

**BEE TELEPHONES**  
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**WHEN A RACE BEGINS TO CLIMB.**

Negroes in Omaha have fixed today as the occasion for the celebration of the emancipation of their race from slavery by Abraham Lincoln as president of the United States. In a large sense they are justified in this course. President Lincoln's preliminary proclamation was issued on September 22, 1862 following the battle of Antietam. In it he ordained that on January 1, 1863, all slaves held in states or parts of states then in rebellion against the lawful authority of the United States, should be set free. Accordingly on January 1, 1863, the president issued his proclamation, designating the states and parts of states in rebellion, and ordering that slaves held in them be freed.

The effect of this generally was a little different from what had been expected. Planned as purely a war measure, to stimulate the zeal of the people of the north, and to enlist sympathy in the revolted sections, the proclamation brought about practically the immediate liberation of all slaves, no matter where or how held, in the United States. Two more years of hard and bitter fighting were to follow before Lee's surrender, and much debate in congress and two amendments to the Constitution of the United States before the liberated slaves actually rose to the stature of freemen.

If the American negro has not realized all that was promised for him by some of his over zealous friends and champions, it has not been his fault. Too much was expected, and too little genuine help was given when help was needed. What the negro has done with his freedom is to his credit. He has raised himself from the darkness of bondage, until he has attained heights that ought to bring pride to the members of any race, achievements that equal the triumphs of the most enlightened.

Negroes have attained for themselves a high standing in learned professions; they have made their way in art, in literature, music, drama; they are inventors and mechanics; they have become merchants and farmers. From ignorant chattels of 60 years ago, they have come up to the property owners, holding in their own names billions of wealth. In a spiritual and intellectual way, also, they have prospered and advanced.

A cross section of negro society will match fairly well with one of white; there are unworthy men and women among both, and neither has a monopoly on good citizenship. But a common destiny is approached by common effort, and common aspirations will lead to a triumph for all. Emancipation is important for the whites as well as the negroes in America.

**WHAT'S THE MATTER, MAURICE?**

Maurice Maeterlinck ought not to feel so badly about it; perhaps it's true that never were so many books being written, and never were so many books rotten. What he refers to is a symptom, rather than a disease. It is a hopeful sign, if all the books get each some readers, not that everybody reads all, for that is a physical impossibility, but when all read some, it is a certain indication that somebody is thinking, and if the habit spreads, there is hope for the world.

Mr. Maeterlinck may never write another "Bluebird." That was his real masterpiece, no matter how many other works he produced. In it he sounded a note that vibrates in every human heart, that of love and hope, and a great longing for happiness, which is finally to be found, as was the blue bird, at home. Few authors have stirred the great public as did the Belgian genius in this allegory; he has written for the intelligentsia and has gained their approval and plaudits, but he did not reach the big heart of humanity in any other endeavor so surely as he did in the simple story of Tyltyl and Metyl and their quest.

If men and women, too, write for gold, why should that count against them? We do not unduly exalt mere wealth when we admit that its possession carries many advantages, and is not to be sneezed at by any. Other besides authors are engaged in the scramble for money, and some even do things less pretty than write an unworthy novel. This, to be sure, is no excuse for the offense, yet it may explain what Mr. Maeterlinck complains of. Finally, it may be unkind to mention it, but the author of many successful and even lucrative dramas and novels does not appear in the best possible light when he publicly grieves because somebody else has the spotlight and is reaping the reward of wealth and fame. He had his chance and it was a fairly good one, and he should be willing to let another come in for some of the glory and pelf.

**ONE IS BORN EVERY MINUTE.**

What's the use? A few years ago the courts at Omaha and Council Bluffs undertook to make the world safe for simpletons by cleaning up the Mabray gang. These merry freebooters had preyed long and liberally on the citizens within a radius of less than a million miles. Knowing all the ways of winning horse races, at poker, at wrestling, boxing, any old form of sport, they were always willing to let a man with real money come in and share the rich proceeds of their operations. They never lost, they simply couldn't lose, and they demonstrated this fact to the absolute satisfaction of their victim. The very first time he put up a considerable sum of money, the unexpected happened, the machine went wrong and the gambler lost.

