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THE VILLONS OF TODAY.

Of all the men and women—sovereigns, philosophers, artists, poets, generals and scoundrels—who inhabited this world of ours in the 15th century, only a handful will live through the ages. Columbus the Genoese; Catherine de Medici, daughter of a Florentine merchant prince; Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of Domremy, and Francois Villon, thief and wastrel. These four, and perhaps as many more who have graced the pageantry of that pleasant century, emblazoned vividly their careers upon the immortal sheet of Time.
Nearly half a thousand years have passed since Francois Villon, the only French poet whose works do not smack of artificiality, drank with the bandits and courtesans at the Pomme de Pin and the Abreuvoir Popin. The band of rogues with whom he played included Jehan le Loup, Casin Cholet, Regnier de Montigny, Colin de Cayeux, Guy Tabary, Dom Nicholas, Petit-Jehan and Thibault. Villon sang of men and women, of the aged, of the young, of the good and the bad, and gave to us, more than any of his contemporaries, the true picture of the Paris of long ago. In "The Little Testament" and "The Great Testament" his friends and enemies continue to be with us, to be lauded or ridiculed according to their lights. Ragged, hungry, dissolute though he was, Francois Villon's star is brighter than his king's, who is remembered today in the cyclopedias as only another Charles. H. De Vere Stacpole, Villon's translator, says of him:

"God made him a robber, it is true; but at least let us thank God that He did not make him a tradesman. He was a robber, but he was compassionate toward children and women grown old . . . and it is this feeling for things weak and humble and ruined that lends his verse a grace greater even than the grace lent to it by his genius."

Are there Francois Villons in our midst today, poor fellows who are down on their luck, out at the elbow, in jail maybe? Will the great men of the present—statesmen, diplomats, writers of best sellers, dramatists, multi-millionaires, inventors—go down among the forgotten dead so that room may be made for some scapgrace whose heartstrings are silvery threads of poetry, be it expressed in verse, in thought, in penciled drawing? The 15th century world was roughly materialistic to the 15th century people, and Villon's body was flung into an unknown grave. Is the 20th century less unkind to the gifted souls who pound the pavements seeking crumbs and words of cheer?

REAL FOLK.

Jules J. Jusserand has been the French ambassador at Washington for a quarter of a century. He and his accomplished wife have been the prime favorites in Washington, not only in diplomatic circles but in social circles as well. In addition to being leaders in the diplomatic world, they seem to be real folks—the kind of folks that appeal to the hearts of real, honest-to-goodness Americans.
During the dark days of the World War, when German armies were devastating France, Mr. and Mrs. Jusserand were wont to snatch a few minutes whenever possible to walk through Piney Branch Valley, listening to the warbling of the birds. From their feathered friends they secured comfort and renewed faith and hope. Now that the distinguished diplomat and his wife are about to bid their American friends adieu, including the woodland songsters, they make plain the reason why they have endeared themselves to the American people. They are going to erect a handsome stone bath in Piney Woods Valley for the use of the birds. A noted French artist will design the bath and upon it will be inscribed: "To the Birds of Piney Branch—From Their Friends—Eliis and Jules Jusserand."

Real folks, the Jusserands. Just the kind to make friends of other folks who love the simple things of life, such as birds, and dogs, the family reside, and honey things.

GOMPERS REDIVIVUS.

But that has happened so often that it hardly seems worth while to mention it. Every twelve months for the past forty years or more, word has gone forth that Samuel Gompers was done, through, sidetracked, or worse. And then Samuel would show up blithe and gay and sitting firmly in the American Federation of Labor saddle. Only once in forty-three years did he do the Prince of Wales act and dismount involuntarily. The opposition got him many years ago, but he was out only a year. He has been president of the A. F. of L. for forty-three years, barring one year. The other day he was unanimously re-elected.

