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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

WORDS FOR WOODROW WILSON.

The ceremonial session of congress was a fitting testimonial to the memory of Woodrow Wilson, former president of the United States. Yet it only served to add to the number of words spoken in praise rather than appraisal of the life and labor of a great man.

Yet, lacking that and judging solely by standards that are defective, the world pays tribute today to the man who had a vision. How far he failed to realize that vision, how much he was disappointed by that failure, falls outside the consideration. Out of the welter of the World War President Wilson saw rising a World Peace. So clearly did he see it he failed to discern what lay between him and the peak on which he hoped to plant humanity.

It is known now what was hinted at when the Paris conference was in session, that the practical politicians of Omaha were not ready to turn from the traditions of their calling. All the ins and outs, the byways and cul-de-sacs of time-tried diplomacy were practiced, and out of the conference came not the basis of a world peace, but the shape of a world into which was carried over the burdens of a dead age.

Yet it would be rash to say that Woodrow Wilson labored in vain. Pessimists regard his work as futile, but some who are as well qualified to pronounce judgment on it believe he sowed seed that yet will bring forth good fruit.

Woodrow Wilson's work has found one goal at least. It forced men to reevaluate their relations. New estimates have been put upon things that hold attention, especially the contacts between nations out of which war might come.

ON THE MAKING OF OMELETTES.

If a reason for the existence of the bolsheviks were wanted, it might be found in the squabble now going on between the remnant of the Romanoff family over the succession to the throne.

Some cynical commentator once remarked that omelettes can not be made without breaking eggs. And a considerable smashing of eggs has taken place in connection with Russian affairs since March, 1917.

The soviet government contains the elements of its own destruction. Unless modified it will surely

pass. We may not be sure that another Romanoff will not in time again sit on the imperial throne at Petrograd. If such be the case, and he is true to the traditions of his tribe, there will likely be another making of omelettes in holy Russia.

MISINTERPRETS THE PROGRAM.

The Blue Hill Leader takes rather violent exceptions to the good roads program as outlined in The Omaha Bee and endorsed by the Nebraska Good Roads association. It will be evident to those reading the Blue Hill Leader's criticism, published elsewhere, that the Leader does not understand the program.

The program has not been outlined wholly by the "big cities," as the Leader claims. It is not planned to "build paved roads to the cities," but to build permanent roads in all directions. It is not true, as stated by the Leader that the proponents of the good roads program would oppose the movement if the roads led to other than the big cities.

The Blue Hill publication lines up with the opposition much as the Irishman lined up in opposition to the ditch-digging machine, and as men in other days lined up in opposition to labor-saving machinery.

Public roads must be developed as railroads were developed, by building main lines first, and branch lines later. The Nebraska Good Roads association has the rural roads matter in view. Its membership realizes that the so-called rural roads are of importance and must be taken care of as quickly as possible.

The business interests of Nebraska's largest cities do not get their business from the state highways; they get it over the state highways, but it originates in the sections back from those highways, and common sense dictates that what the Blue Hill Leader calls "roads for the rural people" are of prime importance.

The politics of the question has no interest whatsoever for The Omaha Bee. It is interested only in good roads and the best and speediest method of securing them.

TWO PROMISING YOUNGSTERS.

It just so happens that the 15th day of December is notable because it is the birthday of two of Omaha's most promising young men. Isaac Walton Minor picked that as a good day to start from back in 1847. When it came James Charles Dahlman's turn, in 1856, he endorsed "Ike's" judgment, and took the 15th of December for his birthday, too.

What does it amount to? Well, what would the Omaha lodge of Elks have done for a secretary for 10, these many years, if had not been for the 15th of December bringing Ike Minor into the world? When you have solved that problem, give thought to the plight Omaha would have encountered for want of a mayor. Term after term one or another man was tried in that office, and none looked good enough to keep forever, till along came Jim Dahlman.

However, the Elks got an everlasting secretary and Omaha a durable mayor, just because the 15th of December happens to be a good day on which to be born. These promising youngsters of 77 and 68 look ahead to further years of usefulness, and we, in company with their countless friends and admirers, hope they will realize their ambition. Minor has a dread of growing old, while Dahlman doesn't care.

They are digging up cross-word puzzles while excavating tombs in Egypt. Perhaps Moses overlooked chronicling all the plagues visited upon Pharaoh for the purpose of making him mad enough to let the Israelites go.

We gather from the expressed opinions of a few that Chancellor Avery should be deposed because the parents of a lot of boys allow them money enough to join the university fraternities.

The first cross-word puzzle that we know anything about is the one Belshazzar sprang on Daniel on the occasion of a memorable banquet.

Conan Doyle insists that everybody in heaven will do work. That is going to make the work of the ministers increasingly difficult.

Perhaps those New Yorkers are demanding better transit in order to make it easier for lambs to reach Wall Street.

Elmer Thomas' threat of an arid New Year celebration should not be taken as a bit of dry humor.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davie

WINTER DAYS.

