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MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

BORING FROM WITHIN.

C. A. Sorenson of Lincoln, who has experimented with more kinds of political isms and failures than almost any other man in his generation, is quoted as saying that all efforts to organize a successful third party must of necessity prove futile. He now proposes to return to the socialistic program of "boring from within" and capturing the republican party, that being the dominant party.

The specious arguments put forth by Mr. Sorenson to support his position would do credit to Machiavelli. That distinguished Florentine declared that any means adopted by ruling houses to maintain their power would be justified by the end sought. He very definitely pointed out means whereby princes and rulers might secure and maintain authority without the consent of the governed.

The downright dishonesty of the plan proposed by Mr. Sorenson does not seem to bother that gentleman a bit. The plan in effect is for the diverse and divergent elements that made such a fiasco of the third party movement register as republicans. That their political beliefs are the exact opposite of republican doctrine is to cut no figure. Once inside the party fold these disguised political highwaymen are to proceed to capture the party machinery and use it to their own ends. To use another simile, the Sorensons are to stow away on the republican craft, and at the auspicious moment break loose, scuttle the ship and escape in the lifeboats, leaving the faithful crew and regular passengers to their fate.

To hoodwink and deceive, to outrage every known rule of political decency, to don priestly robes to gain entrance to the temple for its defilement, are not worse than the plan proposed by Sorenson. Were he to advocate joining the Masons in order to make its secret work public to the world, or joining some church denomination in order to spread doubt and destroy faith, he would be guilty of no worse offense against public decency than he is when he advocates deceiving the people by surreptitiously seizing the machinery of a political party to work for the success of schemes he knows full well the people would not accept were they fully informed.

Mr. Sorenson's predilection for emulating the example of Machiavelli has been exposed on divers and sundry occasions. The most recent expose was that of his effort to destroy party organizations by surreptitiously amending the constitution to prohibit party designations on the ballot, the scheme being disguised as merely a proposition to remove the party circle from the ballot. He now proposes that the machinery of the primary be prostituted by pretended friends in order that he and his political ilk may foist their peculiar views upon the country.

There is one sure method whereby the political Sorensons, freebooters sailing the political seas, may be defeated in their plans, whether those plans be to capture the republican party or to capture the democratic party. That method is for republicans and democrats who are such from principle to see to it that only true blue believers in those principles are put on guard.

LOCAL IMPROVEMENT CLUBS.

There is just one trouble about this improvement club idea—there are not enough of such clubs. There should be many of them scattered all over Greater Omaha, and citizens interested in civic betterment should take an active interest in their deliberations. It is in such clubs local questions of the most vital importance can be threshed out. There plans for civic betterment may be formulated, discussed, perfected and put over.

Schemes founded on ulterior motives that might be put over on the masses are pretty sure to be thwarted if analyzed in clubs composed of wide-awake citizens. Improvement plans that might die if submitted to the mass and left undiscussed and unexplained, may easily be carried out if they are found to be wise after careful analysis by groups of interested citizens meeting here and there all over the city.

More improvement clubs like the few already organized and at work would arouse greater interest in public matters, would cultivate greater civic pride, and would tend to civic betterment by reason of making more neighbors and fewer near dwellers. The improvements clubs already at work are doing a great public service. More clubs of the same kind would do a greater public service.

WHAT THE PEOPLE EXPECT.

The overwhelming majority given Adam McMullen, and the republican majority of the legislature, combine to give the people of Nebraska the right to expect a common-sense session and a common-sense administration, instead of another two years of personal self-advertising and constant friction. By a majority never before recorded the people have declared themselves to be weary of political grandstanding, and desirous only of being relieved from constant annoyances at the hands of hare-brained reformers and wild political theorists.

Nebraska is not in need of a lot of new laws. There is greater need for law repeal, amendment to existing laws and better enforcement of all laws. The greatest need of all is a definite and well-con-

sidered plan of administration that will reduce costs and increase efficiency; that will forward the work of internal improvements, and will give the taxpayers 100 cents' worth of service for every dollar they pay in the shape of taxes. The people are not demanding the impossible; they are demanding a business administration for the benefit of the whole state instead of a political administration founded on a desire to advance some individual's political fortunes. Governor McMullen and a republican house and senate working together harmoniously and with the single purpose of meeting as far as humanly possible the desires of the people, are in a position to confer great benefits upon the state at large. They are not expected to do more; they can not do less and be true to the commission given them.