Of course President Gompers has made mistakes. But they have been neither many nor costly. He has proved himself to be a wonderful organizer, a splendid disciplinarian and a safe and conservative leader. The fact that the A. F. of L. guessed wrong in the recent campaign is not wholly charged to its president. He has always favored the "stand by your friends" idea in politics without going the limit of endorsing any party or any particular policy. It is probable that the organization's stand during the last campaign was not enthusiastically endorsed by President Gompers, and that he submitted only because outvoted in the executive council.
Those who saw the overwhelming defeat of the

A. F. of L. candidates may have thought that it would result in the veteran labor leader being shelved. If so, they thought wrong. He is still president of the American Federation of Labor, and unless all signs fail he has the implicit confidence and the unanimous support of his fellows.

Some may criticize Gompers' policies; none may doubt his ability to defend whatever position he takes. Some may oppose the things he supports; none may doubt his sincerity of purpose nor question his rugged honesty. The chief executive of the greatest labor organization in the world, he has presided wisely and conservatively, and never has there been a breath of suspicion that he used his power viciously or corruptly. The little English cigarmaker who came to America because it is the land of opportunity, became an upstanding American citizen whose loyalty has never been questioned. The American Federation of Labor is to be congratulated upon its wisdom in retaining Samuel Gompers. The world of industry is to be complimented that a man so sagacious, so levelheaded and so just, heads that great organization and guides its destinies with rare good judgment.

CHEERING NEWS FROM THE WEST.

From western Nebraska, that portion of the commonwealth hit hardest by depression, come the most cheering news. Banks are reporting increased deposits and decreased loans. Merchants are reporting better business and payment of long overdue accounts. Real estate men are reporting an increased demand for farm lands and town property. In the irrigated sections there is renewed activity and increasing prosperity.

For the first time in several years Nebraska appears as all white on the business map, denoting good business throughout the confines of the state. Nebraska has emerged fully from the great depression and is forging ahead at a wonderful rate. A crop above the average is selling at prices far above the average. Millions are pouring into the state, paying off indebtedness, enlarging credits and vindicating the faith of those who have stuck to their tasks and expected the best because they worked their best to bring it about.

A wonderful state and a wonderful people!

BETTER ENFORCEMENT.

There will be immediate and violent protest against transferring the prohibition enforcement department from the Treasury department to the Department of Justice. The transfer has been recommended by the conference of senior circuit judges, Chief Justice Taft presiding. The reasons advanced by the judges will be the foundation of the protests. The reasons given are in part as follows:

"All the appropriations for such enforcement should be expended under the direction of the attorney general. In that way the attempted prosecution of trivial, futile and unimportant cases which now crowd the dockets through the ill-advised zeal and practical ignorance of prohibition agents can be avoided, and only those cases taken up and pressed which will really deter the principal offenders and in the preparation of which district attorneys will have a personal responsibility."

The adoption of this recommendation would separate a small army of enforcement officers from the payroll. It would, however, put the enforcement department in control of men who know something of law, thereby protecting the general public from the activities of a certain class of officers who imagine that enforcement simply means prying into everybody's business. It would also center attention upon the sources of supply instead of letting the big source go while the little offenders were being haled into court on the slightest suspicion.

"Ill-advised zeal and practical ignorance" is the mild language used by the distinguished jurists, but those are the two things that have hindered prohibition enforcement and have aroused the resentment of a large proportion of the citizenship. The judges have requested Attorney General Stone to incorporate their recommendation in his annual report to congress. Those who believe in the orderly processes of the law will endorse the recommendation.

The man who robbed the "poor boxes" in Omaha church will have ten years in the penitentiary to think it over. He might have earned a considerable sum of honest money in that length of time.

Why wait for the agricultural commission to evolve a plan of agricultural relief when 10,000 politicians can solve the whole problem by merely Passing a Law?

If you are able to help fill the Community Chest, and fail to do so, here's hoping your Thanksgiving dinner lays on your stomach like a building on a cornerstone.

If it is true that a bunch of politicians conspired to increase the price of wheat until after election, they forgot to put hobbles on the conspiracy.

