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MEMORIAL TO A TREE-PLANTER.

Julius Sterling Morton was one of the most energetic souls of his time, and that included a wide span of the constructive period of Nebraska's history. He helped to lay the foundations for the territorial government; he was actively engaged in the formulation and carrying out of plans that led up to statehood, and, once Nebraska had been made a member of the sisterhood of states, he was continually engaged in the councils of its wise men for the betterment of its life in every way.

While his services in the legislature and elsewhere were notable, and he came into national prominence as a factor in the affairs of the democratic party, and was a member of the second Cleveland cabinet, his fame rests chiefly on his advocacy of forestry. Scientific forestry had not advanced as far in his day as it now has, yet he understood the value of trees, and appreciated the great need Nebraska had for planting them. His slogan, "Plant Trees!" preceded Arbor Day, the latter being chiefly the means through which the motto found expression.

Thousands of beautiful groves adorn the broad prairies of the state, a monument to the idea so generously and steadfastly advocated by Mr. Morton. What might have been a monotonous landscape now is diversified and beautified because he preached the gospel of three planting, and encouraged others who worked with him and after him to the great end. His own home he made a show place, because he could thereby better exemplify in works the faith he had in tree culture.

When he passed away, his splendid life work was perpetuated in Arbor lodge, dedicated to his memory. This is now about to be taken over by the state of Nebraska, as a gift from the sons of Mr. Morton, who seek to give the whole affair into the care and keeping of the people of the state to which this great man gave so much of his life. On Thursday the formal transfer will be made at Nebraska City, where appropriate ceremonies will give the occasion the dignity it merits.

Arbor lodge will be kept as a public park, a show place, for the edification of the citizens and the visitors to Nebraska. Its splendid collection of trees and shrubs, its delightful vistas and its general loveliness should make it one of the state's most cherished possessions. As the first of what ought to be a steadily increasing number of monuments to the builders, Arbor lodge will be doubly dear to patriotic Nebraskans.

SILENCE NOT A POULTRICE HERE.

Down from Spokane, in the land of other wonders, comes the latest story of wifely patience. Mrs. Nettie F. Hammyer complains in court that her husband has not spoken to her in 20 years. If he has communicated with her, it has been through the medium of one of their children. She has stood the silent treatment as long as she can, and now asks that she be divorced from the man who will not talk to her.

Such incidents have been reported before, but are sufficiently rare to excite comment. First thing that will strike the average man is that this husband must have little comfort or consolation out of his family life. To sit in glum silence at the head of the family board, studiously ignoring the partner of the firm, seated across, must have become irksome at times, even after it became a habit. It is easy to understand how husband and wife may become estranged, or that now and then they can indulge in a general quarrel or even commit assault and battery one on the other. Yet either of these exhibitions presupposes more or less of conversation, acrimonious, bitter, unforgivable, but expressed in words.

Yet this man's grouse grew so strong and so deep through the years he could repress any sentiments that arose, refusing utterance even when he was most moved to speak. Just what started him is not stated, but it must have been something unusual. As to the wife, we are of two minds in regard to a woman who would put up with such treatment for so long a time. First, she shows a high sense of duty, both to her children and to her marriage vows. Against this may be asserted a lack of spirit, or else a spiteful determination to see whether she could outlast her husband's will to be silent. Sometimes there is a little bit ignoble. In this case, the record is made up, and a divorce will not be charged with severing two loving hearts.

BOYS WHO KNOW THEIR STUFF.

Another of the great indoor and outdoor sports in Nebraska is the judging of livestock. This means to know the fine points of an animal, and to be able to rate it for any one of the several uses to which it may be put. Knowledge of this sort is good to possess. In days gone by the successful buyer of cattle and hogs was the one who could look at an animal and tell within a few pounds of what it weighed. His guess and the owner's were compared, and if too much of a spread was noted usually the deal was declared off, but if they were close enough together the difference was split and the money paid. Few chances to weigh stock were presented outside the big towns, and good judgment controlled the transactions.

