

THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

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WHAT THE PEOPLE EXPECT.

The citizenship of Nebraska will not expect the impossible of the incoming state administration. No matter how efficient and capable Governor McMullen's administration may be, there will be those who carp and criticize. But they are those who could not be satisfied, anyhow, so whatever they may say will be deserving of practically no attention. Taxpayers generally, however, have a right to expect some things. They have a right to expect the adoption of a comprehensive road building program that is not all cluttered up by political pettifogging and playing for position. They have a right to expect such a revision of the revenue laws that the burden of taxation will be equalized. They have a right to expect a cessation for the time being of legislative interference with legitimate business and further efforts at so-called reform legislation that is in the last analysis nothing more than the efforts of a few to compel everybody to be as good as the few think they are.

The people have a right to expect economy in the expenditure of public money, but have no desire to be parsimonious in the care and treatment of the state's wards.

In short, the citizens of Nebraska have a right to expect a businesslike administration instead of an administration of self-seeking and personal aggrandizement. Only a few expect the impossible, and even they would not be satisfied if they secured it.

Governor McMullen will enter upon his duties as chief executive with a republican legislature in charge of the law-making. With a single exception his fellow state officials are republicans. He will surround himself with republican advisors and supporters.

The sum of it all is that the republican party in Nebraska is again on trial. It can give the commonwealth such an administration as to insure republican control for many years to come. The people have a right to expect that kind of an administration. The Omaha Bee believes that they will in no wise be disappointed. A level-headed, experienced business man will be in the chair of the chief executive. What appears to be one of the best-equipped legislatures in Nebraska's history will convene and back up the governor in his every effort looking toward efficiency and economy.

WHY CHARLEY SURVIVES.

Why is it that amidst the crashing of democratic hopes and the desolation of democratic defeat, Charley Pool usually survives when all other democrats are lost? That question has been asked a thousand times. It has never been satisfactorily answered, especially in the opinion of Charley's defeated opponents. When the seemingly impossible happens, why waste time in trying to explain how it happened?

But one may gain some idea of why Charley Pool usually arrives when his associates on the ticket are indefinitely delayed, by taking note of his recent compilation of the vote cast at the last Nebraska election. Compiling, tabulating and printing the vote is one of Charley's official duties, of course. Other secretaries of state have been charged with the same duty. But other secretaries did not do it the way Charley has. Being an old newspaper man, he knew just how to do it right, and the result of his compilation is the best set of elections returns ever filed in the archives of a newspaper to be used for future reference. The complete vote by counties for every executive state office, the vote by districts and by counties for every member of the legislature, and the vote by counties and by district for every nonpartisan candidate on the ballot—it is all there, easily found and handily tabulated.

No effort is here made to explain Charley Pool's voting ability. It is merely intimated that it is awfully hard to beat a man who knows his job and does his dullest to perform it to the satisfaction of the people. Charley may stub his political toe some of these days, but when he does, the republican who succeeds him is going to have to go some if he improves the work in the office of secretary of state.

WHO'LL PAY THE LOUD SPEAKER?

Having established the freedom of the sea, up to a certain point, and equally the freedom of the land, up to a certain point, the next in order is the freedom of the air. The certain point referred to is that we permit no monopoly on sea or in land. Any man has a right to sail the one or acquire a vested interest in the other. Lanes of travel on either must always be kept free.

In the air the question of navigation is serious enough, but it is mildly benevolent compared to the use of the air as a medium through which to dispatch messages, music and jazz programs. Millions all around the earth nightly enjoy the pleasure of listening in, fishing for distance, swearing at the static, and doing the many other things that afford scope for cryptic conversation between the "bugs" during the day. And all of this costs money. Actual running expenses of a great broadcasting sta-

tion mount well up into thousands of dollars each year. There is practically no revenue.

A time is not far away when some measure will have to be adopted to defray the cost of maintaining the great distributing stations. Secretary Hoover, who is supervising wireless communication so far as anything of the sort goes in this country, says the British system of licensing is not possible. Unlicensed listeners could not be kept "off the air." He inclines to the belief that a sales tax on radio equipment and supplies might be adopted, and that it would provide enough revenue to pay for good programs, if nothing more. Also, he says, radio can not live on a steady diet of jazz.

Somebody will have to pay the loud speaker. Who will it be?

THE DAY AFTER.

"The shouting and the tumult dies." Another Christmas has passed into the limbo of things that were. Was it like many another Christmas of bygone years, or have we gathered from it a fuller realization of what Christmas really means?

Shall we look back on it as merely another Christmas day, or shall we take its richer and fuller meaning into our every-day walk and talk and thought throughout the year until the dawning of another Christmas? It is only as the world grasps in fact what Christmas teaches in spirit, and carries that spirit into public and private life, not one day only, but all days, that it is able to grow better. It is only as the Christmas glow is carried over to light the succeeding days that the darkness of despair is dispelled, faith renewed and hope strengthened.

