

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 1st day of December, 1929. (Seal) M. P. WALKER, Notary Public.

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Quack, quack, Waak! Oh, put that strike off at Buffalo! The weather man evidently doesn't care.

The Arctic explorers silent! Don't wake 'em up. America once more is stung to harbor such a poet's tongue.

If you are going to do it early you have only a little time left. Preserved eggs hardly sound nice, however, they may appeal to the other senses.

Dr. Cook seems to be particularly unfortunate in the choice of some of his friends. Farmer Wilson failed to note that this was also the banner year for the affidavit crop.

If Ig Dunn doesn't want to crawl, this sort of weather would give him a fine opportunity to slide. Chicago dazzles the daughter of Krupp, and it is safe to say that the baroness dazzles Chicago.

Any American who craved a Nobel prize and didn't get it, may reflect that "It is only noble to be good." That Captain Loose talk about Dr. Cook may prove to be only the frayed fragments of a sailor's yarn.

However, the national legislators evidently are finding that Mr. Taft's cold is in his head, not his heart. A Michigan man claims to have been cured of rheumatism by a dream. The first thaw is likely to cure him of his dream.

The new anaesthetic is said to permit a patient to look on and talk while the doctor operates. But what patient wants to?

Had it not been for the prevailing fashions, would that suffragettes have been able to squeeze herself into an organ pipe? If those waistmakers on strike make the kind that button up the back, mere man will be apt to hope they never resume.

How ready the railroad president is with the plea of poverty! At the mere threat of strike he threatens to put up, not wages, but rates. While New York state is listening to the voices of the milk combine investigation, let it not deafen its ears to the fill of the town pump.

Surgeon General Torney presents himself in the guise of a real diplomat when he boosts the hookworm without knocking the soldier who has it. With the Prairie permanently planted in the Delaware, will congress continue to regard that as a navigable stream or as acreage to be reclaimed?

After all, that horseback upset couldn't have deranged John Drew seriously, for it does not appear that his hair was mussed or his mustache disarranged. Mr. Haney now proposes to sue Mr. Crocker for libel. Does he not know that the man who goes into the courts to get a reputation seldom comes out unscathed?

Hill's Message to Farmers.

James J. Hill is still active in his self-appointed task of urging the farmers of the west to work with more earnest effort to better ends. To the charge that Mr. Hill is selfish in a degree in this work may be answered that he is not the sole beneficiary of the result of his crusade.

Just at a time when the problem has been presenting itself of how to augment the meat supply in the face of an increasing demand which made the packers turn their eyes in the direction of Argentina, the forestry bureau offers evidence that the matter in a measure is adjusting itself, and the bureau sees the salvation of the native meat question in the development of the range-bred steer.

According to the bureau experts, the current season has seen large numbers of this species topping the feeder markets at all points where feeder steers are sold, and this in spite of the fact that ten years ago eastern buyers purchased this class of stock only as a last resort and then rated it at a low price. So thoroughly seems the western steer to be coming into his own that the forestry service is cultivating his opportunities and is finding stockmen eager to utilize the ranges in the national forests for his exploitation.

Now he proposes that similar methods be applied to farming. Mr. Hill is a pioneer in this work, and for this reason his voice should be heeded more carefully than that of those who have followed him. Other railroad men have seen the wisdom of his course and have undertaken to convince the farmers of the necessity of better ways to till the soil.

Every new invention in the matter of firearms is seized upon as the basis for a freshening of the argument that the modernizing of warfare will make battles so deadly that wars will become impossible. The Maxim silencer is a case in point. Yet Brigadier General Crozier, in his annual report as chief of ordnance, eliminates the Maxim device as a factor by recommending that it be not adopted by the United States army.

General Crozier's objection to the silencer is that its use would, while eliminating much of the noise of firing, betray the troops to the enemy, as on damp or cloudy days the slow escape of gas from the silencer becomes visible and assists the opposing force in locating the firing line with exactitude. The fact remains that all efforts to modernize warfare thus far have failed to remove the elements from the field of battle. Some inventions, such as the rapid-fire gun, the high-power rifle and smokeless powder, have taken their place among the permanent developments of combat, but many others, as in the case of the silencer, have failed to establish their value, and so long as men have occasion to go to war they probably will be guided much as in the days of old, by the desire to kill, concerning which all the modern improvements devised to date have failed to establish any material differentiation of new battles from old.

