

# THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

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## Omaha Where the West is at its Best

### THE REAL REASON.

Divers and sundry democratic organs have endeavored to explain the overwhelming defeat administered to the democratic party at the last election. None of them have submitted an explanation, however, that equals the one hidden in the pronouncement by William J. Bryan. Mr. Bryan did not intend that it should be an explanation, but that it was what it amounts to.

A few days after election Mr. Bryan came forward, again, to suggest coalition between the democrats and the cohorts headed by Senator La Follette. There lies the real though negative explanation for democratic defeat—"coalition." The positive explanation is that the people of this country trust more in the principles and policies of the republican party.

Time was when the democratic party was not only a militant political organization, but was also a party fighting for fundamental principles. That was before Mr. Bryan appeared on the scene. Bryan relegated principles to the rear in order to make room for political expediency. Since that fateful day in Chicago in 1896 Mr. Bryan has been the real bell wether of the democratic party. He has led it away from its fundamental principles to wander in the bypaths of "paramount issues" that gave some promise, however forlorn, of deluding the people into the support of the democratic party.

It is characteristic of the Bryan mind that he should now seek to draw in the supporters of La Follette. What does it matter to him that La Follette supports almost everything that the real founders of the democratic party denounce. The democratic party under Bryan has wandered so far afield that only here and there is heard a democratic voice in opposition to the unnatural alliance proposed.

None other than Bryan would have the nerve to suggest an alliance of fundamental democrats with a disorganized factional bunch that proposes putting the constitution at the mercy of congress; that caters to socialists and communists; that waves the white flag in time of war and hoists the red flag in time of peace.

Under Bryan the democratic party has become the Adullamite party of the nation. It no longer has fixed principles. It has become the party of discontent, the party that arrays itself in opposition to whatever is. The proposition advanced by Bryan as the cure for the party ills, is only one more dose of poison, the slow poison, the Bryan poison.

If the patient is to get well it must call another doctor.

### IT'S UP TO MA AND MRS. ROSS.

Mrs. Ferguson, governor-elect of Texas, and Mrs. Ross, governor-elect of Wyoming, are fronted with great opportunity. They are the first women to be elevated to gubernatorial position. Other women have been elected to congress and to legislatures. There are several women gracing the bench. But Mrs. Ferguson and Mrs. Ross will be chief executives of sovereign states. It is up to them to make good for more reasons than one.

Theirs is a difficult task. They will be subject to more careful scrutiny than men elected to the same position. They will be cited as witnesses either for or against the ability of women to occupy high political place. We entertain no fears about their success. We would call their attention to the fact, however, that as pioneer women governors they may be expected to set a precedent that will make it more easily possible for women to be elected to similar office in other states. And that, Madam Governor, is going to be a real job.

### WOMEN'S CLUBS AND THE WORLD.

Ernestine Evans, long interested in the work of women's clubs and similar activity, is not pleased with results so far achieved. She discusses the topic at some length in the November Century, making clear only the fact that she is not satisfied with what has been done. She notes the expansion of the clubs in numbers, and admits they have done some good, but:

"Yet, there is, in the present program of the general federation, no broad, philosophical conservation resolution, rooted in conviction that public property ought never to become private property to yield profit to private persons. There is not a spark of revolutionary logic in these middle-class women. They formulate no plans for getting back what has already been plundered from the public domain."

"We wonder if Miss Evans, or any of the glorious company of young and fearless knights errant who are riding on similar quests, ever stop to think what is meant by 'getting back what has already been plundered from the public domain'? And if, after having definitely defined that, they have an equally clear notion of how to go about the job of making the recovery and where they would stop in the process."

Every farm in the United States was once part of the public domain. Each individual holding is now being used for private purposes. Every high-priced lot on Broadway once belonged to the public as represented by the king. Every coal mine, every gold mine, every oil well, every natural resource

of mineral or otherwise, has been developed, not by the people but by private enterprise. It was the pioneer and the prospector who searched the wilderness and made the discoveries. Do the records disclose any attempt to reward these men? Who was it went into Death Valley and located the great borax deposits? Many years elapsed before investigators discovered the uses that have made these beds valuable. Should we now seize them for the public, because they were located on public domain?

