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KING AK-SAR-BEN'S ROYAL WELCOME.

His Gracious Majesty, King Ak-Sar-Ben, extends to all his loyal subjects throughout Quivers, and all visitors without the boundaries of the realm, a most hearty welcome. Never was there a kinder monarch, nor a more willing and loyal lot of subjects. The fame of our king's gracious rule has spread throughout the confines of the earth, and drawn upon his loving subjects the congratulations and the envy of those subject to far less gracious rule. Because they are happy and contented, and because they see only happiness and good fortune revealed in the crystal globe that reveals the future of the realm, the loyal subjects are flocking in multitudes along the king's highway to pay their annual tribute of love and esteem at his court.

Many and wonderful have been the changes and improvements since that far gone year of 1895 when King Ak-Sar-Ben issued his first royal mandate and ascending the throne rescued by his wisdom and optimism a realm plunged into ill fortune and despair. By the power of his example he instilled new hope and new courage into the hearts of his subjects, and they turned with smiles to their tasks and forgot the disappointments of their yesterdays. Never has his rule been harsh or onerous; always has it been unselfish and kindly. Never has he looked backwards, save only to see where he could build better upon the mistakes of yesterday. He has sent waves of happy laughter across his realm to wash away the memories better forgotten; planted the seeds of optimism to grow and crowd out the weeds of pessimism and despair, and added hours of happiness to days once filled with gloom and doubt.

Gladly, then, do his loyal subjects travel by rail, by automobile and by airplane to this splendid city wherein his court is held, and royally do the local subjects of his gracious majesty welcome their fellow subjects to the precincts of this kingly city. Glittering and glowing are the colors of King Ak-Sar-Ben as they wave in the autumn air. But over and above them wave other colors to which even King Ak-Sar-Ben bows in humble tribute, even as foreign monarchs, less kindly and less gracious, have been impelled to bow and bend with far less graciousness.

Long live our Gracious Majesty, King Ak-Sar-Ben. And long may his realm be filled with loyal, happy, prosperous subjects to journey to his kingly city in annual pilgrimage to pay their tribute to his wisdom and his kindness!

OF THE WEST WESTERN.

The New York Times waxes facetious in its comments upon the suggestion of Senator Kendrick for president upon the democratic ticket. Also sarcastic. But why the sarcasm? Kendrick has been a leading figure in congress for more than a quarter of a century. It is true that he has not been as vociferous as some western democratic leaders—or southern—not mentioning any names, but he seems to have been accomplishing things despite his reticence, or maybe because of it. The man who could carry every county but one in republican Wyoming against Mondell, surely has some claim upon the consideration of the democratic managers.

It is true that Wyoming has but three electoral votes, as against New York's 36, but let not the New York Times overlook the fact that presidents have been elected by as narrow a margin as three votes. Not that we apprehend for a moment that a democrat will be elected by any sort of a margin in 1924, but that we are inclined to the belief that in such a contingency, as little as it is to be desired, Senator John B. Kendrick of Wyoming would be about the least objectionable man the democrats could name. He is of the west western, yet broadly cosmopolitan; he poses neither as a statesman nor a diplomat, but he is broadminded, patriotic, and very human.

We have just about lost hope that the time will ever come when a New York newspaper will be able to see and appreciate anything that has not its genesis east of Buffalo. A sense of fairness impels us to protest against such unkindly and uncalled for sarcasm against a really big westerner.

WORK AND AIR FOR PRISONERS.

Revelation of conditions in the Douglas county jail emphasizes anew the need for a workhouse. It might be given some more pleasing name than that. Whatever its name, it should be a place near, but not in the city; a place where employment could be given the prisoners and where they could get plenty of fresh air.

These two things cannot be given them in the present jail in the courthouse. And these two things are most necessary to their physical and mental well-being.

The present jail is clean, perhaps, but it is permeated constantly by a sickening odor, compounded of cooking smells, steam from the bathrooms and odors from the bedding.

In this atmosphere the 200 prisoners must spend days and nights in absolute idleness. No wonder they consider transportation to the penitentiary a happy relief! At the penitentiary they have employment and they get an hour or two in the fresh air and sunshine every day. What that means, nobody but a prisoner can realize.

With swift motor transportation, a workhouse just outside the city, with plenty of space around it, would be practically as convenient in handling of prisoners as the present jail.

