

THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publisher
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The Omaha Bee is a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, the recognized authority on circulation audits, and The Omaha Bee's circulation is regularly audited by their organization.

Entered as second-class matter May 28, 1908, at Omaha postoffice, under act of March 3, 1879.

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MUSCLE SHOALS FOR AMERICA.

The difference between the president and Senator Norris with regard to Muscle Shoals is fundamental. Both want it used for the benefit of the public. They differ as to method and manner. President Coolidge is of the opinion that the plant should be used to produce fertilizer in time of peace, and nitrogen for explosives in time of war. Senator Norris cherishes a plan that means electric current for power first and fertilizer as a side line. The president prefers that the plant should be leased for private operation. The senator is committed to the theory of government ownership.

Talk about a greater scandal than Teapot Dome is hyperbole. We do not believe that the senator from Nebraska has any notion that a great scandal will attend the disposition of the plant, no matter to whom it may be turned over, if and when it is leased. The Underwood bill, which has been substituted in the senate for the Norris bill, provides that unless a satisfactory lease is made by July 1, 1925, the government must operate the plant, producing fertilizer principally. Any power to be disposed of will be in the hands of the government.

It is not the turning over of a great government-created establishment to private operation without safeguarding the interest of the public. What is aimed at is to secure service from the investment of \$125,000,000 of public money. A return to the treasury of at least interest on the sum. A benefit to agriculture through the manufacture of fertilizer that is sadly needed. Farmers in every section of the country urged the acceptance of the Ford offer for Muscle Shoals. That offer was for private operation, not public ownership. There was much opposition to the Ford offer as not being a good bargain for the government. The Underwood bill protects the government. If it doesn't, then it should be amended—not, however, by providing for government ownership. The president has made his position in the matter clear. In his message he said:

"It is my opinion that the support of agriculture is the chief problem to consider in connection with this property. It could by no means supply the present needs for nitrogen, but it would help, and its development would encourage bringing other water powers into like use. . . . Much costly experimentation is necessary to produce commercial nitrogen. For that reason it is a field better suited to private enterprise than to government operation. . . . I should favor a sale of this property, or long time lease, under rigid guarantees of commercial nitrogen production at reasonable prices for agricultural use. There would be a surplus of power for many years over any possibility of its application to a developing manufacture of nitrogen. It may be found advantageous to dispose of the right to surplus power separately with such reservations as will allow its gradual withdrawal and application to nitrogen manufacture."

America's great resources have been developed and her immense industrial enterprises have been built up under private ownership. One of the outstanding issues in the late campaign was that of government ownership, and a complete answer was returned by the people. The president's plan for disposing of Muscle Shoals is not to bestow a great gift on any favored group. It is to secure the effective use of a huge plant in which the government has invested a large sum of money. If private operation under suitable guarantees is not possible, then it must be run by the government.

The Norris plan includes not only Muscle Shoals but the Colorado river, and other undeveloped water powers. It would commit the government definitely to a gigantic water power scheme. Fertilizer may or may not be produced under the Norris plan. That the senate is favorable to the Underwood bill is evinced by various test votes. We are not inclined to believe that the administration will be involved in any great scandal for declining to reverse a policy flatly stated during the late campaign. There are those who believe that government ownership will solve all our problems. They are earnest about it, too. They are in the minority, however, and they are without justification when they act upon the theory that private ownership is bad just because it is private ownership.

GOOD COMES WITH A COLD WAVE.

When old Boreas reaches out his icy fingers and sends cold chills over you, he really is doing you good. As you shiver in the biting blast, comfort yourself with the thought that every little cold wave comes on a mission of good. Yes, we know it takes considerable philosophy to get this, but just think a moment.

A cold wave is just an inrush of air that has not been warmed recently. It takes the place of warm air that has moved upward, if not onward, in response to a natural law. The cold air is heavier, and contains fewer impurities. Disease germs can live in cold, but they are not so active as in the warmer atmosphere. Moreover, the cold air has less of dust and more of life-giving ozone.