The iron deposits in the Gogebic range were useless until the magic workers of steel brought them into public service. Is that a robbery of public wealth? We might go on through the list with such comparisons. Only in the matter of forestry has there been willful waste. If it had not been for private enterprise, looking to private gain, the enormous wealth of the United States would be just where it was when Columbus led the way across the Atlantic. This may explain why the women's clubs have not started a crusade to "recover" any part of it for the benefit of those who had little or no part in turning that potential wealth into tangible assets.

### THE REAL PROBLEM.

Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, said a whole volume when he remarked that if we paid as little attention to plants as we do to our children the whole world would soon be overrun with weeds.

Right now the country is flooded with gloom spreaders who declare that our young folks are running wild; that the morale of the country has broken down, and that the nation is headed for the rocks unless they are given the helm.

Of course they are wrong. If there is anything particularly wrong with the rising generation, and there is not, it is the fault of the parents, not of the children. Instead of the pessimistic reformers setting about the reform of the children, let them devote their time to reforming parenthood. Better yet, let them proceed to give us an example of good parenthood. But better than all, let these pessimists crawl into some convenient hole and pull the hole in after them.

The children of today are not one whit worse than their fathers and mothers, or their grandfathers and grandmothers. In point of fact they will measure up better in some respects, especially in the respect of being a bit more open in their mischief. If at times they appear to be a bit froward, or get a bit out of hand, it is because they have had that sort of an example set before them.

Unfortunately for the children, they have no way of selecting their forebears. If it were possible for them to do so the problem would be easy of solution. But that being impossible, the next best thing is for parents to so educate themselves that they will be able to teach by example as well as by precept.

After all is said and done, it is more of a parental problem than it is a child problem. With that fact firmly fixed in mind and acted upon, the work of solving the problem may be tackled with confidence.

### THIS MAY EXPLAIN SOMETHING.

If each motor vehicle registered on July 1, 1924, in the United States had a carrying capacity of seven passengers, the entire population of the country could go joy-riding at the same time and a million cars would be left without any passengers or drivers. Between July, 1923, and July, 1924, motor vehicle registration in the United States increased 20 per cent. The total on the latter date were 15,552,077. Of these Iowa is credited with having 569,415. Nebraska has 273,236. Three states have more than a million cars licensed—New York, with 1,223,362; California, with 1,184,015, and Ohio, with 1,160,000. Illinois has 986,480, and Nevada has the fewest, with only 15,481, about the same number as in Lancaster county, and less than half as many as are owned in Omaha.

Maybe this is one reason why the country positively refused to see red. At any rate, it is an indication of such prosperous conditions as amaze and confound the world outside. No people in all human history ever enjoyed in so great a measure the good things of life. The automobile is merely a symbol of this epoch of American civilization.

The registration of July suggests that, if the rate of increase is maintained until the end of the year, January 1, 1925, will see more than 18,000,000 motor vehicles registered. That will make it one to every six persons. The greatest problem is to provide streets for them to park in. Nebraska is setting out on a course that will in time offer good roads for them to run on.

When congress convenes Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi will have some trouble explaining how come his ward in Gulfport returning a republican majority. Senator Pat's friends must have been looking the other way when a few of their colored friends and brothers appeared at the polls.

"Let the people rule" was the democratic war cry a few years ago. And when the people took the advice and proceeded to rule, the way the democratic organs whined about it was wonderful to contemplate, and equally sorrowful to hear.

A statue to William the Silent was recently unveiled in Central Park, New York. There is not the least danger that it will be mistaken for a statue in memory of a recent distinguished citizen of Nebraska.

Mr. Bryan's proposition to amalgamate the democratic and La Follette forces is hailed by tumultuous silence in the camp of democrats who have long suffered under the Bryan handicap.

Coolidge and McMillen having been safely put over, about the only thing Nebraskans have to worry about is the outcome of the Cornhusker-Notre Dame game next Saturday.

Good idea to prosecute the jay-walkers now, so as to be in shape to take care of the jay-talkers during the next campaign.

## Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—  
Robert Worthington Davie

### AN OLD LANE.

There's an old lane—ever so old—  
And so still and so bare today,  
Where the ground is covered with gold,  
And the ground is littered with spray.

And the sunlight reaches down  
Like it searches unsheltered glade,  
For the leaves—the leaves are brown!  
And there isn't one bit of shade.

