

THE OMAHA BEE MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publisher N. B. UFDIKE, President B. B. DUNN, Editor in Chief JOY M. HACKLER, Business Manager

to defeat the nominees of the party, nominees chosen by the people themselves. The rebuke administered in November is to be mildly echoed in the reorganization of the senate.

AN AMERICAN PRINCESS. "My family has been American in all its branches, both direct and collateral, for many generations." So wrote Ulysses S. Grant in the opening sentence of his memoirs.

American history presents few pictures more noble than that of the old warrior, sitting on the front porch of his home overlooking the Hudson, expending his last conscious effort to complete his life story.

With her father she spent many months at the brilliant Austrian court, going to school with the daughters and playing with the sons of the proudest nobility of the world.

Michael Cantacuzene was not a play noble. He managed a great estate in the Ukraine, took part in the business of the empire, and when the war came on went to the front with his regiment.

His wife, who is as well Princess Esterhazy as Countess Cantacuzene, has given Americans a lively picture of life at the czar's court as well as the early days of the war and the revolution up to the hour when she was forced to flee with her children to escape the ravages of the reds.

Something not altogether encouraging may be noted in the efforts of certain zealous advocates of particular brands of religion. In one great weekly review we read the editor's opinion that a notably successful football team was helped to its victories because most of its members attended a religious ceremony each day.

Long ago Tom Moore, one of the sweetest of Irish singers, wrote of the sentiment: "Not Perish the heart and the cause that would try Love, valor or friendship by a standard like this."

Eighty-seven more names have been added to the citizenship roll in Omaha, and that many more foreign-born are ready to take their full share in carrying the republic to its destiny.

Those senators who were elected as republicans, but who gaily wandered away in pursuit of fancies outside the pale of party discipline, are about to gain their reward.

Chicago is awarded a flood of water from Lake Michigan, but it will not be used for beverage purposes.

March 14 will be a red-letter day at the postoffice all over the land. Clerks will then get their back pay.

General Mitchell is gone, but he will not soon be forgotten. All voters should look alike under the Nebraska law.

Homespun Verse By Omaha's Own Poet—Robert Worthington Davis THE JAZZ AFFLICTION. I have demurred With other "birds" Upon the jazz affliction; I have agreed for That there's a need For more or less restriction;

Almost Broke Up the Tea Party



Letters From Our Readers On the Nebraska Press

Forward for Omaha. Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I wish to endorse your splendid editorial in this morning's Bee in regard to the M. E. Smith & Co. sale. On every hand The Bee is being praised for its strong, constructive stand in this matter.

Do Something Quickly. Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Is Omaha going back so fast that we will have to replace our downtown streets with hitching posts, gas lights and possibly tear up the streets, return to mud lanes and old Dobbins and the shays?

Pot Likker and the Future. Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Darn that editor and his "Pot Likker"! I thought I'd just about gotten over being homesick.

Investment or Waste. Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: This article is respectfully called to the attention of the Greater Omaha Committee. Several times in the past three months letters staged from people who are in the commercial world have been published in the Omaha papers.

SUNNY SIDE UP

Take comfort, nor forget, That Sunrise never failed us yet. Celia Thaxter Thoughts on a Sunday afternoon jaunt about Omaha: Ak-Sar-Ben den. Remember when the high-wheel bicycle riders were making things hum around its oval.

Over on Izard street and past a corner where rooming houses once stood. Business block now. Rented a room in that old house. Tommy Hunt with us. Bought furniture on the installment plan. Stalled.

Cliff dwellers. Apartment houses on every side. Used to be vacant lots, or little cottages there. Note several families living in garages pending time when they can build the house. Looks strange to an old-fashioned man.

Transferred twice. Drug store on each corner. They weren't drug stores in the old days. Don't quite like that "neighborhood" sign in the cars. Sticker for orthography.

Used to be a little church at Twenty-sixth and Grant. Congregation prospered and grew and moved to handsome brick church located elsewhere. Venture to say that in the new church they don't have socials as enjoyable as those we used to have over on Grant street.

Several good corner sites left for filling stations. Seems to be a plentiful supply of suburban movie houses. What has become of the lively stables?

Lawns beginning to show green. Squirrels busy. There goes a robin. Must have wintered here. Weather so fine there must be a storm brewing. But mustn't grow pessimistic. Day too fine. Informal information that time approaches for Sunday dinner.

It isn't because we are getting along in years. We've always been that way. We cling to a hat until it is too disreputable for words. That's because we hate breaking in a new headpiece. And we wear a pair of shoes until the soles and the uppers are not on speaking terms.

Omaha-Where the West is at its Best

AUTEN WRITES A "MOUTHFUL." One day, after the patriarch had been more than usually tried by the windy arguments of his friends, he ejaculated: "Oh . . . that mine adversary had written a book!" James Auten, who sits as one of the democratic representatives in the Nebraska legislature, has written a letter which will do as well as any book.

Then he tackles it from another angle, although just how this applies to the problem as he sees it is not plain: "We are asked to build many long lines of gravelled highway and then tax ourselves to put in a great system of public parks so the people will have some place to go. You know P. T. Barnum said there was one born every minute."

Finally, Brother Auten admits that the gas tax will "all be used on trunk lines of roads that the farmers haul their crops to market over." How that can possibly harm the farmer is beyond understanding.

He concludes his plea with an adjuration to all that they remember the gasoline tax is one more ruse of the wealthy to shift the tax from wealth to labor. That part of it sounds like something coming from a soap-bob. If labor drives the automobiles that now go flitting over the highways of Nebraska to the tune of something like 300,000, not to speak of the thousands of "visiting" cars that use the roads every day in the year, then labor ought to pay the tax.

Those senators who were elected as republicans, but who gaily wandered away in pursuit of fancies outside the pale of party discipline, are about to gain their reward. In the reorganization of the senate the element of party regularity is to control.

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