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GOD'S MESSAGE FOR THE DAY  
"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Such a simple little text, so full of possibilities for the benefit and uplifting of humanity, and so little applied. Peace on earth, good will toward men, the one flowing out of the other, an endless circle of harmony and happiness, if only followed. Peace on earth can only be established through the medium of good will, and good will can not exist without peace. Not an anomaly, nor a mystery. Just the entire problem of humanity stated in its simplest terms. Out of the want of it grow the hideous jealousies, hatreds, longings for revenge, ambitious greed and covetousness that has again and again plunged the nations of the world into war upon one another. Bloodshed and misery, famine and desolation, disease and suffering in ages uncounted have afflicted man, because of lack of understanding. Men have not yet learned the lesson, for passions and prejudices that take root in a past that is lost in the impenetrable mists of antiquity beyond record still govern.

Peace on earth! What a promise it holds, and how easily all its content may be realized. Good will to men is the key that will unlock the door, and open the way out of the labyrinth. Only man's perversity keeps him from taking the true way up to light. Understanding between man and man will make possible understanding between nation and nation, and then will follow, "as the night the day," peace on earth, to go on and on throughout the ages, until Almighty God shall decree the end because man will have redeemed himself.

President Coolidge has suggested that today, the Sunday before Christmas, be observed as "Good Will Sunday." It is a proper enough suggestion, and doubtless will get general approval. The topic is particularly appropriate for the season. Yet it will require more than one day for the accomplishment of what is sought. Evil is too deeply rooted to be overcome by a single application of moral suasion. Until envy, jealousy, covetousness, hatred, revenge, and all the loathsome train of base passions are obliterated from the human breast, or at least are overcome by the nobler passions, flowing out of love and gentleness, peace on earth will not be our portion.

One day is not enough, but even one day will help, if the lesson is driven home to the conviction here and there of a few. Eventually their example will light the way for others to follow, and slowly the world will be redeemed from the darkness and brought into the light. Some progress has been made since that night those words rang in the shepherds' ears near Bethlehem. We have not realized the blessing in full, but we are getting closer to the time with each turning over of the earth, when peace will indeed rule on earth.

WE SHOULD WORRY!  
G. Bernard Shaw, Israel Zangwill, Margot Asquith, and divers and sundry others from across the pond, have come to our shores, proceeded to tell us to our faces what our many faults are, and hastened homeward with the monetary rewards garnered as a result of their criticisms.

As a nation we may lack in some of the claimed refinements of our older neighbors across the pond, there are no insurmountable obstacles in the way of any citizen of this republic who seeks to mount the ladder. Those who are charged with the management of our national destinies are not born to the purple, but are born to equality of opportunity, and we toss our hats in the air and raise our lusty shouts to men who have accomplished, not to men who happen to be the sons of their fathers.

Our self-righteous neighbors may come across to us in droves to tell us to our faces that we are lacking in refinement, that we have no art, no literature, no traditions. But if we do lack those things, we certainly have shown that we have something that surely satisfies when art, nor literature nor tradition will suffice—we have the food and the clothing and the shelter, even though at times called upon many a time and oft to share with those who are so free to turn up their patriarchal noses at us, even while they are partaking of our bounty and living in something nigh akin to comfort on the interest of what they owe us.

We should worry about what the Shaws and the Zangwills and the Asquiths may say of us. Things aplenty we may lack, but there is one thing we do not lack. Like Joseph of old we have the corn, and between criticisms and sneers and innuendoes our whilom friends from over the seas must come to us therefor.

And we have taken it all with a smile, parted with our money cheerfully, and bid them farewell with nothing in our hearts but the kindest farewells. Far be it from us to worry about their summing up of our shortcomings. We should worry!

We may talk through our noses, and we may not always be able to distinguish between the salad fork and the dessert spoon, but we certainly do know a hawk from a handsaw, hence as a country we have most of the gold of the world, the most stable currency in the world, the most contented people in the world.

There may be those of us who pour our coffee into the saucer to cool it. Many there may be who actually thrust their napkins into their collars. It may even so be that occasionally we rest our elbows on the table. But, praise be, we are able to provide the coffee; we are still able to make napkins really useful at meal time, and we have well supplied tables upon which to rest our elbows.

So we, a humor loving nation and bearing no malice, cheerfully dig up our good money—the only money in the world that is worth par—and cheerfully exchange it for an hour or two of Zangwill or Shaw or Asquith, have our gentle laughs, and go to comfortable homes feeling well content.

