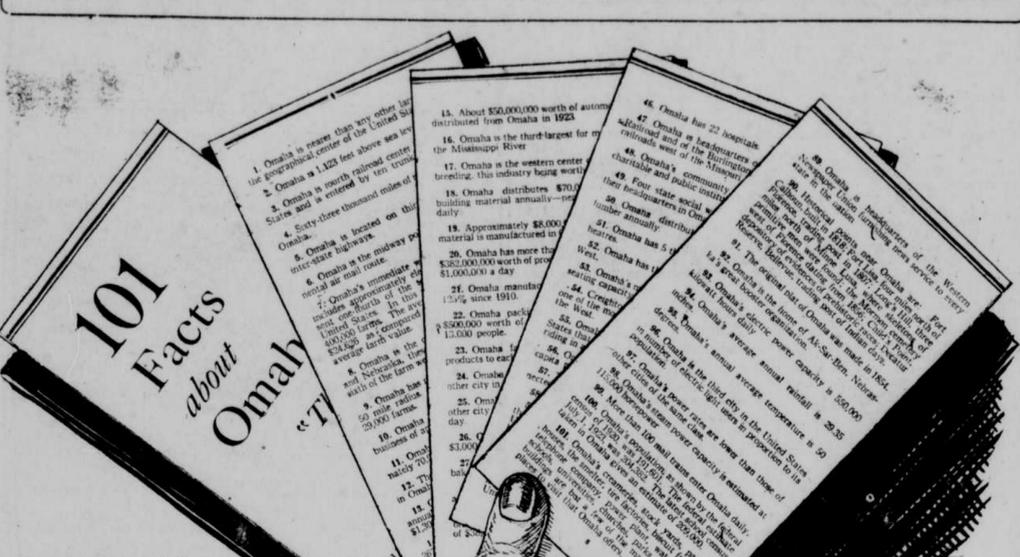


# Omaha, Take a Look at Cards in Our Hand



Those of us who play bridge-whist have seen many a good hand spoiled by poor or indifferent playing. We have seen, too, some quite ordinary hands carried through successfully because they were brilliantly played.

Life is very much like a game of bridge—the life of a city, as well as the life of the individual. There is this big difference. In the bridge game we have at our call just so many cards—we must make each one of them count. In the game of life—whether it is our own life, or the life of our city, we can draw new cards every day.

For some time The Omaha Bee has been discussing Omaha. We believe that nothing is more important to the people who live in Omaha.

Today we want to take a look at the cards in our hand—the cards with which we are to play out our game of making a Greater Omaha. It is well to keep in mind first, that we are really going to make a Greater Omaha. Our greater city is going to grow out of our newly awakened civic spirit. The spirit that brought the 'round-the-world' fliers out of their way, in order that they might honor our city by their presence, and that we might honor them. The spirit that fought for and won the next convention of the American Legion.

It is a fine thing, this new civic spirit of ours. It is only beginning to stir, however. It must be organized; it must be drilled. Most important of all, it must include all of us. We must all feel the urge to do things for our city.

**TAKE A LESSON FROM CALIFORNIA.**

Let's look at the folk in Los Angeles. First, to them there is no place like California—then Los Angeles is to them the best place in California—then their own particular section of Los Angeles is the most prosperous, the most wonderful in this, their most wonderful city—finally, it is their own corner lot that is the most wonderful of all.

There is nothing drab about Los Angeles. It is filled with a civic pride that has built it up out of the desert.

Now let's look at the hand which Los Angeles has when it started out to play the great game of the cities. It was built on the banks of a dry river. Rain fell during only a few weeks of the year. Water for its people had to be pumped up from the sands in the bottom of its dry river. It was 20 miles from the sea, 25 miles from a harbor. All around it was semi-arid country on which water had to be carried through long irrigation ditches. It was more than 2,000 miles from the great cen-

ters of population. Three great mountain ranges and miles of desert separated it from the rest of the country.

**CARDS WERE WEAK, BUT PLAYED WELL.**

It was a poor hand but they played it brilliantly. They knew they had to. Nature withheld her bounty, in all save sunshine. Just one card in her hand—sunshine. With that one card they have built a metropolis that is still the goal of thousands who overlook the cards in their own hand. They did it because they put sunshine into their own hearts.

