

THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

FISH FOR THE FUTURE.

Out of the teeming waters of the sea has come such a wonderful variety, and such a seemingly inexhaustible supply, of food that one gets something of a shock to read that it is necessary for the government to throw protection around fisheries. Yet it seems to be needed. Man, in his hasty and wasteful way, is about to exterminate one of the most useful of all fishes. The salmon is a delicacy as well as a substantial article of food, and the demand for its flesh has grown to such an extent that what once seemed a supply beyond all possible need of man is now dwindling. "Quantity production" has done its perfect work, and if no protection is interposed, the salmon will ere long go to join the buffalo, the passenger pigeon and the canvasback duck.

That is why a law has just been passed, at the instance of Secretary Hoover, which will permit the closing of certain Alaska waters against the salmon fishers, thus allowing the breed to multiply and preserve it for future generations. What was something of a curiosity not so very many years ago has grown into a positive menace. The "salmon wheel" attracted the attention of the tourist along the Columbia river, where the great fish were taken by the ton. Its use spread northward along the coast, and other devices were adopted which would take the fish from the water in even greater numbers. Most tragic of all phases of the industry, the biggest takes were at the most critical time of the salmon's life, the spawning season. The adult fish were returning from the deep sea haunts, wherever it is, to their birthplace, wherever that was, for the purpose of reproduction.

Just as in the spring shooting of wild fowl, it was not only the individual that was destroyed, but the potential family. Every salmon, male or female, was a prospective parent of a large brood. Naturally the effect was to diminish the supply, and such a stage has been reached as means the threatened extinction of the salmon. Alaskan waters were chosen, because the Indians there subsist largely on the fish, and if this source of food is cut off, the extinction of many tribes may follow. The law does not prohibit the Indian from fishing, it merely shuts off the commercial fisheries.

A certain lake within comparatively easy reach of Omaha was 30 years ago a favorite resort for bass fishermen. Once a certain prominent resident came back from there boasting that he had killed eight female bass, each one with roe, before breakfast one morning. He was proud of his achievement, and grew very angry when he was told that he had in wantonness killed eight families of bass, and that such work as his would in a short time destroy the fishing in that lake. For a quarter of a century the lake has been abandoned by fishermen, for there are no bass left in it. The story can be many times repeated. It took years to convince the duck hunters that forbidding spring shooting was the only thing that would prevent the wild fowl being wiped out. So it is with the salmon fisheries of the northwest. Commercial greed has not regard for the ways of nature, and so must be repressed by law.

ADD HORRORS OF WAR.

Another lovely little exterminator is about to be added to the machinery for carrying on wholesale slaughter in the name of war. It is called the "diabolic ray," and is said to possess wonderful properties, chief of which will be to blow up battleships, demolish fortresses, and bring down airplanes in mid-flight. The machine operates like a searchlight. France is reported to be dickering with the inventor to purchase the plans and specifications of the greatest destructive agency yet devised by man.

Lytton dreamed of something of the sort in his "Coming Race," and equipped his subterranean people with "vril," an unexplained power that was shot from a staff like the electric torch, to rend rocks, destroy enemies and do a lot of wonderful things. H. G. Wells armed his Martian invaders, in "The War of the Worlds," with a similar weapon, a heat ray, supplemented by the smoke screen, and opposition simply disappeared, either burned or smothered. This idea has cropped out from time to time through fiction, and has been a favorite resort for any who wish to astonish folks without strain required to invent something new.

For many years inventors and scientists worked to bring forth new apparatus for carrying on combat, until in the early part of the century we were told that war had been made so terrible that none could engage in it. As a matter of deplorable experience, in the actual test we found men going back to the methods of the Stone age to overcome opponents. A gun that threw a shell more than 75

miles, to crash through the roof of a church and kill worshippers at their prayers, was employed alongside clubs and daggers. Man's mind still is primitive when it comes to doing murder, either singly or in mass. Inventions merely facilitate the process, but do not vary the results.

The "diabolic ray" may be an accomplished fact. Certainly, the Martian smoke screen of Wells' imagination is well reproduced in the air service and by the navy today, to say nothing of the waves of poison gas that swept over battle fields in France. It may add terror to the contemplation, but when the time comes men will go out to face it, just as they faced the machine gun fire, gas attacks, and all the devilry of the late war. Something besides fear will be needed to stop war.