WHAT PRICE ON HEAVEN.

This has nothing to do with the basis of Christian belief; we do not assume to decide any question of creed between the modernists and fundamentalists. We do, however, question the right of any man to put a monetary value on Christ, or Mohammed, or Buddha, or any other of the great religious leaders. What will you say to this outburst from a New York modernist:

"There is one aspect of this discussion which will cut deep in this diocese. A \$15,000,000 drive for the cathedral is practically dead as far as liberal churchmen are concerned. Some of us will not lift voice or hand to build a costly monument to a Dallas debacle. We are not interested in a \$15,000,000 fabric for fundamentalism and a large cathedral for a literal creed does not inspire us. We 'dishonest men' need not be asked to handle money for that purpose."

A \$15,000,000 cathedral is not essential to the teaching of any form of religion. It is true that in all ages the greatest display of human ingenuity, the most lavish outlay of decorative art, the most costly of adornments, have been found in the temples. In Egypt, in Assyria, in India, worship that depended on munificence of earthly substance fell down and gods whose potency was measured by the wealth they commanded disappeared before the simple faith that looked up to God and adored as well under the open sky as beneath the groined roof.

It is well enough to rest costly temples, dedicated in humility to the Creator, to make of His house a place as costly as may be, for such is but fitting recognition, an earthly measure of His magnificence. But an earnest prayer will go through the roof of a weather-beaten frame structure on the edge of the wilderness as effectively and as certainly as it will rise through the ceiling, the spires or the domes of the most sumptuous of cathedrals or mosques.

A creed that can be swayed by \$15,000,000 or 15 cents is not one worthy much attention. Such have been tried and always found wanting. "Via Crucis" is not traveled in upholstered seats but on foot; those who follow finally come out singing, but they must go through many trials. Any gilt or jewel-bedecked theology is doomed in advance.

OUT-DOORS GETTING SMALLER.

Is the wide out-of-doors shrinking, the boundless west dwindling? What has become of the "sky bounded, horizon staked plains" Col. Pat Donan once talked about?

Burbank, the plant wizard, is suing to be permitted to use some 7,000 acres of the unsurveyed land in Arizona, whereon to propagate his spineless cactus. Some sort of land office red tape has interposed and a court order is necessary. Many Nebraskans can recall the day when there was not a barbed wire fence from Laredo on the south to Medora on the north, unless it might be a one-strand affair around a haystack. Millions of cattle roamed the open spaces, unchallenged in the munching of bunch grass. It was God's country, and was used as such.

One is reminded of the change that has taken place by the perusal of a notice in a western Nebraska paper, in which all persons are warned by a group of land owners against hunting, trapping or fishing along a considerable stretch of the North Platte river. Time was when a notice like that would have been received with grins, but now it gets respect.

As to Arizona, one who has traveled the country from end to end will easily come to the conclusion that anyone who will go in there to grow spineless cactus or anything else cattle can eat would be hailed as a benefactor. Mile after mile of dreary desert tires the eye, the monotony broken only by the spiny cactus, the Spanish bayonet, sage brush, and similar flora. Surveyed or unsurveyed, land asked by Burbank ought to be granted him, with a bonus if he succeeds in making it useful.

LAW SNARES A LEADER.

Perhaps it is not typical, but the incident will illustrate a trait of human nature that must be taken into account whenever calculations are being made. Rev. S. T. Montgomery of Los Angeles, who is leading the spasm of reform that is disturbing the city, is under arrest on a charge of violating the traffic ordinances. He says the action is an outrage, that the mayor had given him permission to park his car in the forbidden space, and that the policeman who even the mayor can not grant permission to anybody to violate traffic regulations.

The point is that as soon as the zealous law enforcer gets right busy on his job, he immediately begins to find reasons why he should be permitted to ignore rules and regulations that apply to other folks. Rev. Mr. Montgomery probably feels himself privileged because of the character of the work he is engaged in, but he has no right to. A few years ago in Omaha it was decided at the end of a lawsuit that the mayor had no right to use a city car to ride to and fro between his home and his office. Other decisions might be presented to uphold the principle that officials are all required to observe the laws the same as private citizens.

