

THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

BURNING UP THE DOLLARS.

Look out of your office window. Any time of the day, in any direction. You will see some chimney vomiting huge clouds of dense smoke. Try to realize what that means. Half the value of the fuel is going up in the smoke screen that is doing nobody any good.

Fuel at \$7 per ton is expensive. When \$3.50 per ton goes up the chimney, and out to offend the atmosphere, it means that the amount that serves to produce heat or other form of energy is used at the rate of \$14 per ton.

If the coal dealer were to double his price on fuel, what a chorus of protest would go up from the building owners. Yet they will permit antiquated or inadequate furnaces, plus unskilled and ignorant firemen, to double the price of their fuel, and fancy they are handling their affairs efficiently.

Smoke is an evidence of waste. It is a sign that combustion is not perfect. Only one way is known to obtain anything like the heat value of soft coal, and that is to burn it properly. This calls for admixture of oxygen with the gases that arise from the smoldering coal. A sufficient quantity of atmospheric air admitted to the firebox at a temperature that will ensure the combination of the oxygen with the other gases produces the result sought. Only in this manner can it be obtained.

Many properly constructed furnaces are available. Methods of preparing soft coal for fuel purposes are known. There are grades of coal that we call "smokeless." In reality these grades of coal burn better, more completely. Any plan that gets more heat out of coal will save money, and big money to the large user of fuel.

But, "the smoke goes up the chimney just the same," and it represents dollars that are passing through the firebox and leaving no trace of usefulness.

Downtown Omaha should not be everlastingly under a pall of soot and smoke. Why not do something to remedy the situation? It means a large saving in actual cash as well as improving the conditions under which we live.

CURING THE LAW'S DELAY.

Two notable addresses to the state bar association emphasized the same point, although from different angles. President Wright mentioned the well known congestion in the Nebraska supreme court docket. A case appealed today, he pointed out, will be decided late in December, 1926. That is, the court is two years behind in its work, and is not catching up at all.

Judge Woodrough spoke of the great burden that has been laid on judges of the federal court, whose work has been enormously increased by the anti-liquor and narcotic laws. More judges are needed, he says with some reason, to handle the business that now presses on the district courts of the United States.

In tens of thousands of homes there daily appear pies with upper and nether crusts so rich and toothsome, so alike in texture and composition, that it requires an unusual amount of "filling" between them to keep them from coming together to talk, one to the other, about their superior virtues.

If David Henry will pry himself loose from the provincial purlieus of Springfield and trek out here to Nebraska, we'll feed him pies that will cause his outlook upon life to become rosy with cheerfulness.

MEN WHO TRAVEL KNOW THE ROADS.

No surprise need be expressed that the traveling men are for good roads. It would be amazing if they were not. The automobile is a little more than an adjunct to their business. It is indispensable.

So the traveling men, 100 per cent strong, have put their influence back of the movement to get rid of the "mud tax" in Nebraska. They have endorsed the program of the Nebraska Good Roads association. Gasoline tax and all. In fact, the traveling men know, as do the farmers who have looked into the matter carefully, that the substitution of a gasoline tax for the "mud tax" is really a move toward economy.

If the 1924 yield of wheat, corn, oats, hay and sugar beets alone in Nebraska were hauled to market as such, it would amount to the transportation of 15,190,750 tons. If the average haul were but five miles, and the saving effected by good roads over bad were but 10 cents per ton mile, the actual saving to the farmers on the one crop movement would be more than \$7,500,000.

In other words, that is the mud tax the farmer pays on just five items of what he has to haul. Assuming that he hauls stuff from town, and that he transports cattle, hogs, sheep, potatoes, and other commodities to the market, the final calculation will show this just doubled.

Regarded in this light, does it appear extravagant to ask for a program that will return in a very few years the cost of building roads in actual saving on haulage?

The men who travel know the roads, and that is why they are so enthusiastic in favor of good roads.

HER LIFE FOR OTHERS.

Mrs. Edith Shinrock's name will probably never shine from the pages of history. She did no deed of single daring, no act of high endeavor, to win even passing fame. However, she did devote her time to a work that gained for her the gratitude of many of the humble and the lowly, the unfortunate and the afflicted.

Many years ago Mrs. Shinrock took up the work of promoting ideas of temperance among the children of the Sunday school in the church of which she was a member. This soon led her into a broader field of work. Among the prisoners in the city jails, the unfortunate wherever they might be located, she found occupation. It was not alone a message of religion, of redemption and salvation, she taught, but one of love, of help, and of courage for the future.

