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BETWEEN RIOT AND REASON.

The brutal business of the Ruhr goes on. Future generations may well wonder how the world ever came to such a pass as now. The present generation may well wonder how it is ever to emerge from the slough of hate, suspicion and revenge into which it has fallen.

Premier Poincare has announced once more that France will not accept any attempts at mediation. France is in the Ruhr to stay until Germany foils the \$33,000,000 reparations bill. Insistence on this point is not accompanied by French occupation of the richest industrial district in Germany. Railroads, mines and factories that were running full blast until the troops came are now producing little. France is not getting as much German coal as before its troops advanced. From that standpoint the advance was a failure.

Signs are apparent that the French and German industrialists are making new efforts to get together. Meanwhile the workers in the occupied cities are becoming more and more hostile toward the French troops. Clashes are of daily occurrence, and nine men were lately killed in a riot at Krupp's. The mild reference to this slaughter by Poincare is reminiscent of the defense put forth by a man who, having killed a sheep, explained that no sheep could bite him and live.

It would be easy for disorder to spread in that valley. The race now is between riot and reason. Chancellor Cuno has issued an official statement professing Germany's willingness to negotiate with France at any time, providing only that guarantees are given that the Ruhr will be evacuated. Though the French profess no intention of remaining in the Ruhr, their position has been that negotiations with Germany must be without any reservations.

Furthermore, the French government is not in any temper permitting a reduction of reparations figures. Its people were told that the advance into Germany would not only collect enough money to pay for the war, but the movement would not cost a sou. Yet there is growing in importance a sentiment among the French people against risking the ruin of Europe for any such stake. Labor leaders from France, Belgium, Italy and England recently conferred with labor and socialist leaders in Berlin. They are now in Paris, working on a plan for scaling down reparations and ending the dispute between these two nations.

Thus it is seen that there are forces, both among the captains of industry in the two countries, and among the private, seeking a basis for understanding. Any reasonable plan for the re-establishment of peace will be welcomed by the world.

ALL DAY AND NIGHT DANCING.

That girl who fox-trotted for twenty-seven hours without a stop probably felt as exhausted as if she had done a week's washing. The probabilities are, however, that she is one of those interesting characters whose health is not strong enough for housework, but who never fail to find stimulating tonic in dancing. It is not a sporting proposition to wager that the winner of this long distance record would quit early if it were a dish washing or a bed making contest.

She wore out the band, she wore out the phonograph records, and she laid low partner after partner. One man kept up the pace for seven hours and then collapsed. Even the spectators at this exhibition came and went in relays. It would have been possible for a person to watch her glide for eight hours, go home and sleep eight hours and then return and watch her for eleven more hours. That is to say, if anyone took as much interest in such a display.

Probably there was not much art in this dance. It is scarcely aesthetic, the sight of a young woman partaking of refreshments while stepping off the measures of the fox trot. It is too much like one of those fast trains that takes on water without stopping, scooping it up from a pit beneath the track.

Now this mechanical wonder announces the intention to challenge the world for an endurance dancing contest. Destitute of beauty and of usefulness alike, such an event is about the acme of vulgarity. When she wins all the honors possible at this and seeks for new worlds to conquer, why not a pie eating contest?

SUGAR—OUR DAILY DISH.

"Old Doc" Wiley is and ever has been a comfort and a joy. Just when everybody else is calling down malediction on the heads of those who are looting the sugar bowl, the doctor comes forward to praise them. They are, he says, true philanthropists, who are performing a real service to a world that indulges too freely in sugar. Everybody uses too much sugar, he contends, and if the buccaneers who are just now boosting the price keep on, they will confer a great boon on an over-indulgent people by compelling them to use less sugar.

It was Dr. Wiley's persistence that deprived us of our benzoste of soda and formaldehyde a few years ago. He stuck to an uphill job till he got folks to realize that food would taste as good, nourish as completely and probably keep as well if it were not doped by drugs, whether deleterious or not. Memory recalls the elaborate tests and trials, the long and learned arguments, that accompanied the crusade for pure food with condiments that might be trusted. Now, if he comes with his views as to the consumption of sugar, he will get attention from a considerable number of his fellow citizens.

The increased consumption of sugar is accounted for in a number of ways. Prohibition is said to have encouraged candy eating. Americans consume enormous quantities of food containing sugar, drinks that contain sugar, and sweetmeats and candy, and in this differ from others, in degree rather than in impulse. Other peoples are as fond of sugar in any form as we are, though they do not get quite so much.

