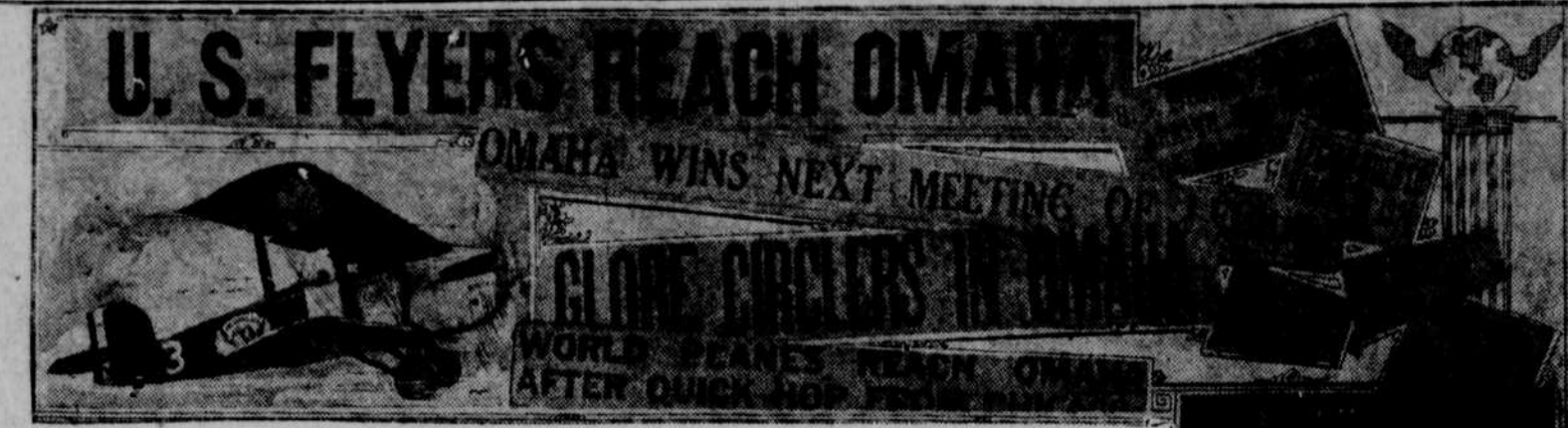


Putting Things Over for Omaha



OMAHA was on the lips of the world last week. It was the center of one of the most epoch-making world events. It was the center, too, of a great national event—the world-circling airmen flew into Omaha on their big wings, and out again, flying on their way to the Pacific. The American Legion in national convention at St. Paul decided that its convention of 1925 would be held in Omaha.

In Omaha there was general rejoicing that the city should be thus in the eyes of the nation and of the world. Outside the city the name Omaha was in the big headlines of the newspapers everywhere.

This is more than just a passing chance. Both these events were "put over." They were put over by leaders in the affairs of Omaha, and to them belong the thanks of the city.

Will Hays, now the head of the moving picture interests of the United States, has a slogan that is his guide in all things. It is a slogan that Omaha should adopt. "Things do not happen," says Mr. Hays; "they are brought about."

Omaha "brought about" the coming of the world fliers to this city. Omaha "brought about" the coming of the American Legion convention.

These two accomplishments are worthy achievements, but they are only the entering wedge. They are only the opening chap-

ter in a record of accomplishments, by which Omaha plans to keep the name of its city constantly in the big headlines of the big newspapers. There were thousands who said to themselves—all over the country—"that town of Omaha must be a live town." It is a live town—it is going to be a live town. When Omaha can get the nation talking about it as a "live town," it will mean that men and women will come here to live, because all men and women like to live in cities where they do things. It will bring industries to Omaha—factories, wholesale business, retail business, will be improved. Omaha will become a bigger, better city.

Now that Omaha has won these two big victories, what next must we go out to conquer?

There is a program—it is not fully crystallized in the minds of the leaders of Omaha. There are some items, however, that are certain to be found on the Omaha program.

If these things are supported with the same energy, with the same enthusiasm, that was put behind the fight for the fliers, and the fight for the American Legion convention, Omaha is certain to win, and win big.

With the evidences of victory in these two big accomplishments, with the thrill that winning them

has given to the city, we are ready to tackle the balance of the program with vim and a certainty of success.

What are the items that are certain to be on the Omaha program?

1. Improved union station facilities.

2. A state-wide program of hard-surfaced roads that will bring into closer contact the farms and the farmer's markets. That will furnish all-year-round hard roads to all parts of the state.

