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WONDERS WORKED BY OIL.

Oil has been unpleasantly in the minds of everybody for many days. For the moment let us think of the service it renders humanity. Oil in its industrial application today chiefly concerns the internal combustion engine. It has made possible the marvels of automobiles, airships and submarines. Simple, and how familiar to all of us. No part of the known earth unless it be the inaccessible poles, awaits the presence of the automobile or the airship. From zone to zone they are driven, carrying on a vast and complicated system of communication. Communication is immeasurably important to civilized society. Without communication as modern inventions have developed it, the civilization of today would be impossible. Yet we take it for granted. It is here. It is doing the work. So why worry?

It was only yesterday that men talked with wonder of the flight of the "999," at the rate of 102 miles per hour. Just for a moment, but no man had ever moved at a higher rate of speed and lived to tell of it. How many recall that just a little over a year ago a Curtis army racing plane did a little better than 240 miles an hour? Four miles each minute. So much for speed. An airplane carrying two men flew across the Atlantic ocean. Another, carrying two men, flew across the American continent, from Minneola to San Diego, in a single swoop. Altitude records and endurance tests almost surpassing belief have been achieved by the aviator.

Alongside these the auto drivers place also a record of glorious achievement, for speed, for endurance, for capacity of service, and for safety. The steam engine revolutionized the social life of the world in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. This, because it made possible the introduction of power-driven machinery in industry. The internal combustion engine of the twentieth century has brought the world into another epoch. We can not see the picture. We are too close. Even now the picture is not complete. Another generation will notice. The next after that will appreciate the wonders that are developing under our noses.

Langley's airplane failed because he could not generate power sufficient with the means at his command. His engine, the lightest available, weighed about 15 pounds per horsepower. Engines are used in airships today weighing as little as 1.5 pounds per horsepower. One of these that develops 400 brake horsepower weighs but 610 pounds without the water in the radiator. Many models weigh under two pounds per horsepower. A few go as high as four. Engineers are still so busy refining this wonder they have not time to consider the marvels they are wrought.

One reason for the seemingly slow progress of the steam engine in its race with civilization was that man was steadily extending his frontiers. The iron horse could not overtake the pioneer. Always, though, as frontier life gave way to settled conditions, improved methods for communication were urgently demanded. Very early the attention of Americans was turned to good roads. One regards with respect the enterprise that built the turnpikes, flooded with planking. They were the pride and boast of communities less than a century ago. How primitive they seem now, with our hard-surfaced roads leading in every direction. The Omaha Bee was alone a few years ago, advocating this form of improvement for Nebraska. The fight is not entirely won yet, although the opposition is driven to extremity, and soon must succumb. Douglas county has expended so far on hard-surfaced roads, that is highways paved with brick, concrete and bituminous surface, \$2,446,550.52, to which must be added \$283,759.98 contributed by the state, making a total of \$2,730,310.50. A magnificent investment in good roads in a single county.

And it was the automobile, the creation of the internal combustion engine, it in turn depending on oil, that made this possible.
The end is not yet. More automobiles were built in 1923 than ever in a single year before. More will be built this year. Over 15,000,000 are in daily use in the United States. This number will probably be put up to 18,000,000 by the end of this year. More good roads also will be built. Douglas county will spend another million and a half dollars during the coming summer on extension of its system. All over the United States similar work is going on. The story is just begun.
Concrete proof of what the automobile builders are doing may be seen at the Auto Show, about to open at the Auditorium. It will be worth your while to go over, long enough to get a definite notion of how oil is now being made to serve mankind.

FORD AS A FACTOR IN OMAHA.

