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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

"LONG" ON THE UNITED STATES.

Arthur Brisbane is a newspaper man of many years' experience. He expresses views at times that are at variance with public thought, but he utters his thoughts clearly. Also, the opinions he gives are based on a judgment ripened through observation and first-hand knowledge of the subjects he deals with. Therefore the statements he makes are entitled to respectful attention, whether agreed to or not.

His article written for The Omaha Bee is, therefore, deserving of careful reading. Particularly so because of the healthy tone of optimism that pervades it all. Brisbane has spent most of his time during the last twelve months in going about the country. He has poked into many places not so well known to the general public, as well as those of far greater advertisement. And his message is:

"For every dollar that the United States now produces there is within clear sight the possibility of producing a thousand dollars."

Counting over undeveloped resources, and the further possibilities of those already in use, Mr. Brisbane makes a good case to support his assertion. Constructive effort is required. He covers his phase in a pregnant sentence or two:

"The president's task is to keep the country prosperous, and make it safe. Allowing able men to go ahead and make a good profit, by building up and creating prosperity is perhaps the best way to continue good times and make them better. We live in the era of private enterprise and gigantic industrial units. With proper supervision and protection of the public interest, these methods of production should be encouraged.

"Any interference should be constructive, not meddling and hampering. The important thing in Africa is that lions be killed off. So they give 50 fat black wives to the man that will kill a lion. No one should begrudge the unnecessary wives.

"Here the important thing is that industries be built up. So we give 50 fat golden millions to the man that can build them up. Nobody should object to that.

"The good citizen grieves because keen-witted men seize upon the public properties and exploit them for their own benefit. But there is nothing to worry about, time adjusts everything."

On this Mr. Brisbane is right. Years may elapse before all the big things he hints at are brought to pass. But the way should not be obstructed by visionaries who can not get in line with the ideas of progress. Certain processes have not been outworn. All civilization rests on the individual. The individual has been stirred to action by hope of reward. From the very beginning of man's upward climb, initiative in enterprise has been stimulated and sustained by the knowledge that success brings with it something material. Not all stress should be laid on this. The spiritual should not be lost sight of. Yet even the spiritual things can not be obtained without endeavor.

Full recognition of the fundamental truth that industry and thrift are entitled to something more than goes to indolence and unthrift must come. If this were not true, if the idle were to share equally with the energetic, progress would cease, just as it has in Russia, where the unfit are set on an equality if not above the fit.

See to it that the man who develops an industry or a resource is allowed his reward for his enterprise, his intelligence and his energy. Capital is the servant and not the enemy of society. Those who would destroy it merely represent the ignorance of the ages that has held back the forward march of mankind from the first. The service that will come from the use of the things that are now idle and wasted will be of such benefit to all that the private gains of a few will be lost sight of.

Brisbane's message is an order to move forward. Along lines that have been tested and are approved by human experience. Read it, and take courage for the future of a country which it is dangerous to "sell short."

LOT OF THE POLICEMAN.

Benny Danbaum, chief of detectives of the Omaha police force, has crowned a life of thrills with the supreme experience. He will, barring something unforeseen, carry to his end two leaden pellets in his brain. This will remind ever of the hazards of the life he has chosen. Danbaum did not need that proof. He has many times been made aware of the fact that hunted criminals will resort to desperate means to thwart capture. His courage and cool judgment have carried him through, and his fine physical equipment promises to see him safely out of the dangerous predicament he is now in.

Danbaum will serve as a type of the men who give their lives to the protection of the citizens and the enforcement of the law. Loose criticism of the policeman is frequently indulged by those who do not give enough of thought to what is involved. Annals of Omaha are dotted with entries that record the death of a policeman or a fireman in the line of duty. These men are in constant touch with the great adventure. Any call to duty may be the last they will answer. Yet none think of that. A desperado, armed and secreted in a dark alley or hallway, or barricaded in a house must be dislodged and brought to account. A roaring inferno defies the fireman's efforts. Death is there, in either instance.

