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nizing a situation and meeting it without evasion. Courage is a wonderful thing. Omaha Elks have proven they have it in full measure.

WHILE THE WORLD WHIRLS.

A February magazine devotes a considerable portion of its space to the glorification of youth. Tinging its tributes with complaint that the young folks are denied their opportunity of running the show. Reactionary control is noted in business, in art, politics, religion. Youth is eager, ready, to take the reins, or the wheel, or whatever it is, and steer the whole complicated business along a much smoother course than has yet been found. Principally, the young are disappointed in that the high idealism born of the war influences has not been realized. Altruism has lagged, while the old selfishness has affected everybody just as it did before the purging flame of furious conflict swept over humanity.

All of which is important or not, according to whether you sit alongside Senectutus, or gambol with Juventutus. Youth is not to be despised, nor undervalued. When the tide of life mounts high, when "every prospect pleases," hope soars, and ambition vaults to heights only reached in dreams. Warm impulses, borne of a generous heart that is yet untouched by worldly experience, guide the action. How very easy it is to "let joy be unconfined when youth and pleasure meet."

But the world turns over once in twenty-four hours, and time waits on none. Slowly but surely the fires of youth die down. Inevitably a crust of experience overlies the fountain of generosity, till its waters become a trickle. Impulses continue, but they are guided more by reason or by what is euphemistically termed "intelligent self-interest." Youth loses every time in the contest with the world, for it refuses to remain young.

Responsibility, too, must be assumed, and its effect is to slow down the movement that flows so freely when only youth directs. This is not to be deplored. It would be a very pleasant world, perhaps, if no one grew old, if every hour were sunrise, and noon and sunset never came. But Nature's rule is birth, growth, maturity, decline, decay, death. And man can not escape that inexorable procession.

So the young, impatient though they may well be, of the mistakes and blundering methods of age and experience, need not be greatly discouraged. A slow, but ever-moving process will gradually remove them to the limbo where they, too, will repeat the ineffectual things their elders are repeating in imitation of a "numerable caravan" that has moved along the road "since first the flight of years began."

"HOME AGAIN" AND "OFF AGAIN."

Dr. Henry Van Dyke is away to New Zealand. Not just to see what he can see, for he knows very well he is going. To fish. To lure the fine Antipodean trout from the rippling waters of the New Zealand streams. To bask in the sun of the early fall of that far-away country. For, you know, when spring comes to America autumnal glories are shedding their rich radiance over New Zealand. The combination is alluring.

But what do you know about it? This is the same Dr. Van Dyke who set us all to singing his refrain:

"It's home again! Home again! America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be!
In the land of youth and beauty, beyond the ocean bars—
Where the air is full of sunshine, and the flag is full of stars!"

We know that no geographical lines circumscribe the piscatorial ambition of the true angler. Isaak Walton, content by the rippling stream of Old England knew nothing of the leaping, foaming trout streams of North America, or of New Zealand. Else his "Complac Angler" might have been written in livelier meter. Stewart Edward White tells us of the man who spent \$10,000 trying to catch a tuna big enough to win a club trophy, and finally was defeated by a shark. Such an one understands why Henry Van Dyke wants to go to New Zealand to fish.

But, when one thinks of the trout and salmon waters, the bass and muskie lakes, the pools and rivulets that invite the cast, all over the American continent, the wonder is that any would think of going half way around the world for a day's fishing. Maybe Dr. Van Dyke will sing again, and with greater zest, "America for me!" when he sets his face once more toward "the land of youth and beauty."

"OUT OF A STRANGER'S MOUTH."

Helen Keller will hardly be accused of entertaining any prejudices or preferences that are local to Omaha. She is national, even world-wide, in her scope. Therefore a compliment from her is one to be appreciated. So The Omaha Bee feels justified in accepting the remark she made when one of the staff was presented to her. She said, in her acknowledgement of the introduction:

"Omaha Bee? Oh, that is the western newspaper we hear most about in New York."

Modestly, but sincerely we accept the nomination. The Omaha Bee has long been known in New York, as well as in other eastern centers as the representative newspaper of this great section of the world. Steadfastly The Bee has tried to deserve the confidence of those who turn to it when seeking definite and reliable information concerning affairs and events, as well as the currents of opinion, in the region it represents.

How well this paper has succeeded is shown by the remark of Miss Keller on meeting one of the staff. "The western newspaper we hear most about in New York." It is good to have that reputation, it is a responsibility to live up to it. But both the name and the obligation are accepted.

The senate will probably carry over the nomination of Warren to be attorney general until after March 4. Good reason exists for thinking some of them would be pleased if the United States had no Department of Justice.

More goods were sent out and brought into the United States in January, 1925, than for the same month in 1924. Yet some folks insist that we are shut out of the world market.

Bishop Manning is right in his decision that while all denominations may contribute to the erection of the cathedral, the Episcopalians will own and manage the structure.

Outlying towns in Douglas county are not ready to be adopted by Omaha. They are as nearly ready as the city is to take them in.

One hobby President Coolidge rides to the intense satisfaction of the people is economy in public administration.

