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N. B. UPPDIKE, President
BALLARD DUNN, Editor in Chief
JOY M. HACKLER, Business Manager

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TEN YEARS AFTER.

Ten years ago the cloud that hung over the world broke, and deluged Europe with blood. From August 1, 1914, to November 11, 1918, four years and three months of dead-end carnage stunned mankind. Sensibilities were shocked and human hope all but stifled in the murk of bloodshed and destruction.

The end came from sheer exhaustion. Bulgaria, Turkey, Austria, and then Germany fell because they could fight no longer. Russia had collapsed. France and Belgium were bled white, and England was almost at the end of her resources. It was the influx of fresh men and money from the United States that turned the balance and settled the issue, so far as victory was concerned.

No other four years or four centuries in all the history of the race produced results comparable with these. In July, 1914, Germany towered superbly over Central Europe. In arts, science, industry, in politics and commerce, the German empire dominated. Austria-Hungary was second. Russia, immense, inchoate, unformed, yet seemingly so solid, loomed sinister and unfathomable. France was busy and prosperous. Belgium, smallest of the five great producing nations of the world, was a marvel of industrial activity. In four years three empires had dissolved, blown to bits by war. France was brought low, and Belgium all but wiped out.

Along with the thrones and boundaries of these blasted empires went certain political institutions. One might say, reviewing what had been accomplished, and what was chargeable to the political institutions of that day that any change would be an improvement. Carefully noting what has taken place, deliberate judgment must be that there is a distinct gain for humanity. Out of the wreck of empires have emerged self-governing national units, which are as truly national as racial characteristics will permit. If these have not yet all gained their balance, none should despair, for all are earnestly striving to attain equilibrium as nations, and most if not all may succeed.

What is most baffling, but not entirely unexpected, is the hang-over of methods that prevailed before the great upheaval. It was hardly possible that social forms of that dead and gone time would entirely disappear in the early sunlight of the new democracy. It is somewhat disappointing that certain discredited political practices cling like a bad odor to the statecraft of today. Open covenants are not arrived at with that openness of negotiation that was promised, or at least held up as an ideal to be reached for by all.

National aspirations are strong, not only in the strivings between the Allies and Germany, but along the Baltic, and in the Balkans, where accounts are as far from settlement seemingly as they have been any time these last two millenniums. Racial and religious differences are not adjusted by demarcation of boundaries, any more than peace is made by the passing of a resolution or the signing of a convention.

Ten years has not been long enough time to restore all that was so shattered when the war began. Out of it all comes one great consolation. The United States of America emerged from the war strong and clean. Our people were purified of that insularity which had enwrapped them and which seemed impervious. Uplifted by the generous impulse that came with the effort that proved the world's salvation, Americans were willing to make any sacrifice to secure for all others the blessings they have so long enjoyed. For the good of all, this impulse was not permitted to go to the extreme of inextricably involving our land in the affairs of others.

By remaining neutral in the post-war dissensions that have torn Europe, the United States has been able to exert friendly offices that are helpful to all. The best possible guaranty of peace today is the fact that the United States is neutral. A great beacon, from which go out to all the world rays that guide mankind along the road of self-government, leading to peace and prosperity. An example to all other nations, and an inspiration to all.

The world has traveled a veritable Via Dolorosa during the last ten years, but its people have learned much along the route. Humanity has not yet reached the time when war is no longer probable, but we may be sure that the next one will not be so lightly entered into as was that which started ten years ago in Europe.

THE ANNUAL VACATION.

Far be it from us to discourage those who have not yet taken a summer vacation, but have hopes. We are even now trying the psychic treatment upon him who holds our vacation destinies in his hand, but we have no illusions as to vacation periods. In times past we have driven the family car over roads good and bad, camped by the wayside and in tourists' resorts, collided with the poison ivy and battled with voracious mosquitoes. So, too, have we heard people say "this is very unusual weather for these parts," and listened while the proprietors of fishing resorts expressed regret that the fish were not biting up to their usual standard. It seems that we usually strike just that kind of weather and just that kind of fishing.

The vacations we expect to take in future are

certain to be much more enjoyable than those taken in the past. Were we not positive on that score it would be hard to enthuse us. True we know that the roads will be unusually poor, the weather unusually bad, the fish unusually lazy and the mosquitoes unusually busy, but what of it? We never expect to acquire wisdom enough to enable us to jump at the chance to spend our vacation just lazily around the family domicile, reading the novels we have never before had time to read, dressing without regard to conventionalities, eating what we blooming well please at the hours that best suit us, and coming and going as the mind listeth.

