

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY NELSON B. UPDIKE, Publisher, B. BREWER, Gen. Manager.

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RUMORS OF NEW WARS. Henceforth we are to face a period of intense Anglo-French hostility. The two nations confront each other once more as they did in the eighteenth century.

This startling prediction of a new war is contained in an article by Frank H. Simonds in the American Review of Reviews. The opinion which he adds, that it is no more than logical and in accordance with historical precedent may be true, but the hope of Americans has been that after the war new impulses and ideals would guide the nations into which the world is divided.

This observer, however, declares that the world war is not yet completed: "Actually, after a long armistice, France and Germany have renewed the war which began in 1914 and paused in 1918." On the mighty question of what the end of the French advance into Germany will be few thoughtful persons are willing to commit themselves, and it is therefore more interesting to listen to his views. There must be an end, some day, to the deadlock along the Rhine. So far the French occupation has been a failure from a financial standpoint, yet Simonds declares that they can not withdraw without slipping into the position of a fourth-rate power such as Spain. So vast are the stakes in this game that if France succeeds it will be the dominating power in Europe.

Though Simonds has been all along a partisan of France, he must feel some misgivings as he ventures the bold prediction: "We are entering a period of French supremacy on the continent which may last as long as that which came with the revolution and lasted up to the fall of Napoleon." France, he reasons, concluded that Great Britain and America were bent on the recovery of Germany, a thing which it feared and hated. The troop movement into the Ruhr and beyond will not gain any reparations, he believes, but is designed to cripple the German nation, in both a military and an economic way. Germany won't pay the reparations and the continent, he asserts, won't pay its war debts to England or America. Each step taken by the French he sees as a drive at England's heart. If Germany is smashed, England loses its great market. If the German industries are linked up with the French, England will suffer from destructive competition.

Even so, Great Britain scarcely dares to interfere in the Ruhr. That is evident in the careful way in which the subject is handled in parliament. Simonds says that if Britain moved to save Germany the French would retaliate by stirring up a Moslem uprising from India to Egypt. Nothing short of force will cause the Paris government to call a halt. It is significant that as matters stand today France has a commanding lead over all nations in aircraft, an arm that is particularly adapted to use against the British. They have ready for instant service more than 1,200 machines, with 3,000 trained pilots, while Great Britain has only 400 planes in active service. Only the other day the parliament at Paris refused to cut the army or shorten the term of compulsory service.

Thus in every way France seems now to hold the cards. Simonds declares that it intends to run the Ruhr for years, possibly setting up a buffer state there independent of Germany. If this intention is carried out, he sees in two decades the population of Germany reduced to 40,000,000 and that of Britain cut to 30,000,000, through the fact that so many will be forced by lack of food and work to emigrate. France in the meantime would hold its own numerically and rest secure in the self-sufficiency of its agriculture and manufacturing. Such may be the aims of France. If so, the world may well shudder. There can be no peace on this basis. The moral sense revolts at such ruthless scheming. This is the twentieth century, not the eighteenth, and the rights of humanity transcend those of any nation—it is this modern spirit with which France has to reckon.

VOTE, OR GO FISHING? Some interested citizens have been a little disturbed by the fact that only 48 per cent of the qualified voters of the United States took the trouble to go to the polls in 1920, even though a president and congress were to be chosen. In 1922 the number was slightly increased, and 51 per cent of the possible vote was registered. Reasons have been sought for this, and in the perturbation of mind resulting from the fact, the patriotic commentators have almost concluded that a sense of civic duty is lacking.

Happily, a disclosure from California may relieve their souls. It now appears that voting may interfere with something else the voter wants to do. In this instance, a special election to choose a congressman has been called on the day the trout fishing season opens. An interested voter beseeches the governor to change the date, so that he can go fishing and yet not miss the election. When voting interferes with fishing, cut out the voting, seems to be the rule with this man, and it may suggest a reason why more than half the voters of the United States failed to signify a choice between Harding and Cox. Some democrats, probably, felt they would do better if they went fishing that day. Some republicans felt that the general outcome was so surely known in advance that it would make no difference if they, too, went fishing.

Wouldn't it be better, though, if each accepted the duty as well as the privileges of citizenship? Have those who did go fishing on election day any right to complain that politicians are running the country, and that an unintelligent electorate dominates our affairs? People who take seriously enough the benefits of citizenship to vote ought not to be disturbed by the complaints of those who go fishing on election day.

