

THE MORNING BEE

MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY
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HOME MARKET BEST IN THE WORLD.
Mr. H. E. Miles, head of the Fair Tariff league, comes all the way from New York to tell the farmers of the middlewest that they are paying \$100,000,000 too much each year for their farming implements.

COMMON SENSE FARMERS.

By the comparatively simple device of increasing the tariff on wheat, immediate relief to the downward pressure of prices can be secured. The farmers who have been meeting in Omaha this week were quick to see that.

The splendid endorsement given this proposal, both by the Farmers' Union and the Nebraska Farmers' Co-Operative Grain and Livestock association, may be counted on to have its effect in accelerating action at Washington.

News from the national capital is that the federal tariff commission is sidetracking all other business to study ways and means of putting a 50 per cent increase on the duty on imported wheat.

The farmers who in their resolutions urged this prompt action, put aside all partisan political considerations and voted for the thing that seemed best from a pure business standpoint. Conditions would soon be better in this country if time-worn political prejudices could more often be discarded and decisions made, not on the basis of political theory, but on that of common sense.

NO NEED FOR ALARM.

Now and then a political or social storm breaks somewhere in this broad land, whereupon many people wring their hands and groan, fearful that the people are losing their power of self-government and heading straight towards the rocks.

Nothing much happened. The militia didn't shoot, the people did vote, and there was neither bloodshed nor death. Election day passed quietly, and later the legislature met and transacted its business, part of which wasousting the militant governor from office.

A few short weeks ago Oklahoma was an armed military camp. A militant governor was going to suppress free speech and a free press, and prevent the sovereign people from holding an election. It was predicted that if the people insisted on voting in defiance of the governor's mandate there would be oceans of blood spilled and the commonwealth strewn with dead and dying men.

Just about the time a lot of people are scared pink let the republic be headed for the demitition bow-wows, and they go to bed confident that the sun is going to rise upon complete chaos and everlasting destruction, they wake up in the morning to find the sun shining brightly on a world as serene as a May morning, and everybody going about their business as usual.

Now and then there arises some prophet of political disaster to predict widespread ruin and utter desolation unless his panaceas are swallowed and his dietary formula adopted, and if he is vociferous enough and long enough he often manages to have quite a considerable portion of the populace running around in eccentric and concentric circles. But after one or two of his panaceas have been tried out in a limited area the disturbed portion of the population slows down and begins wondering what it was all about, anyhow. Then they laugh, as Americans are wont to do when they discover they have been led astray, and make up their minds that things are going along fairly well. Whereupon the panacea peddler fades from the public eye and everything is serene until another political spasm grips the country.

Viewing with alarm is such a popular pastime that it would be cruel and inhumane to prohibit it. Some people are never so happy as when they are miserable, and if it entertains them to prophesy disaster or follow off after those who do, why deny them the pleasure? The republic is all right in the main. It does not stay wrong for any considerable length of time. Its sober second thought always saves the situation. The great majority of us are not worrying about the political future. Now and then a gale may make the old ship of state rock and maybe ship a few waves, but it always answers its helm, the compass is always reliable, and to date there has always been a helmsman worthy of trust.

What do people use their cars for, inquires an exchange. Well, most of them use their cars to get to some place where they do not care to go, in the shortest possible time because they have nothing else to do. What's your explanation?

Again the city commissioners hang up their report on the water situation, but the people are getting the pure sweet water at the tap and are not much concerned about anything the council may have to say on the subject.

The London Mail calmly informs us that Kipling gets his best ideas before breakfast, and Wells his best ideas after dinner. We get our poorest after reading such outpourings.

Richard Bennett has found a problem in his own household—or was it just to get a little more publicity for the Bennett family of actors?

Homespun Verse
—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davie

CELEBRATING YESTERYEARS.
Somewhere you've met a friend of yore,
And lived again the days before;
You've gone in dreams beyond your strife,
And revelled in the youth of life.