Could this old world for but a single year carry the spirit of good will so evident on Christmas day into every day, war rumors would die away, racial hatreds would diminish to the vanishing point, creedal difference would be forgotten, and the long-sought brotherhood of man and Fatherhood of God well on their way to full fruition.

But this is the day after. In too many hearts warmed yesterday by the Christmas spirit, there has come a chill. Too many purses opened temporarily for the succor of the needy have been closed tight for another twelve-month. Too many made neighbors yesterday by the spirit of Christmas have gone back to be only near dwellers.

When the Christmas spirit ceases to be the temporary emotion of a day and becomes the fixed principle of humanity, then will we see in reality what Tennyson visioned:

"When the war drums throb no longer And the battle flags are furled In the parliament of man The Federation of the World."

GOVERNMENT BY TECHNICALITY.

George E. Taylor, stamp clerk in a postoffice sub-station at Richmond, Va., was accused of stealing \$30. Placed on trial he was acquitted, on motion of the government attorney, who found that Taylor had been the victim of a dishonest superior. This was in 1911.

Fully exonerated and cleared from all suspicion of crime, Taylor at once sought reinstatement in the postal service. His petition went to Postmaster General Hitchcock, then to Burleson, and finally to Hays, who laid the case before President Harding. An executive order was signed, restoring Taylor to service in the postoffice. Thirteen days later he was dismissed, the comptroller general holding that he had passed the age where reinstatement in the service would be legally impossible. Now a bill is pending to pay his thirteen years' salary, forfeited through what all admit was a gross injustice. Sympathizing with the purpose of the bill, Postmaster General New objects because it may establish a dangerous precedent.

All agree that a grievous wrong was done Taylor. Presidents, attorneys general, district attorneys, judges of the federal court, everyone who has come into contact with the case, admits that Taylor suffered injustice at the hands of the government he had served faithfully and well. All would like to repair as far as possible the injury done. But all feel bound and helpless in the maze of red tape that surrounds governmental operation. A more perfect exhibition of the rigidity of bureaucratic methods could scarcely be imagined. Government by technicality is supreme.

Congress should not hesitate to establish the precedent the postmaster general fears. Our government can very well afford to risk any future in order that so grave a wrong may be righted as far as is possible to do by the payment of back salary. When time can be found it might be in order to go over the mass of "precedent" that has accumulated since the foundation of government, and see if some can not be discarded. In a private business it would not have required fifteen minutes to have restored Taylor to his duties, and the process should be as easy in the government service.

According to Juliet Capulet, "Jove laughs at lover's vows." We wonder what the court will say to the husband who promised to pay his wife \$50 a month, and who is now being sued for 14 years' wages by her.

If congress had worked as hard at its job last spring, the present holiday vacation would not be haunted by the program that awaits the coming of the new year.

However, Saranac Lake, New York, with 31 below gets the cup from Medicine Hat.

Our idea of no way to spend the time is getting lost in a sleet storm in southern Missouri.

Governor Bryan moves right in, and sits him down, then moves right out again.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet— Robert Worthington Davis

RUNNING A ROOSTER DOWN. Down on the farm in days gone by When just a little tyke was I, My Mother often said to me On Sunday morning cheerfully: "I'll pin a feather to your crown, if you will run a rooster down." I didn't always like the task That Mother sometimes chose to ask, And there was more enticement going For me when I was just a boy, But I could not refuse—at least, I could not miss the promised feast. Many a day in dreams have I Eaten the old-time chicken pie— Just like most of us who know Farm life from the Long Ago, And frequently in dreams retraced Much of the treasured Yesterdays. But who most generally, with a frown, Ran the much sought rooster down?— Mother, I think, if I recall, Caught him if he was caught at all— And it is why I gladly go Over the trails I liked to know.

The End of a Perfect Day



Letters From Our Readers

All letters must be signed, but name will be withheld upon request. Communications of 200 words or less, will be given preference.

Has Many Complaints to Make.

Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Someone said: "Every knock is a boost." In most cases this is right, because the "knocker" usually brings to light some defect. There have been a good many knocks against Omaha, and they were, in the majority of cases, constructive. For the last 30 years we have had a boosting machine in the Ak-Sar-Ben organization, and it would be interesting to know what it has accomplished, outside of putting on shows. Mr. Ennis, real estate man, has put his finger on a sore spot, with which every middlewest town is afflicted. One writer complained of the dirty streets; another of the most obsolete method of parking cars on an angle instead of parallel. Our "California" made fun of California boosters, but I have lived in California for a good many years, and there's many a good lesson to be learned from its "boosters." The postoffice building is so dirty that it would be a knock to any town, however smoky and dirty. There are old shacks in prominent parts of the city that should have been condemned and removed years ago. I have been knocking around over the country and in the state, and I see many towns and even villages that have it all over Omaha when it comes to being beautiful. Fremont and Lincoln are examples. Why don't we park our cars on the parallel instead of the angle? It is because we don't know any better or because it is a little more trouble to get a car in and out of the line. Even country villages in the west have the parallel system. It makes so much more room and diminishes the danger of being run into from the rear. Our clubs do a lot of meeting and talking, and so far as I can see, that is as far as they get. One of the booster notices in California is: "Do something, then talk about it." We, here in Omaha, could take that to heart and find use for it. GEORGE STONER.

Where Landlords Wait.

From the New York Sun. By one method, or another, occasionally legal, but often illegal, some 10,000 tenants at Clydesbank, near Glasgow, have avoided paying any rent for the last four years. The situation that has arisen from this defiance is one of the knottiest domestic problems confronting the Baldwin government. The extremists among the Tories naturally want it settled by harsh measures, but the more moderate are frankly afraid of using the big stick.

These tenants took the stand originally that their rents should not be raised above the pre-war level. In some of their contentions the courts for a while sustained them. When the courts did not sustain them they simply went on strike, and the general condition of unemployment in Britain was such that their landlords dared not evict them. Now the landlords have obtained many dispossession decrees and threaten to enforce them. There is hardly a doubt that if such enforcement is attempted there will be bloodshed on the Clyde.

As far as any one not on the spot can judge the landlords have shown themselves reasonable in the face of what amounts to a confiscation of their rights. They are owed several hundred thousand dollars, but they are willing to forego the arrears in a large measure provided the tenants will now agree to pay an economic rent.

How Harrop Would Pay for Roads.

Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: During the last three weeks I have had occasion to travel over some 1,200 miles of roads in Nebraska, South Dakota and Wyoming on a trip by way of auto from Omaha and return to the Wyoming oil fields and the Black Hills, and have had an excellent opportunity to carefully survey the field of the good roads movement. Having traveled throughout the paved roads section of eastern Nebraska, the clay districts of the central part and the sandhill district of the northwestern part, and after my grilling experiences in mud, loose gravel, snowbanks, slush and sandy roads with no bottom, I have become an ardent advocate of paved or gravel roads. It is to be hoped that the public spirited citizenship will lend its aid to the good roads movement, not only in Nebraska, but in the nation as a whole.

Shortly Nebraska solons will meet at Lincoln and act on the suggestions offered by Governor McMullen, to subject the owners of automobiles to a tax on gasoline. I am in favor of it. I think practically everyone is in favor of good roads, but I am strictly opposed to a gasoline tax or any further taxation on the automobile owners. It goes without saying that they are over-taxed in proportion to the value of their property. Nor do I favor matching dollars with the government or the issue of bonds to build better roads. President Coolidge has issued a mandate to congress to reduce taxation upon all industry and get the nation out of debt, and this should be the keynote to all legislation.

However, there is a way to provide good roads. Let us look for a moment at the suggestion as to how the government could operate. Finance our own Muscle Shoals, offered by President Coolidge's distinguished supporter, Henry Ford, two years ago, without issuing bonds or increasing taxation, and see how this could be applied to furthering the national better roads movement. Mr. Ford stated "army engineers say it will cost \$20,000,000 to complete the big dam for operation of Muscle Shoals, but the government is in no mood to raise the money through bond issues or taxation. Now I see a way where the government can finance and complete this work without the expenditure of one cent and do it without asking the money sellers of the nation to help in any manner, shape or form." Mr. Ford also said: "It is so easy and simple, perhaps some people cannot see it. If the government needs \$20,000,000 to complete Muscle Shoals, then why not have congress pass an act issuing \$1,500,000 \$20 bills and pay for this big job without further controversy." Congress has the power, under the constitution, to issue money and create the value thereof. Our great president, Abraham Lincoln had congress issue \$60,000,000 in money to pay his soldiers during the civil war, and that money is still circulating at par. Should this same idea be carried out in connection with building better roads for this nation, it would pay off the bonded indebtedness of the government, provide for good roads, not only in Nebraska, but for the nation at large, the cost of which is estimated by army engineers to be at least \$5,000,000,000 for paved roads.

Abe Martin

We'll bet th' Lord don't love th' cheerful giver that tucks it on his overhead. De Valera is out o' jail on business. (Copyright, 1924.) It must be awful t' lose th' savor in of a life time after smokin' stogies for years. Mrs. Tipton Bud's nephew, who went t' Kansas some years ago, writes that he's gettin' on fine an' has been asked t' take part in a pavin' program. (Copyright, 1924.)

