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N. B. UPDIKE, President
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JOY M. HACKLER, Business Manager

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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

CONGRESS TO DROP THE JOB.

Adjournment of congress at this point, with so much of its program incomplete, seems ill-advised. If the members are of the opinion that their presence at the national convention is imperative, a recess might have been taken without serious inconvenience to public business. Even some advantage might have come from a recess. It would have given time for consultation, for a readjustment and a more orderly attack on the big mass of work that is yet waiting to be disposed of.

The revenue bill and the bonus are now out of the way, and the track was then cleared for other matters that are of paramount importance. While probably the greater political importance attaches to the two principal measures so far made into law, the problems yet unsolved have a very definite weight, so far as public welfare is concerned. Among these are the questions of railroad rates and farm relief. Much talk has been indulged, both in and out of congress, concerning these, and beyond a general agreement that something should be done, no action has been taken. On certain points the country has been assured of what congress will not do. Now, it is equally important to find out what congress will do.

Withdrawal in the house by its author of the, Barkley bill, which was to supplant the railroad labor board, and the sidetracking of the Huddleston bill, which effected a horizontal reduction in freight rates, definitely disposes of the most radical of proposed railroad legislation. Other measures that were intended to achieve what the president recommended, and for which there is yet a strong public demand, will now have to await consideration until congress is reconvened.

In regard to farm relief legislation, a similar state of affairs is noted. The failure of the McNary-Haugen bill is due to something of the same reason that accounts for the defeat of the Norbeck-Burnett bill. The Norris-Sinclair measure has no better chance of passing, while the Aswell bill, embodying the Youkum co-operative marketing plan, remains in possession of the house committee on agriculture, with only a dim prospect of ever coming out.

President Coolidge emphasized the need for some sort of legislation for the good of the farmer, and the matter was recently made the subject of conference, in hope that a compromise might be reached and a satisfactory law enacted. This is not a case wherein the patient will recover if left alone long enough. A remedy is required, and it is up to congress to provide it.

Some recession of the radical wave, that swept so high a few weeks ago, may be noted. The failure or withdrawal of bills that embodied extreme ideas is one evidence of this. A short visit with the home folks may convince members of congress that the people would appreciate a little real constructive work, of which there has been plenty before the groups at Washington. Sensational investigations, out of which has come a never-ceasing flow of scandalous gossip, does not meet the needs of the people. Rip-snorting speeches on the floor do not bring home the bacon expected by the farmers, who would like to face a different situation with this year's crop. Shippers, who sought some modification of the rate structure, are not content with having heard the adventures of a lot of spies and special agents. Such things may look good to the spellbinders, now getting tuned up for the coming campaign, but the voters would far rather give ear to a recital of the few good laws passed than to hear many charges concerning somebody's misconduct.

From start to finish the session now about to terminate has been an amazing spectacle of political maneuverings. Blocs and groups have controlled, and seldom has the real interest or good of the country had any consideration. As a working body, congress has made a record of disorder that

FIFTEEN DAYS IN JAIL.

A young woman has just been relieved from spending an enforced vacation of fifteen days in jail, because she was criminally careless. She saw, or thought she saw, her husband passing in a car with another woman. Hastily mounting a motorcycle she started in pursuit, and almost immediately ran over a neighbor's child.

Here is more material for realism than usually is found in a popular novel, no matter what its length of author. This young woman scarcely could have made more mistakes than she did in the same length of time. It is not to discuss her actions, or their consequences, that we now address ourselves to the consideration of fifteen days in jail. She is paying a penalty she incurred. What is of interest, though, is that in all of Omaha this girl alone is in jail for speeding.

Each day the news columns chronicle one or more accidents, some of them quite serious, all traceable to the one cause. Drivers of cars are in too great haste. Some of them fail to exercise proper precautions, others deliberately take chances. The result is the same, pain and suffering for the victim, frequently big repair bills, and very rarely any adequate punishment for the offender.

