

THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publisher
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MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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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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FORGOTTEN VETERANS OF A GREAT WAR.

Sandwiched in between the Grand Army of the Republic and the American Legion, Veterans of the Spanish-American War have actually been slighted. It may be that they have not pressed their cause with needed vigor, but whatever the reason, they have suffered neglect. Now they are coming forward, asking for just consideration at the hands of the people.

The Spanish-American War was not such a big affair as wars go. In its course only 451,481 American soldiers were engaged. One fact should be emphasized, though. Each man in that army was a volunteer. When the World War came on 80 per cent of the able-bodied Spanish-American War veterans served as volunteers in the new army. The average term of service in the Civil War was 11 months; in the World War it was 9 months, and in the Spanish-American War it was 14 months. Civil War soldiers received \$13 a month and a bonus; World War soldiers got \$30 a month, allowances for wife and family, and a bonus. Spanish war soldiers got \$15 a month, no allowance and no bonus.

The United States acquired no property as a result of the Civil War or the World War, but did acquire property amounting to \$8,000,000,000 in value as a result of the Spanish-American War. Twenty years after the close of the Civil War, the federal government paid to survivors as pensions \$62,171,937; twenty years after the Spanish war, the bill to its veterans was \$9,500,000. Hospitalization was immediate for Civil War and World War victims; it began in 1922 for the Spanish-American War sufferers, 20 years after the affair had finally closed.

This comparison might be continued to cover several other points of sharp contrast. Enough is here contained to show the justice of the claims now pressing for attention. Able-bodied survivors of that interesting contest are asking nothing for themselves. For their disabled, crippled and diseased comrades and their families they do ask aid from the government. They should not ask in vain.

JAZZING INTO JAIL.

Out at San Francisco a mother chided her 16-year-old daughter for staying out late at nights. In response the daughter waited until her mother's back was turned, and then shot her. The mother died and the daughter went to a dance with an admirer.

A sordid enough tale, tragic in the extreme, but a type of life common enough. In Omaha a young husband admits that he wedded a girl on a dare. She testifies she was tired of him before the day was over, and by the end of the week might have noticed if the cat went out, but not her husband's coming or going.

How can such girls be reached? They have sense, and they have souls. They also have too much imagination, of a kind. Jazz life has destroyed any balance they may have started with. Each has a formula. "I must take my love where I will," whatever that means. Neither of them is old enough to know anything about life, or love, or what either of the terms really means.

"Got drunk, as usual," is the entry of the San Francisco girl in her diary, concluding the notation of a "party" she had attended. She quit her job, because the boss chided her for coming late to work. Her mother wanted her to look for employment, but she could not, for she had a "date."

Now, she will be relieved of any uncertainty as to employment. Her dates will, or should be made for her by the prison officials. Jazz is not part of the discipline, either at Folsom or San Quentin, where she is headed. Maybe she would have gotten into trouble had circumstances been any other than they were, but her story ought to point a moral to other girls. The way down hill is very easy, but the way back is mighty hard.

SOUNDS GOOD, ANYHOW.

A neat little tale is going the rounds just now, about how the late King Edward VII of England once won \$500,000 in a night from Prince Radziwill, and how the emperor of Germany made the bank pay the money to the winner. So details are missing. All that world knows that Edward was not averse to gambling. His royal mother had reared him very strictly, modeling him on the lines of the prince consort. But, when Edward came to manhood's estate, he certainly changed his model.

Free, white and 21, the prince gave the gossips something to talk about. Once the whole land was stirred by a baccarat scandal, in which some ladies' names were involved, and a certain young man who was rather high up in society went down under a load of obloquy, presumably to save the scion of royalty. It was alleged, and partly at least proven, that cheating was going on.

Stakes were high, and that gives some color to the story of the prince and Radziwill. The only reason to doubt it is that the prince was notorious for his bad judgment at baccarat. Maybe it was poker at which they engaged. That is said to be a favorite sport of the present prince, practically the only card game in which he takes interest. Whatever may be the fact, poker players will admit that it is a much more fascinating game than baccarat. One where action is possible, and where cool courage

is the essential element of success. Anybody can win with the best hand. It takes a real poker player to escort a bobtail through to a triumphant finish.

No matter about this, though. It is a detail not altogether important. Whether the story be true or not, and it may be just a bit of propaganda of some sort, it sounds good.

NO MUDGUNNERS.

Former Governor Charles W. Bryan has made serious charges against George E. Johnson, former state engineer.

Mr. Johnson has replied with charges against Mr. Bryan. If these charges are made in good faith they are serious. If they are not they are but bombast and grandstanding.

