

THE SUNDAY BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

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OMAHA—A GOOD PLACE TO LIVE.

The tremendous development of the empire that stretches west of the Missouri river has come so quickly that those who have lived through it and been a part of it often fail to realize that we have only just begun to grow.

It is here at Omaha, the gateway to this empire, that the west begins. There is a thrill, too, in this, a thrill that comes to us when we read the lines of that poet of the west who told the spirit of this land:

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger—
Out where the smile dwells a little longer—
That's where the West begins;
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter—
That's where the West begins.

Those who know Omaha realize that those things of which the poet wrote find their beginning here. A wise man once said: "Without a vision the people perish." Here in Omaha is the vision and the spirit that makes great accomplishment possible—that makes of Omaha a good place to live.

We will quote another wise saying from him who said that "history is but the length and breadth of the shadow of a man."

A city is the length and breadth of the shadow of its leaders. The leaders in Omaha, with the officers of the Omaha Real Estate Board in the van, are at this time planning to tell the story of Omaha to the rest of the world in a well thought out advertising campaign. This advertising is to appear in the Omaha newspapers.

The Associated Retailers have unanimously joined in the plan. Other business men's organizations are preparing to join, and the story, as it is finally told, will be the pride of Omaha.

The Omaha Bee extends its appreciation to the leaders of this plan of civic statesmanship. Omaha has a wonderful story to tell and it will be well told. In this story will be the proof that Omaha is a good place to live.

CHILD LABOR WEEK OPENS.

Child labor week is now in progress. The program is intended as the opening of a serious campaign to secure the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States that will forbid child labor. Those who are concerned in the work believe that the decision of the supreme court, in June, 1921, disposes of the hope of securing relief by legislation, that an amendment is the only possible course.

Little need to discuss the theme in detail. Support that was given under Taft and under Wilson to the movement, resulting in the enactment of two laws which are declared invalid by the courts, was so general it may be assumed the preponderance of sentiment in favor of the abolition of child labor is overwhelming. This does not mean that children may not be employed at useful tasks within their capacity, but that they are not to be exploited in factory, field, mine or workshop.

Nebraska has a compulsory education law, and child labor laws, but neither is 100 per cent effective. Many evasions and even open infractions of both laws are noted from time to time. The reports made to the superintendent of public instruction indicates a laxity on part of local officers that is not encouraging. This is referred to merely to give an idea of the difficulty in overcoming the inertia that exists. Society is vitally interested in this, for it holds the future of the race. The child of today is the adult of tomorrow.

Ministers in many pulpits throughout the land will give attention to the subject today, especially dealing with it as part of the great campaign that is opening. If they can sense aright the danger of the present trend of life and thought, and make clear to the minds of those who listen to them the need of a change, the work will be well begun. It is not so much the stunted, foreshortened childhood that should be the subject of debate, but the narrowed and restricted life of all, a result of the materialistic aspect that has coiled around the soul of man and is setting wealth as the goal rather than happiness.

Altruism as such is involved, but in a misunderstood way. When it is kept in mind that in helping others one really helps himself. That no man, or group, or nation can permanently prosper at the expense of another, then it will appear that what may on the surface seem a sacrifice is instead an investment. Any investment that is made today in a way that will insure a better tomorrow is a wise outlay, whether it be in money or in service.

What better outlay could be made than to make certain that all the boys and girls of America are given a chance to develop mentally, physically and morally through their growing years, so that when the time comes for them to step into the ranks of the workers, they will come prepared in strength and stature, and not stunted in any of those attributes that are essential to the doing well of any part of the world's work? Wipe out child labor, with its attendant evils, and make sure of tomorrow.

TONY'S MIND STANDS HIGH.

Little Tony came along in the line headed for the serving counter at the cafeteria of the Technical High school. Naturally the visitor's eye noted him, for Tony is somewhat less than the "half-portion" so often served. He stands just about knee high to the husky lad who preceded him, and the same to the girl who came after, but he is proving that weight has nothing to do with the case.

Principal Porter, answering the expected questions before they were asked, said that Tony stands well in his class work, that he had a most excellent mark in his recent mentality test, and that he is taking the college preparatory course, looking ahead to

the day when he will be fitted for some other vocation than selling The Omaha Bee to his customers. For Tony is a newsboy as well as a student, and as good at the one as at the other.

