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NOT A MACHINE-MADE VICTORY.

Inventors as a class are a good deal like poets. They are apt to conclude, if their brain children are scorned or ignored, that the fault is less theirs than that of the public. Thomas A. Edison, in his remarks on the failure of the Navy department to adopt his forty-five wartime inventions, may have grounds for complaint, or he may be speaking mainly from wounded vanity.

It will be remembered how in the exciting days when America was preparing to throw its full weight against the central powers, the popular mind turned to thoughts of short cuts by which the enemy would be exterminated by mechanical means without any great risk of American lives. If one saw a knot of men gathered on the street corner or before a newspaper bulletin board, one might be sure that before they broke up their conversation would turn to speculation over what Henry Ford or Edison would do. Everyone imagined that marvelous engines of destruction were in the making. It was even a common topic among the Yanks at the front. They amazed their French and British comrades with accounts of Edison at work on an electric device that would strike down the entire German army in one flash of lightning.

The Ford Eagle boats that were to clear the seas never got into action. And now Edison reveals that his contributions to the science of war failed in many instances to receive so much as a trial. Some of these, it is claimed, were later adopted by other nations. A ricocheting shell, explained as a bounding projectile that would explode six to eight feet above the ground, was turned down by the United States, but toward the end of the war the Germans are said to have resorted to a similar invention. At all events, it did not win the war for them. Flesh and blood, and anguish of soul, not any machine, paid the price and brought the victory.

To American minds there is magic in the name of Edison. If he actually was slighted by naval officers, intent on carrying out their own ideas and unresponsive to the suggestions of civilian inventors, the public wants to know it. If his many inventions were actually of no more importance than those of thousands of amateurs, it will be quite a shock. Edison stands unique today as a man who confesses that it was not he who won the war.

DEATH IN THE BLIZZARD'S BREATH.

Curiously enough, the saddest part of the story of the great storm that swept the country last week comes latest. It has to do with the toll of human life, taken as a sacrifice to the terror of the winter. First we had news of how the whirling winds and drifting snow had interrupted communication. Snow-bound trains and wrecked wires were features of the early reports. Then came the accounts of how ships at sea were wrecked, six reported in one day. Now we get the meager news of human lives lost.

Twenty-eight, in different parts of the storm's track, are numbered in the list. Women and children are among them, and men, too. Exposure and exhaustion, incident to the stress and severe cold, are the causes of death. All the accounts are pathetic, some are pitiable, pointing to the inability of man to safely grapple with Nature when she exerts her great power over animate and inanimate things. Death rides on the blizzard, death in terrible shape, and victims are seized without warning.

Yet the blizzard, a mighty manifestation of the unmeasured energy of natural forces, brings with it something of good that is not readily recognized. Cold biting blasts, sweeping in from the upper regions of the air, clear away the smoke-laden atmosphere that has hugged the earth, bearing off the disease germs that multiply in the steamy stratum, bringing a fresh supply of ozone to revivify humanity. So it is not only death that comes with the storm, but newer life for those who survive.

Nature is as kind as cruel; life comes and ends and is renewed in endless cycles, and the great mysterious processes of birth, growth, decay and death, mystify man now as much as they did in the beginning. "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

MAN NEEDED FOR MAN-SIZED JOB.

Porto Ricans are not naturally turbulent; they have some well fashioned notions of liberty, however, and want a chance to indulge a little in the way of self-determination. This was manifest before the island was transferred from Spain to the United States. One of the difficulties in the path of progress has been the division of opinion amongst the people of Porto Rico. Readjustment of social and political relations incident to the change of government has been attended by considerable friction between the classes; to some degree this has been made the harder because of changing industrial conditions. Therefore, the man who goes to take the position of executive in that island should be one of uncommon ability, possessed of patience, tact, and an unflinching sense of justice.

President Harding is about to be relieved of the effects of a mistake by the resignation of E. Mont Reily, who will shortly give up the work of governing Porto Rico. Governor Reily was made unpopular before he reached the islands, by reason of the activity of one group of influential islanders whose activity brought the matter before congress last year. Mr. Reily lacked the qualifications necessary to overcome this opposition, and affairs under his administration brought no peace to the people he was supposed to serve. His withdrawal may open a way to a better understanding.

