

THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publisher
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The Omaha Bee is a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, the recognized authority on circulation audits, and The Omaha Bee's circulation is regularly audited by their organization.

Entered as second-class matter May 28, 1908, at Omaha postoffice, under act of March 3, 1879.

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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

FALSE ECONOMY.

Saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung-hole has been the policy of the state administration for the past two years. Saving money by failing to make needed and necessary repairs to state property, thus necessitating increased expenditures later, is a fine way to make a temporary showing of economy, but it results in added expense.

Making a brave showing of decreased expenditures by failing to carry out a well prepared road program is calculated to deceive for a time, but sooner or later comes the realization that the so-called economy is not economy at all. The expenses of the state have been reduced during the last two years, not by a more careful administration but by failing to expend money for things actually needed. This is particularly true of the road department.

The apparent saving in road expenditures has been more than offset by the increased demands that will be made upon the state to make repairs that should have been taken care of before they became so extensive. The roads of Nebraska have been neglected, and roads once in good shape have been left to go to ruin because of a false economy that sought, for political purposes, to show a saving in expenditures. It will cost far more to put these roads back into shape than it would have cost to keep them in good repair. A comprehensive road program adopted after mature deliberation and satisfactory to the people most interested, has been made the plaything of partisan politics. Nebraskans want good roads. They are entitled to good roads. They are willing to pay for good roads. All they are demanding is that the money put up shall be expended wisely and with beneficial results. Least of all do they want the matter of road building made the football of partisan politics.

The people are rightfully complaining of excessive taxation. The burden of their complaint, however, is not the amount of taxes they pay, but the inefficient manner in which the taxes they pay are expended. If they secured 100 cents' worth of results from every dollar of taxes paid, the complaints would be reduced to a minimum. The tax dollar is the easiest spent dollar of all. As a general thing it gets less return than any other dollar.

If the tax dollar were as wisely used as the dollar expended in private business, not only would the burden of taxation be lessened, but the actual results would be greater.

The taxpayers of Nebraska have a right to expect of the incoming state administration that it will lighten the tax burden. They also have a right to expect better results for the dollars expended. They are not so much interested in saving at the expense of the state's unfortunates, or the road program, as they are in getting results from the dollars they pay in the shape of taxes. In short, they are not so much interested in totals as they are in results. There is not so much need for tax revision as there is for better results from tax expenditures. If the taxpayers get what they pay for they will not complain so much about the tax burden.

Governor McMillen may be depended upon to pay more attention to giving the state a business administration than to building up a political machine and making for himself a record of economy at the expense of the real needs of the commonwealth. In other words, he may be depended upon to pay as much attention to the bung-hole as he does to the spigot. And that, after all is said and done, is the main thing demanded by the taxpayers of the state—to get the things needed without the waste too often following in the wake of public expenditures.

A MATTER OF MINUTES.

A minute is only sixty seconds long. But a minute means a whole lot when wrongfully saved or wrongfully expended. Many trains have been missed by a minute. Many a big business deal has failed by the misuse of a minute. A minute sooner or a minute later at the grade crossing and the automobile wouldn't have been wrecked nor the lives lost. A few minutes gave Los Angeles a big chance to crow over San Francisco, and those same few minutes cost San Francisco long-continued pangs of envy.

The ZR-3 is the huge German dirigible that Germany was politely requested to build and send over to take the place of one awarded but destroyed. When it came across it was hailed with great acclaim, but of course Uncle Sam wanted some other than a German name and number. So he let it be known that he was open to suggestions. The mayor of San Francisco wired asking that it be given the name of his city. The mayor of Los Angeles wired requesting that the big bag of gas be named after his city. But the mayor of San Francisco saved a few cents by sending a night telegraph letter, while the mayor of Los Angeles sent his as a straight message. The San Francisco wire was sent a little earlier, but it reached Washington a few minutes behind the Los Angeles wire. So the gas bag was rechristened "Los Angeles." Whereupon the trouble between the two California cities broke out afresh. Incidentally, the strife between the two has added to the troubles and perplexities of Secretary Wilbur.

