

THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publisher
N. B. UPPDIE, President
BALLARD DUNN, Editor in Chief
JOY M. HACKLER, Business Manager

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press, of which The Bee is a member, is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published herein. All rights of republication of our special dispatches are also reserved.

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 organizations.

Entered as second-class matter May 28, 1905, at Omaha postoffice, under act of March 3, 1879.

BEE TELEPHONES
Private Branch Exchange, Ask for AT lantic 1000
the Department or Person Wanted.

OFFICES
Main Office—17th and Farnam
Chicago—Stepp Building
Boston—Globe Bldg.
Los Angeles—Fred L. Hall, San Fernando Bldg.
San Francisco—Fred L. Hall, Sharon Bldg.
New York City—210 Madison Avenue
Seattle—A. L. Nietz, 514 1st Bldg.

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATES
DAILY AND SUNDAY
1 year \$8.00, 6 months \$5.00, 3 months \$3.75, 1 month 75c

DAILY ONLY
1 year \$4.50, 6 months \$2.75, 3 months \$1.50, 1 month 75c

SUNDAY ONLY
1 year \$3.00, 6 months \$1.75, 3 months \$1.00, 1 month 50c

Subscriptions outside the Fourth postal zone, or 400 miles from Omaha: Daily and Sunday, \$1.00 per month; daily only, 75c per month; Sunday only, 40c per month.

CITY SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Morning and Sunday.....1 month 85c, 1 week 10c
Evening and Sunday.....1 month 55c, 1 week 7c
Sunday Only.....1 month 30c, 1 week 5c

Omaha Where the West is at its Best

TRANSPORTATION AND THE HIGHWAYS

A letter from a country agent of the Omaha Railroad touches on one of the really serious problems of transportation—the loss of revenue due to truck and bus competition. It is a serious and yet it is a natural outcome of social development. When the railroad was coming to be used in the first instance, much objection was raised by the carters, who foresaw the elimination of their occupation. Steamboats were driven off the western rivers through the same process. Stage coaches and the great "bull trains" are but memories, pleasant enough, but speaking of a time outlived.

Now the motor vehicle is boldly and in some instances successfully challenging the iron horse. The Boston & Maine railroad announces the abandonment of 1,000 miles of its line because motor vehicles have taken away the business. This does not mean a stretch of 1,000 miles, but an aggregate of branches and feeders that comes to that total of track that can no longer be operated without too great loss. How many other miles of railroad are similarly handicapped can not be stated, but the total surely exceeds 1,000 miles many times.

Not even the most ardent or selfish owner or operator of railroads would willingly block the progress of the world. On the contrary, the constant effort of the railroad man has been to anticipate the future and be prepared to meet its requirements. Improvements of all sorts have been made in equipment that service may be maintained in response to the ever increasing demands of the public. Failure to achieve this result should not be ascribed to want of vision on part of the railroad men or a reluctance to realize that vision. They have faced a handicap that is very real, and at the same time not fully appreciated by the people.

What the operators chiefly ask in this regard is that their competitors be required to meet the same conditions forced upon the railroads. Highways, in Nebraska at least, have been built by the taxation of property in general, rather than through money raised in other ways. In Douglas county, for example, the great projects have been largely carried through by means of bond issues. This cost falls on all property alike, and the railroads must bear their proportionate share. Thus we find them compelled not only to build and maintain their own tracks, but to contribute to the building and maintenance of tracks on which their aggressive competitors operate.

That there is an injustice in this must be apparent to anybody. It is not an easy question to solve, but progress is being made. The gasoline tax is but one way of distributing the cost. It at least has the merit of securing some contribution from those who use the highways, and in some reasonable proportion to the use enjoyed. Other devices have been suggested for apportioning the cost of construction and upkeep of good roads among the users, such as the metered service tax, and it may be out of it all will eventually come the ideal system.

To restrict the use of the motor vehicle would be unwise. Farmers find it convenient to haul their own products to the city markets, where the distance is not prohibitive. Merchants in country towns get much of their freight in the same way. All this takes business from the railroad. That is a law of competition, and in this, as in other things, the survival of the fittest is inevitable. Along with this survival, however, should go the obligation to pay a due share for the use of the means by which competition is made possible.

EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS.

American bankers have just given another proof of the international aspect of our growing national interests. They have arranged a loan of \$10,000,000 for the Krupp works in Germany. This is the very heart of industrial Germany. Around this plant the life of the nation largely turns. No need to recount the circumstances that led to its slowing down. What is of interest to everybody is to see it get started again.

