

THE MORNING BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

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CELLS YAWN FOR "GUN-TOTERS."

When a man with a criminal record is found carrying a revolver, the inescapable conclusion is that he is planning to use it for some wrongful purpose. When William A. Rich was discovered by police practicing at a target in the railroad yards, it did not require the acute mind of a Sherlock Holmes to conclude that he was preparing for something less regular than joining the army.

This is the man who now in Cleveland confesses to slaying the Siefkins in Omaha. His career consists of one crime after another. He was arrested at his target practice just two weeks after the shooting of the Siefkins. It was known that he had recently been released from a cell in Iowa. According to report now, he was carrying a weapon of the same kind with which the killing was done.

Setting aside the question why he was not brought under suspicion of this crime, the question still may be asked why he was not given a heavy sentence for going armed. If he had saved \$200 from the proceeds of his lawless career, he could have been released at once. As it was, he paid off his fine of \$200 and costs by remaining in jail for about two months.

Law-abiding citizens frequently inquire why stricter laws are not passed against carrying weapons. They do not know that under the law as it now stands any person of suspicious character who is found armed may be sent to prison for two years. Here is the statute:

"Whoever shall carry a weapon or weapons concealed about his person such as a revolver, pistol, bowie knife, dirk or knife with a dirk blade attachment, brass or iron knuckles, or any other dangerous weapon shall on conviction be fined in any sum not exceeding \$1,000 or imprisoned in the state penitentiary not exceeding two years. Provided, however, if it shall be proved from the testimony on the trial, or at a preliminary hearing of such case that the accused was, at the time of carrying any weapon or weapons as aforesaid, engaged in any lawful business, calling or employment and the circumstance in which such person was placed at the time aforesaid was such as to justify a prudent person in carrying the weapon or weapons aforesaid, for the defense of his person, property or family, the accused shall be acquitted or discharged."

When a man of known criminal tendencies arms himself with a revolver, the public safety clearly is menaced. The law makes it a felony and authorizes a stiff penalty. If the custom should be established of giving such persons the limit, many crimes might be nipped in the bud, and the public would be relieved from the presence of swaggering desperadoes who only bide their time to prey upon society.

CORKING UP THE JOKERS.

A law just passed in Minnesota has the approval of the newspapers of the state. It lays liable to prosecution any one who gives false information to a newspaper with the hope of getting the same printed.

Persons not connected with the business will not be able to understand just what is involved in this. Any well managed newspaper gives the strictest scrutiny to the items presented for publication. Names are insisted upon, not for publication, but to protect the editor. Requests for announcements are verified by every possible means, and yet, in spite of the utmost vigilance, every now and then some annoying mis-statement creeps in.

A joker with a distorted or ingrowing sense of humor, calls up on the telephone and asks that an approaching wedding be announced. He may even go so far as to give a fictitious name in lieu of his own. On inquiry the story is found baseless, yet sometimes in the rush the item goes through. Then there is grief. Other bits of personal information are similarly proffered, sometimes with malice, and always the danger of deception must be guarded against.

Once in a long while the process is reversed. It is of record in an Omaha newspaper office how a certain prominent citizen came into the office one night, asking to be posted on what was done at a public meeting. He was supposed to have attended it, but for some reasons of his own did not go. The information sought was given, and presumably it worked, for no divorce was granted.

The newspapers of Minnesota are trying to guard themselves from a source of annoyance. News is news, and it should always have the element of accuracy, for without that it is valueless, save as it may give the merely curious a moment of sensation.

SHE MADE THE WORLD SIT UP.

Helen of Troy, Joan of Arc, Margaret of Anjou, Cleopatra Ptolemy, and a few other ladies whose names might be mentioned, fitted themselves securely into history by different methods. None of them were so simple, however, as that employed by the nurse lady at Escanaba, who has had the medics on the qui vive for a fortnight. By the simple expedient of a hot water bottle she managed to send the mercury in the clinical thermometer kiting up to 115 or thereabouts whenever the doctor took her temperature.

