

THE MORNING BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY
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BRYAN'S TANGLED WEB
In advocating his new code law Governor Bryan attempts to outlaw all other plans designed to simplify the form and lessen the cost of government in Nebraska.

He refers particularly to the tri-department plan drawn up by Representative Dyrast and a group of republican legislators. Under this proposal the governor would appoint the heads of the departments of finance, trade and commerce and public welfare, in which latter would be combined the labor, agricultural and inspection forces of the state.

The difference between this system and the Bryan code plan is that under the governor's outline he would make himself head of all the departments and make every appointment, without the advice or consent of the senate. Under the tri-department plan, however, the governor would appoint the department chiefs and these would choose their own assistants.

Yet here is where the governor gets in his propaganda. In spite of the fact that he would be empowered to remove any department head, he makes the assertion that the bill would allow "outside special interests to deal with the employes of the government without any person who is responsible to the taxpayers knowing anything about such dealings."

The facts about these rival proposals, when they are made known, confound the governor's propaganda. His declaration that under the tri-department plan there would be four governors instead of one is made in the face of the fact that these three department heads would be men who received their jobs from him, and whom he could dismiss at will.

SPOTLIGHT ON NATION'S HEAD
The fierce white light that beats upon the throne is not missing in republics, either. Democratic folks may pretend a lofty indifference as to the manners or doings of any save their own, but just the same they do like to keep track of their neighbors.

What a lot of us lowbrows would like to know is how the Russians proceeded when they set about "jazzing up" French and Italian operas to make a Russian potpourri for Chicago.

Just now Mr. Harding is away on a vacation taking a sadly needed rest from official routine and vexations. His good wife, recovering from a serious illness, is with him, out of the house for the first time in six months.

When Roosevelt went into the canebrake to hunt bears, he was well attended by a corps of reporters; when Grover Cleveland wed with Frankie Folsom and they went to stay in the mountains of Virginia for a honeymoon, a reporter lurked behind every tree, to keep the world informed of the doings of the lovers.

There's a little streamlet flowing through the valley of Adair,
With a constant, rhythmic ripple like a song;
There's a cozy lane beside it, maples 'twixt it and the air
Nod a welcome to the folk who come along.

There they dreamed and listened deeply to the ripples and the breeze,
Watched the whippoorwill a-calling for his mate,
Heard the stars in beauty twinkling far above the maple trees,
Walked along the lane and parted—at her gate.

As far as that goes, the capitol might be built without either Johnson or Goodhue.
Nebraska poets sing all the year round

IF WARS ARE TO CEASE.

Intense national fears, as much as any other one thing, are responsible for the chaos that exists in the world today. It is to this dangerous, disquieting spirit that Senator Hiram Johnson directs his criticism of President Harding's proposal that the United States enter the permanent court of international justice at The Hague.

There does not seem to be much logic in his numerous objections. Certainly America will not enter any entangling alliances, and his claim that membership in this arbitral court is but a step toward joining the League of Nations is without basis. In his speech in New York Senator Johnson first declared that the international court is little more than now exists in our arbitration treaties.

To many Americans it seems that the court of justice lacks all the disadvantages of the League of Nations proper. While the league is a political device to carry out and maintain the arrangements made in the Treaty of Versailles, the court is purely nonpolitical, designed to examine into disputes between nations and announce its findings so that the people of the world can have more than prejudice and propaganda on which to base their judgment.

Labor leaders in parliament have sat down to dine with the king of England, and other great ones of the realm, which reminds one of the perturbation expressed by the Kansas City Star, when "Socksless Jerry Simpson took part in

Lady Nancy Astor had some amusement, poking fun at Clynnes and Thomas and the others about their unaccustomed knee breeches and stockings, and teaching them when to say "Yes, sir," and "Yes, your majesty." But the affair has a more serious side. Democracy in England is working out the effects of the leaven. Top and bottom are getting a little closer together, and the middle class is being absorbed almost to the point of extinction.

The king's dinner party denotes, if anything, the broader aspect of British politics, no longer controlled exclusively by the intelligentsia, but partaking of a truly national representative form, in which all the people have a voice, reminding us of "Bobby" Burns' famous statement:

A few more such dinner gatherings, and the Jacobites of England will again be driven to cover, as they were when they passed the wine glass over the water when they drank the king's health.

We trust that when that murderer now held in Cleveland is returned to Omaha for trial twelve men can be secured for the jury who will take him at his word and give him the full benefit of the law.

No more pinocle, no more pitch; no more high dice or any such wicked games for the seagars in Omaha. We certainly are day by day in every way getting better and better.

The legislature may not seem to be doing much, and perhaps will yet win medals for their lack of doing, yet judgment should be reserved till after final adjournment.

Returning from a winter in the south, Mr. and Mrs. C. Robin are now looking about for summer accommodations.

Have you planned your little garden yet?
Homespun Verse
By Robert Worthington Davie
IN THE VALLEY OF ADAIR.

Songs of Courage by John G. Neihardt Nebraska's Poet Laureate



The history of this poem is the history of Neihardt's spiritual life. Since 12 years old he has been haunted with the sense of a Presence that speaks through him in his poetry.

THE GHOSTLY BROTHER.

Brother, Brother, calling me
Like a distant surf, sea,
Like a wind that moans and grieves
All night long about the eaves;

I am breathless from the flight
Through the speed-cleft, awful night!
Panting, let me rest a while
In this pleasant aetherial.

Brother, Brother, follow me!
Ours the wild, unflinching speed;
Through the outer walls of sense,
Follow, follow, where I lead!

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From State and Nation Editorials from other newspapers.

Visit the Schools.
How much better it would be if people who are continually finding fault with the manner in which the public schools are conducted would visit the schools, thereby learning first hand what is being accomplished.

Jailed for Poverty.
Walter Forshee is out of luck. Because he was unable to dig up \$500 he must go to the workhouse and "work out" a fine of that amount at the rate of \$1 a day.

The Country Newspaper.
Dr. Percy Stickney Grant is certainly a little heretical on the subject of country newspapers. He warns them that the time may come when the city newspapers will be delivered by airplane to every country town.

Evidently a Bachelor.
Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: This is in answer to "Married Man." Most bachelors do not want any sympathy.

Common Sense
You Can't Hide in the Dark—Turn Your Face to the Sun.
You have done a dirty, dishonest thing and it refuses to stay under cover.

Where Was the Lassie?
Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I note a question in the "People's Voice" in regard to "Coming Thro' the Rye."

Keep the Party Circle.
Hammond, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Some people advocate the abolishment of the party circle, which certainly would be a great mistake.

Daily Prayer
The Lord is good to the soul that seeks.
Infinite Father, Thou art our life and light, our hope and redemption.

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION FOR JANUARY, 1923, OF THE OMAHA BEE
Daily 71,553
Sunday 78,845
B. BREWER, General Mgr.
VERN A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.

Pop Tells 'Em



Starring Russia.
Russia is sending Germany 15,000 carloads of grain. Which is doing very well indeed, for a country that a short time since was reported on the verge of starvation.

Suggestive Headline.
Bee headline says "Nebraska Solons to Visit Feeble-Minded." The laws of affinity are interesting—York News-Times.

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J. H. Hansen Cadillac Co.
Lincoln Omaha Sioux City
In honor of the memory of Mrs. J. H. Hansen our service station will be closed all day Saturday March 10.