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"IN HIS NAME." Scribner, Nebraska, is a big town only as you measure the heart of its citizens, and then it assumes more than metropolitan size.

Pete McLean is a Scribner character. Honest and industrious, Pete has had the bitter things of life to contend with. Little of joy and happiness has been his, compared with his sorrows and disappointments.

Too often such an opportunity as confronted the good people of Scribner that day is allowed to slip by unheeded. Not so in Scribner. Pete's friends, numbered by those who knew him, appreciated his long years of faithful service, his unwillingness to be a burden on society and his industry.

And then he saw smiling faces of neighbors as they peered at him from nearby corners and neighboring windows. With a rush those neighbors and friends surrounded the wondering old man, slapping him on the back, good naturedly railing him for being so frightened and trying to make him understand that the new team and the stout harness were only a partial expression of their love and esteem and appreciation.

Then it was that old Pete sat down and cried. He couldn't frame his lips to utter a single happy thought that swelled until his heart was nigh to bursting. Nor were Pete's eyes the only ones that were moist then. Bankers and merchants and business men whose eyes had not, perhaps, felt tears in many a year, turned away and tried to make their neighbors believe that it was merely dust or a floating cinder that required the sudden use of the handkerchief.

Scribner has held many a glorious celebration of the Fourth of July. Many a big picnic has been held in the outskirts of the little city. But we venture to assert that no celebration ever held there brought in its wake the community joy and the individual happiness that followed in the wake of the gift the community had made to good old Pete McLean.

His declining years have been made happy because he is assured of an opportunity to work and earn, instead of being a community charge. And the good people of Scribner—theirs has been the great joy of giving, than which no greater joy is offered to men.

Possibly there is a Pete McLean in a number of Nebraska towns. If so, then to each of those towns is offered an opportunity to hold a celebration that will make a Fourth of July affair seem like a blue Monday after a Sunday of rain and storm.

IOWA TO CALIFORNIA BY WATER. New England has made a discovery, and it might be well to share it with the middlewest. A cargo of merchandise recently traveled from an Iowa town to California by all-water transportation.

On the way back these barges carried full tonnage, mostly of "way" shipments, but enough to keep the cargo up to capacity. To be sure, 100 tons sounds small compared to the 5,000-ton freight train, but enough of those barges on the water would make a material difference in the freight-carrying problem.

That is the point. Pacific coast people have an advantage over the middlewest, because freight rates between the coasts rests on the rail and water basis. If the time comes when the great central empire can share in this, the money spent for building the Panama canal will begin to shed its benefits on the farmers who furnished a considerable portion of the total sum.

Those Mississippi barges are an object lesson, supporting what has been contended by the advocates of river improvement for many years. We watch the Missouri river sweep past Omaha day after day, concerning ourselves chiefly with getting the mud out of some millions of gallons each day for domestic use, neglecting its potential service as a freight carrier. The old river is capable of giving good return for a little care. Not a great deal of money is needed to put it to work, and some day that money will be forthcoming, for the people who might have the use of the river as a highway for reaching market with their products will not always be content with things as they are.

TRULY, HE WAS A WIZARD.

Charles Proteus Steinmetz, electrical wizard, is dead, cut off in the full flight of his wonderful power, apparently. We say apparently, because it always seems that a great man is taken just at a time when his services are most needed by the world, but who can say if he has not already done his work and the time is really ripe for his withdrawal.

Steinmetz was well named Proteus, for his life was protean, although he devoted many of his most productive years to the study of electricity, its phenomena and application. How much he did to develop the use of that mysterious force, to give to man the benefit of its energy, and to science an understanding of its qualities and properties, he himself could not have told. He did not earn the name of "Wizard" through mere experimentation alone, for his researches were largely, although not exclusively, along practical lines.

Steinmetz was in no sense a mystic, but he was among the large and important group of true scientists whose study and research deepened their sense of some higher power, something beyond the finite. One of his greatest writings was a series of articles, published recently in a great magazine in the course of which he humbly acknowledged and with devoutness argued the existence of a Supreme Being. He found little difficulty in his own mind in reconciling the discoveries of science with the thought of God.

