that He gave His only begotten Son. Do you believe in that Son? If you really do, you will try to pattern your life after His life. You will try to show your appreciation of that great love by walking the paths the Father has marked out. If you love your neighbor as yourself you will not quarrel with him over nonessentials. You will not deride or denounce him if his method of evidencing his faith fails to square with your method. It is not for you to say who shall kneel at God's altar. That is between God and the conscience of him who kneels. It is not for you to say who shall eat at the Lord's table, for it is his table. It is not for you to say how the Mercy Seat shall be approached, for in His word the course is mapped out for every man to follow as his faith and his understanding makes it clear to him.

There is enough sin in the world to keep God's children busy fighting it, without our acting foolishly by fighting one another. Let us conclude our service of worship this great Lord's Day morning by standing and singing.

"How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord
Have laid for your faith in His excellent word."

And, as we sing, let us remember that it is in His word, and in His word alone, that we may find the way, the truth and the light.

Let us stand and sing. WILL M. MAUPIN.

Our Public Servants

The Man With the Mail Bag.

NOTHING to do but just walk leisurely around and deliver an occasional letter or newspaper.

Gee, ain't that the copper-riveted cinch!

It would be if it wasn't for just one thing—it is tedious, tiresome, monotonous, back-breaking, nerve-racking, headachy work. If you don't believe it, start out from the station at 8 a. m., with enough mail to break the back of a pack mule, and make your rounds without mistake, with the temperature up to 104 or down to 20 below; perhaps with a blizzard raging or the rain pouring down in torrents.

There isn't any pleasure in trying to cheer up that anxious mother who is waiting for the letter that never comes from that wandering boy. There isn't anything resembling pleasure in handing a black-bordered missive to the woman in the middle of the block. Of course there is a genuine thrill in handing that rosy-checked maiden the letter addressed in a bold masculine hand. Now and then the mail man is privileged to deliver the long-delayed letter to the mother, and the joy light in her eyes goes with him the rest of the day. The mail man is human, after all.

You take his daily rounds as a matter of course. He's paid for it, isn't he? But even if he does get his pay check regularly, isn't he entitled to a word of praise and commendation now and then because of his faithfulness and his efficiency? Don't deceive yourself into thinking that all he has to do is to walk up to your door and deliver your mail. He has to commit to memory more stuff than you ever dreamed could be crammed into one head. He can not telephone down to the office that he "won't be down until late," as some of you can. Not so you could notice it. He has to be Johnny on the spot, rain or shine. And if he is a few minutes late at your door you are very apt to get a grouch on and snarl about it when he comes. Never mind; he's used to it.

He is merely the man who delivers your mail.

The Star Spangled Banner

By L. BRANNICK.

Dedicated to Every American Soldier and Sailor—Living or Dead.

The Star Spangled Banner is a gift from God to the entire world, with the citizens of the United States as keepers and defenders. It came to this earth in answer to the prayers of an oppressed people that they might be permitted to live in peace and content and serve God in their own way.

It is, in fact, a portrayal of our original 13 states and their subsequent growth, wrought in the loyalty of blue, the purity of white and the courage of red, it is an almost identical counterpart of the life of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Even as he was oft seemingly defeated and finally crucified, so has the Star Spangled Banner been beaten down on many battlefields, but, as Christ rose triumphantly from the dead and the gospel of Christianity eventually penetrated to all corners of the world, so has the Star Spangled Banner risen, more resplendent than before, and today every port in the world is open to it—not through fear that its keepers have engendered into the heart of humanity, but because, like Christ, their actions have been guided by "Do unto others as thou wouldst have them do unto thee.

And as Christ insures spiritual freedom to all those who take up their cross and follow him, so does the American flag insure physical freedom to all those in its domain who abide by the law. Three score years and more have passed since its gallant defenders demanded that human slavery be abolished. They were met with an affront. A great war ensued; a war that raged for four long years and in which 500,000 lives were sacrificed, but, from thenceforth, human slavery ceased to exist on the western continent.

Only in defense of freedom and liberty, the abolishment of slavery and the preservation of democracy on earth has the Star Spangled Banner ever fluttered above the front trenches of the firing line. Not a mite of gold, not a speck of land has ever been gleaned by this nation through conquest. Peacefully it waves as a token of Christianity, of freedom and of liberty on earth. In its wake missionaries follow, educational institutions spring up, hospitals and orphanages abound. Even as Christ went about doing good, so does the Star Spangled Banner form the vanguard of assistance to any portion of the earth where tragedy and catastrophe have befallen humanity.

And like unto the invitation of Christ, "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and oppressed and I will give you rest," is the privilege of any people in any land, who are oppressed and denied human right to emigrate and settle 'neath the folds of the Star Spangled Banner, where, upon proving their worth, they are granted free citizenship with the right to live, transact business and serve God in their own way.

Even as Christ wrestled in Gethsemane, so has the Star Spangled Banner hung limp and tattered through the long and silent hours of midnight over battlefields strewn with heroes sacrificed on the altar of freedom. Ah! might well have its blood-drenched folds cried out, "Not my will, but thine be done."

And, as with sincere fervor we worship at the Cross, so should we honor and cherish that devotion to duty and heroism which has placed and now maintains the Star Spangled Banner as a symbol of civilization's best, for as surely as Christ spoke that great truth, "I am the way—except by Me no man cometh unto the Father," so will the keepers and defenders of the Star Spangled Banner eventually show to the world the way to peace through love and not through the brutality and horrors of war.

Retail Only.

A druggist was aroused one night by the violent ringing of his front door bell. Looking out of the window, he saw a young girl in evening dress.

"What's the matter, miss?" he asked. "Has any one been taken ill?"