What have we in our hand? How can we play our cards? First of all we must put sunshine into our hearts. We must not only know that we have wonderful cards in our hand, we must feel it, we must be filled with the enthusiasm of it, we must radiate that enthusiasm. Let's look at our cards:

**LET THESE FACTS TELL YOUR STORY.**

Omaha is fourth railroad center in the United States and is entered by 10 trunk railway lines.

Sixty-three thousand miles of railroad center at Omaha.

Omaha is located on 13 national and interstate highways.

Omaha is the midway point of the transcontinental air mail route.

Omaha's immediate wholesale trade territory includes approximately 11 states which represent one-fourth of the total farm wealth of the United States. In this area are 1,500 towns and 400,000 farms. The average value of these farms is \$24,625 as compared to \$12,934, the nation's average farm value.

Omaha is the connecting link between Iowa and Nebraska, these

two states representing one-sixth of the farm wealth of the United States.

Omaha has more than 500,000 people within a 50-mile radius. In this area are 154 towns and 29,000 farms.

Omaha has 1,400 retail stores which do a business of approximately \$150,000,000 a year.

Omaha has over 500 wholesale houses doing an annual business of \$43,400,000—approximately \$1,300,000 a day.

Omaha's wholesale business has increased 267 per cent since 1910.

Omaha has more than 500 factories producing \$32,000,000 worth of products annually—more than \$1,000,000 a day.

Omaha manufacturing output has increased 125 per cent since 1910.

Omaha packing plants produce more than \$500,000 worth of products a day. They have 13,000 employees.

Omaha manufactures more pig lead than any other city in the United States.

Omaha manufactures more butter than any other city in the world—more than 130,000 pounds a day.

Omaha factories manufacture more than \$3,000,000 worth of auto tires a year.

Omaha manufactures \$2,000,000 worth of bakery products a year.

Omaha has 29 first-class hotels capable of accommodating approximately 10,000 persons.

Omaha home office insurance companies and branch offices here have a combined premium income of \$38,000,000 a year.

Omaha spent \$13,000,000 for new homes and buildings in 1923.

Omaha's power rates are lower

than those of other cities of the same class.

**MORE IMPORTANT FACTS ON OMAHA.**

Omaha is the second largest live-stock market in the United States. From Omaha's live-stock market there goes to farmers \$800,000 a day.

Omaha is one of the largest grain markets in the United States. During 1923 this market received more than 160,000 bushels of grain a day.

Omaha is third city in the United States in per capita park area.

There are 1,400 acres of Omaha's parks, connected by 35 miles of boulevard.

Omaha has 13 supervised public playgrounds.

Omaha is the location of Creighton university, the University of Omaha, the medical college of the University of Nebraska and a Presbyterian Theological seminary.

Omaha has 56 public grade schools and 4 high schools. The public school investment is \$16,000,000.

Omaha's new Technical High school, valued at \$3,000,000, has an enrollment of 3,500 pupils and is one of the leading schools of its kind in the United States.

Omaha is a wonderful hand—what a splendid card.

The meaning of it all is that Omaha is located in the heart of the richest land in the world. The consequence of our location is shown in the biggest fact of all—Omaha is 34th in population and 19th in bank clearings.

Yes, a wonderful hand. We have been just a little listless in playing our cards, just a little careless—we have not had the sunshine. We are getting hold of ourselves, however. We are letting the sunshine get into us and, too, we are getting ready to radiate sunshine.

It isn't alone a job for leaders. It is a job for all of us. We have leaders, splendid leaders—men who have been years at it, and, too, some new young, virile leaders are stepping to the front.

**HAVE FAITH IN YOUR CITY.**

The Greater Omaha committee is getting ready for big things. The Chamber of Commerce is growing in membership, which means a broader understanding and more useful work. The service clubs are doing their part. The Advertising and Selling league is helping to fill us with enthusiasm. Now it is up to all to get into line. If every man and every woman in Omaha style himself a Believer in Omaha, we will soon make good the missing card in our hand—sunshine. Then keep your eyes on Omaha.

