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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

HENRY CABOT LODGE.
 Of Henry Cabot Lodge it has been said that, "born to leisure, he chose to work." His long and honorable career was one of industrious effort. He was possessed of ample means, and acquired culture that might have led to a life of luxurious ease, but his New England breeding held him to the tradition of his race, duty. Duty to his country, to the race at large.

It was not in politics alone that Mr. Lodge was leader. In letters he achieved distinction, and he might have won notice for himself in any line of effort. Public life appealed to him, and he began his career as moderator of the little town of Nahant, his birthplace and his home all his life. In 1882 he aspired to a seat in congress, but was defeated for the nomination. Four years later he was elected to congress, and began the career that led him to such honorable height. After six years in the house he was made senator, being elected to succeed Henry L. Dawes in January, 1893. His present term of office would have expired on March 4, 1923.

It was not merely by right of seniority that Senator Lodge was regarded as leader of his party in the senate. His intellectual endowment justified his leadership. His public service comprised a wide range of activity outside the legislative halls. His literary achievements were scarcely less extensive and equally notable. A scholar of high attainments, he wrote of history authoritatively and entertainingly.

As leader of the opposition he gained much notice because of his amendments to the League of Nations pact which President Wilson had tied into the Treaty of Versailles. The Lodge amendments to that document were all adopted by the senate, and have been in effect if not in form approved by the great powers, members of the League. Current history has it that the utmost persuasion by democratic leaders was required to prevent President Wilson's acceptance of the Lodge views. Few incidents in American history are more important or far-reaching than this struggle. Senator Lodge had the satisfaction of noting the approval given his stand by the voters in 1920, although he could not learn of the even more emphatic approval received in 1924.

A truly great American, Henry Cabot Lodge filled a large place in the affairs of his time. His life was spent in the service of his country, and his great influence was always on the side he believed to be the one in the right. As long as we have such leaders as Lodge, little fear need be felt for the safety of our institutions.

HIS MONUMENT A HUGE HOLE.

A great blast, shattering a hole through eight feet of solid rock, almost 200 feet underneath the bottom of the Hudson, united the two ends of the latest and greatest of traffic tunnels. For many months the workmen have been steadily driving forward the tubes from either shore, through all sorts of formations and varying difficulties. Directed by the surest of engineering skill, when the final blast was let off and the holes met, it was discovered that a divergence of less than three-quarters an inch had to be rectified.

Such accuracy of execution in itself would be a high tribute to the men who made and carried forward the plans. The whole conception of the tunnel, with its varied features and devices for overcoming difficult phases of modern transportation, is a marvel even in these days of wonders. The presence of deadly carbon monoxide gas, a result of the use of the automobile, and its certain settling at the lowest point of depression, is one of the problems dealt with. And all this came from the mind of Clifford M. Holland, chief engineer of the project.

Holland had a bad heart. He knew it was likely to give out at any time. But he stuck to the job, day after day, determined to get all done he could before he passed on. A short time before the last shot was fired, and for which elaborate preparation had been made, Mr. Holland went to a sanitarium to rest. There he died, not knowing that his great plan had actually been successful, but confident that his calculations were sound. He did not get the word from the workmen, but he knew he had built his own monument in the form of a huge hole under a mighty river, that will unite the metropolis with the mainland. An honored place among great builders is his, and the future will praise his work.

NOT UNDER THE RED FLAG.

Norman Angell, viewing the great wave of conservatism in America and England, tells his hearers that each successive government will have more and more of socialism in it. Robert Marion La Follette says his crusade has just begun. William H. Green rejoices in the vote for Coolidge, because he believes it will make more communists.

And each is wrong. Neither correctly divines the result of the election in the United States or in England. On the surface one thing is as plain as it can be made. The voters of neither nation want the sort of government socialism promises. Call it what you will, the dislike for socialism rests on the love of liberty. Fundamentally, socialism con-

templates regulation where now freedom exists. Speciously aimed at capital, it reaches down and grasps everybody, big or little, rich or poor, strong or weak, in the clutch of a ruthless monster known as government.