The men should be given some sort of employment and possibly small remuneration. A large garden, potato field and so on, could be operated. Chickens and hogs and cows could be kept for the supply of food to the prisoners. There should also be workshops in which they could be trained for other industries, mechanical or factory.

Such an institution would keep the men in health and, properly handled, would send them forth, at the expiration of sentence, better men and women than when they went in.

IS KANSAS BLEEDING AGAIN?

Can it be possible that dear old Kansas is bleeding afresh? A Topeka dispatch announces that the secretary of the state board of agriculture has asked Henry Ford for a donation of \$5,000 to a fund now being raised to assist farmers of 14 southwest Kansas counties, whose crop virtually was a failure this year. We trust that Henry responds quickly and gladly, for it would be an awful drain upon the other 91 counties of Kansas were they compelled to take care of their neighbors in the matter of seed wheat.

Something like three months ago the dispatches contained tearful appeals from Kansas for help in harvesting the bumper wheat crop, but perhaps that was merely because the force of habit is so strong. Kansas has been issuing that touching appeal every harvest season for many years. Nebraska, which produces as much wheat per acre and per capita as Kansas, also has a few counties in which the wheat crop proved a failure. But Nebraska always manages to harvest her enormous wheat crop without putting up plaintive appeals for help, and will also see to it that the counties devastated by the black rust are provided with seed wheat, and without issuing appeals to outsiders for help. In case of emergency the southwest Nebraska farmers who lost a wheat crop doubtless would be glad to contribute to a fund for the purchase of seed wheat for their Kansas brethren. The Nebraskans plowed up their wheat fields and put them into corn and sorghum and harvested a goodly crop. Incidentally this proves the superiority of Nebraska soil and climate. If one crop shows symptoms of failing, instead of calling for help our farmers merely plow up the failing crop and proceed to plant and harvest another.

But we do hope Henry Ford responds to the tearful appeal from those 14 Kansas counties. It would not do to compel the other 91 counties to refrain from boasting long enough to help their fellow counties out of their distress. They might get out of the habit of boasting.

Oklahoma's first governor, Haskell, was deposed as treasurer of the democratic national committee for being too intimate with Standard Oil. Oklahoma's latest governor shows symptoms of something unusual, but the only thing we're sure about is that they are not symptoms of common sense.

The Missouri Valley Medical society says the automobile is responsible for 50 per cent of the fractured skulls. But defective skulls are responsible for more than 50 per cent of the automobile accidents.

A bull moose recently took possession of the streets of Bangor, Me., and wrecked several automobiles. There are those who remember when a bull moose took possession of the G. O. P. and wrecked a steam roller.

Mention of Charles G. Dawes as a "compromise candidate" for governor is calculated to get a Helen Marie rise out of Charley, who isn't in the habit of compromising on anything.

The best way to get a full realization of why there is so much that doesn't matter, is to pick up a daily newspaper that is about two weeks old and read its headlines carefully.

Captain See, U. S. A., declares that the sea's leakage caused the earthquake in Japan. But whence came the big leak that deluged this vicinity so recently?

And to think that a contemporary owned and controlled by a light wine and beer advocate should exhibit such frenzy over a little mistake about water!

A Chicago dispatch headed "Mayor revokes licenses of thirty-eight saloons," reads like an item from the "Ten Years Ago Today" column.

Why travel to California to see an eclipse of the sun when it's more fun to catch an unobstructed glimpse of the sun right here in Omaha?

A big increase in the sale of bananas is attributed to the song. But that isn't what it drove some of us to, even if we couldn't find it.

An increase of \$35,000,000 by reason of the Pinchot settlement of the anthracite coal strike is where the pinch comes.

May it not be possible to relieve the German monetary system by inducing the pressmen to go out on strike.

It's a cinch it wouldn't have been that way with the Ringling brothers alive and personally managing their circus.

No joke is any good until it is old, asserts Jay House in the Philadelphia Ledger. That's old enough to be one.

The Omaha Bee will try to refer to David Lloyd George without incorporating the "little Welshman" bromide.

Foreigners say we have no art in this country. How about the art of keeping our money at par?

Now who will come forward with a big prize for a peace plan that will apply to Oklahoma?

Mr. Volstead says one drink doesn't hurt a man. But doesn't it depend upon which one?

Now what the Sam B. Hill happened in that Washington congressional district?