Radio messages from Europe are all right, but radio messages are not what a lot of people are trying to slip into this country from Europe.

Our idea of good comedy is to be present when Senator Brookhart rises to address Charley Dawes for the first time as "Mr. President."

Men who drop into Lincoln, their hip pockets bulging, should be searched. Not for flasks of booze, but for bills for proposed laws.

What we picked up over our radio must have been from Europe. It couldn't have sounded like anything else.

Replying to Britain's demand that she withdraw troops from the Sudan, Egypt says: "You go to grass!"

Brookhart will be seated, but those arrow points will keep him shifting around quite a bit.

There are other gasbags we wish would cross the Atlantic, going east.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davis

WHEN DOCTOR EVANS DIED.
Years have gone and changes many lay between the new and old—
I was just a tiny weakling, ill enough for folks to hold—
But I understood the meaning when they told me, and
I cried
Like a boy who's lost his mother when our Doctor Evans died.
I remember how the message flashed like lightning
everywhere
I remember the expressions of distraction and despair;
I behold unhappy children by a solemn mother's side
As I saw them on that morning when our Doctor Evans died.
On the hurry-flurry journey of the life the living lead—
Oft I think of Doctor Evans as the faithful friend I need.
And the same devotion lingers! Though my tears have long been dried,
I recall with growing vision when our Doctor Evans died.

It Doesn't Look Like a Very Happy Family Reunion



"From State and Nation"

—Editorials from Other Newspapers—

It Is Being Done.

From the St. Paul Dispatch.
The story of "Bill" Haag of Eden Valley, Minn., who with a cash capital bought a piece of land 25 years ago, and now has 240 acres of cultivated land, worth \$24,000, a modern residence worth \$12,000; a barn costing \$8,000; a hog house and other buildings costing \$5,000, making a total of \$49,000 worth of property, calls to mind that famous American saying that "The Man who sows it can't be done is constantly being interrupted by somebody doing it."

For despite the claim sown up from many quarters that the farmer is in a position that precludes the possibility of making more than a bare living and that the odds are heavily against him, and despite the fact that hard times and good times have followed each other alternately in the last 25 years, there are farmers who make money. It is being done.

When he started, "Bill" Haag did not step out upon smooth, clean, virgin prairie soil. His piece had been heavily wooded and the stumps of elm, oak and basswood were first to be removed. He was handicapped by a slow start in the race. Now he is counted among the winners. Why should it be?

He tells it: "Feed the soil as religiously as you feed the livestock." There is but one way to do that: rotation and diversification. Alfalfa enriches an impoverished soil. It produces good livestock feed. So he used that and today, by means of alfalfa and the fertilizer from his cattle, his acres produce more than they did when the plow first turned a furrow in them. Diversification to him means farming on a department store plan—each department paying and none being supreme. Dairying is good, but not too much of it; grain crops are good—but not overdone; livestock and poultry are good—but the best beast or animal that eats more than it produces, goes!

Commonsense in Legislation.

From the Southluff Star-Herald.
Truth to tell, there has been entirely too much of attempt to legislate good into folks in the past years. True, there should be attention given to our criminal code, with the purpose in view to keep it up to the requirements that are arising in this day of reckless driving of cars and the other dangers brought about by the workings of progress, but when it comes to what is considered "good" and what is considered "bad" there is a wide divergence of opinion, and much time wasted that should be given to matters of more practical importance.

Abe Martin



Need.

The legislature of the state of Nebraska should be considered in a more important light than that of a wet nurse, a policeman, a reformer, and the like, when such matters should be part of the training of every home.
We often wonder how the parents used to get along when they were held responsible for the raising and morals of their own children and before they had an opportunity to pass the buck to the schools, state legislatures and the national congress. That they did a fair job of it is evidenced by the fact of the nation full of men and women of middle age and past, who seem to realize to the full their obligations to their church, their state, their families and their fellowmen, even though their early lives were prescribed by no laws save that given and enforced by good common sense parents who believed that the raising of a family was a responsible job and not a mere incident, and endeavored to inculcate sound principles of right and wrong in the minds of their children.
Movie censorship, press censorship, censoring music, censoring drama, censoring this and censoring that; filling the statute books with a bunch of stuff that is entirely the province of the home and of home training and is useless, after all. For the truth remains that no matter how easily the "law" is overlooked, the respect for the law is something that cannot be taught save by precept and example in the homes. If the law

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V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.
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W. H. QUIVEY,
Notary Public

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Center Shots.

