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Omaha-Where the West is at its Best

HE REMADE THE WORLD.

Elwood Haynes is dead at his home at Kokomo, Ind., at the age of 68. Few persons in the United States knew about Elwood Haynes. He was not even a name to many. Yet all the world knows about his greatest accomplishment. He was the first to drive a carriage propelled by a gasoline engire. Many "horseless carriages" had snorted up and down the roads before his day. Experiments of all sorts had been carried on. Langley had all but solved the secret of mechanical flight. Yet these experimenters had depended on the use of steam for motive power.

Haynes was an engineer. As is the fate of so many inventors. Haynes was regarded by his neighbors as being "just a little off." He was everlastingly fooling around with some sort of contraption. A mechanical contrivance that was to do something none other had achieved. His main efforts were spent on a greasy engine that snorted and coughed and emitted vile fumes, and did not promise much of anything to those who based conclusions on appearances. The story goes that one evening while Mrs. L'aynes was putting supper on the table, Haynes touched the right spot on his motor, and it ran. Wrecked the dining room, and the kitchen, and out into the yard, where it did other damage. But it ran.

Not long after that Haynes towed a strange looking carriage out into the country. Then he drove it back to town under its own power. The first gasoline-driven horseless carriage made a speed of eight miles per hour. But the victory was won. No matter how many improvements and innovations have come since that summer day in 1894, it was Elwood Haynes who laid the foundation. He had pursued the secret and captured it.

Millions of cars go up and down the highways of the world. Man's communication with other men is swifter and easier. His burdens are lighter. His days are fuller. All because Elwood Haynes was "just a little off." The combination of steel and rubber, with gasoline and electricity for the vital elen.ent, came in time to remake the world. The greatest reward that came to Haynes, who had the genius and the patience to perfect his "queer contraption," was to have lived to see the fulfillment of his vision. He died knowing that he had been of real service to the race.

"HOME'S WHAT YOU MAKE IT!"

The Omahan who does not know Fritz Al Carlson's Omaha song, even though he may not be able to sing it, ought to try to sing it. It hasn't quite so much fight in it as it ougt to have. It contains the right sentiment, however.

Now Carlson has written another that has not only sentiment but fight. Its title is "Home's What You Make It," and it fits in well with the campaign for the upbuilding of Omaha institutions. The words go like this:

"I'll say it's not what's the matter With my home town, But what's the matter with me. Omaha. Omaha! Finest place you ever saw. I'll say it's great-it's up to me, It's up to you. To down the blues and knockers, too.

So it's not what's the matter With my home town. But what's the matter with me?"

Whatever the verse may lack in poetic construction is more than compensated for by its wealth of sentiment-a sentiment, too, that should inspire every loyal Omahan. When the time comes that every Omahan realizes that he is in a measure responsible for Omaha's government, for Omaha's growth and development, for Omaha's betterment, things will forge ahead in a manner not yet under-

Making a Bigger and Better Omaha is not the work for committees or groups. It is the work of every citizen. If you have an idea that there is something the matter with Omaha, forget it long enough to investigate yourself. You may make the astonishing discovery that the matter is with yourself, not the city.

Now learn Carlson's new song, and after learning it, sing it with the proper spirit and understanding.

NOTHING PUZZLING ABOUT IT.

The Treasury department at Washington confesses it is puzzled by the unprecedented demand for dollar bills. The confession merely confirms a long-entertained suspicion that the Treasury department officials are a lot of antiquated old fossils. If they were wise to modern ways they would not be puzzled.

The dollar bill is in demand because it can not be distinguished from a \$20 bill when properly folded. It is popular because four or five of them properly rolled will enable the posessor to make a flash like a million dollars. The dollar bill is popular because the man who makes a 50-cent purchase and tenders a \$5 bill in payment gets back four dollar bills, and they make him feel as if he is being paid

for carrying his purchase away. A young man may jingle three or four silver dollars in his pocket without attracting much attention, but if he flashes a roll containing four or five | Dance and Old Time will unravel the story!

dollar bills he not only feels like a millionaire but he actually believes that all beholders believe that he is in the Ford-Rockefeller-Mellon class. A halfdozen silver dollars in a man's pocket makes him sag sideways, puts an undue strain on belt or suspenders and gives visible evidence to creditors that he is able to pay something on account. But an equal number of dollars bills tucked away in the vest pocket puts no strain on anything but the imagination and induces that millionaire feeling so comforting and Omaha Bee: It seems rather astound satisfactory.