"Oh, no," came back in sweet tones; "but I'm dancing at the ball close by, and I've run out of rouge."

"Indeed," snorted the disgusted druggist. "I'm sorry, miss, but I never keep enough rouge in stock to cover a cheek like yours."

Wild Oats

By CATHERINE ELIZABETH HANSON.

The city stands in nocturn splendor bright,
While pleasure-mad, like moths around the light,
The multitude of fops and dandies come.
"Ah, what a crowd! We shall have company here;
We'll have our fling and never need to fear.
We must be gay! Youth comes but once, you know—
Come! Let us join in the crowd—our wild oats sow!"

The revelers passed on—I followed them,
These regions to explore of crime and sin.
I found that death held there high carnival!
Some one had said that there was naught to fear—
There was no need, leper met leper here.
I moved into a world so strange and quiet,
And there were corpses lying left and right.
I thought I was at sea and billows rolled,
For still the stream run on and souls were sold!

Euraclydon could not have driven more
Grim, blackened hulks against an iron coast's shore.
I waited for the ebb, but no ebb came,
And still the hulks were strewn 'round and about,
And living corpses passed me going out.
The long-beaked, filthy vulture of Despair
Preyed on the helpless souls that entered there.

Ah, sick at heart was I to see it all!
So many sink so low, so many fall
Into those chasms of forgetfulness.
Oh, may the powerful hand of God destroy
These haunts of vice and guard the wayward boy
Along the dangerous ways, ere he be led
To walk in paths where angels fear to tread!

Back to the city street I made my way,
Wrapt in a thoughtful mood, while revelers gay
Passed by and wondered at me standing there.
Like those whom I had met upon the road,
I asked myself if these their oats had sowed.
I did not look to see their hidden shame—
I only saw the moths around the flame!

Easy.

She—What cute little caps the freshmen wear. But how do they keep them on?

He—Vacuum pressure, my dear.—Wittenberg Witt.

Social Progress and the Law

From the Wall Street Journal.

Roscoe Pound, dean of the Harvard Law School, is known as an intellectual liberal. He distinguished himself in the natural sciences before he became a lawyer. At an age at which most youths are marked only by the callowness of their mental processes he had attracted the attention of Europe to his original researches in botany. Reared and in large part educated in the state which has produced such a diversity as J. Sterling Morton, W. J. Bryan, Senator Howell and, one may almost add, General Pershing and General Dawes, he reached his present position without passing through either an extended practice of law or service on the bench.

It is easy to see why his point of view is neither that of the advocate accustomed to seek restricted and more or less private ends, nor that of a jurist immersed in centuries of precedents. He remains essentially the scientist, with the scientist's detachment of mind.

From such a man it is stimulating to hear this declaration:

"As one studies any subject today he cannot but realize how modern are the precepts which really count. But, it will be said, while legal precepts change, and even change rapidly, the principles of the law stand fast. If one means certain generalizations as to the end of the law and generalized ideas of justice, it is true that they remain constant over long periods. If, on the other hand, one means settled premises for judicial deduction, it is easy to trace the rise and fall of what for a long time have been taken to be fundamental principles and unchangeable bases for decision."

Chief among the agencies producing such changes Mr. Pound ranks "popular dissatisfaction with the existing bodies of legal precepts in action." Those of us who are merely voters may fairly infer his belief that the embodiment of fundamental law in a written constitution is not the bar to social progress it is so often represented to be; that constitutional amendment in a hundred directions at once may involve risks we are not required to take for the sake of progress, and that the supreme court does not busy itself with thwarting the popular will, whatever it may occasionally do with underdone products of the congressional bakery.

Dean Pound's ideas are not those of a man who instinctively shrinks from change, or has a material interest in the existing order, or consorts with the damnable vested interests. They proceed from a man who welcomes "profound discontent and vigorous protest against the law in action" as being "the most effective agency of reshaping the law and thus maintaining it." That is not to say that every demand for a legal novelty is good; the desirable thing in the eyes of the Harvard Law School head and those of other conscientious citizens is "to further continuous, intelligent, creative effort to keep the substance of legal precepts and the machinery of enforcing them abreast of the exigencies of justice in the time and place."

Center Shots

The old fable, about the "sour grapes" is losing prestige. In these days the demand becomes greater as the grapes grow more sour.—Lincoln Star.

The women, in their equal rights fight, do not say anything about giving the groom a little more publicity.—Nashville Banner.

When they have a riot in the Rhode Island senate, and trample men and women under foot, we suppose it must be set down to the mysterious ways of Providence.—Chicago Evening Post.

Two Russian girls, envious of her expensive clothes, hacked a girl companion to death. Now, in America they would have been content simply to pick her to pieces.—Yichita Eagle.

General Dawes says he will "stick to the facts" in the political campaign. That man has simply no respect whatever for tradition.—Chicago Daily News.

Democrats decide to retain the two-thirds rule. But the republican managers are counting on retaining a two-thirds vote.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Crooking the left elbow is the besetting sin of the modern golfer," says an authority. And crooking the right elbow was the besetting sin of the old-fashioned golfer, what?—New York Telegram.

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V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of July, 1924.
(Seal) W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public

Where Memory Lingers

Quaint old buildings, clothed in romance and mellowed with age, linger long in our memory. Day by day we recall these scenes for help and inspiration.

And so it is with pictures—living scenes that greet us from newspaper, magazine and sales literature—instructing, teaching and inspiring us to better living.

Our "deeper-etched" engravings add interest and charm to your products and service. They print "sharp" and "clean"—leaving your message seared into the mentality of those you wish to serve.

Department of Engraving
- Omaha Bee -

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