

THE OMAHA BEE MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

GET THE AUTO-MURDERERS.

Two persons were killed on roads near Omaha Sunday, because drivers of autos did not observe ordinary caution. In one case a car that stopped was struck and overturned by a following car, and a woman killed.

In neither case is the culprit known, because in both instances the driver of the death car fled. Iowa authorities are reported to be conducting a state-wide search for one outfit, and the Nebraska authorities are determined to find the other.

No driver ever sets out with the deliberate intention of killing anybody. Probably nobody regrets a fatal accident more than the one who causes it.

When some action is taken by the authorities to make the penalty of this sort of criminal carelessness outbalance the thrill, the sport will become less popular. If drivers knew the penitentiary was at the end of the route, in event anybody dies because of their speeding, there would be less speeding.

PRAIRIES SOON WILL BLAZE.

Early visitors to Nebraska were charmed by the landscape. From the Missouri river far back and up toward the Rocky mountains, the sweeping plains were covered with lush grasses, besprinkled with flowers of varied and brilliant hues.

All that belongs to a past day in Nebraska's history, although men and women now living well recall the blazing prairies. This year we are to witness something as nearly akin to that as is possible in a region where most of the land is under fence and cultivated.

The prairies will figuratively blaze once more in Nebraska this coming fall. Our people certainly are not insensitive to the compliment thus paid them. As intelligent, progressive, and independent voters, their verdict is worth something to the parties.

FIRPO AN UNDESIRABLE ALIEN?

Luis Angel Firpo came to the United States to carry out an engagement that may turn over to him a quarter of a million dollars. He is to exchange buffets with an American citizen. Hypothetically, some one of the multitudinous and unclassified honors of Fiftiana is involved in the affair.

Senor Firpo approached our hospitable shores in company with a young woman who admits she is not his wife. He was admitted, while she was sent on to Havana. Some years ago, when Gorki, the Russian novelist, sprung an unofficial "wife" on New York society, he was surprised at the public reaction, and returned to Russia more than ever convinced that Americans are hopelessly "boozeh-wah," uncouth and lacking in the proper qualities for accurately estimating a genius.

to the relations between the South American pugilist and the woman who waits for him at Havana. What action the commissioner may take is not indicated.

Americans are not prudish, or squeamish as a rule, but they do have certain old-fashioned notions, and we doubt if they are sufficiently enamored of the prospect of seeing a foreign prize fighter to willingly forego their traditions of decency.

ENGLAND'S LABOR GOVERNMENT.

An interesting thought comes up in connection with the address of Richard Henry Tawney of England, before the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Mass., last week. Mr. Tawney, who is Premier Ramsey MacDonald's chief adviser, asserted that the British labor party has become "a permanent phenomenon in British politics."

"A socialist and pacifist is prime minister. A socialist and pacifist is chancellor of the exchequer. The founder of the Fabian society is president of the board of trade. The former secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen is minister of war.

After allowance is made for the British Tories, who are much like the Bourbons, in that they never forget anything and never learn anything, Mr. Tawney's assumption of permanence fails to take into full consideration the mutations of politics out of which the British labor party was born.

A more interesting point is whether Ramsay MacDonald is premier because he is a socialist and a pacifist, or in spite of it? Whether Snowden was made chancellor because he is a socialist, or Sidney Webb was put at the head of the Board of Trade because he formed the Fabian society, or for some other evidence of marked ability?

Germany's president was a harnessmaker, but that had no bearing on his being chosen president. Warren G. Harding was a printer and an editor, and yet became president. Woodrow Wilson was a school teacher. The list is instructive, and bears out the thought that men are not put into high public place because they have a trade or calling, but because they have brains, and a fitness for public service.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW FIND CHAMPION.

Some diligent excavator may yet unearth the original copy of the mother-in-law joke. It comes down to us from an antiquity that is awful to contemplate. Only, if all that has been so far discovered is reliable, mother-in-law in troglodyte days was valued because of her usefulness.

Somewhere along the line the mother-in-law joke was evolved. It is perhaps the hardest of the lot. At any rate it lives among jests just as the shark and the alligator do among the denizens of the deep.

It is well to remember that mother-in-law is also grandmother. She is useful in so many ways that no home can be really happy without her.

The suggestion that the automobile speeder be called a "motorhorn" does not meet with the approval of this Great Family Journal. "Jailbird" is the proper appellation.

Just a little mistake in orthography on the part of those who called it the "Great American Desert." It is really the Great American Dessert.

Several weeks ago we admonished the world that Nebraska had never lost a crop because of too much rain. Look at what happened!

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet— Robert Worthington Davie THE HILLS. I love the placid valley, The awarded waving wheat; But to the hills I sally, Because the hills are old And wise, and they remind me Of deeds ennobled, wrought By higher hands and kindly, Which fashion dream and thought.

