

# THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

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## Omaha Where the West is at its Best

### NOEL!

A Merry Christmas to all.  
 Let us not tinge the delights of the day with hair-splitting over its origin. To millions and millions it means the natal day of the Savior of Men. To all the world it means the beginning of a new era, when life for everyone that lives was changed from a sordid march from one to another eternity into an existence where opportunity beckoned and the joy of living was not confined to the circle of a favored few. Social and political liberty came to the world with the advent of the Babe of Bethlehem, as well as religious grace. If all has not yet been fulfilled, the fault is not to be laid against Jesus Christ nor his teachings.

From hoary sage to prattling babe, the day is one of rejoicing. In happy homes family circles gather around the decorated tree or the table and unrestrainedly enjoy one another. Not all may be happy today, for there yet is enough of misery in the world to fully occupy the thought of the philanthropic. Yet much has been done to mitigate the suffering. Generous hearts have given liberally. Because of this there will be less of sorrow for the one day at least. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Rejoice then. If not in the birth of a Savior, at least in the coming to the world of a man who so taught that all around him were uplifted, and whose message has wrought only for good through the ages, and is growing brighter with each passing year.

Noel! And may we not say, with Tiny Tim, "God bless us, every one?"

### HE MADE HIS OPPORTUNITIES.

L. B. Wilson is a native son of Nebraska. He was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Nor did he, after arriving at the 'teen age, scan the world about him and emit the doleful whine about there being no chance for a poor boy. Instead of that he hustled around and made a chance. His first real job was that of night telephone operator in Plattsmouth. That was just twenty-five years ago. Today L. B. Wilson is on his way to New York to become commercial engineer of the American Telephone and Telegraph company.

Did Wilson sit in front of the old switchboard and growl about the heartless corporation that employed him? Did he swear by all the gods of chance that he wouldn't do a blooming thing more than he was paid to do, and a bit less if he could get away with it?

Not on your tintype! While working at the switchboard he studied electrical engineering. Instead of loafing away his afternoons he went out on the line, learned how to set poles and string wires. In time he became an inspector's helper, and later inspector. Then he was made local manager. He kept right on studying the telephone business, and kept so busy at it that he didn't have time to growl about his job or whine about the lack of opportunity. One promotion followed another, and now, at about the age that finishes the majority of grumblers at chance, Wilson is taking over one of the biggest and best paid jobs in the telephone business.

There is no secret about Wilson's success. He was more interested in making good than he was in taking the easy way. He took an interest in his work as well as taking his wages. The time too many others spend in whining, Wilson spent in preparing himself for the big opportunity when it came.

The moral of it all lies in the application thereof. It should be so plain to young men that no explanation is necessary.

### "THE SAME TO YOU"

An avalanche of Christmas mail has deluged but not daunted the postoffice. Last year it was reported that never since it was established did the postoffice handle as much mail as through the Christmas season. This year the headquarters at Washington present the estimate that Christmas cards and packages exceed the total of last year by 25 to 35 per cent.

Fine. It is a proof of the expansiveness of the human heart, responding to the generous impulse of the season. Stimulated by the Christmas Spirit, the hard-boiled grouches of the land have blossomed into Goodfellows by the millions. Whence, else, would come this tremendous increase in the burden of mail thrust onto Uncle Sam. It is fair to presume that all the regular contributors to the joy of the season, and a fair sprinkling of those who know there never was such a person as Santa Claus, did their bit a year ago. Assuming that for one or another reason, these increased efforts this year, say 10 per cent, that still leaves a wide margin to be accounted for somehow.

The reasonable way is that Kris Kringle has drifted into his army some men and women who never marched with him before. They will feel all the better for having joined the procession. Little remembrances, even a card, at this season strengthen the ties of friendship, cement more firmly the bonds of love, and add to the general feeling of cheer and good will to all.  
 To the men and women who serve in the post-

office a great debt of thanks is due, because of the efficient way in which the enormous deluge of holiday mail was handled. It was a big job, and it was well taken care of. "The same to you!", is the response from all sides.

### "BLACK TONY'S" REAL JOB.

Freed from a sentence of life imprisonment, "Black Tony" Carletta steps out a free man, by reason of clemency extended to him by the Nebraska Board of Pardons. We do not intend to discuss the wisdom of the board's action. There will be much division of opinion on that point, though probably most will agree that the action was wisely taken. Public resentment is not so hot as it was ten years ago, yet that seems short enough time to expiate a crime that frequently is punished by death.