How much of good she accomplished none can say. She did good, though, for no effort as sincere as hers is put forth in vain. She truly gave her life for others, not by dying, but by living that she could assist those who needed aid, and at the time they needed it most. And of the many who heard her kindly voice, her gentle counsel, some must mourn because their friend has gone.

A motion picture director at Hollywood died, leaving an estate of \$4,000,000. His estate would have been much larger had he saved a lot of film wasted in the preliminary titles and announcements of the pictures.

It seems that W. J. Bryan forgot to sign the check he sent to pay his membership fee in the American Association for the Advancement of Science. What's this: more monkey business?

William H. Anderson, convicted anti-saloon league leader just released from Sing Sing, says he is a victim of persecution. He ought to know what persecution is, too.

The manufacture and distribution of the so-called looney gas will not be appreciably curtailed in Nebraska until we have a distinct modification of our primary law.

Wreckers tearing down an old courthouse in New York state discovered a bottle of 100-year-old Scotch whisky. There are no courthouses in Nebraska that old.

It seems to be a close race between New York's gunmen and wood alcohol purveyors to ascertain which can accumulate the largest casualty list.

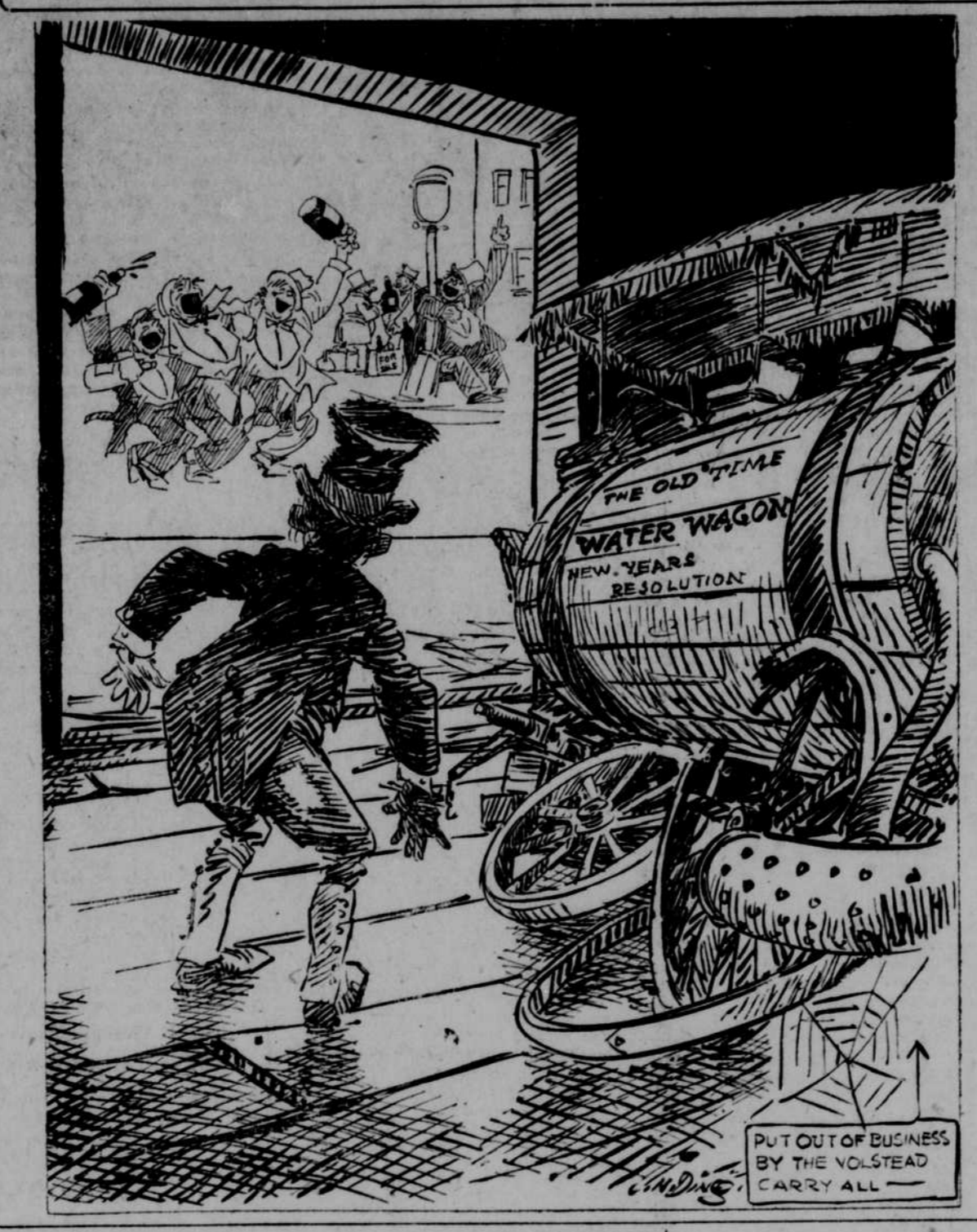
A revival of the old-time parental discipline administered in the woodshed might help make some youthful glands function properly.