Last summer out at Denver another similar gang was cleaned up. Its methods were exactly the same as those of Mabray. The sucker was given a complete and perfect demonstration of the plan by which the gambler always won, and then was led down for whatever cash he ventured. So often has the game been worked that it would seem that nobody living could be caught at it. Yet the cable news brings word of how an unnamed Hull ship master paid a professional gambler at Paris, of the name of Warren, \$100,000 for information that would make him always a winner.

The ship master presented his case to court, only to find out that he held a receipt from Warren for \$100,000 in hand duly paid, and that he might sue to recover that, but Warren is out of reach. The world is small, but not small enough for everybody to get information concerning the wiles of confidence men. Perhaps Barnum was right, after all.

**PEACE AND A PRIZE THE GOAL.**

Edward Bok certainly started something when he hung up \$100,000 as a prize for the best essay on how to end war, or, to be more exact, a plan for bringing the nations together in agreement to avoid conflict. More than 200,000 applications have been made for copies of the rules to govern. Indicating a healthy ambition on part of the public to join in the competition. It may be the money, but a more reasonable view is that these people are animated by a genuine desire to end war.

Never in all history has there been such a re-velution against war as exists among Americans today. Nor is this abhorrence exclusive to our people. Everywhere there is growing a sentiment against conflict, and such exhibitions as that of Mussolini but intensifies this feeling. So the Bok competition is getting notice in other lands, and those who are in charge of the affair expect that many foreign thinkers will take part by submitting manuscripts. The jury of award will shortly be named.

Fifty-one national organizations have signed their adherence to the program of the peace award committee, and among those named as the co-operating council of award are:

The American Farm Bureau federation, the National Fraternal Congress of America, the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce, the National Democratic club, the Foresters of America, the Illinois Manufacturers association, the National Root and Shoe Manufacturers association, the Silk Association of America, the National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods, the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the United Synagogue of America and the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

This ought to answer those skeptics who lifted their eyebrows when the announcement of the Bok prizes was made public. The ultimate plan may not be the perfect one, but in much counsel lies wisdom, and in this case the more cooks the better the broth should be.

**SCHUYLER TURNS DOWN THE I-R PLAN.**

Citizens of Schuyler, Neb., know what they want, and they also know what they do not want. In the latter category now is included the initiative and referendum. No one is justified in arguing from this that the people of the Colfax county seat are backward in any of the essentials of modern life or political activity, for their decision on the point was reached by vote.

This somewhat anomalous result came about in a perfectly natural way. Some of the citizens went to the city council with a petition, asking that a certain matter be submitted to a referendum vote. The council turned down the petition, alleging that the famous I-R method of doing business was out of luck in Schuyler. The petitioners went to court, and Judge Button decided that a fair way to settle the whole matter would be to leave it to the citizens themselves. A vote was accordingly taken on the question as to whether Schuyler would have the initiative and referendum.

Surprising as the result may seem to some, the voters decided that the good old way of enacting laws and settling questions through duly elected representatives was good enough to continue. The initiative and referendum was rejected by a vote big enough to astonish as well as to disappoint the advocates of the plan. Schuyler will continue to grow and prosper in the future as in the past, and its example may yet prove a shining light to some other communities that are sufficiently old-fashioned to believe as she does.

If the effect of the vote is to fasten responsibility a little firmer on the shoulders of the city council, the people of Schuyler will not have lost a great deal by their decision.

**THE REAL PONY EXPRESS.**

In the department contributed by The Omaha Bee's readers a correspondent writes concerning the route of the pony express. As contribution to the real history of that wonderful enterprise it is full of interest right now, because of the recent so-called celebration of the 63d anniversary of the establishment of the pony express. Just why the celebration should have been started in August, when the pony express started in April, has not been made clear. Neither has it been explained why the riders of the anniversary hit straight across Kansas to Denver, instead of following the real route, which traversed Nebraska diagonally from a point near the extreme northwest border. In the vicinity of Lowell, Newark and Kearney, Neb., are men and women who were children when the pony express riders used to dash into old Fort Kearney, and who easily remember those stirring days.

