

THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publisher
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BALLARD DUNN, Editor in Chief
JOY M. HACKLER, Business Manager

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
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Entered as second-class matter May 28, 1908, at Omaha postoffice under act of March 3, 1879.

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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

"TILL TIME SHALL BE NO MORE."

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place of those who here gave up their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this."

"But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Those solemnly majestic words, spoken by Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg on the afternoon of November 19, 1863, grow brighter and more impressive as the days pass on. Three score and one years have been added to the tale since that address was made, and still the nation so conceived and dedicated lives on. Every day it is put to the test, every day it meets its trials, because the citizens are highly resolved, as the great president adjured them, "that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Today we stand at attention, just as President Lincoln did that day, in the presence of the dead. Men who gave the last measure of devotion, whether they died on the stricken field, or lived through the days that since have passed, are honored, and in their presence we take anew the consecration they alone can give. All the brave men who have looked to God for guidance and battled for what they thought to be the right, regardless of the uniform they wore, are included in the ceremony of today, for it is not to valor and victory alone the tribute is offered, but to the devotion of those men to whom principle is more than life.

Only a broken few remain of those magnificent armies. Soon none will answer here when the roll is called on this earth.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread, And Glory guards with solemn round The bivouac of the dead."

To us, the living, is left the task, just as it was sixty years ago, to make secure each day the perpetuity of the nation. Differences of opinion, disputes, as to methods, rivalries and jealousies, all have their part in life. Peace begets its own strife of ambitions and aspirations, its clamor and its turmoil, its pursuit of wealth and rank, of power and place. Such is the course of life. Yet the emptiness and unimportance of all these is presented to us today, as we silently stand before those who have gone on before, and take from them the greatest of inspiration, that firm resolution that animated them, that a nation dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal shall endure, "until time shall be no more."

FEEDING THE FUTURE WORLD.

Old John Gloom is stalking about the sacred precincts of Harvard, where Prof. East has figured out that 75 years from now the world will have 3,500,000,000 inhabitants, and most of them will have to go to bed hungry. There will not be food enough to go around. Almost 150 years ago Dr. Thomas Malthus saw a similar vision. As yet there has been no real test of the Malthusian theory, for the reason that population has at no time overtaken production. Nor does it seem likely to reach the stage suggested by Dr. East.

The world has more people in it now than it ever had before, and the number is steadily increasing, because ways of avoiding death are multiplying. It is conceivable that a time may come when population will be so dense that room for raising foodstuffs as we now produce them will be lacking. Yet a great many other things may take place. Long before the world enters the starvation era, folks will have learned to get the full value out of the food that is available. Just now we raise more than the hungry world cares to eat. If the waste land along the roadsides and in the fence corners of Nebraska were cultivated to its possibilities, it would produce far more than all the people of the state consume each year in the way of food.

Before the war England produced enough food to feed its population fourteen weeks. Under the stimulus of war this was increased until the production was sufficient to feed the people forty-two weeks. In other words, more than trebled. England has slowed down on food production, just as have all other countries, for the great demand is not at hand. The instance is cited simply to show what can be

done. Need begets the means of supply, and long before the multitudes face starvation some way will be found to make use of what can be provided. All the productive possibilities of the great round globe have not been even anticipated, much less exhausted.

A PATRIOT SPEAKS.

Naturally the church of Jesus Christ is opposed to war. But there is a vast difference between the pacifism that would meekly submit to injustice and the pacifism that would endure much but fight against injustice and oppression. Bishop Adna W. Leonard of the Methodist Episcopal church is a pacifist, but he is also a patriot. He asserts that the church must rise in its might and declare that war shall be no more, and that he will do his utmost to prevent war. "But," declares this militant bishop, "when every effort has been exhausted, and an enemy by force or propaganda defies my country and its flag, here is one Methodist who will give all that he has to defend his country."

Those are the words of a real patriot. He would go to the extreme limit to avoid war, just as he would go to the limit to avoid trouble with his neighbors. But if his country is attacked, the time for pacifism is past and the time for action at hand. As a man Bishop Leonard would doubtless endure much before resorting to physical action, but we are of the opinion that as a bishop he would be quick to resent insult to his high office or to the Master he serves.

To oppose war and violence is one thing; to submit supinely to insult is quite another thing. It is the high mission of the church to teach the lessons of brotherhood, to oppose war and bloodshed, and to lift the race above selfishness and greed. It is equally the high mission of the church to preserve liberty and justice and equality for those who shed their blood in that holy cause are martyrs of the church equally with those who went to the stake or to the lions rather than renounce their allegiance to the one God.