Here is a fine example in proof of Pope's assertion that "The mind's the measure of the man." Tony is greatly handicapped physically, but he has risen superior to his crippled and undeveloped envelope of flesh and bone, and aspires to something higher. One of these days he will be a leader among the people. It is not possible for a man to grow out of a boy like him and be of little account in the world.

Tony will not be the first to so conquer misfortune, and not the last, either. His very greatest spur is the trick that nature played him. The old dame compensated him by providing a mind that is as capable of great things as his body is condemned to the small. So in Tony we may note the budding of that which in time will blossom into strong and useful manhood, measured by capacity for service and not by physical bulk. And such men have brought the world far along on its way to ultimate perfection.

BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."

Standing upon the mount made famous and sacred by reason of being selected as the site from which to deliver the famous sermon that contemplates the entire scope of civilization, the Carpenter of Nazareth uttered that one of the Beatitudes, perhaps the greatest of them all. And ever since he looked out upon the upturned faces of that multitude of the common people, the common people of all countries have been seeking peace, have yearned to be real peacemakers because they have yearned to be called the children of God.

But all the while the common people were groping their blind way, seeking the light that would save, they have been betrayed and deceived by princes and potentates, by diplomats and devotees of things as they are, and in these latter days by men who call themselves statesmen, but too often are mere partisans.

Six years have not yet elapsed since the whole civilized world was in arms and the blood of millions being shed. The maimed, the halt and the blind, grim frowns and jetsam of the storms of hatreds and passions of warring nations still cumber the shores of time. Widows' tears have not yet ceased to flow, and the plaintive cries of orphaned children continue to greet the dawn and bid farewell to each succeeding twilight.

With countless millions hoping and praying for some means or method of preventing future wars, for some process whereby men may settle their differences as they should be settled by those made in the likeness of their Creator instead of settling them as the beasts of the jungle settle their differences, there are men so blinded by partisanship, so biased by prejudice, that they sneer and cavil at any plan proposed that aims at the desired and much needed result.

Politicians may be worried by ins and outs of the organization that resulted in the submission of the Bok peace plan, but the great common people, the people who sacrifice the blood and foot the bills are only worried about the delay in solving the greatest problem of all time—how to secure and maintain universal peace. The common people do not care a rap who submits a plan for world peace; they care even less about the organization of individuals. They want some peace plan, and they want it discussed in terms of human blood and sacrifice, in terms of useless destruction of property and resort to barbarism. They do not want it discussed in terms of partisanship or prejudice. Senseless mothers, husbandless wives and fatherless children cry out to high heaven against making of earnest efforts at world peace the football of conscience politicians.

From the depths of anguished hearts they cry to high heaven for emancipation from customs and traditions that threaten at any hour to call men of all nations again to fratricidal strife.

And blessed are those who are striving with honest hearts and clean motives to further the cause of universal peace. Men who sneer and cavil, men who yield to partisanship and prejudice, men who palter and delay lest they endanger their own political futures, will in time find their names pronounced anathema by the future historians of the race.

Somewhere there is the germ that will, if watered and nourished, blossom into peace. Men and women who love their families, their countries and their God, seek that germ, and are willing to water it with their tears and cultivate it with bleeding hands on bended knees if necessary.

And such as these have been pronounced the Children of God by the Master Teacher who stood upon the mountain side and taught the multitude of common people who listened to His inspired voice.

Why not turn over all the nonwinning papers in the Bok contest to Senator Reed, and let him spend the rest of his life quietly examining the bunch in the hope of finding a plan that will suit him?

The retired pay of the king of Greece is \$28,000 a year. We know quite a number of men who would retire from almost anything for that annual stipend.

Governor Pinchot announces that he is not a presidential candidate. Several other governors are in exactly the same position, but they don't know it.

Really, it would seem that all this "after you, my dear Alphonse" stuff in democratic circles is becoming very much bedtimely story gush.

Marconi's statement that it will soon be possible to telephone anywhere in the world without wires is subject to the "atmosphere busy" wheeze.

When Britons do not like their administration they change it over night. Over here we stand around and cuss for a couple of years.

A Kansas exchange says it is remarkable how men will lie about their furcuses and their dogs. But why omit the golf Ananias?