A common enough expression is that some men grow with a job, and others merely swell. When the man who sets out to enforce one set of laws can bring himself to carefully observe all laws, and not seek to put himself above any, he will stand some show of doing his job. Most men are pretty well occupied in trying to observe the few laws they know about, and lose little sleep over the myriads of others which they too frequently violate unconsciously. If our laws were so simple that all could know them, these cases would be fewer.

A Boston hen was arrested and imprisoned for picking a diamond from the ring of a spectator at a poultry show. Scores of chickens have committed the same crime, but the victims tried to cover up the fact instead of swearing out warrants.

Even if Mr. McAdoo succeeds in securing the repeal of the two-thirds rule, there is still one W. J. B. to be reckoned with.

Coincident with the demand for shorter hours of labor there might also be a greater willingness to deliver more labor per hour.

When the French government awarded palms to a couple of clowns it was not setting a precedent, merely following one.

The Ford seems to have backed, much to the discomfiture of the volunteers who were trying to crank the boom.

It's a cinch that when Charley Dawes gets up to tell 'em there will be no misunderstanding what he means.

It's a wise father who sharpens the carving knife before next Tuesday noon.

Prairiegraphs  
A Small Town on Saturday Night

WAITING FOR CHRISTMAS.  
Syracuse, Neb.

Never too old for Christmas! I always will be a boy. To share in the happy laughter that comes with the Christmas joy. Weary the years with their burdens till Christmas comes round, and then I drop those years and their burdens to be the boy again.

Never too old for Christmas! I joy in the old friends I've made. I cling to the thoughts of boyhood and dream of the games I played. Welcome Santa's coming with all of my boyhood zest. And hang up my stocking early, and just as high as the rest.

Light every Christmas candle! Lift higher the wassail bowl! Here's to the men and women still youthful of heart and soul! And here's to the laughing children who are still at the helm.

Great disappointment among the Ford boomers. Henry refuses to be a candidate, which means that some boomers will have to seek their easy money elsewhere.

Having enjoyed the pleasures of smoking for about half a century, and being about to swear off, I am seriously considering myself with the anti-tobacco crusaders and help prohibit its growth, manufacture and sale. It pains me to think that others may enjoy for many years a pleasure that I can not much longer enjoy.

NEBRASKA LIMERICK.

There was a young man in Ush-shush  
Who loved a Miss Luella McTosh.  
When he asked, "Will you wed?"  
Miss Luella quick said:  
"O, this is so sudden; my gosh!"

There is something radically wrong with the husband and father who can overleap on Christmas morning.

Not satisfaction at all in giving a Christmas present to one whose first impulse is to look for the price mark.

A LETTER.

Gering, Neb., Dec. 20.—Dear Papa: We are all well. I am not expecting anything for Christmas—my old slates is broken. I can make the old sled that Santa gave me two years ago. There are some nice sleds for sale in the stores here. I am not expecting any candy this Christmas there is so much candy everywhere at the stores here that it is quite cheap. Wish you could see the offie pretty steam engines they is here I am not looking for Santa Claus any more. I hope you get lots of things in Omaha that a little boy would like to have I guess there is. I am getting too big to expect anything from Santa because I am a big boy now. I will be pretty hard for you to carry a lot of things home from Omaha. I have been a good boy Santa like a good boy and maybe brings me something Christmas I don't expect anything. Me and Dan will be at the train to meet you to help you carry home all the packages. Don't expect you'll bring much. Your loving JACK.

Iszy Einstein's activity in the crusade against the Demon Rum has elicited from me only perfunctory applause. But when Iszy slams his hat down on the floor, jumps on it with both feet, the while loudly declaring that he will be everlastingly golwizelized and billy-be-dog-gone! It will allow his New York landlord to raise his rent, then it is that I spring to my feet and give Iszy 15 'rahs and a very effective Iszy's rum crusade. I'm backing to the limit any man who sets out to oppose mounting rents.

Just received a letter from the Missus informing me that the oldest daughter yet remaining at home has just announced that she would like to have the oldest son in attendance from this Sunday evening. And for the third time I grow apprehensive.

It has come to pass that being mentioned as president of something of a joke, instead of being Quite An Honor, as in three goes by. I'd rather be mentioned as being among those present at a duck dinner at the Omaha club.

When the Nebraska State Press association meet in Lederkrantz hall at Grand Island next February, a lot of old memories are going to be recalled by a lot of old-timers in attendance. Any plans for a minstrel show to accompany the summer excursion will be without zest as compared with a former one of the same purpose held in the same hall and city. There have been some striking changes since the great summer excursions of 1915.