SOLVING THE FREIGHT PROBLEM.

If the citizens of Nebraska but knew it they have the ability to solve, at least to a great extent, the problem of decreased freight charges, and without recourse to congress or commissions. A few cases in point may serve to make plain the method whereby decreased freight costs may be obtained.

Nebraska annually produces millions of pounds of wool, and every pound of it is shipped to the Atlantic seaboard, grease, dirt and all. There the wool is woven into cloth and the manufactured goods shipped back to Nebraska, and Nebraskans pay the freight both ways.

Nebraska produces an average of more than 50,000,000 bushels of wheat a year. Three-fourths of this wheat is shipped to Chicago and thence to the seaboard, the producer paying the freight. Then Nebraskans buy thousands of tons of four manufactured in other states, and pay the freight back to Nebraska.

Nebraska produces from seven to ten million bushels of potatoes every year, and they are the best potatoes in the world. But Nebraskans prefer to buy potatoes from other states, paying high freight rates thereon, while Nebraska potatoes are shipped elsewhere, the Nebraska growers being compelled to pay the freight out, Nebraska users the freight in.

Millions of pounds of Nebraska hides are shipped to the Atlantic seaboard every year, and there manufactured into shoes and harness and saddles and shipped back to Nebraska, Nebraskans paying freight charges both ways.

Nebraska apples, than which there are none better, are shipped by the carload to other states, and apples raised in other states, many of inferior quality, are shipped into Nebraska, the Nebraska consumer paying the freight in and the Nebraska grower paying the freight out.

Scores of other examples might easily be cited, but these are enough to point the way. It is not so much the payment of freight rates as it is the payment of freights that might easily be avoided, that burdens Nebraska citizens. Here is an angle of the freight rate problem that is deserving of more attention than heretofore accorded it.

NEBRASKA CHAMPIONS.

Nebraska has produced many champions, from long-distance running champion candidate for the presidency to champion corn shuckers, football players and horseshoe pitchers. But right now we pause for a sufficient time to hail a couple of new champions—or should we say championesses?—in the persons of Beck Sergis Hengerveld and Beauty Girl Gerben. They are the kind of champions we love to hail, because they are setting championship records world wide. Becky as a senior 2-year-old Holstein produced in one year 19,410 pounds of milk and butterfat, equal to 888.9 pounds of butter. How we wish Beck had strained herself just a little bit and produced that other tenth pound of butter.

Beauty Gerben, a full aged Holstein cow, made a record of 3,182.8 pounds of milk and 146.75 pounds of butter in thirty days. At that rate Beauty Gerben would produce considerably more than half a ton of butter in a year, or pretty close to her own weight.

Now those are what we call worth while records. To have bred and fed cows equal to those records is something worth boasting about. Far be it from us to discount the ability of champions on the athletic fields, but just the same the producing of cows that make records approaching those of Becky Hengerveld and Beauty Gerben strikes us as being quite considerably better, not only for the producer but for the state at large.

The cow that can make two pounds of butter appear where only one pound appeared before is entitled to a niche in the Hall of Fame alongside the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.

After looking at the newspaper reproductions of those photographs radioed across the sea we feel like insisting upon a twelve-mile limit for radio pictures.

It is a bit strange that references to the ocean's foam have not been barred because they might recall memories of foam of another kind.

The democratic campaign committee reports a deficit of \$260,000. Piling up deficits is a chronic habit of the democratic party.

The Bee's "Shoe Fund for Poor Children" offers a fine opportunity to exhibit a little of the well known Christmas spirit.

Those suspended senators might organize a foursome and talk it over while going the rounds at Chevy Chase.

The confession of Koretz proves that there is only one fish crop that multiplies faster than carp, the suckers.

The president has served notice on the lame duck congress that he will not stand for any quick remedies.

Doubtless that Tia Juana blaze was started by a hot tip.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davis

I'M JEST AS GOOD AS JIM.
 It doesn't matter much to me
 How 'way-upstairs an' cool is Jim,
 Er what he'll mebbe someday be—
 I'm jest as good, I'gosh, as him!

I ain't quite on to all the fads,
 I ain't exactly up to date,
 I can't keep pace with all the lads,
 I've got a semi-gallon gait.