3. This will call for a state bond issue—an amendment to the constitution.

4. A connection by rail, over the Yankton bridge, that will bring the richest section of South Dakota into the marketing area of Omaha.

This can be done by the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, through the building of some 17 miles of line from Crofton, Neb., to the Nebraska end of the great new bridge over the Missouri river at Yankton, S. D.

5. The building up in Omaha of a great educational center. This means a co-educational institution, because in these days teaching must be provided both boys and girls.

These four items are certain to be on the Omaha program. There are others. They are important, too, and they will be brought forward from time to time. These four, however, form the backbone of the Omaha program.

It is not a narrow program. It is built upon the idea that it will include all Nebraska in its benefits. Omaha's program must of necessity be a Nebraska program.

In this work of "putting things over for Omaha" the same sort of lead will be taken in the future program as was taken in the work of getting the world fliers to Omaha and in getting the American Legion convention.

The Greater Omaha committee will do its part. The Chamber of Commerce and its publicity committee will continue its splendid work. All the civic organizations, the service clubs, the city council and the mayor—the county commissioners, and those individual leaders, who have done such capable work, will continue in the same way, but with the renewed enthusiasm that has come with "putting over" the two big accomplishments of last week.

The Omaha Bee pledges a participation in the future, as active as has been its participation in the past.

to adjust their activities for a friendly human being—all this will excite both amusement and sympathy, and should open a new place in the heart for the quaint little experiments of nature of which so scanty knowledge is now held.

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

Sabatini Gives Us Another Fine Historical Work

Tomas de Torquemada, Genius of the Spanish Inquisition, Under a Critic's Examination.

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

THE OMAHA BEE BOOK SHELF

Some Late Books for the Young Readers

RUFFS AND POMPONE by Henshaw King, Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

THE REAL PRINCESS by Elizabeth G. Thomson, Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOAN by Nina Bayly, Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

ROSALE DARE by Amy Brooks, Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

THE LIFE OF THE BAT by Charles Derennes, translated from the French by Louise Collier Wilcox, Harzer Bros., New York, publishers.

As Fabre made us acquainted with the insects, teaching us the wonders of their world, the mystery of their lives, their loves, jealousies, romances and tragedies, so Derennes takes up the little known bat. It is an exciting personal narrative he recites, telling of the affairs of the flying mammals. One of Nature's mistakes, he calls the bat, a thing that did not progress by the process of simplification and so is doomed to ultimate extinction by reason of its limitations which unfit it for the struggle by which continued existence is alone possible.

A kindly and sympathetic philosopher-naturalist, Derennes began as a boy his study of the bat. He captured one, and made of her a pet. She was the first of many generations he observed. On her life story he has strung many gems of thought, as well as fascinating details of her habits and love, keep house, rear and educate their young. Their fierce struggle for existence, the hopelessness of their destiny, their poor vision and their lack of the sense of orientation, weakness that will permit flight for no longer than 10 minutes, their willingness to accept assistance

and to adjust their activities for a friendly human being—all this will excite both amusement and sympathy, and should open a new place in the heart for the quaint little experiments of nature of which so scanty knowledge is now held.

Large transparent straws are draped rather plainly across their thin crowns and over the brims with blond lace, these days.

When you feel clogged up take a spoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and relief will come by morning. Many who are habitually constipated take a dose regularly once a week as a precaution.

There are, of course, many other remedies that you can take besides Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Cathartics and physics in the form of pills and powders, however, are harsh and gripping; Syrup Pepsin is a liquid, a compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with pleasant aromatics, and it acts gently and mildly but emphatically. The formula is on the package.

Candy cathartics, which usually contain phenolphthalein, a coal-tar drug, may cause skin eruptions, and salt waters are simply a purge that dries up the saliva. You are therefore best off with Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It has been the standard laxative of thousands of families for more than 30 years, and over 10 million bottles are bought annually.

Every druggist sells it, and at so low a price that an average dose costs less than a cent. Many attribute the unbroken good health of their entire family to the general use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, as Mrs. Allie Graham, Handley, Tex., and Mr. A. F. Schmit, 1517 Detroit Ave., Toledo, Ohio. They use it for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, torpid liver, heartburn, fevers and colds. It contains no narcotics or opiates and is as safe for an infant as for you.

People who know will tell you that Syrup Pepsin is a truly wonderful internal treatment, which dispels all forms of intestinal poisons resulting from constipation and indigestion, disorders which cause 75 per cent of all the more serious diseases. A teaspoonful when you are feverish or feel a cold coming on may ward off an illness and save you time, money and inconvenience.