FACING A FORESTLESS FUTURE. Presenting his case to the senate's special committee on reforestation, Secretary Wallace of the Agricultural department, told the senators "the days of self-sustaining lumber supply has passed in the United States." Persons interested in the subject have dinned this into indifferent or unbelieving ears for years. For at least ten years we have been using our timber five times faster than it has been reproducing. There is but one answer to this.

When the source of supply was not far away, Nebraska did not feel the lack of home-grown timber so much. Now, when the cost of freight is more than the value of the lumber at the mill, the shoe is pinching. It will pinch tighter each year. Not merely in the matter of fence posts and boards to build cribs and granaries do the people of Nebraska pay for the national folly of devastating the forests. Bridges, school houses and similar public improvements all require lumber, and cost more because lumber is scarce. Complaint is made of telegraph, telephone and railroad rates, yet one of the items that enters into the base for those rates is the timber used. Telephone poles, cross ties and such material cost several times as much today as they did ten years ago, and the cost is mounting each day, because the supply is getting smaller. The users must pay. All the fence posts, cross ties, telephone poles and lumber for cribs and granaries can be grown in Nebraska.

Nebraskans paid \$6,000,000 freight on lumber used in 1921. They will pay more in 1923. Yet the agricultural committee of the house has determined to indefinitely postpone a measure that would establish a state forestry bureau, simply because the initial cost might run as high as \$10,000 for the first biennium. Nebraskans fifty years from now will pay many times \$10,000 because of this economy, just as the people of the state today are paying for the neglect of the past.

Some time, though, Nebraska will wake up and set idle acres to the task of growing trees, work for which they are designed by nature.

COURAGE THAT WORKS BOTH WAYS. Man's dual nature presents some puzzling aspects, and now and then comes up an illustration of his capacity for doing great things under widely varying conditions. The soldier exhibits a physical courage that frequently surpasses his moral qualifications. Men who have lacked or ignored some of the finer points of life have shown themselves fearless and relentless in pursuit of the foe, and have won esteem for courage of that sort where they were despised for other reasons.

Yet the soldier's business is to destroy as many of the enemy and as much of his property as he may without being destroyed himself. It is war, and the world applauds the man who exhibits the greatest of cool daring, accepting hazards with the least concern, and bringing to his side the utmost possible of advantage because of similar damage done to the foe.

Here we have a little better view of this courage. A news item tells of a former war hero, now serving on the New York police force, who by risking his own life in the smoke-filled halls of a burning tenement saved the lives of eight of its inmates, six children and two women. He had won distinction on the battlefield, where he was sustained by the presence of comrades and buoyed up by the excitement of the fray. These stimulating elements were not present to encourage him in his efforts to get the unfortunate out of the burning building. It was cool, calculated adventure, pitting his own strength against that of the destroyer, sustained by sheer moral courage alone.

Is not this hero in the peaceful walks of civil life deserving to be extolled, even beyond the credit given him for his deeds in battle? In the one, he destroyed life, in the other he preserved it. Each time he felt he was doing his duty. Yet it is a wonderful sort of courage that works both ways.

Things in Europe seem to be quieting down. At least revolutions have dwindled to revolts, and revolts to "coup de etat," and these in turn will degenerate into street corner discussions, and peace will reign.

Parents and teachers alike are convinced that the dope stories that involve the high school students are exaggerated or baseless, but that will not stop the sensation mongers.

If you speed your car on an Omaha street, you get one day in jail; if you "jay-walk" and get hit by an auto, you get six days in jail. Who still insists justice is not blind?

The senate committee finally has exonerated the A. E. F. from sensational and scandalous charges, but the country at large had given the boys a clean bill long ago.

It might have been the storm, and it may be due to court action, but the arrests for speeding show a decided falling off.

Looks like Mr. Harding was going to give some home problems a little much needed attention now. The postcard shower is losing its punch.

Homespun Verse By Robert Worthington Davis NIGHT. Darkness is on the hills— Green hills of seasons gone— Hark to the whippoorwill— Until the light of dawn! Hark to the calls half mute— Of wind and gurgling stream— Behold the stars that shoot— Is it not all a dream? And yet what beauty lies In night's shroud dromancy— On earth, within the skies— Of vast profundity! My blood is stirred with date. My eyes with awe agleam— Is this a cosmic haze— And is the haze a dream? Weird voices pierce the black. Weird objects toward me gleam— I hear them at my back. I feel them clutch my throat— And hypnotized by fear. I neither move nor scream: I can not shed a tear. And yet—it seems a dream. What wraith-like witchery By wizardry induced! Dusk soothes and frightens me In night's deep solitude! What message speaks the voice of wind, of bird, of stream— Bewildered I rejoice Believing it a dream.