The Treasury officials should get away from the enervating official atmosphere of Washington and mingle for a time with the common or garden va- day riety of people. That is the way to solve a lot of problems that now perplex them.

UNWED MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

Miss Alice Fiske of the University of Iowa addressed the regional conference of the National Child Welfare society on a subject of great interest. She talked of the unwed mother and her child. Favoring the plan of keeping mother and child together, she suggested that state aid be given in such cases. Of course, she admitted that some such mothers do not want the child, and should not be forced to keep it in such cases. But before adoption is resorted to, the mother should be given every chance to readjust light. There are really three bodies herself. When she has fully realized, the situation, and is restored to full health, she may be able to decide.

One of the factors in the problem is that by different methods of dealing with such mothers affairs such as that which shocked Council Bluffs a few weeks ago might be avoided. Yet, as that is an exception, so there are others. Recently in Maryland a young woman confessed to having for a second time murdered a babe born out of wedlock. Cases like these do not make the rule, but they do complicate the general problem.

No matter where the sentiment was born, in modern society we find a general feeling adverse to the unwed mother. She is at a disadvantage both socially and economically. Philanthropic organizations assist her, and her child is generally well cared for. Much opinion, perhaps the greater part, inclines to the side of separation of mother and child under such circumstances. Miss Fiske's proposals deserve consideration, nevertheless.

Society has an interest in the matter, for the unwed mother and her offspring fall into the danger zone. Until a better way of dealing with them is found, they will remain there. In fact, so long as marriage is regarded as it is, children born out of wedlock will always constitute a menace, as proof of disregard of a convention that sustains the social organization. Whatever the state may do, this phase of the problem will remain unaltered.

AND THEN SOME.

"America." declares the Louisville Courier-Journal, "gave the world tobacco, potatoes, oats, corn, pumpkins and turkeys."

But why such a short list? America also gave the world automobiles, synthetic gin, kodaks, jazz orchestras and "blues" singers. America gave the world the telegraph, the ocean cable, the electric ight, bootleg liquor, motion pictures, the notion that mankind can be saved by legal enactment and the

trashiest magazines ever published. Nor is that all. America has given the world some of its greatest statesmen and some of its meanest political grafters, some of its highest ideals and some of its lowest moral performances. It has given the world its greatest examples of moral courage and its worst examples of law defiance. It has given the world the best laws for the protection of life and limb and then shown the world the utmost indifference to both. America can get steamed up over something quicker and forget it sooner than any

other nation on earth. It gives more liberally and does it quicker than any other nation when the world is in distress, and just as quickly forgets to follow up.

A wonderful country, a wonderful people, but we have much to learn and an infinitely greater distance to go.

SPEAKING OF EVOLUTION.

In the old days a boy was content with playground apparatus consisting of a shinny club he cut from a hedge row, and a ball made from the ravelling of an old yarn sock. Now he must have a wealth of publicly provided apparatus and an expert to teach him how to play.

Then he had a pair of old rocker skates and he was happy. Later he had a bicycle. Now he must have an automobile of his own and carte blanche at a filling station.

Then, when he took "her" to a party he walked up to the gate and whistled. Now he drives up in front of the house and honks his horn.

Then, if he spent more than half a dollar entertaining his sweetheart, she advised him to save his money. Now, if he spends less than a week's wages the says, "Step on it, kid; you're slowing up."

The boys of those old days usually made good. And, in spite of the changes in conditions, the boys of today are mighty apt to make good. It is a waste of time to worry about the boys.

It is more important than ever these days, however, to see that they get a good sound training in personal responsibility and the eternal fitness of

Speaking of evolution, Mr. Bryan might tell us about his evolution from a briefless barrister to a millionaire real estate dealer.

Mrs. Coolidge is not the only woman who will wear an old hat on Easter Sunday, if some husbands hereabouts have their say-so.

Homespun Verse By Omaha's Own Poet-

Robert Worthington Davie.

FROM AN INTERVIEW.

The fruit of this agon, the myriad hollers, Is measured with cold and exchangeable dollars,-And all that was beauty and grandeur before us,-And much that was lovely and truly decorous Is mythical merely.

And obsolete-clearly!-And lingers in memory to vex us and bore us.

