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DOGS AND MEN.

Betsy cried to be locked in the city jail, because her master was in jail. Thereby Betsy, who is a fine black and tan terrier, showed that her heart is better than the heart of most humans. (Certainly we shall not use a neuter pronoun in speaking of such a dog, notwithstanding the grammarians.)

It made not the slightest difference with Betsy that her master was denominated a "vag" by the police. She loved him and, when the patrol picked him up, she slipped up the step and into "the wagon" too.

When the police sought to separate them at the station, Betsy set up such a terrific barking, and wailed so pitifully, and scratched with her little paws at the door where she had seen her god disappear, that the police finally unlocked his cell and let Betsy rush in and cover the "vag" with joyous caresses. She seemed to say, "Never mind, master, we'll soon be out of here and I don't care what these dreadful policemen say, I know you are all right." Then she curled up under his bunk and went to sleep, doubtless keeping one eye open so that no one should harm him.

Betsy would love her master just as much if he were a multi-millionaire and a deacon in the church, but not a bit more.

It's a way dogs have that can't be understood by men and women.

HO—HUMMM!

Life is very dull, especially for aviators.

Three of them lounged in the lobby of a local hotel the other day. They had just landed, after a swift flight by airplane from San Francisco, enroute to St. Louis.

Said one: "That old mail ship I flew would make a good canal boat. She can't do a bit over 100 an hour. The thing I get a real kick out of," he added, brightening, "is driving an automobile."

It is less than 100 years ago since the legislators of Pennsylvania solemnly pointed out that railroads could never come into practical use because, at any speed greater than 10 or 12 miles an hour, they would be a menace to life and stock.

Yes, the world moves, but life is dull, very dull.

THE PRINCE AND THE RANCHMEN.

Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, prince of Wales and heir to the British throne has the sunflower silo filled on his ranch in Alberta, Canada, and now, though we haven't seen anything about him for a day or two, he is probably getting some of the other farm chores cleaned up.

The boys probably are used to him by this time "out that whar men are men," and call him by one of his seven first names.

It isn't hard to imagine them in the ranch house eating breakfast by lamplight at 5 in the morning. "Have some more bacon, baron?" asks Alberta Al, a long, lean son of the prairies. "Thanks, old fellow," says the prince, sliding three or four pieces off the platter on to his plate.

"Will you please pass the syrup, Renfrew?" says Manitoba Mike, the foreman, and, as Wales passes it, the foreman adds genially, "Bet you don't have no flapjacks like these in Buckingham palace."

"By Jove, you're right, Mike," murmurs the prince as he stuffs a big forkful of the delicacy into his royal mouth. "But we'll have 'em every morning when I get back, if I have to call a special session of parliament to get 'em."

The conversation then turns to the toil of the day. The prince inquires what he shall do.

"Well, your highness—" begins the foreman when he is royally interrupted: "Now, Pete, you know we don't want any of that 'royal highness' stuff on this trip. Call me Renfrew if you want to or call me anything you like."

The boys all smile. The prince is a "regular fellow," indeed. "Well, then, Renfrew, I was thinking you might take the flivver and some wire and staples and hammer and drive along the north fence and fix any wires that are down," the foreman continues. "Fine! That's my job for the day," says the prince. "And if I see any of the calves outside the fence I'll get 'em back in. Leave it to me."

And the heir to the throne of the British empire stalks out of the ranch house with the rest of the boys and goes to the day's work.

He'll have a lot to tell the folks when he gets back to London. And he bids fair to become as great a popular favorite as was his grandfather, Edward VII.

WALTER HEAD, PRESIDENT.

Election of Walter W. Head to the presidency of the American Bankers' association brings honor to Omaha as well as to Mr. Head.

The association includes, in its membership of 25,000, the greatest bankers of the country. It is pleasing to know that Walter Head stands for more than business activity in Omaha and the nation. He is a leader also in civic, church and philanthropic work.

These are times when a cool, sane man is needed to head the bankers of the country. When all is said and done, the banks are largely responsible for steering the industrial and agricultural ship through troubled seas and the banker's life nowadays is not an easy one.

Omahans know Walter Head and have confidence in him.

News of the arrest of the "Spanish prisoner" swindlers in Spain will be hailed with delight by many victims in this country.

