

THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publisher N. B. UPDIKE, President

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS The Associated Press, of which The Bee is a member, is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published herein.

Entered as second-class matter May 28, 1905, at Omaha postoffice, under act of March 3, 1879.

Private Branch Exchange, Ask for the Department or Person Wanted AT lantic 1000

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

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATES DAILY AND SUNDAY 1 year \$5.00, 6 months \$3.00, 3 months \$1.75, 1 month 75c

1 year \$3.00, 6 months \$2.75, 3 months \$1.50, 1 month 50c SUNDAY ONLY 1 year \$3.00, 6 months \$2.75, 3 months \$1.50, 1 month 50c

Subscriptions outside the Fourth postal zone, or 600 miles from Omaha: Daily and Sunday, \$1.00 per month; daily only, 75c per month; Sunday only 50c per month.

CITY SUBSCRIPTION RATES Morning and Sunday ..... 1 month 85c, 1 week 20c Evening and Sunday ..... 1 month 65c, 1 week 15c Sunday only ..... 1 month 25c, 1 week 6c

Omaha-Where the West is at its Best

ECHO FROM BYGONE DAYS.

Some generations ago it was not an uncommon thing to secure removal of somebody who was in the way. Rivals in business, in love, one who blocked promotion—a long list of reasons might be recited. As a rule, the removal was accomplished by an agent who made such things a business.

Among savage tribes the hoodoo is as greatly respected as ever. A voodoo or witch doctor is about as powerful an enemy as a native can have. But seldom does a civilized community like Omaha get a shock like that which comes with the tale unfolded by a witness in the district court.

Such an echo from bygone days should arouse those who sit in fancied security, saying to themselves, "All is well!" All is not well, when such bargains may be made and carried out. Even when conditions that might lead to such bargains exist. It is a challenge to our whole scheme of civilization, of Americanizing, of educating. Somehow, such ideas must be located and eradicated, before they bear fruit in action.

CURBING THE WILD TRAFFIC.

Commissioner Henry Dunn, as policeman, detective, chief of police, and now superintendent of police, ought to know about all that is involved in the handling of street traffic. At least as to details. He has made a careful study of modern traffic conditions. Consequently his opinion on the subject deserves respect. Any suggested solution of the general problem coming from him should be carefully considered.

Therefore, Mr. Dunn's proposal for the establishment of a traffic bureau at the city hall, to which shall be referred all offenses against traffic regulations, will engage attention. On the surface it presents what seems to be a ready solution for Omaha's greatest trouble. Street traffic is steadily growing heavier, and its management more difficult. Chiefly because certain motorists disregard the rules laid down for their government. By far the larger number of drivers are careful and considerate at all times. They suffer as much as any from the misconduct of the few who indifferently disregard all rules and regulations, seeking always their own convenience or comfort. It is this comparatively small group that makes the trouble, and whose control is sought.

SENATORIAL PRIVILEGE.

Burton Kendall Wheeler is a senator of the United States from the sovereign state of Montana. He was a candidate for vice president on the La Follette ticket. He is an attorney at law, and for five years under Woodrow Wilson was United States attorney for the district of Montana.

He is also under indictment in Montana for offenses against the government of the United States. A new indictment has just been returned against him by a grand jury in the District of Columbia. In both he is accused of doing those things which as a senator he should not. Also which, as an attorney at law, and especially an attorney on behalf of the United States government, he should have known were forbidden by law. As well as common decency. It is alleged by the government that Senator Wheeler, after his induction into the senate, continued to represent private interests before the several departments of government at Washington. That he was especially active in connection with certain tracts of land, the same being held for exploitation by oil seekers. Further, that he was interested as a share-holder as well as an attorney in the concern on behalf of which he acted before the department.

A special senate committee, of which Senator

William E. Borah was chairman, has exonerated Wheeler. What the trial jury in Montana, where the case there soon will be called, will do remains to be seen. Last winter Senator Thomas J. Walsh asserted that Attorney General Stone was dragging his client away from his home state and half across the continent, to force him to trial in a strange land. Mr. Stone retorted very promptly that he had no such intention. He proposed to try Wheeler in Montana, and also to indict him and try him in the District of Columbia on entirely new charges.