The mayor of San Francisco saved a few cents, but the minutes lost were fatal. So far as his beloved city is concerned the delay was as fatal as

was the delay of a few minutes on the part of a certain French general at Waterloo to Napoleon.

But he has one consolation left, even though it be a poor one. It is quite appropriate, as no doubt he has since pointed out, that the huge gas bag should be christened "Los Angeles." If he has failed to make note of the appropriateness he is unfitted for his high position.

In this connection we are reminded of the conference between citizens of St. Paul and Minneapolis, the object of which was to select a suitable name for the consolidated cities. Things were going swimmingly and a man suggested "Minnehaha," and explained that it was peculiarly fitting, "Minne" for Minneapolis and the "ha ha" for St. Paul. Whereupon the meeting broke up in disorder.

But the moral of this editorial observation is: "Watch the minutes."

THEIR COSTLY ADVICE.

Several weeks before election the price of wheat began advancing. Immediately certain leaders of a political faction gave voice to the charge that the advance was part of a nefarious plot on the part of the managers of the republican campaign to deceive the farmers.

"They'll push up the price of wheat just to fool you!" shrieked the Shipsteads and the Magnus Johnsons. "Don't be fooled, boys. It's all a part of the game. Just as soon as the election is over the price will slump. Sell now and fool 'em!"

And thousands of farmers dumped millions of bushels of wheat on a rising market. They followed the advice of the prophets of calamity and disaster. Just how much it cost them to follow that advice will never be known, but it cost plenty. Election has come and gone, but instead of the price of wheat falling off it has shown a steady advance. Those who could have held on, but did not because they listened to the Shipsteads and the Johnsons, are now asking themselves: "Did it pay to listen?"

It most assuredly did not. It never does pay to listen to the calamity wailers and the prophets who croak about disaster.

The greatest enemy the farmer has is the scheming politician who appeals to his prejudices and seeks to bolster up the failing cause of a party by delirious wails of impending disaster. In order to bolster up their waning fortunes these pretended friends cost the farmers they pretended to serve many millions of dollars.

A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY.

On December 4 the Orpheum theater management will celebrate the twenty-sixth anniversary of the opening of its Omaha playhouse. The Orpheum circuit was a rather small affair when it opened its Omaha house under the name of Creighton Orpheum, it carried that name for a time because the Creighton theater, built by John A. Creighton and named in his honor, was one of the best known playhouses in the west. The name had considerable value to the then new theatrical enterprise. Later the name of Creighton was dropped and the theater known as the Orpheum.

Since the Omaha Orpheum was opened the circuit has been greatly enlarged, and of course the attractions have become better with each passing year. This is due to the fact that longer engagements are possible, better salaries guaranteed and greater artists interested.

Vaudeville has made great strides during the last quarter of a century. It is an evolution. It did not have an easy road to travel. But by merit it has made for itself a high place in the amusement world and is today the most popular form of theatrical attraction. Vaudeville managers have to keep just a bit ahead of the times. They must produce something new and unusual every season. They have overcome many prejudices and in many ways revolutionized theatrical procedure.

Omaha has always been fortunate in the selection of managers of the local Orpheum, and never more so than in the selection of the present manager, Mr. Hartung. That he is in charge during the week of celebrating that popular theater's twenty-sixth anniversary is a matter upon which the local theatergoers may well congratulate themselves. He sees to it that Orpheum patrons get the very best, both in stage attractions and in courtesy from house attaches.

A pair of Hastings students eloped and were married in Kansas. They expected to keep their marriage secret, but a blowout on the way back compelled publicity. They will be doubly fortunate if that is the only blowout they have along the marital route.

At the American colony Thanksgiving dinner in London the Prince of Wales spoke in flattering terms of Chicago. Had he visited Omaha he would have danced a jig on the Thanksgiving table.

A fashion magazine says the wasp waist is gone forever. The office misanthrope grows something to the effect that the pointed tongue is still present in considerable numbers.

The first thing we know one of these fellows trying to modernize the Bible will be telling us that Eve ate the apple so she would be able to learn where to park her car.

The Nebraska legislator, who neither introduces a bill nor makes a speech on the floor, will be entitled to a prominent niche in Nebraska's Hall of Fame.