Free Sample Bottle Coupon

There are people who very rightly prefer to try a thing before they buy it. Let them clip this coupon, pin their name and address to it, and send to the Pepsin Syrup Co., 518 Washington Street, Monticello, Illinois, and a free sample bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will be sent them postpaid by mail. Do not include postage. It is free.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

Life Story of Bat One of Romance and Tragedy

THE LIFE OF THE BAT by Charles Derennes, translated from the French by Louise Collier Wilcox, Harzer Bros., New York, publishers.

As Fabre made us acquainted with the insects, teaching us the wonders of their world, the mystery of their lives, their loves, jealousies, romances and tragedies, so Derennes takes up the little known bat. It is an exciting personal narrative he recites, telling of the affairs of the flying mammals. One of Nature's mistakes, he calls the bat, a thing that did not progress by the process of simplification and so is doomed to ultimate extinction by reason of its limitations which unfit it for the struggle by which continued existence is alone possible.

A kindly and sympathetic philosopher-naturalist, Derennes began as a boy his study of the bat. He captured one, and made of her a pet. She was the first of many generations he observed. On her life story he has strung many gems of thought, as well as fascinating details of her habits and love, keep house, rear and educate their young. Their fierce struggle for existence, the hopelessness of their destiny, their poor vision and their lack of the sense of orientation, weakness that will permit flight for no longer than 10 minutes, their willingness to accept assistance

and to adjust their activities for a friendly human being—all this will excite both amusement and sympathy, and should open a new place in the heart for the quaint little experiments of nature of which so scanty knowledge is now held.

Large transparent straws are draped rather plainly across their thin crowns and over the brims with blond lace, these days.

When you feel clogged up take a spoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and relief will come by morning. Many who are habitually constipated take a dose regularly once a week as a precaution.

There are, of course, many other remedies that you can take besides Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Cathartics and physics in the form of pills and powders, however, are harsh and gripping; Syrup Pepsin is a liquid, a compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with pleasant aromatics, and it acts gently and mildly but emphatically. The formula is on the package.

Candy cathartics, which usually contain phenolphthalein, a coal-tar drug, may cause skin eruptions, and salt waters are simply a purge that dries up the saliva. You are therefore best off with Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It has been the standard laxative of thousands of families for more than 30 years, and over 10 million bottles are bought annually.

Every druggist sells it, and at so low a price that an average dose costs less than a cent. Many attribute the unbroken good health of their entire family to the general use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, as Mrs. Allie Graham, Handley, Tex., and Mr. A. F. Schmit, 1517 Detroit Ave., Toledo, Ohio. They use it for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, torpid liver, heartburn, fevers and colds. It contains no narcotics or opiates and is as safe for an infant as for you.

People who know will tell you that Syrup Pepsin is a truly wonderful internal treatment, which dispels all forms of intestinal poisons resulting from constipation and indigestion, disorders which cause 75 per cent of all the more serious diseases. A teaspoonful when you are feverish or feel a cold coming on may ward off an illness and save you time, money and inconvenience.

Free Sample Bottle Coupon

There are people who very rightly prefer to try a thing before they buy it. Let them clip this coupon, pin their name and address to it, and send to the Pepsin Syrup Co., 518 Washington Street, Monticello, Illinois, and a free sample bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will be sent them postpaid by mail. Do not include postage. It is free.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

Tale of Flanders That Has All Europe Laughing

"PALLIERS" by Felix Timmerman, translated by G. B. Hodges, with an introduction by Willem Van Loon, and many drawings by Anton Pieck, Harzer & Bros., New York, publishers.

Timmerman's tale of the Flemish farmer, who was poet and vagabond, as well as tiller of the soil; who had high adventures, because he had an imagination; who laughed and played and smiled and worked, and wooed after a remarkable manner the girl he wanted and wived her in still more amazing fashion. The priest and Pallier's sister, his dog and his neighbors all have part in the book. Some of the days are spent on the farm, and some in the village. His pilgrimages are made by land and by water, but all are merry. One does not have to get very far into the book to catch its spirit, and understand why it had eleven editions in Europe before it came to America. It should have as many here.

Large transparent straws are draped rather plainly across their thin crowns and over the brims with blond lace, these days.

When you feel clogged up take a spoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and relief will come by morning. Many who are habitually constipated take a dose regularly once a week as a precaution.