Policeman or fireman, either responds when the call comes, quickly and with little thought of personal safety. They are serving the public, disregarding peril or discomfort, that life and property may be made secure in the community.

We hope that Benny Danbaum soon will be back at his post. In this we but express the sentiment of Omaha people, regardless of station. He is more than a hero—he is a type of fidelity to duty that well may inspire any, no matter where they are placed in life's battle line.

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

Always some interest is found in speculating on the origin of certain customs. The mind is curiously concerned in tracing through the windings of tradition man's habit of thought. Especially those that find expression in mass action. This has led to deep inquiry as to the root from which springs that peculiar manifestation of sentiment commonly today referred to as the "Christmas Spirit."

Time so spent may be of value to the investigator. Ordinary mortals are willing to accept the fact. As the winter solstice approaches, and the sun swings farther and farther to the south, something operates to loosen the bonds that hold in check a great common impulse. Whether it may be ascribed to the ancient belief that the descent of the sun is a type of death, as its new birth signifies the resurrection, is not so important as is the fact that the heart of man softens as days get shorter and the cold more intense. Self seems to shrink, and service to expand. It is a time of year when all are animated, by a common impulse, that of helping some one else.

It is in a large sense an exemplification of the divine law, "That ye love one another." When "there is more of giving and less of buying," and the heart rejoices in a good deed done for some one else. Just as the time is more and more extended so does the Spirit of Christmas advance to the more general enfoldment of humankind. In the expansion of the customs that surround the season may be definitely noted that evolutionary improvement which will bring nearer and nearer the time for which men have so earnestly longed and so confidently prophesied.

The Spirit of Christmas is the better nature of man, the indwelling essence of an element that is not material, finding its life in acts, in words, in thoughts. It is proof, if proof were needed, that life is not all sordid, that all efforts are not bent to the advantage of selfish ends. It is the Brotherhood of Man under the Fatherhood of God, finding an outlet and shining with the grace that surrounds its higher birth and holier destiny. Just as men are enabled to carry the Spirit of Christmas into their daily communications with other men, just so is the world brought nearer to that great ideal on which the day itself is founded, no matter what the tradition may be of other origin.

CURING THE CRIPPLES.

The work of salvaging human wrecks and caring for them is vastly more expensive than the work of preventing wrecks. The cost of curing crippled children is less than the cost of taking care of them when by reason of their crippled state they become dependents upon society. This is wholly apart from the humanitarian viewpoint.

Time was when the birth of a cripple was looked upon as an act of providence, and parents and public made no effort to straighten the twisted limbs because little or nothing was known of curative or corrective methods. Now orthopedic hospitals are scattered all over the land and surgeons are devoting their lives to the humanitarian work of building children once thought to be hopelessly crippled into strong, self-reliant men and women. Modern surgery is accomplishing the marvelous.

But there is much for society to do, not wholly because it is the right thing to do, but because it is the economical thing to do. Great agencies are now at work arousing the public to a sense of its duty to the crippled children, and to society. Service clubs are rallying at the call. Rotary, Lions, Kiwanis, Optimist and other clubs are combining forces to make a concerted effort to provide all the agencies required to make the future brighter for the helpless little cripples scattered all over this republic. Four thousand of them in Nebraska demand more than pitying attention. They deserve the practical sympathy that is shown only in helpful action. The Shriners have already established orthopedic hospitals at widely separated points, and are following a definite program that calls for nearly \$2,000,000 a year to support them and build others. The men who enjoy themselves upon the "playground of Masonry" have opened their big hearts and are working to make it possible for thousands of crippled children to run and leap and play. Other organizations have caught the vision and set to work. It is a task that should be shared by every organization, and by every man and woman whose heart-beats are timed to the heart-beats of crippled little ones.

"Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

"The least of these?" What greater work lying close to hand than straightening the twisted limbs of the little ones, giving to them their rightful heritage of the playtime and joytime of childhood, sending them forth erect to fight life's battles, and kindling in anguished mother eyes the golden glow of hope.

It should not require a long-continued campaign to provide the ways and means for giving every one of the 4,000 crippled children in Nebraska its chance for help. The mere fact that the need exists should suffice to bring the relief.

WHY THE DISCRIMINATION?

The veterans of the Spanish-American war are wondering why they are being discriminated against in the matter of relief for disability. Civil War veterans are receiving from \$50 to \$72 a month, according to disability, and World War veterans are receiving from \$30 to \$80, according to disability, and \$145 when in hospital. The Spanish-American veterans receive \$12 to \$30, according to disability.

It has been a quarter of a century since the closing of the Spanish-American War. The veterans of that great struggle are growing older. They are not asking any favors not accorded to others who have borne arms. They are not even asking to be placed on an equality with their fathers who fought in the Civil War, nor their sons who fought in the World War. What they are asking is that they be placed "betwixt and between."

The Knudson bill, now before congress, provides for disability pensions of from \$20 to \$50 a month, the maximum being the minimum granted veterans of the Civil War and slightly more than half the maximum granted veterans of the World War. It would seem that in all fairness the Knudson bill should pass and the Spanish-American veterans put upon a more equitable basis. If there is any reason for the discrimination it has not been made public to any large extent.

Eastman Kodaks as He Goes

"PICTURE AHEAD." How many people ignore the notice and drive right on through life, preserving no memories of what they have seen, and leaving behind them when they die no visible evidence of their ever having been.

"Kodak As You Go!" All the world knows that slogan, and most of the world gives it heed.

That is why George Eastman of Rochester is a multi-millionaire. He conceived the little instrument known as the kodak, and then set about creating a desire for it in the minds of everybody. He even-invented the name to fit it, and by judicious advertising made the name familiar. Advertising has made the word camera almost obsolete.

George Eastman dreamed a great dream that came true. Now he purposes to "Kodak as he goes" by distributing his millions in such a way that he can see them at work. He is another one of America's millionaires who is administering his own estate. Already he has given more than fifty millions to educational and philanthropic institutions. The University of Rochester, in his home city, has received more than twenty millions. Tuskegee and Hampton, institutions for the education of the negroes, have received millions. Recently came the announcement that he has given the Massachusetts Institute of Technology four and a half millions.

"I want to see my money put into action during my lifetime," is Mr. Eastman's explanation of his huge contributions to education and philanthropy. That is why you kodak as you go; you want to see, time and again, the scenes your eyes feasted upon as you traveled the highways and byways of the world. He might have kept right on accumulating money until he died, leaving a will disposing of his huge estate. But wills have been broken, the intent of

SUNNY SIDE UP

Take comfort, nor forget, that sunrise never failed us yet.
Celia Thayer

Dear loved one, rest this glorious Lord's Day morning is found in Luke 2:11-14, reading as follows:
For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.
And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.
And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying:
Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Men's conception of Jesus Christ differ, but all agree that He was a great leader and a great teacher. The Christian world accepts Him as a Messiah; all the world admits that He gave a system of philosophy that more than any other philosophy makes men better than they naturally are if they but accept it and follow it.

The origin of Christmas is lost in the mists of tradition, but by common consent the Christian world observes it as the anniversary of the birth of that Babe of Bethlehem. Just as He exemplified the blessing of giving, so we celebrate in the same spirit, opening our hearts, joying in giving that others may be happier, and sacrificing that others may rejoice and be glad.

There is an old song that goes like this:
"Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe."

It must have been written by some lugubrious individual who mistook mental dyspepsia for religious fervor. No man can take the name of Jesus, live by His teaching and philosophy, following in His footsteps, and be a "child of sorrow and of woe." The religion He taught is a religion of joy, not of sorrow; a religion of happiness, not of woe. It is a religion of helpful service that gains by giving and increases in the spirit—it is the religion that has brought to men a real sense of their obligations to their fellows, and this obligation has found expression in hospitals and refuges wherever His name is heard.

