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FALLACIES OF FORECASTING. Seldom does a man carrying dynamite toss it carelessly down about once in a lifetime. Those government bureaus that collect and disseminate statistics on trade and industry are handling high explosives, and it behooves them to exercise more caution than was shown in the recent forecast of sugar conditions by the United States Department of Commerce.

Operating on the basis of an official forecast which declared that a shortage of sugar is likely to befall at the close of this year, speculators forced prices to a great height. This "shortage," however, did not represent an actual dearth, but simply a reduction in amount of sugar carried over from one year to the next. Nevertheless, with the abundant aid of New York financial institutions who were convinced that there is money in sugar, a heavy advance in prices was brought about.

The Department of Commerce, as soon as public outcry arose over the increased cost of the necessary life, reversed itself and began explaining. The secretary of agriculture now comes out with figures purporting to show that the sugar crop which is yet to be harvested, and much of which is not yet planted will be the largest in the history of the world. After presenting a mass of figures covering the situation in Europe as well as America he adds: "In estimating the world supply, stocks of sugar on hand should also be taken into consideration, but statistics of stocks for many countries are incomplete or unreliable." It may well be asked how, if the quantity of refined sugar now on hand can not be found, how any man can estimate the volume of a crop that is not yet planted and has the risks of weather and insect plagues to run.

There are dangers scarcely realized as yet in the system of forecasting that is growing up in government bureaus. It has yet to be proved that these official reports exercise a stabilizing effect on the markets. A careless word, an inaccurate count, or a misinterpretation of a report can bring ruin to producers, encourage a raid on consumers and upset the stability of business without cause or public benefit.

All governments maintain these services and are constantly amplifying them. They also make mistakes, as witness the East Indian government, which has caused a break in the price of jute by the announcement that its earlier estimate of the crop was too small. The first estimate sent prices up, the second laid them low.

Secretary Hoover, warned by this unfortunate episode with sugar, should eliminate in the future any air of prediction from his reports. For the matter of that, when he touches on the sugar crop he seems to be infringing on the province of the Department of Agriculture. There is no reason for maintaining two federal forces to handle the same subject.

SNEAKING UP ON THE MIND.

Three marvels of modern life are the radio telephone, the moving pictures and the phonograph. Each is contributing greatly to the desire of the public for entertainment, and yet each also is something more than an amusing toy.

The promise appears that these inventions will open new channels to the human mind. Not for one instant is it to be thought that the recreation they provide is without value, but there are also cultural and educational values that are appearing hardly without conscious recognition.

It has been said that the capacity of the human mind for resisting knowledge is infinite. Perhaps that is so, but these subtle devices spread their store of information with such ease that all resistance is thrown off guard.

Both Coss and Einstein have been put in the movies. Auto-suggestion and the theory of relativity are thus being popularized in such a way that movie goers can hardly escape understanding. Thirty film producers recently exhibited a series of interesting but educational films. Among the subjects were geography, history, literature, astronomy, biology, hygiene, agriculture, home economics and citizenship. Old Testament stories have also been pictured with remarkably dramatic effect.

"Instead of sending a truant officer to bring children to school," a Chicago educator remarks, "parents would have to send a policeman to bring them home if educational movies were in general use." His prediction that every school will one day have a film projector may be over-enthusiastic, but it at least seems that the movies could furnish a post-graduate course.

This insidious means of reaching the mind exists also in the radio world. Here is the United States bureau of education which sends out lectures each Monday and Thursday from Anacostia naval station. What are the wild waves saying? Thrift, physical education, gardening and popular science are among the topics.

And on the phonograph—Of course one of the greatest gains there is the marked improvement in musical taste through the ability of every family to bring the classics into its parlor. But there are also technical records of many kinds. Regular courses in foreign languages may be obtained for the phonograph, and lessons are also given in music and even in golf. Nor are the physical culture exercises which are set to music on the records to be overlooked.

It is indeed becoming more and more difficult to keep out of the way of learning. And very often the absorption of knowledge is made so pleasant that one hesitates to flee—and everyone knows what happens to him who hesitates.

The Omaha Chamber of Commerce will wind up its next tour at Green River, but they will find much change has taken place since the day the song was written.

A Japanese newspaper man comes along with a tale that a chemist in Japan has invented a powder, which, when sprinkled on water, becomes whisky. Old stuff.