One of the most impressive sights in connection with the Transmississippi Exposition was the march through the grounds of the Third Nebraska National Guard regiment. Colonel William Jennings Bryan rode at the head of 1,100 stalwart young Nebraskans, his breast swelling with patriotic pride. And well he might feel proud, for a more splendid body of men never marched under the American flag.
W. A. Russell, branch manager of the Ford company in Omaha, were he so inclined, can any day stage a procession as impressive, and in a way far more important. Eleven hundred employees will go in and out of the Ford plant in Omaha each day; each month they will carry home \$145,000 in pay, all of which will find its way into local business. Most of it will go to the neighborhood grocery or meat market. To fuel dealers, and to clothing and dry goods merchants.
The local Ford plant is to be extended at once, to

double its capacity. Now 150 cars come out from it each day. When the new plans are in operation, 310 cars will be assembled for each 16-hour shift. This is at the rate of 20 cars per hour. One each three minutes of working time. This is not like the output of the big motor plant, but when you stop to think what it really means, it amounts to something. Go to the corner of Sixteenth and Cuming at 9 o'clock. You see nothing. Go back again at 10 o'clock. There are twenty Ford cars, all ready to run. That will take place sixteen times a day.

Six thousand carloads of material will come in and 10,000 carloads of ready-to-drive Ford cars will go out. This aside from the 30,000 or more that will move to their destination under their own power. Each day 55 1/2 tons, 111,000 pounds, of shaped steel will go into and out of the enameling ovens. This is only for new cars, and does not take into account the material used for dealers' parts, repairs and the like.

In other words, the Ford plant in Omaha has quietly grown into the position of being one of the city's greatest industrial units. So little fuss and flurry has accompanied it that many citizens are barely aware of its existence. Know Omaha is a good thing. You can not know Omaha well unless you know something about the Ford assembling plant that contributes almost \$1,800,000 a year to the pay roll, the final factor of the city's stability.

OLDER THAN OLD KING TUT.

Thirty-three hundred years, have slipped along the backward path of time since Tut-Ank-Ahmen was laid in what was intended to be his eternal resting place. These centuries are as nothing compared to the limitless stretch in either direction implied by eternity. "For 1,000 years in Thy sight are as but yesterday when it is passed." Just now the dried up, withered remains of that great king are again viewed by mortal eyes.

Surrounded by what is said to be the most magnificent of tombs. Encased in miracles wrought in gold. Studded with precious stones. Wearing the crown of Egypt and its gods. Thus was the king's body bestowed in the tomb, amid ceremonial observation such as we know little of in these days. That alone is enough to awe us. But something else was found that will excite the imagination more than all other things.

Last winter an Omaha poetess read to a group of friends a poem, in which she depicted the meeting in the inner tomb of the shades of Tut-Ank-Ahmen and the Egyptian maiden who was his queen. It was tender, delicate in its fabric, a worthy conception of the love that animated the young couple, terminated so tragically by the early and unexpected death of the youthful monarch.

When the sarcophagus was opened, and the body exposed, above the golden crown on the head of the sleeping king was found the remains of a wreath of natural flowers. A chaplet that bore with it more of sincere love and affection than all the gold and jewels that make up the millions of treasure found in the tomb. Whose hand put it there? Did the queen take her last leave of the man she loved, and in the silence of the night, and the poignancy of her grief, lay that floral tribute on the brow of her lost love? Or did some weeping slave slyly pay this last debt? Who can say?

Those flowers, dust now after so many centuries, give us newer proof that men and women have changed little in all these long years. Hearts beat then as now. Romance has its little day. Love and life and death ran in circles then as now, one following the other. Crossing and recrossing. The web of life then as now was embroidered and beautified by the sentiments that animate the human breast and give to man the reflection of those images he sees imperfectly beaming him on to higher and better things.

King Tut was a boy and his bride a girl. The story of their love is the story of the love of a boy and a girl for each other, then, now, and ever will be, world without end.

DEMAGOGUES AND TYRANTS.

"A dangerous ambition more often lurks behind the specious mask of zeal for the rights of the people than under the forbidding appearance of zeal for the firmness and efficiency of government."
History will teach us that the former has been found a much more certain road to the introduction of despotism than the latter, and that of those men who have overturned the liberties of republics, the greatest number have begun their career by paying an obsequious court to the people; commencing demagogues and ending tyrants.