Never a Christmas goes by that I do not lay a tribute upon the altar of my love for Ole Buck. This year it will be a small bottle of sulphuretted hydrogen, the purpose being to enable him to counteract the odor of his pipe.

The crowding joy of Christmas is to be called upon to light the topmost candle on the tree.

What this country needs is a good tracking snow for Christmas.

A merry Christmas to everybody. WILLIAM MAUPIN.

A Small Town on Saturday Night

By W. K. KEITHLEY,  
Syracuse, Neb.

The old home town—how dear to our hearts are the fond recollections as we quietly sit and take a few minutes' leisure of ourselves, at times when we are inclined to sit in our easy chair and let our thoughts drift back to the memories of only a few days past; the kindness of neighbors, of genial and friendly handshakes of friends and of these grand and glorious acquaintances of folks, who in our small community call each other by first name and whose acquaintance is an everlasting friendship, melted together and frozen into the inscription, "All for one and one for all." The wife pushed her way through the thriving village; more of an up-to-date city, if you please; with the people of the surrounding community especially in this lasting bond. The wife pushed her way through the thriving village; more of an up-to-date city, if you please; with the people of the surrounding community especially in this lasting bond.

Cars are parked so close together in the marked parking places near the curb of Main street that their appearance resembles and brings to one's mind more of a celebration crowd than an ordinary Saturday night gathering of our country friends from downtown, uptown and out-of-town, regularly visit with the townsfolk and trade with the merchants; and now, as the electric lights, throwing their brilliancy from the "white glow" of the street, and the main street, one standing a distance back sees himself in a great mirror just in front as he looks along this paved section for five blocks. In the handstand on Main street, decorated appropriately and brilliantly lighted, sit the members of the Syracuse Kids' band, and presently they play one of the popular airs, and do it with style and grace and satisfaction of all, for those who have been waiting for shopping, and those who have been standing idly by engaged in conversation have stopped, and loudly they applaud the section just played. This applause, too, has had its pleasing appreciation, for the band has started another selection, and in it there seems to be intilled more "responsibility" from the ovation they have just received.

Here and there groups of men have gathered together on Main street, some talking and laughing joyously, some conversing seriously. Here we drift in among the crowd, and with them we walk up and down the street. The stores with their pretty windows attract the attention of many of the passers-by, who stop, window shop a minute, then go in and make their purchase and, as we pass by the many appreciated and up-to-the-minute stores, where stocks of the best quality and metropolitan are kept, we pause to look inside. Here we see large crowds of shoppers anxiously buying in all departments and competent clerks, whose pleasing personalities and sunny dispositions, with a knowledge of excellent salesmanship which qualifies them to make the correct selections which the customers wish to purchase, await their pleasure. Then we have learned why our Main street, where there is located such excellent stores, has gained the reputation of being one of the best and biggest little towns in the state, and here we look a little closer. This time we see the grand displays of merchandise which are so artistically arranged, so plainly marked in price and so neatly placed in sight.

Those who love to "shoot" a game of pool are diligently trying to put the "ball" in the pocket, while others are drinking a bottle of pop, some are crunching cigars and others are contently enjoying a good smoke. They from here, with hat pushed back on our head, with coat open and hands in our pockets, we stroll over to the ice cream parlor. This too, is crowded, where the soda dispenser is busy "shooting sodas, sundaes, malted milks, banana splits and such," while waiters are hurrying the orders to the tables where sit young and old, some silently waiting and others gaily conversing. Presently a young lady and her escort enter and he is telling her how lovely the fine decorations at the dance look, her companions are the music is and what a large crowd is present; he further remarks that it seems the country folks and the town folks at the dance are very cordial toward one another; how nice this all seems to him, for he is a stranger, and in his town these two factions seem to be widely drifted apart. The young lady then tells him that they had come to town early this Saturday night and had found it almost difficult to find a parking place on Main street. They had brought their lunch with them, so many others had done. She continued telling him how many automobiles were compelled to park on side streets before they had finished their lunch.

Produce stations have also been very busy tonight. Car after car has driven up to them, delivered their crates, eggs and poultry, the owner receiving a check and giving a passing nod or a pleasant handshake to a friend, then passing the check on to his faithful wife or pretty daughter, who has urgent shopping to do, and she smilingly accepts it and is on her way to the family store. Both the man and wife, father and daughter, have enjoyed the refreshing ride into town after their hard day's toil which has been hurriedly but diligently done; more so on this day than others, because they must get to town have their weekly chat with the folks here, and they get in town, and earlier tonight, get in the trading done of the town community.

