

# THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY  
THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publisher  
N. B. UDIKE, President  
BALLARD DUNN, Editor in Chief  
JOY M. HACKLER, Business Manager

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS  
The Associated Press, of which The Bee is a member, is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published herein. All rights of republication of our special dispatches are also reserved.  
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, 1905, at Omaha postoffice, under act of March 3, 1879.

BEE TELEPHONES  
Private Branch Exchange. Ask for the Department or Person Wanted. **AT lantic 1000**

OFFICES  
Main Office—17th and Farnam  
Chicago—Steier Bldg.  
Boston—Globe Bldg.  
Los Angeles—Fred L. Hall, San Fernando Bldg.  
San Francisco—Sharon Bldg.  
New York City—270 Madison Avenue  
Seattle—A. L. Nietz, 514 Leary Bldg.

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATES  
DAILY AND SUNDAY  
SUNDAY ONLY  
1 year \$1.00, 6 months \$0.60, 3 months \$0.35, 1 month 75c  
1 year \$4.00, 6 months \$2.75, 3 months \$1.50, 1 month 75c

CITY SUBSCRIPTION RATES  
Morning and Sunday.....1 month \$1.00, 1 week 25c  
Evening and Sunday.....1 month \$1.00, 1 week 25c  
Sunday Only.....1 month 25c, 1 week 5c

## Omaha Where the West is at its Best

### JUDGING RIGHTEOUS JUDGMENT.

A judge of the district court in Iowa explains that a sentence he recently inflicted upon a culprit is one that is imposed by law, not by the court. He makes this explanation in order to satisfy critics who think he was unnecessarily severe. The youth had committed a robbery, enforcing his demands by flourishing a pistol. For such a crime the law provides a sentence of 25 years in prison. The judge had no choice in the matter.

Examine the facts calmly. A group of experienced men, of sound judgment, calm and dispassionate, framed a code for the government of the citizens of the state of Iowa. Along with this went the definition and gradation of crimes, with penalties attached to each. Some of these penalties are severe, just as the crimes appear to be heinous. Placing life in jeopardy in carrying out a robbery was regarded as a serious offense against both person and property, and so was dealt with.

In the case at point, the culprit was a youth suddenly homesick at a holiday season. Peniless, he conceived the notion of robbery to secure funds to get home for Thanksgiving. Sentimentalists have pleaded this in his behalf. His condition and his desire combined afford no justification for his action. Other boys have been away from home on Thanksgiving, and have been as peniless and as homesick as this one, and have not sought to violently possess themselves of another's property in order to relieve immediate desire.

A Council Bluffs magistrate suspended sentence on a man who was caught stealing coal. The prisoner pleaded a freezing family. The judge went with him after trial, secured for him supplies and sent him back to his family.

In either of these cases application to the proper persons would have secured relief, and resort to crime would not have gotten anyone into trouble. It is unnecessary in this land for anyone to steal to relieve creature needs. Generous hearts are open at all times to the call of distress, and the unfortunate need only to ask to get help.

The generous impulse that would assist one who is unfortunate should not be permitted to overshadow a sense of justice that would punish a crime. The law is intended to protect society, and not merely to punish an offender. Its penalties are heavy just as crimes are odious. When the moral fiber of the people is strengthened so it will not yield so readily to sympathy with a criminal, but will balance his offense against the good and welfare of all, we may see a recession of the "crime wave."

A judge is set in a most trying place. He holds the power of life and death over offenders. When the law says to him plainly what he must do, he should be commended for following it faithfully. Unless we can have something of this sentiment among the masses, we need not be astonished that reckless men and women flout the law and laugh at its impotence. Judge righteous judgment, and do not condemn a judge for dealing with a criminal according to the law he is bound to maintain or be recreant to society. For it is society he is protecting, and the courts do not pursue private vengeance.