Employees of the Philadelphia mint have to work 12 hours a day. But they're making good money.

Governor Walton may find himself in the position of the man who grabbed the lion by the tail.

Successor to R. B. Howell as water and gas manager will have to wear big shoes.

Conditions in Germany put a heavy stress on Stresemann.

REPUBLICAN EFFICIENCY.

Economic accomplishments of the republican national administration are pointed out by John T. Adams in The Congressional Digest.

The republicans have reduced appropriations from \$6,454,596,000 in 1920 to \$3,706,777,900 in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1924. Taking out \$1,250,000,000 interest and sinking fund on the public debt and \$400,000,000 appropriation to the Veterans bureau, ordinary expenditures are shown to be practically back to a prewar basis.

Along with this has come a reduction of \$2,044,641,000 in the interest-bearing public debt.

In the last two years, civilian employes on the pay rolls have been reduced from 619,830 to 512,173.

When the republicans came into control, Liberty bonds were selling around 85. Now they are near par.

The republicans have reduced income taxes and the returns show the greatest reductions were made in states where people have modest incomes and the least reductions in the centers of big fortunes.

In all agricultural states the income tax collections show reductions of 50 to 65 per cent. This scotches the demagogic misstatement that the republican income tax law was framed to benefit the wealthy.

Passing of republican legislation, introduction of efficiency into government affairs and the practice of rigid economy are responsible for this record in the interest of the people.

SOURCE OF OUR OIL SUPPLY.

A Pennsylvania professor advances the startling hypothesis that our stores of oil are inexhaustible because they are being constantly replenished through fish. He asserts that fish constitute our sole supply of crude petroleum, and that vegetable matter has nothing to do with it.

Nor is it difficult, in the light of recent developments, to believe that this Pennsylvania professor is right in his deductions. He might have gone further and indefinitely named the exact species of fish that produces the most oil. If not that, then the name of the species that produces the most profits for those who play the oil game. That member of the fish tribe commonly known as "sucker" seems to possess the greatest oil potentialities, at least for the promoters. And the supply seems never to diminish. On the contrary, Barnum seems to have been very conservative in his estimate of one every minute—unless he happened to mean that one spawns every minute. And it is well known that when a sucker spawns it deposits several millions of eggs.

If the Pennsylvania professor is right, and our oil supply really does come from fish, then oil well promoters may rest well satisfied that the "sucker" species will continue to provide material in plenty for the exercise of their wiles.

WHAT SHOULD A GOLFER TALK ABOUT?

A writer in the North American Review deplores the intellectual poverty reflected in the conversation at golf clubs. He says:

"If and I are the words most in use in these deliberations. If it had not been for the slice which I developed on the sixth hole, I would have played a brilliant game. You should have seen me last Sunday. I spent the week end with a friend on Long Island. He is a member of the Excelsior club and we played the 36 holes. Every drive I made went straight down the center of the fairway, every approach was a gem and every putt, within four yards of the pin, sank. But today I was all off. I don't understand what has come over me."

"This is the cardinal theme in every club and is embroidered with numerous monotonous variations gathering around the ego of the player. The one reform to which the intelligentsia among golfers must address themselves is to oxygenate the rarified mental atmosphere which at present prevails in the average country club and which causes a slowing down of the intellectual processes and a stifling of the imagination in so many devotees of the game."

What would this writer have? When the golfer lies one on the green within six feet of the hole after a 276-yard drive from the tee, should he remark, "It is my opinion after deep study and cogitation that the world court is a better guaranty of lasting peace than the League of Nations?"

Or having landed in the rough after five drives on a three-par hole should he inquire, as he takes his stance to get back on the fairway, "What is your opinion of the Russian influence in the literature of today?"

Colonel Bogie forbid! Golf is played for recreation. The cares of the office, store and study should be forgotten. The brain should revel in the game in order that it may return, refreshed, to the more serious things of life.

Jonathan Folk of Iowa, who will be 106 December 3, says he has never smoked, drank, seen a baseball game or horse race. Henry Dinkman of Pennsylvania is 101 and has smoked for 84 years, drank when he could get it and is a first-class baseball fan. Of course, the "antics" can point out that Mr. Folk is five years older than Mr. Dinkman.

Albion (Neb.) girl tops the market in Omaha, selling a 1,040-pound steer at \$11.75 a hundred. Custer (S. D.) woman lassoes a coyote. Not much of the "clinging vine" about these western women.

