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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

TROUBLED WATERS.
Democracy in New York state, under the leadership of that genial and able vote-getter, Al Smith, is having engine trouble. Senator Royal S. Copeland apparently has thrown a chunk of lead in the machinery.

Governor Smith is a Tammany man, through and through, and it is fitting that he should be so. It was Big Tom Foley, one of the late Charles F. Murphy's chief lieutenants, who gave Smith his start in politics. Smith's star rose with the backing of Foley and Tammany, until one day there came the realization that the popular Al was stronger than his makers. But there was no jealousy; Smith and the Wigwag worked together in perfect harmony for the common good.

After Smith had been beaten in the three-ring circus at Madison Square Garden last summer during the free-for-all fracas for the democratic presidential nomination, he was drafted to run for a third term as governor. Tammany knew he was the only democrat who could win, and Smith knew it also. It would be a feather in his chapeau, and a bid for presidential honors in 1928. So Oliver street's favorite son campaigned against Colonel Roosevelt, ran nearly a million votes ahead of John W. Davis, and was the victor. However, the entire democratic state ticket, including both branches of the legislature, went down to inglorious defeat.

Al's smooth sailing, however, was short-lived. Attorney General Sherman, beaten for re-election, was the first to protest. Then came Senator Copeland, friendly to Mayor Hylan and William Randolph Hearst, neither of whom may be regarded as particularly cordial to Tammany. He called Smith a Venus de Milo, not a leader of the party. Said the senator:

"The recent election showed that Smith is not a party leader. A leader must take others with him, not take them alone. All the democratic nominees on the state ticket were defeated. The governor did not carry a county for them. If the governor would put his energy into the leadership he would be entitled to it. He has a position never before held by a public man and he deserves it. He is a great governor."

"Perhaps my phrase, Venus de Milo, was not well chosen. What I meant was that he was apart and aloof from all others and not a leader of the organization. The democratic party has made a failure of it in this state. That can not be controverted."

WORTH THINKING ABOUT.

Patrick Powers, a Madison (Wis.) policeman, shot and killed a man he detected prowling in his yard. The prowler proved to be a young university student. Powers was arrested and tried on the charge of manslaughter. The jury acquitted him. The attorney for Powers gave utterance to a sentiment worth thinking over when he said: "The policeman who shoots first is often taken into court, but the policeman who doesn't shoot first is often taken to the morgue."

That is a truth that many critics of the police force often overlook. The prowler, the yegg, the burglar and the highwayman are potential murderers. Nine times out of ten they are prepared to kill rather than submit to capture. Now and then a policeman may be in too great a hurry to shoot, but if he has been a policeman very long he knows that he is not going to a polite social function when he undertakes to apprehend a suspect. Members of the Omaha police force have had some bitter experiences with criminals they sought to arrest. Several officers have been killed and others wounded for life in gun battles with desperate men. One or two such experiences is enough to convince any policeman that the officer who shoots first may be taken into court, while the officer who waits to be the second to shoot is too apt to be taken to the morgue.

RAILWAY ECONOMIES.

At a recent meeting of the Association of Railway Executives in New York, figures were submitted showing that during the last twelve months the railroads had saved \$932,591,000 by efficient and economical administration. This saving in expense of operation was accomplished without reducing wages. Part of the saving was due to a reduction in the cost of material, but the bulk was saved by better methods of administration.

Of the nearly billion dollars thus saved the shipping public benefited to the extent of \$667,000,000 in reduced freight rates. These freight reductions could not have been made had it not been for efficient and economical administration. Today the railroads of the United States are in better physical

condition than ever before in their history. During the last two years the railroads have expended more than two billion of dollars for new equipment, including locomotives and cars. As a result of this policy the railroads are today rendering the most satisfactory service in their history. The periodical complaint of car shortage heard so often in days gone by, has not been heard for a long time, due to enlarged equipment and vastly improved methods of moving traffic. The railroads have made wonderful forward strides since the day when they were handed back to their owners in an utterly demoralized condition. If not further hampered by ill-considered legislation, and subject to no more government interference than is absolutely necessary in the interests of the public, the time will soon come when the railroads will not only be able to render the service the people are entitled to, but will be able to do it at rates considerably below the present level.

