

THE MORNING BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

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LIGHT ON THE STATE PRIMARY LAW.

Efforts made at Lincoln by the late legislature in the direction of straightening out Nebraska's primary election laws seem only to have put additional kinks into the statute. Part of this came from negligence on part of the lawmakers, who had only the best purpose in view, but who succeeded in passing two laws dealing with the same subject, and conflicting in a way that is very annoying.

These had to do chiefly with the selection of members of the county committees and the delegates to the county and state conventions. Attorney General Spillman has just given out an opinion that harmonizes the conflict, at least to the extent that it will permit legalized party functioning. The attorney general holds that the conventions are to meet on the dates fixed by law. At county conventions any deficiency in quota of delegates resulting from the failure or neglect of a precinct to elect a sufficient number may be remedied by the county committee naming the delegates from that precinct to the county convention.

This sounds like a common sense view of the situation. It is open, of course, to criticism and perhaps objection, that in event of a contest of any sort, the county committee will have the duty of deciding between the contestants, and thus may be accused of taking sides in a local factional squabble. However, if the voters themselves do not settle such matters, the committee should.

The incident opens for argument again the whole system of primary election laws in Nebraska. Admittedly cumbersome, every effort to simplify their operation by amendatory legislation has either failed entirely or produced a new complication. One of the first things on the program at the next session of the legislature should be the naming of a committee, on which all parties should be represented, to have for its business the drafting of a comprehensive but simple election law for the state, to govern all functions of active political parties.

A law should be enacted that will safeguard not only public but individual interests, leave all political parties free to manage their own affairs within the law, and at the same time be simple enough so that its provisions will not be oppressive or restrictive. This does not mean that the short ballot is to be considered, although much time and expense might be saved by adopting the system. The idea is to so clarify the election laws that voters will always have a chance to express their desires and preferences at the polls, for all offices and on all issues. Such a law would crown a legislature with glory.

FEDERAL AID FOR COUNTY ROADS.

When the voters of Douglas county authorized a bond issue of \$3,000,000 for paving roads in the county outside of Omaha, they overlooked one little point. Uncle Sam was and is extensively engaged in the same line of endeavor. So far the federal government has dealt with states only, matching dollars generously, and to the end of securing a fair start on what will in time come to be a highly creditable and in a large measure unified system of highways throughout the country.

The Douglas county program was only partly included in this. The people here did not wish to interfere with the work that was going on out in the state, and did not participate very extensively in the good roads movement as carried on from the state engineer's office. Much of the highway building done here was along routes that served the people of the county more than the transcontinental tourists, although the great through highways were not neglected.

A result is that Douglas county has a mileage of hard surfaced highway that would be creditable anywhere, and of which our people are reasonably proud. Not all has been accomplished, however, for there remains \$600,000 of the original appropriation and several miles of construction unfinished.

This brings us to the proposition that is being considered; the federal government is being asked to unite with the county in carrying on the work, so that the remainder of the local fund may be doubled. The state program has slowed up materially, and so action by Douglas county will not interfere with anything that is planned elsewhere. Federal aid roads will be as welcome as any other, if they come up to the specifications that have made those in existence the best in the west.

STORIES IN THE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING.

Romance rubs shoulders with reality in strange places, and desire meets necessity when least expected. Take the swap column of the want ad page, for example. Find some very interesting things there, showing in a concrete way some of the workings of the human mind. Here is one man who evidently has had enough of the wireless, for he wants to swap a radio outfit for a Ford car. Right after him comes somebody who is eager to go the other way; he wants to exchange a couple of film features for a radio outfit.

Another chap has lost his interest in hunting, for he has a pump gun and a pressure cooker he is willing to exchange for anything. Still another Nimrod wants to get into a line less strenuous, and will trade his shot gun, waders, etc., "for what have you?" What has come over the spirit of the dream in these cases? Usually when one has the tools and the time, it takes something serious to jar him away from the out door life that is symbolized by a good hunting outfit.

At least two adventurers in harter and trade have had enough of driving, for they offer to exchange cars for pianos or players. One chap is willing to turn over his equity in a farm for a house and lot in town, and another would like to turn his

horses, wagon, implements and such into anything you have to offer.