Away last summer there was hot
So many things to buy;
The days were long, the days were hot,—
And so at times was I.
My weekly wage looked bigger then
Than now it is, I swear,—
But winter days have come again
With much expense and care.

Better Show 'Em to Papa Before Mailing to Santa. Papa May Want to Add a Line



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.

About a Raise in Street Car Fares. Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: One Omaha city commissioner says: I think the people of Omaha are entitled to know why the street car company should get 7 per cent interest on the fourteen millions of valuation, which the railway commission says their property is worth, when ten millions of that amount is represented by 5 per cent bonds. Seven per cent on the fourteen millions means a net revenue of \$980,000 a year. Five hundred thousand dollars will pay the bond interest, leaving \$480,000 to pay a return on the other \$4,000,000 of valuation, or 12 per cent net. Reduce this by 5 per cent, or \$200,000, would only require \$250,000 to pay 7 per cent on the actual stock investment and valuation, less bonds, or \$4,000,000.

If the street car company is relieved of the occupation and paving tax, this tax would be added to our already excessive taxes on our homes and other property, and if fares are increased the street car riders are the ones that will have to pay, not the automobile owners, who pay very little revenue to the street car company. At least these latter should have very little to say as to increase in street car fares unless they would consent to a tax of \$5 to \$10 a year on each one of their automobiles to help the street car company from going bankrupt, as represented by certain committees.

In San Francisco the fare is 5 cents and they pile up millions in surplus. Why not in Omaha? In my opinion the street car company is making good money, regardless if the forget to mention about their tremendous revenue from their Douglas street toll bridge. As to this eyegore to every traveler compelled to use it, I would suggest to those boosters for a Greater Omaha and Council Bluffs that they get busy and have these two cities buy it and make a free bridge out of it, instead of this being as now the only toll bridge on a main highway between New York and San Francisco.

I am told a fair valuation of this bridge would be around \$1,000,000. It would not be a very great job to find this money if the people of these two cities would sanction the condemnation and purchase of this bridge. A million-dollar, 30-year 5 per cent bond issue, two-thirds payable by the city of Omaha and one-third by the city of Council Bluffs, would do the job. The interest would be \$50,000 yearly, and a yearly reserve fund of \$15,000

Opposes Good Roads Program

From the Blue Hill (Neb.) Leader: A whole page of Sunday's Omaha Bee was devoted to a cartoon that would make Ingelside patients laugh. It was a propaganda cartoon, one depicting Nebraska as floundering in mud. It was addressed to the Nebraska legislature. It was an insult to that body. Nowhere in the world is there to be found such good dirt roads as are found in Nebraska. To depict it otherwise to the end of extracting \$8,000,000 annually out of the taxpayer's pockets for a period of six years, is to lie about Nebraska. Forty-eight million dollars in six years is what the Omaha Bee is begging for. That is six times more than the capital building will cost completed. A legislature that passes any such a measure, will never legislate for Nebraska again. There is a limit to all things. There is a limit to this good road program. To load the people down with an intolerable burden of taxes, levied first one way and then another, means nothing more or less than confiscation of property. Whence comes this demand for such a colossal expenditure upon our highways? It comes from the big cities of the state and metropolitan cities. If they led elsewhere, they would be opposed. They are not going to make better roads for the rural people of this state. That isn't the good roads program. They insist on spending every dollar that will be spent, between the larger cities of the state

to \$20,000 to pay off bonds when due, payable in proportion by the two cities, would be a small outlay compared to the financial benefits derived from the increase in business between the two cities and the pleasure of spending their money in the open gateway of the west by the many tourists and continental travelers. R. U. ACTION.

Tables Turned.

Hy—What caused the accident? Cy—My flivver shied at a horse some city dud was riding.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

When in Omaha Hotel Conant

250 Rooms—250 Baths—Rates \$2 to \$3

Men!

The new, fast, luxurious service to California provides every appointment and convenience—Club Car Shower Barber Wait Telephone

For announcement of this new service see page 13.



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

We are voicing no man's opinion but our own when we remark that Dr. Pinto's health commissioner, is orating through his headgear about a matter on which he is either uninformed or misinformed. It is mighty easy for a mere man to talk about the glories of bearing children and sing about the sacredness of motherhood. He doesn't have to go down into the Valley of the Shadow to bring back the little body that is to house the soul. It isn't his brow that is beaded with the sweat drops of agony. All he has to do is thrust his thumbs into the armbolts of his vest and parade around. It is easy for him to prance off down town, swelled up like a poisoned pup, and buy cigars for the gang to celebrate the birth of HIS son and heir, but it is different with the pale, wan mother who cuddles against her breast the babe she suffered the agonies of death to bear. We don't care three separate and distinct whoops what Dr. Pinto thinks about childless marriages, and even less about his suggested remedy. But we are willing to listen while the mothers express their views.

Acknowledging here some kindly words from L. D. Richards of Fremont. "Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed! Compliments, however undeserved, coming from pioneers who have contributed so much to the building of Nebraska, always go into the old tin box containing the most valuable family treasures, and that's where Mr. Richards' letter has been placed for preservation.

