

# THE OMAHA BEE

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## Omaha Where the West is at its Best

### THE DEMOCRATIC OUTLOOK.

Finis J. Garrett, floor leader of the democratic minority in the lower house of congress, is not downhearted. He is a living example of the truth of the old couplet:

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast.  
Man never is, but always to be, blest."

Substitute democrat for man in the above and you have the spirit that animates Mr. Garrett and others of his unswerving political faith. The trouble with the democratic party, as made plain by the election returns, is that it has not enough members who possess Mr. Garrett's unswerving loyalty and devotion. He takes his undiluted. If it is branded democratic he does not stop to question the label.

Another trouble with the democratic party is that it has too many leaders and not enough followers. As a matter of fact, there are so few followers that a number of the leaders are marching along all by themselves. Still another trouble is that the leaders who hold out any promise at all of accumulating a following will not stand hitched long enough for any considerable number of followers to gather around. It is fearfully disappointing to rally at the call of a leader and then find when one gets to the rallying point that the leader has cantered off somewhere else and issued another and wholly unlike call.

Then there is something rather annoying to a dry democrat to rush to a rallying point only to find that the clarion call has been raised by a man with a suspicious breath. Equally annoying is it to a wet democrat to rush frantically to answer the call and find that it comes from the throat of a man so dry that he is weather-cracked. The democratic party's situation right now reminds one of the man whose reputation for veracity was so poor that he had to hire a man to call his hogs. If that doesn't fit, then there is the story of the man who trained his hogs to come for their feed in answer to his pounding on a log with a hammer. A woodpecker made its home in the wood lot where the hogs were and the poor porkers ran themselves to death answering the call of the woodpecker as he pecked away at the log. Perhaps there are too many woodpeckers trying to be democratic leaders.

Mr. Garrett is not discouraged over the democratic outlook. If he were he simply wouldn't be the kind of a democrat he is. It is hard enough at best to discourage any democrat, least of all a democrat like Mr. Garrett, who has a lead pipe cinch on his political job.

### "LETTERS FROM OUR READERS."

One of the many interesting departments of The Omaha Bee is the "Letters From Our Readers," column. We welcome discussion of public questions by our readers. Much good is done by an exchange of opinion on subjects of interest to the people. But The Omaha Bee, in common with all other metropolitan newspapers, is subject to space limitations. Many persons are under the mistaken notion that daily newspapers are always worrying about something to "fill up." All the worry is the other way round.

So it is we advise our readers that while their contributions to the "Letters From Our Readers" department are always welcome, the most cordial welcome is accorded to the letters that are brief and to the point. Say it in the fewest words possible, and in the simplest words possible. And say nothing that you would be unwilling to stand sponsor for if called upon to do so. No attention is paid to anonymous letters. The Omaha Bee must know the name and address of the writer of every letter intended for that department, whether or not the name is used. We prefer to print the writer's name with all letters, but there is no hard and fast rule about it, save that we must know the name. This department may be made of constantly increasing interest if contributors will abide by the rules of the game.

### MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

The first thing some folks do after discovering something wrong is to rush to the legislature or to congress to get a law rectifying it. That is the easy way. After the law is enacted they can sit by with folded hands and sanctimonious smiles and say, "We secured a law against it, and our duty is done; now let the officers of the law attend to the matter." An Omaha minister of the gospel now declares that we must have a constitutional amendment providing uniform marriage and divorce laws.

That might result in fewer divorces, but whether it would increase morals is quite another question. The churches teach that marriages are made in heaven, and some churches do not recognize divorce. But is the solution to be found in legislative enactment, or even in sewing another patch on the federal constitution? Indiscriminate marriages and divorces are not due wholly to lack of uniform marriage and divorce laws. The startling increase in divorces is due mainly to the increase in hasty marriages, but hasty marriages are not due so much to loose marriage laws as they are to lack of home training, lack of church training and a disposition to depend upon legislation to make it difficult to

enter the marriage relation. Enacting a law and letting it go at that, instead of impressing upon our sons and daughters the solemn obligations of the marriage tie, results in hasty and therefore illy-considered marriages. The result is divorce. Making it legally difficult to marry is not the solution. As a remedy it might prove worse than the disease in our social life. Uniform marriage and divorce laws might help some, but greater help would come if parents and preachers, social workers and earnest reformers, would depend more upon education and Christian training and less upon the efficacy of enactments by fallible legislators.

### CITY AND COUNTY CONSOLIDATION.

City Commissioner Koutsky is so firmly convinced that a consolidation of city and county governments would be the best thing that he says he would be willing to be legislated out of office by it. That would seem to be the acme of faith in the worth of consolidation. Mayor Dahlman and Commissioner Koutsky assert that consolidation would mean a saving of a million dollars a year to the taxpayers.