## AFTER A YEAR OF JOURNALISM A N OUTBREAK OF AUTO-OBITUARY

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

London, Sept. 27.—Fifty-three articles have I written in the last 12 months and this will be the 54th and last. I desire, I turn over to the editor into which my secretary with a relentless regularity has pasted them all. Some I like; most seem to be saying something quite acceptable to me but imperfectly in a rather ill-fitting form; some are just bad. My admiration for the masters of journalism has grown to immense proportions after these efforts. Their unflinching directness; their amazing certainty of their strength! And their unflinching quality!

I had never realized before the tremendous hardship of periodicality. Every week or every day the writer must chew the cud of events and deliver his punctual copy. Every day wet or fine the newspaper sheet must be filled, filled but not congested. But it is only now and then that the phase is good for really happy writing. Sometimes everything is germinating but nothing seems to happen; at others a dozen issues complete for attention. Now one does not want to write because there is nothing to stimulate one to utterance; now because one wants time to consider some dominating event. But the columns stand waiting. Henceforth for my poor irregular brain there shall be no more periodicity.

**What Does It Mean?**

I look over these articles and suddenly there joins on to my sense of them the fact that on my table are lying the proofs of a collected edition of my writings; 30 fat volumes they will make. I perceive I have already lived a long industrious life. I celebrate my death as a periodic journalist—and these proofs extend the obituary sense beyond the scope of that event. If I am not actually tucked up in my literary deathbed I am at least sitting on it. Possibly I may yet take a few more sprints before I send for the clergyman and the hearse and turn in for good, and

start blessing and forgiving people from my pillow, but the longer part is finished. What does it all amount to that mass of written matter?

The gist of it is an extraordinarily sustained and elaborated adverse criticism of the world as it is, a persistent refusal to believe that this is the best or even the most interesting of all possible worlds. There is a developing attempt culminating in the outline of history to show that the world of men is only temporarily what it is and might be altered to an enormous extent. There is a search through every sort of revolutionary project and effort for the material of effective alteration. The total effect of these articles and these books of mine on my mind, is of a creature trying to find its way out of a prison into which it has fallen. I recall how that in my boyhood I made a little prison of paper and cardboard for a beetle and how I heard the poor peevish beast incessantly crawling and scratching and fluttering inside. I forget what became of it. Perhaps I gave it its freedom perhaps it pressed and worried at the corners where the light came through and made and enlarged a hole and worried its way out. But I remember the dirty scratches and traces of its explorations on the unfolded paper cage. To a larger mind these books and articles of mine will seem very like those markings.

**A World of Ignorance.**

Implicit behind and beyond all these writings is the faith in a great "outside." I do not believe there is a better life for such creatures as we are and betterment for our race and an escape from the meanness, the dullness, the petty doomed life of this time. So far as I can go beyond my untroubled feelings and my untroubled limitations I give myself to the attack upon our common prison walls of ignorance and effortless submission. In all these articles and books there is the thrust of the actual and conscious and convinced revolutionary. I am against the clothes we wear and the food we eat,

the houses we live in, the schools we have, our amusements, our money, our ways of trading, our ways of making, our compromises and agreements and laws, our articles of political association, the British empire, the American constitution. I think most on the clothes ugly and dirty, most of the food bad, the houses wrecked, the schools starved and feeble, the amusements dull, the monetary methods silly, our ways of trading base and wasteful, our methods of production piecemeal and wasteful, our political arrangements solemnly idiotic. Most of my activities have been to get my soul and something of my body out of the customs, outlook, boredom and confinements of the current phase of life.