But I'm jest like I am—that's me!
 There ain't no artifice in mine;
 I'd rather show off naturally
 Than like a frost-glossed pumpkin shine.

Jim doesn't worry me a bit;
 He rather tickles me instead;
 His bigness—or the most of it—
 Is lucked away up in his head.

Everybody Satisfied



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.

Even Homer Nodded.
 Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: An editor should certainly quote poetry (?) correctly. It was not done in an editorial in The Omaha Bee last night.

This:
 To the ben-aided eminent preacher,
 "My dear, you're a wonderful creature,
 And the hen just for that
 Laid an egg in his hat.
 And thus did the Hen-er Ward
 Beecher."

Instead of that:
 We are reminded at the juncture
 of a beautiful poem written of Eddy
 Hen a great many years ago:
 "Said a renowned Brooklyn preacher
 To a hen, 'You're a beautiful creature.'"

And the hen just for that
 Laid an egg in his hat.
 And thus did the hen reward Beecher.
 Don't you think the first one sounds better?

Yours very truly,
 ISRAEL LOVETT,
 City Electrician.

Business for Printing Presses.
 Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I note, Arthur Brisbane makes the suggestion of a "Some financial colossus of the future, whose income would enable him to buy all the Rockefeller's once a year, will perhaps undertake to wipe out poverty, for all time, as the Rockefeller's of today seek to wipe out the worst diseases."

I haven't much faith in the altruistic impulses of Financial Colossi, but this I do know, poverty is the worst scourge of mankind and the most unnecessary. From the beginning the Creator has given His children, regardless of creed, color or religion, everything needed to maintain life in comfort and decency, according to the standard of the period.

Poverty exists because of men's greed and ignorance—a powerful combination. It will not be wiped out until a change is worked in the hearts of men as well as in our industrial and national banking systems.

This government of ours could spend \$25,000,000,000 on the World War, but never a dollar toward employment to keep the people from starvation. If the house and senate would champion the cause of the people, such as the Community Chest and many other things applicable thereto, would not be necessary.

This plain talk may hurt, but if it's the truth, the administration at Washington, D. C. the senate and house of representatives need it. And, the truth is the only way to do something for the reactionaries that they should have done long ago, pay the government debts with government money, by killing the national bank and the

federal reserve currency, and the issuing of real government money.
 E. PHILIP HAPNER.

Omaha Night Schools.
 Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: To the Employers of Omaha: A large number of employes and laborers are working in Omaha, in stores, factories and offices. Every employer likes to have good workers.

In offices and stores, as well as any other business, people with a good education are needed.

A young man after he leaves school starts to work; goes to a bank, store, office or factory. A foreigner along with his school learning has to know the English language if he is to become a good helper. While he is working during the days the only time he can study any subject is after the business closing time. So I am going to beg all employers and managers of Omaha to let off, if possible, every one desiring to get a better education, because it is your gain, too, when your co-operators are well educated. They will become better cashiers, better salesmen, better writers, etc. In a word, you will have better workers.

The school board of Omaha is spending quite a sum every year in evening schools for the foreign people and those who are willing to complete their education.

The people of Omaha, the employes as well as the employers, should pay more attention to the evening schools, which are under the Board of Education and the direction of Miss Thorngate, evening school supervisor.

The night schools, first of all, give

A THREE DAYS' COUGH IS YOUR DANGER SIGNAL

Chronic coughs and persistent colds lead to serious lung trouble. You can stop them now with Creomulsion, an emulsified creosote that is pleasant to take. Creomulsion is a new medical discovery with twofold action; it soothes and heals the inflamed membranes and kills the germ.

Of all known drugs, creosote is recognized by the medical fraternity as the greatest healing agency for the treatment of chronic coughs and colds and other forms of throat and lung troubles. Creomulsion contains, in addition to creosote, other healing elements which soothe and heal the inflamed membranes and stop the irritation and inflammation, while the creosote goes on to the stomach, is absorbed into the blood, attacks the seat of the trouble and destroys the germs that lead to consumption.

