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MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

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N. B. UPHOFF, President
HALLARD DUNN, Editor in Chief
JOY M. HACKLER, Business Manager

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ONCE BITTEN, TWICE SHY.

Nothing could be surer than that Nebraska, now experiencing the joys of renewed prosperity, will not soon again indulge in the orgy of wild speculation that marked the boom period of the World War. In many a home are tin boxes that were once the receptacle of Liberty bonds, but which now contain only sad reminders of gullibility in the shape of gaudy stock certificates of long-vanished corporations. Four per cent a year looked infinitesimal to men and women who were thinking in terms of 100 per cent. Smooth-tongued and high-powered stock salesmen were quick to take advantage of the peculiar situation.

There were those, too, who took particular satisfaction in discrediting the bonds of their own country in order to make appeal to prejudice and passion and thereby advance their own political fortunes. Liberty bonds bought at par under press of the country's necessity gradually went below par in the speculative market. These bonds never were less than par, but because they were quoted less than par on the market, high-powered salesmen many a fat killing by offering to take them at par in exchange for blue sky stocks that promised to pay exorbitant dividends.

Millions of dollars were invested by Nebraskans in these worthless stocks. One unfortunate result, not mentioning the loss to the investors, was that legitimate stocks were unmarketable and industrial development was needlessly hampered. The need of a thorough revision of Nebraska's blue sky laws was never better emphasized than by the ease with which those money concerns secured permits to sell stock, and the difficulty encountered by legitimate concerns seeking the same opportunity.

But the experience of that extravagant era is better protection now than all the blue sky laws ever enacted. Several years ago a vaudeville sketch represented a farmer getting ready to go to town, and the farm wife reminds her husband to get a teething ring for the baby.

"Let the baby chew on the gold brick that I bought a couple of years ago; I cut my teeth on it," grimly replied the husband and father.

After the unfortunate investments of those boom times, Nebraskans are going to think more than twice before investing hard-earned money in stocks of any kind. And, after thinking it over a few times, if they have learned much in the school of experience, they will consult men who have made that branch of business the study of a lifetime.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Time was when Thanksgiving Day was just that. It was set apart as a day for giving thanks to Almighty God for His bounties, and men and women gathered in the churches for that purpose.

It isn't that at all now. It has become a day of merrymaking, of football, of golfing and of over-eating. Instead of giving thanks on bended knees we stuff ourselves until we couldn't kneel down if we were so minded. We call it Thanksgiving Day, but that is only because so doing has become a fixed habit, like shooting of crackers and rockets on the Fourth of July to celebrate our independence.

A few good people will foregather in the churches on Thanksgiving Day to render thanks. Most people, good and bad, however, will observe it with overworked molars and regret it with overworked stomachs. Governor Bradford issued the first proclamation of Thanksgiving, and it was observed by fasting and prayer. President Coolidge issued the last one, and it will be observed by gastronomic indulgence and pretty much everything but prayer. Thus do times change. Whether the new method of observing the day is better than the old method is open to serious question. There are those who insist that the old way was best.

This is not the time or place to discuss that question. But it might not be out of place to remark, however incidentally, that it would not hurt this country a bit to get down on its knees and really and truly thank Divine Providence for the manifold blessings showered upon its people. The chances are that it would help a whole lot. It would be worth trying, anyhow.

STUDYING THE JOB.

John J. Bernet, president of the new Nickel Plate railroad system, did not get his job through favoritism. Neither did he get it by pull. He is a comparatively young man, being considerably under 60, and while he has gone far he is going farther. Thirty-five years ago he was a lad working in a country blacksmith shop. At 21 he was a telegraph operator at a country station. He was not content to merely pound a key and write reports to be mailed in to superiors. He studied his job. He became train dispatcher for the New York Central at Buffalo. When high operating officials had dismally failed to solve the problem of congestion in the Buffalo yards, Bernet offered a suggestion. Everything else having been tried without success, his suggestion was adopted. It worked. In a short time he was vice president of the New York Central.

In 1916 the Van Swearingens bought the Nickel Plate, the "poor old Nickel Plate," from the New York Central. It had 500 miles of single track. The Van Swearingens thought they saw an opportu-

ity to develop it into a real railroad system, so they looked about for the right man to lead. They found him in Bernet. Now the idea of a man giving up the vice presidency of the great New York Central to become president of a measly little railroad consisting of 500 miles of single track! But Bernet was not looking for the easy job. He was looking for the big job and opportunity, and he accepted the offer. He is not the president of a little 500-mile road now. He is president of a Nickel Plate with nearly 5,000 miles of main line, and about to become president of the Van Swearingen system of more than 16,000 miles.