So it goes. Some of these offers are born of the good old Yankee custom of just trading. David Harums are not all dead yet. Others may represent a desire to get rid of a dead horse or a white elephant. But all are interesting, and very likely a real story lurks behind each offer. The swap column among the classified advertising helps keep the current of life moving.

FAITHFUL UNDERPAID SERVANTS.

"Neither rain nor snow or heat of day or gloom of night shall stay these couriers from their duly appointed rounds."

This inscription from the freeze of the general postoffice in New York tells emphatically the story of the mail carrier. In all weather, under all conditions, he follows his duty appointed round. He carries the commerce of the nation in his sack, the social life, the sorrow and the joy alike of all. His fidelity is such that he is taken as a matter of course, just as the rising and the setting of the sun.

These men are especially selected, chosen by competitive test, and not appointed because of political influence. They are servants of the people in the truest sense of the word, and on their capacity and steadfastness depends the orderly progress of the nation's life in so great a degree that none can say what would happen if the mails failed.

A measure is pending before congress to secure for the mail men an increase in pay. Admittedly they are underpaid. Living costs have increased as much as 100 per cent since 1913, and now are an average of 65 per cent above the figures of 10 years ago, yet the wages of postal employes have advanced but from 10 to 20 per cent. That is not enough to be fair. Beginning at \$1,400 for the first year, the mail carrier can advance to \$1,800, his limit. In the railway mail service a few may receive higher pay by special appointment, but only a few.

The postal employes are asking that the limit be increased to \$2,400, which is little enough for the service given. Such an increase would enable them to keep a little nearer to the increased cost of living. We believe it is just, and we believe the public wants to see justice done these faithful servants.

BOOST AND THE WORLD BOOSTS FOR YOU.

A creed for a community is a good thing. It should be the embodiment of what the community stands for, what it hopes for, what it aims to become. No community worthy of existence is lacking in civic spirit that embraces high ideals, lofty purpose and steadfast determination to accomplish the right. Omaha is now engaged in celebrating its 70th anniversary, not such a long time in the stretch of history, but long enough for the city to come up from nothing in the wilderness to be a metropolis of over 200,000 inhabitants.

The "Conant creed," adopted by Mr. Harley Conant, might well be adopted by everyone in Omaha. "I will guard against all conversation against or criticism of idle talk about our city; its institutions," runs the Conant creed. "I will give every opportunity to encourage optimism, charity and good will, and will talk to those I meet about good things of Omaha, its splendid growth and prosperity in Nebraska."

Right to the point, and full of meaning, are those words. Let every Omaha resident take them to heart, imbibe their spirit, and become a persistent booster. That will do away with much of the useless criticism and bickering that is holding back the growth, for no matter how Omaha has grown, it might have grown still more were it not for unfortunate dissensions that have at times seriously hampered the forward effort.

Boost for the town, boost for its institutions, for your neighbor and your competitor. It will do you good. In thus boosting you are really boosting yourself.

The federal courts have no power to enforce the decisions of the railroad labor board, according to a ruling just made. Neither has the board, so that puts the question back where it was, between the men and the companies.

Know Omaha is bringing out a great many slogans, and some facts that few people have but slight acquaintance with. In this it is doing a lot of good, for it pays to know your own town as well as your own business.

A great cathedral will rear its head over the spot where Woodrow Wilson's body lies interred, but his most enduring monument is builded in the hearts of mankind.

An Omaha policeman went into a warm garage on a cold night and got fired for doing it. The sergeant who caught him wore a fur coat.

Witnesses who are running away from the senate oil investigating committee merely confirm what the public believes.

Now that the gasoline war is over, and the price is back at the old notch, didn't we have a good time while the fight was on?

In knowing Omaha, do not forget that the city is just building, and is far from being complete in any regard.

Up to the moment no charge has been made that Ailee Pomeroy was ever attorney for an oil concern.

Harry Sinclair knows there will be a reception committee waiting for him. Armed with subpoenas.

One thing few of us get excited over is when to wear a white vest and when not to.

Cordell Hull now realizes what it is to go off half-cocked.