I love the prairie, blending Its green with heaven's gray; But lonely is its ending, And, oh, so far away! Its width and breadth enthral me, Its welcome seemeth cold— Because the great hills call me, And they are wise and old. I love the glade so quiet, The trees that "round it rise, The stream that journeys by, And murmurs lullabies;— But me my fancies carry From valley, glade and rill, From vacant, lonely prairie Unto the welcoming hills.

Waiting for the Starter's Gun



Letters From Our Readers

All letters must be signed, but some will be withheld upon request. Communications and news items will be given preference.

Toward Which We Move.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Young people have too much freedom, older people are saying, and the Franks murder case in Chicago is being pointed out as a horrible example.

The young millionaire murderers did have too much freedom, but chiefly such freedom as their money gave them, and certainly they had too much money and too much leisure. They are horrible examples, not of excessive freedom, but of unearned wealth and leisure popularly supposed to supply incentive for doing things under the present industrial system.

Loeb and Leopold did things all right, but they did nothing for the world, gave it no new discovery, extended no knowledge of discoveries already made. They had no ideals, dreamed no dreams, and approached young manhood extreme types of that individualism on which the present industrial system is based.

Youth is only another name for possibility, and the exuberance of youth may be trained and turned into a mighty motive force for betterment.

Loeb and Leopold were radicals in the usually understood sense, were trying to tear down institutions, were foredoomed. Extreme individualists, like these two young men, are incapable of serving any movement, good or bad. They can't co-operate.

Youth is only another name for possibility, and the exuberance of youth may be trained and turned into a mighty motive force for betterment. No goody-goody counsel will do it, no ferocious belittling preaching, no mistaken pointing toward a placid, submissive, eating, breeding existence.

We didn't know Joe Lark had a second-hand car till he told us he wuz jest tinkerin' around. Some lawyers don't seem 't defend no-buddy but guilty people. (Copyright, 1924.)

NET AVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION for June, 1924, of THE OMAHA BEE Daily 74,616 Sunday 76,224

Does not include returns, left-overs, samples or papers spoiled in printing and includes no special sales or free circulation of any kind.

V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of July, 1924. W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public

A German Call.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: In your issue of August 2 you write: "We know what we think of a man who tortures a baby, but cannot put it in the paper."

That indeed is good news for the poor babies in Germany who have outlived the tortures for the last six years—tortures of hunger with the consent of the American people. I hope to God that you will not change your mind, but help to awake the conscience of the good but misled American people. A READER.

Butler Over Norton.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The well fed editor of the World-Herald, squealing like a pig caught in a barb wire gate, calls on all of the resources of his powerful vocabulary of ridicule to grove to the La Follette men of Nebraska that J. N. Norton, an avowed 100 per cent Davis man, is a far better bet than Dan Butler, an avowed 100 per cent La Follette supporter.

In his double column, double leaded editorial, "Beebe, Green and Butler," Editor Newbrant spreads his usual smoke screen, but there have been times in Nebraska lately when the voters were not blinded by this editorial barrage.

The nomination of Dan Butler threw this bunch of political hybrids into convulsions just when they had completed their work with the stiletto and the chloroform sponge. It was to be expected that the voters who have dared not trust his candidacy to the tender mercies of the Nebraska voters would wheel out this 75-centimeter at Fifteenth and Farnam, but we think they have missed the range. W. H. GREEN.

Waste of natural resources through preventable fires is not only an offense against the present generation, it is a crime which will endanger posterity and which merits the sternest denunciation. — Baltimore News.

I AM A MAN I am a well-trained Stenographer and typist, a high school graduate and want a position with a firm in quest of a young man of ambition and ability willing to work for promotion. Phone me at Jackson 1555.

Special for Wed. Eve. Fried Sugar Cured Ham Steak 35c Natural Gravy, Currant Jelly HOTEL RMC Cafeteria Open 24 Hours Every Day

Regular sailings from New York, Boston, Montreal, WEDNESDAY'S fastest mail service to Southampton and Cherbourg. SAILING: Great Lakes, Chesapeake, London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Plymouth, London and Hamburg. See your local agent.

NR Tomorrow Alright NR A vegetable laxative, adds tone and vigor to the digestive and eliminative system, improves the appetite, relieves Sick Headache and Biliousness, cures Constipation. Used for over 30 years.

Chips off the Old Block NR JUNIORS—Little Men One-third the regular dose. Made of same ingredients, then candy coated. For children and adults. SOLD BY YOUR DRUGGIST.

will be immortalized by absorption into the coming civilization. What an adventure it is that is calling to us! EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH.