There is no secret about Bernet's success. He didn't sit around on his job as a country telegraph operator and bemoan the fact that there was no change for a fellow. When he became a dispatcher he wasn't content merely to keep trains from getting all mixed up and spend his leisure time complaining that there was no opportunity for advancement. And when his knowledge and ability had made him vice president of a great railroad system and a power in the railroad world, he wasn't content to lay back in his chair and remark to himself: "Pretty soft; I guess I'll stay right here." He quit the seemingly big job to take a little one, believing that he could make the little job bigger than the one he left. He did.

Old stuff, and trite, to be sure. But it shows what pluck and industry and studying the job will do. President Bernet has shown that it can be done. Scores, yes thousands, of other men have shown the same thing. But that does not keep other thousands of men fronted by the same opportunities from whining about there being no chance for a man these days. There isn't for men of that kind. There are plenty of chances for young men who have in them the stuff that John J. Bernet had when he was a country operator, and when he was a train dispatcher.

The moral? If there is one in the story of John J. Bernet it lies in the application of it.

FROM LAKES TO SEA.

If the central west is ever to have water transportation direct from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic, it will be through its own efforts. Certainly it may expect nothing in the way of help from eastern interests. It may expect from that source only resistance. With this great waterway project, as with reclamation projects, the western and central western states must combine to overcome the indifference and the opposition of the eastern sections.

The Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway is to the west an economic necessity. Its completion would stimulate western enterprise, thus stimulating enterprise everywhere. It would not only profit the producers of the west by giving them more accessible markets at a lower cost of distribution, but it would stimulate eastern industries by giving a wider market for eastern manufactured products. This is a point too long overlooked by eastern manufacturers when the subject of reclamation by irrigation has been under discussion. The more farm homes opened up by reason of reclaiming arid lands, the greater the demand for implements and other manufactured products.

Stimulating western development by making it easier and less expensive to get western products to market, means stimulating the business of eastern manufacturers by increasing the purchasing power of the agricultural west. Notwithstanding this evident fact, however, the east will no doubt continue its policy of active or passive resistance to measures calculated to stimulate western development. This fact might just as well be realized first as last by the advocates of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway.

So long as the thirteen western states vitally interested in reclamation work proceeded separately, they made no headway. When they combined and exercised their combined power in matters of legislation they commanded instant attention and began securing what they had failed to get working separately. This lesson should not be lost in connection with the efforts to build the proposed seaway.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Had your read it in a story book you would have set it down as pure romance and nothing but fiction. But it happened in real life.

Charles E. Cummings of Omaha enlisted in the Foreign Legion at the outbreak of the World War and was assigned to the flying corps. His sister joined the Red Cross as a nurse and followed him overseas. Flying over Dijon, France, Cummings sighted an enemy plane and the battle in the air was on. Cummings shot down the enemy plane and wounded its aviator. Then Cummings proceeded to take his wounded enemy to a prison compound and called for a nurse. His sister responded. The wounded German, Baron Ringhausen, was nursed back to health. Then the war ended. Baron Ringhausen returned to his home in Germany and Cummings and his sister, Mrs. Bertha Wendell, returned to their home in Omaha. Now, six years after the war, Baron Ringhausen is in Omaha to marry the woman who nursed him back to health, the sister of the man who shot him down.

There you have the plot of a romance equal to any George Barr McCutcheon or Richard Harding Davis ever wrote. Such things often happen in books. But that is because they happen in real life. The great difference is that the romance of real life is more interesting than romance in fiction.

The Superman, whether of the football field or the prize ring, sooner or later collides with the super-Superman.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davis

THEY COME AND GO.
They come and go! Life somehow seems
An interlude of pleasant dreams:
From somewhere they drift in to stay
A year or two, and march away—
As butterflies on wings arise,
And lose their selves in the skies—
But they—our friends whom we have known—
Somehow remain when they have flown.

We wish them pleasure and success;
We wish them lighthearted happiness,
And we are fain that they may tread
To gain the better things ahead—
For even though afar they stray
They are remembered day by day,
And our bright memory of them
Is like a flaming diadem.

They come and go! Like sheep they wend
Their ways unto the beck'ning end
Where homes are built, and where Love gleams
Exultantly across their dreams.
From hum-drum mart to cozy home
The pretty "steno" gaily roam,
And there where adoration thrives
Resign themselves to live their lives.

Business as Usual



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.

The Farmer's Problems.
Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Recently a letter appeared in your columns having that quiet tone so characteristic of men who know whom they are talking to. The letter in part dealt with the farmers' ills as they know them, the main point being that they should organize. While that is not by any means a new point, it is a large one and one that might, if properly used, keep the new agricultural commission from lagging.

To organize is the big determination, but as to how to organize and what might take place afterwards is not so pressing. Suppose John and Jake make a bet as to the price they, the farmers, would get for wheat. If either wins, would that be robbing the farmers?