There are, of course, many other remedies that you can take besides Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Cathartics and physics in the form of pills and powders, however, are harsh and gripping; Syrup Pepsin is a liquid, a compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with pleasant aromatics, and it acts gently and mildly but emphatically. The formula is on the package.

Candy cathartics, which usually contain phenolphthalein, a coal-tar drug, may cause skin eruptions, and salt waters are simply a purge that dries up the saliva. You are therefore best off with Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It has been the standard laxative of thousands of families for more than 30 years, and over 10 million bottles are bought annually.

Every druggist sells it, and at so low a price that an average dose costs less than a cent. Many attribute the unbroken good health of their entire family to the general use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, as Mrs. Allie Graham, Handley, Tex., and Mr. A. F. Schmit, 1517 Detroit Ave., Toledo, Ohio. They use it for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, torpid liver, heartburn, fevers and colds. It contains no narcotics or opiates and is as safe for an infant as for you.

People who know will tell you that Syrup Pepsin is a truly wonderful internal treatment, which dispels all forms of intestinal poisons resulting from constipation and indigestion, disorders which cause 75 per cent of all the more serious diseases. A teaspoonful when you are feverish or feel a cold coming on may ward off an illness and save you time, money and inconvenience.

Free Sample Bottle Coupon

There are people who very rightly prefer to try a thing before they buy it. Let them clip this coupon, pin their name and address to it, and send to the Pepsin Syrup Co., 518 Washington Street, Monticello, Illinois, and a free sample bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will be sent them postpaid by mail. Do not include postage. It is free.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

The Family Laxative

Ideal of Education Is to Release Dormant Ambitions of Youth

By H. G. WELLS. Author of The Outline of History.

London, Sept. 20.—Do men and women generally want a better world than this?

Do they want a world free from war, general economic security, a higher level of general health, long life, freedom and hope for everyone, beauty as the common quality of their daily lives?

The conventional answer to that question is "Of course they do." But the true answer is "Not much." They may do so when they read an inspiring book by the fireside or hear a rousing speech, but not at any time when there is any possibility of helping to realize such generous desires. We are all but little above egotism; our passions are warm only when they are immediate; I do not believe there has ever been a man who has lived steadfastly, continuously and completely in pursuit of great ends. We are all vain, amenable to flattery, stirred by physical impulses, by the competitive instinct and jealousy, by anger at opposition, laudable to fatigue, irritation, and uncontrollable and sometimes quite unaccountable fluctuations of motive.

No Such Divinities. Simple people like to believe there are great men in the world who are altogether above this tangle of drive and impulse. But indeed there are no such divinities.

What do we all find in our hearts? An immense self-love, a tremendous concentration of our attention upon our personal drama, physical cravings bare and physical cravings disguised and sublimated, desire to possess, desire for securities, and suchlike fear-begotten desires, a desire for praise and approval and an instinctive dread of the disapproval and hostility of our fellow-men, an aggressive pride and self-assertion so soon as fear is allayed.

How much of that complex of motives can be used to bind men together into a civilized state. One can no doubt play their fears, represent the dangers of conquest and cruelty by hostile peoples so vividly as to make them fight in great wars. The human animal is a semi-social animal and though you cannot stampede it, yet it can be got moving in masses for collective ends, either good ends or bad ends, in an only very slightly rational manner.

But though these human motives I have cited do serve to keep us together in smaller and larger communities with a sort of mutual restraint and help and tolerance, they supply no real force for any progressive betterment of human relations, and still less do they supply any driving force to organize and maintain a higher order of civilization throughout the world.

Soon Relapse. As soon as the mass urgency subsides we tend to relapse into our own little personal lives of eating, drinking, and "having a good time" of "getting on." And if there is nothing more in our human composition than these common impulses of the everyday life, this coarse stuff of our common humanity, then all our talk and writing about a world peace and a

With the Poets. "Auto Line O'Type." The contents of this volume of verse, written by Elsbeth W. Reynolds, has been selected from advertising of an automobile corporation. The poems are largely commercial; however, they do not lack the philosophy everywhere prevalent in and among the affairs of common existence.

"Who Lightly Sips." A volume of poems written by John T. Troth, and published by Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia. These poems are both narrative and inspirational. The tone color is unusual and a vein of touching sentiment flows through the lines. Seldom does one find a greater variety of rhymes in a better example of poetic expression.

higher civilization is nonsense. If that is all we are, then we have no chance of escaping more wars, more famines and disorders, cruelties and diseases. But there is something more in humanity that transcends all our life, our politics, our business and social organizations, with the color of romance and the quality of a great adventure.

