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WHEELER'S CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST

When Senator Burton K. Wheeler was giving shelter to Gaston B. Means from the officers of the federal court, he knew the man he was dealing with. 't is impossible that a lawyer like Wheeler could not letect the character of a man like Means. Yet day fter day Wheeler shielded Means from arrest, even ofter his bail had been declared forfeit. Means was providing Wheeler with ammunition for the mud gun he was directing, not against Harry M. Daugherty, then attorney general of the United States, but against Warren G. Harding, who appointed Daugherty, and against Calvin Coolidge.

Columns of sensational testimony, of no value save as it impressed the unthinking multitude, came from the committee under Wheeler's skillful direction. Alternating Means with Roxie Stinson, the senatorial mud gunner kept a steady stream of innuendo, surmise, suggestion and insinuation, all scandalous and indefensible, pouring from his battery. He varied this by introducing one Remus, a Cincinnati bootlegger who had been sent to federal prison. Andrew Mellon was involved in this. No member of the Harding official family was to escape. Demoratic senators boasted they would drag the scandal hrough the White House.

Many days ago Remus, from the federal prison at Atlanta, issued a statement, completely repudiatng his testimony before the Wheeler committee. Now Gaston B. Means makes a similar statement for himself and Roxie Stinson. Means charges that Wheeler knew the testimony was false. That he had arranged the stories Means and Stinson were to testify to. That the whole proceeding was a put up job, and that Wheeler bribed his witnesses by ireats and promises.

We have no more faith in Gaston B. Means now at the behest of Burton K. Wheeler. He was a liar then, he is probably a liar now. His statement only serves to show what a misty foundation the monument of fraud built up by the senatorial lynching committee rests upon.

Wheeler rejoiced in Means, Stinson and Remus, when they were attacking Daugherty. What will he say of them, now they have turned on him? He will probably answer they have been purchased by Wall Street. Will that offset their assertion that they were first bought by Wheeler?

The whole sickening mess is made the more nauseating by its present addition. That dignified senators of the United States could hold the reputations of others, living and dead, so cheaply as to admit the testimony of such persons as Means and Roxie Stinson was regrettable. That such testimony should be deliberately concocted is almost beyond belief. But Burton K. Wheeler's chickens are comng home to roost. Even if he is a victim of slander, he will at least know how those he attacked felt under his assault.

HEADS ABOVE WATER ONCE MORE.

Are business conditions improving in the northwest? Has the crest of the great wave of depression passed? Read these few words from the Minneapolis Tribune of Friday, September 19: "Excellent crops and good prices being received

by farmers will result in the reopening of approximately 40 northwest banks, now closed, by January 1, banking authorities announced Friday."

Forty banks will again serve the public. None of them amounts to as much as a city bank in its array of figures, but to the community where it is located it is as vital in its way as the biggest bank hat ever opened its doors. When these forty banks suspended operation it meant that at least forty mall towns suffered. Money handled over the couners in these banks was cut off from trade. Notes. epresenting the loans to customers, were put aside. Open accounts suddenly became closed. The man who had money on deposit found himself with no balance to check against.

All that has passed. Good crops have had the expected effect, and the Agricultural Credit Corporation is announcing the reopening of closeddown banks one after another. It is not due to any political party that the farmer has secured such splendid yields. It is due to Calvin Coolidge, however, that the Agricultural Credit corporation exists to facilitate the rehabilitation of industry. It was Coolidge who called together a group of financiers, after congress had refused to furnish the relief needed. He arranged for the organization that is now functioning so well. It was La Follette's crowd in the senate and house that aided the democrats to defeat every measure of relief proposed for

Now that the farmers are getting their heads above water again, it is quite likely they will remember who it was threw them an anchor when what they needed was a life preserver.

W. J. Bryan announces he is going to take the stump for Davis. Goodness gracious, don't that man want ever to give any other democratic candidate

Brother Charley is having spasms over the state's water power. What he really means is wind power.

THE BURDEN OF PROOF.

The proposal of the school board to ask for \$4,000,000 is bringing responses from those who pay the taxes-from those who are parents, and who pay taxes. The Omaha Bee, in commenting recently on the recommendation of the Chamber of Commerce and others that ample funds for present needs could be secured in an authorized bond issue of \$2,-500,000, said that the burden of proof, for the larger sum was upon the school board.

Letters from parents would indicate that the school board owes a duty to take steps promptly to prove its case. There is a strong feeling that the school board has been needlessly extravagant. There is a feeeling, too, that funds voted in past years for specific purposes should have been used for those purposes. The final cost of the Technical High school, which is so much more than estimated, has resulted in the belief in many quarters that the estimates of the school board should have just such a survey as that made by the Chamber of Commerce committee.

Here is a case in point, an expression from one who pays taxes. The complaint comes from a father whose daughter has been a student at Technical High, where she enjoyed the elaborate baths provided at public expense. "Mother and I had to save for six years," says this father, "before we could scrape together enough money to build a modest bathroom in our own house."