It may be all very fine for the squadron commander to "take all the blame" for the loss of seven ships off the coast of southern California. But lives are too precious and ships too costly to have take-a-chance officers in the navy.

The usual crop of men and boys, who pull guns out of vehicles and through fences by the muzzle, is being harvested this fall.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—

Robert Worthington Davis

JIM RILEY'S ORPHANT ANNIE.

Every time Jim Riley read the folks came riding in To listen to his homy rhymes that seemed to pierce the skin.

And everywhere Jim Riley went they flocked to hear his song. Because he always took his Orphant Annie Girl along— Jim Riley's Orphant Annie

Was everybody's Annie— He never knew exactly to whom she did belong.

He fathered her and mothered her with words that ne'er will die, And he loved her like the angels that loved her in the sky—

At least he knew his Annie Was the angels' Orphant Annie, And she had a home in Heaven when the hour came to die.

When Riley went to Galilee he knew he'd made a place In every heart for Orphant Annie as long as there's a race,

And when there's none his Annie— His Little Orphant Annie Will find Jim Riley waiting with a smile across his face.

"The People's Voice"

Editorials from readers of The Morning Bee are invited to use this column free of charge. Send them to the editorial department.

Emann de Valera.

West Point, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: There is much about the Irish civil strife, which has been shattering the peace and happiness of the little Emerald Isle for the last five years or more, that is indeed baffling to the average citizen.

De Valera, one of the main spirits of the movement for freedom in Ireland, was early chosen president of the Irish Free State. He is a man of public. After waiting a long time on this small people in southern Ireland in the attempt to stamp out the government for self-government, and then resorting to such unchristian methods as the cruel and merciless execution of war prisoners, England, seeing that brutal force could not prevail against this invincible little nation, finally proposed the so-called Irish Free State.

There is certainly much about the whole situation which is beyond all unfair to England and which is also toward Ireland in the last decade; the latter's exemption from the draft act during the strike, the removal of the crown with the meekness of a school boy, is guileless of the past generations present. Perhaps the break of the crown with the meekness of a school boy, is guileless of the past generations present. Perhaps the break of the crown with the meekness of a school boy, is guileless of the past generations present.

In the present struggle, however, there are at least three things quite manifest to all impartial observers. The first is that this little band of men could never have carried on their struggle as they did without the Free State organization, supplied by the crown with all the wealth and means of warfare they wished to have—

Finally, we get an inkling into the strange stolidness and fortitude of their leader now behind prison walls, stripped of the political honors and prestige that he had been his for the accepting, and almost wholly physically under the burden of grief and sorrow over his fallen comrades and the severance of all family ties, one must recall the words of the sage: "The voices of true honor come from within—not from without."

To form an estimate of the character of Emann de Valera and of the other republican leaders who have already passed from the scenes of this world, one must turn back the pages of history to the immortal Socrates, who was executed for his beliefs, and the fatal cup for openly protesting the injustice of justice and rebuking injustice: to the Christ Divine, a few centuries later, who suffered the death of the cross for preaching a new law of love and upbraiding the world for its hypocrisy, selfishness and hate, and to the hundreds of other examples, all down through the ages following, of noble men and women who opposed, with their lives despotism in all its forms—that the principles of justice and honor might be perpetuated in the mutual relations of men.

Defending the Klan.

Missouri Valley, Ia.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: In Tuesday's Bee I was interested in some interrogations in a letter by Henry Wilson, in which he felt that the Ku Klux Klan, only what I read and heard and what I try to find out for myself. My field of information is just as large, I am sure, as Mr. Wilson's, but I do not intend to enter into a whole lot of fellow feeling, especially pride themselves and advertise. A lot of "patriots" worked for a dollar a year during the war and stole the money and spent it on whisky and other pleasures, which you'll find this type of citizen against the Ku Klux Klan for keeps. At any rate, you don't find the Ku Klux hollering about how our government should be run, and their main offense seems to be that they attend strictly to their own business until it is time to strike. The Ku Klux is a result and not a cause, and the Ku Klux is on the bum, but it cannot be any worse than some things that go on in our own government. Even my city government and yours. Here a month or so ago some swell janes did the speed act in your own little burg and through influence got away with it. Some poor jockey's wife did the same thing and got seven days in the coop.