Mr. Groundhog did his stuff, all right.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davie

I WONDER.
I wonder—don't we sometimes long
To his afar where life is long—
To drift away from veal and woe.
Forget the dreary thoughts we know.
And leave behind us that which clings
Incessantly to common things
Until our daily thoroughfare
Is burdened and enthralled with care?
I wonder—don't we sometimes yearn
To go where magic beacons burn.
Where we may rest in peace and smile,
And live with dream a little while.
Where everything is to our choice:
Where with the worst we may rejoice.
And with the best so happy be
That we are lost in ecstasy?
I wonder as I roam the trail,
And pause at times amid travail,
And see my neighbors strive to wear
The smiles that can not be despair—
If they don't yearn to glide away
To some Utopian realm of play—
Where days inspire, where nights beguile,
And live with dreams a little while.

"The People's Voice"

Editorials from readers of The Morning Bee. Readers of The Morning Bee are invited to send their comments on matters of public interest.

Queries Dairy Movement.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Our attention has been called to an editorial in last Thursday's Bee entitled, "What Dairy Cow Can Do." The article was, no doubt, inspired by the efforts of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce to increase the number of cows on Nebraska farms. We feel that a few comments on this editorial may not be out of place.

Figures in this editorial state that two-thirds of the Douglas County Cow Testing association earned net profits of \$145 and \$140 on butterfat alone. This was for a period of six months. In this connection we wish to say that the six months' figures recently released by the Douglas County Cow Testing association are not "net profit" figures. They are figured showing the value of butterfat produced minus the feed cost. No deduction has been made for labor, and everyone will admit that feeding and caring for a cow is a deduction that has been made for interest on investment, cost of raising the cow to producing age, or depreciation.

It is interesting to sound out the opinions of men who are marketing milk in Omaha. What is their opinion? Not the least favorable, especially since notices by the milk companies that the best time to pay for milk is being slashed, the reason given being too much milk.

Wallace Farmer, in the heart of the corn belt and recognized as a conservative farm paper, says in its issue of January 28: "There is great danger in this sudden bus and cry after dairying. It is a highly specialized type of farming and, in our opinion, the average farmer in the corn belt receives smaller pay per hour for the time he spends on it than he does on any other crop which he spends taking care of his crops or hogs."

Omaha has received considerable notices for several seasons, among which are: "Buy Nebraska Potatoes," "Buy a Thousand Bushels of Wheat," and now it is "Buy More Cows." Farmers have been asked to raise more cows, but we have added a road lifter, and now with low hog prices, hogs are being fed at a loss or very small profit. Hadn't we better be a little conservative in the dairy campaign? H. HOWARD BIGGAR.

A Critic of Fundamentalists.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I read in papers that a fellow name "Ed" man, he says gave another fellow the name U. S. President, a check or black bag full new U. S. bills that had not come out before on-quarter millions worth, and one day he was gone more every year, for Doheny can use his name as lawyer for him and the fellow follows. I never found out but I was a lawyer before to amount too much.

When I landed U. S. Castle Garden other fellows got job making some kind of a tax for trial, he had to run in, and they say he made lot of money out of it, so dem law street guys gave him a new job down Washington counting money and running railroads. We have added a road lifter, and now with low hog prices, hogs are being fed at a loss or very small profit. Hadn't we better be a little conservative in the dairy campaign? H. HOWARD BIGGAR.

Well, I will close my letter dis time as editor might tank it so long, but I mean, they tank year for democrats dis year. OLE OLSON.

Education and Unemployment.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Reading Mr. W. B. Bodda's letter, "Educated, What For?" (January 23), reminded us of what President Taft said in 1908, "The present day situation regarding unemployment in spite of the ever increasing diffusion of learning."

He opined that never in history were so many men and women instructed in the elements of learning and never before were so many men and women walking the streets with starvation and want staring them in the face.

A New York editor and expert social economist (O. M. Johnson) offered the following rational explanation: "Present social arrangements, different from feudal society, require for the proper working of its system of production and distribution a far wider diffusion of information, the training of a far greater number of people in various scientific and technical pursuits in order properly to carry on its industrial and commercial processes. On the other hand, present day society continues to organize and reorganize these industrial and commercial processes with the efficient aid of the very elements of 'intelligence' itself has developed, with the result that more and ever more of hands' become either 'stale,' 'idle,' or 'unemployed' by the new tricks demanded, or become wholly superfluous, the sole purpose of the organization being simplification of the process which makes large numbers superfluous."