Nebraska can not afford to permit the world to forget that it was within her borders that occurred some of the most stirring incidents of the days of the Oregon trail and the pony express. No point along these routes is more replete with historic interest than old Fort Kearney. It is to be regretted that the old fort was allowed to pass into private hands as a homestead, instead of being preserved as a landmark in the history of the winning of the west. The same may be said of old Fort Mitchell, located in what is now Scotts Bluff county, and old Fort Laramie, in Wyoming.

"Two men in a Cadillac car" cut considerable ice in Omaha when they grabbed the pay roll destined to go to water plant workers. There is another challenge to the police.

"Applied physical culture," that gets the pupils to clean up the school grounds is not a bad idea in teaching.

Henry Dunn says he can not stand the excitement of politics. Took him some time to find it out.

Lloyd George is going to visit Los Angeles. He will see a lot of America there, such as it is.

Brother High is plain spoken about the matter.

**Homespun Verse**  
—By Omaha's Own Poet—  
Robert Worthington Davis

**IN THE ABSENCE OF A TREE.**  
You may have a copy heaven with a garden in the rear. Where the fragrant flowers blossom in the balmy time of the year:  
You may spend your evenings toiling in the prided place to make  
Scenes more beautiful and dearer for inherent beauty's sake.

You may prize your cozy haven that is girded by the green  
Foliage, while hedges paint a truly captivating sheen;  
You may smile with satisfaction for you can not help  
but know  
That the greatest joy of living lies within the things that grow.

But with e'en the garden's beauty and the grass of emerald hue  
There is some essential missing when the sun glares down on you,  
And you turn your eyes toward heaven and you very plainly see  
Nature's beauty seems deserted in the absence of a tree.

**"The People's Voice"**

Editorials from readers on The Morning Bee. Editors: We are glad to see this column filled for expression on matters of public interest.

**A Letter to Governor Bryan.**

St. Louis, Mo.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I have sent the following letter to Governor C. W. Bryan: I note in a St. Louis newspaper today a statement purporting to quote you as saying that you would not "take over" the anthracite mines. The statement quotes you as saying that, "if this were done, the government would not be able to lay the political and social unrest such as manifested in the recent Minnesota election."

It is my impression that you are a democrat. If this is true, are you trying to give President Coolidge advice which might assure his election to the presidency in 1924?

Now, Mr. Bryan—I call you my brother because I am a native of your state, and because I admire the state—now honestly, have you given serious consideration to the matter of settling questions which arise concerning the operation of coal mines without any thought of politics whatever?

Your statement indicates that the Minnesota election is unfortunate and that the situation connected therewith should be altered. The Minnesota situation is probably what it appears on the surface to be, a merely radical.

The people will not be misled by honest, open radicalism because the majority of people will see the fallacy of it and avoid steering our country into it.

The non-radical in high places who puts up half-baked political solutions for serious economic questions and fails to take up and settle equitably the serious political issues of the day is probably more harmful to the country's welfare than is the outspoken radical.

Do you realize that "taking over" the mines is a long step toward nationalization and that nationalization is next to communism? Are you aware that many so-called radical workers are going about the country preaching radicalism and sovietism.

If one industry is "taken over" on account of an emergency created by its workers, is there any reason why any or all other industries should not be similarly treated?

Do you think it is keeping you up at night to think of the government this step toward nationalization of the mines instead of urging equal responsibility under the law for all parties who combine and agree to stop production?

I would appreciate your giving these questions such serious thought as their importance merits and I would be happy to find that your mind goes along with mine to the effect that class distinction in present anti-trust legislation should be removed as a first step toward the stabilization of industry and commerce.

P. H. GREENLAW.

**Lack of Civic Manners.**

Hartington, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The annual meeting of the Nebraska Bar Association was held at Minneapolis the 29th, 30th and 31st of August. The Minnesota bar treated their visitors royally. We have had a fine time, but we did not find with them. We were not doing something for the city of Minneapolis. A conservative estimate of the money left in Minneapolis by visiting attorneys would be \$100,000.