It would be well for the American people to pause and give consideration to the great truth contained in the above quotation. Great problems are not solved by clamorous demagogues. They are not solved by men who pose as the only ones who can save the people from themselves.

Right now, while the people are thoroughly aroused over the revelations of corruption in high place, is the psychological moment for those who "wear the specious mask of zeal for the rights of the people" to mount the rostrum and demand that they be given an opportunity to manage public affairs. But it is of much more vital concern to the people that they be not stampeded from following a legal and orderly course. It is of more concern to the people that they do not permit themselves to be misled, nor permit the demagogues to lead into untrodden paths.

Seldom has it happened in the history of the republic that there was greater need for the people to keep cool. To consider thoughtfully. To move cautiously. Not only is it imperative that justice be done. It is equally imperative that injustice be not done.

Now is a good time for the people to hold fast to the ancient moorings. In this way alone can they save themselves from being cast loose by irresponsible hands.

It would be well for all of us to pause and read and reread the above warning from one of the men foremost in building the foundations of this republic—Alexander Hamilton.

By the way, did Mr. Doherty, in making out his income tax returns, include that patchful of money in the taxable column or put it over in the exemptions department?

"The east is dependent upon the farms," declares President Coolidge. And if the east doesn't believe it, perhaps a farmers' strike would carry conviction.

Hiram Johnson is to talk to the Ad-Sell league next Monday night. He may succeed doing the first half, but will he be able to accomplish the last half?

Old King Tut isn't so much. Some pretty old bones are being excavated down Washington way these days.

Omaha will be a better place in which to live when it is made a hard place for rascals to live.

It is barely possible that Mr. Vanderlip let the last syllable of his name run away with him.

New York will not call him "Silent Cal" again for quite awhile.

What of America?

By EDWIN G. PINKHAM.

The Growing Conflict Between Governors and Governed

A government is not free to do as it pleases . . . the law of nature stands as an eternal rule to all men, legislators as well as others.—John Locke.

The true wisdom of nations is experience.—Napoleon.

The laws of England, I know, are sufficient to make me as great a king as I could wish to be.—James II.

WITH so many colonial parliaments functioning; with royal governors and proprietary governors administering executive authority; and with some colonies—Rhode Island and Connecticut—claiming to be absolutely self-governing under their charters, and others admitting dependence on English authority. It is not remarkable that confusion early arose over the constitutional status of the different communities. Rhode Island and Connecticut undoubtedly had charters entitling them to home government, if that should mean anything; Maryland, Pennsylvania and Delaware had proprietary charters, those rights being above question. Penn had bought Pennsylvania outright for \$16,000, surrendering a valid and recognized claim against the English government for that amount, which he had inherited from his father. Lord Baltimore had only to pay the king an annual tribute of two arrowheads for Maryland. Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Virginia, New Jersey, Georgia and the Carolinas acknowledged their origin as royal colonies, but gradually came to have their own ideas as to just what that meant.

Moreover there had been a revolution in England in 1689. The royal house that had granted the American charters was driven out and a new house, with which the English people made much better terms for themselves, came to the throne. The Stuart, came in. The new measure of civil liberty that had come to England at home should extend to Englishmen in America, the colonists argued.

By the middle of the 18th century the public agitation of questions that concerned their government and its relation to Great Britain had become marked among the colonists, particularly among the New Englanders. A French traveler said of them: "The New Englanders are the most enlightened of the colonies. They are interested in questions of law and government. A Virginian traveling in New England remarked in his letters on the extreme inquisitiveness and talkativeness of the northern people. If he stopped at an inn he was immediately surrounded by 1758 there was a revolution in England. Every body seemed interested in questions of law and government. A Virginian traveling in New England remarked in his letters on the extreme inquisitiveness and talkativeness of the northern people. If he stopped at an inn he was immediately surrounded by

A people thus politically minded was likely to sleep on its rights. The colonists had, in fact, been so much liberty that the slightest apparent restrictions on them at once excited their apprehension. The English colonial policy had for long periods been one described as wise neglect; the colonists had been left alone to tax themselves and quarrel with their royal governors. They had comfortable course was interrupted at times by fits of meddling by king, minister or parliament, and on these occasions the colonists never failed to show quick alarm.