With the realization of our economic situation, the new, latter day machine production, in a spirit of equity, abundant opportunities will make useful information an asset of real value.

For Freedom in Religion.

Crofton, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: So Mr. Bagstrom thinks that religion, forcibly applied if necessary, will make us saints. Does he? It must be a backward having an article favoring compulsory religion published just when the papers have big headlines featuring a sensational divorce trial in which the noted pastor figures, and especially when one recalls that it is not the first case of its kind wherein a preacher, widely known, or a prominent member of the choir or congregation was a comed.

When prof. Jost first came into effect my worthy father said: "They can take liquor away from me, that won't bother me any. They can take tobacco away from me, I can live without it; but when they'll try to force me to attend church, then I'll fight!"

Yet he had said to my mother: "If the children wish to go to church, don't forbid them. That is all right."

You see, he believes in freedom of whom he said, "When the minister was sick, or couldn't preach for some other reason, Mr. Hipolit would take his place on Sunday and pray and preach to the congregation and had such a pious demeanor, but you had to watch

SUNNY SIDE UP

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

NEBRASKA.
You may search from Athabasca, through Brazil back to Alaska, and you'll find that old Nebraska has been all backed up on the board.

From where poles give icy rattle, down to equatorial latitude, you will never find such cattle as the kind Nebraska scored.

From the islands of Pacific with their climate so perfidious, down to jungles dense, towering, there's nought with her can compare.

When all hearts we'd set a-flutter all we have to do is utter facts about Nebraska butter, and we make 'em give a cheer.

It's a land of milk and honey, nights of rest and days so sunny, that we wouldn't take no money for the joys of every year.

Every farmstead, town and city has its girls so goldbrided pretty, and so fond of their own city, that we love 'em 'most to death.

So many railroad people read this department that we'd be more careful in future in making statements pertaining to the railroads. A few less than \$13 watchful readers might be so kind as to correct the statement that the longest railroad tangent in the world is on the Union Pacific east from Grand Island. We don't know so we'd be more careful in future in making statements pertaining to the railroads.

My idea of a wasted life is to spend it laying plans to "get even" with somebody.

Charley Dawes insists that when the reparations commission meets the cars be spread face up on the table. All of which is very well, provided several of the commission be searched for cold decks before they get through the door.

And about the saddest thing I know is the average "keynote speech" delivered at one of these primary directed conventions.

May it not be true that some men become so awfully progressive that they forget where they start from?

Dr. R. G. R., David City: The clipping enclosed is a fine creed indeed. Thanks for the compliment, but I am not the author.

About the safest place I know of on a Sunday morning is the inside of a church. Never knew of a man being knocked galleys west by an automobile while listening to a good sermon or helping to sing one of the good old songs of Zion. The moral of which is the application thereof. WILL M. MAUPIN.

Most Effective.
"I suppose, Henry," said the old gentleman to his new son-in-law, "that you are aware the check for \$50,000 I put among your wedding presents was merely for effect."

"Oh, yes, sir," responded the cheerful Henry, "and the effect was excellent. The bank cashed it this morning without a word!"—Vanity Fair.

A Willing Helper.

A burglar who had entered a minister's house at midnight was disturbed by the waking of the occupant of the room he was in. Drawing his knife he said, "If you stir you are a dead man. I'm hunting for money."

"Let me get up and strike a light," said the minister, "and I'll hunt with you."—Midland Druggist.

"From State and Nation"

Editorials from Other Newspapers—

Souvenirs of Childhood.
From the Philadelphia Bulletin.
It isn't everybody who is rich enough to buy a school house, even the little red school house in which he learned—or failed to learn—his three R's. But of course Henry Ford can afford it and that is just what he has done.

And now, having put his name on a little slip of paper, he owns the somewhat dilapidated building in which the sorely tried teacher used to make him and others write their names 100 times or more for punishment.

