

THE OMAHA BEE

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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

TIME TO TAKE THE OTHER TACK.

In the current issue of Collier's is the beginning of a story, "With the Boys on the Road," by William Maxwell. This is not mentioned for the purpose of advertising either Collier's or Mr. Maxwell, but to preface a few remarks upon Nebraska conditions. In the story McTavish and Hoffheimer, both traveling salesmen, start off by exchanging experiences:

"I did a nice business in Omaha today," Aaron remarked complacently.

Herman snorted. "I don't know what you call it a nice business, Aaron, but a camel can get a seat in a New York subway easier as a salesman can get a really nice order from Nebraska past a New York credit man."

"That's nonsense. There are plenty of concerns in Nebraska that are in first-class credit—good for anything they want."

"Don't I know it?" Herman protested. "But them fellows, you understand, ain't placing nice orders. Furthermore, for the last three or four years they been knocking their own state by showing everybody how impossible it is for a farmer to make it a living for himself without he should have maybe a still on his place and cook up a little white mule for his neighbors. They sold everybody the idea that their state is on the bum. It ain't so good for credit out here that they should talk the way they done."

"It ain't good for credit that they should talk the way they done."

There is a whole lot of moralizing in that one sentence. Not only has that sort of thing been done for credit, but it has been for the most part untrue. There has not been a single moment during the last six years when Nebraska was not a solvent, going business institution. There has not been a moment during those six years when there was well-founded reason for men of pluck and energy and enterprise to falter and be afraid. Too many listened to the mouthing of political palaverers, and pessimism ruled where optimism should have held full sway.

For weary months a doleful chorus arose in Nebraska, as it did in other midwestern states. The self-advertising thus spread broadcast was reflected in suspicion of Nebraska's solvency. In the very nature of business capital was shy of investing in sections that resounded with wails of despair, even though those wails of despair had very little foundation in fact. Practically every big enterprise does business upon borrowed capital. New money must be secured at all times to provide extensions and betterments, to care for the demands of increasing trade territory, and to finance the "turn-over" of the merchandise. This is as true of agriculture as it is of merchandising, or manufacturing or of transportation. Naturally a man, or a business, that needs added capital, or extension of credit, fails in securing it when it is asked for with a doleful whine or sought with long faces and practical confessions of a hopeless future.

There was entirely too much of that sort of thing during the recent business "depression." If we had had that sort of depression during the dark days of 1895-97 it would have been hailed as prosperity. Men and business enterprises are very likely to be taken at the value they put upon themselves if they back up that value by presenting tangible evidence of its correctness. Nebraska suffered untold damage by reason of the fact that the voices of the courageous merchants, manufacturers, bankers and farmers were drowned out by the doleful wails of scheming politicians intent upon personal gain, and echoed and re-echoed by men of little courage and even less hope.

Naturally credits were contracted under those conditions. And credit contraction meant less available money, and less available money meant bankruptcy and foreclosures. Capital was merely taking the value that Nebraska and other midwestern states were putting on themselves.

Of course that value was far less than the actual value of Nebraska. That fact became apparent in time. As the ulterior motives of the political palaverers were made plain and the chorus of hopelessness and discontent died down from sheer exhaustion it was possible for the chorus of courage and optimism to be heard.

The result is now gloriously plain. The courage and faith of the real builders and supporters of Nebraska enterprise is being vindicated most gloriously by a rising tide of prosperity. Their courage and faith has been imparted to others, and the results are seen in expanding credits, increasing employment, rising prices of basic products, increasing bank deposits and decreasing loans long overdue.

It is now high time for Nebraskans to take the other tack; to begin talking their state up, instead of talking it down. It is time for every Nebraskan to join the chorus of the new prosperity. The lie direct has been given to those who prophesied nothing but disaster unless their political nostrums were swallowed without thought or question. From every side there comes the joyful reports of better business and better times and better prospects. The thing to do now is to let the world know that Nebraskans have deserted the chorus of discontent and

seeming hopelessness and enlisted in the chorus of courage and faith.

Nebraska's soil is as fertile as it has ever been. The climate is just as good. The waters run as freely and the sun shines as it always has shone. It remains only for Nebraskans to maintain their poise, continue their productive industry, strengthen their faith and prove their courage by their acts and their spoken word.

Nebraska is over the hill and on her way to greater things. Let no man have a hearing who would by written or spoken word seek to bring discouragement and despair.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Placing a bronze marker on Capitol Hill Tuesday serves to do more than commemorate a single incident in Nebraska history. It calls attention to the flight of passing time, and to the wonderful development of Nebraska since the day when Capitol Hill ceased to be the site of Nebraska's territorial government.

