

THE MORNING BEE

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THE IOWA'S LAST BATTLE

In writing of the Iowa, once proud vessel of the United States navy, it might be permitted to quote and paraphrase a line from Stevenson's own epitaph: "Here she lies where she longed to be."

The Iowa was one of that insignificant little group of warships at which a haughty European monarch sneered when the war with Spain broke out. What the European experts failed to count upon was the soul that was as much part of the ships as of the men who rode them.

Roosevelt, as assistant secretary of the navy in McKinley's cabinet, sent an order to Dewey at Hong Kong that proved how fully the situation was envisioned at Washington. When the Olympic had steamed under the guns at Corregidor and Montojo's fleet had not only been found but destroyed, in literal compliance with that order, the stage was fully set and the curtain up on the action of the drama.

If Cuba was to be relieved, then it was essential that Cervera make his way across the Atlantic and engage the fleet under Sampson. The Battle of the Captains took place on July 3, 1898, and it was here the Iowa won distinction that never will be forgotten. Into the thickest of the fight she was driven by Robley D. Evans, intrepid and impulsive, who sought and found the hottest berth of all.

So the Iowa has sunk in the waters where she did her greatest service, a test for the destructive capacity of the present day boats. It was meet and fitting that she should have the president's salute as she sank. Officers and men, lining the rail and standing at attention, must have recalled Holmes' lines, written for "Old Ironsides":

"Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every third-bore salute,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale."

WHEN BILLION MEETS BILLION.

Henry Ford has just told a waiting world that within twenty years a great Ford plant, in which 20,000 men are employed, turning out raw material to be fabricated into Henry's principal output, will be looked upon as a small concern.

This, we take it, will include automobiles. Speed the day! Yet a fly remains in the ointment. Nobody has as yet received an intimation that "John D." is contemplating abdication. Until the Standard Oil can be induced to make some concession, the first cost of the auto is sure to be overshadowed by the upkeep. And that opens a field for speculation.

LORD CURZON'S TURN NOW.

Charles Evans Hughes has done a very graceful thing, the one wholly in keeping with the traditions of "shirt sleeve" diplomacy. He found he had wrongly charged Great Britain with a breach of the naval compact. Convinced that he was wrong, our secretary of state publicly and frankly admits his error and officially apologizes to the British government.

This is not usual, but it is decent. No pride is humbled, no humiliation is felt, and a probable cause for irritation is removed, because the American secretary of state follows what is characteristic of the foreign relations of our country and squarely admits a mistake. His course is in distinct contrast with that pursued by Lord Curzon, at this time foreign secretary in the Bonar Law cabinet.

WHEN A RACE COMES OF AGE.

A good thing for Americans to think about now and then is the question of what shall be done with the Philippines. Without doubt the meshes of trade and commerce are binding the business interests of the islands and this continent closer together each year. There is, however, no similarity of race or nature between Americans and the people of the Asian possession. It is to be expected that they will some day call for the redemption of the pledge first made by President McKinley and ask definitely for independence.

From a Nebraska farm schoolboy writes for information on this question, which has arisen in a class debate. It is easy enough to find books and articles by American observers who believe that the time has not yet come, and some who doubt if it ever will come, for the freeing of this dependency. The other side is presented in a speech of Jaime C. Veyra, resident commissioner from the Philippine islands to the United States. It was delivered in congress last month, and is available as a government document. Others than schoolboys may find interest in this expression of opinion.

Commissioner Veyra asserts that the Filipino people consider that the holding of a constitutional convention is the next logical step to be taken in advance of their promised complete independence. He expresses gratitude for the benefits conferred by American educators, doctors and administrators and declares his belief that the people are fitted for self-rule. Americans, he says, have no conception of the passionate yearning of the Filipino people for independence.

Doubtless there are many Americans who on business or military grounds would always oppose Filipino independence. But for the American people as a whole, it will only be necessary to prove the desire for separation and the capability for maintaining an independent democratic government in order to win the Filipinos the right to call a constitutional convention of their own.

HENCE THE TERM, "PIGEON WING."

Is there no limit to the machinations of the liquor interests? Yesterday's dispatches carried a story of a pigeon which fell upon the deck of a liner far out at sea. The steward gave the bird a drink of whisky, which soon revived it and it flew away. Several hundred miles further on the same bird again appeared and fell, apparently exhausted, upon the deck of the same ship. And again it was revived by the steward—with whisky, the vessel being still well outside the three-mile limit.

We protest—and we trust the Anti-Saloon league and the Pigeon Fanciers' association will join us—we protest against this attempted glorification of liquor at the expense of the reputation of one of the most useful and law-abiding birds.

The insinuation is plain, that this pigeon, having tasted the hooch, liked it and chased the ship several hundred miles and then deliberately "framed up" a second drop on the deck in order thereby to get another drink.

How far the liquor interests will go we tremble to think. We are expecting any day to see dispatches stating that large flocks of pigeons are waiting, just outside the three-mile limit, ready to fall, apparently exhausted, on the decks of vessels and get their sips of hooch.

LIKE A SKYROCKET.