General Edwards of Massachusetts has been suggested as a successor to Governor Reily. He will if appointed take to the Porto Ricans some quality of the assurance of a square deal that General Wood took to the Filipinos. At any rate, the job is a man-sized affair, and our government owes it to the people of the island to put a man at the head of things down there who is qualified as an administrator, and not merely a politician.

WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.

Love of money and a selfish desire to profit at the cost of other classes does not explain the agricultural unrest with its demand for better credit, market and transportation facilities. Something deeper and finer than this lies back of it all. If it were merely to be able to buy a more expensive motor car, or to be able to move to town and live on the profits of a farm worked by a tenant, the improved accommodations sought by the farmers would scarcely be justified.

The problem is one of living. John Morris Gillette has written a thought provoking work, "Rural Sociology," which makes this plain. He says there: "From almost any angle viewed, the most needed thing in the life of the country people is socialization. This statement recognizes that when measured by the demands of modern satisfying society rural communities are backward. Are the houses and home life adequate? Are the schools up to date and efficient? Do the young people and the older people find ample and satisfying recreation, amusement and culture? Have the people of the country been taught the social point of view and developed the methods and organizations by which it might be realized? Such questions as these bring out what is meant by the statement that socialization is the main rural problem."

"That the country and country life is not satisfying to multitudes of people living on the farm is demonstrated by the fact that there is a steady and large flow of population from country to city in the United States and other modern nations. This movement is so extensive in this nation that every year it is sufficient to make a city the size of Minneapolis. We may find this great flow away from the farms is a necessary one to keep population adjusted to the demands of a working society, yet many inquiries into the immediate reasons these migrants have for changing their residence indicate that the chief motive for the move is an overwhelming social hunger. The country does not satisfy their ideals and needs for a larger social life."

Money is not everything—in fact it is nothing but a foundation for the satisfaction of human wants. Side by side with the agitation for improved financial conditions in agriculture is a quiet movement in the homes and on the part of whole communities for a better organized social life. This requires better financial means. If the farmers were content to live as peasants, in solitude and knowing nothing but toil; if they had no desire for the education of their children and the comfort of their wives, so much would not be heard of the agricultural problem. It is not purely a question of farm income, but of living.

ALEXANDER? LOOK AT HENRY.

"How big was Alexander, pa, that people called him great?"

Henry Ford had an idea. It took the form of a motor car that has run its way around the world in a single guise but many times. An English general is quoted as saying England could not have won the war in Mesopotamia, had it not been for the Ford car. The death toll of the World War would have been greatly extended, but that the "flivver" ambulances made their way back and forth between the front lines and the hospitals under conditions that seemed impossible. On city streets, in country lanes, wherever wheels carry passengers or freight, there fits the Ford.

Out of that idea has blossomed a number of others. Henry Ford bought a railroad, that he might better control the distribution of a portion of his great factory's output. He bought a coal mine, to get fuel; he bought a forest, to supply the timber he needs; now he has bought a factory to make his own glass; his own steel mill and rubber plant will come next, and Henry Ford will soon be the world's greatest industrial magnate, if, indeed, he is not already that.

All this grew out of the idea that took possession of the mind of a hard working machinist a few years ago. He was a dreamer, but he expressed his dream in a finished product. The Ford car did not spring like Minerva, full-armed from Jove's brain, but did develop because the man who conceived the thought was persistent enough to carry it through. Around it clustered other ideas, not of refinement of the car itself; that was the embodiment of simplicity sought, but for improvements in manufacturing processes. Now, 3,000 new Ford cars salute the rising sun each morning.

Let your mind surround these facts, and however big Alexander may seem to you, it is likely that Henry Ford's greatness will overtop the ancients Macedonia. "Tall oaks from little acorns grow," and one of the tallest of these days is that under which Henry Ford makes his plans.