Snow lies today on the grave of Henry Nickell. He is there because of the reckless act of a foolish boy. For Tony Carletta was 18 when he fired the shot that killed Henry Nickell. At best it was a piece of bravado, a flourish to decorate the holding up of a bagnio. To terrify further the already cowed victims of the robbery. That shot carelessly fired has put upon Tony Carletta a burden of responsibility he should feel to the end of his life.

So far as the law is concerned, that is deemed to have been satisfied. Change in the condition of the culprit is held to be sufficient to justify the remission of the sentence pronounced upon him. There remains the claim of society, though, and this will never be fully discharged. "Black Tony" must take up his new life with a full understanding that he owes the work of two men to the world. Wherever he is placed, and we hope he will find ample opportunity for usefulness in life, he should realize his double responsibility, and let that realization spur him to the top of his speed at all times.

This debt is the more impressive because society has given him back his life. Tony Carletta has a little more than a man's chance ahead of him. His real job is to make good on his opportunity.

### SOOT AND A WHITE CHRISTMAS.

With the coming of cold weather to Omaha there has come a pall of black smoke that covers up our blanket of snow.

It isn't the blackening of the snow that merits complaint, it isn't even the blackening of our clothes, nor of our hands and faces. These can be washed as our windows can be washed.

Smoke fills our lungs and carries into our breathing an added danger of disease.

It is time Omaha put a stop to this belching forth of soot. There are ways in which it can be prevented. It is not the longing of an artistic soul crying aloud in a matter of fact world.

Smoke is an actual economic loss—such smoke as downtown Omaha must breathe.

Among the chief offenders is the county building and other public structures.

Soot can be avoided in Omaha. There are sane and proper ways to fire our furnaces—and it must be remembered that sooty smoke indicates incomplete combustion. There are mechanical devices that can be used. Then, too, there are grades of coal that do not throw off great clouds of soot.

There is a remedy, it is a civic responsibility to use that remedy. City and county officials owe a duty in this matter. The Chamber of Commerce can take a hand, but, first of all, it is a job for all of us.

### "WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

It may be the man next door, or the man in the next block, or the man over on the other side of town. Whoever he is, and wherever he may be, the chances are that he is a pretty good fellow if you only knew him. If you will stop and think a minute you will realize that there are a whole lot more folk for you than against you. Often it takes a dose of grief and trouble to disclose one's real neighbors, and too often you wait for calamity to befall before you let your neighborly spirit have a chance to work. And the measure of neighborliness is disclosed in the quickness it appears.

Here and there may be found those in business who are quick to take advantage of the misfortune of others. But that is only here and there. Most folk forget self when they fully realize that an opportunity affords to help others. When Dennis Cronin's print shop at O'Neill went up in flames and the O'Neill Frontier had not where to lay its head, did George Miles of the O'Neill Independent chortle to himself and proceed to take advantage of Denny's misfortune? He did not. He took Denny by the arm, led him over to the Independent shop and said: "There she is, Denny. We'll use it together until you get your new shop to going."

And so the O'Neill Frontier and the O'Neill Independent are being printed from the same type on the same press, and Denny and George are giving a genuine example of what neighborliness means.

And that's the sort of thing that is growing and spreading and making the world better and better every day.

Yuletide wassail and the coroner are going hand in hand in Gotham.

Don't let the sun of your Christmas day find you still Scroogeing.

Before playing Santa Claus make sure that you are fireproof.

## Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—  
Robert Worthington Davie

### CHRISTMAS.

The mythic traces of Christmas of the faded Yester-years  
 Has vanished, but the promise with the same sweet thrill appears;  
 The legends of our childhood are no longer Christmas-love—  
 St. Nicholas doesn't venture down the chimney any more.  
 But looking hence, as those who have long passed the storied way,  
 Our eyes behold distinctively the brighter Christmas day.  
 When we may all be thankful for such treasured dividends  
 As liberty and comfort and a host of faithful friends.  
 The Star that long has guided, by the Christ Child's steady hand,  
 Our steps across the ways of earth unto the Promised Land  
 As an eternal beacon shines in mortal smiles and tears,  
 And blends the present with the great, inviolable, ancient years.  
 We live today not as did He who came to set us right,  
 But we exist because He was and is the Guiding Light,  
 And while we gather round the hearth with happiness we may  
 Know that our joy descended from the priestly Christmas day.