Young Mrs. Bartels is a tragic victim, but her situation will be doubly tragic if she alone is to wear the distinction of having been sent to jail fifteen days for speeding. If she were to be the first of a procession, it might not be long before the supply

of material for such sentences would be exhausted, and the streets of Omaha would be free from the menace of speedsters. We suggest to the police magistrates that the experiment be given a fair trial.

MAKE THE RIVER DRIVE REAL.

Much mud and water has rolled down the Missouri river since first E. J. Cornish, as one of Omaha's park commissioners, proposed to erect a boulevard along the bluffs. Every now and then the subject has been taken up for discussion. Once the city planning board went so far as to have a survey made and blue prints prepared, together with the detailed cost of the improvement.

Still the drive is incomplete. A boulevard of a sort runs over part of the route. Visitors to the city who make the ride are delighted by the prospect, and frequently express wonder that Omaha does not more definitely provide for the wonderful drive that is possible. Not so very long ago an official of the United States, who is engaged in such work, said that in all his travels and examinations, he never had seen a more naturally promising route. A Kansas City park official expressed his astonishment that Omaha has not taken advantage of a natural opportunity, adding that Kansas City had expended millions to obtain what is lying here unused, available just for the taking.

The Chamber of Commerce now announces its intention of pressuring for the completion of the boulevard. We have consistently advocated this improvement for many years, and still ardently hope that steps will be taken to secure the route while still it is possible. It has the approval of every organization whose attention has been called to it, as well as the support of all citizens in any way familiar with the project.

Officially the city is for it. The citizens personally are for it. Experts both in the city and outside the city are for it. Visitors who come to Omaha are for it. The vote in its favor is unanimous. The day of discussion is past. The time for action is here. It is to be hoped the Chamber of Commerce will move definitely for the completion of the project.

HOMER CLYDE STUNTZ.

The announced passing of Homer Clyde Stuntz, retired bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, was not the less a shock to the community because it had been anticipated. His malady was such that there was little reason to expect he would be spared for long. This was recognized by the Quadrennial Conference of the Church, which lately placed him on the retired list because of the state of his health.

Bishop Stuntz was something more than a churchman. His wide experience, his deep learning, and his remarkable versatility marked him as one with an unusual capacity for usefulness. In the church he came into prominence while serving as a missionary in India. He later was superintendent of the missionary work of the church in the Philippines, and then served as field secretary for the Board of Foreign Missions, eastern division. Later he was assistant corresponding secretary for the board. He was in this work when he was elected bishop of the church in 1912. Service in South America and in Europe followed, and then he took up his residence in Omaha.

In this city Bishop Stuntz was active in civic affairs as well as in church matters. His views were broad, his counsel that of ripened wisdom sustained by large experience, and his place in the community was that of a great man who earnestly desired to be useful to all. In the church he ranked among the leaders, a just tribute to his intellectual powers. He will be remembered best as a man, walking among men, for that was his attitude toward the world.

A New York man was heavily fined for holding a petting party with his own wife. It was such a violation of all Gotham's marital traditions that the presiding judge probably wanted to give him life imprisonment.

Perhaps you have noticed that the Darwinian theory is being allowed to go on its way rejoicing, pending the outcome of a certain national convention soon to be held in Madison Square Garden.

The manager of Georges Carpentier says his man went into the ring with a broken hand and a sprained ankle. It is quite evident he entered the ring with a sadly dislocated confidence.

A German municipality offered 50 bottles of wine as a prize for the best playlet depicting life therein, and 26 American aspirants were crushed in the jam at the receiving window.

We hope that French antipathy to jazz will extend beyond the expulsion of American bands from restaurants. The world is fairly well fed up on French politics.

A federal judge in Ohio has decided against the Daugherty investigating committee, but Gaston B. Means is still in Washington, continuing his wonderful recital.

A movie actress has just succeeded in recovering \$2,500 from a beauty doctor who spoiled her lip. Some day they will give nature a chance.

At least the visit of Mary and Doug to Europe will recall to mind the names of several ruling sovereigns long since forgotten.