If the legislature doesn't want to get itself talked about, it had better adjourn as soon as possible.

"FIFTY-FIFTY" OR FAILURE.

"Male and female created He them," and the order continues, and in all probability will continue.

This is really the true answer to the question, "Which does the most for your community—men or women?" Nebraska editors have varied slightly in expression in their replies to the question put to them by The Omaha Bee, but in substance they are agreed. It is the active, intelligent, co-operation of the two that brings about the result hoped for. The day has passed when an exclusive sphere is granted to man; woman has seized upon about all the things that once were sacred to the masculine element of society, sacrificing her privileges without hesitation that she may have her rights.

This process has introduced woman into all the walks of life that once were closed to her. She is in the professional ranks, she is a mechanic, an artisan, a merchant. No vocation is longer shut against her, and she has proved her ability to fill any place. Therefore, no doubt is to be raised as to her eligibility for a full share in the partnership that does the world's work.

As to community betterment, if there is a shade either way, it probably belongs to woman. Not that men are not as willing or as anxious to improve their surroundings, but because they are more likely to be engrossed in matters that are essentially selfish, while woman will find time to consider public affairs as well as her own. Her mind reacts quicker to suggestions for change, and, whether it be a process of reasoning or the sixth sense that is called intuition for want of a better name, she notes the need and encourages the demand. Man will aid in all ways to work out the details, just as woman will join in his plans, when they are for the public good. Co-operation in this work is easy, now that the main fact is established.

In community betterment a fifty-fifty effort should be made, even if rivalry should now and then intervene. A division of labor may be made, but not along the old-fashioned lines; it will never be an even one, but division of responsibility can be reached by the very simple process of each striving to aid the other through maintaining the closest of relations all the time.

"Male and female created He them," and this means, if anything, a partnership in effort as well as interest, to the end that the result may be mutually shared. Woman's finer sensibilities will offset man's stronger physique, and working in unison and harmony, they can move the world, just as they have been moving it through all the ages.

MAKE A WAY FOR GENIUS.

Sammy Carmell is very much in the public eye for a 12-year-old boy. He has shown musical talent of a high order, and is advised to study to develop his capacity with a teacher in the east. His parents can not afford the expense of this tuition.

What is to be done about it? Is the world to be deprived of another great musician because the few dollars needed to pay for his training are lacking? All will say no, loud and long to this. But who is going to put up the cash that is needed? A society formed for the purpose of encouraging musical genius has taken the matter in hand and proposes that Sammy be given an opportunity to play at a local theater for a week, thereby earning part at least of his tuition fees, and at the same time giving the public a taste of his ability.

Nebraska's law forbids the appearance on the stage of a child, and Sammy Carmell falls under the provision of the law. If the law can be suspended in one case, it can in another, and might as well be repealed.

Public interest in Sammy Carmell is great, and the wish of all is that he be given full opportunity to expand the heaven-sent gift of music. Genius needs direction, and a good violinist is worth all the trouble and pains it takes to make him one. Yet all will hope that a better way can be found to give this boy his opportunity than by making the fuss that is certain to follow his public appearance if the officers of the law are true to their trust.

If the Nebraska Society for the Development of Musical Genius can think of no other way to raise funds, we suggest a public subscription, a concert where older musicians will donate their services, or any one of a number of expedients may be adopted and yet hold the object within the law.

The Omaha Bee was first to bring little Sammy to public notice, and still feels a distinct interest in his future. We hope he will have every chance to show the world his boyhood promise is not a mere flash, but really is the gleam of a fire kindled by a divine spark. Yet we do not want that his start should be made a false motion.

The president of a Chinese college runs over to Seattle to get a few pointers, before writing a book on "What Is America?" At that, he is ahead of some Europeans, who get their ideas from New York.

Kearney is now to have its first apartment house. Yes, it always has been the city of homes, and no doubt there are many who will regret the advent of flat dwelling "out where the west begins."

Some uncertainty may exist as to the status of "Dahlman avenue, but there is none as to the man it was named for.

No plum tree in Nebraska can set up a claim that it was deceived by March.

The poor man's gymnasium—his legs.

Do it now; plant that garden.

Homespun Verse By Robert Worthington Davie

WHY DO WE WORK?