## WISH YOU MERRY CHRISTMAS!



### LISTENING IN

On the Nebraska Press

"Many a time," muses Fred Howard of the Clay Center Sun, "when a fellow thinks he is hitting it off about right his friends are wondering what the danged idiot is trying to do."

"The poetry on the Christmas cards don't show signs of improvement," sighs Fletch Merwin of the Beaver City Times-Tribune.

"Spectatoritis" is a new disease just discovered by Lew Shelley of the Fairbury News, and Lew doesn't even claim to be a physician. He says it is acquired by standing around and watching other people work.

When the four republican senators were disciplined down Washington way, Bob Rice of the Central City Republican remarked: "Well, the hot ton fell out of the political maverick market."

Editor Huse of the Wayne Herald declares with great emphasis that when a man gets so he cannot handle tobacco juice clearly and triumphantly over his chin he ought to quit chewing.

Tim Sedgewick of the York Republican and Doc Bixby of the Lincoln Journal are vying with one another in prevaricating about how early they got up in the morning. The compiler of this department has worked in the same towns with both of them, and every evening as he was going home from work he met them just getting the sleep rubbed from their eyes. That's how early that pair of birds start out on their worm hunts.

"It's a cold day when you can beat the bulge in the stock market," observes Mentor Brown in the Kearney Hub. That's true, and it is equally true that it is hard to meet the bulge in a Christmas stocking.

Sam McCoy is making of the Atina Record the kind of a newspaper that causes folks to sit up and take notice.

Editor Sweet of the Nebraska City Press declares that a lot of men who boast about bringing home the bacon forget to add that they got it on a charge account.

Editor Huse of the Wayne Herald says the charge that Chancellor Avery is a compromiser supports rather than weakens the chancellor as the head of the university.

The editor of the Homer Star is afraid to buy an airplane, although he wants one. He just knows that the first time he took it into the garage the mechanic would lift the hood, poke around in the interior, fiddle with a few nuts and valves, and then the first time he flew the blamed thing it would go "dead on him" just about the time he got a thousand feet up.

### Abe Martin



We'll bet 'er Lord don't love 'er cheerful giver that tucks it on his overhead. De Valera is out o' jail on business.  
 (Copyright, 1924.)

### Songs of Yuletide

#### CHRISTMAS.

"Christmas comes but once a year, When it comes it brings good cheer. So the poet sang, you know, To us many years ago. Christmas shops are gay and bright, Faces lit with holy light, Peer through plate glass windows, dressed In the gala season's best, Rocks of ribbons gladdy glow, Holly, fir and mistletoe— Mixing with each other—hear Loving greetings here and there, Red poinsettia to flame Dearest grandma's picture frame, Tinsel ties for Dad's match box, Boxes of green for Uncle's socks; Tissue paper with satchet Suits Sue's silken negligee, Baby's wab lacks quilts and—My! Brother Bob must have a tie! Cousin Jack's out west with Jim— Stationery will please him. For my friends I'll choose some cards Printed well with fond regards: That will leave me coin to feed, Hands outstretched for those in need. Like the Magi who, we're told, Followed for the Star-angel, May we one and all find Him In the Christmas candles dim. As we shop and as we choose, May we hearken to the News of the Angels' joyous call: 'Peace on earth—good will to all. As my mother used to say, So her spirit speaks today: 'Give of self till life is done; That's enough for any one.' —Alta Wrenwick Brown.

**HAIL THE CHRISTMAS MORN.**  
 Awailed all months here below,  
 Let us, rejoice in the Christmas glow;  
 For Christmas dawn is drawing nigh  
 And His cherubs go winking by.  
 Let the yuletide's incense fill the air,  
 Peace and good will reign every-where;  
 All earth rejoice in plentitude  
 And hearts be humble in servitude.  
 Let the organ's voice roll up on high,  
 Send your carols to the sky!  
 See! The gleam of day the heavens adorn,  
 Hail, all hail, the Christmas morn!  
 Let the Christ spirit rule each heart,  
 His gracious love be of it part;  
 With sacred anthems let your voices ring,  
 And sing the praises of our King!  
 Now comes the priest of the sweet  
 Christ-mass,  
 In his vestal robes, let him pass;  
 His solemn chant will His message herald  
 And glorify Him who redeemed the world!  
 —Carolyn Belle Adams.

