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POWER FOR THE FUTURE.

Two courses face the race for the future. It is admitted that a day may come when the supply of mineral oil will be exhausted. There will be no more gasoline. The need for gasoline as a source of energy may have vanished before that time. The inventive genius of man may bring forward a substitute either for the fuel or the engine. The one will relieve industry from the menace of a diminishing supply of fuel. The other will operate to continue indefinitely the service of supply available. One or the other must come.

Talk of releasing interatomic energy still keeps matters from stagnating around the laboratory. Scientists are not entirely agreed if the power latent in nature can be adapted to man's service. They do not wholly despair, however, of some day making the experiment on a scale that will be conclusive. Until then, however, the quest for some available substitute for gasoline to use in the internal combustion engine will go on. Unfortunate results have checked an attempt to fortify gasoline with "looney gas," but further trials will be made to secure something that will increase the kick and not the danger of the familiar article.

Henry Ford finds himself coming to the point reached by some others when "Tama Jim" Wilson was secretary of agriculture under Taft. That is to say, the great industrial leader looks to alcohol as a source of energy and fuel for the engines that depend on internal explosions for power. It was settled long ago that alcohol was serviceable. In fact the fluid was used in Europe, especially in Germany, prior to the war. We may yet see the day when the farmer actually will be permitted to distill his own fuel, as Secretary Wilson actually hoped he might, without the interference of the internal revenue regulations that threw the law passed in 1910 into the discard.

HEROINES OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

One need not go to battlefields and hospitals to find heroes and heroines. They are to be found in every day life; in humble and high place; in quiet neighborhoods and in busy marts. One of the real heroines in this generation has just been called to her long home.

She had no opportunity to achieve fame as nurse upon the battlefield. She led no great crusade. Hers was an humble place, but she filled it. At the same time she filled her own life with sunshine. By her work and her example she made life brighter for thousands of others.

Selma Ohlfs of Omaha was a hopeless cripple from birth. Not one of her days through forty-three years of life was without suffering. She not only bore her own afflictions smilingly and uncomplainingly, but she helped others less fortunate than herself to bear their afflictions. She was a daily example of patience and good cheer. She put to shame many who possessed good health and sound bodies who filled their homes and their neighborhoods with loud complainings.

Selma Ohlfs, hopeless cripple, one of the world's "shut-ins," sent her sweet spirit out into the world to radiate hopefulness and helpfulness. She triumphed over affliction as only real heroines can do. Despite her handicap, she not only supported herself, but she provided a home and all of a real home's comforts for her aged mother.

No word of complaint was ever heard from her lips. Always there was a smile upon her face. Ever heard always a word of cheer, a warm hand-clasp of friendship, and an example of self-sacrifice and devotion. What a contrast to those who weakly succumb to afflictions. Often the afflictions to which others succumb are small. They are afflictions which would have been a little less than heaven to this hopelessly crippled woman who triumphed over all.

Selma Ohlfs may never have a marble shaft towering above her last resting place. Her name may never be inscribed on a bronze tablet by the side of the names of men and women who engaged public attention by reason of heroic sacrifice while the world looked on and applauded. But Selma Ohlfs was none the less one of the great heroines. Her enduring monument is the rich memory of her useful life, cherished in the hearts of those who knew her and who were inspired by her example.

LET 'EM KEEP ON CRICKETING.

The American baseball teams now barnstorming in Europe report that our great national pastime will ever gain a foothold over there. The Briton clings to his cricketing and the Frenchman clings to his moustache twirling and cultivates his spade whiskers. Everybody to his taste," as the old woman said when she kissed the cow.

Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School-days," told us that Britain's wars were won upon the playgrounds of Eton. That may be a justly deserved tribute to cricket and soccer football. Let it not be forgotten, however, that the United States as a baseball diamond wherever there is enough level ground to lay out the bases. If national games are to be accounted as winners of wars, the United States has every right to point to baseball as a war winner, for Uncle Sam hasn't lost any wars to date.

By all means let the Briton stick to his cricket

bat. Far be it from us to make any effort to wean him away from it. Hitting a ball as big as a beef bladder with a bat as wide as a fence board may be the Briton's idea of sporting efficiency, but it fails to satisfy the American youth. Neither does it seem to satisfy the youth of any other nation except Great Britain. The American Army of Occupation played baseball in Germany, and former enemies danced around and rooted for their favorite teams, thus doing more to establish peace than all the diplomats of the allies combined. The little brown brothers in the Philippines looked askance at American schools until a wise teacher imported a few baseball outfits and told the youthful Filipinos to go to it. The inevitable happened. The Filipino boys could not be kept away from the schoolhouse by a cord of infantry. Great Britain boasts that her drumbeat is heard around the world, and that the sun never sets on the British flag. Perhaps; but wherever the sun shines the whole world around is heard the cry, "Play ball!" and white and black, brown and yellow, engage in the good old American game.

Uncle Sam has little to worry about so long as his nephews grab a baseball about the time the children of other countries are reaching out for rattles and teething rings. He need not worry about clean sportmanship while his nephews are running the bases or chasing long hits on the sand lot diamonds of his broad domain.