Such meetings make us wonder where
Are others who were with us there,
And when we're old and when we're gray,
Ineffable is Yesterday;

You who are far from realms of yore,
And see comrades of old no more,
But come by chance upon the street,
An old familiar face to meet—
Will know the thrill and sweetness true
As all the dead come back to you,
And with sad smiles and happy tears
You'll celebrate your yesteryears.

"THE PEOPLE'S VOICE"

Editorial from readers of The Morning Bee, Readers of The Morning Bee are invited to use this column freely for expression on matters of public interest.

Buy Nebraska Potatoes.
Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: If Minnesota potatoes are no better than Nebraska potatoes (and I defy any man, woman or child to show me that they are), why, if they sell in Omaha wholesale at \$1.40 per hundred pounds, why, I repeat, should the poor Nebraska potato raiser be compelled to take for his potatoes, which are just as good, \$1.15 per hundred pounds? Why should any potatoes from Minnesota, Idaho, Utah, or from any other foreign state be sold at all in Omaha when it deprives the home grower from marketing his wares?

Just suppose that the people of the west half of Nebraska, in retaliation against Omaha's lack of co-operation with the farmers, would band together and say to all of its merchants, in its hundreds of little towns and cities, "You must sell to us for 25 per cent less than goods bought by you from Denver, Sioux City, Minneapolis, Chicago, or elsewhere, or else we will not buy it, and if you do not respect us in this matter and keep a supply of foreign goods on hand which we can buy we will boycott you entirely." How long would Omaha be on strike in the western half of the state? Could Omaha produce its goods so that the retailer could meet that 25 per cent under Chicago, Denver, etc. goods?

Whoever writes that stuff about the farmers who know nothing whatever about it or else he knows and is willfully misrepresenting, for every bushel of wheat that the farmer has raised in the past three years he has sold at a loss, every bushel of oats that the farmer has raised in the past three years he has sold at a loss; every bushel of potatoes that the farmer has raised in the past three years he has sold at a loss; every bushel of corn that the farmer has raised in the past three years he has sold at a loss, and so on down the line except this year on corn.

Farm crops and its various products (except corn) that only this year are down to prewar prices and below yet, the same help that is required today as was required in prewar times costs as much again today; the board that help costs as much again today; every piece of machinery that wears out and has to be replaced costs as much again and up to two and a half times as much as it did in prewar times. Where do they get off on the theory that the farmer is getting on his feet again?

However, Omaha could help its farmers of its territory if it would be honest with them and use their products here instead of leaving it to rot in the cellars while they send their money to Minnesota, Utah, Idaho and other states.

It is not too late yet to do some good. Better late than not at all. Thousands of farmers in the west half of Nebraska have their farms filled to overflowing with excellent grade potatoes that will keep and cook second to none, no matter what section with which they may be asked to compete, while in the east half of the state the potatoes are rotting in the cellars and being consumed daily in Omaha are potatoes shipped in from states foreign entirely to the trade territory of Omaha and from sections the money sent them by the Omaha commission men for the potatoes consumed in Omaha will never again, any part of it, return into the trade channels of the city of Omaha, but will go to the upbuilding of cities of foreign states.

Against Hiram Johnson.
Gard, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: So Hiram Johnson is coming to Nebraska to capture the republican delegation to the next national convention. Hiram is a distinguished citizen of a great state. He may be able to convince our voters that he is the best qualified candidate for the presidency. Our citizens will receive him gladly and listen to him with due courtesy and respect, but it will be rather difficult for Hiram to convince republicans that he is in any way entitled to their vote for party reasons.

There is nothing in Hiram's record which would entitle him to the support of republicans of Nebraska. He belongs to that class of politicians who pay very little attention to the party or party principles except when he wants to use the party label to be elected to office. F. M. CURRIE.

Center Shots.
An exchange claims that if hair cuts go to \$2 it is threatened they will go back to betting on Bryan again.—Ohio State Journal.