Governor Bryan has been photographed at a desk in the new capitol building. Flashlight, and flash pose.

Homespun Verse.

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davie
LOVE.
While others are penning wild briefs of affection
In various measures and hues,
And naming it Heavenly—when, as I take it,—
They're ill with the miserable blues—
I'm working like sixty from five in the morning
Till night when the clock chatters nine,
To settle for clothes,
And the victuals, God knows,
That I owe to the dear ones of mine.

Almost Enough Business to Pay to Rig Up the Old Bus



PUT OUT OF BUSINESS BY THE VOLSTEAD CARRY ALL

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.

Why the Hullabaloo?
Missouri Valley, Ia.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: His honor, Judge Wheeler, is the center of a little criticism which he should not receive.

Suppose young Graham could have had the advantage of a considerable defense fund? What if Clarence Darrow's keen mind could have laid his defense for the state to hummer down? Couple the minds of some of Omaha's criminal lawyers and let them scheme his route to freedom?

The lad may or may not be captured. Darrow or his equal did not defend him. The decision has been made. Now let's give our sympathies out where they will do some good, and our criticisms, too.

One Man Outlines His God.
Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: On this Christmas day, 1924, I shall not write very much about Christmas, but it is altogether possible that the spirit of the season has descended upon me and enjoined this writing by a mandate all its own.

A few days ago I finished one of the best sellers, but it is not a new book. In fact, it is centuries old. I had read parts of it many times, but never all of it.

It portrays a vindictive, jealous Jehovah. It supplies authority for the subjection of womanhood and the slavery of the mind. I turn, however, to the story of the stable and the birth of Jesus, to the Psalms and the Proverbs and passages in and elsewhere, and can understand the high literary value of the Bible and the peace and hope and purity of life it has brought to so many who have anchored their souls in its

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V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of October, 1924.
W. H. QUIVERY
(Seal) Notary Public

Abe Martin



"I reckon I ought 't be mighty glad I don't look like a guinea pig," said Farmer Newt Stiff 'day, while kind neighbors an' friends wuz pickin' 'n' shoo' out of him. Chicago is said 't have th' best politicians' money 'n' buy. (Copyright, 1924.)

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

Pretty fine, wasn't it? Twenty-five or thirty choirs from as many churches and almost as many denominations, meeting under one church roof to sing Christmas carols to the Christ that all those denominations profess to love and worship.

Possible now to get through the stores. Christmas shopping is over. Bargain sales now on, but people pausing for breath. Day or two will see them milling around after the January snaps. Christmas decorations still in sight, but rather bedraggled.

Alas! Likewise O-ho! The National Cloak, Suit and Skirt Manufacturers' association has decreed that spring styles in skirts shall show the hem ten inches from the ground, and in extreme cases fifteen inches.

This is a wonderful country. Its possibilities are unbounded. It can do more for a man than schools or colleges. It can pick up a man who doesn't know his place from a Miller couplet, elect him to congress or the legislature, and before the ink is dry on his commission he knows more about building and operating railroads than all the men who have spent their lives in the railroad business.

We have just discovered that instead of six safety razor blades in a package there are only five. This is a matter that demands the immediate submission of another Constitutional Amendment. Merely Passing a Law will not suffice.

Our labors are bearing fruit. J. Hyde Sweet of the Nebraska City Press is writing a Sunday sermon every week, and they are mighty good sermons, too. Lloyd Thomas, who secretarys for the Hastings Chamber of Commerce, sends us a New Year greeting card bearing several scriptural references.

An enthusiast says Nebraska's new capitol building will be the Taj Mahal of America. Very likely. The Taj Mahal was erected as a sarcophagus, and the new capitol may be just that for a lot of political ambitions.

With all due respect to the eminent gentlemen who addressed the annual meeting of the Nebraska Bar association, their addresses were not nearly so interesting as the exchange of experiences in the group meeting that met informally.

A huge stack of Christmas cards from every section of the country testifies to friendships that are above price. A good job that privileges us to work with a bunch of mighty fine fellows is a treasure more valuable than rubies or much fine gold. The good fortune to be permitted to live in a city whose open-hearted generosity is making it possible for Christmas to enter every home is not to be measured in dollars and cents.

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