WHERE JUSTICE LIMPED.

Stannie Clayton, negro longshoreman of Norfolk, Va., is entitled to sympathy. More than that, he is entitled to a better brand of justice. If the justice meted out to him is the kind that the golden goddess hands out while blindfolded, then she ought to take her blinders off once in a while. We are here to claim, realizing full well that we are outside the jurisdiction of the Norfolk police court, and therefore safe from punishment for contempt—as we were saying when we interrupted ourselves, we claim that Stannie Clayton wasn't treated right at all.

Going home a week ago, his weekly pay envelope snugly in his pocket, the same containing \$40, the reward of weary toil, Stannie was held up by highwaymen and dispossessed of his cash. The next payday Stannie armed himself with a large-calibered revolver, and when he arrived at the scene of the holdup he stopped and in a loud voice invited the highwaymen to work that little game a second time. There being no response to his invitation, Stannie proceeded to perforate the circumambient atmosphere with bullets, probably to give emphasis to the notice that he was prepared to protect his cash. Unfeeling and prosaic policemen, devoid of sentiment and ignorant of the mental processes of the colored man's mind, pinched him and haled him before his zone. He was charged with carrying concealed weapons and shooting. It was no Daniel that sat in judgment on Stannie's case. Neither was it anyone even remotely resembling Portia. Stannie was fined \$70 and sent to jail for 30 days.

Of course Stannie should not have perforated the atmosphere when the highwaymen refused to emerge and be perforated. That much is granted. But at that he did not deserve to be slammed into jail, when all he meant to do was to serve notice that he wouldn't stand for any more monkey business at the hands of highwaymen. A gentle reprimand would have been sufficient. That is probably all he would have received had there been no colored pigment under his hide. Really and truly, Justice ought to take a peep now and then.

THE RECALTRANT SENATORS.

Republican senators in conference at Washington by an overwhelming vote decided to place the ban of disapproval upon Senators La Follette, Ladd, Frazier and Brookhart. These four senators, elected as republicans, will not be invited into future conferences called for the purpose of discussing party policies. Their present committees will not be disturbed, but their names will not be considered when the time comes to fill any republican vacancies on senate committees. Senator Howell opposed the adoption of the resolution, and Senator Norris characterizes the action as a "piece of vaudeville."

The right of these senators to sit, and their right to exercise their individual opinions, will not be denied. But their republican colleagues are clearly within their rights when they refuse to let the four senators named, ostensibly republicans, use their position to thwart the expressed will of the republican majority, and to inject into the well considered and carefully formulated republican program the peculiarisms of state socialism, communism, and other theories directly contrary to the principles of the party to which they primarily owe their election. By their own actions these four senators have set themselves apart from the party that made their political preferment possible, and they have no good grounds for complaining if the party leaders take steps to protect the party from their maraudings. No business organization would tolerate the constant interference of a little group of men intent upon wrecking the whole organization. No general would be able to achieve success when his assistants were doing everything in their power to frustrate his plans and lend aid and comfort to the enemy. The four senators named may now flock by themselves. If they throw any more monkey-wrenches into the party machine, they will have to do it at long-distance range. They no longer have the keys to the engine room and a free access to the toolbox.

Just as soon as that little trouble in Egypt is settled we may have an opportunity to learn just what it was that Great Britain wanted from the Egyptians.

Senator Curtis of Kansas succeeds Senator Lodge of Massachusetts as senate floor leader. It took a long time to make the jump that far west.

The cables fail to inform us what the League of Nations is doing while Great Britain's fleet is headed towards Egypt.