In language and in sentiment the story of the nativity is the sweetest story ever told. Born in a manger, the Christ became the greatest teacher the world has ever known. Between the time of His birth and His death little is known of any other period of His life save the three short years He walked and taught. During those three short years He went about doing good, and because of His gentle teachings, His kindly admonitions, the common people heard Him gladly. His disciples seemed to be the little handful of men who had answered His call. His whole mission seemed to have failed. But out of that seeming failure has come the greatest victory in the annals of time.

His was a mission of good cheer and good will. No man can truthfully say he has taken upon himself the name of Jesus who does not daily live a gospel of good cheer and of good will. He can not truthfully say he is following in the footsteps of the Master unless he goes about doing good. That is the religion that has brought to men a real sense of Christian duty—it is the spirit of doing that is so often, unfortunately, confined to the Christmas time.

Any religion that fails to make man better; any religion that fails to unburden hearts; any religion that does not impel its followers to help the poor and needy, is a dismal failure.

We who acknowledge Jesus as the Christ, have a duty to perform—the duty of practicing the religion we profess—and that religion is a religion of service to others. It can not be encompassed in the short space of a Christmas season—it is an every-day religion.

"In His name" let us go forth from this presence determined that the spirit of Christmas be exemplified in our daily walk and talk throughout the year.

So endeth the lesson. WILL M. MATPIN.

God in the Army Says O. R. C. Chaplain

BL. REV. JAMES C. PETERSON, Chaplain O. R. C. and Pastor Danish Lutheran Church, Omaha, Neb.

On the front page of a newspaper appears a story of a debate between two ministers of the gospel, Rev. William B. Ayers of Wollaston, Mass., who served as a chaplain during the war, and Chaplain Harry C. Fraser of the United States Army. As I read this report of the debate I wonder why so much space is given to the bewildering, confusing, self-contradictory statements of Rev. Ayers while the reader is told nothing of the things Chaplain Fraser said, except the text he used, followed by one brief sentence down in the remotest corner of the last column. Another feature about the story, which sort of gets me, is the heavy type heading, which has no reference to what good features the chaplain might have said about the army, holds before the eyes of the readers the erroneous, unchristian and un-American ideas of a certain Rev. Ayers. "No God in the Army," says Former A. E. F. Chaplain—Would Enter Next War as Stretcher Bearer—Not a Pacifist and Therefore Not a Christian.

Even though said Rev. Ayers says he is not a pacifist, undoubtedly some anti-army pacifist has been so pleased with the trend of his bewildered arguments that he will be most apt to down and send them out to the newspapers.

Since Chaplain Fraser was not permitted to speak in report of said debate, "No God in the Army," his statements of argument or rebuttal which he probably has used.

Taking Chaplain Fraser as a typical army man, he should be introduced as a man who is a lover of peace and abhors the very thought of war. He believes that it is a crime for a nation to go to war for aggression or to defend itself. He believes that our United States has committed in none of the five wars of her history. He believes that no nation has the right to take up arms except for the necessary protection of her honor or property of the land, the three things to which an honest nation has divine right both to possess and defend. He believes that his principles as well as his experience from the battlefield that a nation, like the individual, should never resort to the sword until all peaceful measures have been exhausted. "God is content with merely talking about how sweet it will be to have peace in the future and making out papers for future agreement with other nations, because he knows that such an agreement may be scrapped any time by any uncivilized or "civilized" nation which happens, secretly, to be best prepared for war. His chief nations, therefore, is not to call a disarmament conference, spasmodically, but to establish a permanent international council which should sit on the job, if necessary, by night and day. And he believes this should be done by radio swiftness in order that France and other nations who are far ahead of us in war preparation may stop immediately the manufacture of poison gas, explosive shells and war planes.