COURTS COMPOUNDING DRINKS.

Recent additions to the long list of court rulings in the matter of enforcing the Volstead act may in the end have the effect of clarifying the law, but at the moment they are somewhat confusing. A Chicago judge, handing down an opinion, is asked if he knew of the ruling of Judge Woodrrough of Omaha in a similar case, and replies that he does not. His view of the law is opposite that of the Nebraska federal judge, who has gained some prominence by reason of his advanced thought on the question.

At the same time, the court of appeals reverses Judge Woodrrough on what appears to be a trivial point. Allowing the jurors to taste the liquor offered in evidence is wrong, says the higher court, because "pouring out whisky and allowing the jurors to partake of it does not comport with the dignity of the court." Under this ruling several noteworthy convictions are lost, and the trials will have to be renewed. It is on such novelties that much of the procedure in court now rests.

The latest ruling from the supreme court is even more sweeping. In deciding an appeal from a California pharmacist, the supreme court holds that congress did not endow the pharmacist as such with any right to dispense liquor. This will shut off the doctor's prescription route. How liquor will be obtained for medicinal use in the future is not clear, but it is certain that many a toper who has depended on his doctor will now be compelled to establish connection with a bootlegger.

In some respects the course of the courts in dealing with the liquor law, however plain it may be in the end, resembles the story Carl Herring loves to tell about the cocktail mixed for the cowboy by the Wyoming bartender. It contained a little of everything in the house.

WE MISS SEVERAL THINGS.

This is a most unusual year. Spring has been delayed a bit longer than usual, but there is little need to worry about that fact. But several things are missing, and until we hear from them we shall not feel perfectly at ease.

To date the Delaware peach crop has not been ruined or saved.

The boll weevil has not ruined the cotton crop, or it is lying quiescent, one or the other.

The chin quib has not reported, and we are quivering with excitement and apprehension.

We have not been reliably informed as to whether the seed corn was good or bad, or whether the planted kernels have succumbed or sprouted.

Old John Q. Whiner has failed to come forward with the doleful prophecy that business is going to be bad because this is presidential campaign year.

Something is radically wrong. Somebody is laying down on his job. We simply can not go ahead with our work until these vital matters are definitely settled.

Nebraska high schools, colleges and universities are sending out just now the annual insurance of a continued high quality of citizenship throughout the state. No need to worry for the future of the republic as long as the schools are busy.

You will scan the list of Sunday accidents in vain to find the names of people who collided with automobiles while sitting in the pews listening to sermons.

Vermont's delegation to the democratic convention is unimpaired. Yankee thrift demands that there be some bargaining before a trade is made.

"Are the Farmers Hicks?" screams an eastern headline. Whatever they may be down east, they are not out this way.

The best way to eradicate the dandelion pest is to carefully cultivate the pesky thing and call it by some fancy name.

The senate's vote on the Wheeler case will have nothing to do with the court proceedings yet to come.

Carter Harrison has declared himself as for McAdoo. No need to take a ballot now.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davie

MEMORIAL DAY.

To them I go, with them am I—
Who lived and loved in days gone by,
And played their parts, and in a breath
Were taken to the Vale of Death.

Above the warm and verdant clay
My tribute tenderly I lay,
With kindly hands above the biers,
In memory of their yesterdays.

This can not bring them back to us
From elevated Calvary,
But it may take to them the cheer
That they were wont to offer here.

This is to me appropriate
As may my yearning conscience
Their slumber hallow, and extend
The wishes of a living friend.

Lest We Who Inherit Its Blessings Forget Who Gave and Preserved for Us This Nation



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.

Cleaves Temple Day Nursery.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: We take this method of thanking you for your splendid editorial touching the work of Cleaves Temple Colored Methodist Episcopal church in its social service work.

Our work is not provided for in the Community Chest, and the need of the home for the children of colored mothers who work is so imperative we are trying to meet this need.

They are but the children of black mothers, but for them Jesus poured out a crimson blood. It is for them I presented the cause before the bar of conscience of Omaha. The amount asked for was but the crumbs that fall from the Omaha financial table.

We are trying to carry on the work of building the moral side of our racial structure with our meager earnings, cheered by a friend here and there who is touched by a feeling of our infirmities, and who belongs to the helping class of humanity. They have stood all along the pathway of our march from darkness to dawn. May their tribe increase.

