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THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving is distinctively an American holiday. The United States has other holidays, but they are like unto similar events in other countries. For instance, we celebrate July Fourth, while our French cousins celebrate the fall of the Bastile. But Thanksgiving is our very own.

The last Thursday in November of each year has been set aside by precedent and common consent as Thanksgiving day, a day when the nation turns away from toil and strife to return thanks to Almighty God for His goodness and bounty. And truly this republic has every reason to be thankful, and every reason for expressing thanks not only in words but in deeds of kindness. It is the day for a renewal of home ties, for gathering around the family table in humbleness of spirit but hearts full of rejoicing. It is the day for the renewal and strengthening of ties of friendship. It is the day when the wanderers hurry across the intervening miles to meet again around the family hearth. It is a day based upon devotion to God, to country and to home.

This nation is blest above all other nations. While we may rejoice in our blessings, let us not rejoice that the other nations are less blest. Nebraska as a state has been wonderfully blest by Divine Providence during the year. The soil has yielded bountifully and the rewards of honest toil have been great. Pestilence and famine have been unknown and prosperity abounds. God has indeed been good to nation and to state. In our rejoicing over our renewed prosperity, in our freedom from calamities and woes, let us not take the sweet unction to our souls that it is all the result of our own feeble efforts. Let us give thanks unto the Lord:

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters."

Surely Nebraska should be grateful that her people have been made to lie down in green pastures. have been led beside the still watrs of peace and prosperity. Her cup has been filled to overflowing. Let Nebraskans, therefore, return thanks. Let home ties be renewed, friendships strengthened, charity be more abounding and the peace that passeth all understanding be ours to enjoy through all the years to come.

"And Thine shall be the praise forever, and ever. Amen!"

POLICE PROTECTION.

It is a well known adage that one may not eat his cake and have it. Neither may a city economize too much on its police department and have adequate police protection. Not even the most efficient police head can provide adequate protection with an inadequate force. Omaha need not expect a police force fitted for a city of 100,000 to properly police a city of more than 200,000.

If Omaha has a sufficient number of policemen of the right sort, the police department does not need more money. If the policemen are not of the right sort, or the police head not the right man, then there is only one remedy, and it should be applied. But if the force is inadequate and the police head helpless to give the protection needed to life and property, then, too, there is but one solution. No one will claim that the policemen are underpaid. Neither will any one claim that the force is too large. On the contrary it is admitted on all sides that the force is too small. Evidently the taxpayers have confidence in the present head of the police department. He was elected by a substantial majority and an effort to invoke the recall proved worse than abortive. It turned out to be a joke.

The situation resolves itself into just thiseither the police department is not functioning as it should, or it is too small to afford proper police protection. The voters put their O. K. on the department when they re-elected Commissioner Dunn and refused to countenance a recall. He should not be asked or expected to perform the impossible.

The situation might be simplified if the police department had more hearty co-operation on the part of the citizens. Certainly it would help some if lawabiding citizens would look upon policemen as protectors instead of mere "flatfeet" to be avoided. The policeman's lot would be a happier one if citizens who claim to be law-abiding pay more respect to laws and ordinances and devote less time to criticizing and seeking to evade without being caught at it.

The problem is not altogether Henry W. Dunn's. It is the problem of all the people.

WHAT IS NEWS?

The answers to that question will be as many as there are city editors, and managing editors and newspaper readers. Newspaper making would be easy if only it were possible to find a real, honest-togoodness answer to that question.

Why do the newspapers print so much about crime? Newspaper workers hear that question every day. The best answer possible, and it is not claimed that it is the real answer, is that newspaper readers seem to like it. Crime is news while virtue and sobriety are not. They are too common. There is nothing resembling news in the statement that Mr. and Mrs. John Jones lived through Wednesday with-

out having a fight. But if John batted the Missus over the head with a shovel, or Mrs. Jones split John's head open with a rollingpin, it would be news. Not uncommon news, to be sure, but news of a sort. Who would be interested in a newspaper item stating that Cashier William Cash of the Steenth National bank attended to his duties as usual Monday? But if William had fled to Canada Monday night, taking with him all of the bank's available cash, that would be real news.

We hope we make ourselves understood. Right living is the usual thing, therefore not news. Crime is the unusual, therefore news. But not all unusual things are criminal, so there you are again. We are no nearer the answer than we were before. At least not much nearer. What is news to you may not be news to your neighbor, and the other way round. If you like it, read it; if not, don't. The safest way is to rely on the fact that if it is news you will find it in The Omaha Bee. If it isn't there, then it just isn't news.

SOUTHERN CHIVALRY IN REVERSE MOTION.

The protagonist of the modern South becomes indignant at the oft-repeated statement that the charm of the old Dixie remains solely with her women. Yet in what other part of the country would one find the following story, clipped from the current issue of "Time?"

"At Baton Rouge, La., Louisiana State university upper classmen seized freshmen, sheared their locks from their polls. Infuriated, the freshmen raided Baton Rogue High school, seized students, seized lady teachers, dragged them forth to the school yard, sheared some of their locks from some of their polls, to get even."