In the judgment of The Omaha Bee the legislature has a more important work to perform than organizing fishing committees to wash the soiled linen of the Bryan administration. If there is any basis to the charges of either Bryan or Johnson, the regular law officers of federal and state governments can be trusted to discover it.

The voters favored the republican candidates in the last election largely because they were opposed to using congress and the legislatures to perform the work of grand juries and prosecutors.

In Nebraska we elect our governors to attend to the duties of the executive office—the legislature to attend to job of making, revising and improving the laws of the state.

There are grand juries and prosecutors in every county. The state has its prosecutors, the federal government has its machinery to ferret out and punish crime.

Let Mr. Bryan and Mr. Johnson be turned over to them. We want no mudgunners in a republican legislature hunting down democrats for partisan reasons. We believe the members of the legislature have the same conviction. Bombast and grandstanding for political purposes is out of date. Let's all stick to our job. There is plenty of work to be done.

MAKE IT WORK BOTH WAYS.

Representative La Guardia is alarmed at the presence in America of unemployed scions of royalty. Accordingly he writes to the secretary of labor, asking that these undesirable aliens be deported. One of his fears is that they will plot for the overthrow of the soviet government of Russia. Very likely they will. Yet, until they begin to recruit and arm forces, they will not be guilty of so gross a violation of our hospitality as to merit being thrust out of the country.

America has always been a haven for the plotters. Scarcely a government on earth that has not been schemed against here. Russia, under the czar, was ever a subject for consideration in subcellars and other secret places. England has been plotted against, and once a notable attack on Canada was launched from the American side of the border. The Cuban junta had headquarters in New York, and Friends of the Irish Republic are now very active there. We have no doubt, if the truth were brought out, that some of Mr. La Guardia's chief supporters are just now much interested in the effort to put Mussolini in the discard, and are operating from the district that rejected the interesting congressman as a republican candidate and elected him as a socialist.

The country would lose nothing, nor would it gain perceptibly, by excluding the Russian royalists. However, to be fair, if the process of ejection is to be adopted, why not include the communist plotters, who are aiming their activities at our government?

SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS BOY.

A Missouri lad aged 13 was recently convicted of extreme cruelty to his dog. He was sentenced to a sound spanking and directed to copy 500 times Senator Vest's eulogy on the dog. It is not the sentence we complain about. It is possible that a sound spanking is what the boy needed. But it is more probable that the boy needs a surgical operation on his cranial apparatus. There is something mentally wrong with a 13-year-old boy who mistreats his dog, or any dog. There is a natural affinity between a small boy and a dog, the affinity growing stronger as the pedigree of the canine is lost in obscurity.

We are loath to believe that the Missouri lad is normal. In fact, we refuse to believe it. He is certainly deficient mentally. He has a kink in his brain that should be straightened out, and it is not to be straightened by the application of the parental palm. The parental palm may be the proper curative agency in some cases, but clearly not in this one. Any 13-year-old boy who abuses a dog is in need of the services of an expert alienist and a surgeon.

It was very gallant for Secretary of State Pool to group the three lady members of the house on the south side, but it may result in making it difficult for the members on the north side to secure the eye of the speaker.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child," remarked Solomon. Governor Davis realizes that it is even worse to have a child who is a blanky-blank muttonhead.

The law enforcement division of the state government might well take into consideration the fact that there are other crimes than violations of the liquor laws.

Greece is negotiating for the purchase of Denmark's war material. This seems to offer a likely market for Switzerland's surplus navy material.

If the Muscle Shoals proposition could manufacture as much nitrate as it does hot air, it might easily swamp the fertilizer market.

A Chicago bootlegger named Pinkussohn was convicted and the judge stuck him two years at Leavenworth.

Speaking of the fee paid for saving the necks of Loeb and Leopold, whatever the amount it was too much.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davie

SWEET PEACE.