The steps of the angels are fewer and lighter,-The cabaret beacons are larger and brighter,-The hour of midnight, the hour of learning,-Shows bulbs of resplendence o'er revelers burning. The classics of leather Are huddled together

Like outcasts for home and security yearning.

'Tis Progress-this change so illogical seeming' Tis planning and doing,-not hoping and dreaming. Sportdom's the kingdom of Merit and Glory With monarchs and runners up many, b'gorry! Hang the old college

With all of its knowledge!

Letters From Our Readers

All letters must be signed, but name will be withheld upon request. Communications of 200 words and less will be given preference.

Man's Destiny Lies Onward. Omaha.-To the Editor of The ing that a person of such commo sense intelligence as Dr. Harry Emer son Fosdick would ask the futile ques-tions attributed to him in his Easter sermon at Plymouth church the other

The human body is composed of chemicals, worth about 98 cents. that compound a chemical blunder of nature, or do you think that within the ephemeral life there is an abiding eternal shrine?" On the one hand we have Haeckel's definition of mar as a gaseous vertebrate, and yet the Testament says he is a semi-god

Is there any reason why we are no both, or even more? The physical body is what Haeckel meant; the Tes tament had reference to the soul. The 98 cents worth of material represents the vehicle which affords the soul a residing place; just as a velvet casket holds a gem of purest water in one in each and every human being; the physical or chemical, the mental, and the spiritual. Without the physical, the mental and the spir Without itual could not function—so far as we at present know—here on earth: without the mental, man's mind would be a blank; without the spiritual, man vould be among the lowest forms of life. It needs the three combined to

Man has been placed in the universe for the purpose of evolving into higher or superbeing, like the Christ or Buddha, and immortality of the soul is a truth. Many "civilizations" ave come crashing to the earth for the reason that they are mainly arti-ficial and superficial. We experiment with life, and out of the experiments comes gleams of wisdom which bene fit us in the long run. Many of the things we evolve out of material means through mental action are use ess as well as harmful, but we learn lesson from it, and that means one nore step upward in the scheme of evolution. The soul is the flame of life, as the sun is the giver of life. There is not death: merely FRANCIS KEITH. change.

God Versus Infidelity-Evolution. Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: During the past weeks. brough the city newspapers, several They do not state how they got into the sacred precincts of the ewspapers-probably crawled

Is it not highly believable that. onsidering the marvels of the universe, wherein some master mind ust have created and perpetuated it the Psalmist in exclaiming, "The fool bath said in his heart there is no iod," uttered it in piteous lamentation hat any puny human could be so barren of spiritual understanding as to utter such thing? Of all the individals extant, prolific in citing evidence egarding a nonexistant personal God. vithout proof, the infidel-evolutionist s supreme. And the smaller the menal caliber of the agnostic, the better iter. They insist that the public ibraries teem with evidence showing the existence of a God was disproved ong ago. They do not say who van-uished God. In substance they still sist that our forebears got their tart on their two hind legs, probably supporting themselves by an ele-phant's tall or something until their cet became spread out so they could walk about; that somehow their front laws became straightened out so that o longer they could clmb trees with heir fellow-apes, and were forced to he use of clubs to kill their meat. The infidel-evolutionist's prophets.

ingersoll, Payne and Voltaire, while furnishing much fascinating literare, just as Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" was fascinating, never furnished the slightest proof of a non-existent, ruling, God. All of their reputations were built up solely upon their great intellects, and all left the orld no better or wiser for their havng lived. Where reposes names of ese men today, when we with heartsentiment celebrate Lincoln's McKinley's or Washington's birthday? Inder how many lavers of dust re oses Payne's "Age of Reason." when the sordid theatrical magnate are dramatizing with great profit Bondage" or "The Ten Bondage" Sondage" or "The Ten Command-nents?" Luther Burbank, doubtless the greatest authority living or dead touching embryo life, has never preended to furnish the slightest proof f man's evolution from the lower an mal kingdom. The greatest of all evolutionists, Huxley, Tyndall and Haeckel, never have furnished the slightest mathematical proof regarding man's evolution from the lower volution are predicated up on supposi-

tion and not on scientific fact.

It is true that no Christian can abclutely prove all tenets of his faith. for God is spiritually discerned: mehow we can not help but believe nat this faith on the part of the Christian has been permitted to com-pare England. France and America, at least nominally Christian, to China, India and Africa. GEORGE B. CHILD.

Nothing Serious.