So let our British cousins stick to their cricket and drink their tea between times. Let our French cousins wax the hirsute adornment on their upper lips and toy with the lambrequins that decorate the lower part of their faces. We'll continue to play baseball, win wars, build the world's greatest industries, raise the foodstuffs for all mankind and lead the world in every line of human endeavor.

LOSER, YET A WINNER.

Rev. B. H. Dawson of Falls City lost an election, but he is none the less a winner. Rev. Mr. Dawson filed for the democratic nomination for state senator and won. His opponent on the republican ticket was John Witte, an experienced member of the legislature.

Rev. Mr. Dawson made an active campaign. He made it, however, in an unusual way. He admitted that his opponent was the better man because of his long experience and better acquaintance with conditions. Then he admitted that he would like to accumulate a similar experience and acquaintance. He also admitted that he would appreciate the honor of being a state senator and pledged himself to do his best if elected. He promised to give his opponent unwavering support in case of his own defeat.

Rev. Mr. Dawson made a splendid race. He was defeated by 402 votes in a district that normally returns a republican majority far in excess of that figure. But in defeat Rev. Mr. Dawson emerges spiritually victorious. He has made friends of far more worth than a temporary service on the floor of the state senate. He set an example of fairness and good nature that is altogether too rare in political strife.

But best of all, Rev. Mr. Dawson may now return to his pastoral duties with the pleasing knowledge that he had strengthened his hold upon the people of his community. He has made it easier for him to carry his message to them.

A Chinese statesman predicts a coalition of lesser nations against the few successful ones and says it is probable that a Chinese fleet may some day sail into San Francisco bay and capture the city. This is assurance that San Francisco need not fear any shortage of laundrymen.

A Maryland judge has ruled that the half per cent clause in the Volstead act does not refer to beverages taken in the home for home consumption. If the decision is upheld by the supreme court we may expect a great revival of the old neighborhood call.

Just why the man on the city desk should screech the story of a woman bandit holding up a man is beyond ordinary comprehension. Hasn't she been doing it so long and so often that it is no longer an item of news?

The discovery of water ten million years old in a natural crystal flask causes no great excitement. Discovery of something more than ten years old in a hand-made wooden receptacle would precipitate a riot.

The spectacle of the Brothers Bryan trying to extract comfort from a study of the election returns recalls to mind the scientific gent who spent a lifetime trying to extract sunshine from cucumbers.

After perusing a large number of democratic explanations for the recent defeat we are forced to the conclusion that it was a shortage of votes for Davis and Bryan.

A Cuban political party imported 600 dynamite bombs for election purposes. A political party in this country relied on compressed hot air suddenly released.

The Kansas man who offered a reward of \$10 for the return of his missing wife is evidently not at all careless with his money.

Father and Son week ends Saturday night, but should begin all over again early Sunday morning.

Probably wheat hasn't heard about the predictions made by third-parties just prior to election.

While Mr. Bryan is writing his memoirs a lot of democrats will be busy trying to forget him.

The proposed skyscraper college in Pittsburgh is probably intended as a tribute to higher education.

Fill the Community Chest first, and then be prepared for a Thanksgiving full of joy.

Father and Son banquets 365 days a year would also prove beneficial.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davie

CORN HUSKING TIME.
Along in autumn, kinda late, jest ere the winter breaks,
You hear the corn-a-crackin' on the bang-boards of the wains;
You hear the husker holler when the team starts up,
er wails
Too long to snatch a sample of the nearest golden grain.

You hear the wheels-a-crinkin' o'er the plant, unkempt
loom:
You see the wagon fillin' up until it holds no more;
You see the rugged husker as he hauls his treasure home,
And scoops it with precision through the open corn
crib door.

You see him leave the farm house where the welcome
has been true,
And drive away the long, long rows to tread with
proud and zest;
You meet him in the gloaming when the husking day
is through;
You know that he's entitled to a night of perfect rest.

So That's It, Is It?



Listening In on the Nebraska Press

Nothing that a film actress is to take her husband's name, Gus Buechler, the sarcastic thing, says in his Grand Island Independent that it isn't worth while for so short a time.

The Rushville Standard declares that the most dangerous disease afflicting the country is 48 legislatures and a congress.

Charley Kuhls of the Leigh World comes down within hailing distance of the earth long enough to be heard saying: "The result of the election suits us fine!"

Some politicians are mourning the disappearance of the old-fashioned partisan weekly. But their mournfulness is not at the loss of partisanship—they mourn because country publishers are doing business on a business basis these days. As Frank Edgcombe puts it in his Geneva Signal: "The Nebraska Press association is giving the timid the courage to withstand the blandishments of the space grafters, whether it be a gypsum company, a silk or tea corporation, or a politician." So hence the tears of the politicians who mourn the disappearance of the country editor who was supposed to read his nether garment every time a candidate asked for support.

The Wausau Gazette insists that Nebraska must get out of the mud before the automobile license fee is reduced.