Consolidation of city and county governments should be discussed on its merits, not on what it might do to certain political combinations or politicians. It is not a question to be decided off-hand, nor should economy be the only thing sought. The state has just had an example of economy at the expense of administration. If consolidation does not increase efficiency of administration as well as save a saving in costs; or if consolidation merely saves expenses and decreases efficiency, it will not be worth the effort.

Every thoughtful citizen knows that there is too much duplication in administering city and county affairs. It is well known that friction between the law enforcement forces is not calculated to deter crime. Even if consolidation cost a bit more but resulted in better law enforcement, greater safety to life and property and better returns in efficient administration, it would be worth while.

Consolidation has proved worth while in other places. It demands careful consideration. Whether the city shall be clothed with county powers, or whether the city limits be co-equal with the present county limits and Omaha dominate the whole, or whether present towns and villages shall retain their autonomy and the rest of the county be under consolidation—all these are questions that demand study and investigation by trained minds.

Not will it pay in dollars and cents, but will it pay in increased efficiency of government, should be the deciding motive. The conflicting interests of rival politicians must not be allowed to become a factor in the solution of the problem.

The attitude of Commissioner Koutsky in this respect is a fine example. He and Mayor Dahlman see the big issue. With their viewpoint governing in the matter we will have a decision upon the merits.

### IF THE HEART KEEPS YOUNG.

Far back in the recesses of memory there lingers a faint recollection of a song whose refrain was "December's as pleasant as May." It all depended on how one has spent one's time.

Now far be it from us to intimate or even hint that May Robson is in the December of her days. Quite the contrary, and exactly the opposite, so to speak. She will always be May in fact as well as in name, for she has acquired the real secret of remaining young. The years may come and go, leaving some outward traces of their flight upon the famous and favorite stage star, but never for a moment have they been able to leave a trace upon her heart. Those of us who have been privileged to welcome her each returning year for quite a procession of annual cycles, see her the same blithesome creature, and her perennial youth helps us to preserve our own.

May's annual visit to Omaha is not a mere occasion; it is an event. She has been spending her Thanksgivings in Omaha so long that it would really be impertinent to tell the exact number. It is nobody's business but May's anyhow. The one thing really worth while about it is that May likes Omaha so well that she marks it on the calendar for Thanksgiving. And many in Omaha like May so well that they have an extra reason for Thanksgiving because she wants to be in Omaha for the purpose of thanksgiving on Thanksgiving. That may be just a bit involved, but doubtless May will get what we mean. Perhaps we should address her as Miss Robson, but somehow or other it wouldn't just fit. It sort of rejuvenates us to call her May, just as it does to watch her. Watching May, be it known, is like taking a draught at the fountain Ponce de Leon did not find.

Forever youthful, forever renewing the youth of those who have laughed with her for so many years, May Robson administers the kind of tonic most needed these strenuous days. She just keeps young of heart, and thus hurls defiance in the face of accumulating years. And if May, bless her heart, can do it, the rest of us can if we try. We might not be as successful in our efforts as May has been, but we would be greatly benefited by having tried.

About the only things definitely decided in the Sheatsley case is that the woman is dead, that there is a furnace and that her body was found therein.

Charlie Chaplin has had almost as many fancies as Old Sleuth had authors or the charge of the Light Brigade has had last survivors.

There may be a score of reasons for calling an extra session of congress, but necessity for new legislation is not one of them.

## Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—  
Robert Worthington Davis

ENTREATY.  
Give me not the royal welcome  
Of a sovereign high and wise;  
Make the glad and simple greeting  
Of home-going my surprise;  
Let the common, joyous welcome  
Be my luxury to share,  
And my steps will be untrammelled,  
And I'll meet the thrush of care.  
Lead me not to fame where highness  
Looks aloft and walks with kings;  
Let me choose my friends and pleasures  
On accord with common things.  
Every particle of virtue  
On the lowly surface lies—  
Only that beyond the cosmos  
Has its haven in the skies.  
Give to me the common friendship  
And the trust of every day;  
Let me be forever loyal  
As I tread life's winding way—  
Give me not the royal welcome  
Of a sovereign high and wise;  
Make the glad and simple greeting  
Of home-going my surprise

