

THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

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A VOTE OF THANKS TO DAWES.

Unlike John W. Davis and La Follette, Charles G. Dawes, in his criticism of the Ku Klux Klan did not content himself to a mere flourish of denunciation.

In his speech at Seagirt, N. J., Mr. Davis in speaking of the Klan said:

"If any organization, no matter what it chooses to be called, whether Ku Klux or by any other name, raises the standard of racial or religious prejudice, or attempts to make racial origin or religious belief a test of fitness for public office, it does violence to the spirit of American institutions and must be condemned by all those who believe, as I do, in American ideals."

La Follette in his letter to Robert P. Scripps, New York, wherein he referred to the Klan, expressed himself as follows:

"Any one familiar with my record, especially in my own state, knows that I have always stood without reservation against any discrimination between races, classes and creeds. I hold that every citizen is entitled to the full exercise of his constitutional rights."

"I am unalterably opposed to the evident purpose of the secret organization known as the Ku Klux Klan, as disclosed by its public acts."

Dawes, in his speech at Augusta, Me., pointed his finger of reproach not only at the bigotry of racial and religious prejudice, but to that even more sinister side of the Klan which parades under the pretense of an organization to further law and order.

Appeals to racial, religious or class prejudice by minority organizations are opposed to the well-fare of all peaceful and civilized communities.

"Constitution stands for religious tolerance and freedom. This happy country has never been through a religious war such as those which devastated Europe in the centuries past and brought untold misery to millions of its inhabitants. We have progressed in civilization far beyond that possibility, but to inject religious and racial issues into politics is contrary to the welfare of all the people and to the letter and spirit of the Constitution of the United States."

Dawes felt the need for a forceful denunciation of the Klan, its bigotry and prejudices as strongly as did Davis and La Follette.

His view of the problem, however, he did not confine himself to denunciation alone. The Klan cannot be met and conquered simply by denunciation. The influences back of it must be analyzed in order that its specious arguments may be brought into the full light of day.

Those who know the history of the struggle for religious tolerance in America, know that intolerance and bigotry can not thrive permanently in the thoughts of the American people.

The defeat of the Klan in Texas is an example of what awaits that organization in every other state in the union. Its disintegration will come the quicker if its evils are analyzed as Dawes analyzed them. The nation owes a debt of gratitude to Dawes for attacking it in the only way in which it can be successfully attacked.

HOW THEY DO HATE IT!

Old Doc Shipstead has discovered the Money Devil at work. Out at Seattle he told his hearers that American farmers,

"like a myriad of working bees, are being fed on sugared water in the form of increased wheat prices to keep them from swarming to the candidacy of Senator Robert M. La Follette. The party working with the larger bankers has the power to increase farm prices, and that is the reason for the increase today."

There you have it, flat. The farmers know it, too. And, gosh, how they do hate it! Nebraska already has felt the effect of it. In the last quarter the deposits in the state banks increased by nearly \$6,000,000. All of it farmers' money. All of it due to increase in selling prices of farm products.

Careful estimates of the increase in value of Nebraska's crop for 1924 over that of 1923 set the figure at \$100,000,000. This is regarded as conservative. And, if Senator Shipstead is to be believed, that is what the high priests of Wall street are willing to pay for the votes of Nebraska's farmers.

What could be more ridiculous? Shipstead himself does not believe such silly tommyrot.

Contrast this picture with that of Otto Mutz, former state senator, now second in command of the La Follette brigade in Nebraska. He sits at headquarters in Lincoln and scans the horizon, eagerly watching for a break. His eye lights up at anything that promises decrease in prices. As Shipstead believes the increase in prices will take votes away from La Follette, so Mutz hopes for some sort of calamity to drive voters to his candidate, whose fortunes depend on public misfortune.

Either of this precious pair would gladly see the farmers of this state forfeit \$100,000,000 or more, if it would insure discontent enough to turn the scale in favor of dolor and doubt and bankruptcy. To them prosperity seems unwelcome at

this time. They can not conceive of a prosperous man, whose business is in good condition, voting for "Fighting Bob."

NEBRASKA'S GREAT EXPOSITION.

What is to many the culminating point of the summer season will be reached next week. The annual state fair exhibition will be on. It holds something of a thrill. It is the link that connects the present with the past. When frontier society developed so far that a county fair could be organized and carried on, civilization was regarded as being established permanently. When the county fair had multiplied until the state fair came into existence, the ultimate triumph in the way of public enterprise had been attained.