The immediate cause of his death is set as strain endured on a recent journey to the west, which was too great for his feeble constitution. He was not a strong man, physically, but his weak frame did not dim the light of his wonderful mind, and he accomplished work of such magnitude as might exhaust the strongest. The world gained much from him.

Miss Pearl Showalter, who lives out on Spaulding street, comes into the spotlight for very favorable consideration. "Stick 'em up!" commanded a footpad. Miss Showalter stuck 'em up, as did her companion. Did she become hysterical, or faint, or whimper, or anything like that? She did not. When the footpad set about to search her, what did he get?

A good, swift kick from a foot impelled by the full strength of an indignant young woman. That was all. While he threatened to slap her, the robber let her alone.

Not all women have the courage and presence of mind Miss Showalter exhibited on this occasion, but it would be a good thing if they had. A well planted kick from a woman will take a lot of self-conceit out of a footpad. Even if he has a gun or other weapon in his hand, he knows he is engaged in dirty business when he sets about to rob a woman, and if she can help his self-respect to assert itself by kicking him some place where it counts, she may not only escape the indignity of being pawed over by a strange man, but may help to win him back to ways of honesty through making him ashamed of himself.

Dropping the speculative features of the case, Miss Showalter did what very few women would do under the circumstances, and deserves due credit for her act. It shows her to be self-possessed, prompt and decisive, and of a pluck that will aid her to defend herself. These are all admirable qualities, and we salute her accordingly.

Bankers in session in Omaha were told that the American farmer is not "red," nor in any danger of becoming so. Well for the world that this is true. Now the bankers can perform a greater service for the farmer than merely to proclaim his sanity and loyalty. The latter was well and often proved during every crisis that has confronted the country. No men have stood more firmly for America from Concord down to Argonne than the American farmer.

The office boy, after reading divers and sundry pleas from Europe that we extend help, suggests that the folks over there visit their public libraries and borrow copies of Samuel Smiles' more or less famous book.

The most recent addition to the collection of useless information is that eight brothers, the eldest 70 and the youngest 59, held a reunion in Atlantic City, and claimed that none of them had ever tasted liquor of any kind.

And the chances are that a majority of the people think the new ambassador to the court of St. James is the man who makes the breakfast food.

Incidentally it will require more than the wearing of a nightshirt and a pillowslip to convince most of us that the wearer is a genuine American.

Another proof that Lloyd George has a long head on his shoulders. He took good care to visit Washington while congress was not in session.

The digging up of a couple of gorilla-shaped men in California is calculated to make W. J. B. revolute some more.

"Whither are we drifting?" excitedly queries the Aberdeen News. Huh; isn't everybody speeding these days?

But why call it the rent octopus? An octopus has only eight legs, or arms, or whatever you call them.

We are not hearing so much about state coal these days. Is the governor growing slack?

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

DREAMING THEIR DREAMS. Down the quiet lane they walk; Under the golden moon they talk. Weaving love's themes— Building tomorrow with fervor true, Feeling the thrill that lovers do— Dreaming their dreams.

"The People's Voice"

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

Motors' Eyes. Norfolk, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I have been a subscriber to The Omaha Bee for several years and would not think to be without it.

You have a mighty fine paper. I wish to commend you upon the stand you are taking regarding auto accidents, their causes and way to reduce them to a minimum, as a great per centum of them are avoidable.

You will find that over 50 per cent of all auto accidents are a result of abnormal vision and eye strain. California has recognized this and has acted accordingly for the safety of its citizens. Other states are considering passage of laws to require a law requiring every motorist to driver to come to a full stop before crossing any steam car tracks.

Ten miles an hour within the city limits and 20 outside should govern all traffic. It should be born in mind that the driver of the motor car is not at all faultless. Many pedestrians go to sleep at intersections and invite trouble. Any motorist will say the same. Arrest a few of them; it might help. C. E. CAMPEBELL, 3007 Nicholas Street.