Central High school occupies the site of the old territorial capitol. From 1857 to 1867 Omaha was the capital of Nebraska Territory. Nebraska was admitted to the Union in 1867, and shortly after the capital was located at Lincoln. When Alvin Saunders, the last territorial governor, was occupying that office, much of Nebraska was an unknown wilderness. Only the fringe of territory on each side of the Overland and Oregon trails was known. Two-thirds of the population lived within 50 miles of the Missouri river. Buffalo roamed the central plains, Forts Kearney and McPherson were western outposts, the Union Pacific was hardly well started, and central and western Nebraska were still known as a part of the Great American desert.

What a marvelous change has been wrought in Nebraska during the 57 years intervening between the abandonment of the old territorial capitol and the placing of the bronze marker on its site! The desert has become the richest expanse of agricultural territory on the globe. Steel rails gridiron the spaces where the buffalo roamed in countless thousands. Cities and towns teeming with prosperity have been built on the sites where once the Indian tipis were pitched. A magnificent school building occupies the site of the humble building that once served as the capitol of Nebraska Territory. In Lincoln a magnificent new capitol building costing more than the assessed valuation of the then Territory of Nebraska is being erected.

History does not record a development equal to it. In Nebraska has been accomplished in a half-century what it took centuries to accomplish elsewhere.

One of the striking features of the celebration attending the placing of the bronze marker on the old territorial capitol site was the presence of Mrs. Alvin Saunders, wife of the last territorial governor. Coming to Nebraska when it was a wilderness, graciously presiding as wife of the territory's chief executive, and always the splendid wife and mother, she has lived to see the full fruition of all the dreams of those hardy pioneers. What could be a more striking example of the flight of time, and of the wonders that have been wrought in this commonwealth in the span of this gracious woman's busy and useful life?

WHY HE FAILED.

He didn't like his job, but lacked the courage to let go and tackle another one.

He thought he was fooling his employer, but he was only fooling himself.

He thought every man's hand was against him, when it was his own hands that failed him.

He knocked so loudly against conditions that he could have cured that he couldn't hear Opportunity when it knocked.

He spent more time envying the success of others than he did trying to achieve success for himself.

He grudgingly worked for his employer instead of loyally working with him.

And when he failed he blamed everybody but the right one—himself.

In New York 20 degrees above zero is considered a cold wave. In this part of the country it is only a bracing atmosphere. But out here a little snow flurry is always heralded forth in the New York press as a fierce blizzard.

Judge Nebel's refusal to sentence a bunch of drunks to imprisonment over Thanksgiving day may subject him to the charge of failing to temper justice with mercy, but he will be commended for the exercise of common sense.

One way to solve the freight rate problem is to manufacture more of Nebraska's raw materials into the finished product right here in Nebraska. The beet sugar industry is a case in point.

Auto brake testing is now under way in Omaha. The brake test on the apostles of discontent November 4 proved the apparatus to be in good working order.

Wheat above the \$1.50 mark doubtless reminds Magnus Johnson and Robert La Follette of something, but they are careful not to express it in words.

Mother Eve ate of the tree of knowledge and put on clothes. This gives rise to the suspicion that Luther Burbank is laying down on the job.

There is something wrong about the pumpkin pie that does not make its presence known in the front room while it is baking in the oven.

As between a fight over tax revision and a summer without a congress, the country will unhesitatingly choose a congressless summer.

The voters very clearly expressed their opinion about the stumbling blocs in congress.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davis

UNDER THE STARS.
Under the stars
Slowly I tread,
Watching the cure
Speeding ahead;
Watching the lights
Casting their rays.
In to the night's
Mystical ways.

Under the deep
Dome of the skies,
Sacred I keep
Thoughts of the eyes—
Dreams woven true,
Hope and delight,
Images new
Born of the night.

Under the stars,
Treading the street,
Watching the cars
Gracefully fleet;
Lost in the dust,
Scenting cigars—
Eden in just
Under the stars!

The Real Prosperity Pasture Lies in Another Direction



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.