Folks no longer depend on county or state fairs for amusement. In many other ways the public is provided with diversion. But the big central purpose of the fair has not been removed. The competitive exhibition of products of the field, the factory, the orchard, vineyard, garden, dairy, kitchen, sewing room, workshop, poultry yard, breeding pens, holds an ever fresh and absorbing interest. Especially is this true in Nebraska, where so much depends on agriculture.

The state fair, liberally sponsored by public funds, has grown into a really impressive institution. It is something more than a fair, for it has taken on many of the aspects of a great exposition. To the display of domestic arts and agricultural triumphs is added the showing of scientific and mechanical progress. And, too, ample amusement features are provided, so that everybody has a chance for enjoyment, no matter what the individual taste.

It pays Nebraskans to visit the state fair at Lincoln, for nowhere else can they get so comprehensive an idea of the importance of their home state. Strangers who attend will be agreeably impressed with what they see, and go away with a better understanding of the solid support of Nebraska's prosperity. A day or two at the great exposition is not only a pleasant outing, but an intensive course in an education all our citizens need.

PLENTY OF WORK AT HOME.

An old story comes to mind: A farmer's dog persisted in chasing the train that crossed the farm each day. The farmer watched the dog, and finally burst forth, "I wonder what he would do if he ever did catch that train?" Once every 15 or 17 years the planet Mars swings around so as to almost brush the Earth. That is, Mars comes within 35,000,000 miles of the little spot in space occupied by the planet on which we live. On such occasions men and women, some of them scientists, rush around like the farmer's dog, chasing the train. They try to talk to Mars, and fondly imagine that Mars is trying to talk to them.

Granted that Mars is inhabited. If its people, whatever they may be like, are no further advanced in culture than to be unduly curious about what their Earth neighbors are doing, we could learn little from them. They would be no smarter than we are. The best that might be expected from an interchange of views would be an argument. Maybe it is fortunate that no interplanetary volapuk has as yet been invented. Our rest might otherwise be rudely disturbed by learning what some of our neighbors think of the monkey shins we cut.

The Earth is a speck so small in space that the astronomer on the nearest fixed star, if such there be, equipped with instruments no more powerful than those known here, is unable to discover our existence. Get that fixed in your mind. Then think of the number of different problems pertaining to our life that are not yet solved. Some of them have been pestering man ever since the start, no matter where he made it. Whether in the Garden of Eden or the primeval ooze. These problems are much more vital to our happiness than a chat over the backyard fence with Mars. Appreciation of these truths ought to lead to the conclusion that we will do better if we attend to our own affairs, and let a Higher Power attend to the universe.

DARROW EARNS HIS FEE.

An interesting feature of the last week was Clarence Darrow, standing before Judge Caverly, pleading with all the power of his eloquence and intellectual ability that sentence of death be not passed on two confessed murderers. We can understand why mobs congregated around the courthouse until many were injured in the crush. It took more police than Omaha's entire force to maintain order. When Demosthenes called out all of Athens, or Rome packed the Forum to hear Cicero, the parallel might be found.

Here is one of the greatest of America's criminal lawyers, and that means the greatest in the world, pleading for mercy in a case that has no equal in the annals of crime. Well did Darrow measure up to the expectations of all. That hope which rested on his ability to sound every note in human experience—to play upon every string of the human heart and make it vibrate in sensitive response to his searching touch, was solidly founded. Darrow left nothing undone. He painted every phase of the dreadful crime in its most vivid colors. He splashed lurid lights and somber shadows all over the place. Earnestly, powerfully, he strove to swing the public mind away from any conclusion but that the defendants are insane and should not be sent to the gallows.

Whether the decision finally follows the demand of the prosecution or the success of the defense, Darrow earned his fee. He has written his name even higher than ever as a crafty pleader. But whether he has helped the cause of justice is not so clear. Over the whole terrible tragedy broods the shadow that rests on three darkened Chicago households. Already the young murderers are finding imitators, and the dread will be ever present that should they escape another reckless pair may try the same trick. It is not the little Franks boy who is in mind. It is other little boys who are living.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—

Robert Worthington Davie

"BEHOLD THE FLAG."

Behold the flag whereat it waves Exultantly upon the mast— The beacon of our heroes' graves. The ensign of glories past. The unity of creed is still Discordant, and our minds are led Along by individual will To falter in the haze ahead. Each year truth swerves, and wisdom flings Prudence of old to sad decay. And other unexpected things Come forth to rule supreme the day. But while the changes come about The flag's potential triumph aways Each loyal heart, and from redoubt Wafts promise to the coming days.

Wonder If by Any Chance There's Anybody Trying to Communicate With Us



Letters From Our Readers

All letters must be signed, but name will be withheld upon request. Communications of 200 words and less will be given preference.

Congested Downtown Streets.

Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: When will Omaha begin seriously to consider the question of congested traffic which results from universal parking of automobiles on its downtown streets?

Cities all over America are coping with this problem now. At the state conference of mayors recently held by the mayors of cities of New York state, a special committee worked out a sharp report on this question. The committee investigated conditions in New York City and 118 other cities in America, and recommended ordinances prohibiting parking of automobiles in business districts and congested streets.

Los Angeles has decided at last that its streets are for traffic and not for free automobile storage. The parking survey committee, appointed by the city council of Los Angeles a year ago, is recommending that no parking be permitted on 11 of the principal thoroughfares of the business district of Los Angeles, and recommends limiting all parking downtown to 30 minutes instead of 45.

In concluding its report, the Los Angeles committee said in part: "We believe the conclusion sound that it is not the owners and users of moving vehicles (street cars and automobiles) who constitute the purchasing and business factor in that district. The committee of mayors of New York state made the following observations in its report: 'The streets in all our cities were never intended to be used as storage sheds; their purpose is to provide for the movement of goods and persons from one part of the community to all other parts. There are ordinances in all cities for bidding merchants from using the sidewalks for the display of goods or the storage of goods. Even before the automobiles became common, the committee forbade obstruction of the streets. Now, with thousands of automobiles in every city and more need than ever before for free passage through the streets, one finds rows of parked automobiles—nothing less than the use of the streets for storage purposes.'

In Detroit the new anti-parking ordinance adopted April 15, 1924, prohibits parking everywhere in the downtown streets between 430 and 615 p. m. The new Detroit ordinance provides that "if cars are found within this district within the hours mentioned, without an attendant, the police are authorized to impound them."

In Gotham on June 10, an anti-parking ordinance became effective, under which cars are forbidden to park in five of the principal downtown streets and allowed for only 20 minutes on Broadway and Fifth avenue.

Los Angeles prohibits any parking on downtown streets between 4 and 6:15 p. m., and is considering the elimination of parking altogether on 11 principal downtown streets. J. Peter Witt, widely known traffic expert and chairman of Cleveland's traffic committee, says of the situation in that city: "By what right does a city government permit the streets to be used as storage sheds for automobiles?" Cleveland has already prohibited parking on the west side of Euclid avenue during afternoon rush hours, acting on Mr. Witt's suggestion.

Approximately 15 feet of the street from either curb is regularly consumed on the downtown streets of Omaha for free storage of automobiles, thereby reducing the width of the street used for the movement of traffic by 30 feet. It is all but impossible for a fire department truck to pass between the parked cars and a street car on its track. Many, many years ago the merest country towns ousted the old hitch-posters from the business streets with teams, wagons and buggies. The meanest villages in the land prided themselves on this step forward in the march of municipal progress as much as 30 years ago. Only in the last few years have metropolitan cities awakened to the fact that they have unconsciously slipped back to a worse street congestion than was ever dreamed of by the villages when horses and wagons stood in the streets.

But the healthy sign is that they have awakened and that they are rapidly doing something about it. Scores of cities besides those above mentioned are taking drastic steps to clear their downtown streets for the free movement of traffic. Will Omaha be among the last to take hold of this problem? A. E. LONG.

The "Hoss-trader" "DeLux." Madison, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Of here's to the old "hoss-trader" Past master of dicker and gulle. He'd trade you a "hoss" with a spavin. And "skin you alive" with a smile. His stock in trade was the maverick. The wind-broken, buck-kneed and old. It wasn't the "hoss" that he sold you. But the wonderful tale that he told. A "hoss" with speed and endurance. With a nature so wonderfully mild, Your wife could drive him to market.

"A plaything," in fact, "for your child." You bought him, and tried on his collar. And he kicked out the side of the shed. And, as you collected the pieces, You remember the words that you said. You wasted much time in lamenting This ill-mannered trick, mean and low. The moral is plain, gentle brother, All "hoss-traders" covet your dough. So here's to the old "hoss-trader" The cosmopolitan fraud He's gone with the wrangler and puncher. He's sleeping in peace neath the sod. Now we have the political trader— Super-master of dicker and gulle. He'll trade you a city-owned coal-yard, Just to be Governor awhile. His stock in trade is the maverick. A political, radical crew. He's tradin' and dealin' and swappin' He wants to be president too. With "harmony clubs" as a barage. And ably assisted by W. J. He put the "Kaboosh" on poor Hitchcock. And gently laid him away. O' beware this political Brutus, This Demo-radical Pro. He'll drop you. He'll tie you. He'll "swap" you. And smile as he pockets your dough. The Nation today needs a statesman. To sit in the President's chair. And not a man who by deatin' and tradin' Was able to "swap" himself there. The Nation today needs a leader. To enforce with wisdom her laws. So when you vote next November, Cast your ballot for Coolidge and Dawes. A. J. DUNLAP.