Stop Street Accidents. Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I am in favor of the regulation of motor vehicle drivers. The large number of motor vehicles now being driven on our streets and highways makes such regulation an absolute necessity.

A Wauna store turned a lot of chicken loose the other day, the same being an advertising stunt and highly successful. The Gazette's account of it falls to reveal that any preachers were crushed in the general mix-up.

Noting a shortage of the cotton crop the Silver Creek Sand advises its readers not to tear their shirts over any of the burning issues of the hour.

The Phelps county delinquent tax list occupies less than three columns in the Holdrege Citizen, and Editor Kingdon don't know whether to rejoice with Phelps county prosperity holders or commiserate with himself.

In addition to being always poetic, Allan Raby of the Aurora Herald is occasionally sarcastic. He says, after recalling Will Carleton's famous poem, that if some heartless children of today should start their mother over the hill to the poor house, some kind neighbor would come along and give her a lift in his auto.

"There is a lot of practical energy in and around Clarke's going to waste," mourns the Enterprise, "for lack of practical application in the upbuilding of our home community. The Enterprise suggests the organization of clubs for the boys and girls. Investment in a few buck-saws and dish-rags might help some if use thereof were made imperative."

The Hay Springs News complains about their being too many conventions and intimates that about all the standards bring back is a headache. Editor Benches must be doubtful about prohibition enforcement.

The Gordon Journal is promoting a corn show in Sheridan county, thus destroying an illusion that all the corn in Sheridan county was on No. 9 feet in No. 7 shoes.

The Fairbury Journal mourns the destruction of a lot of idols and ideals in this iconoclastic age. Editor Cramb must have recently made up his mind that the prize in the package isn't worth the expenditure.

The Atkinson Graphic urges chicken raisers to ventilate their chicken houses. Wonder if Editor Kelley follows his own advice? Or is he afraid the chickens would go home?

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The Orchard News complains bitterly about the lack of initiative on the part of Orchard bachelors who allowed a winsome widow of that city to visit a neighboring county and bring back a husband.

A number of Nebraska newspapers are running missing word contests. The words most notably missing during the last five or six years are: "Have another one on me."

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION for September, 1923, of THE OMAHA BEE Daily 72,518 Sunday 75,942

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 5th day of October, 1923. W. H. QUIVERY, Notary Public.

A Handy Place to Eat Hotel Conant 16th and Farnam—Omaha The Center of Convenience



MOTHER NATURE'S CHILDREN. What have you seen? Are you ever attracted by the voice of the world of nature which surrounds you?

THE FRUITFUL EARTH. To one who knows the woods, trees present an astonishing vigor of life. Everywhere are these living things, eager to drink in the rainfall and the sunshine, aspiring to meet the sun to touch the sky.

Man would be a fool not to make use of this urgent vigor of life. This is the right driving force. He would be a fool to destroy it utterly in his magnificent vitality. It is a thing so easy to perpetuate, so responsive to man's will, that we might well set torch to our grain fields as destroy our forests.

LISTENING IN On the Nebraska Press. Sidney now has a girls' saxophone band and Guy Doran enthusiastically asserts in his Telegraph that the membership consists of ten of the most talented and prettiest girls in the town.

Writing of the third annual golf tournament at Gothenburg Editor Botkin lays special stress on the chicken dinner that followed.

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"From State and Nation"

—Editorials from Other Newspapers—

Ways With the Reckless. From the Aurora Republican. So much has been written and said about speeding, careless driving and the tendency of some motorists to disregard all the natural and state laws intended to protect the life and liberty of individuals that we feel somewhat timid in commenting upon the situation.

There are, however, some remedies which, though they may prove futile, are at least worth trying. It is possible, for instance, to incarcerate offenders against the safety of the public. Even the lowest forms of animal life will learn to avoid certain things when experience has proven that a repetition of the act brings forth certain and unpleasant punishment.

There is, in addition, the method which parents use with an unruly child—the playing can be taken away until the child has learned not to abuse his privileges when using it. A mental examination for prospective drivers is another means of diminishing the danger. So far, none of these have been tried in this state.