She presented a baffling mystery. Such a fever was unheard of, and the strangest part of it all was that the patient did not seem to be a great deal worse from the effects of a malady looked upon as necessarily fatal. Day by day in every way her temperature stuck around the highest mark ever recorded for a fever patient, and day by day she went on, living and failing to waste away as one might be expected to when being consumed by such a flame. Finally, one doctor, more astute or more suspicious than the others, located the source of the fever, and the show was over.

Why did she do it? Well, why do folks do a lot of things that are not to be accounted for on the basis of reason? If she was looking for notoriety, she got it, for columns have been written and printed about her strange case. Did she have another end in view, we hope she secured it, for such ingenuity and persistence as hers deserves success. And, when you think of it, she might have sent the temperature to a much higher point, if that would have helped any.

A HIGH-PRICED STRAWBERRY.

If anyone still has the idea that the farm does not offer some wonderful possibilities, they have not read the story of Harlow Rockhill, a plain Iowa farmer, whose name was flashed over the wires not long ago with the announcement that he had sold a strawberry of his own creation for \$50,000.

The first thing that would strike the casual reader is the idea that this is a large amount of money for a strawberry. But there is another angle to the story, and that is the fact that Harlow Rockhill spent twenty-five years of ceaseless endeavor in creating the strawberry of his dreams. During that time he grew thousands upon thousands of plants only to throw them away for the reason that they did not satisfy his ideal of a perfect strawberry, or that when satisfactory, the seeds would not reproduce their kind.

Rockhill is not a college trained man. His knowledge of plant breeding was obtained in the school of hard knocks, wrung out of the very soil upon which he toiled. He had set his heart on growing a superstrawberry and he did not cease his plodding and patient endeavors until he reached the goal of his ambitions. He has the satisfaction of obtaining more money for a new plant creation than has ever been obtained before. But there is a far greater satisfaction than that—the knowledge that pluck and hard work and thinking deeply of his task, has won the day.

The work of Rockhill in obtaining this new strawberry which bears his name, involved the crossing of thousands of plants and studying the results of these crosses. The average man would have given up long before, but this man was not a quitter. The purchaser of the Rockhill strawberry, who will propagate and advertise it extensively, is well pleased with his purchase and he takes occasion to praise the man who had the ability to produce it.

"Opportunities on the farm are gone," say some. Hardly, not until some one produces a superwheat, a superior variety of corn or oats, or potato, or any one of a score of other superior types of plants. The lesson of Rockhill shows what brawn coupled with brain and with the spirit of stick-to-it-iveness will accomplish on the farm.

ARGENTINE'S VANITY EXPANDS.

Argentina is yet a new country, and yet we hear a great deal of its culture, especially as represented in Buenos Ayres. A few years ago the tango swept the country, even after the truth was disclosed that it had its origin in the dance halls of the Argentinian capital. Ibanez has made the local farmer, through the pictures he drew in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." This has not detracted from the admiration expended on the gay city, where grand opera, the great newspaper, La Prensa, and other evidences of extreme culture jostle with squalor and degradation.

Buenos Ayres has now attained the last fillip of excitement. From the pampas comes a conqueror, and the word flashes over the cable to the South American metropolis that Luis Angeles Firpo has put the kibosh on Bill Brennan in a prize fight. It does not matter that Brennan consists largely of what is called in the vernacular of his profession a "set up." He is a stepping stone to Jack Dempsey, and his being vanquished removes one obstacle from the onward march of the Argentinian to the throne.

Therefore we read that "Buenos Ayres went wild when the news was received." What Americans can see in it is the forthcoming of another deluge of propaganda, leading up to the renewal of a million-dollar "audience" along about the Fourth of July, to watch a meeting between the eminent emergency ship builder and the late vaquero, while the pair exchange wallops and look ahead to sharing the munificent gate receipts with the astute business men who are promoting the affair.

The bill to purchase the Louisville and Plattsmouth bridges for the state will be welcomed by all who have reason to travel by these roads. By applying the tolls to paying off the cost of the purchase the government will be achieving what is generally held impossible—lifting itself by the bootstraps.

Congress gets more kicks than kisses, and the declaration of the American Farm Bureau federation that the last session "has done more for American agriculture than any other session in history," therefore seems startling in spite of its obvious truth.