Peering in the open doors of the barber shop we see five barbers very busy, each cutting the hair of an easy bunch and in chairs seated there are and there are many waiting for a "hair cut and shave" or just a plain "shave." We do not see

PETER AINSLIE, D. D., Baltimore, Md.

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Submitted and sworn to before me this 6th day of December, 1923.  
W. H. QUIVELY  
(Seal) Notary Public.

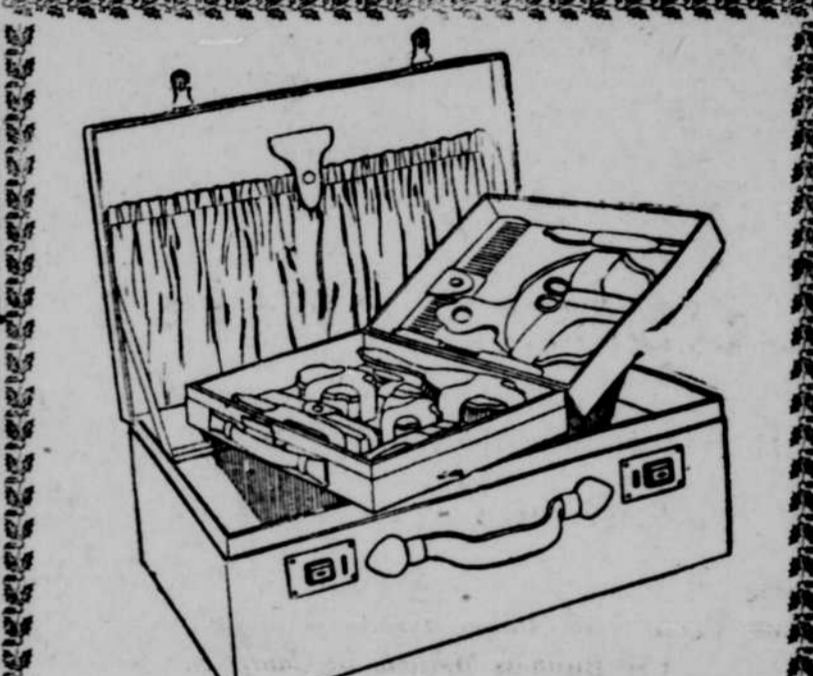
Out of Today's Sermons

The modernist movement appears to fit the prophecy of apostacy, C. A. Segerstrom, pastor of First Swedish Baptist church, will say in his sermon tonight, an excerpt from which follows:  
No one can deny the fact that the churches of almost all denominations are facing a crisis. We ask, when we read the great controversies and denials of God's word: "Is this the apostacy of which St. Paul speaks in 2 Thessalonians, 2:3?"  
Apostacy means an abandonment of what one has voluntarily professed; a total desertion or departure from one's faith. The offense can only take place in such as have once professed the true religion. The apostle says in regard to the second coming of Christ: "Let no man deceive you by any means; for that day shall not come except there come a falling away (apostacy) first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition." Here is very plainly stated what the Christian church has to look for and expect before the literal coming of Jesus. Not a very bright outlook; yet are we not seeing this very thing taking place?

Reports and rumors from all over the world of a falling away from the faith once for all delivered to the saints." What can be a more shameful denial than to say that our Savior has not come? Turn to the first part of the first chapter of the gospel of John only. Either John is a liar or else the Word (Jesus) was God. We know what the Spirit says through John is true. His testimony is more to us, who love the Lord, than all the modernists' swelling words put together. A few years ago these fellows dared not to come out and deny the outstanding truth of the divinity of the Lord. How bold these deceiver have become the recent few years! We can expect that what we have seen and heard is comparatively a beginning only. No wonder the Lord says: "Shall the Son of Man find faith on earth when He comes?"  
If these people should be telling the truth, then we have no Christianity. We have no Savior such as the angels proclaimed. If Christ is not God, He has no followers. Let there be a cheer in this gloom, and that is that one of the last prophecies before Jesus' coming is being fulfilled.

Her Wish Fulfilled.  
She—Oh, I wish the Lord had made me a man!  
He—Fulfillingly—He did. I'm the man.—Punch Bowl.

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