So much for the Higher Culture of the South. These indignant frosh were doubtless descendants of men who fought gallantly for a mistaken cause, men who served with valor and distinction under the chivalrous Robert E. Lee and that great rebel war lord, General Stonewall Jackson. Their forebears' rifles found a ready target in the red-clad breasts of Lord Cornwallis' mercenaries. The sorry action at Baton Rouge High school can not reflect creditably upon the South, although it was deprecated properly throughout the state of Louisiana.

Dixie should snap out of it and come to attention, attempt to regain a prestige that lives largely in the memory of golden days that will never come again. The souls of the Confederate gentlemen resting in their graves beneath a friendly loam must turn fitfully at the misadventures of the 20th Century South. The appalling illiteracy, the mob lynchings, the contract prison camps and their mediaeval whipping posts, are but a slight improvement over

The spectacle of university students dragging high school teachers out of their classes to clip their tresses is one that will never be seen in the West, which is regarded as crude by many Southerners.

THE MATTER OF WEEKS.

Before we had fairly emerged from Father and Son week we were plunged into National Education week. We have had apple week and prune week; eat more bran a day week, and weeks for this and that, until there are not enough weeks in a year to accommodate all of them. To be downright blunt about it, we are about as tired of this special week thing as we became of tag days for this and special drives for that. Unless we are woefully mistaken most folks are tired of it. They would like to have an opportunity to enjoy a mind-your-own-business week for several consecutive weeks.

If we are to be afflicted with special weeks why not make them really worth while? Stay at home nights for a whole week, and quit worrying us about immaterial things week, and buckle down to real work week, and weeks of that sort and kind?

But, for goodness sake, give us a rest from all these special propaganda weeks.

The Minneapolis Journal reports that a longlegged, fringe-lipped, spear-nosed vampire, a grison, a tayra, two kinkajous, two basaricyons and a bassaricus have been seen in the Panama Canal Zone. Boy, page Mr. Wayne Wheeler!" They're selling some awful stuff down there.

Perhaps France negotiated that hundred-million loan from Morgan & Co. for the purpose of bluffing Uncle Same into believing that France would have to postpone indefinitely the matter of even paying him

Commissioner Hummel has performed his part, now let the weather man do his part and 10,000 kiddies with skates already sharpened will be happy. So will several hundred coal dealers.

Attorney Ice of Kansas came to Omaha to collect evidence against a couple of suspects. He says he struck a warm trail and has enough evidence to

Finis J. Garrett insists that his first name shall never be applied to the democratic party, although at he present writing that party seems to be occupying

President Coolidge is writing his annual message. If there is anything in Coolidge precedent it will be brief, to the point, common sense and intensely

If a consolidation of city and county govern-ment means a considerable reduction in taxes, why discuss any other points?

Some men contribute to foreign missions because it is so much easier to make a living off the heathens right here at home.

What a pity there isn't enough wood in the alco-hol to furnish a comfortable casket for each victim.

Detectives claim to be hot on the trail of the guilty party in that Ohio furnace mystery.

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

THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving takes me swiftly through The way that lead to Spring,-To seeding days and furrows new .-To orchards promising,-

To babbling streamlets that foretold The tidings good and gay, Which we to heart with fondness hold Upon Thanksgiving day.

Thanksgiving sort of makes me glad, And thrills me through with pride; I think of all the things I've had, Of friendships true and tried,-Of daybrenk's promise and sunset's Release and placid charm, Of buttercups and violets,

Thanksgiving is the counting of Those promises of old,-The plenitude, the trust and love Of which the streamlets told :-The offerings of field and wood, And other premiums Of springtime promise proven good

And hay fields on the farm.

When Autumn comes.

The First Good Laugh They've Had in Years



Letters From Our Readers

"Music and American Religion." be sought with the talents of music Lincoln, Neb.—To the Editor of The themselves. They are so eager to make good in the popular, secular consistion, to offer in regard to the following. Lincoln, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Why do we not have make good in the popular, secular field that they pay no attention services in this day? We are said to be a music-loving age—there is music world. Either they do not think religious music worthwhile their religious for the world's farmed and discoverer of the charging for their services.

State Evangelist of the World's Faith Missionary Association.

In days gone by Old Father Time, As up life's hill we onward climb, Has wonders worked in modern way

But gives us still Thanksgiving day. We love the shout of girl and boy, And hall the pumpkin ple with joy; The happy hearts are young and gay, Nor stop to think of modern way.

As off to grandpa's house they go. The roads are fine, no need of snow. We hear "Honk, Honk" as forth they In pleasant weather the modern way

Tis smiling grandma at the door; The kindly face we love, adore. Rich blessings at the threshhold lay We welcome glad Thanksgiving day

We step inside and there behold! The progress of the times retold. The turkey has its part to play; We drink to health the modern way.

know not what the future brings, But I suppose it's marvelous things The wealth and riches make us gay, But let's go back Thanksgiving day.

To time when winter's frost and chill, The snow piled high, I love it still; When the good old-fashioned horse and sleigh Were in those days the modern way.