A Minister Comments.
Cambridge, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I wish to take this method of congratulating upon the fine editorial that appeared in The Omaha Bee this morning entitled "Impertinence in the Pulpit." You are correct when you say no fair-minded man will deny the minister of the gospel the right to think as he pleases and to participate in politics as a citizen. I am one of the ministers of the gospel whose name appeared on the ballot as a candidate for office and who was defeated at the polls. At no time was there done anything in the pulpit that could be thought of as a bid for his keeping or teaching. If there is any man in the community who thinks right and is interested in the welfare of the people it is the minister.

ple prosperous and happy is good. The minister is the one to help that day to come to the front.
W. C. KELLY.

Any official position that makes for the happiness of the people ought to go towards making clean politics. If there is any man who spends his time and energy in thinking how to reach the largest number for the largest good it is the minister.

No true minister of the gospel will ever attempt to tell his people how to vote at any time save in extreme cases when some extreme moral issue is at stake. Nor advise his people how to vote as between candidates.

There are all too many questionnaires sent out by people who are self-appointed guardians of the people. There are those who if they had their way the men elected to legislative offices would be little more than rubber stamps. Not only expect the minister of the gospel to take his place among other men as a citizen, but demand that he take his place, assume his responsibilities as other citizens. It is not fair to minister nor is it fair to the commonwealth to allow the minister who is supposed to be trained, to take a place in the rear of the people who are building the civilization.

The minister owes it to the state and the nation to talk politics and give of his mind and energy to the building of a better state. Good men are needed in places of opportunity to build for the prosperity and happiness of the people. The minister of all men should labor to hasten the day when all shall have the comforts of life; then will we have a good government. Anything that makes people

dom of religious worship and equality before the law.
W. H. HATTEROTH,
Senior Vice Commander, Manderson Camp, Sons of Veterans.

Posted.
"Has Percy anything interesting to say about his travels in Europe?"
"Well, he can recite the guide book by heart."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Abe Martin

It's always fun to go to a billiard contest just to see who has found me to excel as a billiardist. As long as the fellows that can't dance unless there's a public dance, it's just as well that we get out public dances.

(Copyright, 1924.)

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

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

W. H. QUIVEY,
Notary Public

A GOOD ROOM for \$1.50
Hotel Rome
Rates \$1.50 to \$3.50

THE CAFETERIA
Sparkles
With Cleanliness
OPEN 24 HOURS

Guard Against "Flu" With Musterole

Influenza, Grippe and Pneumonia usually start with a cold. The moment you get those warning aches, get busy with good old Musterole.

Musterole is a counter-irritant that relieves congestion (which is what a cold really is) and stimulates circulation.

It has all the good qualities of the old-fashioned mustard plaster without the blister.

Just rub it on with your fingertips. First you will feel a warm tingle as the healing ointment penetrates the pores, then a soothing, cooling sensation and quick relief.

Have Musterole handy for emergency use. It may prevent serious illness.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. 35c and 65c, in jars and tubes.

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

Better than a mustard plaster.

LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF NEBRASKA



Coronado Visits The Land of Quivera

EIGHTY years before the Pilgrims set foot on the snow-bound shores of Massachusetts, white men trod the rich prairies of Nebraska.

In the spring of 1540 Coronado set forth from Mexico to explore the vast unknown region to the north. By July, 1541, he reached the Platte country and spent twenty-five days in "The Land of Quivera"—Nebraska.

The fertility of her soil, her climate, her fruits and inhabitants were noted. But three centuries rolled around before the white man claimed this rich domain for his own.

Blood and toil, hardships and privations, difficulties and dangers that only the most heroic courage, and strength could endure and overcome, form the glorious heritage and the brave traditions of Nebraska.

The pioneer spirit transformed endless buffalo plains into smiling farms and rich cities—into a well-peopled but uncrowded empire of peace, progress and prosperity.

In growth and sound development, no state leads Nebraska. She has steadily advanced, making new records in agricultural wealth and manufactures, in educational facilities and public works. Last year the value of agricultural and live stock products for each resident of Nebraska was approximately \$400, while for the United States it was \$125.

Nebraska is also great industrially. The last U. S. Census proved that the value of her manufactured products exceeds that of her field crops. Apply what measure or test you please, Nebraska is a land of promise, opportunity and achievement.

In its own field, the Standard Oil Company of Nebraska knows the satisfaction of pioneer accomplishment. A strictly Nebraska company with complete direction of the company's destinies and operations in the hands of executives who are residents of the state, its aim and effort have been to develop and maintain an adequate and convenient service—to keep step with the requirements of both communities and individuals.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEBRASKA
Main Office: OMAHA
Branch Offices: LINCOLN HASTINGS NORTH PLATTE

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