When you bundle up to go abroad these days, do not allow your mind to dwell enviously on the climate of southern Texas or California, or any of those places where "Sunshine spends the winter." An Omaha traveler wrote back from Florida last winter that the chief difference to be noted between that region and Minnesota is that one can freeze to

death in Minnesota without knowing it. Banish all such reflections, and think of the glorious health that comes with the frigid atmosphere. Below zero temperature is naturally a tonic.

A cold wave is good for the community. It brings a better quality of atmosphere for breathing purposes.

HE MADE HIS OWN NAME.

Page Morris, retired federal judge of Minnesota, who died on Tuesday, was one of those men who literally made his own name. Like Grover Cleveland, Woodrow Wilson and others of note, he was not content with the name given him in baptism. Christened Robert Page Waller Morris, when he was born back in old Virginia before the war, Judge Morris took advantage of his sponsors in baptism, and at the first opportunity wrote himself down as "Page Morris." He stuck to it, and finally made the rest of the world accept the simple title.

Page Morris did a little more than just settle on his own name. He was no better off than a lot of other Virginia boys when the war was at an end, and no worse. At 19 he was a school teacher in Kentucky. Then he took up law, and practiced in Lynchburg, where he was born. Here he gave Virginia a thrill by announcing himself a republican and running for congress. He was not elected, but enough of the old friends of the Morris family voted for him to encourage him to persist. Concluding that the Old Dominion offered little to a republican, the young lawyer moved to Minnesota, and soon was in congress from the Duluth district.

His most notable service was performed in connection with the Panama canal. While the Nicaragua bill was pending in the house, Judge Morris devised an amendment that later was the basis of the Spooner bill, presented to the senate, the passage of which brought about the building of the canal on the Panama route. President Roosevelt appointed Page Morris federal judge for Minnesota, and during the years that followed he was busy on the bench. His greatest service was in the decision of a case that settled the boundary of Indian land in Minnesota and saved for the Chippewa and other tribes property worth millions of dollars. He not only selected his own name, but he made it shine in a world that gives little heed to mediocrity.

FUTURE FOR BLACK JACK.

What will we do with John J. Pershing, late lieutenant general and chief of staff of the United States army? He is just now unemployed, because of the operation of a law that pushes a man out of the army when he attains a certain age. Some suggestion has been made that General Pershing be given a sort of emeritus job that will keep him in touch with the army, so that the benefit of his experience and wisdom will not be lost. We doubt if that will appeal very strongly to the general. He knows as well as anybody what army service means, and how official relations are sustained.

Just now he is representing the government of the United States as ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary in connection with the Peruvian celebration of the centennial of independence. Not enough of such employment is offered, although what there is of it might well be kept for General Pershing. On the outside some other ideas are being advanced. One of these comes from a group of motion picture people, who evidently feel the need of a little publicity. They want to employ General Pershing as another group engaged Will H. Hays, or yet another took on William Gibbs McAdoo.

One has to gulp at the prospect of the leader of America's greatest military expedition becoming an impresario, even for as mighty a project as the movies. Yet, from the standpoint of the promoters, it must remind folks of the reply Joe Weber made to Lew Fields: "I know we ain't got no \$5,000, but isn't it a good offer?"

INDEED THE WORLD MOVES.

From time to time some antiquated person rises up and demands to know what has become of all the McGuffey "readers." Also, where can one find a copy of Worcester's "Speller." Along with these demands goes the lament that nobody can spell nowadays. Children do not learn to spell, and orthography, once a fetish as well as a bugbear, is no longer worshipped.

Is that so? Here comes Prof. Guy M. Wilson of the Boston University School of Education with a little testimony to the contrary. Instead of the children of today being poorer spellers than those of bygone times, they are better, according to Dr. Wilson. He has just completed a test of schools in 79 townships in Massachusetts, and compares the results with a bulletin on the subject issued in 1879. From this he finds that the average forty-five year ago was 69.2 on the word "which," while this year it is 76. The word "too" in 1879 was spelled correctly by but 23 per cent of those taking the test; this year the average is 79.4.

Why the improvement is claimed is simply explained. In the olden days pupils were drilled in spelling words they seldom used, and fell down on those constantly employed. Nowadays the emphasis is put on the familiar words of constant usage. Accepting this, the argument is all in favor of the youngster of today. Finally, it may be cited that some very able men knew little of correct spelling.

