

THE OMAHA BEE MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

FOR THE REST OF YOUR NATURAL LIFE.

Judge John R. Caverly has directed that imprisonment for life shall be the punishment for Nathan F. Leopold, jr., and Richard A. Loeb. The reason for this decision is the youth of the defendants, boys of 18 and 19 years.

In reaching his decision, Judge Caverly swept aside the testimony of the psychiatrists, the psychologists and the experts in the functions of the pineal and endocrine glands. He declares that "neither in the act itself, nor in the motive or lack of motive, nor in the antecedents of the offenders can be found any mitigating circumstances."

Through the preliminary investigations which resulted in the confession of these boys to kidnaping and murder, the atrocity of which shocked the civilized world, they have maintained an attitude outwardly at least careless and even debonair. They scorned the police, laughed at the gruesome evidence of their crime, as it was unfolded in the courtroom, carrying with them always the obsession that they were superior mentalities.

They will leave the dingy old building which is the jail of Cook county with the consciousness that their offense against society is to be adequately punished.

It may be that with their effrontery they will look forward to a few years in the penitentiary and then to a parole. It is not conceivable, however, that the moral conviction, the sense of justice of the people of the state of Illinois will ever permit such a travesty. There still lives in Illinois the spirit of Abraham Lincoln, and of all the great men who have made that state great. That spirit will keep a constant watch over the prison house where these boys are to be taken.

In all the history of crime, society has not felt itself so wantonly outraged as by the crime for which these boys are now to be punished. The purpose of society in dealing with cases of this kind is not revenge but punishment. Judge Caverly in deciding that punishment should be life imprisonment represents the moral courage of society. The sentence as pronounced by Judge Caverly is that Leopold and Loeb, both found guilty of murder, shall each be punished for this crime by confinement in the penitentiary at Joliet "for the remainder of your natural life."

By way of expressing not only his own moral courage, but the moral courage and moral determination of society, Judge Caverly in rendering his decision turned forever the key that shall lock the door on these two youths after they shall have been conducted inside the penitentiary walls. In these words was the key turned: "It is entirely within the discretion of the department of public welfare never to admit these defendants to parole. To such a policy the court urges them strictly to adhere."

With these words of the court as their guide, the people of Illinois may surely be expected to write over the portals of the grim prison at Joliet where these two youths may read, the lines that Dante read: "Leave hope behind all ye who enter here."

COOLIDGE DEFENDS THE COURT.

The man who so effectively enforced the law, defeated anarchy and restored order and established government when a strike of policemen unleashed crime and disorder in Boston may be depended upon to stand by the Constitution of the United States. Even if the solemn oath he took so simply, under the light of an old-fashioned kerosene lamp, his venerable father holding the Holy Bible and repeating the solemn words, did not bind him to do so. Calvin Coolidge's address at the unveiling of the La Fayette monument at Baltimore, therefore, did not come as a surprise to anyone. It was but the frank statement of a lifetime of thought and devotion to the great charter of human liberty.

What is unpleasant to contemplate is that it should be necessary to defend the constitution of the United States and the form of government created by it to the citizens who have enjoyed the blessings and advantages of that government. A candidate for president is gaining support on his promise that he is going to destroy that charter. He is pledged to an amendment that will render it a thing of political whim, the plaything of political fancy, rather than a statement of immutable principles on which justice depends and without which there can be no real orderly progress.

way to anticipate popular prejudices. Decisions will rest on expediency rather than right. The president is committed to the support of the courts as well as the constitution.

HIT THIS AND HIT IT HARD.

Even the best of laws may become burdensome if twisted from the beneficent purpose that called it into being. The "I and R" provision in the Constitution of the State of Nebraska affords an example of this. Under it an initiated amendment will be attached to the ballot in the coming election, the object of which is ostensibly to do away with the party circle at the head of the ballot.

In reality, it does away with any and all party designations on the ballot. Its final effect will be to do away with parties, for, if adopted, it will prevent any party from functioning legitimately. When the names of candidates appear on the ballot with no mark or label to distinguish them as belonging to or seeking support from any particular party, the election simply becomes a scramble. In the not improbable event of two men of the same name running for the same office, no way is presented for deciding which of them the voter intended to favor, except as might happen from the fortuitous position of the name in the list. Even then, no voter could tell which was which.

When all the agencies of government are dependent upon the party system, when new parties are forming, why should Nebraska be asked to abandon the experience of the human race and strike out on an entirely untried road? Order and good government depend upon party responsibility. Were no parties existent, it would be necessary to create them, because through that means only can the will of the people at any time be effectively expressed. No party is immortal, none deserves to exist after it has ceased to serve the people. But to abolish parties simply means to create confusion.