There are two sides to everything—the inside and the outside. To one who believes in the "live-and-let-live" principles of democracy, the exterior of the Ku Klux Klan has no attraction. How much worse it is on the interior may be judged by the inside story, "The Ku Klux Bubble," which is being published serially in The Omaha Evening Bee.

Great movements invariably have great men at their head. An intimate view of the leaders of the clan shows only mediocre ability. Despite all the high professions of the mysterious figures at headquarters in Atlanta, this peep behind the scenes shows them to have been lacking utterly in vision and apostles of nothing but prejudice.

The danger in this was that isolated units of the hooded order descended to violence in enforcing their particular code of conduct. The men at the head of the clan were not big enough to hold their subjects in control. The evil thoughts once started on their way scattered and grew into actual offenses which, instead of building up Americanism, tore at its foundations. There is much to interest readers in this revelation of the clan, which shot across the midnight sky like a fiery rocket, and which now seems to have fallen, burned out and spent.

And again the people might have more respect for law and order and entertain a higher opinion of the police force if the warring factions in the city hall would patch up a truce.

The Fremont youngster who caused the sounding of the whistle to declare off school for one day is at least entitled to recognition for his enterprise.

What some enthusiastic supporters of an alliance with Europe find difficulty in explaining is how prosperity returns without the "foreign market."

Homespun Verse

By Robert Worthington Davis
TIME TO GO TO BED.

The Song of Three Friends
A Prize Winning Poem of Western Life
by John G. Neihardt

Before reaching the Musselshell the party were driven to shore by a storm, and when the storm had passed the river was frozen solid as the land.

There was a woman
What enchantment falls
Upon that far off revel: How the din
Of laughing voices, chaffering to win
The lesser values, hushes at the words.

And was she fair—this woman?
Legend keeps
No answer; yet we know that she was young.

Stooped beneath a pack
Of bundled furs, she pushed the
And entered lightly, placed her load
Of wood.

Stare solemnly at nothing.

Daily Prayer

Our Heavenly Father, we would humbly bow before Thee and in acknowledgment of Thy goodness would confess Thee to be our God. We thank Thee for Thy manifold mercies and continued love and care to us, so unworthy of any of Thy blessings.

Kind Words for Lambs Ducks.
From the Florida Times Union.
The "lame duck" discussion is always conducted lightly though it is a serious matter. The people like the men they elect to office or they would not elect them, but they treat the political good or bad fortune of their leaders lightly, and a man may still be a leader even though he is termed in the flippant language of the paragraphers a "lame duck."

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"The People's Voice"

From a Bryan Supporter.
Geneva, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: It begins to look like Speaker Mathers and some other republicans in the house are right when they say that they did not promise anything in the campaign last fall if elected, in regard to the code and taxes.

Perhaps it is just as well that they did not for any of us can see by their filibustering that they are more interested in preventing the people from getting what the great majority of the voters of the state voted for. It means that the taxpayers will have to pay the expenses of this session of the state legislature and wait until the next election to get what they want, the code repealed and the other things Governor Bryan wants. The voice of the people is mighty when they speak, and in 1924 they will speak so loud that a few men in the legislature now will know they don't out fooling around and get behind Governor Bryan and put through his program that there are voters and taxpayers in the state besides those in Scottsbluff, Franklin and Clay counties.

Music and the Schools.
Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Prudence, as Dante says, is one of the four cardinal virtues. May I induce the general public through a few facts to give the move, to foster a city symphony orchestra, an energetic salute to this plan, through its variety and vigor, lies much promise for the future and rich possibilities of higher civic standards, civic recreation, increasingly friendly human contact—and ever deepening interest in the arts. The plan as it is commonly thought of is not a very difficult one. The best work is done by those that we may temper ourselves as an audience to more intimate relationships and nourish a more cooperative friendliness throughout Greater Omaha.

What is a Dictator?
From The Nebraska City Press.
Governor Bryan has preached against the "special interests" until it has become an obsession with him, yet he has not put his finger on a single case that is about to devour the unsuspecting people of his state. The governor hates dictators, oppressors and ogres, yet, on occasion, he seems to employ the methods he professes to so much despise. He is unwilling for his people, for instance, to know the "inside" of the capital controversy and newspaper men have been sharply rebuffed by this new "dictator" to run the state.

Let Them Have It.
With their knowledge of chemistry, the Germans who are said to be buying coal in this country might be able to coax fire out of the fire-proof variety.—Springfield Republican.

"From State and Nation"

A Place for Neihardt.
Neihardt, Nebraska's poet laureate, has been offered a place on the faculty of a comparatively insignificant college, and as a result, the demand has been widely voiced throughout the state that the University of Nebraska secure him.

Why not? Where should a poet of such striking genius be recognized, if not by his own people? He has done more to advance Nebraska's reputation, in his own field of labor, than any other person. His songs are songs drawing upon Nebraska history and Nebraska tradition for their theme. He is living proof that the prairie can produce genius. He is one of those whose rhymes give proof of placing him among the ever immortal bards. Why should not Nebraska secure him for its own state university, so that he may give some of the fire of his genius to the younger generation?

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