The city of Minneapolis invited us. Several eminent speakers had come on our invitation. Among others the distinguished secretary of state. This was the first time that the foreign policy of the United States had been discussed in the city of Minneapolis.

Mr. Hughes was invited by us and was to talk to us. It was publicly announced from the platform that the main body of the audience had been reserved for the members of the association. Eight o'clock was the hour at which Mr. Hughes was to speak.

Long before that time the main body was taken up by people who were laymen and laywomen; and it is a conservative statement to say that two-thirds of the lawyers were crowded out of the hall by the door slammers in their faces and the key turned by a little self-sufficient, pin feathered deputy janitor.

It is precisely the same as though I would invite a man to dinner and slam the door in his face. I would recommend to the lay individuals of Minneapolis that they take a correspondence course in decorum and good manners. The conduct of the lay inhabitants of Minneapolis on this occasion was nothing short of an insult and an outrage. It was something that admits of no justification, no excuse and no explanation.

I forbore writing this letter for two or three days, because I never like to write a letter when I am in a passion. This affair is something which we can not forget and it leaves in our minds no pleasant recollection of our visit to Minneapolis and no desire to repeat the visit.

WILBUR F. BRYANT.

**Gloom Chasers**

"What are you crying for?"  
"Because Nina won't play with me."  
"Why don't she play with you?"  
"Because I'm crying."—Paris Le Journal.

Professor X—Define the word "deficient."  
Student Y—A deficit is what you've got when you have a nickel, and you had nothing.—Dartmouth Jack O' Lantern.

Tactless Tom—Do you know, I'm afraid I passed you the other day, Miss Green? Immediately afterward I realized to my horror that I knew you.—Punch.

A philosopher doesn't care whether a thing is really so or not as long as he can prove it.

**Daily Prayer**

Being then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not a high priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore have grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.—Heb. 4:14-16.

O God, our loving Father in Heaven! We look up to Thee now with reverence and trust and love. We thank Thee for teaching us to "come boldly into the Throne of Grace."  
With penitence we confess our sinfulness, and ask for forgiveness. With trust we bring our weakness to Thee, and ask for strength. With love we bring our hearts to Thee, and ask Thee to enter and possess. Lead us onward, my God, by the way of life for us. Thine own will and dominion and love shall see to be. Help us to be found faithful throughout.

Bless with us our dear ones, and all for whom we should pray. Let Thy peace possess the world. May Thy Kingdom come, O Christ, come quickly! All this we ask in the name of Jesus our Savior, Amen.

ANSON P. ATTERBURY, D. D.,  
New York City, N. Y.

**"From State and Nation"**  
—Editorials from Other Newspapers—

**Yes, He Was There.**

From the Fairbury News.  
A real live governor—Charles Bryan included the sacred precincts of this city a week ago Saturday and got out without being recognized, and even this proficient purveyor of news failed to locate him, although he diligently searched.

Advance notices of his speech were published in all the country papers, two different lots of handbills were circulated broadcast announcing that Nebraska a governor would speak at the city park at 3 p. m., the weather was fine and the sun shone, a tremendous crowd of Saturday shoppers was in town, all the conditions were auspicious, but no one seemed to care to hear the governor.

At 3:15 a News representative went to the city park. Although it was 15 minutes after the governor's time according to the program, the governor was not in sight. There were just 152 people in the tabernacle by actual count, and they were being addressed by one of the officers of the National Wheat Growers' association. We asked a number if the governor had spoken and they said he had not been at the meeting. Feeling somewhat aggrieved at the loss of a good item, we returned up town. Now it transpires that the governor was really here, and actually made a speech.

There is really nothing to this narrative, except that it portrays the fading popularity of Brother Charles Bryan. As a brother to W. J. he was always popular, but when he is compelled to stand upon his own merits, when he has to have a real honest to goodness personal opinion of his own, his popularity fades faster than the German mark.