The initiated amendment being thrust upon the voters of Nebraska does not spring from a great public demand. It is simply the device of self-seeking men who have attached themselves first to one, then to another of the parties, who have boxed the political compass, and whose beliefs are unstable and highly mutable. They have, of course, the undoubted right to test public sentiment as to any or all of their vagarious notions. In this case we feel certain that when the voters of Nebraska come to realize that the submitted amendment means the destruction of all party organization in the state, they will hit it and hit it hard.

A MOST EARNEST PROTEST.

It is greatly to be feared that Lew Shelley, who pilots the destinies of the Fairbury News, often allows his partisanship to obfuscate his view. We admire partisanship to a certain degree, but when it reaches the point of misrepresentation, or does actual injustice to a deserving man, we are fair to enter violent protest. Hence we could not refrain from making protest when we saw in a recent issue of the Fairbury News the following from Mr. Shelley's pen, or perhaps it is a typewriter:

"We bought gasoline last month for 13 cents away up in the timber districts of Minnesota. And the fellow who sold it was a native and never heard of Charley Bryan." The plain intent of that paragraph is to deceive the proletariat, to mislead the hoi polloi and betray the "boorwaise." But it will not succeed. The whole world knows that Bro. Charley has but to wave his magic wand and the price of gasoline takes a tumble that makes the fall of Humpty Dumpty look like a flight into the circumambient. One misguided and ignorant Minnesotan does not make a summer.

Now and then we feel somewhat inclined to partisanship ourselves, and ever and anon we have to grab hold of our own coattails and pull backwards to keep from slipping too far in that direction, but never yet have we even been tempted to do injustice in any degree to one who has saved us more millions than the mints have coined. This being so we feel incumbent upon us the duty of chiding our misguided editorial brother of Fairbury, who very clearly has allowed his partisanship, and perhaps his personal prejudices, to move him to doing a grave injustice to a Great and Good Man.

La Follette says that if elected he will "bring about a more just, a more equitable distribution of wealth." Stated plainly, he purposes to take from those who will and can and give to those who can but won't.

South Carolina has turned back to Cole Blease for United States senator. This is about the severest comment yet made on the career of Nathaniel Barkedale Dial.

A Paris pedologist insists that the big toe is a sure index of character. A great many young men are convinced that it reflects parental temper.

LaFollette has not yet delivered his acceptance speech. If prosperity continues to grow and expand he may decide that it isn't necessary.

Doubtless the Klein Clothing Company at Washington, Ia., has already landed the contract for supplying white goods to the K. K. K.

If there is as much wrong with this government as Rattling Bob says there is, what's the use of trying to save the durned thing, anyhow?

Sloshing rains fell throughout Nebraska just as the La Follette managers thought they had a crop failure to bolster up their cause.

Wonder what Cy Warman would say if he could hear that Cripple Creek and Victor had been cleaned up by dry officers?

Judge Patrick says all speeders must go to jail. All right, judge, and if one jail is not big enough, we'll get another.

Blaine had his Burchard. Davis, his eminent supporters who refer to "mummies" and "wooden Indians."

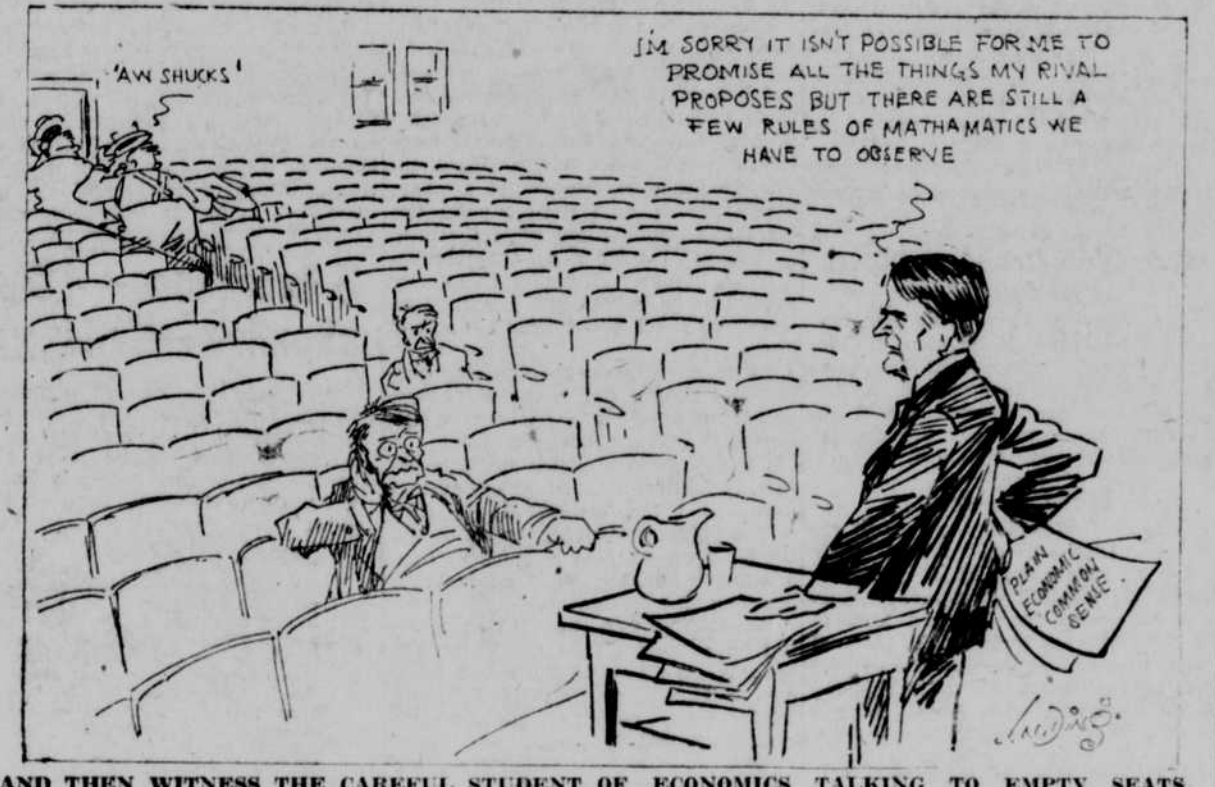
Homespun Verse -By Omaha's Own Poet- Robert Worthington Davie