The Gods in the Trees

In the name of Trade and Cleanliness They are cutting our forests down. Our trees make paper boxes and bags To serve the Gods of the Town. Great Gods are these— They take and take and take and take. And we cannot bear their frown.

In the name of Great Advertising They are cutting our forests down. Some Sunday papers take thirteen acres To serve the Gods of the Town. Great Gods are these— They take and take and take and take. And we cannot bear their frown.

In the name of Rainfall and Harvest Let's be cutting our cornstalks down. Straw, too, makes papers and boxes. To serve the Gods of the Town. Great Gods are these— Who dwell in the Trees— Without them, no Gods of the Town.—Cora Mullin.

For the River

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
Major General Taylor, chief of the army engineers, has recommended an appropriation of \$54,183,390 for general river and harbor works during the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1925. This substantial increase over the appropriation of \$37,250,000 for the current year, it is expected, will draw the river barge in congress, headed by Representative Cleveland Newton of St. Louis, hopes to secure the full amount. The proposed amount should be allowed. It will be recalled, of course, that the budget bureau applied its printing knife to the budget and has hatched a new year ago. It did it, too, with the approval of many publicists who could see nothing and say nothing but "yes" and "no" in this connection. But the budget bureau was then functioning for the first time, may have been a bit heady with power, and was possibly, so intent on cutting expenses that it was disposed to confuse retrenchment with economy.

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Does not include returns, left-overs, samples or papers spoiled in printing and includes no special sales or free circulation of any kind. V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of October, 1924. W. QUINN, Notary Public

His was a mission of good cheer and good will. No man can truthfully say he has taken upon himself the name of Jesus who does not daily live a gospel of good cheer and of good will. He can not truthfully say he is following in the footsteps of the Master unless he goes about doing good. That is the religion that has brought to men a real sense of Christian duty—it is the spirit of doing that is so often, unfortunately, confined to the Christmas time.

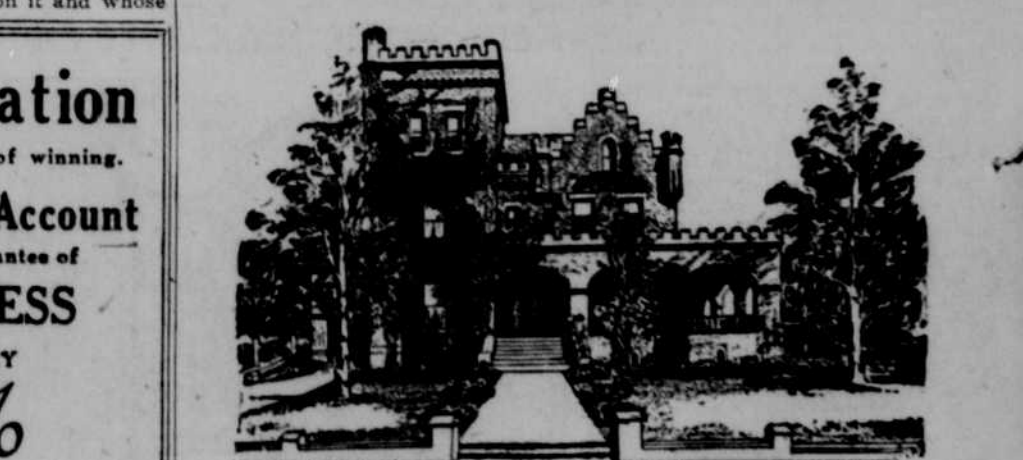
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The Pennsylvania law: "Any person whose eyesight is impaired shall be considered physically incapacitated."



A Christmas Thought

Again the beautiful story of Christmas is being told—a tale that has lived through the ages as the highest example of unselfish devotion and service.

In all walks of life, Christmas holds for all of us the inspiration to serve humanity better; to give unselfishly to our fellow men the best in a helpful, kind and sympathetic service.

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