We'll tell you into a little professional secret. The verse writers are not now engaged in writing their Christmas verses. It is the Fourth of July verses that engages their attention.

The crippled newbaby—only he is a man—at Sixteenth and Farnam doesn't let his affliction interfere with his sense of humor. The other day we displayed a nickel and pointed to a certain magazine. "All right, here's one 'Patrick Henry,'" he said, and handed us the periodical we wanted.

We believe that the safety first idea is carried to the nth degree by the man who wears suspenders with his belt.

He who worries about the Christmas bills loses all the joy of the Christmas time.

Every now and then we hear complaints about the growing scarcity of girls who know how to keep house. The explanation is simple. There is a growing scarcity of young men who know how to provide the house.

Among other things that make us smile is hearing a fat man with a belted overcoat complaining about styles of feminine wear.

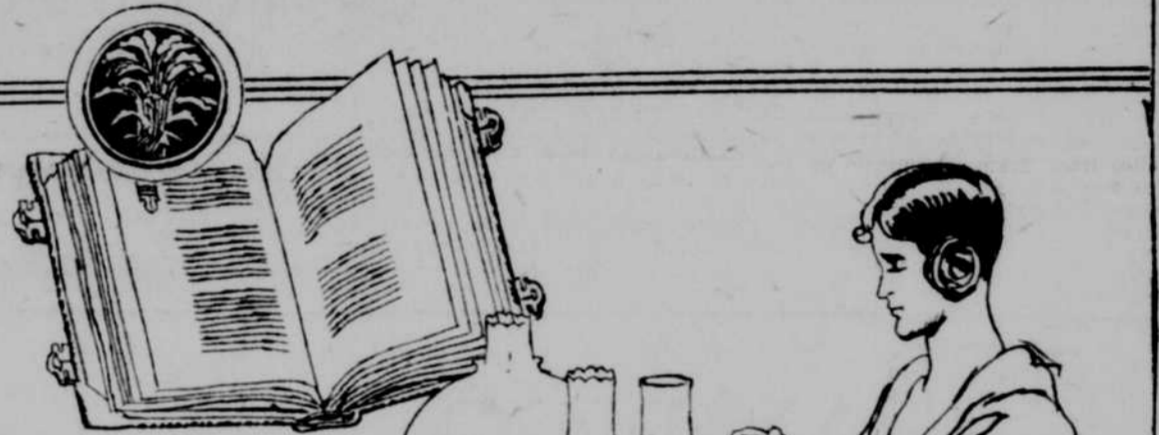
A sprig of mistletoe may be a good excuse, but we haven't much patience with the young fellow who puts his sole dependence upon it.

A Nebraska man who has reached the age of 107 attributes his longevity to the fact that he "has always had access to plenty of good whisky." But think how much older he might have been if he had been a teetotaler all his life. Besides, what does he mean by access? We lack about 46 years of his age, and we are interested.

Speaking of Dr. Pinto and his proposal, we take occasion here to remark that while we admire his courage we cannot think highly of his discretion.

Evidently mistaking the location thereof, "Anxious Inquirer" writes in to ask if this new epidemic among chickens is "painter's colic." He is mistaken in the chickens. WILL M. MAUPIN.

LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF NEBRASKA



By the Light of Kerosene Lamps

ONE of the daily tasks of the prairie mother of homestead days was cleaning and filling the lamps and polishing the chimneys. It was part of her endless round of work that brightened the home life of the prairie family.

For little sod or crude frame houses, out on the almost treeless plains, the mothers of Nebraska gave up old homes and conveniences of the longer-settled east to found new homes, far from old friends. Only the glow from kerosene lamps on distant claims cut the darkness and told of distant neighbors.

Then the transplanted cottonwoods began to give shade and shelter. After a few crops, a new house. New conveniences for making living more pleasant followed. The new school was nearer. Trips to town became more frequent. The bank account grew. Visits were exchanged between the old home in one of the big I's and the new home in Nebraska.

The new railroad came and then the automobile. The pioneer life, the years of lonely isolation, ceaseless toil and monotony, became a memory. Nebraska has grown up—by the light of kerosene lamps.

The lamp on the lonesome plain, the pump and back-breaking wash days were banished when the gasoline-driven engine came with its electric apparatus which circulates water, runs the washing machine and supplies light in parlor, kitchen, bedroom and barn. The improved oil cookstove makes the farm kitchen as comfortable in summer as any in the city right on the gas main.

Serving Nebraska in town and country since homesteading days, and providing adequate and convenient supplies of gasoline and kerosene where needed, the Standard Oil Company is an old settler.

Organized and chartered under Nebraska laws, understanding Nebraska's requirements, doing business in practically no other state, directed and operated by Nebraska residents, the Standard Oil Company of Nebraska is a Nebraska institution.

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Abe Martin



Squire Marsh Swallow has quit lastin' evidence an' 'is usin' a guinea pig. Of all th' visitors that come t' this country from abroad we believe we like th' vaudeville acrobats th' best. (Copyright, 1924.)