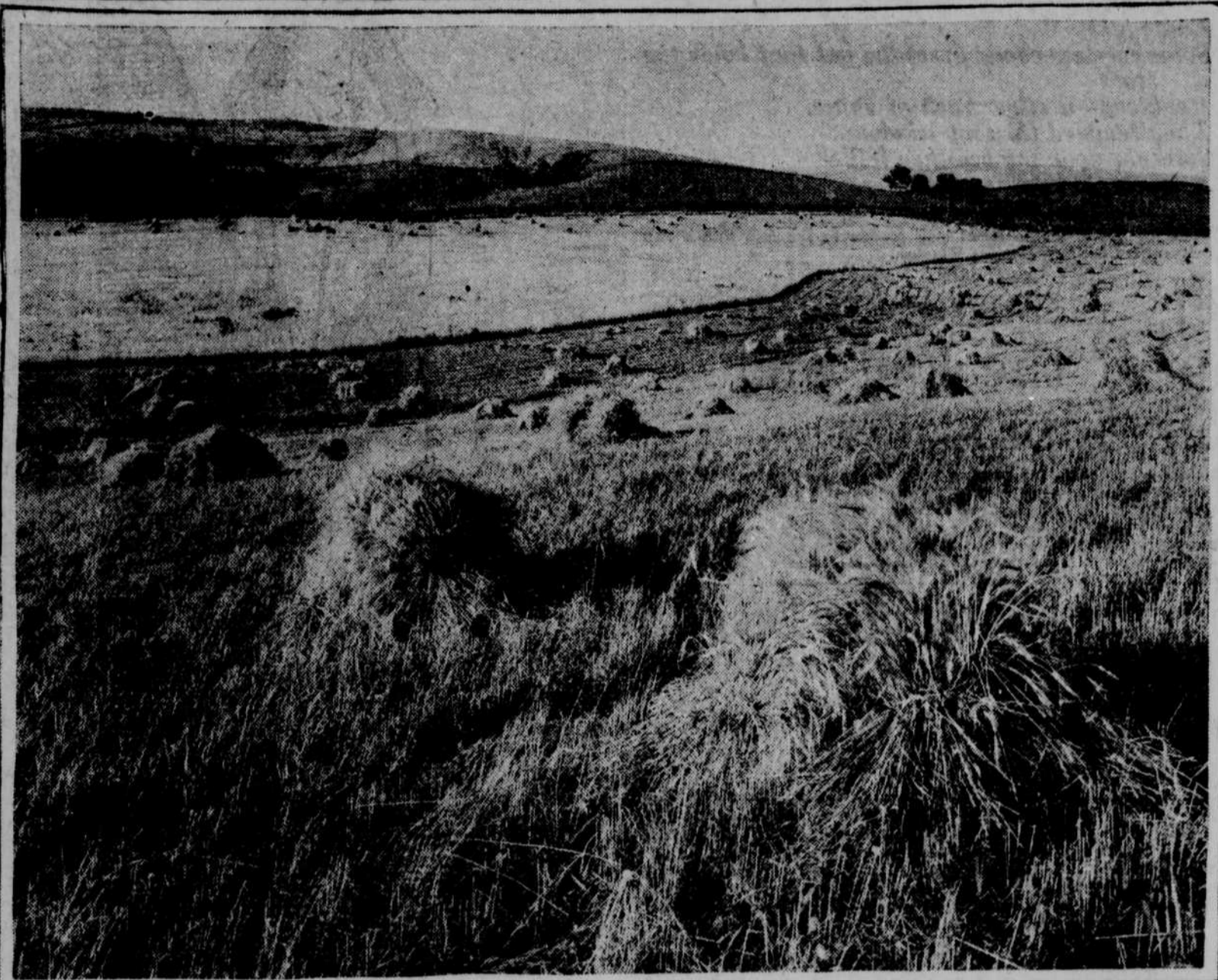


The Worth of the "Worthless West"



year 1924, two states within the confines of this one "Worthless West" will produce approximately one-fifth of all the wheat produced in the United States.

The Evolution of Transportation.

Less than three-quarters of a century ago, weary emigrants trailed their slow ox teams across this "Worthless West," their eyes fixed upon the sun-down slopes of the Pacific coast. For 600 miles across the rolling plains, thought to be barren but rich beyond compare in potential wealth; over 500 miles of mountains, snow-capped and looked upon as merely a barrier which must be surmounted to reach a promised land beyond, but rich beyond human calculation in mineral wealth—over 1,100 miles the emigrants toiled in heart-breaking weariness. They envisioned only a small territory in the northwest, and thought as they traveled over plains and mountain ranges that they were forever leaving kindred and former homes. Warily a one hoped ever to make the backward journey because of its hardships. They had buried comrades all along the weary miles, and the bleached bones of their domestic animals made a line of glistening white to mark the course of their torturous journey.