### FROM OUT THE PAST.

Far be it from us to join the doleful chorus of those who wall that the world is growing worse. Their lubrications make no appeal to us. The only effect of their dolorous lamentations is to emphasize the growing goodness all about us. But at this joyous Christmas season, when we are somewhat given to retrospection as well as to introspection, it might be well to remind ourselves that even if the world is growing better, it might progress more rapidly if it were not so prone to forget some of the good things of yesterday.

vender unattainable is not the kind of efficiency upon which to base a real forward movement for spiritual, mental or physical uplift.  
The world is better than it ever was, and growing steadily better. But it wouldn't hurt that sort of progress a little bit to retain a few more of the good things that stood the test of time in strenuous days now gone.  
Please pass the sausage—the real old-fashioned sausage of other days!

### INAUGURAL BALL—MAYBE.

President Coolidge, it is given out, has approved plans for his inauguration in March along the lines that attended the ceremony for Warren G. Harding in 1921. Ceremonies will be simple, will be open to the public, and the appropriation for expenses will not exceed \$35,000.

This does not meet the approval of Washington hotel keepers and some others, who regard the inauguration of a president as a quadrennial dispensation in their favor. If windows along Pennsylvania avenue can not be rented for the day at a sum almost equal to the cost of the building the event is not a success.

Mr. Coolidge, however, is of the opinion that the inauguration of a president is an affair in which all the people of the United States are concerned. It should not be made the occasion of turning some easy profits into the pockets of the innkeepers or retailers of the Capital City. He does not, however, extend his views beyond the actual official events of the day. What anyone wishes to do unofficially is all right with him.

For this reason he says he has no objection to a ball being given on the evening of the day, but he will not attend, either as president or as Calvin Coolidge. So any other side-shows may be set up, but they will not be part of the great public ceremony. Whether promoters will care to venture the uncertainty of a successful ball without the presence of the president is not certain. It is certain, though, that the president's determination to keep the ceremonies simple, and to avoid lavish outlay of public funds will be approved. Americans love display, but they also like a man who has the courage to say "no" when it is proposed to make him the central feature of a Roman holiday that does not harmonize with the spirit of American institutions.

### EITHER VERTICAL OR HORIZONTAL.

A new standard of propriety is suggested. Heretofore we have been accustomed to gauge material well being by certain specified commodities. The visible supply of wheat, for example, represented so many millions of bushels, valued at so many dollars. That was tangible. So many million bales of cotton ginned, exported, or sent into storage by the spinners. So many millions of tons of unfilled orders on file with the steel mills. Bank reported surplus dollars available for loaning. Railroad returned carlot loadings and movements between terminals. To the careful analyst these told a story of how business in general was going in the land.

Now we may adopt another test. Dictionary makers report that they are many months behind with their orders. All sorts are in requisition, and it will be long before every ambitious citizen can have his own private compendium of words and definitions, to refer to constantly. Even in the public libraries, rules have been enforced, limiting the number of moments any one patron may have possession of the dictionary.

Everybody knows the reason. Stimulated by the crossword puzzle, the great American public is in pursuit of words of four, five or six letters, meaning something, they do not care a hang what, so long as it permits the horizontal to match and produce the vertical. And the tragedy of it all is that no sooner has one word been found than search must commence for another.

It is a fascinating amusement. At any rate, it holds its victims as few other forms of indoor entertainment. What it will lead to goodness only knows, but it certainly has boomed the dictionary business.

James Griffin, convicted of manslaughter in connection with the murder of Henry McArdle, asks for a new trial on the ground that The Omaha Bee printed full accounts of his trial. The Omaha Bee pleads guilty to the charge of being a newspaper.

Parson Weems' story of George and the cherry tree may have been without foundation, but we're going to cling to the story that George swore like a pirate at the battle of Princeton. Now let the iconoclasts do their worst.

The Omaha criminal who barricaded himself in his domicile and battled with the police until he died, is one criminal who will not be pardoned or paroled, or even garlanded with flowers from the Sob Squad.

After struggling against it for a long time we finally succumb to the temptation to remark that organized baseball seems to have put the Ban on Johnson.

If it is true that a white Christmas means a green graveyard, Nebraska is destined to enjoy unusually good health during the coming year.

Millicent Rogers has lost her count, Ludwig Salm von Hoogstraeten. Losing a husband with a name like that is almost as bad as losing one's bass drum.