Thus when Governor Andros sought to forfeit the charter of Connecticut he met with the stoutest resistance. All New England fought the tyrannical governor until they brought about his fall. Massachusetts, as early as 1652, denied the right of parliament to change its charter. Puritan though it was, refused to proclaim Cromwell and his son Richard. Massachusetts even asserted the right to coin its own money.

In Virginia the assembly refused to submit its records to the examination of Culpepper, the royal governor, and under him and many succeeding governors continued to resist, more or less successful, for larger rights of self-government.

In Pennsylvania a continuous struggle went on between the assembly and the deputies commissioned by Penn to govern for him. Even when the colony was taken over by the royal governor, during Penn's troubles with the English, the assembly refused to contribute money for the war in which King William was engaged with France.

New York's history was almost turbulent. It was Dutch until 1664, and Dutch again for a short period of years later. But its permanent occupation by the British was soon followed by civil war, when a faction of the colonists, led by Jacob Leisler, seized the government and refused to submit to the royal authority. Governor Slaughter, when Leisler finally surrendered, hanged him and some of his followers. But the colony was not pacified, and under the rule of successive governors there occurred a prey to contesting factions for many years.

All this history, and it was of like character throughout the colonies, tends to one conclusion. Government, good or bad—and in the main it was bad—bestowed from England was everywhere coming to be regarded as an invasion of civil liberties. The colonies wanted to govern themselves. Each colony wanted to govern itself independently of the others. They wanted each for itself, to concentrate all government in the local elected assemblies. Above all they recognized no taxing power but that of the assembly. The people regarded themselves as English subjects, but entitled to the kind of government that situation demanded. They had carved out their colonies from the wilderness and the fruits of the work were their own. Too often the royal governors were mere adventurers, ruined the gaming tables of London, and these ambitious nabobs were held to be little better than public enemies. England's wise neglect, when interrupted by unwise interference, was rapidly alienating a loyalty that, at best, was little more than a convenient time and distance that separated the colonists from the land and the political system of their forefathers. The bonds that held them to their mother country had been stretched to the limit. Only wise statesmanship in England could keep them from snapping.

The circumstance to which the colonies owed their large freedom of action during the 17th century is one not always understood. It was during that century that England's Stuart kings were attempting to restore absolutism to that country. The Stuarts were the enemies of English liberty, but by one of the strange paradoxes of history were the unwitting friends of colonial liberty.

It was because their hands were full at home that they did not lay their hands on the colonies. James I, who had granted the first colonial charters, died before the colonies had taken root. Charles I came to the throne and began a contest with his people that occupied all his attention. His policy came to be expressed in the single word, "Thorough," the word of his able and ambitious minister, Thomas Wentworth, earl of Strafford, who laid with his head for investigating the colonies had taken root. Charles II, who succeeded and gave new strength to the civil and religious liberties of Englishmen at home and in America. Two more Stuart kings were to follow, one more concerned with affairs of the heart than with affairs of state, and one who tried to revive absolutism and lost his throne in the attempt. Charles II, who was chasing a moth about the room with a lady's slipper while the Dutch were burning shipping in the Thames, was not likely to bother his head with the affairs of England. In his pursuit of that object it took him just three years to alienate parliament, aristocracy, church and state. At the close of his reign he fled to France, throwing the great seal into the Thames as he went.