**Only Temporary Escape.**

I am not so very exceptional in this. Endless people find the present world, in spite of storms of natural beauty, in spite of the irregular delightful revelations of human possibility, almost intolerable. Indeed, I do not know how far the occasional intense loveliness of nature and the rare glimpses of human dearness and greatness do not exacerbate their general discontent. They struggle to get away from it. Drink—"the short-cut way out of Manchester," as someone called it—a vicious pursuit of excitement, opiates and religious devotion, a widespread indulgence of reserve, are all forms of escape from the cruel flatness of uninspired days. But none of them, unless it be the religious excitement, give more than a temporary respite. When the orgy is over comes the awakening still in the cage. But in the idea of revolution which does not forget the rage but realises its importance there is an enduring support for the spirit. My imagination takes refuge from the slums of today in a world like a great garden, various, orderly, luxuriantly cared for, dangerous still but no longer desolate, source from dull and base necessities. I have come to believe in the complete possibility of such a world and to realize the broad lines upon which we can work for its

attainment through a great extension of the scientific spirit to the mental field and through a deliberate reconstruction of society as economic life upon the framework of a new far-reaching educational organization. By projecting my mind forward to that greater civilization I do succeed in throwing a veil of unreality over the solemn ineptitude of today and the incompleteness of my own and my insufficiencies and disappointments with the quality of common things. By insisting that I can be a creative revolutionary I escape from acquiescence in what I am and what things are. To live under the rule of King George or President Coolidge and under the sway of current customs, habits and usages, can be made tolerable by the recognition of their essential transitoriness and their ultimate insignificance. And in no other way can it be made tolerable to anyone with a sense of beauty and a passion for real living.

This is what I have been saying in these 30 volumes of collected works and in this yearful of newspaper articles and after a rest it is quite possible I shall go on saying it some more. But after these reflections upon my literary deathbed I think I shall take a holiday—at least from journalism for a time. If there is anything worse in this way than periodic journalism it must be preaching and having to go into a pulpit with half an hour's supply of uplift fresh and punctual every Sunday.

(Copyright, 1924.)

**Court Expert Quits.**

London, Sept. 27.—Herbert A. Trendell, regarded as the most versed man in the world in his knowledge of court ceremonial and etiquette, has shortly retiring from his position as chief clerk in the ceremonial department of King George's household.

Some idea of the extent of his job may be gained from the fact that he has to have an intimate and detailed knowledge of more than 300 different court dresses suitable for all occasions by the people entitled to wear them.

## MILITARISM IN CHINA IS PERIL TO WHOLE CIVILIZATION

By DAVID LLOYD GEORGE  
Ex-Premier of England.  
(By Cable.)

London, Sept. 27.—The great conflagration burnt itself out six years ago, but the veridical waste, the blackened waste, whose fires have broken out in three continents and the horizon is beginning to show a glaze in China, Morocco and Georgia, fierce fighting is taking place. In comparison with the great war, these struggles are petty skirmishes. At the battle of the Somme alone, more men fell than are engaged in all these wars. All the same, the armies now fighting are as considerable in size and more formidable in equipment than those which fought in the 30 years' war.

And for other reasons, they are not to be overlooked as if they were of no account. It is the wrestlings of the little armies that have made the deepest mark on history. And some of the fighting which is taking place may as well denote the beginning of grave departures.

**Modernism Approaches**

Let us keep our eyes on China. She is a vast and incalculable country. Her possibilities are endless. Inside her immense territories dwells a population twice that of whole America—north, central, and south. They are as industrious, frugal, intelligent, courageous and honest a race as dwells on this globe. They are people at once docile, enduring and fearless—a redoubtable combination of qualities in the hand of a master. They have suffered much in their relations with foreign powers because they had the fortune to have climbed to that attitude of civilization which despises trial by butchery before the rest of the world had reached the foothills of sanity in international quarrels. Whilst the notions of the west were crucifying again and again the prince of peace whom they mocked with their worship, the spirit of China had bowed to the pacific teachings of their great prophet. China, therefore, became an easy victim for skilled barbarism from other lands. Her people are now hurrying down from the dangerous heights with a speed which they have not yet accustomed the world to expect from so placid a race. It took them thousands of years to ascend to the philosophical serenity which marks them amongst the nations as a peculiar people. It is not taking them long to descend to the level of "superior" races, whose highest court of appeal is presided over by death and whose cause is argued, not with reason but with the deadly chatter of the machine gun. China is now dilling and arming her pacific population by the myriad, to enable litigious provinces to settle their disputes by killing their adversaries according to the most scientific methods. The differences calling for this bloody settlement are not even those of the people who fight. They are merely the personal and provincial rivalries and clashing ambitions of a few rulers and generals. China is indeed becoming modernized. She is not only learning the lessons of the 20th century from the west; she is unlearning the lesson of 20 centuries taught by the east.