There's an old lane—ever so old—  
That I view as I slowly tread  
Over the pillowed gold,  
Under the trees half dead.

And this is the lane I see,  
And here were the birds that sing  
In the dreams that are calling me  
Back to the blooms of Spring.

## Already Beginning to Make Up to the Widow



## 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.

### What La Follette Really Meant.

Fremont, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Referring to your editorial in issue of the 5th instant, captioned "Tell it to a Grand Jury," please allow me to say that you talk like a "housewife" and certainly in a manner to be condoned only under the swelled head state following "landslide" election returns for your favorites. In your normal frame I hardly think you could have been guilty of the editorial. With the many years of your experience you surely know that there is a difference in this matter of bringing a person to justice, and the circumstances of the La Follette remark that he would bring the offenders he had in mind to a term in the federal prison are far as the grand jury, in your editorial of the "different" kind. Even all the pull as governor of the state availed Mr. Walton naught toward bringing the Oklahoma Ku Klux deprecators to the punishment they deserved, and the which many newspapers, both in and outside of Oklahoma at the time publicly agreed that they deserved. It succeeded with a few to get them as far as the grand jury, in your editorial you seem to have a high admiration for the grand jury, but not to justice.

You see, that is where La Follette is smarter than you—or, perhaps, more true to his knowledge—he knows that "justice" is not invariably justice, and so in making this challenge, as he did, I felt at the time of the reading of it he made it simply under the conviction that only the prestige of the president carried influence enough to get the justice machinery in action even in these presumed "higher up" cases. It was his only chance. As a common citizen he or anyone else is not even deuce high against the Wall Street men or big interests nabob outside of Wall Street.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you are so sure that the knowledge of wrong is all that is necessary to get the wrongdoer to his punishment, why don't you, yourself, proceed against the many New York brokers that were laying wagers on the election result? You know that betting is "gambling," and gambling is against the law. You might even succeed (with success at all possible, of course, in making a few "false pretenses" cases, inasmuch as the knowledge is quite common that much of the Wall Street waging was arant bluff. As a good newspaper man, then, too, you might feel a pride for the sake of your readers, in ferreting out the source of these big wads of money that were constrained to no more arduous task than to "talk." I like to see money talk when it is made to take a legitimate course, and this whether in one enterprise or another, but when it is used in false odds laying, much on the part of the bank roll of the hunko steerer that is meant to beave the sucker, I think the time for remedial

### Abe Martin



legislation has come, and I am glad that ever and anon we have a candid date for office that hits at the thing in about the only way he can. I feel this much—that we have naught along this line to hope for from "Silent" Coolidge. C. MORGAN  
Home address, Posters' Hotel, or Box 44, Highland Park Station, Des Moines.

### Time to Retire.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: It would seem that after so many decisive defeats in the political field that William Jinx Bryan would have the common sense to retire and let the significance of what the cowboy in New York said—after being thrown out of a select dance for the third time: "Well, I guess they don't want me in there"—sink into his mentality. Now, he is going to attempt to give the poor, old, sorely wounded democratic party the finishing touch by merging it with the La Follette mixture. That ought to make a sweet smelling compound. William the Jinx expect that self-respecting democrats want to be identified with frothy ebullitions of the melting pot, and can it be possible that he thinks they will accept any part in the storm of republicanism that has twice in succession swept the country? If so, he is badly mistaken. What the democratic party needs, and badly, is new timber; new material to be used in its repairs. It wants to ditch all such elements as Bryanism, McAdooism and Tammanyism. It has had no real presidential timber in its ensemble since Cleveland. All Smith makes a good governor and that is the size job that fits him. He would be lost in the presidential seat, as would any of the others so far produced. When men let their personal feelings interfere with their party patriotism it is high time to clean out the storerooms and put in new stock. Neither Smith nor McAdoo could have been elected, but they could have saved the party to

## PRACTICAL NURSE ADDS TESTIMONY

Mrs. Crail Says Tanlac Is Without an Equal.

Mrs. Hattie Crail, a highly successful and popular practical nurse, 32nd and Douglas Sts., Des Moines, Iowa, is another among the many of her admirable profession to endorse the Tanlac treatment.