And Americans want to control their government, not to be controlled by it. A mistake of the La Follette campaign, fatal in the end, was that he permitted the socialist organization to fasten onto his movement. All through the campaign true progressives who saw in La Follette the means of expressing a protest, found themselves busy explaining they were not socialists nor sympathetic with the program championed by Berger, Debs, and their ilk.

The La Follette vote may look impressive. It is well to keep in mind the fact, however, that Coolidge had 10,000,000 more votes than Davis, 14,000,000 more than La Follette, and 6,000,000 more than the combined Davis and La Follette vote. In those figures should be read the answer of the people to the socialists. Americans can see red, but when it comes to flags, they see only the Red, White and Blue.

"JIM" DRAIN.

Introducing James A. Drain, commander of the American Legion. But despite his high office and the great respect that attaches thereto, thousands of Nebraskans will call him "Jim," and hail him as one of themselves. For "Jim" Drain, be it known, hewed and geed horses attached to a plow in Nebraska fields for several years. And for even a longer term he looked through the bars of a Nebraska bank window. Whatever "Jim" tackled he carried through to success.

When he pulled up stakes and left Nebraska, heading for the Pacific coast, his friends wished him the success they knew he would win and deserve. He was made of the right kind of stuff. The same qualities that won him friends and success in Nebraska, won the same things on the coast.

Commander James A. Drain, head of the American Legion, will receive a deserved warm welcome in Omaha and Nebraska. But "Jim" Drain will receive a warmer one.

A GIGANTIC BUSINESS.

Few people, even those most familiar with Omaha, realize the immensity and importance of the hotel business to this city. There are several hotels of nationally known importance, and scores of hotels of lesser size and importance, and all give remunerative employment to hundreds of men and women. Their aggregate payroll is enormous and exercises a helpful influence upon the business life of the metropolis. Their purchasing power is enormous, and they send millions through the channels of trade.

One of the big factors in securing that American Legion convention for Omaha was the showing made of Omaha's splendid hotel facilities. The local association of hotel men may always be depended upon when there is constructive work to be done for Omaha and Nebraska.

Taken as a whole the hotels of Omaha are to be counted as among the business factors that are contributing in a real way to Omaha's growth and prosperity.

WHAT MAKES ANARCHISTS.

Every well-balanced man and woman is in favor of curbing the reckless auto drivers. Every one admits the necessity for drastic action to insure safety of life and limb.

On the other hand, criminal carelessness is criminal carelessness, whether exhibited by a driver who works for wages or the intoxicated son of a millionaire.

The demand today is for even-handed justice; the kind of justice that does not distinguish between rich and poor. This demand is not met when a wage-earning auto driver, the son of a wage-earning father, is sentenced to the penitentiary for manslaughter, while the intoxicated son of wealthy parents is merely reprimanded and the father gives a fat check to the parents of the dead victim.

That sort of justice has been handed out in this country so often that it may offer a partial explanation of why there are so many people who have lost faith in the courts.

A jury in the district court has provided another form of example to which the judges may call the attention of speeders. Instead of the victim of an avoidable accident, this is a speeder going to state's prison.

Magnus Johnson was short-circuited at both ends. He ran against a better milker in Washington, and a better vote-getter in Minnesota.

Isn't it about time for Mr. Bryan to retell the story of the drunken cowboy who was thrown out of the dance hall?

Punishment for reckless auto drivers should consist of something more drastic than a gentle tap on the wrist.

York county citizens voted in favor of a county fair. This is getting back to first principles.

Speaking of sorrowful sights, there is the campaign headquarters of a defeated party.

Any objections to making Rodman speaker? Hearing none, it is so ordered.

There are several Thanksgiving days between now and November 27.

Get your pen ready to sign a good check for the Community Chest.