"Something More" Explained. It is night on the embankment of a river that flows through a great city and a commonplace youngster leans over the parapet watching and thinking. Great warehouses, tall buildings, a tower or so, three or four graceful bridges one beyond the other, set with bright lights and bearing a luminous traffic, drop their images into the stream, and each light they bear makes a long, slightly wavering reflection upon the smooth black water. A little steam launch, just blackness and a red headlamp, fuses by.

As it passes it tears through these tranquil banks of lamp reflections, drags a trail of startled and trembling shreds of light behind it, flings them

apart, elongates them, reunites them, weaves them into a dancing pattern, that changes every moment into a fresh intricacy.

Splash, splash, splash, comes the impact of the little boat's wash against the embankment. The youngster, struck with a strange wonder of beauty, watches the changes, tries to follow them, tries to detect the law of their dexterous, wonderful rearrangements. All the beats and egotism of his personal life are forgotten. He is lifted outside all our everyday scheme of motives. He is possessed by the desire to know and understand.

Everyone of us has had such moments of pure mental desire. For most of us they pass; we are too busy and preoccupied. Some few of us they seize upon and make into those devotees of inquiry, men of science.

Second Instance. Now take my second instance, a row of yards behind a row of mean houses in the same great city. Scarcely one of these yards is neglected or

purely utilitarian. In more than half of them are evidences of effort to make some sort of garden or arbor or such-like pleasant and orderly arrangement. You rarely see people playing in these yards or testing in them; they are overlooked by a railway and very noisy. But nevertheless there you have the plainest evidence of an impulse to order; the rudiment of the garden-making, house-building impulse. In most of these yards it has been an unprofitable, useless and perhaps disappointing effort, but it has been at work there. In nearly every man and woman there is something of this same garden-making, arbor-building impulse.

Here again is a second impersonal motive to which we can turn from the personal and jealous passions that commonly possess us. It is an ennobling motive; witness the face of a skillful painter or carpenter intent upon his work.

Now this desire for knowledge and the impulse to make are the really hopeful creative forces in human life. They are the something more and the something different, on which I base all my hopes. Submerged and undeveloped, overridden by competition, fear, jealousy, vanity, they are yet to be found in nearly all of us.

The aim of true education is to release them, nourish them, give them power and the possibility of co-operation. In this possibility lies our sole hope that the ultimate fate of mankind, now packed in their national trucks upon the railroad of nationalities, warfare and economic selfishness, will not be the same as that of hogs, on their way to slaughter.

(Copyright, 1924.)

Our Public Servants

The Train Dispatcher.

You never see him at work. He wears no uniform, unless a green eyeshade and a worried look constitute a uniform for his kind. He does not walk around where the traveling public can see him, and about the only time he gets mentioned in the public press is when he makes a mistake. Other men can make mistakes and get away with them, but not the train dispatcher. He is either infallible or down and out. Of course you have seen the telegraph operator hand a bunch of tissue paper to the conductor, and seen the conductor hand a

part of the bunch to the engineer. Well, it was the train dispatcher's orders. He knows every minute of his eight hour trick right where every one of a dozen or 50 trains may be found. Every minute of those eight hours he has millions of property and hundreds of human lives in the hollow of his hand. One moment of forgetfulness, one little mistake, and property is destroyed and human life snuffed out.

He is the least known and the most cursed man in the railroad service—least known to the public and cursed by every trainman who just knows that the dispatcher has got it in for him. If not, why'n't he be picking on him all the time and laying him out for some favorite?

The next time you ride a railroad train give a thought to the train dispatcher. You may not realize it, but your safety depends more upon his knowledge, his faithfulness and his watchfulness than upon any other human agency.

W. M. M.



CLOVE UPS INTERESTING OMAHANS

By J. T. ARMSTRONG.

Appearance: Inclined to stoutness, but not guilty of the charge of obesity. Gray hair and a moustache less gray, which is small and close cropped. Hazel eyes, the twinkle of which gives promise of a sense of humor. Of medium height.

Characteristics: Dresses with a neatness which would draw envious glances from the original Beau Brummel. Carries a cane as if he were never separated from it except when he is in Omaha. Is still waiting to celebrate the day when his soft score is low enough to talk about.

Gets his greatest enjoyment from driving an automobile and spends most of his leisure hours behind the wheel of his car. Is never happier than when in a group of hotel men, be they clerks, managers or owners.

An idiosyncrasy: Prefers fried corn meal mush to any other food for breakfast, and at Hotel Blackstone receives extra large portions of this delicacy.