If this coffee situation keeps up much longer the coffee bootlegger will be greatly in evidence.

Nebraska continues white on the business map, and also white for Christmas.

Good morning! Have you sent your Christmas basket where it will do the most good?

**Homespun Verse**  
—By Omaha's Own Post—  
Robert Worthington Davie

**PLUGGIN' AWAY.**  
When they smile and they frown,  
And they loiter around  
Just like they were snooping, he goes  
As he ever has gone  
To the day's end and on,  
Concerned with the faith that he knows.

When they whisper and grin,  
And they whisper again,  
And their laugh is a kind of a lay,—  
He notices not  
That they're tickled a lot  
For he's always just pluggin' away.

When they meet him and smile  
In a winsome style,—  
He sees but he speaks not a word;  
And he plods ever on  
To the dusk from the dawn—  
He's seen but he's seldomly heard!

He will rise and attain  
His allowable gain—  
He will get to the summit some day,  
And the reason will be  
Because—don't you see?  
He is always just pluggin' away.

## There Are Only a Few Days Left for You to Catch Up With Those Things You Said You Were Going to Do This Year



## "From State and Nation"

—Editorials from Other Newspapers—

### Boys of Other Days.

From the Fairbury (Neb.) News.  
Older Fairbury residents will agree with us that a boy didn't cost much in the days gone by. A pair of corduroys, a cotton waist, and a 10-cent pair of suspenders made a wardrobe that came to less than a dollar. If he ate a great deal he didn't run up a doctor bill. A stonebruse or a bad case of sunburn were ailments that never cost his father a cent. He didn't have to have a dollar's worth or save and sterilized bandages every time he went out and stubbed his toe. He was of some help about the place, too, from the time he was 7 years old, when a father leaned across the checkered table cloth at supper time, the evening before the circus day and, putting a quarter in his son's hand, gave a few words of advice about staying out of trouble tomorrow, he knew that while he would probably not see his son again for 35 hours the honor of the family would be maintained. He knew he wouldn't have to stop his work to get the boy out of jail for speeding or becoming too friendly with a bootlegger. There were no Boy Scouts and fresh air camps in those days, and no gymnasiums. But the fellow who has never stood barefooted in pasture or orchard grass, or buried his toes in the cooling dust of a country road, with the rising sun bringing another bunch of freckles to distribute over his face, has missed something out of boyhood he can never put back. Today the world gives a lot of boyhood, but when we think of the boys of yesterday and then compare their joys with those of the boys of today we can't help feeling that at the same time the world is giving them much it is withholding more.

### Great Men's Vain Desires.

From the Manchester Guardian.  
In the history of letters there are precedents enough for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's lament that the public has preferred Sherlock Holmes as against his own preference for "The White Company" and its successor, "Sir Nigel." Over and over again it has happened that the public appreciation of an author's work has not been quite on the lines of the author's own desires.  
Browning believed in himself as a dramatist in spite of public neglect, saying to a friend at the very end of his life: "Shakespeare whisper to you my ambition and my hope." It is to write

a tragedy better than anything I have done yet. I think of it constantly. Thackeray might be considered happy when Trollope could write at his death that all the world agreed that "Vanity Fair," "Edmond" and "Pendennis" were masterpieces, the general public preferring "Vanity Fair," the critics "Edmond," and the personal friends "Pendennis," but Thackeray was not content, for his great ambition was to write a successful play and he never achieved it.

We may guess that Thomas Hardy would put "The Dynasts" far above "Tess," but the public has decided otherwise. Just as the public cared little for Meredith's verse, Wordsworth's "Peter Bell" was the very essence of his creed of simplicity of subject in poetry, but even the Wordsworthians could not stomach "Peter Bell."

Would Dickens be happy in the thought that his "crusades" are forgotten in the grand humanity of his novels? When Wilkie Collins wrote "Man and Wife" he thought that he was striking a crushing blow at atheism. Who reads or cares for the

## SUNNY SIDE UP

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

It is still made. What we mean is peppermint candy. The morning after Christmas found upon our battered and always untidy desk a bag of 'em, accompanied by the following soulful verse:

"A few days ago in your 'Sunny Side Up' You were sighing for just a few licks At the candy we had when Heck was a pup. So here are some peppermint sticks. And there they were, big, fat, striped sticks, with the old-time flavor. Charles L. Graves of Union, Neb., talks our language.