It takes a straight party these days to inspire its historic following to vote the straight party ticket.—Norfolk Virginian-Examiner.
With the election in the background, we feel confident that such a versatile woman as Zora Gale will be able to find something besides La Follette to talk about to club women.—Milwaukee Journal.
Judging from its string of defeats the football team of the University of Wisconsin must have gone democratic.—Milwaukee Journal.
Now that a Milwaukee brewer it is probable to reflect that there are

times when it is advisable not to keep the home fires burning.—Milwaukee Journal.

The man who is endeavoring to overtake a pay roll probably has to hustle quite as hard if he had to meet one.—Houston Post-Dispatch.

It is safe to say that little campaign money will be spent on taking down the candidate's pictures from the poles and electric light poles.—Chicago News.

Al Smith is a democratic island surrounded by republicans.—Milwaukee Journal.

SUNNY SIDE UP

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

At one time and another in our long and rather unevenful career we have shaken hands with presidents and senators, pugilists, foreign ministers and famous clergymen. The other day we were privileged again to shake hands with a man who handles millions of dollars every year. But it isn't because he handles immense sums of money that makes a handshake from C. J. Ernst worth while. It is because he is the kind of man worth knowing because he is what he is—a big-hearted, big-brained, whole-souled gentleman. He has been warmly welcomed to membership in the We Knew Him When Club. Mr. Ernst is assistant treasurer of the Burlington, and has been with that institution for many years. We knew him when he used to start out in the old pay car with a trunk full of greenbacks and pay off in person every Burlington employe in Nebraska. He could call practically every one of them by his first name, too. A lover of good books, a close student of affairs, and a cheerfulness of disposition that are can not wither nor custom fade, C. J. Ernst is a man worth knowing.

It is now proposed to Pass a Law compelling all auto drivers to bring their cars to a full stop before crossing a railroad track. Like many fool laws already on the statute books, it simply would not work. It is impossible to pass a law that will put brains into an empty head or make an intellectual giant out of a moron. The auto driver who gets hit at a crossing has nobody to blame but himself. If a law is needed, and we are again in it, it should be a law prohibiting the victim of a crossing accident from trying to make the railroad company pay for his own carelessness.

Now that the football season is ended perhaps there is a chance that some school text books will begin to show signs of wear and tear.

Park Commissioner Hummel has the park skating ponds all ready for the services of the weather man. The boys and girls of today may have a lot of fun skating on the park lagoons, but until they have skated a close miles up the creek and surreptitiously roasted a chicken they will not know what real skating is.

Before little Dan was helped to his portion of Thanksgiving turkey and fixin's he was asked if he had anything to be thankful for. "Thuhuh! No school today, nor tomorrow, nor Saturday, nor next day." A lot of folk of older growth look upon Thanksgiving in much the same way.

Our violent opposition to weeks of this and weeks of that proves of no avail. We are now facing a series of "Dig Up Weeks" prior to Christmas.

Wayne Wheeler, prohibition enforcement chief, informs the public that home brewing is on the decrease. We suspected as much. What's the use when there is a more experienced artist within telephone call?

Odd McIntyre tells of losing a ten-dollar bill in a New York taxi and having it returned by the driver a few days later. We can beat that one. A few years ago we lost a scarfpin in a sleeping car just before arriving at Toronto. We reported the loss and about two weeks later received a package from the Pullman company's main office. It contained a scarfpin. The one we lost had cost us six bits. The one sent us was worth \$25, according to the judgment of an expert jeweler. Now don't ask any questions.
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