The new immigration act has just come into force in America, and English lecturers can now only enter the country in half-grown lots.—Punch.

NET AVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION for July, 1924, of THE OMAHA BEE Daily 74,016 Sunday 74,792

Does not include returns, left-over samples or papers applied for printing and includes no special sales or free circulation of any kind. V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of August, 1924. W. H. QUINCY, Notary Public. (Seal)

SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget That sunrise never failed us yet

Doubtless Kearney county will join in making this the year of the big vote, but even though it is vastly more populous than it was away back in the early 80's, it is questionable whether it will poll as many votes next November as it did when the question of moving the county seat from Lowell to Minden was submitted to a vote of the people. The prairie dogs were enfranchised for that particular election, and the jack rabbits carried them from one polling place to another.

The general manager of the Nebraska Power company owes it to himself and to us to make explanation that will pass muster with Lottie Clifford. We relied upon the electric clock the other night, arriving home much belated in consequence. If it happens again we shall call up J. E. D. by telephone and insist that he phone an excuse to headquarters.

Hot weather is not the only thing that will make the corn grow, as we have but recently discovered. A pair of ill-fitting shoes, for instance.

What we would like to know is whether the possession of a deer mink is prima facie evidence of intent to punch a hole or two in the Volstead act.

A rumor reached the headquarters of a local charitable institution that a family on the outskirts of the city were in a starving condition. Investigation revealed the fact that the family had lost its can opener.

We never hear a young fellow referring to his father as "the old man" without feeling the urge to apply the bedslat.

It is difficult to rally the hosts of calamity when wages are high, employment plenty, a bumper wheat crop being marketed at satisfactory prices and the corn promising a record yield. The fiery cross, the double cross and cross purposes make mighty poor campaign material in prosperous times.

If there is any one thing in the world we do not more than any other thing, it is good hand music. We heard just that kind at Sidney last week. It was not only first-class hand music, but it was marvelous hand music because it was rendered by a boys' band of some 60 members, and not a lad in the band over 15 years of age. A mighty bright, intelligent and gentlemanly lot of boys they are. And Director Bonham has brought out the best they have in them, musically and otherwise. We've heard many boys' bands, but to date we haven't heard any that is to be classed with that fine musical aggregation in Sidney. And, by the way, there are a number of professional bands in this neck 'o' the woods that would run two-three in competition with Director Bonham's juvenile musicians.

The world is growing better. Here it is a presidential campaign year, and election less than 90 days away. Yet we took a ride of 500 miles on a passenger train one day last week, and not a single Political Idiot came around collecting a straw vote. The world do move.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

LISTENING IN

On the Nebraska Press.

Low Frazier of the Fairmont Chronicle reminds young men that it is up to them to pick out good mothers for their children.

The Shelton Clipper announces that recent rains in that section have spoiled the nubbun crop.

The Humphrey Democrat opines that if a Missouri man can get \$10,000 damages for a kick from a mule, McCoo ought to get steen million dollars for the kick he got from the donkey at the New York convention.

Speaking of fundamentalism and materialism, the Clarkson Enterprise wants to know if the roadhog was created or just growed, like Topsy?

The Scotia Register opines that if the boy with the tired brain who ran away from the training camp at Fort Dodge had spent his vacation in the

harvest fields of central Nebraska he would have felt like returning to school early in September.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hall of the Merna Messenger will have the sympathy of the newspaper profession in their recent bereavement, the death of their little daughter, Phyllis Gies.

The North Platte Farmer-Labor Herald announces that "Frank Harrison is in charge for La Follette."

What's mean, charge?

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Boys' Prep School
Boys' School
Business Administration
Business College (Co-educational)
For Girls and Women
Business College
Catholic Schools for Boys
Catholic Schools for Girls
College for Young Women
College or University
Dentistry
Education, Oratory and Dramatic Art
Girls' Boarding School
Girls' School
Journals
Kindergarten Training
Law School
Medicine
Military Academy
Music
Normal School
Nurses' School
Pharmacy
Physical Education School
Retail Management
School of Commerce
Sales Manager
Spectrometer School

Location preferred
Protestant
Catholic

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Advertisement for Bayer Aspirin. Includes the Bayer logo and the text 'Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN'. Below the logo is a cartoon of a man with a large head and a sign that says 'DEADLY DREAM'. The text says 'Safe' and 'Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocrocinacid of Salicylicacid Copyright 1924.'