Other factors besides weight entered into the consideration, but weight was the prime element, and guessing contests were popular as intended to develop individual judgment. All this has passed before the modern methods of doing business, and estimating the weight of an animal is of less real importance than the fixing of other qualities that must be determined upon. Livestock judging, then, has come to be a matter of careful technical training, and an expert is one who really knows much about a steer, a heifer, a pig, or a horse.

All of which is prefatory to congratulating the boys from Webster county who have just won first place at the interstate fair at Sioux City. Cecil Means, Alfred Sommerfeld and Earl Poternier deserve notice for having picked up information that will be of value to them all along the way of life, and we will hazard a guess that each of them knows baseball as well as he does livestock.

MOTHER NATURE'S COMPENSATIONS.

If Mother Nature gives us a vicious sideswipe now and then, she must be credited with making speedy amends. Just about the time the farmers of central and southwestern Nebraska were figuring on harvesting a bumper crop of wheat, along came the dreaded black rust and blighted their hopes in that direction. It was a hard blow, and Mother Nature soon relented and sent along one of the finest corn crops of recent years. And with this enormous corn crop comes a price that is highly gratifying, and compensates in splendid measure for the loss of the wheat crop and the low price of that cereal in other sections.

The immense corn crop means more hogs and more fat cattle, and these mean returning prosperity for the farmers.

The Nebraska farmer who depends upon one crop is the exception these days. Time was, and within the recollection of men still on the sunny side of middle age, when corn was the dependence of Nebraska farmers. It took a long time to convince them that winter wheat could be profitably grown in central and southwestern Nebraska. The idea of raising anything in the western end of the state was hooted at. That was intended by Mother Nature for cattle grazing. But just as soon as the early generation of Nebraska farmers had learned to adapt themselves to soil and climatic conditions, instead of trying to make soil and climate adapt themselves to the farmers, diversification began. Now, while Nebraska still ranks well at the front in corn production, it is also in the first four as a wheat producer. And along with corn and wheat comes the succulent sugar beet, alfalfa, potatoes and small fruits. A few states exceed Nebraska in total production of agricultural wealth, but not one exceeds Nebraska in the per capita production of agricultural wealth. Now that this position has been attained, Nebraska is steadily forging to the front as a dairying state.

Mother Nature has indeed been kind to Nebraska. Her kindness will increase as Nebraskans learn better how to adapt themselves to her varying moods.

A COMING DAIRYING SECTION.

A number of bankers and business men in Scotts Bluff county have contributed to a special fund to defray the expenses of a committee to investigate the dairy industry in Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin. This committee will soon make its report, which will deal largely with the methods employed in successful dairy countries. With this report in hand the purpose is to establish a "revolving fund" to loan to responsible parties who will devote a goodly share of their time to dairying.

It is apparent to even the most superficial observer that there is no better dairying country in the west than the upper North Platte valley. With beet tops, beef pulp, alfalfa and corn in abundance, an adequate supply of the best milk producing feed is insured the year around. The climate, too, is ideal for dairying. The upper North Platte valley has already learned the bitter lesson that dependence upon one crop is unwise. Heretofore sugar beets was the principal crop, and in hundreds of instances the only crop produced by the farmer.

While this crop has been a profitable one, it has meant only one pay day a year. Business men realize that this is not good for merchandising and banking, so they are determined to lend every assistance in bringing about a greater diversification. The cream check means money coming in every week, and that means fewer running accounts at the stores, more money in the banks, and greater net profits from the beet crops every fall. Expert dairymen will be brought into the North Platte valley to teach by example, and young men and women will be given every encouragement to engage in the industry.

The campaign will be an intensive one, and the promoters are sanguine of ultimate success. They realize that the work can not be accomplished in one year, nor two or three. But the time is not far distant when the North Platte valley will be as prominent in dairying as it now is in sugar production. The enterprise shown by the bankers and business men of that section might well be emulated in other sections.

Another way to make the corn crop profitable is for men and women to eat more of it. If there is a better breakfast dish than fried mush, smothered in butter or swimming in syrup, it hasn't reached this far west.

President Coolidge has been in office long enough for the democratic newspapers that gave him such nice words at the beginning, to begin using his little hammers promiscuously.