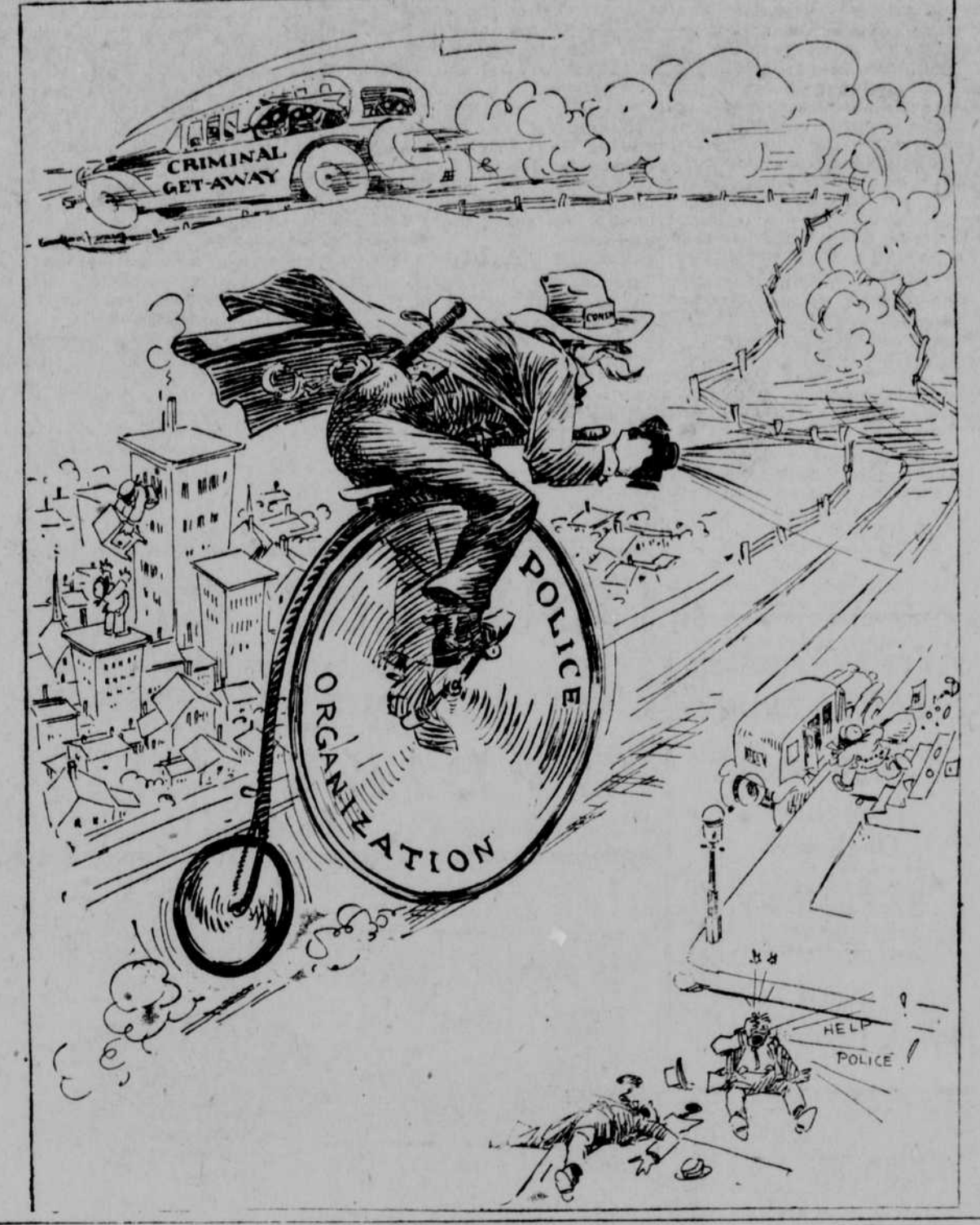
The cannons are silent and hushed are the drums
That beat when the rush of the battle cry comes;
Through windows, frost-painted, we gaze with delight
Across the calm fields of immaculate white.

Sweet peace for all time is the wish that prevails—
The hope of the men who have followed war's trail;
The cry of the mothers who long will recall
The tumult, the torture, the losses and all.

Sweet peace for the babes who will carry life's load
Tomorrow along the macadamized road—
Sweet peace from the efforts of those who have made
Higher and smoother and straighter the grade.

Long years of contentment and progress and pride,
Of peace and good tidings and friendly world-wide,
And coffers overflowing and grain bending low,
And sunshine to cheer us as forward we go.

Seems as Though There Ought to Be Something We Could Do About It



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.

Clerks and Business.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Complaints have been made of the conduct of clerks in Omaha. They are not polite, says complainant; they are offended if customer does not buy; they do not sufficiently appreciate their employers' interests.

"Old stuff" and half true, but therein lies the serious part of it; half truths last longer and usually work more injurious and defend more wrong than downright falsehood.

Even I, who am regarded in certain quarters as something of a radical, do not care to draw a blanket indictment against employers. They are human beings, often doing the best they know and even honestly concerned, although not always intelligently for the welfare of those under their direction. On the other hand, the brutalities of business, the cruelties of commerce, the multiplied families of privately owned and operated industry, do not demand devoted disciples of Karl Marx to behold and expose. When "labor" is listed along with advertising and furniture and raw materials as simply another item in the same category with dead, motionless articles that can neither help nor harm, nor complain, I wonder how any normal person can expect anything but injustice that cries to heaven.