Creomulsion is guaranteed satisfactory in the treatment of chronic coughs and colds, bronchial asthma, catarrhal bronchitis and other forms of throat and lung diseases, and is excellent for building up the system after colds or the flu. Money refunded if any cough or cold, no matter of how long standing, is not relieved after taking according to directions. Ask your druggist. Creomulsion Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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

W. H. QUIVEY,
 (Seal) Notary Public

SUNNY SIDE UP

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

About a year ago an innocent little sentence in a football story from Lincoln, hinting at "frat" politics in Cornhusker football circles, caused certain sports writers and newspaper editors to rend their nether garments and wave their hands frantically. Laws a-massy, how they did carry on! But how singularly low and sweet those same sports writers and editors are singing now about the action of the university athletic board in declaring there was too much fraternity politics in the election of a team captain, and annulling the aforesaid election and appointing a captain.

The first snowfall always brings memories of the old bobbed rides, the jingling sleighbells, the songs ringing on the frosty air and whoops of delight from the merry riders. Gosh! all hemlock, fellers; them was the happy days! And coasting down a short hill in a big city and taking chances on being hit by an auto steered by a fool driver? We can close our eyes right this minute and vision the long hill just opposite the old home town in Missouri, and actually hear the voices of the young folks as they went flying for a mile and a half over the frozen snow. Sure it was that far back up the hill, but what of it, so long as she tugged by your side? Her arms around you as you guided the sled down the long incline, and your arm—say, it wasn't so gosh awful far back up the hill, after all, was it?

Rev. George L. Miller, walking down street in the storm, met a friend. Just as they exchanged greetings the friend slipped and almost fell.

"Ah, the wicked stand in slippery places," remarked Dr. Miller.

"I've noticed they do, but I can't," dryly remarked his friend.

Nebraska Limerick.
 An agile young dancer named Darrell,
 Who lived in the village of Carroll,
 Lost his coat, vest and pants
 On his way to a dance,
 And had to go home in a barrel.

Famous Houses.
 Jay — boats.
 Full — parties.
 S. R. O.

Beta Noir.
 O how I hate
 That guy McDuff,
 Blows his breath in my face
 And says, "Real old stuff."

"Caveat Emptor" had its origin in ancient Rome when the first bootlegger engaged in business.

Things that do not worry: What becomes of the hairpin manufacturers and discarded safety razor blades.

Six p. m., December 13, is the hour and date we are going to face the dingus at WOA-W broadcast station. We solemnly promise not to sing.

A friend of ours has been reading the new literature in barber shops and new claims to be the best knitter, purler and tatter in eastern Nebraska.

We have often wondered about the mental processes of the individual who designed bells on overcoats for fat men.
 WILL M. MAUPIN.

LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF NEBRASKA



ON April 3, 1860, a rider dashed out of St. Joseph, Missouri. At the same instant a man on a white thoroughbred left Sacramento, California. They carried letters limited to half an ounce in weight and costing \$5 each for delivery.

At intervals of 15 to 20 miles fresh mounts saddled and bridled awaited their arrival. After every third or fourth relay, a fresh rider took the locked mail bags and dashed away. Day and night the mad pace was kept over mountain, desert and plain.

This was the "Pony Express" which made its first trip westward in 9 days and 23 hours. The regular schedule for this 1,966-mile ride was 10 days, but on special occasions faster time was made. Abraham Lincoln's inaugural address was rushed through in 7 days and 17 hours.

With the completion of the cross-continent telegraph line, in October, 1861, the Pony Express service came to an end. During 16 months of operation only one mail was lost and one rider killed on a run. From Kearney the riders followed the line across Nebraska later chosen by the Union Pacific.

The hoof-beats of the galloping "Pony Express" were a prophecy. Today, the "iron horse" of twelve great railroad systems serves Nebraska with over 7,000 miles of track. Omaha holds fifth place as a railroad center.

In two generations Nebraska pioneers have brought under the plough, a state larger than all New England with Delaware and New Jersey thrown in. Their job was not easy. Nature was stubborn and unkind and the Indians unfriendly. From a thin line of little settlements and lonely ranches with less than 30,000 population in 1860, Nebraska has become well-peopled but uncrowded with a population of a million and a quarter.

In the long pull from poverty to prosperity, never-failing supplies of kerosene have accompanied the homesteader to all corners of the state. With the advent of gasoline-driven automobiles, tractors and trucks, our service has kept pace with Nebraska's needs in the thinly populated parts of the state as well as in the cities. Our work, too, has been pioneer work.

This company is a home institution, doing business in Nebraska and under a Nebraska charter. It is directed and operated by Nebraska residents and pays Nebraska taxes and Nebraska wages. Its success depends on its ability to deserve the patronage of Nebraskans.

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