On the revival of industry in Germany depends so much that the news of the loan must be welcome to all nations. Unless Germany is made productive, the Dawes plan will not operate. If that plan fails, France, Belgium, England, Italy will suffer. With these nations all in trouble, the recovery of the world from the effects of the destructive war will be indefinitely postponed. Therefore, the United States, the only place from which material assistance can come, is providing the wherewithal in the form of liquid capital to set the life-blood of nations flowing freely again.

Thoughtless persons condemn the international bankers. Accuse the men of money of tightening their grip on the affairs of the world. Crushing the people, riveting fetters of gold on the working-man's arms. All that sort of talk is silly rot. What the international bankers are doing is providing the means whereby workingmen can earn their bread and butter. Making sure that a day's work will get a day's wage that in turn can be exchanged for things the family needs.

Uncle Sam may be a little backward in the matter of taking on the idealism that is involved in in-

ternational government. The old boy is inclined to give first consideration to home concerns. But, when it comes to doing the practical thing to help others, he is Santa Claus and right on the job.

MUSCLE SHOALS AND THE DINNER TABLE.

In the fog arising from the discussion of government ownership or private operation of the great plant at Muscle Shoals, one essential fact is being lost sight of. What is the relation of that plant to the welfare of the nation? How can it affect the lives of the people in peace time?

Nitrogen has been known as such for about 150 years. This is somewhat singular, when it is realized that nitrogen is one of the most widely distributed of all elements. It composes about four-fifths by volume of the air we breathe. Plant life without it is impossible. Many and varied are its uses in the arts and sciences. A heavy, inert gas, its composition and properties are well known to the chemist, and farmers are beginning to know its value to them.

About 9,000,000 tons of plant food, largely nitrogen, is extracted from the soil each year. Replenishment, from various sources, amounts to 5,400,000 tons, leaving a deficiency of 3,350,000 tons, or the equivalent of 118,000,000 acres of impoverished land annually. This is to be overcome by the substitution of artificial fertilizer for the slow ways of nature. Nitrogen is restored to the soil by nature through decay of animal matter, by clover plants, and during thunderstorms. Each flash of lightning "fixes" a certain amount of free nitrogen, which comes down in the form of dilute nitric acid.

Unless nitrogen is present, wheat, corn, and such crops can not be raised. Shortage of these grains means scarcity of food. Muscle Shoals will, it is estimated, produce 40,000 tons of fixed nitrogen each year, which is equivalent to 2,500,000 tons of commercial fertilizer. In 1923 the domestic consumption of commercial fertilizer was 6,470,000 tons. The basis of this chiefly was nitrates imported from Chile and Germany. In the few years since Chile put an export duty on nitrates farmers of the United States have paid that government tribute to the amount of \$200,000,000.

Muscle Shoals will not produce all the fertilizer needed, but it will help. Used for this purpose, it will make certain that farming operations can go on. Devoted to power production, it may turn wheels, light homes, drive cars, but it will not directly help to feed anybody. President Coolidge seems to be of the opinion that the family larder should be considered ahead of the factory or the street lighting system.

HE SERVED HIS COUNTRY WELL.

Julius Kahn, just dead at San Francisco, had a remarkable duty thrust upon him, and performed it in such fashion as should connect his name imperishably with the history of his country. When war was declared in 1917, Kahn was ranking republican on the military affairs committee of the house. Hubert K. Dent of Alabama, a democrat, was chairman, having succeeded James Hay of Virginia, who had retired to accept a job as judge of the court of claims.

A strange political quirk led Dent to oppose the president's plans, and it fell to Kahn to report to the house the measures asked by the administration and which were referred to the military affairs committee. Thus a republican was the leader for a democratic president in a body controlled by the democrats, in the carrying out of a great patriotic endeavor. Julius Kahn, German-born though he was, reported the bills, and carried them through until such time as the democrats were ready to accept their share of responsibility thrust upon the party.

This was but one of the many services performed by Mr. Kahn during his twelve terms in congress. He was always a notable figure, on the floor or in committee. His death at his home in San Francisco last week, closed an honorable career, no part of which was more notable than his course in the embarrassing situation caused by the action of the majority leader of the committee whose importance was paramount at the time when the nation faced so grave a crisis.

They have exploded the George and the cherry tree story, and knocked the Franklin and his kite story galley west. The first thing we know they will be trying to tell us that President Lincoln didn't ask for the name of Grant's favorite brand of liquor.

Before election it was charged that the republicans raised the price of corn and wheat, and loud was the complaint of those making the charge. Now they are complaining because the price keeps up.

The visit of the Grand Duchess Cyril to New York gave some people a chance to kow-tow to royalty who were deprived of an opportunity to display their snobbishness before the Prince of Wales.

How would you like to have a photograph of the expression on Brother Charley's face when he signed the commissions of eight republican presidential electors from Nebraska?

The president may look in on the inaugural ball, but that will be all. Sole leather is too expensive to be worn out in useless shuffling around.