"My head is bloody but unbowed—"
She laid aside the volume.
"That poem," she said, "is terrifying to me." Who wrote !!?"

"Henley-an English author." "Oh when an Englishman talks about your bloody head he doesn' mean anything."—Louisville Courier

Abe Martin



Cities that used t' boast o' havin' h' greatest shippin' facilities, th best water, an' th' lowest death rate, now devote all their energy t' advertisin' th' finest golf links in th' country. Another peculiar thing about a woman is that when she hain't down she's out. (Copyright, 1925.)

Somebody Is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life

WHEN YOU TURN IN YOUR SCORE

AT THE OPENING OF THE SEASON

KNOWING IT IS OUT OF THE

RUNNING FOR THE PRIZE

AND THINGS LOOK PRETTY ROSY WHEN ANOTHER GOOD PLAYER IS OUT OF IT BY TURNING IN A HIGHER CARD THAN YOURS



AND YOU HAVE HOPES

AND THEN ONE OF THE BEST

PLAYERS TELLS YOU HIS SCORE

AND IT IS WORSE THAN YOURS

AND STILL THEY COME IN REPORTING POORER THAN YOU AND JUST WHEN YOU FEEL CONVINCED YOU HAVE COPPED THE PRIZE -



THE POOREST PLAYER IN THE CLUB TURNS IN A CARD THAT

AND YOUR HOPES MOUNT

HIGHER WHEN YOU LEARN

OF ANOTHER'S BAD SCORE

HAS YOURS BEATEN BY ONE. SOMEBODY IS ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY OUT. OF LIFE



Jake Comfort nor forget, That Sunrise never failed us yet.

KISMET. I feel the lure of the open road, The call of the long, broad ways.

I long to tread the smooth roadstead Through the gold of the springtime days: I hear the call of the woods and streams,

And long for their cool retreats: I yearn to roam o'er the yielding loam

Afar from the hard, paved streets. I catch the gleam of the bending sky And long to go where their glories glow

In the sunset springtime brings. But what's the use! There is work to do If I eat three times a day. And I like to eat, so I keep my seat And scribble and scribble away.

Yesterday an errand took us down on South Tenth street. and we stood for a while on the viaduct, watching the trains passing beneath. For us there is something fascinating about a freight train. For the life of us we can not refrain from watching them, and keeping a sharp lookout for an open side door. That's a habit acquired many years ago before a fool chman down in all the romance out of the printing trade. It has been many a long year since we surreptitiously boarded a side-door Pullman to go from here to there, but even yet the sight of a moving boxcar with an open side-door arouses an impulse hard About the time the trees are in half-leaf our feet

We often wonder how the boys of today get along, now that there are no Indians to fight nor buffalo to hunt. In our boyhood days we killed more Indians than Daniel Boo Big Foot Wallace ever saw, and shot and skinned more buffalo than Bill Cody ever chased across the plains. Our trusty "Old Betsy," carved out of a piece of weatherboard, helped us out of many a desperate situation. We early learned to load it while on the dead run, dodging from tree to tree to clude the bloodthirsty Indians, and our name struck terror into the hearts of the tribesmen from the eldge of our Missouri village to the banks of the Hundred and Two river. We would have killed more Indians and buffaloes had it not been necessary to keep a couple of wood boxes well filled.

In those old days we often heard of boys running away ne to get out on the frontier to deal death and devastation to redskins and buffalo, but we never heard of boy bandits holding up grocery stores, stealing automobiles and looting Times have surely changed. Time was when we could drop into a city, "sub" for a couple of nights, raste up our dupes, cash our string and hie onward. If not upward. Those were the days of romance and adventure in the printing trade. Now, with the machines, it is a deadly, dull reality. All of which helps us to restrain our annual springtime impulse to hop the rattlers and go anywhere just so it is somewhere else.

A lot of work we mapped out for ourself in the earlier days of our journalistic career remains unfinished-most of it not even begun. There is the Great American Novel we were going to write. And the famous drama, to say nothing of the sidesplitting comedy. Wonder if there ever was a newspaper reporter who didn't plan a great novel or a great drama'

Was there ever a Methodist preacher who did not dream of being a bishop, or a lawyer who did not dream of being a chief justice of the United States, or a gambler who never dreamed of making a royal flush with every player in the pot and all intent on raising? Was there ever a railroad clerk who did not dream of being president of the system, or an errand boy who did not dream of being the store manager and hiring and firing at his own sweet will? Of course not. Well, we have never started either the great novel or the soul-stirring drama.