As usual, should our psychic waves have the result we hope for, we shall forsake the quiet and comfort of the home life and proceed to battle with the elements, with ill-conditioned roads and with the various pests that infest the wide open places.

The annual vacation is an American institution which must not be allowed to lapse, even though we wear ourselves out firstly in preparation for, and secondly in enjoying. Therefore we continue sending out the waves and making mysterious passings of our hands.

DOUGLAS COUNTY'S VALUATION.

Shaking fingers under noses and elevating voices until tones run higher than formal conversation requires will not serve the end in the matter of Douglas county's taxable valuation. The settlement should be on the basis of justice, not on prejudice.

On the face of the returns, the valuation is all in favor of Douglas county. A return has been made to the state of \$368,959,957 for the year 1924. This compares with the valuation of \$367,060,309 for 1923, a net increase of \$1,899,648. Ordinarily, this would seem to be entirely satisfactory, when the state valuation is taken into account. The general assessment roll for 1924 shows a decrease of above \$33,000,000 for the state. No doubt this represents a shrinkage in land values that is legitimate, and should not be seriously disputed.

It is unfortunate, however, for Governor Bryan, who has distinctly and vehemently promised that he would reduce the tax levy. Just how he is going to do this, in face of the lower valuation is not plain. His resourceful secretary of finance, W. H. Smith, proposes that one way to get around a portion of the difficulty will be to soak Douglas county with about one-third of the decrease.

Just why Douglas, Lancaster, or any other county in the state should be penalized to help the governor make good on any of his foolishly liberal promises is not plain. People up this way are accustomed to carrying a large share of the cost of maintaining the state government. This share ranges anywhere from one-eighth to one-tenth of the total. In 1923 the total taxes levied by the state were \$6,397,433.34, of which Douglas county paid \$734,120.62.

Our people have no disposition to shirk their proportionate share of taxes. Values run higher in Douglas county than in any of the others. All these things are known in Lincoln. Why, then, does the state tax commissioner make his proposition to soak Douglas, where an increase is returned, just to make up for the rest of the state, where a decrease is reported? If Douglas county had lowered valuation in proportion to the rest of Nebraska, the net return would have been almost \$4,000,000 less instead of nearly \$2,000,000 increase.

Governor Bryan and his tax commissioner should be fair in this. It is obviously unfair to raise the tax roll of Omaha to compensate for shrinkage elsewhere, as they propose doing.

OTHER SOURCES OF FARM WEALTH.

While the eyes of the world are turned to the great grain crops, the thoughtful farmer is looking after some things the outside world does not know much about. Up in Thayer county one farmer has discovered that one of his Jersey cows returned to him a net profit of \$1 a day in June, and had 67 cents over at the end of the month. A herd of 25 cows produced an average of \$15 a month net profit. Twenty-nine flocks of hens have returned their owners more than \$1,000 a month net profit for a period of 32 months.

These figures are not guess work, but rest on accounts as carefully kept as those of a good bank. In them can be found the best possible reply to the complaint of the wheat raiser, who last fall objected to being required to depend on butter and eggs for a profit. Somehow, he seemed to disdain this source of income, but he may with advantage give it some attention. Those who have taken up dairying, even on a small scale, have found it pays, and pays big.

Long ago a Nebraska editor praised the old cow and the determined hen as the greatest mortgage lifters ever known to man. "Old Doc" Bixby reminds us that when "Bill" Maupin was in the state house he gave the world many concrete illustrations of the value of Nebraska's butter, eggs, and poultry. These were considered minor crops at the time, but circumstances have changed with advancing knowledge, and the products of the dairy and the poultry yard are taking a high place among the sources of wealth in Nebraska. As days go by, the revenue from these will increase, for farmers are learning how certain the returns are.

The claim is now made that the skeleton of Richard III has been discovered. No mention having been made of the discovery of an equine skeleton near by we are inclined to give credence to the report.

The hotter the weather grows the more we are convinced we know what kind of punishment will ultimately be visited upon the slayers of the little Franks boy.

Walking is said to be a popular pastime in Vienna. Over here it is listed as extra hazardous.