The unfolding of this chapter of the oil land scandals will be as interesting as any. It will go far to more definitely determine the matter of senatorial privilege. Also, it will give Senator Wheeler his opportunity to vindicate some of his acts that do not look just right when put under the test of the law.

CAN THE "ROAD SHOW" BE REVIVED.

The continual decline of the "road show" is beginning to alarm the middle western theatergoer who enjoys and will pay for a good play, well acted. And, it is probably needless to add, his alarm is shared by the New York producer who rules the destiny of the traveling company.

Omaha can still offer an occasional good play, and the season now drawing to a close has brought us Ethel Barrymore, Otis Skinner, "Blossom Time" and others worthy of the high price demanded for a first-class seat. But Omaha, which supports a more or less intermittent "legitimate" season, packs seven other theaters featuring motion pictures, or vaudeville, or a combination of the two. What is more, the last few years have witnessed the building of most of these theaters devoted to the film and the rapid-fire entertainer, while the "legitimate" has built up new houses and has witnessed the destruction of one of the two that once offered plays to Omaha.

Down in Texas there is not one theater remaining devoted exclusively to the drama. If a road company would go to Texas it must ask the motion picture manager for the loan of his house. And Texas includes in its borders San Antonio, Dallas, Houston, Austin and Fort Worth.

Broadway producers have blamed the motion picture for their troubles, and have recently added the radio to the list of scapegoats. John Golden, distinguished producer of "Lightnin'" and other successes, would have it otherwise.

"The theater on the road is not being killed by anything," he writes in the current issue of Collier's. "It is committing hara-kiri."

Whereupon Mr. Golden announces a discovery that the patron of the road made for himself some time since.

"I found second-rate New York productions advertising all-star New York casts that had never been nearer New York than Xenia, O.," he says. "I found plays billed as New York successes of which I, a fairly well-informed New York manager, had never even heard. I found displayed, in more than one of the theaters, photographs of players who were supposed to be in the cast, but who, I knew, were actually playing in New York. I found one musical comedy advertised as the original New York production; the whole road show traveled in two old trucks and the cast had in it exactly 16 persons."

All of which leads Mr. Golden, after an announcement that "the road is worth saving for good plays," to offer his solution. He would have an Academy of the Theater. Membership in it would be a thing prized and difficult of attainment. Its members would represent the entire interests of the American theater. And its members would accomplish, either of themselves or through highly paid and competent secretaries, a number of things.

The academy would either approve or disapprove of every play contemplating a journey on the road; it would advertise these approved plays nationally; it would provide more and better theaters; it would establish a school of the theater; it would scout the country for adequate actors and actresses; it would seek to standardize stage diction; it would foster first-class stock companies; and, finally, it would assist the amateur actor through providing one-act plays either free or at a purely nominal charge.

It is an ambitious program. Mr. Golden believes it possible of accomplishment. Perhaps it is after New York has cleaned its own theatrical stables and the producer whose vision does not extend beyond the box office has been made to see the error of his ways.

But even if his efforts come to nothing the road has gained, since one producer, at least, has discovered that the taste of the smaller theatergoer is as discriminating as that of the New York first-nighter. After all, as Mr. Golden himself admits, two-thirds of the box office revenue in New York come from the pockets of the visitor.

The confidence of the "road" in the veracity of New York producers has been quite justifiably shaken. If Mr. Golden can restore that confidence by restoring good companies to the smaller city boards he will have done much for American culture.

PURIFYING THE PICNIC.

In the relentless pursuit of germs, the health upholders no possible lurking place wherein a bacterium or bacillus might conceal itself. Notice the pronoun. The germ is neuter, but far from being neutral. In this regard it differs from the mosquito, of which the female is more deadly than the male. So far as science goes, there is neither male nor female, marriage or giving in marriage, among the disease germs. They increase and multiply, and some encase themselves in protective armor as they go about their nefarious business of undermining health. Yet they have their uses. Were it not for the bacteria, there would be no decay of animal matter, and the world long ago would have gone out of business because it could not hold the dead things that must be provided for.