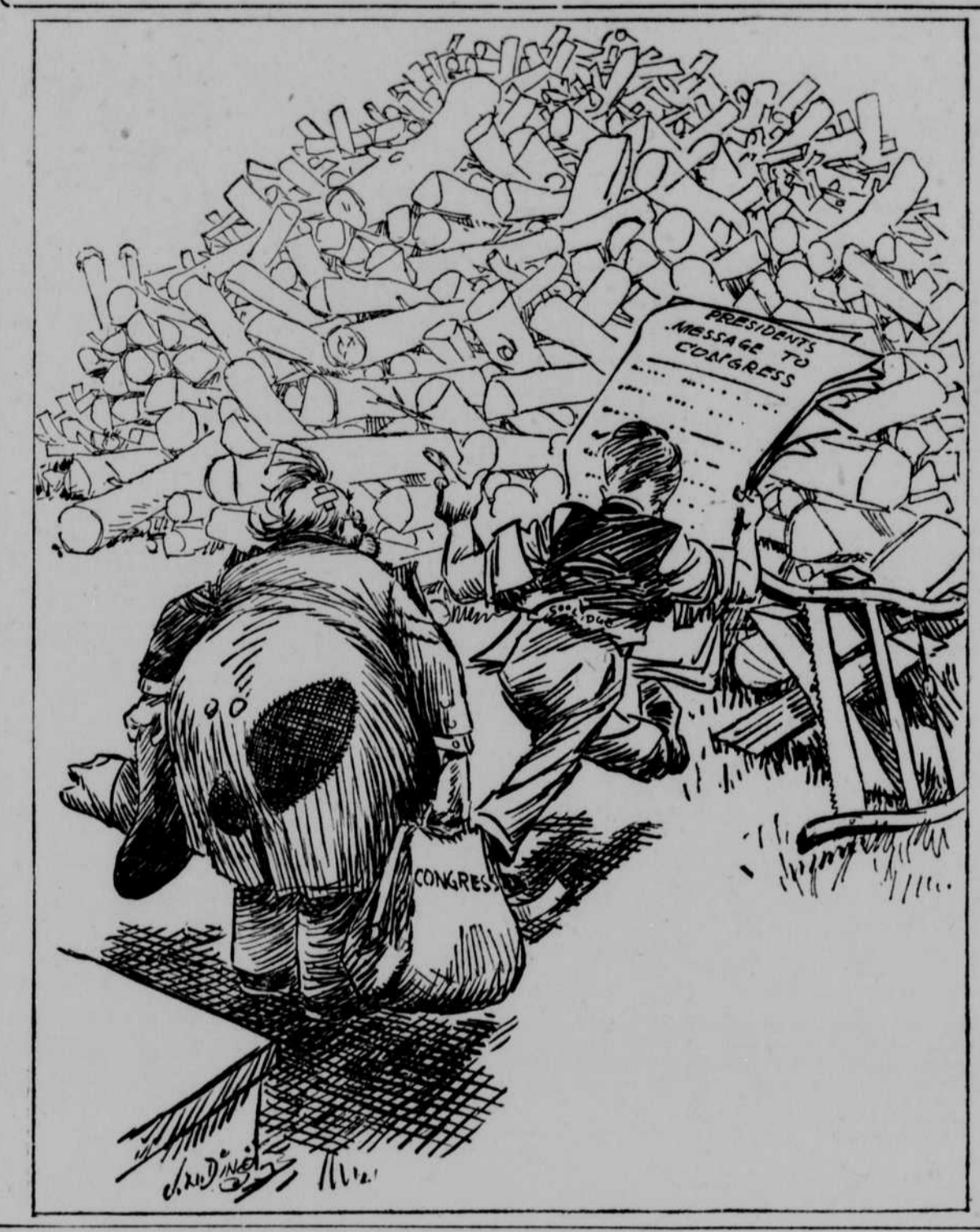
Now that Charley Chaplin is safely married again, let us all hope that he has put his funny foot in again.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davis

I WONDER?
A dark cloud advances,—
A crane-hanger prances
Around in the shadows of woe.
A wish goes unspoken,
A promise lies broken,—
But straight on my journey I go.
The stock market falls me,
And poverty trails me—
There's strife and there's tumult galore;
Good fortune defies me,
And naught can surprise me
So much I already deplore.
I falter, I blunder—
I hate it like thunder!
But nothing is gained by regret.
One better be dying
Half happily trying
To gain what he knows he can't get.
Than moaning and living,
Incessantly giving
His tears for the others to dry.
And wringing his fingers—
Because while he lingers
The others could joyfully die.