Envy may have been the basis of that bald barber's demand for the \$1 haircut.

The good 5-cent cigar has arrived at last. It still costs 15 cents, however.

Homespun Verse
—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davis
THE PATH WE HAVE FOLLOWED IS BEST.
We frequently think how success might have brought Our freedom and fortune if we had but thought, And focused our efforts, or altered our way, Or clung to the trail of a far-faded day.
The change we've pervaded, the failures we've known, The heartless advisers, the things we've done, Might have been avoided had we been discreet, And prudently followed the opposite street.
But fate has been kindly, though we may regret: Our lessons are many, companions we've met, And much have we gained at a trivial cost, That elsewhere or otherwise might have been lost.
There's rapture behind us—though fleeting and small— That gives us incentive and answers our call, And much is in memory ineffably dressed, Till surely the path we have followed is best.

"From State and Nation"

Editorials from other newspapers.

Speeches Do Not Help.

From the Salt Lake Tribune.
We agree with President Coolidge that speechmaking on the state of the nation and the ills with which the farmers are afflicted will do no good. Clear thinking is of prime importance just now. During the winter months needed legislation can be enacted if the foundations are laid before the winter assemblies. The country has been treated to a whole lot of claptrap in the past few weeks and remedies galore have been proposed. It may be that some of the ideas advanced are worthy of consideration, but they should not be incorporated in our laws until they have been carefully studied and digested by the senators and representatives and the chief executive and his constitutional advisers. The administration should be given a chance to formulate a program which will benefit all of the people and take the care of the various "blooms" at the same time. In other words, the rush should not be attempted in the case of President Coolidge.

Too Much Sincere on Dollars.

From the Lincoln Star.
At the recent Methodist church conference held at the great hotel when he said the greatest need was to close up more desks, have fewer people at work conducting drives and more at work preaching the gospel. The remarks invoked, cropped out several times during the conference when ministers acknowledged that much stress had been placed upon dollars and too little upon the soul. Perhaps it would have been charitable to have said that more demands are being made upon the churches than ever before in history. The relief work, and the educational work attempted by the churches of America in the last 10 years has been most amazing. It has no parallel in history. Colleges have been given huge endowments; missionaries sent to all of the far corners of the earth, and work in America itself has been carried on on a scale never before attempted.

For a period of five years America lived in wealth and this condition was reflected in the generosity of her gifts. Men gave to this and to that, without a thought as to the nature of the thing to which they were contributing. There was little of the spirit of the miser in the great outpouring of wealth. They gave because they had been accustomed to giving. It was bad for the churches; it was bad for the educational institutions, and it was bad for the donors.

Now that has changed. Other organizations of a non-religious character might well profit by the sentiment expressed by these Methodist ministers. If there are too many desks in the churches occupied in conducting drives, there are too many desks in other organizations which could be easily be eliminated for the same reason.

Questioning Senator Norris.

From the Wall Street Journal.
Senator Norris of Nebraska, in the columns of The Omaha Bee, has been discussing the question of railroad rates and the fact that "everybody knows" that the cost of transportation is unreasonable. His "everybody" also knows that freight rates are too high, and that "a large proportion of the capitalization of railroads is watered." Everybody does not know, and certainly Senator Norris does not give any indication of knowing, that rates are being fixed upon capitalization, and especially not upon stock capitalization. These assertions are not worth discussing, because they are manifestly untrue, coming from a man who does not know what proportion freight rates bear to the price of the farmer's product or the extent to which freight rates of farm products are already below the rates on other freight.

But Senator Norris does say something which is worth discussion, because it is his major premise, assumed by him to be an axiom, self-evident, something which no rational mind can fail to admit. He says: "The railroad, after all, is nothing but a middleman." The first inference of intelligence would be that the statement is that Senator Norris is incapable of defining either a middleman or a railroad. The dictionary defines a middleman as one who acts as an intermediary between others in any matter; an intermediate lessee, contractor, negotiator, trader, broker, etc.

Clearly, the railroad is none of these things. It does not buy the farmer's grain at its own price, on threat of leaving it on the farm, and then sell it on its own terms in Chicago. The railroad is not an agent, but a producer. Anything the farmer raises is valuable until it can be placed in the hands of the man who wants it for consumption. All the surplus a farmer has is a dead weight, unless it could be cast away on a desert island, or cast away on a useless burden without a ship to carry it to market. The farmer performs only a part of the operation of production. In a real and perfect sense the railroad raises wheat.