Let me ask a few questions. Have you ever attempted to free your mind from prejudice and consider the thing from the light of a cause and not an effect? Have you ever lived in the south and do you know the people and their problems down there? Or is it guess work, what you read and hear?

Daily Prayer

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help.—Ps. 146:3.

We rejoice, O God, that we are not lonely orphans in the world. We gladly realize that we can look unto Thee and call Thee "our Father."

Lead us to note Thy nearness. In the midst of the busy and hurrying of the day, quiet our lives and prompt us to listen to Thy voice, and to interpret aright Thy message. We thank Thee for the bright sunshine and the blue heavens, for food and drink and wholesome food. We praise Thee for the privilege of study and meditation; for uplifting books and ennobling thoughts. We are grateful for good friends and loving companions. May our lives as well as our lips, tell Thee of our gratitude. Speak with our tongues; work with our hands; send our feet on Thy errands; possess our whole being; "Let that mind be in us which was in Christ Jesus."

Save us from listlessness and laziness; keep us from timidity and shyness; fill us with cheer, and lead us to brighten the lives of all we meet. Remove all malice and meanness. Help us to fly from evil; follow after righteousness, and fight the good fight of faith. Broaden our vision, deepen our earnestness, lengthen our love, intensify our reverence and increase our usefulness, we ask in our Master's name.

FRANCIS H. GREEN, A. M., L. L. D., West Chester, Penn.

MOHER NAURES CHILDREN

The Omaha Bee welcomes letters from readers recording intimate observations of animals or plants. A bird perhaps once seen while waiting for a street car, 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.

SQUIRRELS.

I have always been interested in watching squirrels hide their food—corn, nuts, etc.—under leaves, grass and the bark of trees.

I was especially curious to know just how they located the cache when hungry. I had observed that there was something that might be used as a landmark, a log, a bush, a rock, and that this, with their sense of direction, was the key to their success after seeing a squirrel several times in nearly the same place, laying up his winter's store, a few days after I thought he had finished, I moved a log that I believed might be used as a guide, a few rods, and left it in exactly the same position as before.

I watched the hidden food for some time and was untouched; one day while watching for the squirrel, he came and evidently located the log, and then, by scent and sight, tried to locate the hidden food by going along the edge of the log and distance from the log, and searched very thoroughly over more than a yard square of leaves, but finally gave it up. I then replaced the log to its original position, and its former position—then watched for results. In less than a week nearly all the food was gone, and I am sure that it was the same squirrel that took it, and this is merely one of many that I have watched.

FRED EATON, Wisner, Neb.

prejudice? Are you a member of the Klan? If you are not, isn't it so you are dealing with hearsay and other things besides your own knowledge of facts? Are you fully acquainted with all of the facts about Governor Walton? You ought to know by this time that when you read a newspaper that you get just what certain men care to have you get and nothing more. I do not intend to be impertinent or rude in any way at all, and crave pardon if I offend, but oh, how so many of us read and hear a little of the start of in a tirade of condemnation and abuse before we know what we are talking about. Isn't it true?

The Prevention of War.

Wausau, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: We read a short time ago of a prize of \$100,000 being offered the person giving the best recipe for the effective prevention of war. No doubt a large number of persons are racking their brains in an endeavor to formulate an effective prescription. Many were they who thought the League of Nations covenant would solve the war problem. But, unfortunately, that covenant was founded on the wrong principle—that of might. And no array of power will ever prove an effective preventive of war, because greed and jealousy will divide a combination of might against itself. It being evident now that the League of Nations is a disappointment as a preventive of war, new plans are sought.

But why grope around in the dark when we have the light? There is an unfailing rule, and one only, for the prevention of war, and it was given to mankind nearly 2,000 years ago and has been broadcast throughout the civilized world these 20 centuries. And yet men are straining their mental powers to discover it. It reminds me of a person hunting for his glasses which he has shoved up on his forehead.

The correct rule for the abolition of war was proclaimed by the Prince of Peace, who spoke this command: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets." This rule, which is the golden rule, applies to nations as well as individuals, and when the nations of the world will adopt this rule and apply it each to the other, then, and not until then, will wars be a gruesome past history of man's inhumanity to man. This will not be possible, however, until the nations cast out the cherished selfishness and greed with which the most of them are at present animated and blinded. J. E. B.

