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MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

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N. B. UFDIKE, President
BALLARD DUNN, Editor in Chief
JOY M. HACKLER, Business Manager

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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

OUR GREATEST NATIONAL ASSET.

Americans are accused of being too headlong, too precipitate, in all matters. They rush into things, and out again. In business, in politics, in religion, in all affairs of life, it is hurry up. A device that cuts a second off an operation is adopted, for it means saving as many seconds as the times the operation is completed during a day. A road contractor was enabled to outdo his competitors, until they discovered he had so speeded up his concrete mixer that it made ten turns in the time the other fellow's made eight.

There is no question about this. We do live fast, but whether too fast is a mooted question. Americans have had plenty of opportunity to observe the leisurely methods of other peoples, from the "manana" of Mexico to the "kismet" of the East, but have never felt impelled to adopt any of them. Indeed, the quick-serve methods are continually being extended. Not only do we get rich quick, but we get poor with equal facility. Nowhere on earth is as much crowded into life as in this country.

However, we have a safety valve, several of them, in fact. One is golf, another polo, another football, and another racing, but the greatest of them all is baseball. Possibly this is due to the fact that baseball comes nearer than any of the others to typifying the spirit of the people. It is a hurry up game, full of ginger and go, and only the fast-moving can make any headway at it. Our English brethren cling to cricket, for its fine qualities of sport. Yet the cricketer lingers long and lovingly over the "double centuries" W. C. Grace used to accumulate, while in America the thrill is for the home run that springs from "Babe" Ruth's highly educated bat. Probably the feat of Grace involved more of finesse, of true patience and skill than did that of Ruth, but no baseball fan can see it in that light. It is far more of a triumph to lift a swiftly-thrown ball over the heads of the outfielders and into the far-off grandstand than it is to patiently test the bowling, with now and then a shot that scores.

Waterloo may have been won on the cricket fields at Harrow and Eton, but the World Series this year was settled on the diamond at the nation's capital. As many thousands as could crowd into the park and leave room for the players witnessed the closing game of the great contest, while the rest of the hundred-odd millions of the nation's population crowded round tickers, telegraph instruments, score boards and the like, and waited for the news.

A popular victory was that of the Senators. Starting in June from a lowly place in the standing of the American league, the Washington team fought its way through to the top, and after a see-saw contest with the New York Yankees landed the first American league pennant for Washington. Now, after a ding-dong contest with the Giants, the Senators emerge triumphant, the champions of the world. It is a tribute to the game itself that a team crippled and handicapped in many ways should be able to win over as fine a machine as the New York Giants presented. As an exhibition of sheer pluck, of indomitable fighting spirit, no finer thing is found in history. What a pleasure it is that Walter Johnson, veteran of the game, was permitted to go in at the last minute, a veritable forlorn hope, and crown his long and honorable career with a win over the team that had humbled him twice.

MARTYRS OF THE AIR.

From time to time a few lines in the news columns announce that another American aviator has lost his life. Scant notice is given the fact, because our people are too busy rushing along about other affairs. Also, in a land where the front pages of the newspapers are spotted all over with items about fatal auto crashes and the like, little importance is placed on the death of a single man. And yet the aviator deserves more consideration.

Those who are attached to the air service of the United States are public employees. Their business is to carry on great experiments, to the end that exact knowledge of the science may be obtained for general use. Wise men admit that in the event of another war, more than ever we will depend on our air forces for defense. In this way alone the work of the aviators is valuable in the utmost. How are they regarded by the public?

Not with indifference, as witness the crowds that thronged to see the globe-girdlers. Or the suspense with which the Shenandoah is followed on

its flight across the continent. Those are outstanding features. The work that was being carried on by Lieutenant Neeley and Dr. Meisinger was not complete when they lost their lives in a storm in Illinois last summer. But their contribution to the science of meteorology is recognized. Generally, though, they are already forgotten. Captain Skeeley lost his life at Dayton last week, because the plane he undertook to fly was worn out.

These are but two incidents in the many. Men are hazarding their lives every day in equipment that is dangerous, because the great government that employs them is too niggard to provide the proper material for their use. Congress spent its time last session listening to political harangues, instead of considering public business. We hope the next session will do better, and either give the air service what it ought to have, or disband it entirely. The list of martyrs to the cause of poor equipment is long enough.

WHEN THE WORLD TURNED A CORNER.