There are five tests by which we shall be judged at the last day; one of which is: When I was out of doors did you take me in? It has to do with sheltering black boys and black girls. We hope to have the home open by September 1—\$5,900 is needed. We are appealing to the helping class of humanity.

J. S. BLAINE,
Pastor, 1713 North Twenty-fifth Street.

Dignity of Labor.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: In a recent editorial I find the following: "Unfortunately, pushing pencils won't make a living."

Labor will not be penalized, and no form of labor will be held in contempt, when labor respects itself and emancipates itself. A string of workers' republics, encircling the world to be explicit, will be a victory for

freedom, a triumph of true worth and clear vision, and an imperishable monument to the dignity of the human spirit.

EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH.

Bringing Up Children.
Omaha.—To the Editor of The Bee: If we mothers do not succeed in rearing families of super-children it is not for want of advice from professors, spinsters and childless reformers.

College girles tells us how to care for our babies, college boys demonstrate cooking utensils and show us how to cook, and now comes along New York's shingled bandit, Celia Cooney, whose advice to mothers is broadcast from the train by every newspaper in the United States. Every little bandit has a method all her own.

Most mothers know what the Bible says about sparing the rod, and few mothers have not used the rod, or rather the back of the brush in serious cases of disobedience or naughtiness, but they soon learn the futility

of whipping, and the children teach us many a lesson in diplomacy. Arbitration is better than war and prevention of wrong-doing better than cure.

Our children have been endowed with consciences. At a very tender age, they instinctively know some things are wrong. Adults who blame their parents for their failures are contemptible creatures. Young consciences need strengthening, young hearts and minds need training in self-control, in self-denial, in consideration for others. Armed with the old-fashioned virtues of our Puritan fathers and mothers, and such training, the young girl is safe anywhere. Without them she is safe nowhere.

THE WOMAN CITIZEN.

When in Omaha
Hotel Conant
250 Rooms—250 Baths—Rates \$2 to \$3

Specials for Saturday
Cinnamon Buns, 45c per dozen
Fresh Rhubarb, 55c
Pie, 55c
Fresh Strawberry Pie, 55c
Try our Crumb Cookies, like fruit cake, per dozen, 45c

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SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet
Celia Theater

GET BUSY.
This isn't a time for complaining: There's plenty of work you can do. It isn't conditions restraining—The trouble, my friend, is with you. You can't cure your troubles by whining. Nor ease any pain with a groan. You're wasting your time by repining: Get busy and work on your own.

Why look to some law to relieve you? That means that you'll only be bilked. The cow will not back up, believe me. And plaintively ask to be milked. There's work to be done, and the doing Demands every man do his best. This isn't the time for boo-hooing—Get busy and work with a zest.

Come out of your gloom and try smiling. Get busy with hand and with brain. Don't listen to pledges beguiling: Try good, honest tolling again. For goodness sake, quit showing yellow! Buck up and try meeting the test. The one the world loves is the fellow Who's doing his level best.

Nebraska newspapers will welcome Ben Brewster back to the ranks after a vacation of eight years as postmaster at Chadron. Ben formerly published the Chadron Chronicle. Having been jailed loose from the postoffice a week or two ago, Ben turned back to the old game. He has purchased the Alliance News of A. E. Clark and taken possession. Ben is now a member of the I Knew Him When Club. Thirty-five years ago we tolled together on the Kearney Daily Enterprise. Since then both have taken on weight, if not wisdom.

For some weeks past we have been losing sleep because of growing curiosity whether Mr. Bryan would be a delegate to the democratic convention from Florida and seize the occasion to stand up and demand a democratic endorsement of prohibition on the ground that prohibition has taken the liquor question out of politics. If memory serves us right, that is what Mr. Bryan told us several years ago.

What Has Become of The old-fashioned man who chewed snuff? The man who wrapped a piece of twine around his pocket-book? The fellow who declared he'd vote for a yellow dog on his ticket before he'd vote for a good man on the other ticket? The young woman who advised her sweetheart to save his money instead of wasting it on ice cream, candy and flowers? All the sidebar buggies that used to be so popular?

We are frank to admit that banquet speeches are even better than they used to be, but we hold that present day conditions prevent the banqueters from getting into the proper receptive mood for the average after dinner speech.

Have you ever noticed that those who claim to be pure are always digging up something rotten to complain about? WILL M. MAUPIN.

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