How to live to be 90 is all well enough to talk about, but most of us are just now wondering how we are going to meet the tax collector after the tradesmen get through with us.

One of Omaha's police magistrates complains that the color scheme in the court room gives him the headache. Red paint used to do the same for others.

Denver mint robbers are being gathered in up at Minneapolis, which relieves Omaha of certain distinction some envious tried to thrust upon her.

Washington street cars are stopped to aid a scientific experiment. We know other reasons for doing the same thing.

Ismet declares himself as anxious for peace, yet he would not take it when offered.

About the surest cause of laughter is to hear one bootlegger tell of how another deceived him.

Homespun Verse By Robert Worthington Davie THE STRICKEN FAMILY.

Grandma's ailing with the flu and wishes she was dead, Grand-dad's got the rheumatiz and can't get out of bed, Mother—weak from toil and grief—can hardly get about, And father's got some queer disease the doctor can't make out, Sister Jane's immensely blue—I hear her moan and sob, And brother Jim is dreary, too, because he's lost his job, Aunt Sally comes and cries around and makes a frightful fuss, And swears she can't imagine just what will become of us, We get a dozen bills a day—our savings have been spent— The landlady says we'll have to scoot if we don't pay our rent; The doctor wants his money, too—we're nearly out of fuel— The world—though I'm an optimist—seems infinitely cruel, The neighbors come to pay respects, but that don't settle bills— Although I guess a cheerful word makes easier our ill; We can't get credit at the store—'Tis very plain to see That grief galore is hanging o'er the stricken family.

Songs of Courage by John J. Neihardt Nebraska's Poet Laureate BATTLE CRY.



More than half beaten, but fearless, Facing the storm and the night; Breathless and reeling, but tearless, Here in the lull of the fight, I who bow not but before Thee, God of the fighting clan, Lifting my fists I implore Thee, Give me the heart of a Man!

What though I live with the winners Or perish with those who fall? Only the cowards are sinners, Fighting the fight is all. Strong is my foe—the advances; Snaps is my blade, O Lord! See the proud banners and lances! Oh spare me this stub of a sword!

Give me no pity, nor spare me: Calm not the wrath of my foe. See where he beckons to dare me! Bleeding, half beaten—I go. Not for the glory of winning, Not for the foe at the night; When the battle is stinging— Oh spare me the heart to fight!

Red is the mist about me, Deep is the wound in my side: 'Toward' thou criest to flout me: O terrible foe, thou hast lied! Here with my battle before me, God of the fight clan Grant that the woman who bore me Suffered to suckle a man!

The Indeterminate Sentence

Digest of Nebraska's Editorial Opinion Develops Support for Giving Prisoners Time Off for Good Behavior.

Kearney Hub. M. A. Brown: There is a great deal to be said in favor of the indeterminate sentence law. There have undoubtedly been abuses in its administration but these can be corrected and need not condemn it.

The Wymorean. S. J. Burnham: While mistakes happen, made in the administration of the indeterminate sentence law and the granting of paroles and pardons, the law is a good one and should not be repealed. It is a more intelligent handling of paroles and pardons based on principles of justice and not sentiment.

Columbus Telegram. Edgar Howard: The indeterminate sentence law should be repealed unless it can be amended to give discriminatory powers to the magistrates of the district court. Under the present statute, a district judge is reduced to the level of a justice of the peace, having no authority to discriminate between a first offender and a professional criminal. This amended the law might serve a good purpose.

That European Trip. For years, perhaps, you have longed to make a European trip. You cannot spare the money and you wonder how certain other men accomplish it. Two men were discussing this subject recently.

One had just returned from a winter vacation trip, the other was lamenting his inability to take such a trip. The man of the ocean voyage had worked 19 hours a day for 20 years, the other had worked eight hours a day for the same length of time, both at approximately a dollar an hour.

Figuring the extra time, 12 hours a week for 52 weeks, and for 20 years, the man of the cruise had taken in \$12,480 more money than the other. But the eight-hour-a-day man belonged to a club worth \$250,000, the other had \$4,160 in the 20 years.