Songs of Courage by John G. Neihardt Nebraskas Poet Laureate THE LAST ALTAR. Erewhile beneath the lightning flare of passion I saw huge visions flung ashward the gloom; I built me altars after pagan fashion And of my wounds I made a hecatomb.

I wrought weird gods of night-stuff and of fancy, I sought their hidden faces for my law; My days and nights were filled with necromancy, And an Olympian awe.

O many a night has seen my riot candles, And heard the drunken revel of my feast, Till dawn walked up the blue with burning sandals And made me curse the east!

For my faith was the faith of dusk and red, The faith of fevered blood and selfish lust, Until I learned that love is cool and quiet, And not akin to dust.

For once, in Apocalyptic vision, Above my smoking altar I could see My god's face, veiled, ugly with derision— The shameless, magnified, projected—Me! And I have left my ancient fables to crumble, I wish to know the joy of being humble, To build great Love an altar ere I die.

"The People's Voice" Editorials from readers of The Morning Bee. Readers of The Morning Bee are invited to use this column for expression on matters of public interest.

One Trouble With Main Street. Lewellyn, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I saw an editorial in another paper commenting on the fact that the small town was losing out and blaming it on the automobile. In my opinion, it is not the entire cause. Take the average small town and let a man live in the community for years, spend his money with business men and help make the town. Let that man start a little business of his own, invest the savings of a life time in property. Let him pay taxes, help keep up all public services by contributions, and then let a "floater" come into town to compete with him, one who has failed everywhere else. The business men flock to patronize the new man, offering credit that they may get his trade.

Is it any wonder the man with money invested sells out even at a loss and leaves the small town and moves to the large place? And when the "floater" fails, as he always does, he leaves the business men waiting for the debts he leaves behind. The town is started downward. The man with money goes to swell the large place and a succession of "floaters" coming and going, leaving the small town even poorer. No wonder. They have killed the goose that laid the golden egg.

The true test of a man's worth to a town is not that he can drink the other man under the table or that he is a shark with a poker hand, but does he invest the money he makes in the town? Does he help build up public utilities? Does he help the town morally? When the small town ceases to be a source of petty jealousy, drive away the man that helps the town, only then will it stop going downhill. C. A. V.

Admires the Homespun Poet. Chicago.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I am glad to see that you are printing Robert Worthington Davis's verse regularly. I have been interested in this poet for some time and can not say that he has not developed a masterful style, but by his simple philosophy is broadening into a true poet of the common people.

Every place seems to be based on some fundamental fact of life which gives us something to meditate on. In my opinion, the successful writer must have ability. He makes us think while the other entertains only. Let more of us read Robert Worthington Davis's verse and we will be better men because of it. L. L. B.

Dissenting Opinion From a Hunter. Grand Island, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I saw an article in The Omaha Sunday Bee entitled "Hunters Up in Arms Over the Bill to Cut Big Bag Limits." Now, in my opinion, the hunters of the future will oppose this bill as the big game hogs, that go out in the fall of year just to see how many of the birds they

Daily Prayer For we know that if our earthly tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens—II Corinthians 5:1.

Our Father Who art in Heaven, we thank Thee for the mercies of life past, day and night; for food and clothing, for sleep and shelter; for the companionship of our fellow men, and for daily opportunities for usefulness. By our receiving these mercies may we also recognize the duties which they imply. May our love to Thee and our love to our fellow men ever grow stronger by their daily exercise. Give us grace to face the future with equanimity. We profoundly believe in the future life, and that Thou hast not created the wonderful minds of the past and the present—minds so fruitful in searching out the secrets of nature and of the human mind and body, and in devising the many means and methods by which man's comfort, intelligence and general welfare are so wonderfully promoted—only to vanish into oblivion at the death of the body, which is mortal. We believe that Thou hast given to each of us an immortal soul, capable of dwelling with Thee in everlasting bliss. May we so order our lives in this, our temporary home, as to be fitted by Thy grace to inhabit our eternal home. Help us by precept and example to influence our fellow men to accept Jesus Christ as their personal Savior, and to enjoy this same faith in the future life. All of this we ask in the Name and for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen. WILLIAM W. KEEN, M. D., LL. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION for JANUARY, 1923, OF THE OMAHA BEE Daily . . . . . 71,555 Sunday . . . . . 78,845 B. BREWER, General Mgr. VERA A. BRIDGE, Circ. Mgr. Names not subscribed before me this 3d day of February, 1923. W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public.