We don't know just how it struck others, but to our mind the biggest thing about Christmas this year was the wonderful spirit of helpfulness shown by everybody. It seemed that all that was needed to insure help for the needy was merely to weaken our own faith. We've seen a whole procession of Christmas days come and go, but the last one seemed to be the greatest of all in its exhibition of the real Christmas spirit.

"J. R. M." Omaha: Your comments upon what you call our "system of theology" have been read. They would have been more interesting and more pertinent had they not been founded upon a false premise. We have no system of theology. We know nothing about theology. We have never had the time nor the inclination to study theology. We study the Book, interpret it for ourself, make no attack on any man's faith, refuse to indulge in religious argument, resent any effort to weaken our own faith, and care nothing about what another man's religion is just so he has some and makes at least some effort to live it. What little religion we have suits us fine, and if it doesn't suit you, that's that.

With all loyal Nebraskans we will rejoice when the new capitol is completed and occupied, but we doubt not that we will have plenty of company when we bid goodby with regret to the old convict-built stone building that has so long served in that capacity. When we first knew it only the two wings were completed and a temporary runway of lumber connected them. We can remember when the old capitol's third story was unoccupied, and have seen the state grow and expand until even the basement was utilized for offices, and even the space under the rafters occupied. The old building has been witness to wonderful history made in Nebraska. Rejoicing over its demolition to make way for a magnificent new capitol will be tinged with regret.

We are now engaged in getting ready to Pass a Law limiting the activities of the Sob Squads and the Maudlin Many. In spite of our efforts to be kindly of heart and charitable towards the fallings of others—having so many of our own—we are becoming unutterably weary of seeing murderers and gunmen turned loose after a few years of coddling and pretended conversion to All that is Pure and Holy. We are hereafter going to reserve the major portion of our sympathy for men who manage at the expenditure of great effort and sacrifice to remain law-abiding. While we are making big talk about our prisons being reformatories, let us not overlook the fact that they are primarily for the protection of society. Sob Squadders and the Maudlin Many are warned that we are ag'in 'em from now on.

We are prepared to qualify as an expert in apples, and also to defend to the death the statement, made without mental reservations, that Nebraska produces the best in the world. We have seen them growing on the trees, watched them picked, sorted, graded and barreled, and have compared them with the boasted product of other sections. The man who tells you that Nebraska apples are not superior in color, texture and flavor to all other apples convicts himself, in our mind, of colossal pomological inexactitude. And until we are convinced otherwise, by oracular and edible demonstration, we will insist that the apples grown in the Weaver orchards at Falls City are the best of all. Three fine exhibits thereof are slowly disappearing, leaving not only a lingering flavor that greatly delights, but happy thoughts of Arthur J. Weaver.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

When in Omaha  
**Hotel Conant**  
250 Rooms—250 Baths—Rates \$2 to \$3

### Radio's Divining Rod.

From the Denver News.  
Radio, the omnipresent, has penetrated geological fields. It has become a handmaiden to metallurgist and prospector for oil, gas, water or "pay ore," as the case may be. It lets man "hear" into the heart of the earth, and discerning from the sound, he can tell what is in there. We have been told by one inventor of a machine which he plants in the earth and listens to vertical waves that he has penetrated 25,000 feet deep and heard the crackling and rumbling of a volcano in the bowels of the earth. If temperatures are required at different degrees of depth they can be indicated by applying "radio" to the earth waves. He relates other strange things which he has heard "down there" by means of his delicate instrument. He hears and tells what is to be found in the different earth layers from the sound. Another in-

### 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 disease, and is excellent for building up the system after coughs 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.