Government Inhumanity to Heroes. The seasoned surferman who at the risk of his own body saves ships and lives in the bitterest of seasons and the most desperate of weather comes in for popular plaudits with each recurring tale of heroism in his line of duty, with never a reflection that the government which employs him makes no provision for his morrow. The shameful facts are emphasized by Secretary MacVeagh of the Treasury department in his recommendation to congress that some system of pensions for those disabled or superannuated in the life-saving service be provided. So rigidly has the government treated these men in the past that it is now difficult to find new recruits, a fact which might serve as sufficient argument for a pension provision as a matter of policy, if not of humanity. As the case stands, the Treasury department is compelled to thrust out upon the world men who, in devoted service to the government, have become incapacitated for earning a living in any private vocation, men who have to their credit deeds of self-sacrifice that have honored the nation. During the last year the life-saving service labored with 1,378 stricken vessels, carrying 3,900 persons, and in their entire field of operations only thirty lives were lost, while nearly \$14,000,000 in property was salvaged. In addition, many acts of humanity were rendered, apart from the casualties to vessels, such as the rescuing of 103 persons from drownings. There would seem to be much justice in the

prizes on the muscular rather than on the mental attainments of its graduates is not doing the best work.

The prizes being handed out at the Corn show and the prices being paid for prize-winning grains afford a solid basis for the conclusion that some of the farmers at least are waking up to the importance of better crops. It only remains now for those to assist in the spread of the gospel of getting seed and proper cultivation among those who are still indefinite.

A state league of municipalities is proposed by Mayor Love of Lincoln. This ought to be a good thing. A close organization of the different communities would unquestionably lead to a better understanding of many questions that are from time to time presented, and ought to bring about better conditions.

Eugene Foss is suing his florist because his Easter lilies didn't bloom, but he can hardly expect to recover from the Massachusetts voters because their frost nipped his political bulb.

No place on the map confesses to a "usual" season, and the professional winter resorts announce, in connection with the weather bureau's figures, that "It never can happen again."

The united newspapers of Chicago have accomplished one notable thing for the public good in shaming the "Bath House John" orgy off the boards. Fame Smeethed, Boston Herald.

The reputation that Washington made for the Delaware by crossing it has been lost by the Prairie, which got hopelessly stuck on it.

The Heroic Test. Washington Post. Stovaine, the new anaesthetic, might enable the democratic party to amputate Bryan's straggle without interrupting his flow of language.

An Impertinent Motion. Baltimore News. Senator Bailey moves that congress work at night, instead of in the daytime hereafter. Move to amend that congress work both day and night and earn that increase in its salary.

The Joyous Sendoffs. Springfield Republican. David E. Thompson has retired from the office of United States ambassador to Mexico and begun his work as president of the Pan-American railroad. President Diaz gave an enthusiastic banquet to the retiring American officer, which the newspapers of Mexico describe as a very brilliant affair, surpassing a similar function lately given in honor of the Chinese special ambassador, Dr. Wu Ting-fang.

An Example Worth Trying. Buffalo Express. The new crop of state legislatures will be treated, as usual, to bills designed to reduce sleeping-car service. These measures are among the legislative old soldiers which wield prestige beyond the congressional stage. In Oklahoma, however, where they legislate about everything, the state corporation commission has ordered a reduction in Pullman rates, effective on January 1. The berth rate per night is reduced from \$1 to \$0.85, and the rate is cut 40 percent. The Pullman company has agreed to accept the new schedule, possibly because at a hearing before the commission it was testified that the gross earnings of the company in Oklahoma last year were \$200,000, and the profits 27 1/2 percent.

A TIMELY WARNING. Some Remarks on the Prophecy of a Prophet. Brooklyn Eagle (dem.). "If a central bank is created, it is only a question of time when its tyranny will become unbearable."—Mr. Bryan.

Asleep at the Throttle. Reports of the wreck of the Boston midnight express while rushing through the darkness at forty miles an hour indicate that the engineer was asleep in his cab, having been ordered to take the train out of New York despite his protest that he had been on duty forty-eight hours.

Under such circumstances, the resultant collision is hardly to be wondered at, but what the general public would be interested to know is how it was possible for any railroad official to permit any man in his employ to take charge of a locomotive when so manifestly in need of rest. The accident happened in Connecticut, at the headquarters of the road are in that state and there is afforded for the legal authorities of the Land of Steady Habits an excellent opportunity for holding the responsible person strictly to account. In this case it would be well to find the man higher up.