Omaha's police force has been the target of many grave charges, but to date it has never been charged with abdominal inadequacy.

Charlie Chaplin's new wife is studying domestic science. Does it portend a return to a former style of comedy?

If the ice men are right, skating on the park ponds should be safe enough now.

Santa Claus is on the home stretch. Do your Christmas shopping now.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davie

KNOCKIN' 'ROUND ABOUT THE FARM.

Just sort o' knockin' 'round about the farm!
Old Winter's here, the corn is husked at last!

There's hay to haul—
'Twas stacked last fall—
And other things
That Winter brings
To make the days go fast.

This time o' year one tries to git caught up
With minor tasks he had no time to do
From spring till fall.

The farm jobs all
Come each to each
Until they reach
The whole durned twelve months through.

This is the fixin' season on the farm:
It's patchin' time for winders, doors;

There's hay to gill,
An' wood to split—
An' when one's through
It's time to do
The chores.

Hoo-Ray! The Boys and Girls Are Getting Home for Their Christmas Vacations



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.

Comes Back at Mr. Dugan.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The letter written by Jim Dugan, taking up the cudgels in behalf of Jay Sampson, holdup man, surely demonstrates to what lengths of misrepresentation some people are willing to go to air a prejudice. Mr. Dugan is firmly convinced that the whole machinery of our courts is involved in a conspiracy to give the poor man the worst of it. If he can make no better case than he has done in this instance he had better cry quits.

Sampson's offense was not petty larceny, as Mr. Dugan made it appear, but banditry, aggravated robbery, the kind that has been all too prevalent in and about Omaha and elsewhere. The fact that the amount of plunder he secured was small is nothing to his credit. He took everything in sight. Nor does the fact that he was poor in any wise mitigate the gravity of his offense. Almost any thief might have the same excuse. The fact that some other offenders have been inefficiently punished has nothing to do with his case. I venture to surmise that had Mr. Dugan been the one to confront the black muzzle of Sampson's automatic with the choice of turning over my worldly possessions or receiving a passport to eternity, he would now have little maudlin sympathy for the "poor boy."

E. J. WHISTLER,
2712 North Sixty-fourth Street.

On Paying of Taxes.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: "Mr. Come Asks Questions?" I take it that Mr. Come has more time than perspicacity. The questions he asks are the idle thoughts of a person who has an idea he is a conscientious contender. It would be impossible for any sensible person to understand how he gets "that way." Now listen, Mr. Come: "A" runs a store. Should he go out of business because I do not deal with him? I have no children of school age. Should I be exempt from taxation because of that fact? At present I have no automobile. Ought I to be exempt from taxation on that account? You say I am. Well, I am not. I help to pay all manner of taxes. When I buy a meal at a restaurant, a cigar, a suit of clothes; in fact, every time I pay out money for living expenses I help pay taxes. If I buy gasoline to burn in my stove, I pay gasoline tax the same as if I burned it in a car. I pay road tax or poll tax—depends on which I may be—and I always vote for road bonds. I don't use the roads much, but my business associates do, and the people who help me to make a living do. I don't use the schools, but I always vote for school bonds. Why do I do these things? Because it is my duty as a citizen and a part owner of these United States.

Every time I do something to help along the improvement of public utilities I enhance the value of my holdings. Every cent I contribute in the form of tax to the schools, roads or other improvements of this country helps to make it that much better to live in, and that's all we get in this world is a living. You ask the question, "Do you understand taxation to be a question of principle, or a question of expediency?" I would answer that it is neither one but both. It is a matter of principle so far as taking a civic pride in having good improvements, but it is a matter of "expediency" for all, whether concerned or not—to have the best possible facilities for doing business or having enjoyment.

The editor says it is not fair to lay the cost—all the cost—on property owners, and in this he does not make himself quite clear. As I stated above, we all help to pay the taxes, but it is just as right for a tourist or non-resident to help build and keep up the roads he uses in his passages through the state as it is for a resident, and in the gas tax he pays his just proportion. If the resident pays more in general taxes he gets the benefit of enhancement in values to his property.

You say: "Would you charge the parent with nine children nine times as much as the parent with an only child?" Yes, for that is just exactly what happens, although in an indirect way. The parent of the nine children must pay for the upkeep of them; he pays out, approximately, eight times more than he would for one child, and, as a percentage of what he pays goes toward the payment of someone's taxes, he likewise pays in proportion. The people who use the "courts" the most do likewise in fines, costs, etc. Taxes these days are figured in with the "overhead" and added to the cost price then the selling price is added. Now figure it out. Who pays the taxes? The ultimate consumer certainly. We are all consumers, more or less, and all interdependent on one another.