The board of temperance, prohibition and morals of the Methodist Episcopal church declares that "constant ridicule of congress is one of the most insidious evils in this country." It is, and we are going to Pass a Law about it. We shall insist that congress quit doing things that bring it into ridicule WILL M. MAUPIN.

"MONEY COULDN'T BUY GOOD KARNAK DID ME"

This Medicine Is Certainly settion, constitution, nervousness and a weak condition. I couldn't half Omaha.

in the system and the quick and just knocked the indigestion sky high. thorough way in which the remark- and toned up my whole system from able new medicine, Karnak, over head to foot. I don't have a trouble comes this health wrecking trouble of any kind, and just feel full of and brings new strength and energy 'go' all the time. Karnak is certainto weak, rundown men and women is ly a world beater." forcefully demonstrated in the case of Over 500,000 bottles of Karnak Thos. J. Stewart. 117 S. 14th St., sold in four states in ten months.

Omaha, Neb. "Money couldn't buy the good Kar sively by Sherman & McConnell's nak has done me," is the enthusi-four stores; in Benson by Benson astic statement of Mr. Stewart in Pharmacy; in South Omaha by Toreporting his remarkable recovery to bin's Drug Store; in Florence by good health by its use. "For three Freytag's Pharmacy, and by the leadyears I suffered from nervous indiling druggists in every town.

a World-Beater," De- test nights, and mornings I would clares Thos. Stewart of get up with a coated tongue and feeling all out of sorts in every way. "When Karnak came to Omaha started taking it, and from the way

it has fixed me up it must have The ravaging effects of indigestion been made especially for my case. It

Karnait is sold in Omaha exclu

Center Shots

It is understood the last member of the A. E. F., who returned home the other day from France, had finally worn out all the home-knit war socks. -Detroit News.

A good deal is being said concern-

That isn't wit; it's the solemn truth,-Cincinnati Enquirer, The prize optimist is the pedestrian

bile production is showing a heavy increase.-Asheville Times. That Geneva protocol seems

Even with its sugar coating the Opinion. senate could not swallow the Warren nomination.-Charleston Gazette,

At other seasons disinclination to work is mere laziness; now it's spring fever.-San Antonio Express. With the advent of the radio it is belonged to the floating population

him the air."-Terre Haute Star. Rubbed Him Out.

longer insulting a person to "give

During the war when those South African soldiers, Generals Botha and Smuts, were much to the front in Europe, two young flappers of 16 or so approached General Smuts and asked for his autograph. "I haven't got a fountain pen," said the general, much flattered. "Will

"Yes," said the other flapper.
"So I took out my pengil," related
the general who loved to tell the
story, "and signed my name in the daintily bound little book that she had given me. "The flapper studied the signature

with a frown. Then she looked up

'Aren't you General Botha?" "No." I said, "I'm General Smuts."
"The flapper turned to her friend with a shrug of disgust, Lend me your

From an authentic source we learn A good deal is being said concerning the wit of the late Job Hedges. Here is one of his epigrams: "If a man stood before a mirror one hour a day he'd laugh himself to death, go insane, or become a decent cities of the solemn." That land with the solemn of the solemn is the solemn of the solemn is the solemn of the solemn is the solemn in the solemn in the solemn in the solemn in the solemn is the solemn in the solemn i

If we could but peep back we would find that in the pre-cross-word era, of these 3.692,351 synonym sinners: Six hundred and ninety-six thou who smiles when he reads that autosand four hundred and eleven were helping the wife on the maid's night 331 might have been observed taking the dog out for a walk, 2,392 That Geneva protocol seems to have been one of those documents that are "dictated, but not signed."

—Chicago News.

Taking the dog out for a waix, such as the least signed in improving each shining hour at bridge and mah jong. 13 were asleep at the opera, 2.894,506 were asleep in bed.—London

Sunday School Teacher-Can anyne tell me where Noah lived? Pupil-I don't think he had a regular home. I guess he and his family

All the Late Song Hits

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Glimpse the Colorado Rockies before you go. Get some idea of the grandeur and beauty of this mountain playground. Put yourself in the pictures. See yourself on the top of the Universe with the world of sports and pastimes at your feet.

Of course, paper and ink can't give you even a whiff of the rare, bracing air that

injects a new joy into living. This thrill

comes only when you go up a mile or

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