Right This Way, Please



"From State and Nation" —Editorials from Other Newspapers—

What Will Congress Do?
From the Chicago Herald and Examiner.
Next Monday congress will assemble—the same old congress that fought with bitter enthusiasm all through last winter, until as an institution it came to be regarded as a kind of rash upon the body politic—something like prickly heat, itching, irritating and unreasonable.
Quite generally it is assumed that not a great deal will be accomplished at the session. Legislation for farm relief, the burning question before both houses last winter, may be passed along to the new congress a year later.
Prices of grain are high right now, and the consensus of those who are presumed to know most about the crop shortage in European countries is that prices will go much higher before another harvest in the United States and Canada.
With such a prospect, it will be difficult to make the country at large believe that right at this time agriculture needs legislative assistance.
Taxation is the big subject that may receive most attention. But even that may be more discussed than modified.
With the new congress in 1925 the administration will come into its own emphatically.
In the senate, allowing the three seats formerly occupied by Senators Lodge, Colt and Brandegee to republicans, there will be 35 republicans, 49 democrats and one farmer-laborite. But at least five of the republicans must be counted with the opposition because of their established insurgency. This allows a republican majority of four.
William Tyler Page, clerk of the house of representatives, makes the alignment of that body 247 republicans.

Pilgrimage of the 1,800.
From the Milwaukee Journal.
Eighteen hundred school children of Iowa and Missouri, in three special trains, are visiting Lincoln's tomb on Thanksgiving day. A good deal of work is required to organize such a pilgrimage, but it is worth a good deal. At no other spot on the continent does one feel so much that he is in the presence of the real America as when he stands beneath the silent shaft at Springfield. The children will be shown through the archives in which the old keeper has gathered all he could about the human side of Lincoln, such stories as that of the saint, homely candidate growing a beard at the advice of a little girl. They will stand in the room, beneath whose floor rests the great leader, and perhaps will wander down to the old stables to read those words of Lincoln to his neighbors when he left for Washington. And they will return to Iowa and Missouri resolved to be better Americans. A good way, too, to remind us all of one of the things we should be thankful for—that we have ever had leaders who rose to heights and gave their countrymen a new vision and new standards.
Word of Protest.
"Gu'ch held up to attention as a tough town," said Cactus Joe.
"But you have an occasional crime wave."
"You got to have more'n a popula-

tion of 37 to make a crime wave, or countin' Coyote Charley, we'll say 37 1/2. We have traveled an' made notes. Compared to a regular Chicago crime wave, the worst the Gulch could do would resemble a drouth."—Washington Star.
Among the differences between the sexes which persist in spite of everything are suspenders and giggles.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

Abe Martin



Lige Bentley, who's wife ran off last June, an' who's only daughter disappeared with a fillin' station bandit last month, an' who's home was sold for taxes last week, succeeded last night on account of carbon trouble, Mrs. Lufe Bud was up town 'day fer th' first time since she didn't git an invitation 't th' Literary Digest poll. (Copyright, 1924.)

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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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LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF NEBRASKA



The Price of Progress

WHEN Abraham Lincoln approved the building of the Union Pacific, the nation was in the throes of the Civil War. About half a million Americans in the West were cut off from rail communication with the rest of the nation.
So the gigantic task of building 2,000 miles of railroad across Indian-infested plains, through deserts and over forbidding mountains was undertaken. Begun December 1st, 1863, the last spike was driven May 10th, 1869.
Besides engineering difficulties overcome and hardships and privations endured from the blazing summer sun and winter's blizzards, the attacks of hostile Indian tribes had to be faced. Rifles, revolvers and knives were just as necessary tools as shovels, crow bars and pick axes.
Across the prairies swept bands of painted Sioux killing and scalping stragglers and