A quarter of a century later the journey that took them a year to make was made in a week over the steel highway of the Union Pacific. Another quarter of a century saw that time cut in half, and still another quarter century saw the men of the air making the same distance in less than 24 hours. Then it took nine months to get a letter back to friends and relatives left east of the Mississippi river. Today it is a matter of minutes only to get in touch with the telephone or the telegraph. Their grandchildren go farther in a day by automobile than they went in a month with their ox teams.

In the last 50 years the once "Worthless West" has produced more agricultural, live stock and mineral wealth than the other portion of the republic produced in the first 100 years of our national history.

Great Cities Where Once Stood Indian Villages.

It was the surplus wheat and corn and beef and pork and mutton of this once "Worthless West" that fed the allied armies. Scarcely more than a half century ago the "Worthless West" of Webster's vision saw its hardy pioneers fighting off the savage Indian foe. Today it is dotted in all its broad expanse by teeming towns and cities, fashioned into an incomparable landscape of cultivated farms, and filled with homes in which happiness and content reign in greater measure than anywhere else upon God's footstool.

This, today, is the "Worthless West" that Thomas Jefferson bought, the "Great American Desert" of the school geographies of white and grandfathers and grandmothers pored in a time that seems but yesterday. The sun shines upon no equal expanse so wonderful in its development, so rich in its resources or so bountiful in its production.

Our Public Servants

The Inquisitive Reporter

Of course you do not like to see your name in the paper.

And that inquisitive young fellow who comes prying around into your affairs— isn't he just the darndest nuisance in the world? Pity you can't frame up some big business deal without having some nosy reporter coming around and boring you to death with questions.

If you and a little bunch of the boys want to meet in the back room and frame up some little political deal, aiming to put something over on the public, there ought to be a law passed to prevent one of those snooping reporters from worming the

Not a bit more than you like to be written out. He takes no joy in writing the story of a boy's doings or a daughter's disgrace. He would much prefer to write a story about your success than your failure, and he doesn't chortle with glee when he reports the sordid details of a divorce suit.

Give him an excuse to write something nice about you and he'll jump at the chance. Assign him to the task of digging out the facts that will disgrace you in the eyes of the public you pretended to serve and he goes at it with reluctance. But those things go with his job, and, like the good soldier he always is, if he is the right kind of a reporter, he obeys orders from the man on the city desk.

The shirker, the grouch, the rough-neck never last long on the reporting job. That's why the reporter you meet is pretty near always a well-bred, gentlemanly fellow, a keen judge of human nature—and, too, it is mighty hard to put anything over on him.

Statesmanship is housekeeping—the only difference is the size of the family. Any president or governor can, if he wishes, have access to all the relevant facts. If he honestly examines the facts, he need never be in doubt as to the right course to pursue. The real question is never what is the right course. You can always find that. The question is whether you have the courage to take that course.—"Al" Smith, governor of New York and candidate for the democratic presidential nomination.

A generation of children is growing up today who are utterly incapable of carrying a tune, and this musical retrogression is due to our women. In how many homes will you find nursery songs hummed and crooned? Only old-fashioned mothers are still brave enough to give their little ones this vitally important, ground-floor instruction in music. Instead, social and business affairs rob the home of repose, the twilight hour of quiet. Foreign countries have folklore and folk-song because repose still exists in this side of life. America will not have a musical tradition.—David Manner, conductor of the Metropolitan concert.



facts out of one of you and giving them to the newspapers.

Isn't it a blooming shame that you can't take on a cargo supplied by your favorite bootlegger, slam your own automobile into that of a perfect stranger and pay your fine the next morning without having one of those sneaking reporters making you notorious?

No, you don't want a bit of news this morning, do you? And then you pick up your evening paper and wonder why that lazy, incompetent reporter didn't have a word to say about that bully speech you made at the annual banquet of the Society for the Promotion of Piffle, or that big real estate deal you just put over.

The reporter doesn't like to read you out of bed at midnight and ask you a lot of impertinent questions.

Need for World Co-Operation Emphasized by Exposition Program

By H. G. WELLS.