How little he thought then that the time would come when the scrawled letters of that childish signature would have a banking value beyond the dearest memories of our lives. Call it sentiment or sentimentality or what you will, the fact remains that in most normal people there is an appeal in the recollection of the days and scenes, now lost forever, when we think we were happy and free from care.

Unfortunately most adults have found it next to impossible to recapture the spirit of their childhood by returning visit the old home or the old school or the old church or the old swimming hole or the old lot in which they once played ball. "The old place has changed since I was a child," they say; and more than likely it has. But it hasn't changed one-half as much as they have.

If Mr. Ford still possesses enough of the spirit of boyhood so that he can buy the purchase of the old school house relive again in memory the happy days of childhood—then he has something that all his millions could not buy.

One Hundred Years Ago.
Abraham Lincoln, a lad of 15 years, was working on a ferry boat on the Ohio for \$6 a month in 1824.

The Marquis de Lafayette visited America, and was received with tremendous acclamations of cheering people wherever he went.

Steam ferries were operated for the first time between New York and Brooklyn.

An epidemic of yellow fever was raging in Louisiana.

The manufacture of flannel by water power was first started at Amesbury, Mass.

An English bricklayer named Joseph Aspdin, took out a patent for a material called "portland cement," naming it "portland" because when it hardened it resembled a gray stone found on the Isle of Portland off the coast of England. The modern cement industry has been developed from Aspdin's discovery.

The Erie canal, connecting the Great Lakes with New York, was rapidly nearing completion. The first steamboat passed through the canal from Rochester to Albany.

Anthraxoid coal was used for the first time in New York.

M. Niepce, a Frenchman, working with his countryman Daguerre, dis-

Abe Martin



Sometimes a feller that's born great gets a party wife, but the fellers that achieve greatness all seem to have married a woman. Mrs. Ike Lark completely collapsed, 't'war, an' her husband talks some of 'git-tin' a doctor if he kin find one.

covered the science that led to the invention of the daguerrotype in 1839.

Tribute to the American Mercury.
From the New Republic.
Certainly it would be useful to have, in this profoundly imperfect America, a journal whose chief and only function it was to point out, without attempt at or suggestion of remedy, like the barter on a sightseeing bus, all the atrocities and imperfections. This function the American Mercury seems likely to assume and to perform in the spirit of Pica in the American Bed. Well, fleas are valuable, and we have done a good deal of biting ourselves. But it is discouraging to find, so early in the Mercury's career, such a lack of variety, gaiety, humor and discrimination in its attack, and so strong a tendency to use the same vocabulary whether speaking of a deep cancer or of surface garbage. We do not expect Mr. Mencken to understand anything in America (except its language), but we did expect, though we are now prepared to admit we had no business to, that not all of the Mercury's complaint would be uttered in the same tone of voice. On the whole, we expect no startling deviation in the future from the two numbers already before us: Messrs. Mencken and Nathan will continue shooting at mastodons with birdshot, and at tame skunks with an elephant gun.

When in Omaha Hotel Conant

When in Omaha Hotel Conant

Safety for Savings
Savings and The CONSERVATIVE Loan Association
Loans for Homes

When in Omaha Hotel Conant

"I Will Put My Insurance in Trust"

WHEN a certain business man died about two years ago, his wife received a considerable sum of insurance money. Knowing little about investments, she consulted her brother. He recommended that she purchase stock in the company of which he was president.

Last year the business went into the hands of a receiver. The widow's income has ceased, and her principal is practically lost.

Such cases as this point the moral that it is often as essential to provide for the future protection of insurance money as it is to pay the premiums.

One of the many important services rendered by trust companies is the care of life insurance. Trust companies are today the trustees for many million dollars of insurance money.

Omaha Trust Co. Peters Trust Co.
First Trust Co. U. S. Trust Co.
Members American Bankers Association

NET AVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION
for December, 1923, of
THE OMAHA BEE
Daily 75,107
Sunday 80,795
Does not include returns, left-overs, or papers applied in printing and inclusion of 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.
(Seal) Notary Public

Ask a Trust Company
for copies of the booklets, "Safeguarding Your Family's Future" and "Your Wife and Your Insurance." If you intend that the money you leave shall provide comfort and protection for your family, these booklets will be interesting and valuable to you. Copies may also be obtained on request to the address below.