Golf and Temperament

Appended to a recent work on the rules of golf is a list of "don'ts" for those who imperfectly understand the delicate etiquette of the game. It may be judged by these maxims that the golfer is somewhat superstitious within the range of his vision while he is making a putt, if he does not know the exact position of every other member of a foursome while he is driving the shot is missed, and, in all probability, the match is lost.
Not even opera singers are so completely possessed by temperament as golfers. Unlooked for sighs, unexpected sounds, throw them "off their game" and plunge them into fury or despair. Not even the say-agn and voluble berating of a caddy can adequately relieve the awful nerve strain that is caused by the shuffling of an opponent's feet or the swish of his partner's practice stroke.
Nevertheless there are many people who play very good golf indeed even in the midst of alarms. Among these are the professionals who make a business of the game and who have learned to concentrate so thoroughly on what they are doing that their minds are not to be distracted by anything short of a pistol shot immediately behind them.
There is really no explainable reason why the golfer should be any more temperamental than those who play any other game which requires concentration.
When golf becomes, as it is certain to, so popular that it will be followed by "galleries" comparable in numbers and character with baseball audiences, the golfer will discover that what he has deemed the absolute necessity for silence and order is largely imaginary. The time may come when amateurs and professionals alike will be greeted with hoots and catcalls when they go up to tee off, that they will have to keep their eyes out for flying bottles and their ears open for cries of "Take him out!" or "Watch him dub it!" When that comes to pass they will discover that they can still play the game as well as playing it remain as oblivious to the jeers and jeers of a hostile throng as the athletes whose meter is baseball.

CENTER SHOTS.

It's a mistake to suppose all actresses are on the stage.—Philadelphia Record.
Maw says a big family is like a bunch of pawn tickets. They will cost you a nice sum before you redeem 'em.—Petersburg Progress-Index.
Another reason why husbands are not uniformly courteous to their wives is because few women could survive the shock.—Vancouver Sun.
More houses and fewer noses have been painted since the eighteenth amendment was added to the constitution.—Toledo Blade.
Far too much of the money that burns holes in pockets goes for the stuff that burns holes in innards.—Arkansas Gazette.

A headling speaks of "alleged" moonshine whiskey. That must be awful stuff.—Milwaukee Journal.
If girls are nice enough to use flavored lipstick, men should quit eating onions.—Columbus Record.
A German prince and a German general have become Franciscan monks. That is not exactly beating spears into plowshares, but somewhat of a new nature.—Rochester Democrat-Chronicle.

Nearly \$8,000,000,000 in new life insurance was written in this country last year. That would indicate that the average American takes a pretty good squint at the future, after all.—Los Angeles Times.

SUNNY SIDE UP

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

A PRAYER.
God, for the gladness of this day,
Grateful I come to Thee;
Singing Thy praise along the way
For comforts given me.
For health and strength, for friend-
ships dear,
For gifts from Plenty's horn.
I thank Thee while I'm drawing near
This holy Lord's day morn!
God, for Thy tender, watchful care
I lift my voice in praise;
For burdens that 'Thou helped me bear
My thanks to Thee I raise.
On benedict knee I greet the dawn
Of Thy most holy day;
Thy helping arm I lean upon
Along the rough highway.
Teach me, dear God, Thy ways to
keep,
Guide me in paths aright,
In desert place, through tempests
deep,
My hand in Thine hold tight.
Grant, Father, purity of heart,
And courage for the fray.
Give me the gift of cheer a part
To smile my doubts away.
And when I lay me down to sleep
Be Thou near to my side.
O'er Thee I love Thy watch care
keep,
Thy friend whate'er betide.
And may I wake calm and strong
To daily burdens bear.
To walk with Thee, Thy ways along—
Hear, God, my humble prayer.

What the religious world needs today is fewer men to apologize for the seeming failure of the church, and more men to arise and give reason for the faith that is within them. It needs more Calvins and Cartrights and Wesleyes and Campbells in the pulpits, and fewer lecturers and sermonette makers.
Men in all walks of life, noting the rising tide of corruption, are coming to realize that finite laws and man-made rules are impotent to stem the tide, and that they must look to power not within themselves, but infinitely above them.
In short, the greatest need of the world today is to get back to God.
With due apologies to the Ad-Sell league, we arise to take violent exception to the language used in its announcement of J. Adam Bede's appearance at the meeting Monday night. The announcement says "He arose step by step from an obscure country editor to the national congress." We would have the genial and enterprising members of the Ad-Sell league to understand that there is no higher position than that of a country editor. Men do not rise from obscurity to congress—they go the other way. Otherwise all that the Ad-Sell league says of J. Adam Bede meets with our hearty approbation.