(Author of "Outline of History," "Special Cable Dispatch to The Omaha Bee," London, August 1.—The British Empire exhibition at Wembley is open to all sorts of criticism and is occasionally quite absurd, but it contrives to be entertaining. Many of us dislike the Kipling quality and the strong unpleasant flavor of imperial preference, that hangs about it. I have reviled its commercialism; its relative disregard of educational duties and responsibilities; its suggestion of imperial self-sufficiency. But all sorts of conferences are meeting at Wembley and occasionally a strong breath of human common sense dispels for a time the stuffy, foggy conceit of our recent and transitory empire, Wembley, in spite of itself, becomes international and contributes to the project of a new world.

The British electrical and associated trades have been holding a most enlightening and hopeful conference on the power resources of the world—not of the empire but of the world. Prominent among the speakers at the opening was the secretary of the United States federal power commission, the president of the Italian electric committee and other "outsiders." A real attempt to see the world as one economic whole has been made. A frank admission of the need for organized world unity and world co-operation underlies the activities of this particular gathering.

Prince Grows in Wisdom.

The president of the conference was the prince of Wales. He made a very remarkable speech. Three or four years ago I made a number of people extremely indignant by criticizing the world tour of the prince. I complained that his speeches and proceedings seemed to ignore the world situation and to intensify the imperialist egotism of the narrower sort of English throughout the world. He did seem to me then to be behaving, as so many army and Indian civil service people and so forth still behave, as if the British empire was a clique of Anglican communities aloof from the common interests of mankind. Quite a number of worthy persons seemed to think that a typical common Englishman like myself had no right to pass a judgment upon a young prince a quarter of a century his junior, simply because that young man happened to be the

their apparent. They wanted him to be treated as divine, above politics. But that sort of thing is not in the English tradition. The British royal family is not divine; it cannot keep out of politics if it is to function at all, because it has constantly to speak and act in the empire as a whole; and it is a matter of very great importance that the prince should show himself as he has now shown himself, growing in political wisdom and sensible of the wider vision of human unity that opens before mankind. Here for example is a sentence from his speech in which he sinks the prince altogether, lost in that much nobler thing, the creative citizen of the world.

"Finance, science and research are universal, but the utilization of the results derived from these activities is not universal and in this disparity lies one of the greatest obstacles to progress."

And again: "You have before you, in the reports submitted to the world power conference, the war material for a survey of the power resources of the world; you can now explore many countries, which have hitherto been veiled in mystery, and assess at their true value the possibilities of immense industrial development in many of them; you may, from this material, erect the structure which will go beyond the confines of one country, or group of countries, and include all those parts of the world where man can hope to prosper. International co-operation may emerge from the realm of the ideal into the realm of practical utilization as the result of your deliberations, and I sincerely trust that full success will attend them."

Repudiates Royalty.

I doubt if any royal personage has ever so distinctly repudiated that narrow particularism to the realm, to which royalty is supposed to be distinctively pledged. This is hoisting the flag of the world state over all the imperial flags that wave from the Wembley buildings as plainly and frankly as, considering all things, it can be done—at Wembley.

In very many ways the last half year has been a year of mental and moral recovery in Europe. A year ago when one wrote of nationalism as a dangerous and dividing force, the conference has been talking pure Liblism as a balance, of the pre-emption of this

or that supply of necessary national material in the interests of the exploiters under this or that flag as a method of crippling and wasting the whole economic life of mankind, one felt that one was writing and thinking in an almost hopeless minority. All the world seemed to have gone nationalist and exclusively. One felt one shouted to an entirely inattentive preoccupied crowd under a stormy sky against which nothing was bright but the national and imperial flags.

Flags were supreme. Now it is as if the sun of reason shone everywhere and the sundering flags visibly droop in that sunlight.

These are moments when it would seem that after all man is a reasonable creature. The accumulation of considerations that is now plainly driving men in spite of ancient tradition and prejudices towards an organized cosmopolitanism is very great.

These considerations come in on us from all sides. While one is refusing to be anything but an isolated patriot of his country, one is being underdetermined almost unawares upon another. Many of us who will hear of no super-government to save us from war, nor of any properly equipped and provided super-court to settle international disputes, find ourselves presently confronted by the problem of epidemics and consenting to the idea of super-national controls from the health point of view. The postal union, which the great war strained but has not destroyed, is after all only the thin framework of a much more comprehensive union of communications. When I read the speech of the prince of Wales of the world's power conference I was at once reminded of the preachings and efforts of that wonderful old man, David Lubin, the Israelite who set up the international institute of agriculture.

The chief objective of this "institute" was a contemporary survey with a view to a proper distribution of the world's staple products. Shortages were to be anticipated and headed off, over-production was to be restrained. And arising out of this main idea was Lubin's secondary project, the placing of all the shipping of the world and all the great international railway lines—he lived before air transport seemed a probability—under one world authority which would fix freights as well as postal charges. This power conference has been talking pure Liblism about the world distribution of power.