The house joyously boosted the bonus law one notch nearer the people. It has to get by the senate and governor now.

What has become of the o. f. street car conductor who always called the names of the streets?

If the World-Herald is to be believed, it hopes soon to be almost as good a paper as The Omaha Bee.

A lot of lawyers' heads will now sink back on the pillow, realizing it was only a dream.

"Cho Cho" is one educated clown.

Homespun Verse

By Robert Worthington Davie

BILL'S LUCK.

"I used to have a sweetheart," said lanky Bill to me—
"An' once I thought the world of her, an' dreamed of days to be—
A cozy home, a little farm, a faithful little wife—
An' everything a feller needs to live a happy life—
An' when she up an' turned me down an' took another guy
I thought 'twould get the best of me—I tried an' tried to die—
I cried just like a baby, 'twas mighty near a year,
Till loneliness an' sorrow began to disappear.
"Today I read where she had gone back to her folks to dwell.
An' he is suing for divorce—they've got a little gal—
A cute an' lovin' little thing. It makes my heart so sad!
He took her to the orphan's home—she hasn't any dad;
She hasn't any mother now—the little tot must live
Without the smiles an' kisses which a dad an' mother give.
"Perhaps I can be thankful for the day she turned me down,
For the other fellow because he lived in town—
For all my aches an' sadness I missed this awful muss,
An' guess I'm right in thinkin' I was the lucky cuss."

"From State and Nation"

Editorials from other newspapers.

The Law of Harmony.

From the Tulsa World.

One person gets nothing but discord out of a piano. Another evokes ravishing harmonies. No one claims that the piano is at fault. Life is much the same; their possibilities produce either discord or harmony in it. Study to play it correctly, and it will give forth exquisite melodies; play it falsely, and it will give forth harshness.

Higher than any other is the art of living happily with ourselves and each other.

Of course the piano is not to blame for the raucous discord. Because the notes will understand and apply the laws of harmony were understood and applied, the instrument would give forth the most ravishing music, capable of stilling the savage in man, or arousing the spiritual in the nth degree.

Likewise the world, life, human relations. These are not to be blamed for what you are getting out of life. If you will understand and apply the laws of harmony there will be available all of heaven that the human mind is capable of receiving and appreciating.

To Ban the Devil's Prayer Book.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Maine is the latest point to be reached by the mania for the regulation of personal conduct and private life now so widely prevalent in this era of hysteria. The general assembly has taken up the highly important subject of banishing card playing in the state capitol, the joint resolution before it prohibited even members of that body from indulging in a game of seven-up, euchre or modern bridge in the committee rooms. State officers and their employees are to permit this relaxation in their assigned quarters. The distinguished author of the restrictive measure seems to be under the impression that there is something immoral in this amusement, and hence it must be prevented in the interest of purity. If not made an adjunct to gambling, the very worst that can be said of card playing is that it is a waste of time. In this respect it certainly cannot be any worse than taking up the attention of a legislature for hours and even days to discuss the advisability of banning it from a public building.

Neihardt and Nebraska.

From the Nebraska City Press.

It would be poetic justice, in a double sense, if the Nebraska Neihardt, Nebraska's poet laureate, could be induced to become a member of the faculty of the University of Nebraska. Nebraska cannot afford to lose Neihardt to some other institution. Nebraska can afford the practical minded governor notwithstanding, to retain Neihardt by making it pleasant for him. Poets are born and not made; they are also not made by the state. Nebraska should recognize the fact that Neihardt is a poet, and that the world today does not read poetry as it did a generation or two ago, but there are enough folks worth while who realize the necessity for expression of the beautiful in poetry to persuade the rest of us that it would be a fine tribute on the part of Nebraska to encourage the man who has made Nebraska so well known to remain, and through his splendid influence transmit to the young folks of the university some of the things they need to know. Nebraska should recognize the fact, no matter in what soil it is produced.

Bryan's New Code.

From the Grinnell Courier.