Nebraska Ideas. "Hen-house hooch" is the latest. One drink and there you lay—Blair Pilot. Just think how long Methuselah might have lived if he had his tonsils and appendix removed—Genoa Leader.

Reports that Bergdoll is leaving Germany would indicate that Germany really is preparing for war—Grand Island Independent. You can't be a sport and save money.—Hastings Tribune.

Subject Calls for Deep Thought. "Who knows?" asks the New York Tribune, "why handkerchiefs are square?" They used to be made in various shapes. There is no apparent reason why they should not be now, especially those that are used chiefly for decorative purposes.

For Good Luck. The shadows lay thick beneath the tree, and where they were deepest a figure crouched. Suddenly he heard a sound, a light footfall on the grass. "That you, mate?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Yes," came the answer. "What you doing with that dog?" he muttered, as his burglar partner drew near. "Why," answered his confederate, "there was nothing worth taking in the house, and it's bad luck to come away without anything." So I pinched the waiting dog, these burglar alarms!—Houston Post.

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION for JANUARY, 1923, OF THE OMAHA BEE Daily 71,555 Sunday 78,845 B. BREWER, General Mgr. VERN A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3d day of February, 1923. H. QUINCY, Notary Public

"The People's Voice"

Editorials from readers of The Morning Bee. Readers of The Morning Bee are invited to use this column freely in expression on matters of public interest.

Expression Versus Repression. Thurston, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: One need not be a Latin student in order to analyze and sense the deeper meaning of the words "expression" and "repression."

Let us now consider the application of these words. We know that the human soul generates desires and emotions as steadily and as constantly as a working steam engine produces steam. What then becomes of these desires and emotions? One of three things must happen to them. Either they are expressed (and the results of repressed desires and emotions are far more dangerous than those of repressed steam, expressed abnormally and unlawfully, or they are expressed as the Creator meant them to be.

It requires a certain amount of knowledge and of self-control to enable one to understand his emotions and to express them normally and lawfully. But it is the duty of each person not only to express himself lawfully, but also to aid those under his guidance in the expression of themselves, their better selves, if you please. And remember that the mental and spiritual "cup" of one person requires that he express himself in one way, while that of another calls for a different form of expression. But expression is not to be, regardless of what "they" say.

Many a person has been branded as a failure in life simply because an ambitious parent, loving and short-sighted, caused him to take up work for which he was not fitted and which did not give him an opportunity for self-expression. Sometimes, in the struggle for existence, we have to follow an undesirable occupation for a certain length of time because we cannot yet "cash in" on the thing we love to do. But when such is the case, do not let your soul go to sleep. Let it think you long for your avocation if not your vocation.

If you are a bookkeeper in reality but an artist in your dreams, plan for the time when you can give those dream real. Devote a few hours or even minutes of each day to the study of art for whatever your dream may be. Study upon and absorb all, do not lose faith in yourself and the desire of your heart. Sometime, somewhere, it will be yours.

Common Sense

A Better and Better World. Fulk, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: One of the nation's most serious problems is the great task involved in decreasing the amount of crimes committed among her people.