New Jersey has a water famine, but from all we can learn about that state, nobody will be inconvenienced by it.—Cleveland Press.

Think how confusing it will be when patriotic societies begin to preserve the hospital wards where great men are born.—Bridgport Star.

Recently a newspaper in announcing the death of a citizen gave him credit for having "good pints as well as bad."—Tulsa World.

Gas will decline future wars, says an army expert. It already has decided many a political battle.—Dallas Times Herald.

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION
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THE OMAHA BEE
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B. BREWER, Gen. Mgr.
V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of November, 1923.
W. H. QUINCY,
Notary Public.

"From State and Nation"

Editorials from Other Newspapers

Hiram Swings into Action.
From the Sioux Falls Press.
The Hiram Johnson presidential candidacy must force Coolidge into the open on the issue of co-operation with Europe. For that, if for nothing else, the senator's swing into action is to be welcomed.

Some years ago the late Henry Waterson in characteristic fashion referred to Hiram Johnson as "the wide-mouthed, deep-lunged, flat-footed Californian." The senator's latest manifesto recalls "Marso" Henry's adjectives. "The Californian is nothing if not forthright. His geese are all swans. He has no time for finely drawn distinctions. It is all one thing or all another with him."

This aspect is illustrated in the manner in which he denounces himself a progressive—a progressive of the genuine sort, and not either by reactionarism nor radicalism. One might challenge that, in view of the senator's record during the past few years. Indeed a canny observer recently remarked that if Hiram Johnson were looking for a safe conservative candidate they could do no better than choose Hiram Johnson. The revelations contained in the famous and remarkable letter last summer go far to support that idea.

Another illustration of the Johnson forthrightness is the unqualified assumption that President Coolidge and the administration are reactionary. Here again one might challenge the senator's facts. Throughout his official life Coolidge has never given evidence of possessing reactionary tendencies. On the contrary he has ever appeared to be a forward looking public servant, conspicuous for his ability to do well the tasks assigned to him. Senator Johnson's little declaration of independence suffers from the failure to give adequate treatment to domestic issues. Perhaps there is no more pressing question before the people today than tax reduction. Yet the senator has ignored it entirely. The oversight is made all the more emphatic by the fact that Senator Borah issued a bitter denunciation of high taxes and government extravagance simultaneously with the publication of the Johnson statement.

On many modern issues, notably that of world co-operation, Johnson's progressivism seems doubtful. This much, however, may be said for the senator. He is a man of courage. He is outspoken with his opinions. As such he is to be preferred as president to some pussyfoot expert, whose attitude, like a weathercock, veers with every breeze.

President's Father Silent.
Edward Elwell Whiting in the Atlantic Monthly.
Col. John Coolidge, the president's father, is as chary of speech as is his son. I sat one day talking with him in his home in Plymouth. I asked about Calvin as a boy. Was he a hard

worker on the farm? Did he do a good day's work in those days? The father was silent for so long I thought he had not heard. Then the corner of his mouth twitched a bit, at some memory of years gone, and his eyes narrowed to a twinkle. All he said was this: "Always seemed to me that Cal could get more sap out of a maple tree than any of the other boys round here."

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"Colonel Coolidge, this is a wonderful day for you. We all expect great things from you son."

The father said: "I hope you'll never be disappointed."

The Coolidge kind does not sleep over.

LISTENING IN
On the Nebraska Press

The Schuyler Sun, after carefully scanning the political horizon, announces that it would be well pleased to have the senatorial nominations close with Col. Sloan representing the republicans and A. C. Shallenberger representing the democrats.

George Burr of the Aurora Register says the country is shocked by the accounts of the incompetence, inactivity and corruption among prohibition officials. George insists that no man who opposed prohibition in the first place shall be placed on guard.

The Ravenna News tells of a Lincoln man who stood in line at the White House to greet President Coolidge, and thoughtlessly rammed his hands into his coat pockets. Instantly a secret service man snarled, "Take your hands out of your pockets." Some day that secret service man will forget to smile when he addresses a western man, and then there will be a temporary vacancy on the force.