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SUNNY SIDE UP Take Comfort, nor forget That sunrise never failed us yet. Coca Theater

EVERYTHING LOVELY. It's hotter'n the hinges of hell! I'm tossing from night until morn. But never complaint do I utter: There ne'er was more beautiful sight. I wipe the sweat off'n my forehead; My collar's as limp as a string; But Gosh, the way corn is a-growin' Is enough to make any man sing!

So, perspiring and panting, I'm happy, My heart is chuck full of delight; For Nebraska's cornfields are a wonder; In Missouri August 4 was some holiday. My shirt is glued fast to my body, The sweat trickles down in my eyes; The sun glows above like a furnace; My body just sizzles and fries.

But ne'er a complaint do I utter, I just sit around in a sweat And laugh with pure joy with Nebraska. O'er the bumper corn crop she will get. I see green corn blades a-waving, I fairly can hear the stalks grow; I wring out my handkerchief gaily, My heart with pure gladness aglow.

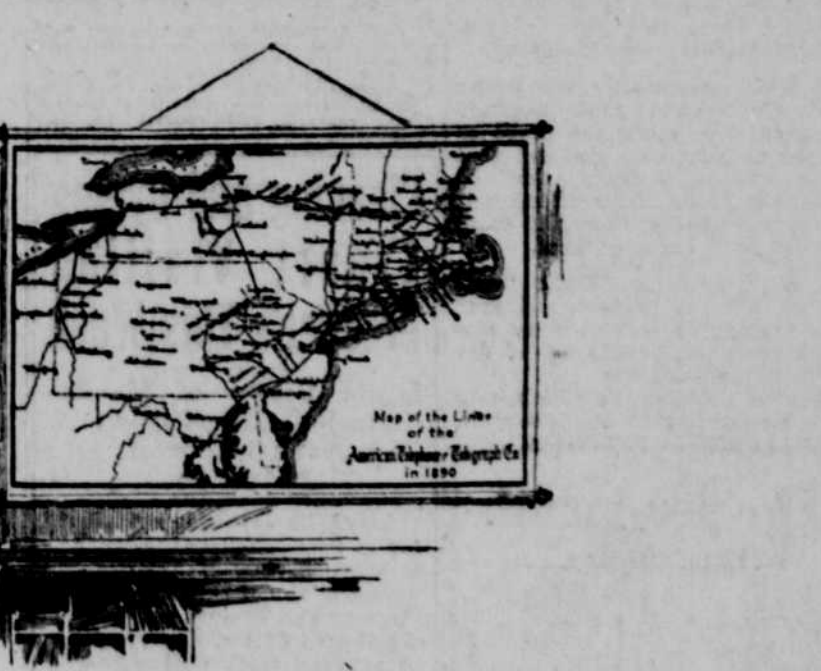
I swab off my neck and my forehead And long for a tall, cooling drink. My mind turns to days long departed When soda fountains and show due appreciation of the culinary skill of one of those splendid old Negro "mammas." We'd give a great deal if once again we could eat a meal prepared by Mammy Jand Welch, the kindly old soul who so faithfully served my mother during her early youth, and watched over her long after Uncle Abe's proclamation made her free in fact as she always had been in effect. WILL M. MAUPIN.

We must be growing forgetful. Last Monday was an anniversary that we allowed to get by us without notice. It is never celebrated in Nebraska, but in our boyhood days down in Missouri August 4 was some holiday. It is known as Emancipation Day, being the anniversary of the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, and celebrated with great pomp and circumstance by our colored friends and brothers, together with their wives, sons and daughters. You people "up north" have never known what genuine cooking is unless you have been the guest of honor at some old-time Negro family at an Emancipation Day dinner.

Speaking of comparative statistics, all the promises made by La Follette if placed end to end, would reach from here to there without getting anybody anywhere.

If providence permits we shall sneak off on August 4 of next year and make connections with one of those fine old Negro families down in Missouri and show due appreciation of the culinary skill of one of those splendid old Negro "mammas." We'd give a great deal if once again we could eat a meal prepared by Mammy Jand Welch, the kindly old soul who so faithfully served my mother during her early youth, and watched over her long after Uncle Abe's proclamation made her free in fact as she always had been in effect. WILL M. MAUPIN.

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Pushing Back the Wall

THE vast territory covered by these lines at once strikes the observer, and some conception may be had of the importance of the long distance telephone in the business world of the east.

This was the contemporary comment of a scientific journal on the long distance telephone service of 1890. The "vast territory" ended with Pittsburg on the west and Washington on the south. Along its frontier stood a wall of silence.

No such barrier now confines the voice of man. To places and to people he has never even seen fly his wire-borne thoughts. Over distances which it would take him days to travel his words speed in an instant. The 90,000 miles of toll wire of 1890 have grown to more than 4,500,000 miles carrying a daily average of more than 1,600,000 long distance conversations. Thus has the wall of silence been pushed back to the edges of the continent. In its place is a nation-wide telephone service.

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