On the other hand, suppose some one bet the United States millers within a few million dollars of their combined wealth on wheat and the millers lose? They then consequently could only pay the farmers about 20 cents per bushel for wheat. So, suppose the union owns the mills the government don't want them and France contracts to purchase a large consignment of grain, but later on she court-martins or consels the deal, could the farmers keep what she had paid down, and, if so, would that not lead to gambling, and if so, necessitate—as a means of eliminating suspicion—the vote or voice of several thousand county agents before each and every transaction be made? For some reason unknown, the country agent is to the average farmer as the "bonus lemon" is to the ex-soldier.

But, for this French turn, would you lose if you had not known she'd back out and, if so, would the farmers benefit as much by your loss as they think they would have lost if you had won?

Why do most farmers, as a riddle, sell everything from a turkey to a truck patch, through a dealer? Because the dealer can, after making a commission, big or little, still allow him more than he could have gotten himself. While it is possible that the present system of handling grain gives the farmer a better price than he could get himself, it is more likely that if the trick of buying wheat from commissionmen or buying it direct from farmers could be made optional, it would then create a competition that the trick of farmers would only just what supply and demand actually is, but where it is actually at.

Comments the Sermon.
Columbus, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: In reading the columns of The Omaha Sunday Bee of November 16 I cannot help but express my gratitude and approval to you for Mr. Maupin's splendid sermon given therein, which I hope was read by every reader of The Omaha Bee. I also trust that the clergy of our great American churches will read it and give us more sermons based on the teachings of that great Book of all Books, which has been and always will be the only method in the uplifting and betterment of all mankind. Through religion and love alone, and not through force or law enactment, can we ever expect to lessen crime, make happier homes, and work for a better and successful nation.

Abe Martin



SUNNY SIDE UP

Take comfort, nor forget,
That Sunrise never failed us yet.
Celia Thayer

Every time we hear some old fossil bemoaning the dress of the young folks of today we know we are listening to one who is suffering from falling memory. One of our most treasured possessions is an old album full of photographs taken many years ago. Gosh-all-fishooks, how the young men and women dressed in those days. There's a photo of a dear old maiden aunt, wearing a hoopskirt eight feet across the bottom, and right opposite the photo of another female relative, side view, with a bustle as big as a bushel basket. There's a picture of an uncle, who wears a pair of skin-tight trousers with a strap tops, and a bell-skirted coat that makes him look like an elongated wasp.

There's another photo of a young man—we'll not disclose his identity, and there is enough cloth in each trouser leg to make a whole suit. His head is surmounted by a little flat derby that looks like a pancake with its edges curled down, and his shoes are of the most extreme "toothpick" variety. The derby sets far enough back on his head to disclose a beautiful curl of hair plastered neatly down until it almost meets his left eyebrow.

Just opposite is a photograph of the lad's sister, and she is wearing a basque—isn't that what they called 'em?—that has mountainous shoulders and enough ruffles bedecking it to make a skirt for her two daughters today. The side view presented shows her to be about three feet wide in the mid-section and a foot wide where the pull-back is in full effect.

Praise be that the styles have changed! We can imagine the roar that would go up from the average 14-year-old boy if he had to go to school clad in a pair of trousers emulated from a pair Dad had discarded—the kind our mothers made—and when we wore 'em we didn't know whether we were going or coming. Half of that old album is taken up with pictures of men, and they were enough whiskers to stuff a couple of mattresses.

The men who bemoan the bobbed hair fashion of today ought to take a peek at some of the photos in that old album and see the mountains of hair piled up on feminine heads. No woman on earth ever grew that much hair. "Chignons and waterfalls" hully gee, but bobbed hair looks like a million dollars after a look through that old album. And those cute little curls pinned under the edges of the chignons and carefully hung over the left shoulder? Women really had hips in those days, and were so proud of 'em that they emphasized the fact with puffs and panniers.

Let the old fossils rave. They are better than a farce comedy.

Advice to legislators-elect: Stay off'n that "be it enacted" thing and bear down heavy on "the same is hereby repealed."

We have striven for some time to get the real facts about that war in China. It now appears that it was caused by getting the laundry tickets mixed.

Our idea of the perfectly useless is a goldfish in a bowl and a canary in a cage.

It is really fortunate for some babies that they did not land in arms that dearly love to fondle a pug dog.

We have often wondered what excuse Adam offered Eve when he tried to sneak in at 2 o'clock in the morning. There wasn't any place for him to go. WILL M. MAUPIN.

CENTER SHOTS.

The trouble with some men on the straight and narrow path is that they lay more emphasis on the narrow than on the straight—Cleveland Times.

To call some flappers "chickens" is to reveal considerable ignorance concerning the nomenclature of adult fowl.—New York Telegram.

There is good old hickory-smoked sausage on the other end of November. Press on.—Houston Post-Dispatch.

It is not because the people of the

United States hate children or love the evil of child labor that they are withholding their approval from the proposed constitutional amendment. It is because they detest unreasonable federal encroachment and the steady growth of bureaucratic control.—Chicago News.

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