The impression grows that Governor Bryan does not want the code law repealed for political reasons. It is evident that if he can insist upon the well nigh impossible sweeping changes he proposes force a deadlock he can pass the buck to the republican party, and thus avoid the certainty upon appeal and the analysis of his plans in actual operation that they will be found in effect no improvement, but on the contrary rather a step toward more arbitrary domination by the present system which is charged to the McKelvie administration. On the other hand, the majority party proposes to comply with its platform pledges by a revision of the phases of the present system which will remedy the few defects which have become advisable.

The governor will accept nothing except his own proposal without the dotting of an 'i' or the crossing of a 't,' and asserts he will veto anything less or more. Of course, if the legislature will not comply with his demands he can say he had no way of going ahead to fulfill the promises he made in his campaign, and which were regarded as bunk at the time. Then he will be enabled to go ahead with appointments for the fat jobs for his own partisans, and at the same time plead an alibi for himself. Such is politics, and no one has ever accused Brother Charley of being anything less than an astute politician, but the net result will be found that, like his eminent brother, he is long on promise and shy on performance, when it comes to government.

Allegations that he has a mandate from the people to do so and so are made, to be sure, but on judgment fails to reveal any mandate. He was elected by a peculiar combination of circumstances, yet at the same time five-sevenths of the state ticket, and both branches of the legislature were elected on a platform distinctly pronouncing for a revision as needed, not an upheaval, of the code system.

Daily Prayer

God resteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.—James 4:6
Our gracious God and Father, we praise Thee for constant access to Thee in Jesus Christ. We bless Thee for Thy gifts day by day for spirit, soul and body. We thank Thee that Thou art ever the same in Thy unchanging love and grace, and we rejoice that we may draw from Thy fullness each moment according to our needs. Grant to us a deep and increasing consciousness of the preciousness of Christ as our Divine Redeemer, and a growing assurance of the constant supply of Thy Holy Spirit for daily living. Teach us by that Spirit how to depend continually on Thy grace, and how to receive that grace by simple faith, and how to appropriate for our life the rich provision Thou makest for us. Then may Thy love be reflected in our daily conduct, and may it constrain us to live to Thy praise, and to be the means of helping others as Thou art helping us. We desire to show "Whom we are and Whom we serve," and to be a channel of blessing at home and abroad.
Gless our relatives and friends, with all needful grace, and give to them and to us such a deepening sense of Thy love that we may do our utmost to make known the Gospel to those in far off lands. And so for our loved ones, for our friends and acquaintances and for Thy whole Church, we seek the fullness of Thy blessing, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.
W. H. GIFFITH THOMAS, D.D.
TORONTO, CAN.

Songs of Courage

by John G. Neihardt
Nebraska's Poet Laureate

THE POET'S ADVICE.

You wish to be a poet, Little Man? More verses limping 'neath their big intent?

Well—one must be a poet if one can! But do you know the way the others went?

Who buys of gods must pay a heavy fee. The world loves not its dreamers overmuch;

And he who longs to drink at Castaly. Must huddle there upon a broken crutch.

One sins by being different, it seems; At least so in our human commonweal.

Who goes to market with his minted dreams, Must buy and bear the Cross of the Ideal.

Lo, tall amid the forest, blackened, grim, The lightning-riven pines!—God-kissed was he.

How all the little beeches jeer at him, Safe in their snug arrays of greenery!

And who shall call the little beeches mad? Not I, who know how big are little acts.

Want what you have, and cherish, O my Lad, The downright, foursquare, geometric facts!

But—Oh, the ancient glory in your eyes! How bursts a dazzling wonder all around!

Wild tempests of ineffable surprise—All color, dream and sound!

You lip the awful fables of old time, And mystic apples lure you to the bite!

Blown down the dizzy winds of woven rhyme, Dead women come and woo you in the night!

You tread the myrtle woods past time and place, Where shadows flit and ghostly echoes croon;

And through the boughs some fatal storied face Breathes muted music like a Summer moon!

I know the secret altars where you kneel, I know what lips fling fever in your kisses.

That sorry little drab to whom you steal Is Queen Sphirama!

The Bacchanalia of the sap now reigns! Priapic fires burn yonder bough with blooms!

Lo, great-songs warbled from the vineyard fens! Lo, Venus-nipples in the apple-glooms!

Ah, who is older than the vernal surge, And who is wiser than the sap a-thrill?