"THEY'RE OFF AT AK-SAR-BEN"

It is just as well that Saturday afternoon is generally observed as a holiday hereabouts. You would hardly find anyone at his work this afternoon, for it is the opening day of the Ak-Sar-Ben spring race meet, which has been going on long enough now to be regarded as a fixture. In point of fact, it is locally established as such, and horsemen throughout the land are beginning to rate it with the best. Churchill Downs, Pimlico, Latonia, and a few other tracks have richer traditions and a longer history than Ak-Sar-Ben, but none of them furnish richer sport.

That is what a race meet means, sport of the truest type. Man has ever paid attention to the horse, and one of the tests applied in all ages has been that of speed. So the fever that stirs the blood at the sight of a bunch of horses, grouped for the starter's flag or the barrier, is an inherited one. It has come down from an ancestry so remote there is no good wasting time trying to trace it. You simply feel the tense drawing of the nerves as the racers sweep by, and the relief that finds vent in the shout that acclaims the winner. You are yielding to an impulse that is as natural as breathing, and you are getting more for the effort than you can in any other way.

Is horse racing popular in Omaha? Year after year the Ak-Sar-Ben running meet has been staged, a month of racing, with liberal purses and all paid in cash. That is the best indication that it meets a public desire. So if you are hunting for anyone this afternoon, you will better start in the grand stand or the paddock before you go to his office.

ALLEE SAMEE LIKE CHINA.

A cabled bit of news from Harbin is to the effect that the approach of summer has stimulated banditry amongst the Chinese, and that gangs dormant during the winter are active once more. Why go to China to get such news? Every paper printed in the United States is full of tales of the like. The American bandit does not capture trainloads of touring foreigners and carry them off to mountain strongholds, to be held for ransom. His work is more particular, but even more effective. Lest some one arise to chide us, let us promptly state that banditry in this land of the free is no longer exclusively masculine. Gentle women, equal in all other lines of endeavor to her brother, has taken up the game with real zest. An ordinary holdup is scarcely worth notice, unless the girl with the shingle bob appears in it somewhere. She seldom is missing. One with a baby in her arms held up a bank all alone. That she was taken a few hours later is but a detail. She carried out the first part of her undertaking very deftly. Her mistake was in not planning a more certain line of retreat.

Banditry itself is becoming so common that it may lose its sense of novelty, and become annoying. If it should come to that pass where the public becomes exasperated, steps may be taken to check it. Maybe we will there also imitate the Chinese. When the authorities over there take hold of a group of sufficiently obnoxious bandits, the latter are all required to kneel in a row, while a highly efficient swordsman chops their heads off, one by one. The custom has not deterred others from becoming bandits, but it does discourage any who are subjected to the treatment.

Wonder why Senator Walsh did not think of it while the bill was before the senate? However, the amendment to change the bonus to a cash payment will provide a lot of talking material.

Middlewest farmers are now so busy that they have very little time to devote to worrying about the measures designed to relieve them by congressional action.

A Nebraska woman who was born in leap year and married in leap year, has child each leap year. Nothing is said about what goes on in the other years.

The Louisiana (Mo.) Press asserts that Coolidge and Beveridge would make the ideal hot weather ticket. It certainly would go down easy with those who are really looking for the best and safest.

A woman engaged in cleaning the Liberty Bell fell and broke an arm. A certain British monarch once essayed the same task, and just look at what he broke!

"Pa" Rourke may be assured of one thing. If he gets back into the managerial game the lovers of baseball will give him a rousing welcome.

"She kissed me" reminds us, somehow or other, of the fellow who asserted that "the woman tempted me and I fell."

Little wonder that President Coolidge has hay fever. He has been making vast quantities of hay of late.

The manufacturers of "B. V. D.'s" are warranted in asking congress to investigate the weather bureau.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davis