Mr. Bryan hastens to assure the democratic donkey that he is not to be hitched to one large, comprehensive water wagon, but that he is going to be permitted to pull a numerous string of dinky little water wagons, whose piffing sprinkle will affect only the dust in some isolated and separated localities and cannot under any conditions be considered as a general deluge. Just which one of his weather eyes Mr. Bryan has turned in the direction of old Kentucky, where sits "Marse" Waterson, "Gathering his brows like a gathering storm and nursing his wrath to keep it warm," cannot be accurately stated, but the signs are that the feeler put out by the great commoner in his recent speech did not strike the responsive chord he hoped for. Minnieamacot may yet be permitted to serve the thirsty in Goldfield by capering lightly at the front end of a beer wagon, and the jacksaw may or may not haul the water wagon as he locally elects, while the peerless leader casts anxiously about for another paramount.

The decision of the Board of Regents to provide appropriate athletic instruction for the young men and women attending the University of Nebraska without entering into violent competition with schools where athletics are made a major will be approved. It is well to train the body along with the mind, but the school whose reputation

In Other Lands

Side Lights on What is Transpiring Among the Near and Far Nations of the Earth.

The hope of home rule for Ireland is more closely allied with the result of the pending election in Great Britain than at any election since Gladstone's appeal to the country on that issue. Though not a direct issue in the contest, the question of restricting the veto power of the House of Lords holds as well the fate of home rule as it does all other reform measures of liberal party origin.

The failure of the Irish nationalists to participate in the final session attending the burial of the "Tory" was not because they hated the lords any more than their more radical associates. It was the exigency of party policy which makes home rule the supreme demand. Naturally the nationalists desire liberal party success, but as their shrewd leaders view the field, they see in their eighty or more votes the possibility of holding the balance of power in the new Parliament. If this advantage is realized, the purpose of the nationalists is to insist on home rule as the price of support of either party.

The destiny that doth shape our ends is certainly shaping the mold in which home rule will be cast, and the hopes and aspirations of a century realized. Reasons for this confidence are two-fold: Liberal party success, if it means anything, means a restriction of the co-equal power of the House of Lords. It is to be expected the peers will not assent to a restriction of their power. The final event it will be necessary for the ministry to demand the creation of a sufficient number of new peers to overcome the present Tory majority in the House of Commons. In either case a narrow margin would put in the hands of the nationalists the fate of any ministry that fails to give home rule the right-of-way among reform measures. Liberal party leaders are publicly pledged; political necessities may exert it from the ancient enemy.

Dear as an Englishman is said to love a lord, few political prophets whose opinions are worth while anticipate a rush among the masses to assume the tax burdens the landlord and liquor lords declined to shoulder. That affection, however, is expected to furnish a large part of the conservative-unionist look for in England proper. Scotland, Wales and Ireland are hopelessly anti-lords. T. P. O'Connor, member of parliament, who is well posted on the situation, assumes that the three divisions will remain practically as they are, politically. The one hope of the Tories to get a majority, or materially reduce the Liberal majority, in his opinion is among the 46 English seats. "Three hundred and twenty-seven of the 46," he says, "are at present represented by Liberals or labor members. It is among these 37 that the Tories must find their majority if they are to get one. I don't think they will make serious gains except in London, where the liquor seller is still a big power, and where also there is that love of the wealthy which is natural in a capital where so much of the profits of the community are obtained from lavish expenditure of the rich."

The All-American exposition which is to open in the German capital next June and continue through July and August, is going to surprise the natives, evidently, judging by the fears expressed by the newspapers. An extensive exhibit of American manufactures, the contrasts that may be drawn from it, and the trade possibilities it may develop, constitute ground for alarm in interested German circles. The Reichs-Verwaltung Zeitung, a trade publication of Essen, attacks the exposition as one most likely to injure German trade by affording Americans an opportunity to show the excellence of their manufactures. It calls Prince Henry of Prussia, an official of the show, "an agent of American trade," and expresses a fear of the effect of a contrast between German and American wares. The projectors of the exposition are not in the scheme for amusement or recreation. They are in it for the purpose of extending American trade, regarding Germany as a fertile field for boosting business. Every publication which draws attention to the show, even though unfriendly, is to be welcomed. A megaphone knocker is preferable to a silent one.

A Japanese newspaper of Tokyo, the Jiji, laments the increased cost of living in Japan, and the consequent fear of the masses. The trouble for existence causes the dissolution of landed estates that have been handed down for generations. Inherited habits of idleness among the country gentry account for some of this distress. But the change in land ownership may disturb the balance of social affairs in the villages. A part of the trouble is caused by taxation, which has affected the prosperity of farmers. When all the several forms of public dues are deducted from the proceeds of the harvest, the landowners' profits are cut down, while at the same time the market price of the crops and the unfamiliar business enterprises, thus endangering their estates and perhaps impoverishing their families.