"From State and Nation" Editorials from other newspapers. A Shocking Bill. From the Nebraska State Journal.

"What can 58 members of the legislature be thinking of to vote, as they did in the house, against killing Governor Bryan's king bill? Such reckless rushing into autocracy we have seldom seen. The majority for Mr. Bryan at the late election, as every member of the legislature has been told about 10,000 times, was a mandate against kingly powers for the governor. Mr. Bryan's quarrel with the code, as surely the legislature remembers, had to do with the awful powers which is placed in the hands of the governor. The code gave to the governor the blessing of pretty much the whole administrative machinery of the state. Such power was undemocratic. Mr. Bryan was opposed, as he printed on all his picture posters, to making the governor a king and the people his servants. He was going to scatter the powers of the code to the four winds of heaven, beginning, had democratic state officers been elected instead of republican, with the auditor and ranging as far as the commissioner of public lands and buildings.

The people fell for Mr. Bryan's expressed ideas about kings and voted for him. Shall not the people rule? But now comes Governor Bryan with a proposition so imperial, so reeking with king spirit that we cannot believe our eyes. Governor Bryan wants the power to behead, and without a hearing, officials whom the people have elected. Does a sheriff displease the governor he asks the power to suspend that sheriff and put in place of that choice of the people a sheriff of the governor's own choosing. Same with a county attorney and, we presume, even a road overseer. Who could have expected to see Governor Bryan, the king hater, thus reaching out for the scepter and crown?

As for ourselves, we have never shared Mr. Bryan's terror of gubernatorial kings. We rather liked the power and the accompanying responsibility which the governor had under the code. As long as we the people elected the governor, there seemed to us no awful peril in giving him power enough to do a good job. But this power the governor now asks of nullifying at his sweet will elections by the people of county officials is calculated to startle a little bit even such confirmed king lovers as the code advocates. The code gave the governor power in state administration

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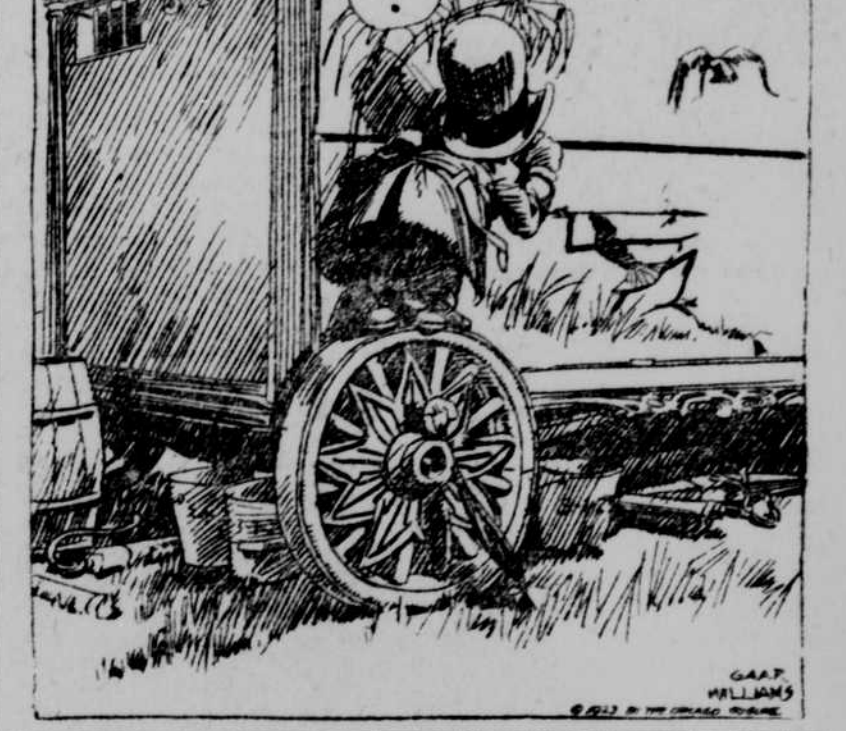
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This Lion and Lamb Stuff



Some South Dakota women are protesting against the proposed law to limit the workday for women to eight hours. They say it would result in the hiring of boys and men to do much of the work now done by women. Their stand is that of the national woman's party, which is demanding absolute "sex equality." It appears that most of the women protesting are not working women. What do the working women themselves say about it?—Sioux City Tribune.

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