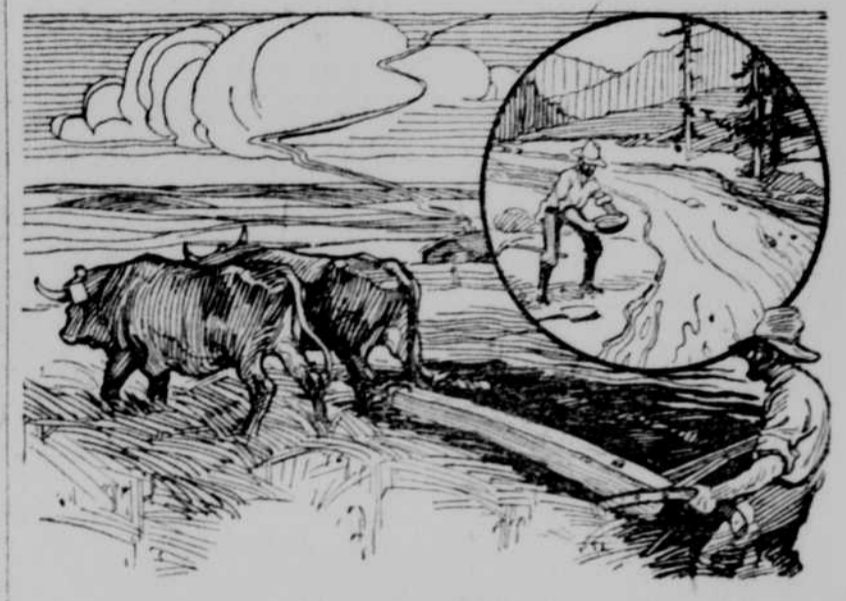
It is not a problem of government officials alone, but it is the duty of every loyal citizen to co-operate in this matter in order to educate our people into nobler type. We do not wish to attempt a more severe method of punishing our criminals, that would probably effect a certain degree of caution for some criminals, but in general it would undoubtedly never accomplish any specific betterment.

We must get at the basic points and causes for improvement of citizenship. Schools, homes and society are the outstanding factors responsible for the principles laid down in the minds and souls of the American youth. Therefore, each citizen must see to it that his children are admitted into the most satisfactory society, the most ideal schools, and the best and purest of homes.

However, we cannot say that crimes are increasing in our day. In fact they are decreasing rapidly. Many pessimistic folks say that we are living in the most atrocious and sinful period of history. But, dear citizens, let us look backward and review in our minds former periods of history. For instance, the time of the vicious Roman emperor, Nero. Nero, himself was a matricide. Crimes at that time were innumerable and horrifying murders were merely common incidents of their daily life. No one of this age

Pop at the Fancy Party. A grid of 12 cartoon panels. Panel 1: 'THIS IS THE LIMIT! I WANT TO BE A CAT! I WANT TO BE A CAT! I WANT TO BE A CAT!' Panel 2: 'OR WHAT IF I GOT HIT BY A CAR? I DON'T WANT TO BE A CAT!' Panel 3: 'I'D BE IN A PURTY FIX NOW WOULD I?' Panel 4: 'THE FELLER WHO GETS UP THERE FOR POLK DOGS GETS BEATEN UP FOR LIFE.' Panel 5: 'I LIKE THIS LESS.' Panel 6: 'N LESS?' Panel 7: 'HE'LL BE.' Panel 8: 'HE ALWAYS SAID POLK DOGS WERE BETTER.' Panel 9: 'GEE, WILL YOU?' Panel 10: 'GEE, WILL YOU?' Panel 11: 'GEE, WILL YOU?' Panel 12: 'GEE, WILL YOU?'

can even imagine such a period now. Today Christianity has reached almost every nook and corner of the globe, while in former times Christians were persecuted and treated like dogs. Clean habits, ideal principles, and thorough education can never be too fully impressed upon us. In the hearts of our children we should engrave such emblems of purity which through generations would stand the test of storm. Then the future people of our nation and of the world would be of such standard that the institutions of learning, larger than ever before, would be filled to the utmost while only a very few would remain behind the prison bars. Work each day as though you should live forever and live each day as though you were to die at the setting sun. B. C. P.



Pay Dirt

When our fathers came to Nebraska they didn't have to get down on their knees and sort out the pay dirt with a wash pan like the prospectors in California. The plow turned up pay dirt everywhere.

Nebraska's pay dirt has made men rich; it has built beautiful farm homes; it has brought modern conveniences; it has educated the farmers' children; it has built towns and cities.

Most significant of all, it is still paying millions of dollars every year and, with the proper care our farmers are now giving it, it will continue to pay for countless generations.

Nebraska dirt pays most under better farming methods. For 63 years The Nebraska Farmer has been a great clearing house where the best ideas for making Nebraska dirt pay most have been gathered together and sent out to many thousands of farmers each week. The better farmers are readers of

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