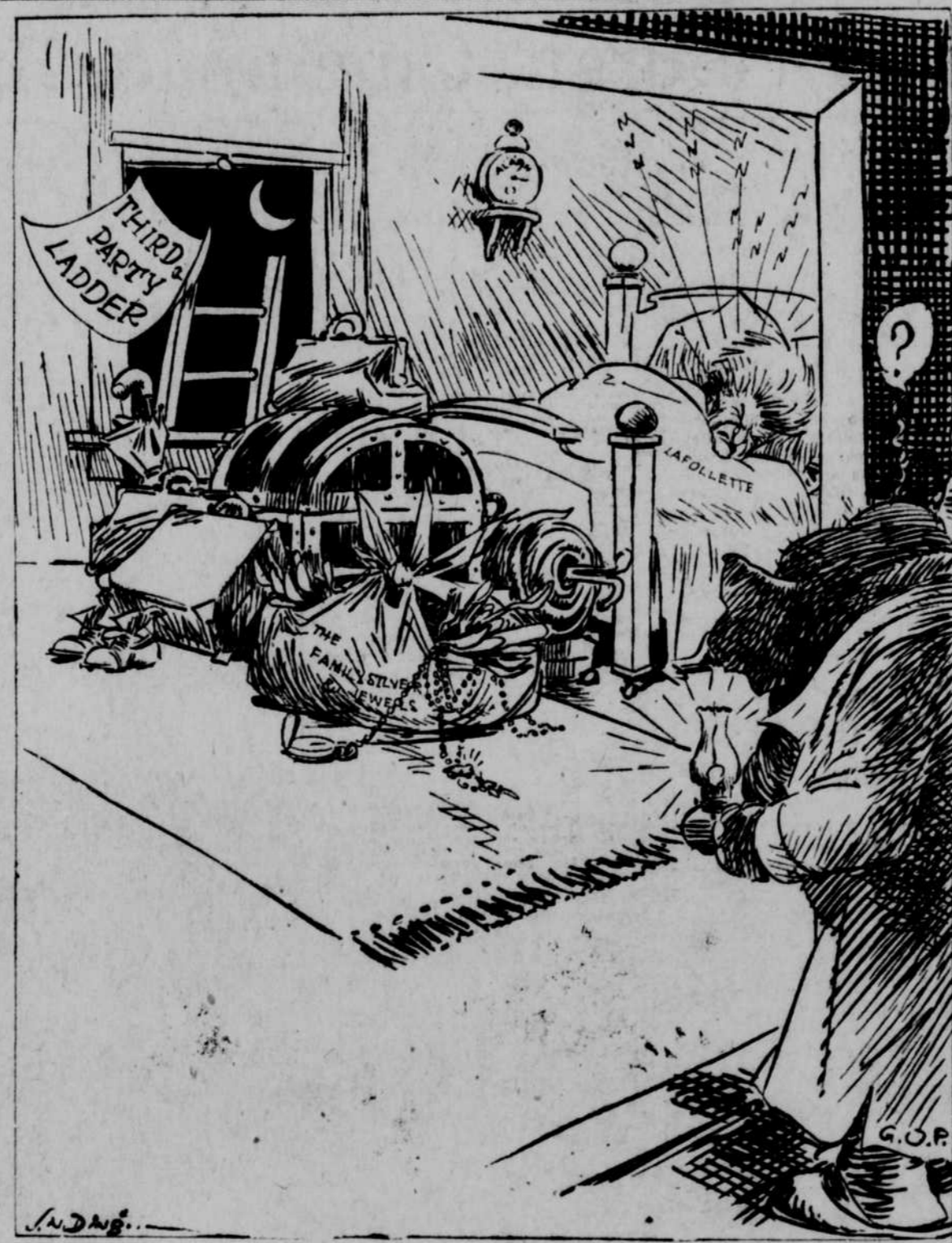
I LIKE THE FARM.

I like the farm—not for its gold,
Nor for its weary toil,
But for the wealth its acres hold
For one who loves the soil.
And feel a deep gratuity
Of being which portrays
Its sacredness abundantly
Along the rural ways.

I like the farm because it gives
Me love for common things:
Its purity, though dormant, lives,
And thrums the sensitive strings
Of human nature, and fulfills
The aching of the heart,
Which often its devotion wills
To Cynde in the mart.

I like the farm because I grew
To manhood 'midst its grace,
And in complacent childhood knew
None but the old home place.
I like the farm—not for its gold,
Nor for its weary toil,
But for the wealth its acres hold
For one who loves the soil.

You Aren't Thinking of Leaving Us, Are You, Bob?



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.

Bury Daylight Saving.
Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I suppose most of the people of Omaha are aware of the fact that at the present time there is a resolution on daylight saving on file with the city commission, which will be acted upon next Monday. Now this is a war time measure, and the war is over as far as we are concerned, but a small active minority of the people don't seem to be aware of the fact. They are trying to saddle this measure onto the majority of the people who do not want it, and who showed that they did not want it several years ago, when they fought it. Any person with a fair mind knows very well that daylight saving is not good for the community at large. It is not only a hardship on school children and those that report for work as early as 6 or 6:30 a. m., but every one in general. This daylight saving resolution was introduced (by request). Now let's get together and see how far we can bury it (by request). R. MAULIFFE.