Senator La Follette has never performed a useful service through the whole course of his public career, except when he did not intend it. By a needlessly costly method, however, the physical valuation of railroads, he showed once and for all what the Interstate Commerce Commission had been demonstrating for years before, that rates were not adjusted to capitalization. Compelled by an economic law stronger than itself, the Interstate Commerce Commission, whether it will or do so or not, must base rates more or less on the value of the service performed.

And that is the basis for the farmer's price for wheat. The world market settles the value of the service he performs. It most properly declines to undertake the task of fixing a value until the service is completed by the railroads. All the legislation against the coal roads, where it has been intelligent, has been in the direction of extinguishing any character of middleman, with the result of emphasizing the service of the carrier in production.

But it is not difficult to see that Senator Norris' "everybody" is Senator Norris. And he doesn't know.

A Beauty at 96.
A beauty competition for elderly women at Turin, Italy, was won by a 96-year-old competitor. There were 10 entrants, one aged 73, having perfectly black hair. Thirty of the competitors were single women.—In-dianapolis News.

Good Substitute.
A medical man writes: "While on holiday always stretch the lungs by deep breathing." A recently returned tourist claims that a purchased tin of an air pump offer good substitutes.—Grand Island Independent.

Changing Places.
There are probably as many people willing to change places with you as there are people with whom you would like to change places.—Pana (Ill.) Palladium.



MOHER, MOTHER'S CHILDREN
The Omaha Bee welcomes letters from readers recording intimate observations of animals or plants. A bird perhaps on a street corner, or a voluntary flower or some other 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.

FRIENDLY FOES.

An observation which I made during the past summer may be of interest to Mother Nature lovers. Early in the season a pair of robins made their nest in a small poplar tree in my front yard. About 12 feet from the trunk was a large elm tree in which an old mother squirrel made her home. The robins' nest and the squirrel's nest, on outlying branches, were scarcely three feet apart.

One day my attention was attracted by a great commotion among the branches just outside her nest, with all flared up over her back, and chattering angrily at Mrs. Robin, who likewise was flapping and flying back and forth in front of Mrs. Squirrel. Curious to know what this neighborhood war was all about, I hid behind a nearby tree, and furtively watched for the outcome.

Presently Mrs. Squirrel moved slightly toward Mrs. Robin's nest. This infuriated Mrs. Robin all the more, and she screamed the shrill, straight at Mrs. Squirrel and gave her a sharp peck squarely on the nose. With a half growl, half bark, Mrs. Squirrel sprang into the air after Mrs. Robin, and the two creatures fell about 25 feet to the ground. No sooner had she landed than Mrs. Robin, spying an advantage for a further attack, darted down and gave Mrs. Squirrel three lightning-like pecks about the head before Mrs. Squirrel had time to think what it was all about. Mrs. Squirrel ran madly up the tree and hid in her nest. Mrs. Robin, barked gleefully, and Mrs. Squirrel exchanged, as much as to say: "Oh, well, what's the use of neighbors quarreling anyway?"

I had almost forgotten the incident until about three weeks ago, when this time, a tragedy attracted my attention. Mother Squirrel who had grown quite tame, was run over in the street by an automobile and killed. Suddenly, as if she might have been watching for something like this to happen, Mother Robin appeared on the scene, and with a great fluttering and a great beating of wings, she and cries that were touched with a note of sorrow, she alighted, gazed curiously at the body of the squirrel, tilting her head first to one side and then to another. Presently Mrs. Robin began tugging at the corpse as if trying to drag it away. For two or three minutes she worked and succeeded in dragging it several feet toward the house. Then she turned and looked at the dead squirrel and carried it away.

Half an hour later, Mrs. Robin was seen perched on the limb by the squirrel's nest. Presently she came down, and Mrs. Squirrel, while her drooping figure bespoke disconsolation and sorrow.

Her one-time enemy, become a friend, was dead and she was weeping, even as human creatures sorrow at the loss of a friend.

This strange friendship of bird and squirrel and the overcoming of their feud, struck me as quite unusual. Might not humans, who are prone to bicker with their fellows, learn many a valuable lesson from the dumb creatures of woods and fields?