COMFORT FIRST. How is the furniture in your home arranged, Mr. Man? Could you at any time during the day tell certainly just where the tables and chairs are located, how the pictures and mirrors are distributed, where the vases stand, and how the pattern of the rugs on the floor matches that of the paper on the wall? You probably couldn't come within gunshot of the exact facts. In a general way you could tell what is located in each of the several rooms, but as to details you would be hazy and vague. You get a sense of comfort at home, because things there are adjusted to produce that sense, but you do not burden your mind with the picture in particular.

That is just what a well arranged home is calculated to do—to generate that feeling of content, to make one "feel at home" without in any way obtruding a detail. Home decorations must be harmonious, unobtrusive, familiar, in order to make possible the result sought, that of quiet comfort. In such a home the occupant may sit in the room with a clock and not hear it tick or strike, because one is occupied with the book or magazine, and all the elements of his surroundings combine to beget that feeling of security which takes no note of wall or ceiling, or carpet or rug, of chair or table, picture or mirror. The effect is there, the details are negligible.

Let the good wife, as she frequently does, alter the arrangement, by moving some article from its accustomed place, and the fact will be noted, but unless the disturbance has been sweeping or violent, it will touch but slightly the general combination, and the mind will adjust itself readily to new conditions. So long as the old chair and the slippers and the pipe and the book are within reach, man will not be greatly put out because some little new touch has been given, some accustomed combination modified, or a new arrangement designed. Home is not home if it can be seriously influenced by such things.

As to good taste or bad taste, that is a matter for individual settlement. Here as in almost all other relations of human life, "what is one man's meat is another's poison." Convention seeks to establish rules, but is itself mutable, and continually undergoes the transition from one form to another, progressing or going back, as the whim strikes. So, if you are cozy or comfy at home, do not be disturbed, if suddenly you find you have been doing something that an expert says is wrong. Good taste is not rigid, and the worst of bad taste is to arrange a home in so formal a fashion that it really becomes formidable, a mausoleum rather than a place of comfort.

CAN'T KNOW IT ALL.

Everybody's talked more or less about the worm turning, but not much has been said as to what comes next. Now and then the wide, wide world gets a suggestion as to the possible effect of the worm turning to defend itself, by watching what the student body of a great school may do when it gets a chance. The latest exhibition of this sort is furnished by the undergraduates at the University of Cincinnati. Having wrinkled their brows and chewed their pencils in anxious thought over puzzles presented by the faculty in the form of questionnaires, the boys decided to reverse the operation.

Accordingly they presented a questionnaire to the highbrows who preside over brain-developing processes of the university. Old King Tut could not have filled out the answer blanks, while Euclid would have muffed them, all and several. Yet the questions all have to do with the processes of life today, and almost any school girl, certainly if she has reached the flapper age, could readily give the correct reply. Not so the professors, after whose names dangle in cryptic order half the letters of the alphabet.

One reverend brother, champion of the higher learning, fell down on "What are the snake's hips?" opining that it is "a serpentine waist effect in feminine raiment." So on down the list of "jazz." One after another of the faculty members went down to defeat, showing that, however well versed he might be in things that happened ages ago, he is not up-to-date on the things going on right under his nose.

Some one will suggest that a chair of "jazz" be added to the list, to the end that the doctors of philosophy may put the knowledge of the minute alongside that which has come down to them from a misty past. If nothing else, the quiz afforded the boys a bit of fun, will give the world a moment of amusement, and may teach the professors that none of us knows it all.

Thirty days in jail will afford ample time for some speeders to think it over, and their fate may serve as a deterrent to others who are inclined to the belief that the world belongs to the man with his foot on the gas.

Council Bluffs is going to put up a war memorial in Baylis park, which may arouse memories of a project once on foot to set up some sort of monument to our soldiers in front of the court house.

Federal law, state law and city ordinances ought to be sufficiently co-ordinated to enable a judge and jury to deal intelligently with any bootlegger.

"Doug" Fairbank's new leading woman has gone and got married without letting the boss know. How careless of her!

Convict Wilson may have made the bomb, as he asserts, but he will have to prove it before the police exonerate him from lying.

That new bloc in the legislature will find that a \$6,000,000 saving in state expenses is mighty popular with the taxpayers.

If spring comes, the legislature will soon adjourn.

Homespun Verse By Robert Worthington Davie BENEVOLENCE.

How much a simple smile may lend Of virtue and incentive true, And gain the goodness of a friend Who will at length remember you. For even though you need not crave The kindness for which he sighs, Who knows but what you'll come to crave The grief that wavers in his eyes? How far a word of cheer may lift Him from the torture of distress— A restless but a precious gift Which mortals know as happiness. A smile and kindly phrases give More than material dividend. You work for God, but while you live The court of Justice is a friend.