Now that the heavyweight championship remains in the United States, let all who are glad of it lift their right hand. We see two, Jack's and Tex's.

With winter just around the corner people will envy Mr. Ford's millions less and his producing coal mine more.

The league of nations has done something the United States senate could not do—it has amended Article X, but we fear it is too late to fool Americans.

Armistice day is close at hand. But let us hope that it will be many a long month ere an armistice ends the gasoline ruction.

Jean Acker is right, as to the clothing worn by prize fighters and chorus girls, and there are other points of difference.

As usual, the football heroes are stepping right on the heels of the base ball warriors, who are just getting off the stage.

Speaking of high wages, there's a considerable difference between earning and receiving.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet— Robert Worthington Davis

WHEN THEY GROW UP. "I'm going to be a barber," said Johnny, who is ten. "And cut the hair and shave the beards of maybe a million men." "I'm not!" spoke little Bobby, "a doctor I will be. And make folks well when they get sick like Dr. Flute does me." "I'm going to be a candy man," said Frank with accents sweet. "So I can have just lots and lots of goody things to eat." But curly-headed Mary said, "I'll be a milliner. For Mother's sake and make all kinds of pretty hats for her." "Tis thus they plan the days to be with hopeful hearts and glad. Much to the satisfaction of a proud and happy dad— For he, too, used to tell the things that he would do some day. And revel in the pleasure of those wondrous dreams of play. God bless them for their planning, but time will let them know. The work that lies before them as down life's trail they go.

"From State and Nation"

—Editors from Other Newspapers—

May Be President. From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. A prominent republican politician and political manager says he thinks Theodore Roosevelt 2d will be president of the United States some day. This gentleman favors the former president's son, sure to gain in popular favor, and if he does not become a candidate too soon he is sure to be an occupant of the presidential chair.

Coolidge on Solid Ground. From the Keaney Hub. Secretary Hughes states the present foreign policy of the administration very clearly when he says, "that if all will join in naming a commission of experts we will participate in academically studying the amount that Germany should pay, but with the express provision that we undertake no future responsibility." That is certainly fair enough. The United States has no financial or other interest in the matter except repayment of war debts that are due and overdue, and for which all possible consideration is exercised, and is therefore a disinterested friend and impartial adjudicator.

Autumn's Message. There is a change in the air; you sense it dimly, yet with certainty. Perhaps it was the gathering of the bird clans that brought it to your attention first. They came as at a signal, in small groups and large ones, and held a farewell banquet in your apple tree. For days they were busy making their preparations for flight, and then one day you missed their noisy chatter, and you saw that the orchard was deserted only the empty nests to remind you of their summer sojourn.

Prize Fighting as a Business. From the Chicago Tribune. Pugilism has finally received its accolade as big business. Last Friday, accompanied by a host of admirers, representatives of Jack Dempsey, the heavyweight champion; Harry Williams, a contender for Mr. Dempsey's title; Tex Rickard, boxing promoter, and the state boxing commission, all went to the supreme court in Brooklyn to argue the right of prize fighting, by which Mr. Willis sought to prevent Mr. Dempsey from meeting one Luis Firpo from the Argentine Friday night. A contract was drawn between Mr. Dempsey and Mr. Willis and approved by the commission was introduced in the proceedings and lawyers set to work to discover just what it meant. A contract as to existing interest and reserved decision.

A large body of democrats still insist that a republican administration shall act as administration for the furtherance of Wilson's democratic league policy that was snowed under and condemned by many millions of voters at the last presidential election. That issue is therefore all past and gone, except so far as it is re-embodied in a Bannock's ghost with which the demagogues are not pleased to deal. The issue is therefore all past and gone, except so far as it is re-embodied in a Bannock's ghost with which the demagogues are not pleased to deal. The issue is therefore all past and gone, except so far as it is re-embodied in a Bannock's ghost with which the demagogues are not pleased to deal.

Sanitarium Debates

By "BUGS" BAER.

League of Nations seems to be broken toe on winged foot of diplomacy. Stuffed butterflies shouldn't flutter, but league still continues to travel rapidly backward on its own initial momentum.