Another member of the I Knew Him When club. Please move over and make room for him on the bench. He is again connected with the Ite Biscuit company, as he was when we were occupying the position of state labor commissioner and re-

quired to make occasional inspections of the big plant. We are going to drop in on him some of these days, hoping to be able to walk around and sample the various confections as liberally as in days of yore. May be, too, we will be handed a package or two to take home, as happens frequently in those same old days.

Another old scandal, this time right here in Omaha. W. D. Stelk offered a coupon book calling for \$10 worth of gasoline as a prize in the Ad-Sell league's membership drive. The prize was won by E. Kirby of the Sinclair Oil company. Boys, paid some United States senators! This is a Matter That Must Be Attended to Promptly.

If President Coolidge is looking for a real lawyer, and the names now before the senate are not confined, we suggest the name of one who has demonstrated his ability to bring home the bacon. He is the man who put 'Doc Cook in a position to play checkers with his nose. What's the matter with Sylvester Rush?

And there is Fred Wright, also of this good city. We could name many others, but the names of one who has demonstrated his ability to bring home the bacon. He is the man who put 'Doc Cook in a position to play checkers with his nose. What's the matter with Sylvester Rush?

There was a young man in Dundee Who held his sweetheart on his knee. One night the chair broke And her father awoke. A pretty bad fix, you'll agree.

Again we have with us in multitudinous number the patriotic gentlemen who are quite willing to make a great sacrifice of their personal affairs in order to serve the dear people in high place, where the salary is considerably more than he has averaged.

Lives of some men all remind us That just when we've got a cinch, Some up slips right up behind us And proceeds to make a pinch.
From some reason or other, probably because of our own unerring instinct of getting the worst of it, we have never yet succeeded in securing a dinner that tasted as good as its menu card.
Among other fragrant memories recalled by Opie Field was that of the mint bed that grew in the shade of the old Sentinel office in Oregon. Mo, close to Foster's ice house, and just across the alley from the refreshment house conducted by Nym Kyger. We happen to know that the old Sentinel still lingers among the living, and it may be that the old ice house is still existent. But Nym's bazaar is extinct, and the old mint bed, if still blending its fragrance with the air, is wholly autological and redundant. Its fragrance would be remind us of old-time delights now lashed by the iconoclastic hand of reform.

But that is no reason why you should not attend divine services this morning, or this evening, or both. You can go to the theater any other night of the week, you know.

WILL M. MAUPIN.



LIMOUSINE glides silently through the streets, perhaps at the midnight hour. In it sits a woman—bound on one of the saddest missions a woman can undertake.

She must shortly enter a home where Death has touched the tiny body of a new-born infant—a little one whose mother, perhaps, is still in the Valley of the Shadow herself.
Alone she enters the room of suffering and sorrow. With infinite sympathy and understanding she comforts those who mourn. Then she tenderly wraps the still form in a silk shawl, and in her arms it rests until the mortuary is reached.

The customary padded basket would do as well—perhaps. But Hoffman Service is unusual; and so the basket gives way for the arms of this understanding woman who protects the little form from every jar of the machine, as tenderly as though Life's spark still burned.
At the mortuary she dresses the little one—dresses it in the special "baby room"—and then places it in the little white crib, where it rests, just as it would do at home, until the time comes to lay it in its last resting place.

That is the Hoffman Service way of caring for "infant cases."
And Hoffman's charge for a complete funeral, consisting of casket, outside case and complete service, will be any sum from \$20 up, as the family may wish.

Leo A. Hoffmann

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