S. J. Winkelman, Nebraska City, Neb.

Daily Prayer

The Lord is my light and my salvation—
Our Heavenly Father, we of this household, with varied needs, unite to reverently Thy name. We would glorify Thyself in our ordinary lives. We thank Thee for the quiet shining of the light upon the world, and for the quiet shining of Thy light in the souls of men. Light us on our path, lest we lose the way. We would make league with Thee for the Master's presence. May Jesus be guest and chiefest friend at our fireside, the listener to every conversation, counselor in every day of doubt, light in every hour of darkness, refuge in any time of storm, solace in the night of grief. Bless us in basket and in store. Make us rich in all the things of the Kingdom of God.
Give us the gladness of Thy love and wisdom can trust us with, and only enough of trial and of storm to make us pure. When our feet shall have grown tired upon the road of the years, and death shall scatter the mist upon our faces, and we grope with blind fingers for the latch of the gate of Thy house, may Thy guide us with the unflinching, cunning of His love, and give abundant entrance into the graveless, deathless, nightless city which is Thy home and ours.
Forgive us our weaknesses. And this we pray for all who name Thy name. For Christ's sake. Amen.
REV. LINCOLN A. FERRIS, Bismarck.

CENTER SHOTS.

It is clear that Mussolini is running Italy, but who is running Italy anyway?—Taylorville Breeze.
Long skirts are dangerous for women. Short skirts are dangerous for men.—Aurora Beacon News.
When the political bee stings a person the swelling always goes to the head.—Edwardsville Intelligencer.

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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.

"THE PEOPLE'S VOICE"

Editorial 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.

Suspicious of British Visitors.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Is there a conspiracy of silence on Lord Birkenhead's and Sir Alfred Cope's mission to America? The latter gentleman is the former Mr. Cope of Dublin Castle, who is so dexterous that he was able to get in touch with Mr. Michael Collins during the black and tan regime. Mr. Cope was directed by Birkenhead & Co. to find out every detail about the lives and characters, and especially the weaknesses, of the Irish sent to London to negotiate the "treaty." He did his work thoroughly.

One-House Legislature.

Havelock, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I have a letter from United States Senator Norris, dated September 21, at Waupaca, Wis. It is too long to set out here in full, but in substance he charges me with misrepresenting him in a recently published communication to the newspapers and says: "I hope you will correct the statement that you ascribed to me."
I certainly have no wish to misrepresent any man and assuredly not a man I regard so highly as Senator Norris. The offending sentence, to which he takes exception is this: "Senator Norris favors a one-house legislature of about 20 or 25 members who are to be paid about \$5,000 each year and required to be in session a good portion of the time each year." My authority for this statement is a letter from Senator Norris to C. A. Sorensen of Lincoln, dated at Waupaca, Wis., July 6, and published in The New State for August. In it he said: "A small number of from 20 to 30 would be about at once a business institution. . . . We ought to have men drawing a salary similar to that received by the district judges."
Senator Norris now says: "I had

Ford Workers Busy.

O'Neill, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Is Henry Ford's vast selling organization in Nebraska to be used as a political machine to capture the democratic presidential primary in the state next spring? Are Ford owners to be urged to act as precinct captains and workers in the interest of the Detroit man's candidacy?
Ford agents in the several county seats of north Nebraska, regardless of political affiliations and acting on instructions are securing from their county treasurers new and complete lists of the Ford owners in their respective counties and are paying well for the new mailing lists.

Wants More Gays.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: As a reader of your paper for 27 years, I saw several articles in your paper last summer in regard to slaying people 13 hours. I see that Mr. Gary has given up and let his men have eight hours in the mills.
Why should a certain western corporation, with headquarters in Omaha, force a few old men to slave 12 hours when every other department in their organization has eight hours? A READER.

Devastating.

Why bother about scrapping those ships at Philadelphia? Why not send them out to the Pacific coast for a cruise?—Monticello (Ind.) Journal.

Abe Martin



We haven't heard none of our returnin' senatorial investigators say they'd like 't live in Rushy, if they could sell out. Salesmen have long since discarded knockin' as bad business, but th' habit is still all th' rage 'mongst farmers.
(Copyright, 1923.)

The lists are being prepared and to whom they are being forwarded, although not denying that they have been requested to get them and admitting that they are not securing the lists for their own personal use.
L. C. PETERS.

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