Leonard Kip Rhinelander seems to have overlooked the chance to make the excuse that he was color blind.

The Lame Duck session will make itself famous by refraining from enacting any quick legislation.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davis

MAIL YOUR PARCELS EARLY.
Pack and wrap your parcels
With the greatest tact and care,
Address them distinctly,—
And they'll travel quickly there;
Mail your parcels early
To avoid the rush and jam—
Have a kindly feeling
For the boys of Uncle Sam.
Play your part in helping
To adjust the overflow
Which the Christmas mailing
Makes unusual, you know,
Every little effort will
Do much to expedite
Parcels of all classes,
And the messages you write.
Think of those who serve you—
Ever faithful, ever true,—
Thoughtful of your promise,
And your expectation too;
Mail your parcels early
To avoid the rush and jam—
Have a kindly feeling
For the boys of Uncle Sam.

If Thick Fur Portends a Long, Hard Winter—



IT'S CERTAINLY GOING TO BE A TOUGH SEASON IN SOME QUARTERS.



"From State and Nation"

—Editorials from Other Newspapers—

Calling in the United States.
From The Chicago News:
Deferring to the United States as a great disinterested power capable of stepping in and bringing about concerted action in the face of seemingly hopeless deadlock is becoming more and more common among European statesmen. The belief that America comes to a conference table with clean hands and genuine humanitarian sympathies is at the base of this attitude.
It will be interesting to note whether or not the American delegation to the international conference which is discussing the grave problem of the world's opium traffic. Here, certainly, is a hard task for any adviser. The cause of humanity must be supported against nations that have important financial interests involved. A concrete proposal must be made to delegations that apparently are more interested in salvaging consciences with generalizations than in taking any specific action.
In spite of the difficulties it is to be hoped that the five American delegates will be able to induce the conference to agree to discontinue the importation of raw opium from China for a period of years, at least, until that country shall be in a position to make its own restrictions. It is also to be hoped that the Americans will be able to obtain an agreement limiting the manufacture of narcotics to the medical and scientific needs of the world.
Forest Thrift.
From The New York Herald-Tribune:
The aspect of forest thrift which directly concerns the National Conference on Utilization of Forest Products is the prevention of waste in the process of lumbering and manufacture. President Coolidge in his impressive address to the conference on the forest problem laid proper emphasis on this wastefulness. Nearly two-thirds of the total volume of cut timber is lost before the wood is put to use. About one-third of this loss, it is estimated, can be saved by skillful economy in cutting and manufacture, a saving almost equivalent to the yearly growth of timber. The conference gives promise of intelligent and concerted effort to eliminate in large part this unnecessary drain on the timber supply.
The greater menace, however, is the progressive depletion of the forests beyond the power of renewal. At the present rate of destruction the exhaustion of the unprotected forests can be predicted with mathematical certainty. About 25 per cent of the consumption is made good by new planting each year. Manifestly, the end is in sight unless restraint is practiced along with a great extension of scientific reforestation.
Regarding the national forests,

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have benefited, to those who are in need of it.
A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."
According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.
You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

Abe Martin

Thousands Recommend it

THEY have learned from experience that no matter how many other remedies have been tried without success, Resinol Ointment is often the one that brings speedy relief from chafing, eczema or similar itching, embarrassing eruptions.

Its soothing healing action is brought about by qualities which cause it to sink deep into the pores and reach the very root of the disorder. It is absolutely harmless and does not smart or burn when applied to the most irritated surface.

To keep the skin healthy many people have adopted the daily use of Resinol Soap. It surpasses for toilet and bath. All druggists sell Resinol products.

RESINOL

Lafe Bud and his wife have finally gone back together again, Lafe reservin' one day a week for independent action. If you ain't seen your wife smile at a traffic cop you ain't seen her smile her purtiest. (Copyright, 1924.)

SUNNY SIDE UP

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

If the boys of today are getting any kick out of the kind of books offered, all we have to say is that they are teetotally unlike what boys were when we were going barefooted in summer and wearing red-topped boots in winter. Of late we have been performing the task of reviewing a bunch of books for boys offered for the Christmas trade, and if they have any interest for modern boys we feel sorta' sorry for the boys. There were real boys' books in the old days—books that held our boyish interest so closely that even today we can pick one of them up and forget all about the strenuous life.