Among other things that proved vain was the Gush Fund.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
 Robert Worthington Davie

WE ARE FRIENDS AGAIN.
 We are friends again. Our views
 Are dormant now; we need not lose—
 But we shall gain as we tread on
 While old years die and new years dawn.

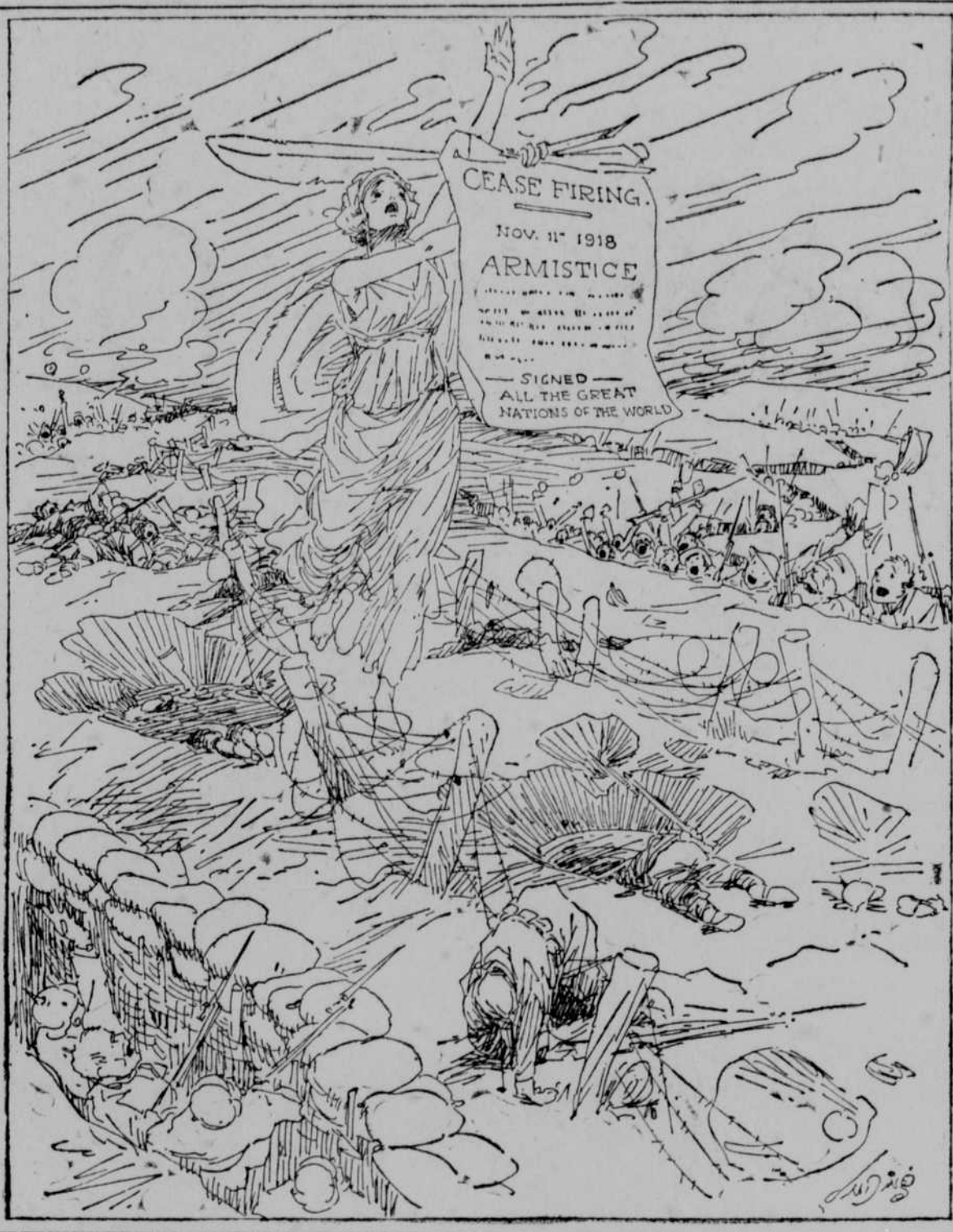
For long we've looked ahead to this
 Decision and far-reaching bliss;
 We've watched for the days when we
 Could plan and act with certainty.