The vag arrested with nothing in his pockets but a vanity case, will have 30 days for uninterrupted primping and lipsticking.

And another difference between Edward Bok and Senator Reed is that Mr. Bok is always a courteous gentleman.

The 22,000 unsuccessful contestants in the Bok peace prize contest are also quite sure that Mr. Bok needs investigating.

Oregon's troops in Texas enjoyed a far different reception than that accorded to Santa Ana's many years ago.

A lot of congressmen have misunderstood us, so they are saying it for hours instead of saying it with flowers.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," now as always, but in Mr. Fall's case the "in deed" was very visible.

However, oil from Teapot Dome has not had the effect of stilling the troubled senatorial waters.

Prairiegraphs

THE MAN I WANT TO KNOW.

There's one fine man I'd like to meet
Before I'm called to my long rest;
One man I want to see and greet
And tell him that I love him best.
I can't find out where he lives,
Nor have I heard his given name.
His street address he never gives,
And always signs his name the same.
He works for good and makes no fuss,
This fine man called "Anonymous."

He's always quick to help the poor,
To feed the hungry, 'tend the sick;
And when he sees affliction sore
He's there to do his share, and quick.

You'll find him named on ev'ry list
Of donors for the common good;
That name, you'll note, is never missed
In lists for greater brotherhood.

I want to meet this kindly cuss
Who signs his name "Anonymous."
While others seek the limelight's glow
Or make a bid for world's acclaim,
This man I want to meet and know
Keeps hid and tries to dodge all fame.

But when there's need of kindly aid
To quickly banish want and woe,
The roll will find his name displayed—
The same old name we all well know.

I've simply got to meet the cuss
I've long known as "Anonymous."
It may not be that we shall meet
This side of Death's cold sullen frow;

I may not have a chance to greet
This kindly man—but this I know—
That if I make the acquaintance
That home 'midst angels bright and fair.

I'll meet this man so good and fine
I hope they'll make a pair of us—
Me and old "Anonymous."

After something like 40 years of running errands in one way or another, sending my nether garments and yawning like a hyena, and all for the sole purpose of boosting some fellow in a political office, I have reformed. I have just about agreed to four decades to learn that I was wasting my time by boosting for some fellow who had no higher motive than to get the greater salary drawn from the public treasury. And all that time I was living in hope that sooner or later one of them would show at least feeble symptoms of gratitude.

I've quit worrying about the safety of the republic. No longer do I believe that the country will go to the devil because of some politician's demagogic low-voiced unless my candidates are elected and the principles I advocate prevail.

Quit worrying about the common people, too. They are always getting just what entitlements are due them. Perhaps not all they are justly entitled to have, but all they have justly come to. Yes, I am fully aware that many abuses are heaped upon them, but how long would they have to carry the load we are now carrying on what abuses to get rid of first, and then agree upon a method of getting rid of them?

Tom Johnson of Ohio, who was really a reformer, once said that every time he had the people of Ohio about ready to do some real reform work, the interests he was attacking would start a prohibition fight, and by the time the people had settled down his reform was all off, and had to be started again.

While yet a young man I and my companions used to take note of every young man who came to town, of every stranger whose attire was eccentric or who had a different air. And we'd always ask, "Wonder what his graft is?"

Nowdays whenever I spot one of these ultra-reformers, one of these fellows who are honing so greatly to serve the red pee-pee, I simply ask myself, "Wonder what his graft is?"

Pessimistic? Not at all. Just pessimistic. I am done with reforms until we catch up with some of the reforms we already have. I am forever off all proposed panaceas for political ills. It isn't panaceas we need; it's common sense. But our greatest need is to buckle down to honest toil, down to digging and delving, spinning and weaving, building and making, and quit trying to extract sunshine and prosperity from political cucumbers.

My good friend, Frank Harrison, is back from California, and of course Frank has something else up his sleeve other than his arm. Don't know what it is, but time will tell. Maybe he's got a new trick up his sleeve. But I'll say this much for Frank, he can buy \$5 worth of postal cards, run them through his battered old typewriter and raise more political hades than any ten men can raise with a big slush fund and an army of stenographers.

NEBRASKA LIMERICK.
There was a young fellow in Wayne
Who suffered from girl-on-the-brayne,
But the young lady's dad
Kicked the young man so bad
He hasn't called on her agayne.