When in Omaha Hotel Conant

250 Rooms—250 Baths—Rates \$2 to \$3

Don't scratch that rash

Relieve the itching and burning promptly

EVERY time you scratch that spot of eczema, you only increase the inflammation and add to the burning discomfort. Resinol Ointment applied lightly stops the itching, allays the irritation and brings comfort almost immediately.

Resinol is also an excellent household dressing for cuts, burns, scalds, boils, chafing, stings, etc. Get a jar from your druggist and see how it hastens the healing.

Resinol Soap and Resinol Shaving stick complete the Resinol trio. They are nature's aids to a more perfect skin—no home should be without them.



RESINOL

It's just about got so we can't tell whether our money's in a bank or a fleelin' automobile. Th' county commissioners met last night an' decided that all poor farm inmates must either store or dispose o' their cars.

SUNNY SIDE UP

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

Celia Grazier

AN OPEN LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

Dear Santa: I'm a gray-haired boy approaching sixty-two. Who yet, despite advancing years, clings to his faith in you. And so I sit me down to write, as in the years gone by. A list of present that I want when Christmas morn is nigh. First, bring to me a greater faith in all of humankind. And grace to banish hate and greed and leave but peace of mind. Give me the power to scatter smiles as I pursue my way. And make each day throughout the year in a part a Christmas day.

Dear Santa, bring me greater love for all good things of life. And strength to meet temptations in a world of bus' and strife. Bring me the friendship warm and true of those with whom I work.

The strength and will for every task I oftentimes yearn to shirk. Bring me the smiles of little ones; their friendship undimmed; The lovelight shining in their eyes, their kinship unafraid. Give me the will and power to help my fellows now and here. And scatter through each passing day some part of Christmas cheer.

Dear Santa, bring me peace of mind. I ask not wealth of gold; Just let me still keep young of heart and gracefully grow old. Bring added strength for daily toil, new zeal for work in hand; New hope, new faith and courage strong, and power to understand.

Renew the sweet companionships of all the olden days. And let me still keep step with them along life's sunlit ways. Dear Santa, bring to every child a wealth of Christmas joy. And may the Christmas morning's dawn find me at heart a boy.

We seize this opportunity to express our profound and unshakable belief in Santa Claus. For three-score years we have withstood assaults upon our faith, and today Santa Claus is still the same good old friend he always has been. He does not lways come to us in the same guise, but he always brings the same message of love and friendship and good will. As we have never questioned his existence, just so have we never questioned his wonderful work. Tomorrow evening we are going to hang up our stockings in the long row over the gas log in our apartment. We don't know how Santa is going to get down that chimney and past the gas log, but we have faith that he will. And that's enough.

She stood beneath the mistletoe, Her red-sticked lips a quiver. He didn't like its taste, you know, And that's what made him shiver.

Missing Word Puzzle.

Beat the whites of six eggs to a stiff froth. Beat the yolks rapidly for a few minutes. Carefully fold the white into the yellow. Then slowly sift in pulverized sugar until the whole is beaten into a stiff, creamy mass.

Puzzle: Find the missing ingredient.

To all good friends, Though far or near, A Merry Christmas And a Glad New Year!

Wonder what a goldfish thinks about all the people who pause to watch his gyrations?

WILL M. MAUPIN.

NEBRASKA'S SERVANT THESE MANY YEARS

A few facts about STANDARD OIL COMPANY



HE Standard Oil Company of Nebraska is chartered under the laws of Nebraska and is therefore a state corporation.

Practically its entire business is in Nebraska.

Its direction and operation are entirely in the hands of executive residents in Nebraska.

It pays salaries and wages that settle the bills for over six hundred Nebraska families.

It maintains stations for the convenient purchase of its products by every resident of the state—in town and country.

It was a pioneer in developing an adequate system for supplying standard quality petroleum products before automobiles and tractors came to Nebraska.

The Standard Oil Company of Nebraska has pursued the policy of anticipating the needs and requirements of Nebraska communities and providing for their growth. Today it maintains 347 bulk stations, 90 service stations and supplies the requirements of 1500 garages.

During its whole history the Company has met competition with high quality products and willingness and ability to give courteous, and efficient service.

A Nebraska institution that has grown with Nebraska, understands her needs and serves them, this Company seeks to make it possible for all Nebraskans to buy standard quality petroleum products at uniformly fair prices in the smallest hamlet and in her large cities.

Suggestions for improving the service of this Company are always welcome and receive careful consideration.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEBRASKA

Main Office: OMAHA

Branch Offices: LINCOLN HASTINGS NORTH PLATTE

A. H. RICHARDSON President
GEO. M. SMITH Vice-President
H. W. PIERPONT Sec.-Treas.
C. N. HUMPHREY Asst. Gen. Mgr.