There is Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy" for instance. We confess that even now a lump comes into our throat when we read about little Benny drifting out to sea, never to return. And we know yet just how Tom Bailey felt when, after years of separation, he recognized his pet pony morning in a circus ring. We can realize lazily on the old couch and shake with laughter as we read how Tom and his pals fired off those old 1812 cannon down on the water front, to the dismay of the old inhabitants.

Although there is more silver in our hair than we like to notice, we can pick up "Treasure Island" and dig for pirate gold, shudder at Long Tom Silver's cussedness and, figuratively speaking, flee in dismay from those bloodthirsty enemies. We haven't been able to throw a single shudder or giggle a single giggle while reading all these up-to-date offerings for boys. In the whole lot of them there isn't a single, solitary red-blooded lad like Tom Sawyer or Huck Finn. We wouldn't trade Tom Brown for the whole bunch of boys embalmed in these modern books for boys.

To be real frank about it, we would sooner feed our boys on the Rollo Books than on the books prepared for them these days, and the Rollo Books are, in our opinion, the last word in literary punkdom. Before we forget it, we are going to hustle out and endeavor to locate two or three of Harry Castleman's series of books for boys. We have a couple of lousy lads still romping around the family domicile, and we want to get them some boys' books worth reading. In strict confidence, we have some boys' books worth reading. We sorta' home to read the "Gun Boat Boys" again.

The greatest Christmas present we ever received, or at least it is the one that remains most firmly fixed in memory, was a steam engine. A boy friend of ours secured it as a prize for getting a new subscription to a Boston periodical, and gave it to us. That was fully a half-century ago, but we can still feel the thrill that went through us when it got up steam and actually ran. We are rather inclined to get our boys one, just so we can steam it up and watch it run. Maybe the boys will enjoy it, too.

There are some people who deprecate football because it is such a brutal game. When they were boys they probably never played that old game wherein you get soaked in the ribs with a solid rubber ball when you tried to break out of the bullpen, and got socked harder if you tried to remain inside.

We are naturally of a mild and gentle disposition, slow to wrath and not at all vindictive. But we serve notice here and now that we want our children to learn the truth about Santa Claus for themselves, and the man or woman who sows the seeds of suspicion in their childish minds, no matter for what reason, would do well to keep well out of reaching or hearing distance.

The chief trouble about this "do your Christmas shopping early" stuff is that it is so blurring hard to find any place around the house to hide the stuff for the kiddies.

Answer to Query: We opine that a pair of slippers, size 8, would be all right.

Answer to Another Query: We prefer one with a straight stem. WILL M. MAUPIN.

with a saxophone flood of revised ragtime is relatively inconsequential. The important fact is the artistic recognition of joy-music implied by such offer.
There would seem to be no good reason, granted a jazz opera were written, why it should not be performed. Apart from visualizing Galli-Curci as Grace, the gum-chewing stenographer, or the ever-vernal Scott as an elegant lounge lizard, the proposition appears simple enough. The foundation for virtually every opera thus far written might be made to look like a novelty in the guise of "Glad Rags" and "Caroline Carrie," and what the saxophone section, 25 or 30 strong, could not do to the tired business man and his equally fatigued mate is a matter that passes words.
Roy Haynes claims prohibition is succeeding because there is less friction in its enforcement. But there is no less friction—Columbia Record.

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PENNSYLVANIA ANTHRACITE EGG	\$21.00
COLORADO ANTHRACITE EGG	\$20.00
THERMO NUT	\$13.50
THERMO SPADRA GRATE	\$17.00
SPADRA GRATE	\$16.50
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COLORADO NUT	\$13.25
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COLORADO LIGNITE LUMP	\$10.00
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ROYAL FURNACE	\$10.50
ROYAL LUMP	\$10.50
CARBON STOVE	\$ 7.50
CARBON FURNACE	\$ 8.00
CARBON LUMP	\$ 8.50
APCO IOWA BLOCK	\$ 9.00
VULCAN BLACKSMITHING COAL	\$19.75

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