Perhaps that "diabolical death ray," of which we are hearing so much, is merely a bit of canned democratic campaign dope.

It is quite evident that President Coolidge does not hold the Pepper plan to be reasonable.

Frank Tinney's ideas of what constitutes humor seem to have become somewhat frazzled of late.

Whether or not it was a prize fight, the gate receipts looked quite respectable.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davis

THE MAGIC OF THOSE LITTLE THINGS.

Such little things as leaves and flowers,
Take much of my untrammelled hours;
And in my thoughts are woven those
Great asancies that no one knows.
Such distant things as evening skies
And stars remote within the deep,
A constant grace and beauty keeps.
A creaking car goes swiftly past,
A man adown the street walks fast,
A child in yonder cottage cries,
A night-hawk flutters as he flies,
A canine barks—the echo thrills
The careful silence of the hills—
And yet unto my conscience clings
The standard of those little things.
Those little things, I truly say—
For what of commonness have they?
And where in merit do they stand
With mental pow'r and art of hand—
With smiles and kindness and grace
Such as a mother's love may place
Throughout the world—but still these clings
The magic of those little things.
(Copyright, 1924.)

Good Heavens, Son, How Do You Expect Papa to Build a Platform With That Stuff?



Letters From Our Readers

All letters must be signed, but name will be withheld upon request. Communications of 300 words and less will be given preference.

Political Degeneracy.

Red Cloud, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The nation has for some months past been witnessing disclosures of political degeneracy that should arouse to action all serious minded citizens. We have been passing through a period of disclosures that should bring to shame all those who have in any way contributed to the situation, and the retirement from political life of all officials at Washington who have either been guilty of passively overlooking law violations or actively participating in these violations. To remain silent under such circumstances is to be morally guilty of compounding the crime committed, and is inexcusable at any point of view.

We are witnessing at this time an attempt to convict one prominent senator, George W. Norris of Nebraska, of political party heresy, and the position taken by some critics is very amusing to the casual observer. Since when has it become political heresy for a public official to honestly express his views with reference to political questions or matters pertaining to his political party? If we are to look for instructions as to political principles, who is better qualified to offer suggestions than our United States senators? Would a disgraced ex-cabinet officer be more preferable, or would you have our political economies given us by some trust magnate, probably at this time under arrest and out of jail on bond? The choice is easy to make.

There is but one way to have good government, and that is to have it administered by competent, honest officials. Anything short of this is a mockery and augurs no good for the public interest. The old story that this country is so big and wealthy that no man or corporation can do it any harm, is the simplest and most calculated only to mislead a simple mind—one that knows no better than to supinely follow false teachers of political doctrine and to believe in anything a political party may adopt regardless of the fact whether it is right or wrong, or for the good of the public or detrimental thereto.

The time has come in this country when the political party which fails to serve the true interest of the people will not long remain in power, and this, of all years, appears to be the time when an attempt should be made to deceive the voter into believing that party interest is paramount to the welfare of the nation. The political corruption which has been uncovered in Washington by the investigations of the past few months has been possible only through the slumbering indifference of certain monopoly interest members of congress, sometimes called the "old guard" of both political parties, as

stated by certain weak members who are devoid of independent thought and action. This condition in our public life cannot and will not ever be corrected until both of these elements have been removed from congressional offices. It is not enough that a man should declare his willingness to at all times vote for party policies. Such officials must also have the courage to stand against any and all nefarious schemes to hand the resources of this country over to unscrupulous capitalists, whose only claim to special privileges is the check to ask for them. It is only through the presence of such men in the senate and congress that unscrupulous corruption is prevented, and it is outrageous for an attempt to be made to destroy public confidence in a public servant who has withstood their assaults for more than 20 years.