About the Apostles' Creed.
Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I noticed an article in your paper the other day that the Methodists in conference in Springfield, Mass., voted against changing the Apostles' creed to read "Christ's Holy Church" instead of "The Holy Catholic Church." And why should they change it? The original Apostles' creed reads: "I believe in the holy Catholic church." One of the members of the conference said it should be explained to the people that the word "catholic" here means all Christians of every denomination. This is a mistaken idea, because when the Apostles' creed was written there was only one church and that was the Catholic church, of which the pope of Rome was the visible head. Some of the Protestant churches have changed the creed to read "The Holy Christian Church," because they knew that it meant the Catholic church only. What right has any church to change the Apostles' creed? If they change it to suit themselves they are not teaching the truth. Why not insert the words "The Holy Methodist Church"?

When to Oppose War.
Council Bluffs.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The religious attitude toward war is receiving much attention and publicity and the discussions in the national conference of the Methodist Episcopal church especially are widely published. It would be difficult or impossible to imagine a more fruitful field for hypocrisy and pretense than is every-

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Advertisement for Abe Martin featuring a cartoon of a man with a large nose and a sign that says 'FREEZONE'. Text includes 'It used to be when a feller sold his home, he wuz headed toward th' poor house, but t'day it's a sign he's jest beeginnin' t' live. Farmers must laugh when they read o' "tired" business men.'

which Woodrow Wilson said in December, 1916, that no one had ever known what the fight was about or the cause at issue therein. The time to have opposed war was in 1917 and 1918 and not by an assault at this time upon a straw man, when war is not an issue. All who now pretend to oppose war, but favored that senseless and terrible waste of effort on our part are abject hypocrites, and so reveal themselves, in the light of that record. What a glorious result might have been achieved had our people been sufficiently patriotic and loyal both to America and Jesus Christ to have paralyzed our national power at that time by the right attitude on war and thus prevent the shameful record which we made thereby both at home and abroad. T. H. MONROE.

Large advertisement for Thor Ironer and Washer. Features a man in a suit and text: 'This Great Offer Ends Saturday. You still have one more chance to modernize your home laundry room at these extraordinarily low terms. \$250 Down. delivers to your home—either The Thor Ironer or The Thor Washer. Balance in 24 monthly payments over a period of two years. Phone AT lantic 3100. If you can't get in Saturday, phone your order and we will hold your washer or ironer at these terms until Monday.'

Advertisement for Sunny Side Up. Text: 'SUNNY SIDE UP. Take Comfort, nor forget That sunrise never failed us yet. THE ULTIMATE GOAL. I'd like to pass a law compelling All men to think just as I do. To stop a lot of raucous yelling. Now agitating heaven's blue. If by act of legislature We can cure evil that confronts, And change the thing called human nature, Why don't we do it all at once? Why cut the dog's tail off by inches Instead of taking just one whack? Let's burn our churches, banish preachers, And let lawmakers take their place. When this is done and for salvation To man-made laws the country looks, We'll burn the Bibles of the nation And put our trust in statute books. Some of our laws are very funny in their application. A number of men out of the old home town want to bore for oil. They want to do it with their own money, instead of selling stock. They are willing to take all the risk and pocket all the loss if their venture fails. But the "Blue Sky" department says they must incorporate and issue stock. But those same men could organize a stock company to build a factory for the extraction of sunshine from cucumbers, and get a permit to unload their stock in gobs. But they are not allowed to pool their own money and sink a test well on their own land. Funny, isn't it? It would seem that since our old friend, Edgar Howard, has been down Washington way he has been subsisting almost entirely on a diet of raw meat. Under no other presumption can we explain his recent action in trying to tear into a fellow member who muttered something or other. It would not have surprised us more to see the sheep turn and rend the butcher, or the jackrabbit chase the greyhound back to the kennel. On second thought we believe we'll give precedence to a law prohibiting phonograph music in restaurants. We love good orchestra music with our meals, but phonograph jazz is an abomination during meal time. The mere fact that he did not have a house suitable for our purpose cuts no figure. We found an agent who was perfectly willing to rent to a family having children. Some of these days that agent is going to ask a favor of us, and we are going our limit to grant it. WILL M. MAUPIN.'

Advertisement for NEBRIN. Text: 'NEBRIN. Utilize Aspirin if it does not depress the heart. 25¢ a box. 10 boxes \$2.50. The SAFE Headache Remedy.'

Advertisement for Hotel Conant. Text: 'When in Omaha Hotel Conant. 250 Rooms—250 Baths—Rates \$2 to \$3.'

Advertisement for NEBRIN. Text: 'NEBRIN. Utilize Aspirin if it does not depress the heart. 25¢ a box. 10 boxes \$2.50. The SAFE Headache Remedy.'