Forever, he who feels the lyric urge Shall do its will!

Your rhymes?—Some nimble-footed have been worse. What broken trumpet-echoes from the van

Where march the cohorts of Immortal Verse! Well—one must be a poet of one can.

"The People's Voice"

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

Marbles for Liberty.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: It was a small game, but the stakes were high. "The place," the juvenile court, the court of discipline to teach our youth the lessons and laws of obedience; the participants in the game were a school of boys on his boy who was supposed to be incorrigible.

Now we have the right to suppose that if this boy was taken by this officer to appear before the juvenile judge, he had committed some misdemeanor. If so, are these pitiful cases to be made the butt of a joke? When necessary to take a child to the juvenile court it is a serious matter and should be so considered, and should only be done as a last resort and after all other methods had failed. Then it is a tragedy in the life of the child. If wrongfully or needlessly done, it is a crime against childhood.

I would like to ask what could this boy have done that was worse than gambling or the power of a political pull with any judge strong enough to avert a sentence if justly deserved?

This boy has certainly learned two pertinent lessons. One is, there is no crime in gambling if you "win," and another, you don't need to obey the law if you only have pull enough to square yourself with the judge. Well, he lost this time, but he will hope for better luck next time. He will go down to "Kearney," an institution that is a factory that grinds out timber for our penitentiaries (and work over time at that) and after he comes out he should be a prince of a world-wide gambler. He will never gamble for higher stakes than on the memorable day of this notorious marble game. And the officer is allowed to go on his way, gambling with other incorrigibles, and possibly his example may be taken up by other officers, and our adult criminals may, too, have their chance to be squared with some judge on the merits of a game of law-breakers.

CRISP.

The Man Worth While.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: It is in time of catastrophe that human nature sheds its follies and superficialities and stands undressed before the gaze of men.

A great transcontinental train, speeding across the Kansas prairies, crashed into a train of oil cars on a siding and was wrecked. Out of the wreck nine men were taken, some more seriously injured than others, but all seriously enough.

It was a jam of scattered coaches, blazing oil cars and broken steam pipes. It was a trial by fire and suffering. Nine men trapped in the crushed car were stripped of all shame and pretense and their real characters were revealed.

Here was one pinned in the wreckage, silent and with grimly set lips, waiting for the help that must come soon if it was to come at all. Here was another, screaming and frantic with the pain of his injury and the fear of the spreading flames. Another with eyes fairly balking in terror was trying to mumble the words of a long forgotten prayer.

But one man among these trapped victims seemed different. He was crushed and broken even more seriously than some of the others, but the smile, which was his natural habit of countenance, was still there. He tried to calm the fear of the others by laughing at his own predicament. He jollied and joshed the rescuers as they helped him from the debris of the wreck. He cracked jokes with the doctors and nurses as he lay on the old wooden platform awaiting his turn for attention. All through the long hours of suffering when sleep even under an opiate, was denied him, the irrepressible smile fought for place among the drawn lines of pain upon his face.

Is it any wonder that a man of that character has friends? Is it any wonder that, when he could be moved and was brought back to his home town the "boys" who knew of his coming fairly mobbed the train on

Among the Folks in History



THE GIRL IN THE FASCINATOR
which he arrived in order to let him know of their sympathy and the anxiety which they had felt for him? Is it any wonder that they almost fought for the privilege of acting as "palbearers" as he jokingly named them from his stretcher? Is it any wonder that his sick room at the hospital is one great bower of flowers and that the callers at his bedside are just a continuous stream of friends and well wishers.

No, it really is not any wonder. Human nature loves courage, and a courage that smiles in the face of danger is all too rare. But it was not this man's courage in pain and suffering particularly that brought out this tribute from his friends. It was the manner of life he had lived before and among them that brought them rallying to his side. He was always cheerful. He always smiled. He always found the joke in life and shared it with his friends. The wreck was only another opportunity to reveal the real man and the man who.

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION for FEBRUARY, 1923, OF THE OMAHA BEE
Daily 71,558
Sunday 78,661
B. BREWER, Gen. Mgr.
V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of March, 1923.
W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public

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