perate fight. This is known as the Plum Creek Massacre. It was part of the price of progress.
In the settling of Nebraska a heavy toll of blood and toil and suffering was paid, by the hardy pioneers who turned unfenced prairies into tilled fields. They were men and women who showed the qualities that make every American proud of his country and people.
With few and scattered trees when the first settlers came, Nebraska now has orchards that produce more apples than the states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho combined. Her hens contribute thirty million dollars toward her billion dollar annual income. Her death rate is 16 percent lower than that of California. And Nebraska has no state debt.
Nebraska goes forward. Since kerosene lamps and lanterns first lighted her sod houses, petroleum products have been necessary supplies. With the introduction of gasoline-driven automobiles, tractors, trucks, lighting and water systems, they have been vitally important to the growth and prosperity of the state.
A pioneer in developing a service that makes these supplies available in all parts of the state, the Standard Oil Company of Nebraska is a home company chartered under the laws of the state, doing business in Nebraska and directed and operated by residents of Nebraska.
THIS is one of a series of advertisements in which historic spots and incidents in Nebraska history will be featured. If you desire a complete file of them, write the Standard Oil Company of Nebraska and the complete series will be mailed to you as soon as the last advertisement has appeared.
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H. W. PIERPONT Sec.-Treas.
C. N. HUMPHREY Asst. Gen. Mgr.

SUNNY SIDE UP
Take comfort, nor forget,
That Sunrise never failed us yet.
Celia Thaxter

Thoughts while taking a Sunday afternoon stroll around Omaha: Medical Arts building looks like Christmas tree the week after. Huge telephone building makes one wonder who it was that said "talk is cheap." Removing top story of old Rohrbough block calls to mind that at one time it was considered "some" building.
In old days we used to cover the courthouse run as a reporter. Our legs still get full of cramps when we look at present magnificent court house and remember the stern million steps we climbed in the old days when the court house stood on top of a mountain. There was a time when Omaha would have been perfectly level if it had been twice as hilly.
Brief glimpse of Will Norris. Recalled old cigar store on Farnam between Fourteenth and Fifteenth. Those were the days of ticket brokers. Took a long time for the railroads to reach unanimous agreement to put the brokers out of business.
Site of new Federal Reserve bank building. Forcefully reminded that banks have been too blamed reserved to suit. Probably better for both of us.
Used to wonder how so many saloons managed to pay expenses. Now we wonder how so many filling stations manage it. Wonder more about the latter, if possible, because we don't use gasoline.
Heavily befurred woman riding in limousine and fondling diminutive dog. Some babies are wonderfully lucky. Over on lower Douglas street. Walked a couple of blocks and wasn't "panhandled" once. It wasn't like that in the olden days.
Display windows crowded with Christmas goods. Toys are more expensive than they were when we were a boy. At that they are easier to buy now than they were then. Remember how much candy we could get for a dime when you were a boy?
Magnificent motion picture theater on site of old Continental block. Those were the days when a man could get a good all-wool suit for the price of a vest these days. Remember, what a dandy good restaurant Rome Miller used to run in that block?
Southwest corner Sixteenth and Dodge. Just saw by dispatches that Cadet Taylor has been elected to California state senate. He used to be connected with a bank located on that corner. Old book shop on North Sixteenth. Wish it was closer in. We'd like to prow around in it more than is possible now.
Twenty-fourth and Farnam now one of busiest intersections in Omaha. It was away out in the suburbs when we first chased the elusive item through Omaha streets. Excitation about selling county poor farm reminds us that when it was first located there was complaint that it was too distant and out of the way.
What became of the old shot tower located west of the Sixteenth street viaduct? Speaking of metal reminds us of the time when pig silver used to be piled up on express trucks down at the old cowshed depot. It has been a long time since we saw a cowboy in chaps and sombrero, rifle in hand, getting off a train at an Omaha depot. Used to be a common sight.
Has anybody seen an overcoat made from a buffalo hide recently?
Do your Christmas shopping for us early. We wouldn't have you worry about us for a single minute.
WILL M. MAUPIN.