There will never be any movement in Omaha to deny to the school board the things that are actually required. It is admitted, too, that the requirements of modern schools are much above what they have been in the past. The record of the school board. however, in recent expenditures puts its present \$4,000,000 proposal on the defensive. Comments such as the above make it necessary for the school board to give serious consideration to the proposals of the Chamber of Commerce and the Real Estate board. Omaha taxpayers do not desire to vote against school bonds. They may be compelled to do so unless there is abundant proof of their need.

BON VOYAGE TO BISHOP LOWE.

When Titus Lowe, bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, takes off for his area in Singapore, he will be followed by the warm wishes and earnest prayers of many Omaha people who are not members of his denomination. It goes without saying he will have the prayers of all the Methodists. It was Bishop Lowe's good fortune to build for himself many close friendships outside of his church circle while he was here as a pastor, and these have not been terminated by his elevation.

Bishop Lowe is not a stranger in the country to which he is going. He served there for years as a missionary worker, and experience then gained will be doubly valuable to him now. It is interesting that the late Bishop Homer Clyde Stuntz was the leader of Methodist work in India when Titus Lowe was a missionary preacher there. This fact made their association in Omaha the warmer and more intimate. Those who came close to them enjoyed a rare privilege when this pair felt like discussing matters relating to the region.

It was a rather graceful compliment to Bishop Lowe that he was permitted to preside over the meeting of the Methodist conference of which he was so long a distinguished member. Ministers and elders appreciated the fact, and it is admitted that the conference felt something of the spirit that was thus evoked. Be that as it may, The Omaha Bee, in company with a host of other friends of the bishop who are not Methodists, wishes him bon voyage or his departure. We hope he will some day come than we had when he was reciting his fantastic tale | back to make his home here, where he did such good work as a pastor.

DEATH AS A KIND FRIEND.

"All people that want to die are not insane. This is a wonderful old world, and I hate to give it up. I could live on forever, and enjoy it, if I had

Thus wrote R. R. Lee a few minutes before he shot himself to death. A busy world will pay but little heed to his passing, yet it might be well to ponder his problem. Life was pleasant, he knew, when it might be so taken. Afflicted and oppressed, the savor of existence lost in pain and suffering, death seemed preferable.

Anciently, euthanasia was a common practice. Friends of a hopelessly afflicted mortal administered a sure, speedy, painless death that victim might be spared suffering and saved from suicide. It was because, as Hamlet expresses it, that "the Almighty hath set His conon against self-slaughter," or at least so we are taught, that euthanasia fell into disuse. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and the eye of man is ever fixed on a happy recovery, even when there is the least chance.

Some, however, with clearer vision, perhaps, determine forever the solution, and find surcease in what the Japanese term quaintly enough, "the happy dispatch." R. R. Lee must have seen this. "I have but one choice," he wrote, and then he left this message that deserves thought:

"And in going I have but one regret to make, and that is that I haven't been able to do more

good in this old world than I have. "There is a great opportunity in life for all to be happy by seeing how much we can do for others and a little less for ourselves. And I hope some day that everybody will live up to this Golden Rule."

La Follette gave great praise to Baron von Steuben, and it is well deserved. But because that good old German soldier did splendid service to the American cause in the Revolution, is no reason why La Follette should be elected president now.

Looks like the Wheeler investigating committee will have to call for a new deal all around.

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

DELIGHTUS DE LANE

Delightus De Lane Never worked in the rain, Nor bought when 'twas handy to borrow Congenial and gay He traveled his way.

And flouted "Beware of Tomorrow." Twas senseless, he said, To keep looking ahead-To bother with sinister, worry, And needless to give The few years we live

For going through life in a hurry. Go slow, he advised, Nor grieved, nor surprised. Nor unto vast promise be clinging Live life as 'twas made, And sit in the shade, And smile-and forever go singing.

Delightus DeLane Is asleep: his refrain Suggests the extent of his glory-A stone, where he lies Looking into the skies, Lists unto the wind tell his story

The Stuff Campaign Speeches Are Made of



The assertion is also made that "al

both the republican and the demo

"Welcome

Have a complexion

Resinol Ointment;

aided by Resinol Soap, is what

you need to overcome such

troubles. The gentle, but un-

usually cleansing properties of

the soap, together with the

soothing, healing qualities of

the ointment, make the Resi-

nol products ideal for any skin.

All druggists sell Resinol Soap

and Ointment. Use them reg-

ularly for a few days and watch

RESINOL

that everyone

admires

No matter how beau-

tiful your fea-

tures are, you cannot be

truly attrac-

tive with a

gray - looking

Give us a man who can amile when

Stranger"

Aaron Hoffman's Stage

Letters From Our Readers

"Battling Bob" and "Uncle Ike."

Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: When the writer was a very young boy he lived in a little back woods town in Wisconsin where big wealthy business men were just ordinary lumberjacks and we knew no class differences. About the biggest man in my opinion at that time was an old lumberman named Isaac Stephenson. Be had made his pile in lumber, honest or otherwise I do not know, but I do know that he was the idd of that part of the country. Uncle Ike, as he was called by everyone, had one ambition in life and that one, had one ambition in life and that zens of the fair city of Grand Island was to serve his people in the United is made up of republicans and demo States senate, but being nothing but crats. an honest, ignorant old codger and no politician, he didn't stand much chance. Among his friends he had a very shrewd young lawyer named La Follette, who also had political ambitions but no money and no following, and because of his reputation for craft and scheming was generally disliked, but politics are funny. Between the scheme to the salso made that "all labor organizations as well as Farmers' unions in this state are supporting the candidacy of La Follette and Wheeler." Is that so? So far I have met only one labor union man and no Farmers' union man who has declared himself for La Follette. Possibly the heads of those organizations are trying the whip cracking same Mr. for craft and scheming was generally disliked, but politics are funny. Be jween Uncle Ike's money and La Follette's brains they cooked up a scheme to buy all the newspapers in Wisconsin outright and make Bob sentior; La Follette in turn was to use his influence after he became senator to get Uncle Ike the same kind of job. All went fine. Uncle Ike spent something like a million and a half and put Bob across, but after La Follette got where he wanted to get then Uncle Ike didn't fit into the picture, so he was politely left out in the woods where he felt more at the woods where he felt more at upon the others, the way the writers home. This made Uncle Ike so mad that he just naturally busted loose than under one who insists on tying and spent another \$350,000 and got the hands of one department and

and spent another \$350,000 and got himself elected in spite of La Foliette. And then the fun began.

La Foliette didn't want Stephenson busting up his well-laid schemes and Stephenson was just as determined to throw a monkey wrench into them.

throw a monkey wrench into them. Lenine and Trotzky, self-appointed Well, anyhow Bob was the foxiest of dictators, as Mr. La Follette is a selfhe two, so he had Uncle Ike thrown appointed dictator of the La Follette out of the senate for spending more money than the law allowed to get himself elected. Get that?

That's the guy that's running for amendment to the Nebraska constitutional for the senate for senate for the senate for senate president today. Look up the records and prove me wrong if you can. and prove me wrong if you can. TOOTS.

One for Mr. Stolley.

Wausa, Neb -To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: It is amusing to read Mr. E. G. Stolley's letter in The Bee ndicting the Nebraska conference for progressive political action. Refering to the republican and the democratic parties Mr. Stolley bluntly calls them the "rotten" parties. Now, a political party is made up of individual per-sons and nothing else. Therefore the character of the party is simply the sum total of the character of the individuals constituting the party

Abe Martin



Another peculiar thing about s pessimist is that he suspects ever' buddy but his liver. Somehow, we'd hate t' be a waiter an' know when a customer orders chicken pie he won't git no chicken. (Copyright, 1924.)

Crawled Out Successfully. Daughter had just returned from father began as they sat down in the

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W. H. QUIVEY, (Seal)

Notary Public

Jake Comfort, nor forget, That Sunrise never failed us yet

The more we travel about Nebraska the more we mourn that our towns and cities, our counties and our streams, were not given sonorous and historic Indian names. There is a lilt and an appeal to such names as Niobrara and Keya Paha and an appeal to such names as Moorara and Keya Pana that does not attach to the names of mere politicians. Minnechaduza would be a mere creek instead of a picturesque little stream if it were named something modern. We even prefer Stinking Water to Republican as a name for a river. Scotts Bluff is not a good name for a mountain, but whatever the old Indians call it would be characteristic and really described the order of the stream of the strea scriptive. Thurston may be a good name for a county, but one of the old Indian names would have been more appropriate.

Nebraska missed a whole lot when it failed to perpetuate early traditions by clinging to the Indian names, as New Mexico and California did by holding fast to the old Spanish names. And, speaking of cognomens, being somewhat old-fashioned, we prefer the old feminine names like Mary and Sarah, and Susan, and Margaret, to Ymogyne and Vyvyan, and Ysobel, and Maymye of these modern days. Our own name, which is not William, and never was, is of no moment. The old parson who inscribed it on the record page of the family Bible was weak in orthography insofar as proper names was concerned, and he spelled it in so fearful and wonderful a manner that when we arrived at the age of under-standing we amputated the last syllable of it.

Given names of men do not always fit. Percy Brownell Sales was the fightingest young scamp in our old school crowd, while Morgan Mosby Welty was the quietest. The last we heard of Percy he was a switchman in the Kansas City yards and Mose was for many years a successful minister of the

A fashion expert informs us that the wise woman will dress to suit her eyes. Not on your life she won't. She will keep right on dressing to suit the eyes of sombody else, and continue to score a pronounced success, just as she has from the day Eve coyly donned a fig leaf and paraded for Adam's

Say, but it makes a fellow feel old when he is accosted by a matronly looking woman with the remark, "I'm sure you do not remember me," and recognize her as one you danced on your knee when she was a wee little mite of a girl. That's just what happened to us the other day. We'll name no names, but admit that after the short meeting was over we felt the need of a cane as we walked away.

Our old friend, Charley Clancy, was billed to talk on the constitution in a neighboring community, and half the people who attended brought their family doctor book to check up and see if Charley knew what he was talking about.

The devil chartles with glee every time he sees a man who never votes ostentatiously doffing his hat when the flag goes by.

A lot of men who declare their willingness to die for their country are too blamed careless to spend ten minutes voting or it.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

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