I suppose it is because I had a biological training that I find one of the most attractive arguments for world unity and the suppression of flag-worship, in the need of protecting whales from ourselves and ourselves from bacteria. The dwindling world fauna of this planet is in urgent need of international game laws and a super-national gamekeeper. Species of whales are being exterminated because the ocean is no man's land and if one state restrains its whalers from excessive wasteful slaughter, they can shelter their activities beneath some less scrupulous flag. Diseases cannot be stamped out of the world by systematic sanitation while one affected power sea fit to exercise its sovereign right to remain filthy. And any species of birds or beasts that lives under a careless flag may be exterminated by the sportsman and no one has a right to protest. The gorilla, they say is going fast and the African elephant. These marvels of life, these strange and wonderful beings of whose vitality and impulses we know so little, are being killed because they are insufficiently protected. Their chief slaughterers are patriotic collectors and the fewer the survivors the better is the competition for specimens to adorn their beasty national collections. Yet the gorilla belongs not to the flag that claims its habitat but to all mankind. It belongs to me, to any man in Canada or in Texas as much as it does to any West African or any Belgian. But there is no world control to protect these grotesque and marvelous creatures, for us and for our children's children. They will go—one more vivid item in the vast wastage of animal, vegetable and mineral wealth that the scrambling insufficiency of mere flag rule involves. For them and for a thousand vital treasures the world government may come too late. Yet that it is coming rapidly and surely, the world and the spirit of the discourse of the prince of Wales, in that very temple of British imperial exclusiveness, the Wembley empire exhibition, bear witness. Wembley to have inaugurated imperial preference but it is really imperial preference lying in state. I wonder how many years it will be before we have a world exhibition to bring home to us the need for free trade, free speech and free movement everywhere under unified world controls. (Copyright, 1924.)

Stupidity of British and French Premiers Hurts Dawes Plan

By DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.

(Ex-Premier of Great Britain.)

(Special Cable to The Omaha Bee, London, Aug. 2.—When is an acceptance not an acceptance?

When the present London conference met, every interested power had already accepted the Dawes report—months ago. The Poincare ministry passed into history weeks ago, and weeks before its demise—weeks before it expected death was nigh—it accepted the Dawes report. Duesen

every industry in the foreign office pie-holes on the Dawes acceptance by Germany, Britain, Italy and Belgium assented in the early spring days amid "loud cheers" in their respective parliaments. The Dawes report, as it left the ante-room after the signature of all parties, was smothered in confetti of every color and quality. Politicians,

journalists, financiers, business men all rained perfumed compliments upon it. And yet the conference which was called, as we all hoped, to ratify this much assented document, is still arguing, maneuvering and vacillating about something which has, over and over again, been agreed and then regarded and finally reaffirmed.

There have been four commissions of eminent politicians, experts and jurists sitting for more than a fortnight to interpret an agreed report and additional commissions appointed or called in to discuss findings or clear up reservations of original commissions, and plenary sittings to explain away misunderstandings of the lot. Why all this maddening fuss? The committee of experts succeeded, in February, in at last disentangling the confused skein left by the Ruhr middle—they wound the thread up into a neat ball everywhere known as the Dawes report. It was all ready for the knitting of a firm peace and yet the tangle seems now as hopeless as ever.

Failure Inconceivable.

It will all come right in the end. It is inconceivable that there should be failure to agree when everybody wants to agree.

At Geneva it was different. The French delegates were instructed to make discreetness. Eight hundred telegrams from Quai d'Orsay kept them faithful to their treacherous mission. Belgium played a poor, servile part. M. Theunis, who is an honorable man, disdained the role assigned to his government and stayed at home. But he found a worthy instrument. The conference was doomed to disagree. But here is a conference where every power represented is anxious to settle. The principal parties were in such a hurry to agree and to let it be known that they were agreed that they reached agreement and proclaimed agreement before they had the slightest hope as to what they had agreed upon. Hence the mischief. The handling has been clumsy beyond all belief. The Chequers muddle, followed by the Paris surrender, necessarily led to the London recantation. A perfectly simple proposition has been tied up into almost inextricable knots by histrionic amateurishness.

Clumsy Premiers.