#### CHRISTMAS.

A pilgrimage,  
 Mary and Joseph by the way,  
 In Mary's heart,  
 The faith of all rare souls who had  
 Been or should be,  
 Joseph, on whose strong love the maiden leaped,  
 Was tender, careful, as the way drew near,  
 To Bethlehem, the inn, the barn,  
 He could not see the aureole round her head,  
 The glory in her heart,  
 Two pilgrims, humble, on the road,  
 To smooth the bed, to help in love's own way to ease the pain—  
 To whisper gentle words with glad refrain:  
 Jesus—the Son of God—the world's best friend,  
 His birth—the journey's end!  
 Two pilgrims, weary, on the road,  
 Lift from the heart of man, his load,  
 —Jean Palmer Nye, Bookfellow 1713, Shenandoah, Ia.

#### Carelessly Careful.

Doctor—Have you taken every precaution to prevent spread of contagion in the family?  
 "Lastus—Absolutely, doctor, we've even bought a sanitary cup and we all done drink from it.—Lixeter Times.

#### Rebuffed.

Mother to small daughter saying her prayers—A little louder, dear, I can't hear you.  
 "Muriel—But, mother, I've not spoken to you.—Boston Transcript.

#### CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

No costly gift that can be bought with silver or with gold,  
 Nor trinket-card that can be bought wherever cards are sold—  
 I bring not these, but I carry the story old—  
 For Christmas is a Holy Day  
 On which to kneel and pray.  
 And thank the Father for His greatest gift to man,  
 His dearly beloved Son who fulfilled His Father's divine plan,  
 By being crucified on the Cross for a world so pagan.  
 So let us kneel and pray,  
 On this Our Savior's Birthday,  
 —H. F. Gilbert.

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## SUNNY SIDE UP

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

### CHRISTMAS.

Ring, ye bells, for the Christmas time!  
 Ring sweet peace in each clanging chime!  
 Over the land and the seas between,  
 Echoing, echoing on until  
 Over the world at last is seen  
 Peace on Earth, and to Men Good Will!  
 Ring, ye bells, on this blessed morn  
 The joyful news of the Christ Child born!  
 Ring, ye bells, in glorious notes  
 From out your pulsing, brazen throats,  
 Again the news that in Bethlehem,  
 Cradled and nursed in a lowly stall,  
 Is born the Christ, who with diadem  
 Is crowned by men as Lord of All!  
 Ring, ye bells, till your glad refrain  
 'Circles the whole wide world again!  
 Ring, ye bells, for the Christmastide!  
 Ring till all hearts are opened wide  
 Ever to love for those in need:  
 Echoing, echoing on until  
 Banished is every hate and greed,  
 And room is made for all Good Will!  
 Ring, ye bells, on the Christmas morn—  
 Good Will to All Men Everywhere!

We're telling you, and telling you out of a world of experience, that the greatest fun in the world is trimming a Christmas tree for your own children. We have mashed a thumb while doing so and never said a word, when any other occasion would have witnessed the shattering of the circumambient atmosphere. We have dropped hot candle grease on hands and wrists and thought nothing about it, being otherwise engaged. And we wouldn't trade the sound of childish whoops of joy on Christmas morning for all the crosses in the world, and then some.

Our heart goes out to those who have no children of their own for whom they may trim Christmas trees. They will never know what real fun is, but they can approximate it by trimming trees for the children of others, especially those children whose Christmas joys are dependent upon the open hearts of strangers.

Today is one day when we wouldn't listen to a politician on a bet. We wouldn't give even a passing thought to entanglements of nations, nor to the legislative outlook. The worries of yesterday have been put into cold storage until tomorrow, and today our horizon is bounded by the four walls of home. We have tried to make Christmas come true to some not included in the family circle, and today we are just laying around, watching the children and the grandchildren making merry, giving thanks that we have been spared to spend another Christmas with them.

This is our day at home. Old Archimedes couldn't make a lever long enough to pry us out. The very best Christmas we could wish for all men is that they might be privileged to enjoy what we enjoy. In the very best brand of grape juice obtainable we drink this toast:

To all good people everywhere  
 Beneath the Christmas sun,  
 Good health, good cheer, and, best of all,  
 "God bless us, every one."  
 WILL M. MAUPIN.



## Plan NOW for Christmas, 1925

You will find that a membership in our Christmas Savings Club is very much worth while. May we tell you about it?

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

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Lv. Omaha..... 8:05 a. m. Lv. Kansas City (The Rainbow Special) 4:00 p. m.  
 Ar. Kansas City... 3:30 p. m. Ar. Hot Springs (next day)..... 10:00 a. m.

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## REDUCED FARES