The money cost to France of the war with Germany, in 1929, as estimated by the French minister of finance, is astonishing. He says it was \$10,000,000,000. The indemnity that Germany would have to pay, \$1,000,000,000, but that leaves \$9,000,000,000 to account for. The finance minister reckons, of course, on the basis of the actual cost of the military operations during the war, with the indemnity thrown in, and adds the money value of all the property and lives destroyed, the paralysis of trade, the late interest payments on the war loans, the pensions and the like. Altogether, the losses make a staggering total for about one year of war. "What might we not have done," exclaimed the finance minister in a recent speech, "if the French budget, for the material and social progress of France, with the \$10,000,000,000 which the war cost us?"

Industrial associations have been organized in several parts of Ireland for the encouragement of native manufacturing and the protection of Irish-made goods against foreign competition and spurious imitations abroad. The principal leader in this movement is probably the Irish Industrial Development Association at Cork, which has registered an Irish national trademark, adopted by many Irish manufacturers, and serving as a guaranty of bona fide Irish production. Thus such widely imitated goods as Irish crochets, linen and poplin can be protected to some extent against foreign counterfeiters. The associations also have in hand the prosecution of persons who represent alien goods as Irish made.

There was no greater hero in the work of rescue in the disaster of the Paris charity bazaar fire in May, 1929, than a glumly

named Leon Desjardins. Time after time he rushed through the flames and saved some woman who would have perished but for his brave aid, and although exhausted he did not desist until he found he was carrying a corpse. This hero has shared the fate of many another man who has rendered gallant service to his fellow creatures. Being out of work and in destitution, he drowned himself last week in the Seine and his body was identified at the morgue.

SMILING REMARKS. "Can you tell me why a good housewife is like a bad husbandman?" "I suppose, because she is always sewing tears."—Baltimore American. "My husband snores so loud that I don't get any sleep." "That's nothing. My husband snores so loud that he can't even sleep himself!"—Cleveland Leader.

The irresistible force had met the immovable body. "Why, you don't exist!" exclaimed the force. "And you're nothing but hot air!" said the body, equally disgraced. By this simple process they found the answer to the conundrum of the ages.—Chicago Tribune.

She in what way does your poetic friend show his inconsistency? He—Sings about the glory of winter, and hows about the size of his coal bills.—St. Louis Times. "There is only one man or woman in the world who enjoys eating one's words." "Who is that?" "The author of a good cook book."—Baltimore American.

"Did you have any assistance when you made your appearance as a singer?" "Yes," answered the amateur soloist. "There was a policeman keeping order in the gallery."—Washington Star. "Does your wife believe all you tell her?" "Does she? Say—I stayed out all night

recently, playing poker. And I told her we weren't playing for money, and she believed it!"—Cleveland Leader.

THE WINDOW WISHERS.

Detroit Free Press. I think that now's about the time, with Christmas drawing near. To make a plea for all the tots who get but little cheer: The little window wishers, who from now till Christmas eve Will gaze at dolls and toys and things and steadily believe That Santa Claus, so good and kind, Will surely, somehow, chance to find Their little stockings, hung with care, And fill them while they slumber there. And they will wander, pale and cold, and wonderingly they will pause, And all their wants unto some limitation Santa Claus, Who'll take their names and write them down, and send them on content and glad. Believing Santa Claus will come to every orphan girl and lad, That Christmas morn, beside their beds, They'll find their dolls and drums and sleds. For poor tots have a faith as great, As children born to better fate.

The little window wishers, it's for them I make a plea. Who wish for Christmas yet, Who lack a father's knee, Who face the bitterness of life, through no fault of their own, Who dream and hope for all the joys that other tots have known; It's such a little thing to do, I'm sure it must appeal to you; Seek out some little window wisher here, Some little heart that you can cheer. Hunt up some little boy or girl, whom Santa, oh, remember, cherishes. Some little one, who is too young to know the truth of Christmas yet. Preserve that simple, trusting faith, the sweetest memory of youth. And save that child the broken heart that comes with knowledge of the truth. Make some little one your care. Who may awake to grim despair; Some little stocking full, because It may be missed by Santa Claus.

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A Hospe Co. 1513 DOUGLAS STREET, OMAHA, NEB.

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