He or She, Him or Her?

Nebraska Editors Respond to the Query: "Which Does the Most for Your Community—Men or Women?"

Grand Island Independent. A. F. Buehler: "Which is the leading force for community betterment—men or women?" It is difficult to answer this question, for neither, good, law, abiding, God fearing and home and family maintaining men and women acting co-operatively are the best force.

Hastings Tribune. Adam Breede: While men take the initiative and are the brains and brawn of the industrial world, yet women are primarily the leading force in community betterment. It did not take equal suffrage to bring this condition of affairs about, as it has always existed. A mother's natural instinct is to protect her children, therefore she fights vice and trains up her children to virtue.

Gordon Journal. Dwight P. Griswold: The question as to whether men or women accomplish the most for community betterment is so difficult to answer that the only reply I could make is the Irishman's: "Nather." I believe that children accomplish more than either. Practically every movement for the better things in life has its origin in the home, and there may be a better world for our children to live in.

Blair Pilot. Don C. Van Deusen: This is a hard question to ask a mere man whose natural temptation is to stand up for his sex. He may be married to Maggie or he may be so chivalrous he would unthinkingly answer that the women. Of course in our locality this is simplified somewhat, for we have a woman's Chamber of Commerce that has been organized for the express purpose of community betterment. While the men's Chamber of Commerce thinks more of financial success and city growth, the female of the species have taken definite steps toward beautifying the city, even this city beautiful. They have had Professor Hoppert of the state university here to talk to and advise with them along this line. The male of the species will have to admit that most women weigh moral values with keener balances than most men.

Kearney Hub. M. A. Brown: The work of women in community betterment is more co-operative than "leading." Such is my observation. Men are more accustomed to initiative and to action. But the impulse and propelling force is largely auxiliary, however none the less important for that reason. Woman is, however, a growing force in public affairs and in another generation may meet the men 50-50 in leadership.

Wayne Herald. E. W. Huse: In Wayne I would say the forces for community betterment are about equally divided between men and women. Judgment must vary according to the perspective. Through closer association with the home, school and church, women are given greater opportunities for helpfulness. A man or woman of conspicuous public service, material or social, is usually indebted in large measure to the encouragement of a partner of the opposite sex who is in the background.

Seward Blade. Men and women together are the forces for betterment in the community. If they would learn to act together and harmonize their intellectual and spiritual contributions. Both listen too much to demagogues. St. Paul taught the inferiority of women; who now believes it?

Nelson Gazette. Community betterment is such a broad subject that it would be rather difficult to name the leading force back of it. Men have been so absorbed in personal and business affairs that the community, too often,

We Nominate— For Nebraska's Hall of Fame.

LOUISE POUND, professor of English literature in the University of Nebraska, is one of the best known if not the best known of American women in the field of scholarship. She has written numerous papers on philological and critical subjects for American and foreign periodicals; she has edited numbers of books and collections, and has contributed to important series.

It is especially her work in ballad origins, summarized in her "Poetic Origins and the Ballad" (Macmillan), that has brought demands for her lectures and contributions and made her eagerly sought at gatherings of specialists on English literature. The reason for this is that in this work Miss Pound has acquired a reputation for courage as well as for scholarship. Single-handed she undertook to refute the romantic theory of ballad origins which has been emanating from Harvard university for toward half a century, and which has found its way even into the school books. Miss Pound has succeeded; she holds the field; today hardly a voice is raised to dispute her findings.

In the field of athletics she has long been known as redoubtable at tennis and golf. Now in the field of scholarship she has shown her fighting mettle, as well as acute judgment and searching scholarship.

The Eternal Feminine. An appeal is made for powder puffs and curling irons for women in jail. Putting a woman in jail does not remove her feminine instinct, evidently. —Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

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.

THE SHOOTING OF THE CUP. The morrow was a perfect April day; Nor might one guess—so friendly was the sun. So kind the air—what threat at length was spun. What shears were opened now to sever it. No sullen mood was Mike's. His biting wit Made gay the trappers busy with the fur. Though more and ever more on Carpenter His sallies fell, with ever keener wit. And Carpenter, unskilled in banter, met The sharper sally with the broader grin. But, by and by, Mike made a jest, wherein Some wanton innuendo lurked and leered. About the Long Knife's girl. The place went wild. With sudden silence as the tall man strode Across the room, nor lacked an open eye. Among the men. A glitter in his stare Belled the smile he bore; and, pausing there With stiffened index finger raised and held Before the jester's eyes, as though he spelled The slow words out, he said: "We'll have no jokes. I can feel the cold clear through my hat."