This is all a little beside the point. Science, at least that division that makes its headquarters at Chicago, has decided that the lemonade pail is a lurking place for disease germs, a sort of snug harbor for the creatures that menace the well-being of all, young or old, who drink of its contents. Naturally, this aims at the picnic. No picnic is complete without a lemonade pail, or its substitute, the tub or the barrel. What will the circus or the county fair be without this traditional adjunct?

It is all right to discourse of the danger concealed in the pail, or the tub, or the barrel. We as a race are getting hardened to such information. Of course, no sane person advocates deliberate exposure to menace of any sort. We have done with approval and benefit many of the things science has suggested. Better milk, bread, food of every sort, is provided because of sanitary precautions in its preparation and handling. Even the picnic will be purified by the banishment of the old tin pail in which the lemonade was stirred. Such as wish may get it out of a bottle, but there will be a sort of regret to the older folks, who recall the days when fun was not always alloyed by the dread of catching something

Facts About Electric Service Costs

"Super-Power and 'Giant Power' Compared as to Facts; Wyer Report on Ontario Service Called Inaccurate and Misleading; Cost of Distributing Current to Farmers.

Super-Power and Rates to Consumer.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I was very much interested and pleased to read your editorial on the subject of "Super-Power and the Public."

I saw the story in the papers a few days ago on the talk that Senator Norris had made in California on the subject of "Giant Power," in which he stated, he believed, on his own authority, that the Hydro-Electric Co. of Ontario, D. C., with those of Toronto, Canada.

Of course, this comparison is entirely unfair for many reasons. In the first place, Washington's rate is naturally higher than in a city like Toronto because in Washington there is practically no industrial load, with the result that the lighting rates must carry the entire burden. As you are no doubt well aware, one of the fundamentals of our business, which allows us to get along on low rates is what is known as high "load factor." To obtain high load factor it is necessary to have a load which utilizes the investment through many hours of the day rather than just a few hours, as the case in a city like Washington.

It is also true that Toronto is served by the Hydro-Electric Power commission of Ontario, and it has been the general policy of this commission to charge low rates for electric service to residence users. These rates are, in fact, lower than exist in most cities of this country. However, to make up for this low charge to residences, the power users are required to foot the bill for the loss that is accumulated in the sale of energy to the residence users. Naturally, the political reason for this arrangement is obvious, as the residence user forms a large majority of the voting population. It is also worthy of note that the Hydro-Electric Commission pays no taxes for the support of the government, while privately owned companies in this country usually pay about 10 per cent of their gross earnings in taxes. Naturally, the commission in Toronto can sell at lower rates than could any privately owned company in the city of Washington.

This so-called "Giant Power" scheme as set up and talked about by Norris, La Follette, Howell and others is similar to "super-power" which is being much talked of in the public prints with the exception that it advocates the building of only municipally or government operated power plants, and in addition the development and tying in by the government of water power plants, such as Muscle Shoals and others not now developed. The plan is impracticable in the extreme. The municipal plants of the country turn out less than 4 per cent of the total electric energy used, and if the privately owned power companies were to be taken over, the cost would be not yet found it impracticable and desirable on an economical basis to tie their plants together, it almost goes without saying that to pick out and try to tie together these small municipal plants is nothing short of ridiculous. I trust that the public will never be inveigled into carrying out any such expensive experiment.

Super-power, to those who are familiar with the business is nothing new, but is merely a new name for an old thing. Almost since the inception of the industry we have been working along the lines contemplated by this scheme, and the only reason for giving it the name at all has been the fact that in recent years power plants and transmission lines are being built in larger units than they were in the past.

The public has formed the impression that this super-power is a recent discovery which is going to enormously reduce the cost of electricity and perform wonders in the distribution of energy to the farms. As a matter of fact, those who know what it is do not look for any such result and, as was brought out in the world power conferences in London a few months ago, the principal function of these great super-power systems will be to keep the cost of electric energy where it is in the face of rising costs of labor, material, fuel and the like.