Center Shots

There may be enough power in the atom to lick the world's ills. (Ore.) Gazette-Times.

Experience is a wonderful teacher, but she keeps a lot of pupils after school to finish their lessons.—Los Angeles Times.

The saddest moment in political life is when the lame duck is torn from the side of the goose that lays the golden eggs.—Columbia Record.

Of course the country is more prosperous. We have twice as much money and it buys half as much.—Jersey City Journal.

About all we can do is to put a radio set, a mah-jong game and a crossword puzzle in a locked room and let them fight it out.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

A Good Thing - DON'T MISS IT
Send your name and address plainly written, together with 5 cents (and this slip) to Chamberlain Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa, and receive in return a trial package containing CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, "flu" and whooping coughs, and tickling throat; CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS for stomach troubles, indigestion, gassy pains that crowd the heart, biliousness and constipation; also CHAMBERLAIN'S SALVE, needed in every family for burns, sores, wounds, piles and skin affections; these valued family medicines for only 5 cents. Don't miss it.

Correction for Mr. Brillhart.
Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: At the meeting called by the Progressive League for the purpose of discussing the local street car situation Monday night, the 12th, at their headquarters, 1517 Capitol avenue, I was present and listened to Prof. Henry Olerich's very interesting talk, and after his presentation I was called upon to make a few remarks.

In the meantime, he patient. The workers have much to contend with, and most of them do not know as yet that they are heirs to the future and a world of plenty and beauty.
EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH.

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SUNNY SIDE UP

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Celiaaxter

On general principles we are opposed to capital punishment, but that is the only adequate protection society has against certain threatened dangers. Justice should be tempered with mercy, and at times it is difficult to convince us that it is a crime to kill a man we know to be in need of killing. All this leading up to our contention that one of the social pests that needs to be abolished, no matter what cost, is the fellow who bulges into the elevator the moment the door is opened, regardless of whether anybody is trying to get out. We are preparing to pass a Law declaring an open season the year 'round on him.

With the assistance of our guide and mentor, Frank Carey, we have prepared a few bills for introduction in the legislature, providing for:

- Neater beer.
- Fresh eggs that are fresh.
- Signless telephone poles.
- Twelve o'clock closing for bootleggers.
- Ten-cent dishes of ice cream.

We heartily second the motion of Ol' Bill White that Ol' Ed Howe write his memoirs. We yearn for an autobiography that carries the earmarks of truth; that doesn't gloss things always suspicious as being Too Good to Be True. Ed Howe can do it, and if he writes his memoirs that's just what he will do. He wrote the best book of travel ever put to press. His homely philosophy gets under the skin. And today he is a wonderful balance wheel for a social machine that is inclined to run wild. Grouchy? Yes, at times. But a rough here and there keeps society from jumping the track quite so often. By all means let Ed Howe tackle the job, pronto.

Ten years ago last Wednesday Representative Anderson of Phelps county introduced a bill providing for the closing of Nebraska saloons at 5 p. m. instead of 8 p. m. A tremendous amount of bootleg liquor has flowed since ten years ago last Wednesday.

Donald Ringer of Hastings admits that he killed a man with a hammer in order to get possession of an auto. Now Donald says: "I want the people to give me a chance to make good. I have made a mistake and expect to be punished. I have tried to make a right start." Bully for Donald! He knows just how to get the Sob Squad started working in his behalf. All he wants is a chance to make good. He didn't do anything but commit a heinous crime, poor boy; so why be hard on him. Parties with flowers for Donald will please pass to the right; those with petitions for his pardon will kindly gather on the left. Professional sobsters will gather in the center and await the signal.

Speaking of cross words, we want some new ones. The old ones we have used for years when the collar button disappeared have proved unavailing. What we want is a few short words that will adequately express our thoughts and at the same time shame the button into making a quick appearance.

Scottsbluff, Kearney and North Platte are engaged in a contest to see which can work up the largest men's class in Sunday school. Having a somewhat extensive acquaintance in all three cities, we cheerfully admit that such a contest is capable of working wonders, the supply of available material being very large. Naming no names, of course, but we would call the attention of the promoters to Charles Gross of Scottsbluff, A. P. Kelly of North Platte and Mentor A. Brown of Kearney.
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Abe Martin

SOUP TODAY
& EVERY DAY

Life Bud swore off house-party in 'New Year's' an' went back 'chewin' an' smokin'." "A split inner tube makes a peach of a reducin' girdle," writes Miss Fawn Lippincott in th' woman's department of th' Weekly Slip Horn.
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