### Abe Martin



**NET AVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION**  
for the SIX MONTHS  
Ending Sept. 30, 1924

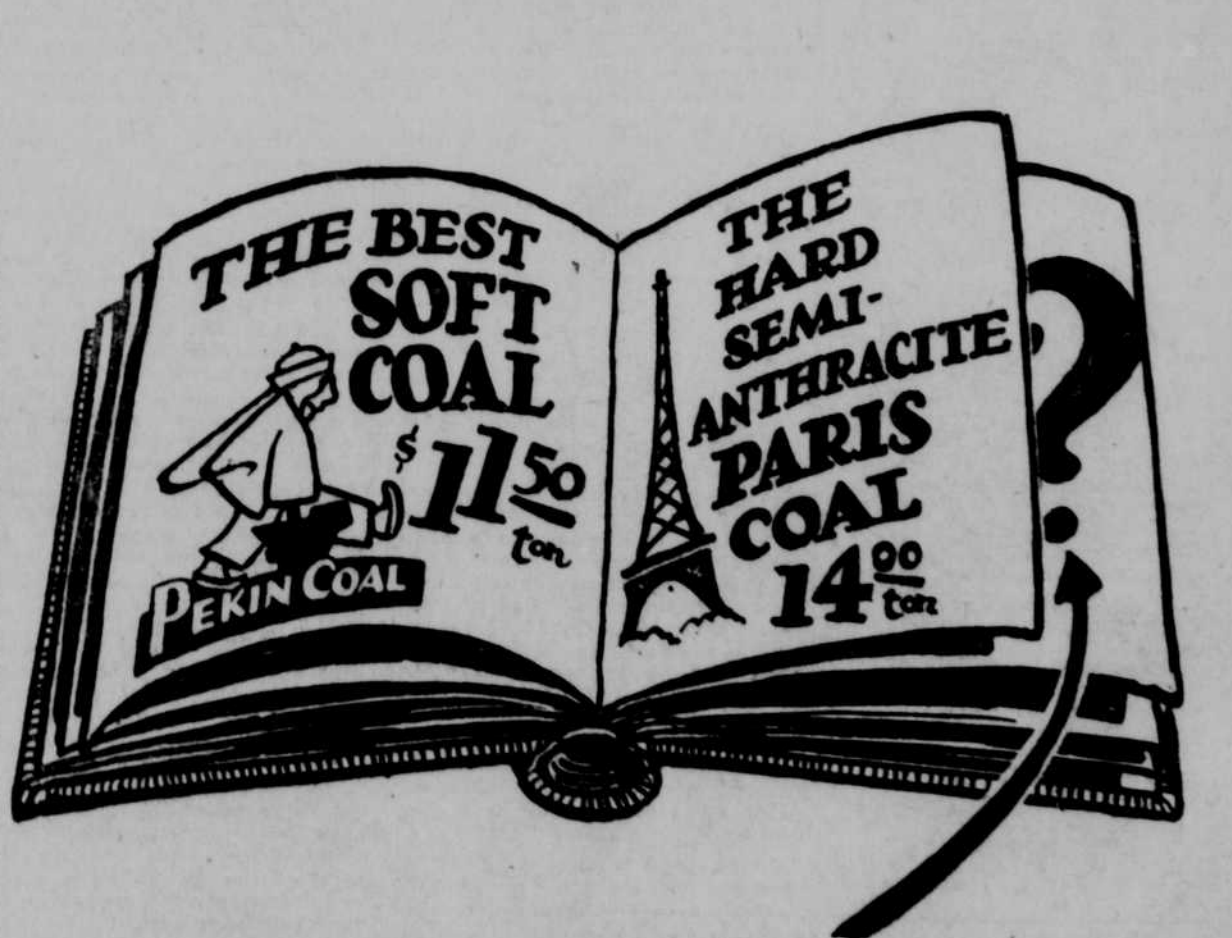
**THE OMAHA BEE**  
Daily ..... 73,790  
Sunday ..... 75,631

Does not include returns, left-overs, samples or papers spoiled in printing and including 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. H. QUIVEY,  
Notary Public  
(Seal)

## GOOD COAL SINCE 1883



We Turn Over a New Leaf Jan. 1st—Another Best Seller Coming

**Nebraska Fuel Co.**  
1104 City Nat'l Bank Bldg. JA ckson 0430