It appears that Georges Carpentier is the W. J. B. of the pugilistic party.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davie
AN HUMORIST.

"An humorist," said Sy to me, as sneezing as he spoke, "is one who never even grins when he emits a joke. An' who in spite of all the laughs his funny outbursts brings—
"Jee' looks about as though he was knee deep in serious things.
"It tickles you to see the way an humorist perks his head.
"An' later on you nearly bend a-thinkin' what he said.
"An' in the night-time you awake—a year or so from then,
"An' laugh and chuckle like you'd heard his drollish drawl again.
"Time only makes his words grow new an' more like jewels, it seems.
"An' they refresh your weary brain an' dulcify your dreams.
"One humorist is worth much more than all the grumblers born."
"Concluded Sy—at which I was more puzzled than Zerkon.

It's Just Ten Years Since the Big Accident



BUT WE HAVEN'T DONE A LICK TO FIX UP THE ROAD YET



Letters From Our Readers

All letters must be signed, but name will be withheld upon request. Communications of 500 words and less will be given preference.

Pleads for La Follette.

Council Bluffs, Ia.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: There is great need and urgency for a more intelligent meeting of the political issues presented by Mr. La Follette than has yet appeared in either of the opposing parties.
While I am not a supporter of the third party movement—in truth, opposed to it, but the fact remains we need to meet the issues squarely and honestly, if it is to be checked.
Mr. La Follette charges that the poor are becoming in a worse condition each year, and holds out the only promise in this campaign for even attempted relief, and this makes his candidacy a dangerous one. Recently you tried to show that the great number of automobiles were proof of a prosperous condition, but your evidence was worthless.
The state of Iowa alone has more than 50,000 tenant farmers. Of that number it would be impossible to find 100 who are making more than a bare living, and no longer is there the faintest possibility that land ownership might be achieved by them. The fact is that they are in a state of peonage—bond slaves—with only the right annually to change masters, in the hope of finding a servitude less binding, but which hope is never realized. Nebraska has a like situation, and the same is true in the whole agricultural area. Add to this the fact that not one land owner who operates his own farm, in 10, is making expenses, and we have a condition that calls for intelligent discussion.
It is fashionable to claim that we are the greatest nation on earth, but these facts do not so indicate. They are not chargeable to any political party, but rather to the fact that our land policy is the most utterly opposed to reason, and has no basis whatever in right or justice; that we have worse than no plan or intelligent system in the matter of land ownership, out of which these conditions have been created. Mr. La Follette can not remedy them, but he is dangerous with these facts before us.
He charges that we are governed by kings—monarchs in iron and oil and transportation. The farmer knows this is true in every instance, when he must purchase machinery or transportation, commodities that affect him daily. We ought to meet the charge and show them either to be false or that they will be remedied.
The war record of Mr. La Follette, if that could be considered alone, should make his election sure. Al ready England and France have chosen for the office of prime minister men who were charged with treason in opposing the late war. In America we now universally know that Mr. La Follette alone was right in his position—the only actual pa-

Tussock Moth Now Here.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Due to the lateness and wetness of the spring, the tussock moth was late in his coming out. But be sure, he did come out, both he and all his company. They didn't put on any brass band concerts or dress parades, nevertheless they have been getting in their subtle work. Mr. and Mrs. Tussock Moth are now asleep in their twin beds. Very soon they will awaken to a brief family life, then the old folks will pass on, we know not where, and their

Abe Martin



Who recalls th' big, religious camp meetin' they used t' hold jes' t' sell popcorn balls an' lemonade? Woman's work is never done. There's allus some place on her face she's missed.

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SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget That sunrise never failed us yet
Coca-Cola

A considerable bunch of Nebraska boys are in camp at Ashland. Time was when we took keen delight in making sarcastic remarks about "Tin Soldiers" and expressing inability to understand why any healthy and normal young American should want to belong thereto.

Some things happened a few years ago that greatly enlightened us, since which time we have not said "Tin Soldiers" once. We vividly recall the spectacle of Nebraska's National Guardsmen parading to the depot, just rarin' to go, physically fit and with the groundwork of training for warfare well laid. We learned during those strenuous times that our boys in the trenches overseas would have been far better off with a little preliminary training along military lines several years before.

We hate war. But we are not of those who insist that the War God will assist at the mere wave of some pacifist's hand. The man who is always looking for a fight usually gets it. The man who abhors fighting, but is known to be ready if occasion requires, usually goes his way in peace. As with men, so with nations.