During all these years Nebraskaans have kept Senator Norris at Washington looking after legislative matters, and at no time has his action ever been detrimental to the public interest. It is all plain now, and the voter is keenly watching the course of political events at the national capital. Instead of talking about political heresy, let the people clamor and fight for the election of the one man, Senator Norris and Howell. The public, and that includes the producing portions of our population, is far more deserving of political favors, if any are to be extended, than those who compose the criminal conspiracy class. It is the criminal conspiracy class which keeps the trained lobbyist at Washington prepared to assault with slanders, or otherwise, those public officials who stand out for honest government and legislation which will protect the country from being ravished and plundered by corrupt officials of every kind and character—that element who live by their wits, and are strangers to any line of honorable endeavor.

Compare the fight Senator Norris is making to save Muscle Shoals from the grasping clutches of Henry Ford, with what his opponents are attempting to do, and then judge as to who is representing the real interest of the general public. Don't forget that it was Norris who introduced the resolution.

ADVERTISEMENT.
J. A. YOST



PAIN IN BACK OF NECK? READ WHAT THIS MAN SAYS:

Mondamin, Iowa—"For over one year and a half I was afflicted with what the doctors called neuritis in both arms, shoulders, back of neck and head. I took treatment from many doctors, also at the Springs, but found no relief until I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Aurifer Tablets. I had not taken them over thirty days until I got relief. I continued their use for several weeks and was then feeling fine. I can do my work without any pain or trouble, although I am past 75.—J. A. Yost, Route 2.
Health is your most valuable asset. Do not neglect it. Write Dr. Pierce, president of the Invalids' Hotel, in Buffalo, N. Y., all about yourself. You will receive confidential medical advice FREE of all cost. Or, send for a trial pill, of Aurifer (antiarthritic acid).

Abe Martin



SUNNY SIDE UP

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

JINNED.

I never bet upon a game played on the baseball lot. But what I picked the losing team and lost the blooming pot. 'Twas been my fate through all the years to never pick 'em right. And all my dreams of winning big have suffered sudden blight. I never bet upon a horse but what the blasted nag. Fell dead upon the long home stretch or got the distance flag. I tell you this so you will know just how to bet your kale— Just watch my bets, then copper them—to win you cannot fail.

I figured out a system that gave promise of great gain; 'Twas double clinched and riveted, and bound around with chain.

I took it out where Ak-Sar-Ben is holding races fine, And started in to clean up big with that new scheme of mine. A horse named Sarsaparilla looked immensely good that day. And on that nag my system I determined all to play. But something wrong there seemed to be before I could say "scat!" Sarsaparilla cleaned my system out and left me busted flat.

Every now and then our old friend and neighbor, Grant L. Shumway, says a mouthful. Grant, by the way, is secretary of agriculture in the Bryan cabinet. The particular mouthful to which we specifically refer is Grant's recent statement that there has been, of late, altogether too much investigation and pronouncement, and not enough prosecution. It will be generally admitted that tergiversation has been featured of late, with a grave tendency to redundancy and tautologous impulse, with the result that periphrasis has been only too evident. What we need is more action and less pronouncement.

Horse racing is called "the sport of kings." If that is true we fail to understand why we always get our money down on the two-spots.

Personally we have never taken a great deal of interest in Henry Ford and his Muscle Shoals proposition. We are not of those who hold that Henry is a superman and look upon him as a model industrialist. He makes a rattling good product and sells it at a moderate price, but while he is making gas buggies he is also making human machines. We don't care a whoop whether he gets Muscle Shoals or not. Our chief concern is that Uncle Sam quits pouring good money into that proposition. There are a lot of things more worth while to the people at large than Hank's possession of Muscle Shoals. Frinstance, an opportunity to regain some of the privileges they have been deprived of during recent years.

We are not going to admit that Luther Burbank is a genuine plant wizard until he furnishes the world with a seedless blackberry. Having long been a member of the Order of the Porcelain Inducers we know all the hardships of one who dotes on blackberry pie and is afraid, while in the company of others, to consume goody portions thereof. Just as soon as Luther responds to our insistent demand and produces the seedless blackberry we shall include him in our own Academy of Immortals.

While talking about presidential possibilities and probabilities, why not give some thought to candidatorial liabilities? WILL M. MAUPIN.

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