"Old Doc" Pinto gets approval from the Society of Underpaid Dishwashing Wives of Brooklyn. Those women probably know what they are talking about, which is more than can be said of the doctor's critics.

Some of our democratic brethren have forgotten what happened last month. Otherwise they would not seek to name the cabinet for the incoming governor.

Well, Brother Charley has his Rubicon behind him. He has named eight electors who will vote for Coolidge and Dawes next month.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Post—
Robert Worthington Davie

VERSES.

The swimming pool, the corn silk smoke,
The thrills of lover's love—
Are Mem'ry's pets to love and stroke
Till summer comes again.

The banners of yonder bridge,
The furrows of the plow,
The path that winds up to the ridge—
Are walked in Mem'ry now.

The old straw hat of barefoot days
Has vanished for a spell,
But it in Mem'ry always stays
To be remembered well.

But there are snowflakes, coats, and furs,
And cozy fires to keep
Those ever-anxious followers
Of life from troubled sleep.

The Shortest Day in the Year



"From State and Nation"

—Editorials from Other Newspapers—

Why Expand the Plant?

From the St. Paul Dispatch.
That it is becoming recognized that reclamation and irrigation projects carried on by the federal government really mean a stimulus to further production of agricultural commodities, by increasing the productive acreage of the country, seems to be indicated by the recommendation to congress made on Monday by Dr. Elwood Mead, commissioner of reclamation. He endorses the conclusion of the special advisory committee that, before further development of this work is proceeded with, a survey be made of agricultural and economic problems, particularly in the west, and a system outlined which will avoid disastrous delays, and waste of money and effort.

If the suggested working plan shall take into consideration not alone our recuperation of productive powers of agriculture in Europe, so that the acreage already reclaimed or irrigated will not prove to be added competition on the market for the farmer—it should have the instant approval and backing of congress. In the natural enthusiasm for his work, Dr. Mead may wish to see the development of reclamation beyond even the completion or maintenance of projects now undertaken. At this time restraint should be observed. There should be no addition to the agricultural plant's productive capacity. It may not be possible to close it down, as manufacturing plants may be in a time when the market is glutted. But it is possible to prevent making additions to it, which may be needed in the future, but assuredly are not needed now.

The language of the last report of the late Secretary Wallace gives support to this belief, and is well considering in this connection. He wrote:

"Department studies have shown that land reclamation projects heretofore undertaken have made much land available for cultivation before there was any need of it. . . . Additional land reclamation at the present time will merely aggravate the adverse conditions under which our farmers are working. So far as reclamation is subsidized it is subsidized at the farmer's own expense."

The expense, of course, is double first in the farmer's share of general taxation to furnish funds for the projects and, second, in the competition of more goods on an already well supplied market. Such a survey as is called for may perhaps give a jolt in reclamation activities until world at-

Wealth Lost in By-Products.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
A Chicago professor has called attention to the loss suffered by agriculture in the waste of by-products on one comparatively small item—corn cobs. He shows that these, instead of being used for fuel, or allowed to rot, if properly conserved, would yield a greater revenue even than the corn itself. Out of corn cobs he has extracted natural sugar material for stock food; synthetic resin which can be moulded into telephone receivers, cigar holders, phonograph records, noiseless gears; two dyes, black and blue; cellulose from which is manufactured fiber or artificial silk and films for the motion pictures. All that is wasted and destroyed annually without a thought.

The packers have taught the world a lesson in extracting a revenue from the by-product of animals slaughtered for food. The wealth they have attained has not been through the purveying of meats, but by the stoppage of waste. When the farmer learns that lesson he will have no occasion to envy the wealth of others.

It is not alone in corn cobs that this waste occurs. The mountains of valuable flax straw which in the fall dot the western horizon with flaming volcanoes of fire need only the simple scutch mill and retting tanks to furnish valuable textile material and excellent stuffing for upholstery. The great heaps of wheat, oats and barley straw that make an annual smoke of, fering each fall have within them potential paper pulp that experiments prove can be utilized, and will be.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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Neuritis and Sciatica require external treatment for the relief of pain. Trunk's Adacta Liniment usually responds to its healing influence quickly. Mrs. Beattie Foster, Lexington, Mo., says in a recent letter: "I have used Trunk's Adacta Liniment for rheumatism and find nothing so excel. It. This statement is typical of many endorsing this liniment. Trunk's Adacta Liniment sells for only 50c at drug stores.