The town was crowded with people that afternoon and hundreds of automobiles were parked upon the business streets. Had the governor occupied the same place in the hearts of the people that he did during the last campaign the auditorium would have been full and people would have been packed around it clear beyond the sound of his voice.

If that meeting was not an unerring barometer of public sentiment, then we fall to fathom its purpose.

**Japan: A Call for Friendship.**

From the Christian Science Monitor.  
It was late in December, 1908. The Atlantic fleet of the United States navy, on world tour, had left Colombo for Suez. In New York a supply ship, stocked with provisions and commanded by a young lieutenant commander, awaited sailing orders to meet the fleet at Gibraltar.

On the morning of December 25, at his breakfast table, the naval officer read the first account of the Messina earthquake and the destruction that followed in its wake. Realizing the need for constructive sympathy such as his ship's supplies might convey, he gave orders to his crew to prepare to get under way, and sailed at once for the straits of Messina.

He had no authority to use the \$500,000 worth of supplies for this purpose, but he said: "I'll take my chances with congress. Tell the lieutenant commander to sail at once for Messina." By 10 o'clock sailing orders were issued, by 2, after the whole force of the navy yard had rushed additional supplies aboard ship, the vessel was under way. For two months, under the direction of this resourceful naval officer, refugees in Messina were aided in the task of reconstructing their homes. And for many generations the memory of the constructive deed of 1908 will be supplemented by an equally potent memory of the hope and help held out by America and the world in the hour of great need.

It is often in history, that the tragedy of today is lost tomorrow in the triumphs which the tragedy produces. The Boxer rebellion of 1900 in China swept away in one wild gust of fanaticism, the lives and property of many foreigners and many more Chinese. But today, outside the walls of the city of Peking, in a great preparatory school, hundreds of Chinese lads are preparing themselves for advanced study in the United States; and scattered throughout China are other hundreds of young men who are taking the educational and industrial and political leadership in the new China. And the misfortunes of 1900 have been all but forgotten in the good which has come through America's return of the Boxer indemnity.

It would be difficult to exaggerate

**The City Manager.**

From the Norfolk News.  
Norfolk, Va., a city of 115,000 people, whose city manager has been called to Stockton, Cal., is employing another—a specialist of national reputation—at a salary of \$20,000 a year. The new manager is an engineer as well as an expert in municipal administration of national repute.

Such an announcement today is taken as a matter of course. Yet it is only 10 or 15 years since the employment of city managers, or professional mayors, newly discovered in Germany by our magazine writers, was looked upon as a quaint and absurd custom.

The city administrator, as a type, has proved his worth in this short time, and is being employed more and more by wide-awake municipalities. This is one of the few ways in which the American people are gradually infusing into public business the brains and skill which have long been successful in private business.

**Eyved Newton the Apple.**

Teacher—Newton discovered the law of gravity by an apple falling from a tree upon his head.  
Johnny (a reluctant pupil)—Yes!—if he'd been in school he'd never have discovered anything at all.—Boston Transcript.

**Truth Will Out.**

The Sutor—I am going to marry your sister, Johnny, but I know I am not good enough for her.  
Johnny—Yes!—if he'd been in school he'd never have discovered anything at all.—Boston Transcript.

**NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION**

for August, 1923, of  
**THE OMAHA BEE**  
Daily ..... 72,114  
Sunday ..... 75,138

Does not include returns, left-overs, samples or papers spoiled in printing and includes no special sales.

**B. BREWER, Gen. Mgr.**  
**V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.**

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of September, 1923.  
W. H. QUIVEY,  
Notary Public.



**Abe Martin**  
Th' rule that keeps up th' price of flour an' bread without effectin' wheat, must be th' poor one we hear so much about. "Squire Marsh Swallow fined a bandit a dollar and costs this mornin' fer loavin' his engine runnin' in front o' th' bank."  
Copyright, 1923.



**A Widow Speaks:**  
"If only I had taken a business course!"

Her husband made her executor of his will—and she was not equipped for the job!

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