Another popular misconception is that water power is essentially cheap power. With very few exceptions, even though water power can be cheaply produced, the market for it is so far from the point of production that the cost amounts to about the same figure as steam power, due to the cost of transmission. It costs about four or five times as much to develop a unit of electric power by water as it does by steam, and the carrying charges on this large investment, together with the investment necessary to get power from its source to its market, will in most cases more than offset the additional fuel cost of steam plant.

Much has been promised by these advocates of public owned "super-power" systems, or "giant power" systems, with respect to service to the farmer. It might be interesting to note that the cost of producing electric energy has very little bearing on the service to the farmer. There are two things which stand in his way. The first is that up to the present time the farmer has not been educated to the wide use of electric energy on the farm, nor has he been provided by the manufacturer of farm implements with machinery which can utilize small amounts of power for long periods of time, thereby making it possible to serve him at low cost. The other block is the fact that, especially in this part of the country, the farmers are so widely separated. Ordinarily they do not average much more than three to the mile, and the carrying charges, including depreciation, taxes, insurance, maintenance and the like, on the investment necessary to serve a farm, runs to about \$50

SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget, That Sunrise never failed us yet, Calix Chapter

Galveston, Tex.—Beth spending a day on a dredgeboat in Galveston harbor. The government spends millions providing waterways for shipping, but if Nebraska farmers want water on their land they have to pay for it. If inland Nebraska wants transportation they must depend on railroads, but coast cities get their transportation facilities for nothing, and Nebraskans pay for it. The government provides the water right-of-way, dredges the channels, provides the lighthouses and maintains a coast guard service to look after wrecks. Nebraskans help pay for it, but when Nebraskans want irrigation they have to pay the government for it. The government does not provide Nebraska with rails and rights-of-way over which to run trains.

This morning we watched a big Southern Pacific steamer warping into its dock here. It had cleared from the port of New York. Its cargo will be transhipped by rail from here to California. By some strange freak of legislation ships owned by railroad companies are not allowed to use the Panama canal. But every foreign country can use it, and coastwise steamers are allowed to go through. Must ahead of this Southern Pacific steamer was a Japanese boat that had sailed from Japan, passed through the canal and docked here. We haven't been able to learn why the railroad boats are discriminated against, nor why the people along the Southern Pacific are penalized thereby.

There are three big dredgers at work in this harbor. They work here practically the year round. Each dredger employs about 60 men, and the average daily expense is about \$1,800. Maintenance of these three dredgers, together with all the other harbor expense, averages about \$1,000,000 a year. It is all for the benefit of shipping, which pays not a cent for it. Some of these days the central west will get wise and insist that for every dollar spent by the government for private ship owners it shall spend at least 25 or 30 cents for reclamation.

Two big banana boats came up the harbor today. They were formerly scout cruisers in use during the World War and are rakish-looking vessels. It was interesting to watch them unload the thousands of bunches of green fruit. A cargo of bananas looks like it would supply the world for a year. It is hard to believe they can stow so many bunches in a boat of that size.

A little snorter through the public market revealed an astonishing situation. We supposed that negroes would make up the major portion of the truck raisers, but we were wrong. Ninety per cent of the truck raisers are Greeks and Italians, the rest white Americans. Only now and then does a negro peddle truck down here. They are dock laborers, mostly, or handy men around town. A few are fishermen and oystermen. In a short time their numbers in the cities will decrease because of work in the cotton fields. Down here the negroes flock to the cities after cotton picking is over, and do odd jobs until cotton cultivation begins. Nebraskans in the sugar beet section will recognize this system. That's the way beet field labor is recruited.

A pleasant visit to the office of the Galveston Daily News, which is, we believe, the oldest newspaper in Texas. At any rate it was the greatest daily newspaper in the south-west, but it fell behind when Houston and Dallas began booming. Recently the News changed hands and now it is bidding for leadership again. It is a morning paper. The Tribune is an evening paper and coming along fine.