The Norfolk Press seems inclined to laugh off the motto of the state, which is "Equality Before the Law." The Press can't see it when the son of a rich family can get off with a small court fine while a poor man has to go to jail for the same offense.

"Nebraskans will never come into their own until they adopt the white coat system," asserts Adam Breedie in the Hastings Tribune. This is, we believe, the first time in years that Adam has advocated the larger use of water.

Abe Martin

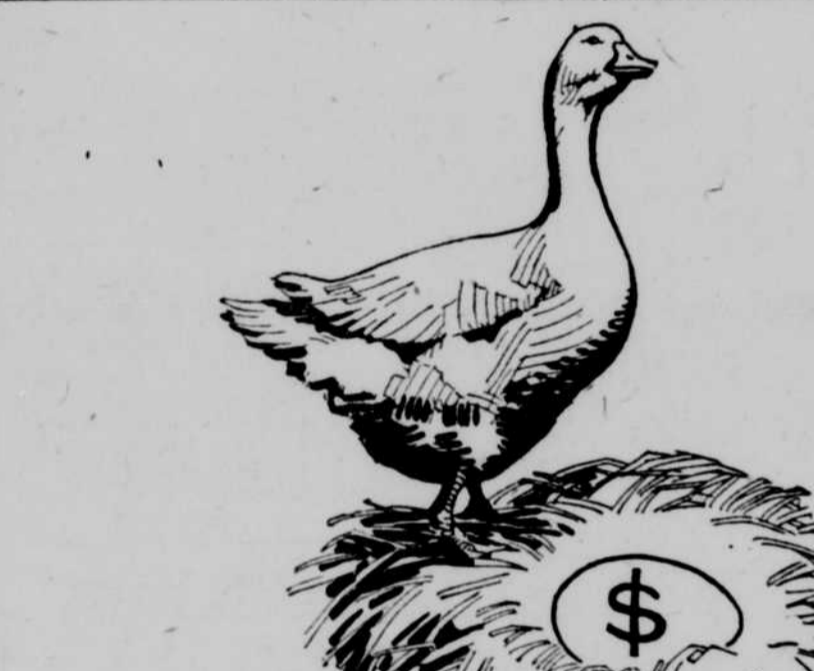


How's it happen that stone face grouches allus have peachy wives? Who remembers when juries wuz nearly all whiskers?

Joe Alden of the York Republican is a most cheerful optimist. The following from his trenchant typewriter ought to drive away the political multigrubs: "We do not look for any tidal wave of radicalism to sweep over the country, neither do we think that greed and selfishness will rule the election. We expect, as usual, to see two strong parties contend for the mastery and when the verdict is given to have the affairs of the state and nation move on in about the same way they have always done."

After reading some of the utterances of senatorial and other investigators who have returned from Russia, John Sweet grows a grouch, during which he grinds out for the Nebraska City Press the following choice bit of sarcasm: "Isn't it a shame the poor American workman must live amid the squalor and filth and mental depression of the United States while the blessed Russian basks in the sunlight of the red soviet and sings the 'Third Internationale!'"

A Handy Place to Eat
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The Center of Convenience



Carnegie's "Goose that laid GOLDEN EGGS"

Andrew Carnegie, who landed in America a penniless boy from Scotland, and became one of the richest men in the world said, "Investing is the goose that lays the golden eggs." Of the time when he first discovered the benefits of Investing, he said, "I never forgot that lesson as long as I lived. It gave me the first dollar that I did not have to work for with the sweat of my brow."

Hundreds of Nebraska Power Company customers and other local people get money every 3 months from the Company—dollars that they do not have to do a tap of work for—"dividends" from their savings safely INVESTED in the Company's Stock.

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We maintain a resale market for the benefit of local shareholders who may wish to sell their shares