We did not all achieve our ends,
 But we may now again be friends,
 And leave the lesser losses to
 Oblivion, and start anew.

For four long years shall calmness reign,
 And honest effort be not vain;
 For four long years as brethren may
 We march along life's pleasant way.

We are content for we desire
 Tranquility, and we aspire
 For good which over all descends
 When enemies again are friends

When Will We Use It for Prevention Instead of Cure?



Letters From Our Readers

All letters must be signed, but name will be withheld upon request. Communications of 200 words and less, will be given preference.

Anti-Prohibition Argument.
 Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: On the editorial page of the Bee appears the query: "Will some expert of capital punishment tell us what punishment will fit the crime of selling heroin to school children?"

We fall to see connection between capital punishment and the selling of heroin, as the crime does not fit the punishment. Selling heroin is no worse than selling bootleg liquor made of wood alcohol, to students. A good stiff dose of such liquor may blind its victim for life, or do him or her inestimable damage in other ways; while it takes many doses of heroin to convert a person into an addict, a dose or two may do no particular harm. Instead of trying to remedy the effect, we should strike at the cause.

Why do children buy heroin and poison liquor? Who is responsible for the system which allows the peddling of these things? Did children buy drugs, narcotics, and bootleg liquor, before prohibition or after? Let's be honest, and call the devil by his right name. Just who and what is responsible for the conditions which exist today and which are getting worse instead of better? When anyone says that prohibition is not doing the country irreparable damage, he lies, whether he knows it or not. It is full time we stopped being sentimental over the worst-out idea of having "respect for law" because it happens to be a constitutional amendment, when the fact is that we have no respect whatever for the Volstead act. If we are to go on claiming to be an intelligent nation, we had better do something to deserve it. If we cannot protect our growing generation from the evil effects of one of our constitutional laws, we had better examine our capacity for government. The very best of both medical and legal authority says that prohibition is wrong, yet a lot of us stiff-necked fanatical-minded busy-bodies, insist that the law is functioning and all is well.

One of the troubles with the human race is that they have to be nearly killed before they realize there is any danger of death in any except old age. Children buy narcotics because they need them and because someone has taught them the use of drugs. But do boys and girls drink bootleg liquor because they need it, or because they want to show contempt for the law? Do they have these conditions in foreign countries? Do they have as much crime? Do we hear of children becoming blind and insane from the effects of poisonous liquor? We do not. Why, then, do we not make an intelligent investigation of conditions? Instead of two factions fighting one another—wet and dry—why don't they get together and compare notes and see which is best for us; then leave it to the people to decide. If the people want bootleggers and poison liquor, narcotics and dope, let them say so by popular ballot; if not, the reverse, and settle the thing for good. Remove the cause and the effect becomes nil.

Capital punishment would be as much a deterrent to a bootlegger or rope peddler as it is to a murderer, which is to say, none. Punishment does not reach the seat or root of the disease; attempting to stop it does not cure. It must be stamped out like the bubonic plague. Prohibition is a bubonic plague in another form. Peddling dope is one of its offshoots.
 FRANK MARTIN.

Leave It to Coolidge.
 Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I note that Brother Albert Kuhn has bowed his head to what he calls the supreme court of the American ballot. He forgets to institute the term "intelligent." It was the intelligent ballot that proved to be the supreme court in this election and not the ballot of the American people. La Follette does not believe in the supreme court, neither does he believe in the intelligence of the majority of the people, else he would never have run on the platform which he adopted. Brother Kuhn still has hopes that his "progressive" idol will have his turn at the bat, but that is an illusion. We are getting back to common sense in more ways than politics. We showed it in the way people supported our president. Mr. Kuhn has his nasty little dig at the president, which shows which way his mind runs. He "insists" upon the reins being left in the hands of the advisers of Coolidge.