Way it stands now is that Poincare refuses to open his morning mail. Lloyd George is using his telephone for talk hammer and some assassin shot at Trotsky in mistake for somebody important.

France has refused Germany's offer for wartime peace relations. King Alfonso of Spain, occasionally and Paris, often, is back in Madrid. His subjects are sore and will be satisfied with nothing. Which is just what Al promised them.

There was no war between Greece and Italy, but Italy won it. Fifteen thousand Armenians were banished from Turkey for starving unofficially.

Anything can happen now in Europe, but it will not be new. In order to inject some novelty into their routine, diplomats are repeating their old mistakes.

Belgium sides with England, agrees with France, lines up with Germany and is against all three. Belgium is butcher block of Europe. When there is any hamburger to be pounded Belgium is always elected.

Twenty years ago world powers built peace palaces at Hague, but that was only to fool Holland. America is on Europe's sucker list. Let us sell tickets to everything that happens.

Europe's boat was wrecked on 1914 and survivors are still floating around on anvils. Ten-year-old boy king of Hungary is exiled. Part of Wilhelm is in his winter circus quarters in Holland. Other kings are bouncing around incognito with ex-King Emanuel of Portugal.

Last Geneva meeting of league resulted in some magnificent gestures by visiting diplomats. Peace conventions are now getting so common that Lloyd George will be represented by his valet at next meeting of world statesmen.

Those conventions are all tongues and no ears. If their object is peace, why don't they shut up? Willing to Be Conservative. Secretary Davis of the Department of Labor says he sees the day when there will be no strikes. The consumers of hard coal would be satisfied with a year in which there was no strike. Anthracite miners—New York Herald.

Whichever Think of That? "Seeing is believing," began the friend. "I don't know so much about that," retorted the clever woman. "I see my husband every time he comes home from work. I don't believe him."—Florida Times-Union.

Let's Give Thanks! It is pleasing to report that the sentiment between Michigan and Texas is unshaken; optimistic bulletins come from both the turkey and cranberry crops.—New York Evening Post.

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION

for August, 1923, of THE OMAHA BEE

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Does not include returns, left over, sample papers applied for printing and papers on 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. QUINCY, Notary Public.



MOTHER, NAUGHTY CHILDREN. The Omaha Bee welcomes letters from readers recording intimate observations of animals or plants. A bird perhaps one has seen while waiting for a street car, or a voluntary flower or some creature one has come upon in the woods away from the noise of the city—these are—and always have been—of interest to others.

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Daily Prayer

All the ways of a man are clean in his own eyes, but the Lord weigheth the spirits. Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established. Prov. 15:2-3.

Our Father, who art in Heaven, Thine art our Father, who art in Heaven. Thou dost love us, and we are Thy children. Thy goodness is shown in that Thou hearest our prayers. And when we pray, Thy goodness is shown in that Thou dost love us, and we are Thy children. Thy goodness is shown in that Thou hearest our prayers. And when we pray, Thy goodness is shown in that Thou dost love us, and we are Thy children.

THE AUTUMN'S FROST.

The autumn's frost Brings gray and brown, Though green is lost. When nuts fall down, And squirrels scamp, Through the wood To fill their hamper With winter's food. The autumn's frost Brings frosty days—Rounds the coast. The farmer says, For labor done Through time of spring And summer's sun In gathering. The autumn's frost Starts the sap back, But none is lost. For Nature's knack Of preservation And labor well performed that we May live and tell This mystery.

What She Would Do.

"What would your father do if I told him I wanted to marry you?" asked the young man. "He'd refer the matter to me," promptly replied the girl. "And what would you do?" he said, hopefully. "I'd refer the matter to the young man who proposed to me and was accepted while you were trying to make up your mind."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Complimenting Father.

Daughter—My son, when I was your age I carried mortar for a gang of bricklayers. Son—I'm proud of you, father. If it hadn't been for your pluck and hard work I might have had to do a job like that myself.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"The People's Voice"

Editorials from readers of The Morning Bee. Readers of The Morning Bee are invited to use this column freely for expression on matters of public interest.

Perverting Commission Government.

Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Noting George B. Child's letter in your evening issue of this date, wherein he compares the actions of the city commissioners to those of department heads of a big business, it seems to me that he has, unintentionally, put his finger on the vital point of the whole situation. Among the Omaha commissioners, there is not one who is actually manager of his department. Pull, politics, personal interest, or merely the desire for publicity make it possible, under our commission plan, for two or three department heads to mix in at any time and tell the manager of some other department how his end of the city's business shall be run. In what other business would this condition bring good results? In your own business, could the foreman of the press room tell the sporting editor which reporter should be sent out to the middle than the beginning of the cover the Dempsey-Firpo match? Or if he did not like the way the said match was written up, could the press room foreman force the resignation of the reporter?

This is what goes on among our city fathers all the time. If each one, from the mayor down (or up) would mind his own business, run his office, perhaps he would have better success in his own business. The personal interest of the mayor, or other business would have better success in his own business. The personal interest of the mayor, or other business would have better success in his own business.

This is real commission government, and it has been successful in Des Moines and other places. What Omaha has is a smaller form of the old city council, with most of its inefficiency, log-rolling, and petty politics, and not much of the efficiency of a real commission.

Back in 1910 or 1911, when Omaha, like other cities, wanted the commission plan, certain politicians, some of whom still figure in the present so-called commission plan. The writer, then a newcomer to this city, does not know who was responsible for it, but it surely was a real package. Probably the only real permanent remedy would be to remodel the whole thing, put in a real commission form, and let the city fathers have absolute power over his own department, with the recall always hanging over him if he fails to make good, or tries to put the public service to his private profit.

Pine Instead of Cottonwood.

Fort Calhoun, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The article A. E. Yule writes in your issue of Sept. 17 was all out of place. To say that the state lands were planted in cottonwood trees then in a few years the saw mills would have a big business is a mistake. All the cottonwood state lands are in the sand hills, and too poor land for cottonwood as cottonwood wants low bottom land. Much of the state land in the sand hills is now set out in the evergreen forest. Let A. E. Yule go out to Hershey, Neb., where the state forest reserve is and they will tell him they have no use for his cottonwood in the sand hills.

Purify The Streams.

Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The case of a young man who is lying in a hospital with blood poison contracted in one of our ponds brings to mind again our streams that are polluted by the past and future. I think hospitals and like places should heat their sewage before pouring it into streams. It could easily be done in a catch basin that discharged automatically. We are thoughtlessly doing in peace something that closely approaches the use of gas in warfare. A. E. YULE.

The Spirit That Builds.

Shawnee, Okl.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The spirit of fellowship and loyalty to your city which permeates each number of your paper, is in itself quite an incentive to those who are trying to create a similar feeling in their own home city. E. R. WAITE, Secretary, Shawnee Board of Commerce.

Her One Fault.

"I hear she's new cook you got was almost perfect." "Yes, the only thing she lacked was staying power."—Philadelphia Bulletin.



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His hat wuz t' only thing a cannidy was t' toss in th' ring he'd be gettin' off easy, but very often his home an' ever' thing else follers along. President Coolidge would make a dandy feller t' git on a sleeper at midnight. (Copyright, 1923.)

spired document springing from the minds of the fathers over night. It was not adopted until 1789, nearer the end of the century than the history of this country. The personnel of the convention was not extraordinary. But the very fact that its production grew out of mature reflection and experience, made our constitution an almost superhumanly wise provision for government.

The crying evils of our day are but part of the cancer over the main structure. Experiment need not disturb the fundamentals. But if, consciously or unconsciously, measures necessitate the tearing down of the framework, there is a danger for us all. A number of these present day movements are plain violations of the constitution. As such they are dangerous. The danger is real and touches every one of us.

To remove this neglect all thoughtful citizens at this time should reflect on the advisability of adhering to the great precepts of the constitution, and to the great principles of the constitution. To remove this neglect all thoughtful citizens at this time should reflect on the advisability of adhering to the great precepts of the constitution, and to the great principles of the constitution.

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Oxtail Soap is Nourishing. Brown the segments in buttered pan, then put into the soap kettle with potatoes, turnips, carrots and onion. Add water, simmer for two hours. When done season well with...

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