It isn't the actions of the young folks of today that worry parents. They worry because they can't try to keep up with their children.

In view of all the circumstances, and taking the situation into due consideration, I have an idea that the Statue of Liberty is glad she has her back turned to this country.

Gwendoline: What would I do if I had my life to live over? Dear girl, you have asked the impossible question. I simply couldn't live my life over. I simply couldn't stand it. But I'd start out a bit more discreetly, waste several things I recklessly wasted when it was so easy to get, one of them being money, and now be in a position to invite intimate and reliably close-mouthed friends to divide with me—not meaning money.

I wouldn't give a rap to live my life over again, Gwendoline, but I'd give a lot to know how to avoid some things that are very likely to happen any day, or every day. If I had my life over again I might miss some of the things that are now wonderfully pleasant memories, and that would spoil everything.

The man who can look back over his past life and find more things to enjoy than to regret, may call himself as having achieved something of success. And my regrets, dear Gwendoline, are so few compared with the pleasant recollections that I never take them into account. What's the use?

The only kind of propaganda I favor is the propaganda that will win my pet cause for me. I am in favor of prohibiting everything I do not care for. Rather than change my mode of living I shall insist on everybody living as I live. There are two ideas to every question in which I am interested—my side and the wrong side. Yet I have no desire to boss the political party to which I belong, nor have I any preferred candidate for president. If I had, he wouldn't be misquoting his name.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

My Prairie Land

Come out with me where my prairie land lies,
Where nature's soft kiss tints the glorious skies,
Where the great glowing ribbon of prairie land calls
And the harsh tread of mankind so softly falls.

Oh, my soul wells with courage in my prairie lands,
For they breathe a message that my soul understands.
From man's bursting bosom here is born charity,
Their handclasp is warm and their song is carefree.

Where all nature's calling and the swift gale blows,
And the bright, hardy verdure in its rhyms glows,
The scent of the grasses my keen nostrils trace,
While the wild rose rivals in its perfumed grace.

The night chants a prayer and the day soul sings,
And man's awakened vision flies on spirit wings,
For symphonic voices are blending soft and low,
And in the heart of man, their harmonies grow.

The morns awaken with the dawn so fair,
And morn clothes their sonnets in white robes of prayer,
For Love, Truth and God in my prairie lands abide,
May heaven's benediction here ever preside.

—Carolyn Belle Adams.

Out of Today's Sermons

The chief points of today's sermon by E. T. Otto, pastor, follow:

Our text, Luke 4:23-44, tells us of "many sick" coming or being brought to Jesus at Capernaum. Capernaum, full of sick, is a symbol of this world's misery. "All the city was gathered together at the door." Mark 1:33. The world, full of sick, is a symbol of this world's misery. "All the city was gathered together at the door." Mark 1:33. The world, full of sick, is a symbol of this world's misery.

Five thousand merchant ships passed through the Panama canal last year. This must be an interesting bit of news to survivors of the band of obstructionists who once told the world the canal would be a failure.—Boston Transcript.

"Knock Wood" seems to be the national motto of the Filipinos. It inspires them, and it doesn't hurt the general at all. Why file an objection?—Brooklyn Eagle.

Senator Brookhart has not exactly endeared himself to the republicans of Iowa by voting for a democrat to take the place of Senator Cummins as chairman of the great interstate commerce committee.—Des Moines Register.

The American Museum of Natural History offers a dinosaur egg at the bargain price of \$5,000. Wouldn't it be tough to buy one and find that it added?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

That snowstorm which kept Hiram Johnson from voting in the Newbury investigation is not likely to turn a landslide for the California candidate.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

We'll bet more than one man wore patched pants, that he might contribute to a fund for King Tut's magnificent tomb.—Toledo Blade.

Balancing the German budget will establish a stabilizing gyroscope in the world's wobbly financial ship.—Chicago News.

A warning to social climbers these days would be, never get too friendly with a governor. You can't tell when he will want you to go his bail.—Fort Wayne News-Sentinel.

Center Shots

The beautiful thing about the bicycle of the dear, dead past, was that its rider nearly always suffered more than the pedestrian run into.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

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"From State and Nation"

—Editorials from Other Newspapers—

Unite Against Law.