For President.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I read the little apfel that the trainmen of Lincoln had to say in regard to Henry Ford as president, and I note their objection to him as being unfair to organized labor. If we had a man like him at the head of our order instead of the man that is there the Brotherhood of Locomotive Trainmen would have better working conditions and a living wage without having to fight for it every time.

I want to say one thing to these brothers: That there would be a lot of them willing to work instead of riding if it was not for Ford. I know why these brothers talk this way; they have had among them some salaried speaker to make them this spiel at some special meeting.

Railroad officials do not want Ford for president. I am surprised to think that a bunch of men that are so smart and skilled as these trainmen have to be to hold their jobs would make a remark like this. AX RAIL.

Remarkable Old Man.

Isom Hall of Mayking was in to see us and tells us that his mother is 98 and has just returned from a several months' visit to friends and relatives in Harlan county and is still in the very best of health. She is one of the oldest women in the county.—Whitesburg (Ky.) Leader.

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. QUINN, Notary Public

(Seal)

"From State and Nation"

—Editorials from Other Newspapers—

Importance of Editorials.

From the Philadelphia Ledger. For a week now New York has been without editorial opinion. Externally the people seen in the streets and avenues look quite the same as when they were provided by a favorite newspaper with the editorial "two" and all that it applies in the way of detachment, real or affected. However, there are thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands of readers of public news, intelligence or occurrences who before forming an individual opinion consult some editorial page for the digest it may contain upon what has happened.

A distinguished member of the Union League club when asked the other day what he thought of the outlaw strike of the web pressmen against the morning and evening newspapers of New York, replied: "Bless my soul if I can tell you." Here was a man whose habit it is to look for his "remarks" or observations upon any given current topic in the columns of some editorial page, his practice being to let trained minds create his viewpoint. In the midst of newspapers of the metropolis issued since the strike there have been no editorials, all the space available being given over to news, features and some dramatic criticism.

Six million people have been put to the task of doing their own thinking on local, national and international affairs. Not a single editorial has appeared upon the newspaper pages of Ohio, yes, the society is enjoying an increased circulation of 50,000 or more, has been telling the people what it all means; but that is only one-sided opinion from a box office gainer in the refusal of the pressmen to continue to pull the levers of the huge printing machines.

The history of the editorial as a factor in the shaping of public opinion began with Swift, Defoe, Bolingbroke and Pulteney in London. "If the newspapers had only a Swift to write to the core of this strike and tell us exactly what it all means," continued the gray-haired Union leaguer, a shrewd light entering his eyes as he added:

"I can make a guess how Edward Cave would have written about this strike. He would have handed his pen after the fashion in which he dealt with the house of parliament, when he was forbidden by a standing order of the Senate of Illinois to give in written or printed newspapers any account of the debates. He went right ahead and wrote his opinions under the guise of 'Debates in the Senate of Illinois.' France was Bileficus; London was Milendo; pounds were spruce; the duke of Newcastle was the Nardac secretary of state, and so forth."

But it appears that Mr. Cave wrote in 1754.

Little Feet and Willing.

From the Milwaukee Journal.

They came in beaming—the little girl of 10 and the boy of 5, one from the fourth grade and the other from kindergarten. It had been a great day in school, crammed full of interest from the first bell until dismissal. Nothing in the old picture of little prisoners in the classroom there, nothing of the poet's idea of rebellious feet "creeping like snail unwillingly to school."

There, probably, is our greatest gain in our schools. We may still be a long way from a solution of all our school problems; we may still be teaching things that we ought not to teach, and leaving a great many things that ought to be in the curriculum. But we have made school a place of interest for the child, to which he goes with a sense of delight and from which he returns with a beaming face.

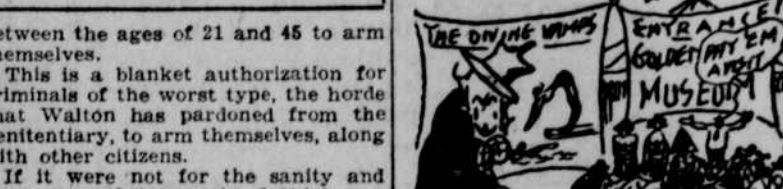
King Jack's Latest Bluff.