SUNNY SIDE UP Take Comfort, nor forget, That Sunrise never failed us yet. Calia Thayer

One naturally falls into a reminiscent mood on a Christmas afternoon. The tree has been denuded, there is wrapping paper scattered about the rooms, and not shells crunch underfoot. In the comparative calm following the Christmas feast we fall to wondering and remembering.

Have the tanners of America lost the art of tanning leather? Or do shoe manufacturers no longer use sole leather? We can remember when our boyish shoes lasted from eight months to a year. They had to. Now our own lusty boys go through their shoes in three weeks.

Boys just left with their first pair of skates that fastened on the heel by means of a plate sunk into the leather. That was one of the world's greatest improvements. Great advance over the old wood-bottomed skates that had to be screwed into the heel and then fastened with straps. Can fairly smell the burning leather as we burned out the heels of the boots to insert the heel plates.

And then came the steel skates that fastened on with a key. Marvelous in the extreme. Edison's incandescent lamps looked like a big fire in the middle of the back? We dinged down to the creek two miles away and discovered that you had either lost the key or left it at home. Now our boys have skates that fasten on with a simple movement of a little lever. But that's simple compared with the old heel plate. That was a real discovery.

Rummaging through an old tin box in search of a clipping. Here's a receipt for the rent of a 12-room all modern house, \$22.50. But receipt is dated quite a number of years in the past, well, such is life!

Sweet young things of today turn up their noses at anything less than a five-pound box of high-grade chocolates. Their mothers took even more delight in a sack of the sugar candy that retailed for about 15 cents a pound.

Let's see, what did we call those knit kadyucks that we used to wrap three times around our necks, crossed in front and tied in a big knot in the middle of the back? We recall that the ones worn by the girls were called nubbin, but dinged if we can remember the name of the ones we boys wore. But can you remember when the one and only girl knit one for you and gave it to you for Christmas? Hung it right on the tree in the old village church, too? O, boy wasn't that a grand and glorious feeling!

Boots, too. Red-topped, with blue stars and a crescent thereon. Used to go out in snow and slush and get the boots soaking wet. Pulled 'em off by thrusting foot between rounds of chair. In time this broke the counter in the heel, and later winter found us walking with our heels riding about half way up the counter. Did we ever hide those ornamental tops by treading our trousers outside and down around the ankles? We did not! Not even to parties, or to Sunday school.

A pair of boots from father. A pair of woolen mittens and a pair of woolen wristlets, knitted by mother. A parlow knife from Uncle Benner to us. A big candy bear, bearing a loving motto, presented by—well, that's none of your business. Some candy and an orange. My, what a wonderful Christmas. We didn't know what a banana was in those days.

Comparatively speaking it didn't take much to make a merry Christmas in those old days. But I reckon our dads and mothers had as hard a time getting it as we dads and mothers of today. After all, we get more fun out of the giving than our children do out of the getting. So did our own fathers and mothers.

"Wake up, papa, and help me clean up round the house. Somebody is likely to come in any minute!"

That's the Big Boss of the domicile speaking. The Memory Excursion is ended. WILL M. MAUPIN.

NET AVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION for the SIX MONTHS Ending Sept. 30, 1924 THE OMAHA BEE Daily 73,790 Sunday 75,631 Does not include returns, left-overs, samples or papers spoiled in printing and includes an special sale or free circulation of any kind. V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of October, 1924. W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public

THE map tells the story. You can make the Gulf Coast trip first, continuing from Flomaton on the L. & N. main line to Florida, and return; or you can make the Florida trip first, continuing from Pensacola and Flomaton, from the latter the short side trip is made to the other Gulf Coast points. The principal ones are shown on the map. Diverse Routes to FLORIDA and Gulf Coast Region The Diverse Route plan of the L. & N. for visiting Florida, including the Gulf Coast from Mobile to New Orleans on the same trip, at slight additional cost, or including Pensacola at no extra cost, will be a feature of Southern travel this year. The Gulf Coast offers so varied a list of attractions—equable climate, old-world atmosphere, modern hotels, beautiful scenery, all sports, truly hospitable people, cooking that is an epicurean delight—that the list of visitors grows every season. And of course, there's New Orleans! Visit the Gulf Coast this year. The diverse route plan makes it easy and very inexpensive. Let the undersigned give you full information and arrange your itinerary. Ask or write for descriptive literature. P. W. MORROW, N. E. Pass' 421 1/2 Railway Exchange Bldg., CHICAGO P. M. DITTO, Train Pass' 421 1/2 Railway Exchange Bldg., Pass' Office #78, KANSAS CITY, MO. LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.