The past winter was unusually severe in southern Texas, with plenty of snow and sleet and freezing weather. But today is like midsummer in Nebraska. It is uncomfortably warm. Strawberries, 25 cents a box; tomatoes, 10 cents a pound; grapefruit, big ones, four for a quarter; fresh oysters, 35 cents a quart; and fresh shrimp, 25 cents a pound. At home they have trouble keeping cigars and tobacco moist down here the trouble is to keep them dry enough to smoke.

A crippled run runner was picked up about six miles down the coast yesterday. Its cargo consisted of 600 cases of prime liquor. Just our luck. We were down that way and didn't see it, and there wasn't a soul aboard when the revenue cutter sighted it. WILL M. MAUPIN.

Two Strikes and Out

From the Kearney Hub. The insurgent and democratic senators won a costly victory in the matter of the Warren confirmation. A few more like it will mark a shameful and ignominious end.

A democratic newspaper asserts that Warren was nominated for attorney general by the president as a reward for political service. How long since this common political practice has become a misdemeanor?

From time immemorial the rewards of office have gone out not always to those who have earned them, but among the disease germs. They increase and multiply, and some encase themselves in protective armor as they go about their nefarious business of undermining health. Yet they have their uses. Were it not for the bacteria, there would be no decay of animal matter, and the world long ago would have gone out of business because it could not hold the dead things that must be provided for.

This is all a little beside the point. Science, at least that division that makes its headquarters at Chicago, has decided that the lemonade pail is a lurking place for disease germs, a sort of snug harbor for the creatures that menace the well-being of all, young or old, who drink of its contents. Naturally, this aims at the picnic. No picnic is complete without a lemonade pail, or its substitute, the tub or the barrel. What will the circus or the county fair be without this traditional adjunct?

It is all right to discourse of the danger concealed in the pail, or the tub, or the barrel. We as a race are getting hardened to such information. Of course, no sane person advocates deliberate exposure to menace of any sort. We have done with approval and benefit many of the things science has suggested. Better milk, bread, food of every sort, is provided because of sanitary precautions in its preparation and handling. Even the picnic will be purified by the banishment of the old tin pail in which the lemonade was stirred. Such as wish may get it out of a bottle, but there will be a sort of regret to the older folks, who recall the days when fun was not always alloyed by the dread of catching something

A Soul to Save

A life to live, a goal to reach— A daily thought of Thee: A soul to save, a hell to fear, My daily litany!

A soul to save! Yes, just one soul! A heaven prized to gain. What more could mortal man desire 'Upon his bed of pain?

For riches, then, shall have no power, And I shall fade As over the helpless form of man Death's mantle white is laid.

By godly deeds and good lives And banishment of sin. We all may, with the grace of God, A glorious victory win!

A life to live, a goal to reach. A soul to lose or save. Oh weary pilgrim persevere, And sinners, weak, be brave! —Catherine Elizabeth Hanson, 2210 St. Aubin Street, Sioux City, Ia.

A person in whom he has confidence and a lawyer whom he can trust and the country approve.

Question of Good Taste. Jay E. House in Philadelphia Public Ledger. Probably we are too tolerant of the obscene look and the obscene play. We find them dull, boring and uninteresting, and we reason that everybody worth bothering about finds them so. Maybe that is a lopsided view of it. I know I supply of things that no book or play ever led to astray. About all we know that is objectionable we learned in the clean court community in which we were reared, and we knew it all before we were 18 years old.

But, as we have frequently pointed out, the only sovereign remedy we know of to cure the obscene play is good taste. Of all the restraining forces it is the most powerful. A man may scout law and the neighborhood conception of decency in which he is ever reluctant to do the thing that isn't done. And good taste never is the product of rule or regulation. It is something inbred or laboriously acquired.

A Changed Cry. The old cry of "Get a horse" seems to have changed to "Get a peedorian."—Life.

WIRE, TELEPHONE or WRITE

Your orders for grain or provisions for future delivery

(PRIVATE WIRE SERVICE) To All Principal Markets

OMAHA OFFICE PHONE, AT lantic 6312 LINCOLN OFFICE PHONES Local, B 1233 Long Distance, 120

OMAHA KANSAS CITY CHICAGO

Updike Grain Corporation

Experienced Efficient Reliable