Lame Ducks Flying Over. From the Milwaukee Journal. We are not to have a great ambassador to Britain to redeem the pitiful failure of Harvey. Frank B. Kellogg probably will not make a joke of himself, but there is nothing to suggest that Mr. Kellogg would favor conservatives to be expected, and there would have been applause if it had been possible to name Elihu Root.

Probably it is true as reported that Mr. Root did not feel he could undertake this. But a dozen names will occur readily of men whose ability would have promised a new and brighter chapter for American diplomacy.

Probably the east will rush in to say that Mr. Kellogg of Minnesota is appointed as a compliment to the midwest. To his own part of the country, however, particularly to his own state which repudiated him, this will seem just another lame duck appointment. Mr. Kellogg is an able lawyer; he was for a while on the "trust-busting" staff; for a longer while he has been more closely identified with corporations. Minnesota tried him, found him sane and sane reaction-ary and gave him up. In all of this there is nothing to suggest a mind trained in international problems, capable of furthering greatly the good work that nations with the conscious-ness of humiliating failure.

Likewise the men who made the constitution felt the deepest disappointment and dejection at what they had wrought. Alexander Hamilton is quoted as saying that it was "a shilly-shally thing, of mere milk and water, which could not last and was good only as a step to something better." Almost at his death, Hamilton wrote of the constitution: "Contrary to all my expectations of its fate, as you know, I am still trying to prop the frail and worthless fabric."

George Mason said that such a constitution "must end either in monarchy or tyrannical aristocracy."

A Bit of Bichology. From the Baltimore Sun. A little patch of cotton was tended by an ancient colored man who owned a spavined mule. The ancient man paid a third of his crop as rent, and a white man sold him fertilizer to grow his crop. When the cotton was opened the ancient man paid \$2.50 to have a bale ginned. Then he sold it to a street buyer, who paid him 28 cents a pound, added a profit, and sold the bale to a broker.

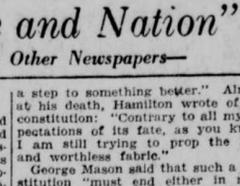
The cotton was shipped by truck. The broker added a profit and sold to a cotton mill. The bale was shipped by rail. The mill made the cotton into cloth, added a profit, and sold the cloth to a manufacturer of garments. The manufacturer hired a cutter to fashion a frock and a girl to stitch the seams and affix the buttons. Then he added a profit and sold the frock to a wholesaler. It was carried across town in a truck. The wholesaler placed the garment on a rack, added a profit, and sold it to an out of town merchant. It was shipped by express.

The merchant placed the frock in his window and priced it \$9.98, which represented a comfortable profit. The garment in the window represented 38 cents' worth of raw material, \$1.35 worth of labor, \$2.98 worth of transportation and \$5.55 worth of salesmanship.

It was a nice little frock, but nobody bought it—not because the price was too high, but because everybody had an idea that it couldn't be worth much at that price. Then the merchant removed it from the window and placed it in a form in a great room that boasted a Persian rug, soft rose lights and three dozen palms. There was a yellow-haired princess to tell patrons about the frock, and the new priced tag read \$135. Seventeen sweet ladies sighed and wished they could afford it, and the 18th bought it after a futile effort to find something more expensive.

The ancient colored man made a small crop and will begin the next season owing the landlord \$36.12 for fat pork and molasses.

The Customer Had One. "Yes, sir," said the barber, "my poor brother, Jim, has been sent to an asylum. He got to broodin' over the hard times, and it finally drove him crazy. He and I worked side by side, and we both brooded a great deal. No money in this business now, you know. Prices too low. Unless a customer has a shampoo, it doesn't pay to shave or hair-cut. I caught Jim trying to cut a chap's throat because he declined a shampoo, so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me sad. Sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him slash. It would have been our revenge. Shampoo, sir?"—Sydney (Australia) Sun.



NO TOOTH PICKING! The Lark's boy, in college, has written 'his paw askin' if it'll make any difference 't him if he drops math an' takes trombone. What's become o' 't ole unwritten law against payin' over one week's wages for a month's rent?

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