From the Kansas City Journal.
The proposition of law, labor and capital in favor of the modification of the Volstead law may be discounted by experience. Such revolts against the registered will of the people, written into the organic law of the land, usually shrink very materially when the test comes.

If there is any substantial ground, however, for the loud claims made by the sponsors for this organization, the alliance is peculiarly illogical.

Labor, of all industries in the country, has been benefited by prohibition, because labor was, in the nature of things, the most signal victim of the liquor traffic. None can honestly deny that those who could least afford it spent most for booze and are spending it now for illegal drink.

Lawyers should, of all citizens, stand for the enforcement of law, especially one which makes for sobriety, peace and prosperity. The law cannot be allied with booze to its own credit in any sense of the word.

Capital is most incongruously associated with any movement which seeks to modify a law which has already turned billions of dollars in the aggregate into productive enterprises, and correspondingly increased savings.

Capital never made a clean and honest dollar out of the liquor traffic—only the real profit which capital can profitably earn.

From the Minneapolis Tribune.
Appraisers have estimated the value of the late Senator Knute Nelson's estate at approximately \$120,000.

This is a modest sum for a man in this prosperous country to accumulate in the 80 years of his life, or since he was admitted to the bar 35 years ago and began an active, busy career.

Knute Nelson served his home county, his state as legislator and governor, and his country as representative and senator in congress.

If he had been like some men we have had in public office in the last half century, the private fortune he amassed might have been \$1,000,000 or more, instead of the \$120,000 left by him to his heirs.

It happens, however, that Knute Nelson lived a simple life; that he did not judge the worth of men by the size of their possessions; that he kept his mind on something else than money, that something being faithful service to those who had a right to expect it of him.

The true requital of a public official who keeps the trusts the people repose in him is not to be found in the number of dollars he is paid, but in the satisfaction that comes of the consciousness that he has done his best and done it with all honesty of purpose.

Happily, the people of Minnesota had learned to place the right value on the character and career of Knute Nelson long before he died. In doing so they yielded him an homage he deserved, but even better was it that they reflected credit on themselves.

It is a real inheritance for a state to have and to hold the benison of such a life as Knute Nelson's. Compared with it, the sum which the state

may take from his estate in inheritance taxes will be as nothing. The money will soon have been spent, and none of us will be sensible of what it helps to buy in public service, by the benison will remain and it will yield precious, though intangible, dividends for generations to come.

Are There No Bad Men?

A prominent business man who has been appointed to the St. Louis police board by the governor of Missouri takes office with the public statement that "there is no such thing as a bad man." Everybody, he infers, is good. There is a soft spot in everybody's heart; tough that spot, and let presto, the man is good.

Good and evil are at war in each of us, and this war between good and evil never ceases. By conquering themselves some persons become habitually good; yet they, too, have numerous faults. Others become habitually evil.

But it is theory, the most boyish theory, to maintain that "there is no such a thing as a bad man," or that there is a soft spot in everybody's heart. Many criminals are confirmed in wrongdoing as a consequence of disease or environment; they are deficient, defective or weak. Many criminals are deliberate offenders against society, and habit in crime has hardened their hearts and paralyzed their consciences.

The criminal, little and big, is like everybody else in one respect. He is selfish. The sympathetic or moral appeal reaches his heart or spiritual life through his selfishness. He responds when convinced that it pays him to do so.

It is impossible to show too much charity to the individual. Nevertheless, it is inconsistent with every-day experience and observation to believe that everybody is good. We see many bad men posing as good men and enjoying their ill-gained prosperity, men too clever to be caught, or too powerful to punish.

When in Omaha Hotel Conant

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Does not include returns, left-overs, samples or papers spoiled in printing, and includes no special sales or free circulation of any kind.

V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of January, 1924.
W. H. QUVEY,
Notary Public
(Seal)

HARD COAL

PENNSYLVANIA

Best Fuel of All Order Today

Updike Lumber & Coal Co.

Four Yards to Serve You



Give "California Fig Syrup"

Even Cross, Feverish, Sick Children Love its Taste and it Never Fails to Empty Little Bowels

Hurry mother! A teaspoonful of "California Fig Syrup" today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. If your child is constipated, bilious, fretful, has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

is necessary. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup." It never cramps or overacts. Full directions for babies and children of all ages are printed on each bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.