And now men saw Talbeau. They saw him run And stoop to peer upon the prostrate man. Where now the mingling blood and whisky ran From oozing forehead and the tilted cup. And in the hush a sobbing cry grew loud. "My God! You've killed him, Mike!" Then growing loud, A wind of horror blew among the crowd. And set it swirling round about the dead.

And over all there roared a voice that said: "I never mint to do it, boys. I swear! The devil's in me gun!" Men turned to stare Wild-eyed upon the center of that sound. And saw Fink dash his rifle to the ground. As 'twere the hated body of his wrong. Once more arose that wailing, like a song. Of one who called and called upon his friend.

They cleared a spot And flipped a coin that tinkled as it fell. A tiny sound—yet, like a midnight bell That sets wild fates pressing at the page, Talbeau would often hear that coin again. In vivid dreams, to waken terrified. 'Twas heads.

And now the tall man stepped aside And, beckoning Talbeau, he wisely perched "Son. If anything should happen, keep my gun For old time's sake. And when the Major pays In old St. Louis, drink to better days When friends were friends, with what he's owing me." Whereat the little man laughed merrily. And said: "Old Horse, you're off your feed today. But if you've sworn an oath to blow your pay. I guess the three of us can make it good!" Mike couldn't miss a target if he would. "Well, maybe so," said Carpenter, and smiled.

A wilderness noon was brooding on the wild And in the clearing, eager for the show. The waiting trappers chatted. Now Talbeau Stepped off the range. The tall man took his place. The grin of some droll humor on his face: And when his friend was reaching for his head To set the brimming cup thereon, he said: "You won't forget I gave my gun to you. And all my blankets and my firing iron?" The small man laughed and, turning round, he cried: "We're ready, Mike!"

A murmur ran and died Along the double line of eager men. Fink raised his gun, but set it down again. And blew a breath and said: "I'm gittin' dhr! So how'd yer noddie shiddy, Bill, me by. And don't ye shpill me whisky!" Cedar-straight The tall man stood, the calm of brooding fate About him. Aye, and often to the end Talbeau would see that vision of his friend— A man-flower springing from the fresh green sod. While, round about, the bushes burned with God. And matting peewees fluted in the brush. They heard the gun lock clicking in the hush. They saw Fink sighting—heard the rifle crack. And saw beneath the spreading powder rack The tall man pitching forward.

Echoes fled Like voices in a panic. Then Mike said: "Bejasus, and ye've shpilled me whisky, Bill!" A cathedr screamed. The crowd stood very still As though bewitched. "And can't ye hear?" bawled Fink. "I say, I'm dhr— and now ye've shpilled me drink!" He stooped to blow the gases from his gun.

THE SHOOTING OF THE CUP. (Continued from page 4)

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

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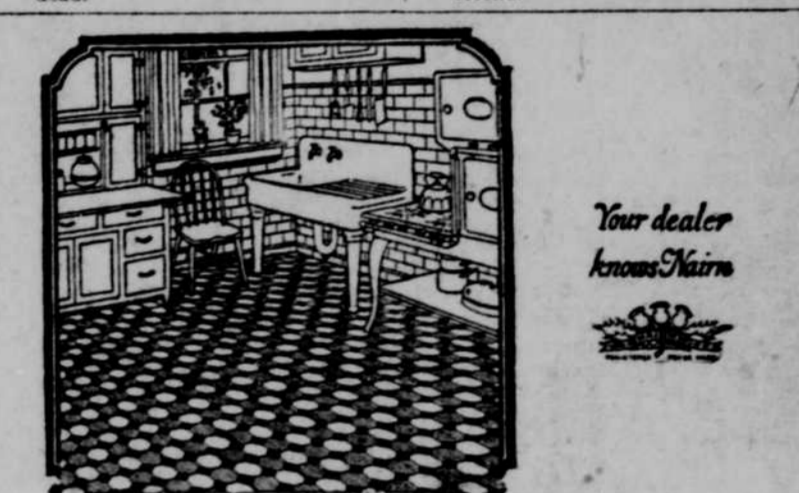
THE SHOOTING OF THE CUP. (Continued from page 4)

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The Absent Minded Bookkeeper



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