WHERE IS OUR GIRL TONIGHT? Where is our wandering girl tonight? Pride of our weary years, Zest of our bliss in the trying light, Hope of our smiles and tears, Ember of faith that has lighted us Over the unkempt path, Angel of truth that has righted us— Kept us from grief and wrath, Violet that has graced the way Wherever our feet have trod, Lending the grim a touch of gay, Keeping us true to God, Under the home-aged roof we rest— Under the mellow light, Asking, indeed, a thing unguessed— Where is our girl tonight!

Sometimes We Despair of Common Sense as a Campaign Slogan



WHEN WE SEE THE CROWDS THAT YELL THEMSELVES HOARSE OVER PURE BUNCOMBE AND MISINFORMATION.



AND THEN WITNESS THE CAREFUL STUDENT OF ECONOMICS TALKING TO EMPTY SEATS.

Letters From Our Readers

All letters must be signed, but name will be withheld upon request. Communications of 200 words and less will be given preference.

To Appease Mr. Gottneid. Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The editorial appearing in The Omaha Bee, issue of Sunday, September 7, 1924, entitled, "Land of Opportunity," may have been appreciated by some of your readers, but as for myself and my family this editorial has caused us a lot of unnecessary embarrassment.

In order, therefore, that the writer of this editorial may be correctly informed as to facts, please be advised that I have never appeared before any court for the purpose of becoming naturalized, and that neither my wife, my young son nor myself come from "that land which now basks in all the glory of bolshevism." Also that the statement which I am quoted as having said is absolutely untrue. We are citizens of these United States by virtue of our birth and no court in the land can add anything to our citizenship. We fully appreciate all the rights and privileges with which we have become endowed and we cherish our citizenship as a most priceless gift.

SIDNEY J. GOTTNEID, 2415 South Twenty-third Street. Note by Editor: The man referred to was Sam Gendelman. The name of Mr. Gottneid was brought in by some inadvertence beyond explanation. Mr. Gottneid is a clerk in the office of the clerk of the district court and has much to do with naturalization work. He is well known in Omaha.

The Darling of the Tories. Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Through the courtesy of one of the ushers I enjoyed a good seat at the democratic pageant Saturday evening. The spectacular effects were a great compliment to American genius, in fact, the dress parade would have done credit to a New York fashion show.

Candidate Davis has one saving grace. He does not pose as a radical. If the product of the Baltimore & Ohio coal fields of West Virginia came to Nebraska to get a breath of the western political air he found himself so completely surrounded that the zephyrs that hit his nostrils when he got into the packing district was the only first evidence of local atmosphere he secured. But the speech itself. Viewing the grandeur of the occasion one is prompted to inquire why should the mountain labor so hard to bring forth such a small mouse? A democratic baraque without loud pedaling of the tariff question would be as unexpected as a race track without a yellow dog crossing it. The Fordney-McCumber tariff might be viciousness itself, but it ill becomes the darling of those tory democratic senators of the south, who voted for the most vicious schedules of that law, to spread any of that criticism here.