On the morning of October 12, 1492, the lookout on a little ship shouted, "Land ho!" It was the culmination of one of the most momentous voyages in history. Probably the most momentous. For out of it came the greatest results that ever flowed from a single incident.

For weary weeks three little vessels had tossed on the waves of the Atlantic. They had been buffeted by storms, drenched by torrents of rain and spray. Supplies were getting short, and there had been mutiny amongst the crews. One man stood alone, firm in his own conviction, his judgment unshaken by the doubt around him. Christopher Columbus had set out on a great enterprise, and his faith and courage were rewarded.

It is certain that others had crossed the ocean, both from the east and the west, but the record of those voyages and discoveries, with the single exception of those of Eric the Red and Leif the Lucky are lost. Even those of the Norsemen were forgotten for almost a millenium. Columbus gets the credit, for out of his voyage came the result.

What America has meant to the world, and yet means, followed the shout of "Land ho!" on that cloudy morning 432 years ago. It is well, then, that we give a thought today to the admiral who knew what he set about to prove to others. He is in no wise concerned with the controversies that have arisen since. Nor even with the jealousies and rivalries that disturbed nations in his day. Portugal might have had the honor, or England, or France, for Columbus offered his services to each before he approached Isabella and Ferdinand.

It was a great day for mankind when he set out on his voyage, and the benefits of that day will bless the race through all the coming ages.

HE MAY LEARN YET.

"Omaha is just a wide place in the road," tauntily declares a boy of 20, who has confessed to a long series of burglaries. "We will be out in eight or nine years."

Perhaps even before that. In the meantime, he will be kept on a road that has no wide spots, not even as wide as Omaha. The path down which his feet will wander during the eight or nine years he looks forward to will take him from the cell house to the mess hall, to the workshop and back to his cell house. It will be "stepping," but not the sort he says he spent from \$30 to \$100 a night on. He will learn a new step. Instead of the "one-step" it will be the "four-step"—from one end of his short cell to the other, two steps each way, four for the round trip.

He was out of a job and had a "disgust." So did his partner, and they stole money to spend on dissipation. Out of the burglaries they may have received several hundred dollars each, certainly not as much as \$1,000. In the eight years they expect to spend at Lincoln, if paid laborer's wages only, they would earn \$14,000 each. On the scale of a union musician, they would earn more than \$20,000 each.

Looks like a pretty high price to pay for a few nights of "stepping," doesn't it? From 20 to 28, the glorious years of youth, that should be filled with the joys of discovering each day a new delight in the world, will be spent in prison. Instead of the wonders of new experience with each rising of the sun, there will be the monotonous repetition of a dull routine. Broom-making, maybe, or something as inspiring. No wanderlust will be gratified. No smart "girls," who think a man should be lavish to the point of recklessness with his money will enliven their leisure hours. Sundown will find them "at home" in a cell, and 4 in the morning will find them asleep.

Eight years of regular habits, with no dissipation, may breed in them a wild desire to "step" even harder. More likely, though, long before that time has elapsed they will realize how hollow and empty the excitement they sought, and how all out of proportion is the price they are paying. For with it goes that which can not be bought with money, a good name.

If the law went to limit of Mosaic justice, they would be required in addition to make whole the loss of those from whom they stole to get money to waste in profligate pursuit of disreputable pleasure. That would make the lesson complete for them.

"LORD'S PRAYER" STILL BEST.

The attorney general of California has nailed his name to the everlasting record. He has decided that the Lord's Prayer is unconstitutional and may not be used in California schools. We are unfamiliar with the constitution of the state of California, but we are inclined to the opinion that it is the attorney general and not the law that needs to be amended. "Our Father, which art in Heaven." Ever since man first learned to lift his eyes aloft, that thought has been in his mind.

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind Sees God in the clouds and hears him in the wind," adored a Great Father. "Gitch Manitou, the mighty," was very real to him. So has the idea been through all the days since man came upon the earth chief among created things. All races, all tongues, all creeds, admit this fact.

"Give us this day our daily bread." Not much, but enough to live on. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." Just be on the square with us, merciful when we are merciful, and withholding mercy when we withhold it. Who can honestly expect more? "Lead us not into temptation." Do not try us beyond our strength. "But deliver us from evil." An earnest supplication, devoutly uttered.

"Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven. . . . For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever." To these things all men assent. Yet the lawyer out in California says the prayer is unconstitutional.

A Government of Law

For the People, of the People and by the People—the American Constitution

By THOMAS W. BLACKBURN.

William E. Gladstone, the great English premier, said, "The American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

George Washington was chosen as president of the Convention on the 23rd day of May, 1787, when the delegates met in the old State House in Philadelphia "to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity." Four months later they had "ordained and established this Constitution of the United States of America."

Article I, Section 1 provides: All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in the Congress of the United States.

Article II, Section 1 provides: The executive power shall be vested in the President of the United States of America.

Article III, Section 1 provides: The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in the Supreme Court and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish.

It is well known that this Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all Treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the Supreme Law of the Land, and the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding.

"By the Company He Keeps"

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

In full swing since early spring, La Folletteism has now attracted to it self most of the elements it was bound to attract. By and large, it is the queerest group in political history.

On their flank is the political contingent, J. A. H. Hopkins, the "Forty-eighter," goosesteeps there with Perley Parker Christensen, polysyllabic farm-laborer hope of 1920. He checked Johnson's Johnson and that other Minnesota senator, the duck-hunting dentist, Dr. Shipstead.

On the other side of the La Folletteism is the "pink flag" is long Norman Hapgood, handy man for sundry "for-ward-looking" causes, sunny himself in the La Follette cause. Oswald Garrison Villard, writing dilettante of the New Dawn, is in the amen corner.

Theodore Dreiser, author of a much-suppressed novel, "Sister Carrie," is in America's side in 1921. Margaret Sanger, more or less well known editor of Birth Control Review, has a place in the parade. Somewhere in the rear is the "pink flag" is long Norman Hapgood, handy man for sundry "for-ward-looking" causes, sunny himself in the La Follette cause.

There are pilgrims out of the dead Succoth

By RABBI J. M. CHARLOP.

Succoth, the great harvest festival of the Jew, suggests by its name the time when the children of Israel, en-camped in the wilderness, dwelt in tents or booths. Later when the Jewish people dwelt in Palestine it was a custom to build booths, or succahs, for themselves out in the fields where they might sleep during the harvest season.

The Pilgrim fathers, when they kept their first Thanksgiving day in America, no doubt received the idea from their Hebrew Bibles which they knew so well. When they set apart a day on which to thank God for his harvest, they must have recalled the ancient pilgrim feasts of the Jewish people, the three yearly pilgrimages made to Jerusalem, the farmers might lay their offerings from field and tree upon the altar and thank God for His bounties.

Succoth, the time of the late harvest in Palestine, was a time for general rejoicing. It was incumbent for every man, woman and child, the age of 13 to journey to Jerusalem for the annual celebration: often the women and older children, as well as the parents of the younger ones, journeyed with the master to the city of David, which was so crowded with visitors that many dwelt during the week's stay in booths, outside of the city walls. The harvest was laid upon the altar; prayers were offered for rain and dew; there was a gathering at the brook Kidron for the feast of the water pouring, where water was poured upon the ground, symbolic of the life giving waters of the rainy season, which began soon after the feast. Most picturesque of all were the processions of happy pilgrims carrying goodly boughs and willows to the Kidron, singing their grateful harvest songs.

But during the long period of exile the Jew was not only banished from Palestine, but forbidden to hold land or till the soil in the country in which he lived as an alien. Still he never forgot the joyous harvest days in Palestine; in his squalid ghettos he recited the psalms and the hymns of thanks for a harvest he had never gathered, offered up prayers for rain and dew, although he no longer till the soil.

This year Succoth will start on Sunday evening the 15th of Tishri, corresponding to October 12, and will continue until Tuesday evening, October 14. Services will be held in all the synagogues of Omaha both days.

Rabbi J. M. Charlop will speak the first day, Monday, at 8 o'clock, at the Beth Israel synagogue, Eighteenth and Chicago streets. His subject will be "What Lesson Does the Succoth Teach Us at the Present Time?" The second day, Tuesday morning about 10 o'clock, he will speak at the Beth Hamedrash Hagadol, Nineteenth and Burt streets. The subject of his sermon will be "The Prophecy of Zachariah in Regard to the Betterment of the Future World."

Sure Sign.
"Ma, has pa been to the races?"
"Yes. How do you know?"
"Well, my money box won't rattle."
—The Humorist (London).

SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget, That Sunrise never failed us yet.

This glorious Lord's Day is being spent by us and a bunch of cheerful companions in resting up after a strenuous week. These special trips are not all "beer and skittles" by a long shot. Up at 7 or before every morning, chasing around all day, grinding out copy in time for the wire, and later a daily letter, then to bed before 10. And welcome indeed is even the narrow and stuffy confines of a Pullman berth.

As we write this little Lord's Day contribution, the lowing of the contented cows and the bawling of the virile bulls in the cars ahead, somehow or other reminds us of a Bible story. Prenatal influence and heredity are not new discoveries. At least one of the old patriarchs was wise to that game, and he played it to his own financial advantage. Jacob toiled seven years for Rachel and then had a gold brick handed to him by Rachel's father, Colonel Laban. Leah was palmed off on Jacob in the dusk of the wedding day. And Jacob, who had served Laban seven years for Rachel's hand, was sorely disappointed. But he had one advantage over men of this day, in that if his first wife didn't suit he could take another without the formality of divorce. So he proposed to Laban that he serve seven years more and get Rachel. Laban consented, as that was the game he played from the start. At the end of the second seven years Jacob got the girl of his choice, and then proposed a partnership with his father-in-law. Laban was the greatest fockmaster of history, but he didn't know as much as his son-in-law. So when Jacob agreed to manage the business and practice of making it merely a day of pleasure is a growing menace to the perpetuity of this republic. History will bear out the assertion that the nation that forgets God is soon forgotten of God, and when that comes to pass nations disappear.

Sunday should be a day of introspection. Too often it is nothing of the kind. We hold that it should be a day of devotion, although freely accord to every man the right to spend it as he pleases, provided that in so doing he does not infringe upon the rights of others. But we also hold that the growing practice of making it merely a day of pleasure is a growing menace to the perpetuity of this republic. History will bear out the assertion that the nation that forgets God is soon forgotten of God, and when that comes to pass nations disappear.

It is only as men and nations adhere to the Christian virtues that they prosper. When they lose sight of those virtues and indulge in selfish pleasures or devote themselves to worldly gain, they degenerate. That is history, and that nation can not expect to prosper by the exception to the rule. With pride to the fact that our country is 150 years old, but that is only a day as compared with Rome. Yet Rome, flourishing for a thousand years, went down in ruin because it forgot the homely virtues and degenerated into a nation of prodigals.

WILL M. MAUPPIN.

To the Pilots of the Night Air Mail.

With the stars for companions, his lone vigil keeping, He skims the high air while a world lies sleeping. A dreaming perchance; no thought gives to him, who Braves danger and death as he flies the dark night through. Unfamed as a hero of song or of story, Sail gloriously onward; your courage your glory. To the Power which gives you such valor, I do pray, To guide your frail craft o'er its uncharted air-way; Who, in wisdom, the universe holds in unseen hands, His spirit be with you, pioneers of the cloud-lands.

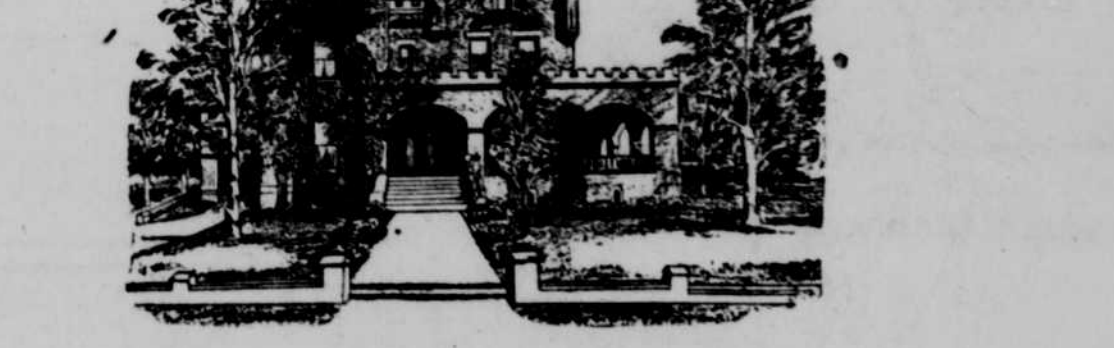
MABEL MILLS SONGER.

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V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of October, 1924.
W. H. QUIVEY,
(Seal) Notary Public

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