When our forests are extinct from fire and lack of reforestation. Excellent bond paper has been made from flax straw from the northwest, superior, because of its linen base, to the ordinary sulphite. The culms from the potato sorting machines, the broken and foul seeds shipped with the grain, lowering its grade and costing thousands of dollars in freight, which might be retained and made into excellent ground feed for livestock—these and more slip into the sewer of waste and are never recovered. The coming scientific farming will accomplish the impossible. It will make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. It will extract silk stockings from the lowly corn cob and furnish the dye to recolor them.

Now He Knows.

An old countryman had been about Vancouver for some time without work, but finally got a job cutting the slabs into stove lengths. The hazy circle at the outer edge of the circular saw had a tremendous fascination for him and at last he put his finger over it to see just what it was.

As he stood gazing at the bleeding finger stump, the foreman came along. "Well, what's the matter here?" he asked. "Blime! me if I know," was the reply. "You see I just put my finger over the saw like that—My gawd, there's another one gone!"—Forbes Magazine.

SUNNY SIDE UP

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

Christmas shopping has reached the point of frenzy. Stores that were crowded a week ago are now jammed to the limit, and then some. Salespeople are beginning to show the effects of the strain. It's a wonder they remain as patient and as courteous as they are. Shoppers are also showing the effects of the strain, only they are not quite the equals of the salespeople in patience and courtesy. They are beginning to snarl a little bit.

"Look where you're going, can't you?" snaps a woman who has been rudely jostled by another. "Think you're the only one who has any rights?"
"Look where you're going yourself. You haven't the right way, I reckon."
Business of glaring.

"Come along, what are you dragging my arm off for?"
"But mamma—"
The next yank at Johnnie's arm almost drags it from its socket, and the boy chokes back his tears and tries his best to follow his mother through the crowd. Hurrying women try to go between him and his mother, and then he gets a couple of yanks. Mother dodges here and there, with Johnnie about two dodges and as many yanks behind.

Stocks fearfully mused up when the business day closes. How in the world do they get them into such trim shape before the opening next day? Somebody certainly has to work late into the night.

Harvest season for the manufacturers of neckties and silk stockings. Used to get a pair of shoes for the price of a single pair of silk stockings these days. We'll have to look into this stocking business.

That alcoholic case in Bellevue's psychopathic ward is not so awfully queer, after all. When he writes he spells every word backward. A note to a friend read thusly: "I ma ereh at Bueveh dna yeh kniht i ma yzarc. Does pu a knird." No, it isn't cross-word puzzle, and no prize is offered for the solution.

Alcohol has made men act in manners more queerly than that. We have seen a man with \$1.50 in his pocket take two drinks and offer to buy the W. O. W. building. Three drinks have made a man dispute the right-of-way with a railroad train. Four drinks have made a man a greater naturalist than Agassiz. Two drinks have made a tightwad as generous as Santa Claus, and two drinks have made a generous man as mean as a rattlesnake shedding its skin. But this prohibition brand of liquor seems to be producing some unusual results.

Poison liquor seems to be taking the place in the casualty list formerly occupied by the cotton-battling Santa Claus.

That alcoholic patient at Bellevue is not the only one suffering from a backward spell. A lot of men have not yet experienced the real Christmas thrill that invariably follows a donation to The Omaha Bee "Shoe Fund."

Having snooded around and ascertained that Lottie Clifford has purchased some handsome drapes for the front windows and purposes giving them to us for Christmas, we have selected a pipe that we have looked upon with loving eyes for some time and purpose putting it into her Christmas stocking.

I greatly love old John B. Dorn,
Who's big of heart and big of soul;
He's asked me up on Christmas morn
To join him at his wassail bowl.

The time is at hand when the family purse reaches its point of lowest visibility.

"Will you show me something nice in silk stockings?" said the bashful young man at the base counter.
"Sir-r-r!" snapped the charming young lady in waiting.
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