To say that the speech of Republican Senator McCormick precipitated the deflation that ruined the nation is adding insult to injury. The political patron saint of the gentleman from West Virginia, Woodrow Wilson, and his hand-picked federal reserve board, were in full control of the finances of this nation for nearly a year after the McCormick speech in the senate. Mr. Davis is trying the same tactics that the democrats tried in 1920. He is trying to nose the republicans away from the pole for the plunder-bund stakes, but it cannot be done. The press reports declared that Arthur Mullen went to Chicago to help write this speech for the democratic nominee. A reading of the speech presumes that to be possible. In fact, it takes on a coloring that would indicate that it might have been written in the law offices of the harvester trust. W. H. GREEN.

Center Shots

Once upon a time, before Mr. Coolidge became president, they thought it was quiet on the Potomac.—Detroit News.

We hope the War department will make it plain that those boys who enlist on National Defense day for

WELCOME STRANGER! Omaha Wants You.

When in Omaha Hotel Conant 250 Rooms—250 Baths—Rates \$2 to \$3

Advertisement for First National Bank of Omaha, featuring a large illustration of the bank building and text: "We issue time and demand certificates of deposit. Parties having special or idle funds, and who do not care to open an account, will find these certificates advantageous. FIRST NATIONAL BANK of OMAHA. V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of August, 1924. W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public (Seal)"

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

A cool, crisp September morn inclines us towards a contemplative mood. There are laden plum thickets that denizens of the metropolis would not of, but which are known to those who live in the vicinity of the Nemaha and along the various creeks flowing thereto. Hard by the wild crab awaits the garnering preparatory to the jelly and butter stage.

The jonathan and the winesap hang in scarlet clusters from the bending boughs. Artificial refrigeration can not impart to the watermelon the delicious coldness it accumulates from the cool September nights, and now is the time to fare forth into the patch and get this fruit of the gods in all its glory. Nor is the cantaloupe of commerce to be compared with the muskmelon one may now garner from the vine in the crisp September morn.

The sumac on the hillsides is resplendent in its green and gold and bronze, and Mother Nature laughs to scorn the efforts of all artists to reproduce the colors she spreads with such lavish hands. The goldenrod glints in the sunshine that bursts intermittently through the gray of the clouds, and the corn-blades are beginning to crinkle and crackle in the September winds.

From somewhere comes the subdued creak of a cider press taking care of the windfalls, and upon the breeze is borne the heavenly incense of spice and myrrh, telling of the delicious apple butter in the making. The purple grapes hang in rich clusters from the vines that lace the hillsides, and the rich red of tomatoes glint from the gardens that all summer long yielded their rich stores.

Would you see Nebraska at its best? Then fortify your bodies against the chill and fare forth as the sunlight begins its westerling course. Drive over the roads that wind through the hills, past farmsteads and along the streams. Feast your eyes upon the laden orchards, the brownish corn, the stacks of yellow wheat, and the spreading vineyards. See the children trooping home from school, brown as berries and with laughter-filled eyes.

Vision, if you can, in yonder farm home, the long shelves laden with jellies and jams, with pickles and preserves; the pan of cream so thick a spider could skate across and never leave a track; the cream can ready for delivery. See yonder field ready to yield its store of mealy potatoes; see the yellow of the pumpkins that are the potential pies of Thanksgiving and Christmas. And about the barns and feed lots the strutting turkeys soon to be the piece de resistance of many a laden table where foregatherers the family in annual Thanksgiving reunion.

All day long over the roads has been wending a never-ending procession of farm trucks and wagons, bearing to market the golden wheat of an ample harvest. All day long the cattle in the pastures have been adding weight and wealth, and all day long the pigs have been converting corn and alfalfa into concentrated gold.

The most glorious month of all the year, September in Nebraska. Harvest month, bringing the fruition of all the toil of scorching summer days. Nebraska, the Queen of the Sisterhood! WILL M. MAUPIN.

The dreadful "war" need not expect a bonus.—Richmond Times-Dispatch. If it was worth while.—Providence Journal.

The president of the National Association of Pickle Manufacturers has told the country it consumes 550,000, 000 pickles a year. Well, we've got to get pickled somehow.—Detroit Free Press. Speaking of getting out the vote, what do we pay those campaign orators for?—Saginaw News-Courier.

The best and easiest solution for the prohibition problem would be for people to stop drinking.—South Bend Tribune.

Advertisement for Bulbs, Trees and Shrubs, featuring Sonderogger brand and Nesbit Standard Series Moist Heat Furnace. Text: "BULBS, TREES AND SHRUBS For Fall Planting Place Your Order Now. Sonderogger TREES—SEEDS THAT GROW. 1912 Farnam AT 7774. Nesbit Standard Series Moist Heat Furnace. Built to Endure Comfort Assured."

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Abe Martin



We often wonder if anybody ever bought new shoestrings before th' ole ones busted? It's a poor alienist that won't work both ways. (Copyright, 1924)

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