## The Little Old Game of Leap Frog Never Grows Old



## Letters From Our Readers

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

### "Expert Opinion."

Omaha—To the Editor of The Bee: The lay public is getting to have little faith in the expert opinions handed to them these days. When the Dempsey-Willard fight was about to happen "expert opinions" from all the sport writers in the country were published in the daily press. The great majority of these so-called expert opinions were to the effect that Willard would beat Dempsey. Everyone knows how wrong these opinions were and how many people were fooled by them. A good many "experts" predicted that the democrats would win in this election, and some others that La Follette would win. Are these so-called experts really qualified to give a dependable opinion? Are they in a position to get reliable information? We have had expert opinion to the effect that the Cornhuskers would beat over, and that, instead of which they were licked to a frazzle. Does anyone blame us for becoming tired of listening to false prophets? Certainly these experts know better of choice, would we have a big vote this election. Did we? How did the experts know we would have a larger vote than usual? What did they base their opinions on? On the drive to get out the vote or on the appeal to civic pride and patriotism? Isn't it a fact that a good deal of the so-called expert opinion is simply guess work? It seems that just because a person has made some little stir in the world of education, literature or other lines, he must be taken as an authority on whatever theme he touches—takes a notion to become the exponent of. We have a noted author telling us that human nature is the same the world over, and that human nature is human; when the actual fact is that no two human natures are alike. If human nature were alike the world over, the humdrumness of existence would be unbearable. Yet we who read are expected to accept this sort of chatter for gospel truth. A lot of us are deluded in believing that there is about to be outlived by high opinions. Some of us believe one thing, some the other, but most of us don't take much stock in any of the so-called "good authority." We were told there was great danger of the presidential election being thrown into congress. The truth was, and surely lots of political sharps and newspaper experts should have known better, and if not, why not—that there never was the least danger of such an occurrence. The mere fact of the mediocre caliber of the opposing candidates should have been of defeat to any "expert." I know.

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**Abe Martin**  
  
They're cuttin' a street thro' th' ole Moots farm 't make a corner fer a fillin' station. We read th' other day that Bryan gave a talk, but we don't believe it.  
(Copyright, 1924.)

can get hold of. This is considered an opinion and is published in the press, when it should be thrown into the waste basket.  
MARTIN STRONG.

Some of the niftiest dancing steps are expounded by the hoofs of our wary boxers. This is on the idea that a good battler must also be a ready runner.—Los Angeles Times.

## SUNNY SIDE UP

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

Another thing that Does Not Worry Us: It is reported that Loeb and Leopold are not satisfied with conditions in the Joliet penitentiary.

Looking over the list of "Don'ts for Autoists" we failed to see one that should be included: "Don't be a Dashed-Blanked Fool at the Wheel."

Somebody is always taking the joy out of life. Just as we had felt all keyed up for the Thanksgiving feast, along came Fred Howard of the Clay Center Sun to talk about old days. Listen to what the old kill-joy says:

"I may get old, in sooth, some ill wishers assure me that I must get old, but never will the years be able to bury memories that come to me always at Thanksgiving time of a merry crowd of chrysanthemum-bedecked men, a great fireplace filled with blazing logs, a number of smiling attendants clad in white, steaming mugs of delicious liquids, great slabs of turkey breast, Johnnie Murphy who has since traded his apron for a harp, smiling Mickey Gibson, affable Tom—Oh, Thanksgiving day must be rather dreary now on lower Douglas."

With all due respect to the champion cornhuskers of today, they simply wouldn't have been in it with the top-notch cornhuskers of 50 years ago. As a boy we saw cornhuskers without a sign of glove or peg shuck and crib more corn in an hour than modern huskers could shuck and crib in a day. Seated around the stove in the office of old John Oliver's grist mill, or snuggling up to the stove in Ira Peters' shuck store, those old-time cornhuskers would keep 17 clearly gendered ears of corn in the air all day long. They shucked so fast it looked like one long curved ear of corn piling into the wagon. The ears collided with the throwboard so rapidly they made a sound like a snare drummer sounding the long roll. All they needed in the way of equipment was a well filled jug, and they would shuck along a row so fast they would meet themselves coming back. These tales of modern cornhusking make us laugh.

All of which reminds us of some of the old type-setting contests we had in the old days before Otto Mergenthaler butted into the game. Under ordinary conditions a string of 8,500 ems was considered a pretty fair day's work. But properly conditioned and in congenial surroundings we have seen those old-time hand-peckers set 3,000 ems an hour for eight hours hand-running and never take a foot off in the brass rail. The champion was a fellow who once set 12,600 ems in seven hours. But he was handicapped by working in a dark room and had to reach into a sack of pied type and carry each type to the window so he could tell what it was by the light of the moon.

There were real champions in those days. The champion fisherman was Tom Curry—he is yet, for that matter—who once caught a 13-pound black bass in Big Lake, Missouri. Tom still has the proof, for he marked the hole in the water where he pulled out the bass.