What kind of material will they make for war? The fate of civilization depends on the answer to that question. They are intelligent, industrious and without fear—and there are 400,000,000 of this remarkable race. What a joke they are and have been for all men with a conventional sense of humor! And the greatest jest of all is their utter inability to understand that the only way for nations to settle dispute claims is to kill or get killed.

To what extent have they been already mobilized for war. One day the grin of contempt which they provoke will become a grimace of terror, for the Chinese are rapidly becoming "converted."

**Bibles and Bombs**

There now are in China at least four rival armies in the field. Between them they muster fully half a million men. Their equipment may fall short of European standards at the end of the great war, but it is infinitely superior to anything China has ever yet seen in her armies and Napoleon would have been quite pleased with the weapons which Chang Tso Lin, the Manchurian war lord, has equipped his army. He has artillery, machine guns, aeroplanes, and it is rumored that he has poison gas. In fact, his brief is primed with every modern argument for enforcing the justice of his cause. Where have these arms come from? As usual, the countries that send missionaries have supplied guns. The Bibles and the bombs have come from the same successful and adaptable nations. China has accumulated much wealth in recent years. Much of the scattered riches of the great war was blown by the storm to China and the pollen has fertilized there. Factories have sprung up on the great rivers, looms have multiplied, textile native handicrafts have been founded and active merchants have become more enterprising. There is more concentrated wealth available for enterprises of all kinds than ever in the history of China. Chinese bankers are now financing railways of their own. Provincial governors aspiring to the presidency or kingship have thus, ready to hand, money for purchasing the weapons essential to maintaining the justice of their claims.

**Money Available**

I met, recently, a high intelligent Chinese merchant, who knows the condition of the country thoroughly. He told me that the rebellious governors would encounter no difficulty in finding the necessary cash for purchasing arms. The Chinese peasant was the most frugal in the world and, although his earnings were small, he managed to save. China was very lightly taxed. There are—or were—no huge armies and navies to maintain. The machinery of government was the simplest, as the Chinese are the least generous of all races; hence the lightness of taxes. So light are the taxes that, according to my informant, foreigners have been known to reside and become naturalized in China to escape the tax gatherers of their native lands. There is thus a ready cash available to the hands of provincial governors

who want to raise armies. This reserve has been drawn upon freely in recent years. Chang Tso Lin, the Manchurian, is reputed to have the best equipped army. He is supposed to be a capable administrator, whilst his rival, Wu Pei Fu, is reported to be a competent general. There is here an interesting and instructive conflict of qualifications. They have all employed foreigners to instruct and organize their armies. The recent death of a distinguished Russian general at Canton directed attention to this fact. Wu Pei Fu, the general of the central government, is trained in German tactics and has, in all probability, German instructors. There are known to be American airmen in the Chinese aeroplanes which are now striking terror in the palaces of Peking. There must be, disposed throughout the various armies, a number of those restless spirits who love fighting for its own sake and who cannot settle down to the pursuits of peace after the excitement of the great war.

The best army is supposed to be commanded by a Christian general of the name of Feng Hui Siang. He has trained his army on the most modern Christian principles, as they are practiced in the west. They, alone in China, know how to drive an argument home with the bayonet. I assume they are all true Protestants, for they pride themselves on being called "Ironsides." In the war of 1922, the eminent Christian warrior who leads this phalanx is reported to have ridden into Honan on a bicycle, gone straight to the Y. M. C. A. there and in his reply to addresses naturally tendered him by his fellow believers, "declared himself a Christian and said it was his aim to do his duty as a Christian should." He is as good as his word, for he marched at the head of 10,000 of his Ironsides to take part in a fratricidal struggle around Shanghai.

Up to the present, there was one inherent vice in the Chinese character which disqualified them as a military race. They were apt, when a battle was developing between arrayed forces and before real fighting had begun, to call a parley and arrange a peaceable accommodation of their disputes. This inherent weakness in the race has spoiled many a pretty fight. I understand from the news columns that our Christian general, with his respect this traditional tendency of his fellow countrymen to talk it over and settle without shedding of blood.