From the Daily Oklahoman.

If Governor Walton had deliberately set out to foment a civil war in Oklahoma and cause bloodshed, so that the people outside of this state would believe the governor's previous untruthful statement that an insurrection and rebellion existed here, nothing he has done anything more likely to achieve his end than by following the course which he has followed.

He has aroused a hatred between well classes. He has branded law-abiding citizens as law-breakers, merely to serve his own selfish end. And now he orders all male citizens

Abe Martin



between the ages of 21 and 45 to arm themselves. This is a blanket authorization for criminals of the worst type, the horde that Walton has pardoned from the penitentiary, to arm themselves, along with other citizens.

If it were not for the sanity and good sense of the people of Oklahoma, Governor Walton's course, no doubt would result in bloodshed. But the people of Oklahoma are not in rebellion and have no intention of opposing the duly-constituted authorities, except to uphold their rights, when that may be necessary, by legal procedure in the courts.

Auto-Broke? Hardly.

From the Norfolk News.

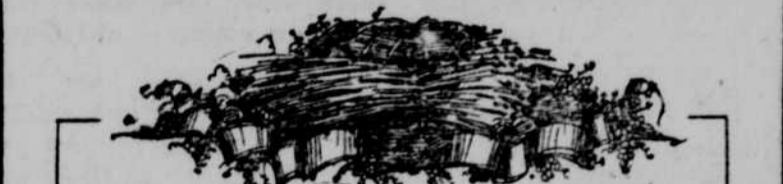
There is one automobile in Nebraska for every 6.1 persons in the state, according to figures compiled by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, which lists California as first with one car for every 3.8 persons, and Iowa second with 4.8.

Of course we all understand that California ranks first because of the number of cars in that state which were purchased with money earned in Nebraska and Iowa.

And, speaking about Nebraska money, readers may recall the figures given out by a representative of the state banking department which showed that Nebraska's wheat crop was not sufficient to pay the cost and operating expense of its cars. We had hardly digested these figures until the banking department issued an entirely new set, disclosing that deposits in Nebraska state banks had

materially increased in the last year. Evidently Nebraska has not maintained third position on the automobile list at too serious a drain on its pocketbook. The old state has spent lots of money on cars, gasoline and tires, but there seems to be plenty more where that came from.

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Ak-Sar-Ben Visitors

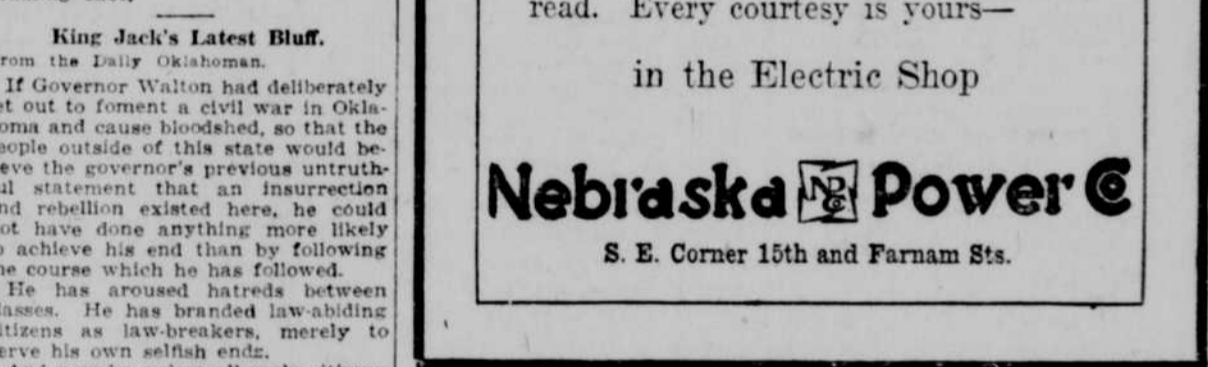
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USE our telephones, check your grips and parcels, let us arrange a trip through our plant or other Omaha industries. Write the folks at home on our souvenir Ak-Sar-Ben stationery, or if you are all tired out just come in and rest and read. Every courtesy is yours—

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S. E. Corner 15th and Farnam Sts.



Clean House with KITCHEN KLEENZER

Will Not Injure the Finest Fabrics

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