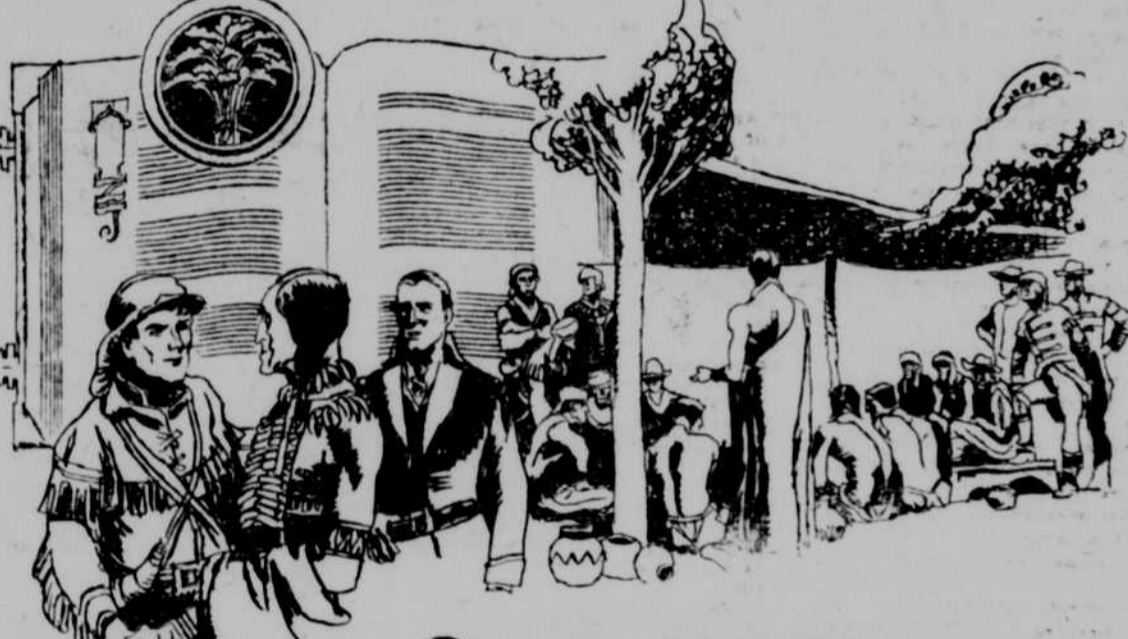
Brother Charley also has reason to be thankful. He is not being pestered by job hunters these days.

Two or three recent cross-word puzzles have caused Bibles to be opened that have been accumulating dust for many years.

A good old scout  
Is Hiram Reade.  
He always asks:  
"How much you need?"

Our idea of an optimist is a man who keeps his favorite stein locked up for fear it will get lost before he has an opportunity to use it again.  
WILLI M. MAUPIN.

## LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF NEBRASKA



**Thirty-five men in three boats set out for Nebraska**

THOMAS JEFFERSON was President. The Louisiana Purchase Act had just been passed and all formalities completed. Nebraska had become a part of the United States.

Little was known about it. So in the summer of 1803 an expedition consisting of three boats and about thirty-five men under the direction of Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark started out to explore the country along the Missouri and its tributaries.

In July they reached the mouth of the Platte where they rested and repaired their boats. Then proceeding up the river to a point about eighteen miles north of Omaha, they had a formal council with six chiefs of the Otoes and Missouri Indians at which the change in government from French to American was formally announced.

The ceremony was conducted with grave formality under an awning formed by the main sail of one of the boats. This was the first public business of the United States ever transacted in Nebraska.

The dim trails of the Indians and the wide tracks of buffalo herds have disappeared. In their place, Nebraska has good roads, cornfields and wheat fields by the square mile, millions of live stock, comfortable homes and busy cities. They are the gift of Nebraska's pioneers whose blood and toil, heroic courage, steadfastness and vision made them possible. The story of those brave days and people is an inspiring heritage. Their spirit lives on.

Year by year Nebraska marches forward establishing new records of achievement. In farm wealth and value of agricultural products per person, no state equals her. Hens and hogs, beef, sheep and grain and other agricultural products provide an income of over five hundred millions a year. Her manufactures yield an even greater sum.

Nebraska prospers. A pioneer in the service of all the people of Nebraska, a Nebraska institution operated in and for Nebraska by Nebraska citizens, the Standard Oil Company of Nebraska takes pride in its record of service. Since homesteading days, the Company has maintained and expanded a convenient system for the distribution of petroleum products that has kept step with Nebraska's requirements. Its measure of success and prosperity depends on the service it renders.

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