When the British and French prime ministers met to discuss the report neither of them had taken the trouble to consult the only advisers who could have given them the whole of the facts and had the slightest hope as to the best method of dealing with them. It must have been evident to any man of affairs that the success or failure of the Dawes scheme depended on the chances of floating the £40,000,000 loan. Without that the Dawes plan would be stillborn. Will it be believed that Messrs. Herriot and MacDonald held their Chequers

and Paris conferences without any previous consultation with their financial advisers as to conditions under which flotation would be possible? Nor were any financial persons permitted to take part in these fatuous variations on the new diplomacy. Had they been present the two prime ministers would have been told that the Paris terms were impossible. But no representative of the British treasury was allowed to enter these hallowed conclaves. The ground had not been surveyed and prospecting in either Britain or France with a view to ascertaining how the Dawes report could best be brought into operation. And, since the British and French premiers never approached their own finance ministers or bankers, it is hardly necessary to say that they never sounded the American financiers as to the conditions which they would impose before they could advance their shares of the prospective loan. Yet, without the help of the American bankers, the experts' report is a dead letter. Did the French or British governments ever communicate on the subject with the American secretary of state? He is primarily responsible for the appointment of the expert commission. Was he ever asked his opinion as to the best method of carrying out its recommendations? If he was consulted, then why was his advice rejected?

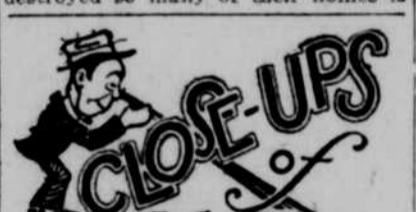
Lacks Experience.

M. Herriot may be excused for his ill-prepared precipitancy. He is very new to these great tasks. He held high office for the first time when he became prime minister of France last month, and he has had no time for elaborate examination and preparation. Mr. MacDonald has not quite as good an excuse. He has been in office several months. It is true that he had no previous experience of office or business. But that made it all the more necessary that he should confer carefully with those who had a thorough acquaintance with the intricacies of these complicated problems, and who could inform him and instruct him as to the position and warn him as to the perils. They were ready to his hand at the treasury and in the city. He had plenty of time to steep himself in fact, figure and good counsel. Without any private rehearsal, he dashed on the stage when the lights were on and the house packed with an expectant audience. That is why a play, which was destined for an easy success, drags wearily. Still, it must surely succeed if they keep at it. The audience is patient as well as expectant. It is also friendly and interested, and

therefore profoundly anxious for success. Fortunately, the ablest and most experienced statesman in the conference—M. Theunis—is the one who has the most direct interest in pulling through the Dawes report. I can understand Frenchmen being honestly anxious about the effect which the carrying out of some of the experts' recommendations might have on the security of their country. I do not take their view. Sooner or later, they must trust for their safety to the goodwill of the world. But they have a bitter experience which makes them anxious. The world's goodwill came in too late in 1914 to protect their fairest provinces from the ravaging claws of the devastator. Their reluctance to free the arsenals that destroyed so many of their homes is

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W. H. MURRAY, general passenger agent for the Union Pacific railroad system, with which he has been associated for 37 years.

By J. T. ARMSTRONG. His appearance: Tall, rather lean, but never slouchy. Hair of light brown, sparse, but sufficient to accomplish its purpose. A mistake of the same color. Hazel eyes which might incorrectly be called green. A rather long and somewhat four face, which ceases to be four on the appearance of a smile, ornamented by gold glasses with shell rims.

His habits and interests: Converses in a drawing manner which is apt to make strangers believe him ironical. Enjoys luncheons with associates, especially if there is plenty of time for food and conversation. Shows favoritism for politics as a topic, but also enjoys harking back to the days when theatrical companies did more traveling. Tells interesting reminiscences concerning the host of show people which he numbers among his friends.

An idiosyncrasy: Is still hesitating to drive the automobile which he purchased more than a year ago, although he has taken several lessons.

His first job: Stenographer for the Burlington railroad at Chicago.

His identity: W. H. Murray, general passenger agent for the Union Pacific railroad system, with which he has been associated for 37 years.

than the intelligible. I can understand the British manufacturer getting apprehensive at the prospect of this stream of foreign gold flowing into Germany to pay for reparations coal and goods supplied to the army of occupation. It will revive the drooping energies of his most formidable competitor in the markets of the world. But Belgium has a special interest in the success of the scheme; she has her priority. The first overflow from the cistern must be directed into her channels. A hard-pressed finance minister—and M. Theunis holds that office in addition to that of premier—must be thirsting for this cooling draught from the golden goblets of Wall street and the Broadway street. It is therefore, surprising, to find M. Theunis laboring hard at fresh suggestions for accommodating differences and clearing obstacles. He cannot walk home without his priority gold. He is very resourceful, very conciliatory and very reasonable. His lead is manifest in all negotiations at this conference and, although I have seen him fail to bring M. Poincare to reason, he may, and probably will, have better luck with M. Herriot.

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S.S.S. makes you feel like yourself again!