George Snow of the Chadron Journal and Mayor Lowenthal of that city are seemingly at odds. George says he has been editing the paper for 29 years and intimates that he can keep right on without any instructions from the mayor.

After 43 years of existence the York Democrat has suspended. There was no obituary, no explanation, no expression of regret—just the simple announcement: "With this issue the Democrat suspends." It was bought by Thomas Curran of the Daily News-Times several months ago and continued until other arrangements could be made.

Bob Rice of the Central City Republican notes that the candidates who were "pleased with the prospects" far outnumber the candidates who are "pleased with the results."

Ole Buck arises to remark that the best way to improve conditions is for people to mind their own business.

Fletch Mervin of the Beaver City Times-Tribune complains that some of his subscribers give his statements their unrelenting attention.

Central Nebraska Press association meets at Broken Bow November 21 and Emerson Purcell guarantees a

Abe Martin



We don't know much about Gaston B. Means, but his name sounds like he'd never learned a trade. Kiss an re-makeup.
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SUNNY SIDE UP

Take comfort, nor forget that Sunrise never failed us yet.
Celia Thaxter

We don't like tea. In fact, we abhor it. We have seen so many tea derelicts cast upon the shores of time that we are determined to Pass a Law. Unless something turns up we are going to devote our time hereafter to the securing of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture, sale or possession of tea containing more than one-tenth of one-hundredth of one per cent of whatever tea is. If we get away with that we are going to begin prohibiting everything we don't like, including professional reformers. Two-thirds of our national troubles would disappear in six months were it not for the professional reformers stirring up things to make us worry.

We are considering acceptance of a proposition to become general manager of a great railroad system. If we decide to accept, our first official act will be to appoint a cabinet consisting of men who never knew the first thing about running railroads. Then we shall ask them to submit their plans of operation and, after giving all of them careful consideration, we shall immediately proceed to operate our railroad in exactly the opposite way. By this method we will be reasonably assured of doing the thing correctly.

The best railroad manager we ever met talked to us for an hour the other day, explaining just what the railroads needed. We managed to get away from him by lending him 15 cents to get something to eat. We have noticed that the men who think they know the most about managing big business are so busy telling about it that they never have a big business to manage.

Suggestion to street railway company: Not a good advertisement for up-to-dateness to keep those old "Vote" placards in cars. Causes considerable sarcastic comment. Saw a man reach for one and, after glancing at it, he said: "Week or ten days behind, as usual."

"Where were all you democrats on election day?" asked Don Baker of Fred Wright.
"A lot of them remained at home. If they'd gone to the polls the republican majority would have been bigger," growled Fred.

Rev. Mr. Holter of the Trinity Baptist church started in business life as a lawyer, but soon entered the ministry. When asked the whyfore of the change he replied that he preferred to confine his practice to the Supreme Court.

A wondrous shot
Is Nellie Rance.
She pierces hearts
With every glance.

Vaudeville entertainment on corner near the family apartment Monday evening. Two automobiles tried to turn corner while occupying same portion of street. Fenders smashed and locked. Fine flow of language from both drivers. Didn't know there were so many available cuss words in the whole world. Cars disentangled by spectators. Drivers departed, still finding new words to fling back.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

The Etiquet of Obsequies.
From the Washington Post
"Richard Loeb," says a Joliet dispatch, "will not attend the funeral of his father, A. H. Loeb, who died on Monday in Chicago."
In the best criminal society it is not regarded as exactly comel fault for a murderer to attend the funeral of one of his victims.

Difference in Wages.
From the Toledo Blade
There can be no doubt as to the desirability of an adequate protective tariff if a comparison is made of wages in the United States and foreign countries. Textile wages in Massachusetts may be contrasted with textile wages in Germany to illustrate the situation. While the American textile workers were averaging \$23.27 in a period conceded to be slack their kindred artisans overseas received \$3.48 for 52 hours' work. No one could favor a low textile tariff in the face of these facts.

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The Same Kindly Care Afterwards that you Gave Before

Handling a Cremation Service

We were slightly surprised recently to receive an inquiry asking if we would handle a service involving cremation, and what, if any, additional charges would be necessary.

The public may be interested to learn that cremation services involve but one unusual feature—a written request for such disposal of the body must be filed with the crematory officials by the head of the family. Aside from this and the fact that neither burial plot nor outside case for the casket is necessary, the service is identically the same as in all other cases.

We make complete arrangements for a service of this nature—prepare the necessary notices, secure the use of the crematory and look after every detail, even to the delivery of the ashes at a designated place, if desired. There are no additional charges of any kind.

The services may be held in the home, in the church, in our chapel or in the chapel of the crematory. The use of our chapel is included in our own service charge; the charge for the crematory includes the use of the chapel there, if desired.

Hoffmann-Crosby service in cremation cases includes every detail of completeness and refinement as in the regular burial; and we shall consider it a privilege to advise regarding the necessary arrangements in such cases.

Hoffmann-Crosby Funeral Home

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