Right now we are considerably puffed up because of the fact that one of our quartet of sons is in uniform and doing duty as a Nebraska National Guardsman at Ashland. He is learning a few things that will be good for him, not the least of which is discipline. We pray God he may never be called upon to fight for the flag, but if occasion requires we want him to be ready and prepared.

Were we to pause here to convey the information that we are the son of a preacher father, there would instantly arise a chorus of "Well, that explains a lot of things." Taking the chorus for granted, we make the boast that we had a preacher other. But he was no pacifist. Quite the contrary. Early in our boyhood life he laid down an ultimatum that if he caught us picking a fight he'd whale the stuffin' out of us, and if he caught us running away from one he'd perform the operation twice.

That's what we mean when we say we want our country to be prepared, not to pick a fight, but to make it plain that there is not the least likelihood of its turning tail and running in case a fight is thrust upon it.

One of the most gentlemanly, courteous and kindly men we ever met was named Corbett. It was a real pleasure to converse with him. Nobody ever heard of James J. Corbett picking a fight merely to have the fun of fighting. But we can imagine what would happen to the fellow who jumped him on the presumption that Corbett is a pacifist and unprepared for a fray.

Once in a while we dream of a day when wars shall be no more, when all men shall be brothers, when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and when hates and jealousies are eradicated from human hearts. Then we wake up and know that it is and forever must be a dream.

Hence we salute with as much military precision as we know how the Nebraska National Guardsmen in camp at Ashland. We know them, and know that they are not spoiling to get into war with somebody. We know, also, that if they are called upon by Uncle Sam, who has never yet called save in honor, they'll be right there, ready, willing and efficient.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

Spice of Life

"Say, what are you trying to do, turning that door knob back and forth that way?" demanded the policeman.
"Well, all right, officer, I'm shush trying to get in," explained the inebriated radio bug.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Our road, of course, has a great many tunnels."
"That's no handicap. You don't understand the possibilities of modern advertising. We'll feature it as the Honeymoon Route and get all that business."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Hello, Jack, what are you carrying?"
"Chocolates and meat—going to see the girl."
"Great Scott! Do you have to supply the meat already?"
"Oh, no. The candy is for the girl and the meat is for the dog. I have to square both."—Boston Transcript.

Illinois Central System Has Paid Cash Dividends Regularly for Sixty-Four Years

The Illinois Central System has paid cash dividends on its capital stock every year since 1860. This is a record which can be duplicated by but a few business organizations of any kind in this country. The rate of dividend paid has ranged from a minimum of 4 per cent to a maximum of 10 per cent a year. Since January 1, 1917, the rate paid has been 7 per cent. The average cash dividend paid throughout the sixty-four years has been 6.83 per cent a year.

The market price of Illinois Central stock has fluctuated, as have the market prices of other securities, but this dividend record shows that Illinois Central stock has always been a dependable investment. The Illinois Central System, however, is one of the most fortunate American railroads. Its lines serve the Mississippi Valley, the "bread basket of the world," and it has always enjoyed good credit.

Credit is both the cause and the result of efficient operation. No railway system can serve its patrons adequately unless it has the credit that will enable it to borrow money for necessary expenditures upon property improvements as needed. Therefore we believe that the patrons of a railroad should be as much interested in safeguarding the credit of that railroad as the operators of the road themselves.

The number of holders of Illinois Central stock has varied from time to time. At present there are 16,442 holders of the common and preferred stock. Of this number, 6,517, or about 40 per cent, are women, whose average holdings is 37.9 shares each. The average holding of all shares, both by companies and by individuals, is 79.2 shares.

We are proud of our remarkable dividend record. We feel that it is a record of which every person living in the territory served by the Illinois Central System has a right to be proud. Our dividend record has been made possible by the excellent service which this railroad has been able to render to its patrons, together with the fertility of the soil and the steady industrial and agricultural development which has taken place in the territory served by the Illinois Central System lines. It is not too much to say that many manufacturing plants have been induced to locate in our territory in order that they might have the benefit of Illinois Central System service.

This statement is not intended to encourage anyone to purchase Illinois Central stock, but is in line with our established policy of acquainting our patrons with every phase of the Illinois Central System's organization and record of performance.

Constructive criticism and suggestions are invited.

C. H. MARKHAM,
President, Illinois Central System.