If Brother Kuhn knew his A. B. C's of politics as well as he would have one believe, he would know that Mr. Coolidge has no "advisers," even behind a wall street. He will listen to advice and suggestion, and then probably remark about the weather or the state of some one's health, but so far as his having advisers such as

OMAHA
 To Better Serve Humanity
 Get Well the
CHIROPRACTIC
 Way

Abe Martin
 DAILY BULLETIN
 GEESE
 WALNUT CAKE
 & KRAUT
 FOR SALE

What's goin' 't' be will be, an' what hain't 't' liable 't' be, is a good, safe theory 't' go on. Gabe Pine, who did 't' claimin' fer La Follette in our county, is now promotin' a fuel savin' furnace.
 (Copyright, 1924.)

SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget,
 That Sunrise never failed us yet.
 Celia Baxter

LITTLE GOLD STAR.
 (Words by Will M. Maupin; Music by J. A. Parks. Dedicated to the Fathers and Mothers of America whose sons died in the service during the World War.)

The little blue star on its field of white,
 In a border of deepest red,
 Has turned to gold in a single night,
 And it stands for a soldier dead.
 O, little gold star—oh the fields of France,
 Where he stayed the foe's advance—
 'Neath the banner he died to save—
 Your golden beam through the years will gleam
 To hallow a hero's grave.

O, little gold star, on your field of white!
 Your hero has paid the price.
 God comfort the hearts that are sad tonight
 With the thoughts of your sacrifice
 O, little gold star in your bordered red,
 You gleam for a world made free;
 For the choice he made and the price he paid
 For the world and its liberty.

O, little gold star! Where the lilies wave
 O'er the blood-stained fields of France,
 A soldier sleeps in a soldier's grave
 Where he stayed the foe's advance.
 O, little gold star, while the world remains
 We will honor the brave and true
 Who fought and died in their manly pride
 For the dear Red, White and Blue!

Harry Hough gave us the real low-down on the selection of the 11th hour of the 11th month as the exact time for the cessation of hostilities. "There was only one explanation among the A. B. C.'s as familiar as 'come even,'" explained Harry. "I reckon the only reason that 7 was not selected, instead of 11, was that it was too late for breakfast and too early for lunch."

Thousands of Omahans cherish pleasant recollections of Gen. George H. Harries, one-time general manager of the Nebraska Power company. General Harries was made commander of the Nebraska brigade, later split up and divided all over the army. Before leaving Lincoln General Harries told some friends that he expected to be the first American officer into Berlin, and he was. He was in command of the outfit in the Army of Occupation that was assigned to Kaiser Wilhelm's capital city.

A charming French woman visited a hospital near the front and asked a wounded Frenchman how he killed an enemy. "I choked them to death," was the reply. Whereupon the French woman insisted on kissing the hands that had killed an enemy. Then she asked the same question of a wounded doughboy in the next cot. "I hit 'em to death," was the quick-witted reply. Trust the American doughboy to put it over.
 WILL M. MAUPIN.

inside report and will give it to the press. Let us have the facts and the truth. Meantime, I can only regret exceedingly that a medical education is of so little value in combating disease.

I am strong at all times for rat extermination, but it seems a very unworthy way of treating or promoting rat poison.

I would suggest an orderly, common sense campaign of rat destruction without the use of A. P. scares to the injury of any region, or to promote something fantastically theatrical.

Raids on "box car rats" before their arrival or before a plague is actually known to exist, is, to say the least, absurd.

Mr. Editor, help us kill the rats but lay off on such stuff. You may have a wife, son or daughter away from home some time. ANXIOUS.

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V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.
 Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of October, 1924.
 W. H. QUIVEY,
 Notary Public

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