General Mitchell of the air and Admiral Moffitt of the water would do well to come to earth occasionally.

Occasionally justice prevails. Another Nebraska jury has held that murder is murder.

Mother of Ten Speaks Out

Although the discussion about Dr. Pinto's proposed law has been fast and furious, the mothers have had little to say. No doubt they are too busy bearing and caring for the babies. But as at least one map (W. M. M.) has expressed a willingness to listen to the views of the mothers, I wish to express mine.

Very few seem to strike the real reason for present-day small families and childless homes. Even the immortal Theodore Roosevelt was mistaken. He said: "It is because they (women) shrink from the pain of child-bearing." No so. Every mother knows that what Sherman said about war applies equally to child-bearing. For every woman has known just what suffering each new life meant, and yet it has not served to depopulate the earth.

My first real reason lies here: It isn't the style to have children. Large families are considered vulgar. It just simply isn't done—that's all.

"Alas! Poor me! I must plead guilty to being out of style. Almost outside

the pale. I have 10. Ten. Nine are living. Every one healthy, every one smart and of good, patriotic American stock. And my husband and I are endeavoring to raise them to be an asset to their country. We have four acres for them to spread over, so they do not even bother the neighbors. But yet, when my eighth was born, the good sisters of the town lifted their hands in holy horror and cried, "What! Another!"

One of whose red hair probably accounted for her plain speaking, declared that it was a crime for me to have had this child and that my husband, being the criminal, should now be forced to cook and serve it, and also attend to the other little details of housekeeping.

But that curly-haired little daughter is quite as dear to me as my first. Since then I have had two splendid boys, who are very precious to my father and me. And let me add, to older brother and sisters.

I must not write what people have

said by about these two later arrivals, else my letter could not be printed. So it seems this is a case of "It's awful if you do, and it's awful if you don't."

Now, I have borne these children myself, and my husband and I have cared for them ourselves; surely their number should not concern my neighbor. Even so, it should not concern me if my neighbor chooses to have few or none. There was never a subject where "Live and let live" applies better than it does here.

Indeed, there are enough mothers who marry for love and bear children through love to keep up the population without trying to force children on to those who do not want them.

The most pitiful thing on God's green earth is an unwelcome baby. Let the healthiest reformers who wish to "pass some laws" devote their time to bettering economic conditions so that it will be easier for those who do have children, in fear and educate themselves. Mrs. EZRA W. CUFFLIN, Alnsworth, Neb.

Firm for Enforcement

Union, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Almost every day some letter from a Reader finds my indignation, but the one in today's "How to Make Prohibition Work" was the straw that broke the dromedary's vertebrae. Many have written foolishly, but to date this is the worst. He writes: "Everyone except the drys violate the laws and think the law a joke." Well, if it is, it is a good one, and one that will continue long after he is gone.

His plan is not to enforce the law, but to have the government pass a sane (?) liquor law, allowing everyone a certain amount of liquor. Then he and his friends will "help enforce" that law and "help corner bootleggers." I haven't any doubt they would do both: "Enforce the law, by drinking their share, and that one who is not up to the snuff, then 'corner bootleggers,' for more.

So the young, impatient though they may well be, of the mistakes and blundering methods of age and experience, need not be greatly discouraged. A slow, but ever-moving process will gradually remove them to the limbo where they, too, will repeat the ineffectual things their elders are repeating in imitation of a "numerable caravan" that has moved along the road "since first the flight of years began."

Wonder if he considers the Nineteenth Amendment? It was the Christian and temperance women of our nation who worked 50 years to help secure the Eighteenth, and now that they have it, they are determined to set aside the moral law, given by God Himself, but it cannot be done. Every transgression brings punishment and will to the end of time. Jesus declared, "Not one jot or tittle of the law shall pass, but he also said to love God and our neighbors was the fulfilling of the law. If all fulfilled the law, there would be no need for other laws.

As for "Reader" who set his Bible from where it has lain unread (or, if he has none, borrow one), and open to Isaiah 28, he will find there a complete picture of the drunkard and his horrible condition, also the punishment promised him and the judges who "err in judgment," as many Omaha judges are doing. (For example in the case of the drunkard who had inadvertently put on in the excitement, and who was judged by the quality, effects and associations of "jazz" and "slap-stick movies," we are inclined to hope for a different temporary reversion towards savagery, and are by no means proud of Gilbert Seldes' claim that they are distinctively American arts; nor do we feel the least inclination to pity the foreigners because "they cannot do them abroad," as Mr. Seldes proudly assures us.

Cultivating Public Good Will. From the Night Leader. The death of C. J. Lane, freight traffic manager of the Union Pacific road, removes a unique and lovable character from the world's activities. His capacity to make friends was limited only by the number of people he was able to come in contact with. It took the railroad of this country many years to learn the lesson that it paid to make friends of its patrons and prospective patrons and Charles Lane and a few more like him to do with this change of attitude than many supposed. Railroads want business and men of the Lane type brought it to them. No matter what may have been the mental attitude of railroad managers they wanted business and, while as a class they were slow to see the light, the success of the Charles Lane finally drove it in upon them. He was not only a valuable employe of his company but he did an immense service to all railroads and to the public as well by being such a factor in the changing attitude of railroad managers toward the public, an attitude to which the public responds.