"Following a period of severe nervous prostration two years ago," declared Mrs. Crail recently, "I was so weak, restless and uncertain of myself that I scarcely dared go on the street alone. I suffered from violent headaches and dizzy spells,

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Tanlac Vegetable Pills recommended by the manufacturers of Tanlac.—Advertisement.

a considerable extent by one or the other stepping back and giving the other a chance. Smith should have stayed in his stall, not on account of his religion, but because he knew that he couldn't win and that he was simply making it harder, or impossible for McAdoo to win. Neither cared a fig for the party or what happened to it. Now John W. Davis is quitting, and the old warhorse, Shaver, I hope these men for quitting. They know when they are through and are content to retire gracefully. No one can convince me that W. J. Bryan is a smart man. If he were, he would never have allowed his brother to be made the goat in the democratic fiasco which has just been enacted. He says that the republican landslide this year was not as disastrous to the democrats as it was in 1920. He forgets that there was no third party in 1920, and if it had not been for La Follette no one knows just how disastrous it would have been "this" year. Furthermore, no one can tell yet just how disastrous it will turn out to be. If Mr. Bryan would start a new party and call it the know-nothing, put himself at the head and attempt to defeat republicanism, he wouldn't cut a sorrier figure than he does today, or than he certainly will trying to merge democracy and La Folletteism. We admire stick-to-it-iveness as much as any one, but when it gets to be a nuisance we want to call for relief. FRANK MARTIN.

### CENTER SHOTS.

An alienist is a person who draws big fees for introducing testimony that is alien to the subject.—Ottawa (Kan.) Herald.

Institutions and movements would do well to knock the "pagan" out of some propagandists.—New Orleans Times Picayune.

Nowadays nobody who eats supper can get into society.—Louisville Times.

But how can a farmer feel radical when he can afford to eat with two more cylinders?—Baltimore Sun.

Seek Law to Curb Crime—Every line. But they've got laws for every-

# SUNNY SIDE UP

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

Into a store to purchase a needed article. After looking for a while asked male clerk if it was to be found in store. "You're lookin' right at it, an'chya? Use your eyes." The article was purchased at another store.

Sad reminder of the late election. Val Kuska notified us that he needs a new hat for winter wear, and expects us to provide the chapeau. That's what we get for backing our judgment as it was formed early in the campaign. Along towards the last Val refused to allow us to hedge.

The passing of a good man, while sad to chronicle, always leaves memories to be cherished. Judge Jesse B. Strode, whose death occurred in Lincoln the first of the week, was a man among men. A veteran of the Civil War, a member of congress, a judge upon the district bench, and one-time commander of the G. A. R., Judge Strode lived a busy and useful life. He was one of the men who helped to lay strong and secure the foundations of this commonwealth.

The death of Judge Strode recalls one of the most sensational murder trials ever held in the west. Mrs. John Sheedy was accused of complicity with Monday McFarland, a negro, in the murder of her husband. Sheedy was known all over the country as a "square gambler" and all-around sportsman. The Strode case was leading counsel for the defense of Mrs. Sheedy, and, after a trial lasting two weeks, secured a verdict of acquittal.

Slight disappointment the other night. Dropped into the Rialto, more to hear the music than for anything else. Young lady who played the harp on former visits was missing. So was the harp. Will have to speak to Harry and Harry about this. They promised us a harp solo, and we expect them to make good.

Corporal Marvin Downer of Gerling, who piloted a truck in the S. O. S., and drove up to the front line trenches many a time, brought back numerous souvenirs. But the one souvenir he wanted he was unable to bring home. It was a huge copper kettle he requisitioned in a French village. It was a community soup kettle. He grabbed it, filled it full of water, started a fire, and when the water was the right temperature he proceeded to take the first bath he had enjoyed in seven weeks. Much to his regret he had to leave the Kettle behind to continue its service for the community.

It hardly seems possible that six years have passed since the day we who remained at home turned loose to celebrate the signing of the armistice. That was the biggest celebration ever held in the good old U. S. A. It was all the bigger because of the fake armistice report broadcasted a couple of days before.

One of the tragedies of married life comes when the wife simply cannot make a couch fit in the corners where she wants it.

Senator La Follette expresses himself as well satisfied with the result of the election. "Well, that makes it well nigh unanimous." WILL M. MAUPIN.

## W-O-O-D

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