The sleigh bells jingle merry tune, Our way made clear by silvery moon; While Old Jack Frost, with pranks But what cared we for chilly breeze The great big moon, in his cunning

Smilingly winks as in this modern A splendid time those days gone by, Just boy and girl, you and I.

The old home stood not far from The turkeys baked were crisp and brown; a mother dear, taught us to say, 'Oh Lord, we're grateful for the

Abe Martin



It's too bad th' prince o' Wales didn' git t' see this country in th' daytime, 'specially durin' October. Burly Sapp is invited t' a swell house party t'night, but he don't (Copyright, 1924.)

world does not take kindly to the us of Mary Baker Eddy's "Key to the Scriptures" as a criterion for the Christian world to go by, and if it is the Bible contradicts itself, then the

be a music-loving age—there is music world. Either they do not think everywhere; yet none of all the talent in music is busy composing in the service of religion. Is it a lack of appreciation that may have greeted any former attempts of our musical talents? We do not think so. Even superficial and very haphazard attempts at popular religious music, such as we have had in our recent revival hymns, have met a most enthusiastic and profitable reception and have had a large, yes, very large sale.

The reason for the present dearth in religious music is, to our mind, to

THE MODERN THANKSGIVING.

In days gone by Old Father Time,

The reason by the reason for the present dearth in religious music is, to our mind, to the religious music worthwhile their they do not think about it think about it all. If any of them read this, may they think about it. Our America is full of musical genius and if it ever turns to the religious and it is an acknowledgement of Christian Scientes. If this is true, then, this leaves Jesus Christ entirely out of the question and is an acknowledgement of Christian Scientists that Mrs. Eddy was the Christ, the founder of theymns, and anthems, and religious music worthwhile their they do not think about it all. If any of them read this, may they think about it. Our America is full of musical genius and if it ever turns to the religious such as we have had in our recent revival hymns, and anthems, and religious music worthwhile their their they do not think about it all. If any of them was the founder of the time, the founder of the state was the founder of the time, the founder of the time, the founder of the state their there is not think about it all. If any of them and it is necessary to the religious music worthwhile their there it has a late of the state of them and it to think about it all. If any of them was the founder of the time, the foun

spent 30 of the best years of my life traveling over the United States, Canada and Mexico, I never saw a Chris-tian Science church building in a small town or in the country, The Omaha Bee: Friendly discussions on religion or politics through the large structures of massive stone or the best of material. I suppose Christ made a mistake and did not mean

Regarding the letter of Lester D. McCoun in today's Omaha Bee, I will say that the majority of the Christian

PROF. HENRY C. OFFERMAN.

Martin Luther Theological Seminary.

This Will Start Something.

hurt anybody, and is an educational

Sterling, Neb .- To the Editor of

NETAVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION for Sept., 1924, of THE OMAHA BEE

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

Notary Public

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Jake Comfort nor forget, That Sunrise never failed us yet

THANKSGIVING

I thank Thee, Lord, that through the year Rich Blessings have around me spread; That though some days seemed dark and drear, The sun its gleams of splendor shed.

I thank Thee, Lord, for mind and arm To toil for those within my care; For Thy great love that saved from harm And blessings gave in richest share. For all Thy blessings on life's way I thank Thee this Thanksgiving Day!

I thank Thee, Lord, as one by one The days sped to eternity Each evening's low descending sun Left loved ones here to welcome me. I thank Thee, Lord, when day's work o'er And footsteps turned to home and rest, That childish welcomes at the door Made ev'ry passing moment blest. For all these joys I gladly pay My tributes this Thanksgiving Day!

I thank Thee, Lord, that each day's dawn Was ushered in with hope and cheer; That each day's sun could shine upon The friendly faces I hold dear. I thank Thee, Lord, for soft caress Of loving hands upon my face; For love that left, through storm and stress,

Around my board no vacant place. For blessings spread about my way I praise Thee this Thanksgiving Day! I thank Thee, Lord, for all the friends Whose cheery welcomes make life sweet;

For love that all my way attends And makes my happiness complete. I thank Thee, Lord, for hands stretched out To clasp my own in friendship warm; For hope that puts to flight each doubt, And haven gives in ev'ry storm. For all Thy goodness on life's way

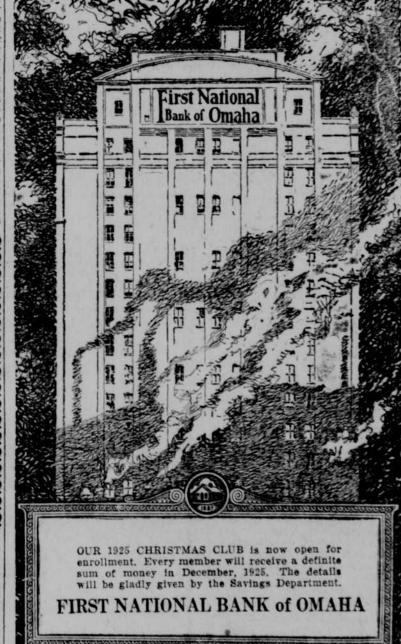
what He said when He stated, "The

oor have the gospel preached to hem." Matt. 11-5.

I praise Thee this Thankgsgiving Day! WILL M. MAUPIN.

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