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Jazz and Art

Shelby, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: We have got to "get rid of our social and intellectual prejudice" and the popular forms of American entertainment," says Gilbert Seldes, the dramatic critic of "The Dial" and regular subscriber to "Vanity Fair." If jazz and slap-stick movies are "popular," as Seldes says, what hope does he want? Does he want unpopularity to be his predilection for these "unfitted arts" over the "serious arts" which he says are "great and eternal"? If our "prejudice" against these "popular" American arts is "social and intellectual," will we have to descend or ascend in social and intellectual scale to get rid of it?

When the Vatican choir and the Ukrainian chorists were over here, not long ago, was it social and intellectual prejudice which caused our musical critics to pronounce their music beyond comparison with any we could produce? Why did not our critics hazard a comparison with our American art "musicians" that jazz "is just as artistic, wholesome and good in its way" as Mr. Seldes avers?

We will concede to Mr. Seldes that "we cannot live on the fine arts alone," and cheerfully admit that "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men," but we insist that a civilization based on a tortured trombone and the heart-rending synopses of a suffering saxophone, or the dexterous precision with which a slap-stick artist places his foot on the social topography of his willing accomplice are not altogether soul-satisfying as steady contributions to human happiness.

We will also willingly admit that jazz is not a compelling cause for "a girl to shoot her mother," and that wild west movies do not inevitably lead a boy to confess crimes he never committed in order to be "known as a desperate gunman," but so many have attributed their straying from youthful innocence to "jazzy" dance halls or "peppy" far-dread movies, that, if I were an art critic, I would hesitate to say anything which might add to their "popularity" with our impressionable youth.

As for the "intoxication," which one of your correspondents speaks of, we ourselves have seen, more than once, youth of both sexes, under the influence of jazz, dancing around a phonograph with bodily features which would rival the contortions of a war-dancing Comanche to the solemn strains of one of Isaac Watts' hymns, and they had inadvertently put on in the excitement, and who was judged by the quality, effects and associations of "jazz" and "slap-stick movies," we are inclined to hope for a different temporary reversion towards savagery, and are by no means proud of Gilbert Seldes' claim that they are distinctively American arts; nor do we feel the least inclination to pity the foreigners because "they cannot do them abroad," as Mr. Seldes proudly assures us.

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SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget, That Sunrise never failed us yet. Calia Thayer

A PRAYER.
Teach me to walk Thy way aright,
Help me to understand,
Protect me by Thy gracious might
And lead me by the hand.
Give me a sympathetic heart
That I may feel and know
The way to share in proper part
With fellow creature's woe.
Give me the gift to scatter smiles
Along life's rugged way,
And brighten all the weary miles
We tread from day to day.
I ask not wealth, nor power of place;
I only ask of Thee
That Thou turn not away Thy face,
But grant Thy smiles to me.
I ask for strength to meet each task
For those I dearly love—
The strength, dear Lord, I humbly ask
That cometh from above.
Incline my heart to wisdom's way;
Guard me o'er moor and fen,
Lead me safe home at close of day,
And Thine the praise. Amen!

Beloved, let us open the Book of Books, turning to Acts 10:38 and reading, as follows:
How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power; who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil, for God was with Him.
He went about doing good! In those words is summed up the real work of the Master. Doing, not saying. In Matthew 7:21-23 we read:
"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name? and in Thy name have we cast out devils? and in Thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity."

Beware, dearly beloved, of false prophets going up and down the land professing to do great works in the Master's name, but wholly departing from His blessed example of loving admonition and the doing of good. Search the record of His life as you will, you will find but one command that He laid upon those who profess to follow Him: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another." Not by force and repression; not by finite law, but by love, by the doing of good, by lofty sentiment and appeals to man's better nature, did He set about building the Kingdom of God on earth as it is in heaven.

There is a vast difference, dearly beloved, between going about doing good to all the people, and going about doing all the people good. Not every one that professeth in His name, not every one who pretends to cast out devils in His name, not every one that seeketh the building of the kingdom by forcing man to be good instead of inclining their hearts to good, will be accepted on that great day. "He that heareth these words of mine and doeth them," "What works? Good works—helping the weak, leading the blind, attending the sick, drying the tears of widows and orphans, lifting the fallen—doing good.

False prophets are ever appearing on the scene of action. Ever and anon they set up their own rules of faith and practice, ignoring the example of the Master whose whole life's work is summed up in the words, "He went about doing good."
"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Brethren, incline your hearts to His word, and hearken not to those who would substitute the word of finite law. Be ye doers of the word as well as hearers thereof.
So endeth the lesson. Let us stand up and sing:
"Work for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'midst springing flowers."
And, singing, let us dedicate our lives to the work of going about doing good, not merely talking about it.
WILL M. MAUPIN.

Every Morning My Complexion is "Better and Better"

My Eyes are Brighter Too All due to



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