Taking it all in all, the news from the east is promising. China is getting on. She is marching back to double quicker time to civilization. I wonder whether our children will be equally pleased when they find China has arrived at the destination to which, between us, we have lured and goaded her gentle people.

## ABE MARTIN On Life Imprisonment



An Ambitious Lifer.

"I ain't a goin' t' discuss th' advantages of capital punishment 'cause I ain't never talked t' anybody that's been hanged, but I have talked t' several fellers that have served life sentences, an' it's about life sentences that I'm g'lin' t' talk," declared Hon. Ex-Editor Cal Fluhart, this forenoon.

"Just ask anybody you meet whether he'd rather go t' prison for life or be hanged an' he'll tell you prison fer life ever' time. It's just like a man would you rather git knocked down an' killed by a auto, or only have both legs broken? There's no check room fer folks who enter prisons don't leave hope behind as is generally supposed. They all smuggle their hopes in with 'em. Most of our plannin' is done behind prison bars. Some time ago I wuz visitin' a prison an' seen a fine substantial lookin' feller with a dandy forehead an' a thrivin' mustache workin' on a set of books. He wuz dressed just like any bookkeeper, but looked lots better fed. On his desk within easy reach wuz a beautiful shiny trombone, an' standin' hard by wuz a music rack full o' jazz. I asked an attendant what he wuz in fer, an' wuz told that he'd murdered his wife an' three children an' his wife's mother. He'd been a highly respected commission merchant fer years, but after gittin' in prison he'd neglected his business an' lit into th' trombone an' will make it his life's work. His prison labor is light an' he kin smoke between bookkeepin' an' trombonin'. He belongs t' th' prison band an' has three years of his life sentence yit t' serve behind th' bars, givin' him ample time t' master th' trombone. I wuz told it didn't take no time fer a lifer t' git reconciled t' th' fact that he wuzin' goin' nowhere—at least fer awhile—an' he soon gets interested in broom makin', or binder twine spinnin', an' other prison activities, an' often on th' side he takes up music or literature. A lifer may leave a tuxedo suit, a car, or a wife an' children, behind, but he alius takes his hope in with him. An' a lifer often excels at anything he lays his hands to, fer he has nothin' t' distract him like th' winter's coal, lodge dues, th' need of an' overcoat, the-ater tickets, tires, etc. A lifer soon gets t' believin' he's paid his debt t' society, an' purty soon he begins t' thinkin' he's a martyr. I recall that one time Stew Nugent wuz sentenced fer life an' after a few years he came home so proud he wouldn't speak t' no one. An' he still thinks th' world owes him a livin' 'cause he made about a million pairs o' furnace gloves fer which he got nothin' but his board an' keep. We can't live in or out o' prison without hope. Th' fact that lots o' lifers stay in prison from six t' 15 years before they go free proves that they took their hope in with 'em.

Appearance: Slim to the point of fatality. Slightly stooped at times, as Atlas, weary of supporting the world. Has a penchant for dark clothing, which fits him perfectly. A youthful countenance and a boyish smile which belies his grayin' hair. Keen eyes, which peer speculatively through gold-rimmed glasses.

Characteristics: Speaks with deliberation, as if he were weighing each word carefully. Remains calm and apparently unperturbed no matter how pressing his duties become. Spends much time swimming and bowling at the Carter Lake club, and recently learned to dance. Is an authority on raising children, having eight ranging in age from 6 to 30 years.

An idiosyncrasy: A dislike for complex systems for efficiency.

First job: Selling The Omaha Bee back in the days when the paper was printed at Ninth and Farnam streets.

Identity: W. A. Ellis, assistant commissioner of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce.



**CLOVE-UPS**  
INTERESTING OMAHANS  
By J. T. ARMSTRONG.

## Bemis Bro. Bag Co.

manufacturers of

### Cotton Bags Burlap Bags and Paper Bags

We are manufacturers of "Bemis A" full weight 16-oz. Seamless Bag, also manufacturers of 8 and 10-Ply Mainstay Cotton Twine for sewing Cotton and Burlap Bags.

Eleventh and Jones Sts. Omaha, Nebraska