Why do we work? 'Tis a question wide, And a thousand answers are verified: We work for a mother, old and gray; We work for us in the Yesterday; We work for a father we can not shun. For he has worked for daughter and son. We work for the babe in the cradle-bed, With blithesome thoughts of the days ahead. Hope makes us work, our minds aflame With lute-like visions and dreams of Fame. We work for the home we can set up true Who have mellowed our sorrows and cheered us through The gloomy seasons, and led us aright Past the temptations of cold, black night: We work for a loved one's faith and pride— To beloved and trusted and glorified. We work for the bliss which we acquire, Achieving and learning and reaching higher From day to day as the deeds we do Cheer and present an incentive true. Why do we work? 'Tis a question still That logical answers fall to fulfill. And the truth must wait to be verified Until we have crossed to the Other Side.

The Song of Three Friends By Nebraska's Great Poet John G. Neihardt

THE GHOST OF CARPENTER.

After the shooting of the cup, Fink was able to make it appear an accident and soon after he and Talbeau were sent by Major Henry by pony to carry a message to Ashley who is now near the Moreau, coming north with a second band of men.

The still white wind was blowing out the stars When yawning trappers saw the two men row Across the river with their mounts in tow— A roan stallion and a buckskin mare, And now the ponies gain the far bank there And founder up and shake themselves like dogs. And now the riders mount and breast the fogs Flung down as wool upon the flat. They dip And rise and float, submerging to the hip, Turn slowly into shadow men, and fade. And some have said that when the ponies neighed, 'Twas like a strangled shriek; and far ahead Some ghostly pony, ridden by the dead, Called onward like a bugle singing doom. And when the valley floor, as with a broom, Was swept by dawn, men saw an empty hand. The April sun arose And fell; and all day long the riders faced A rolling, treeless, melancholy waste Of yellow grass; for 'twas a rainless time, Nor did the baby green begin to clump. The steep-kneed hills, but kept the nursing draws. And knee to knee they rode with scarce a pause. Save when the ponies drank; and scarce a word, As though the haunting silence of a third, Who rode between them, shackled either tongue. And when along the sloughs the twilight flung Blue haze, and made the hills seem doubly bleak, They camped beside a songless little creek

Books By and About Neihardt

The Omaha Bee is in receipt of so many inquiries concerning the works of John G. Neihardt and where they may be obtained, that it seems well to give our readers a Neihardt.

The volumes in verse now in print and published by the Macmillan company (25 Prairie avenue, Chicago) are: "The Song of Hugh Glass" and "The Quest" (collected lyrics) and "Two Mothers" (being two dramas, entitled "Eight Hundred Rubles" and "A Death of Agrippina.") "The Quest" contains substantially all the lyrics earlier published in the three volumes, "A Bundle of Myrrh," "Man-Song" and "The Stranger at the Gate." These latter will still be obtained from Mitchell Kennerly, New York, and are attractively gotten up so that they make desirable souvenir volumes. One early poem, "The Divine Enchantment" (James T. White & Co., New York) is an epic of Hindu mythology. It has long been out of print, but has some excellent lines and is also of interest in his youth. It may occasionally be found.

Turning to Neihardt's prose works, the most important of these is "The Splendid Wayfaring" (Macmillan) being the story of the adventures of Jeddiah Smith, discoverer of the Central and Southwest Trails. A reading of this volume gives mental back-ground for the epics, including "The Song of the Indian Wars," as yet incomplete.

Another prose work of remarkable power is "The River and I," that "mystical but altogether human love story." It is concerned with a trip down the Missouri that Neihardt made in an open boat in 1908, and throbs with his love of the great stream and its heroes. This book is published by Putnam, New York, and while it is sometimes difficult to obtain, an order will be filled at once. "The Lonesome Trail," a collection of Indian tales that were very popular in the magazines some 15 years ago, has long been out of print. Occasionally copies may be found in book stores. It was published by Mitchell Kennerly, New York. Also published by Kennerly are two novels,

"Life's Lure," a story of the gold fields; and "The Dawn Builder," a tale of pioneer life in Nebraska, most of its incidents being located in Omaha. Lastly, "The Laureate Address," which was delivered at the formal notification of his appointment as poet laureate, is published by The Book Fellowship, Chicago. The volume also contains a copy of the resolution passed by the legislature, the words of notification by Regent Frank Brown, who represented Governor Samuel McKelvie, and the beautiful introduction by Prof. L. A. Sherman, "John G. Neihardt—Man and Poet," by Julius T. House, is an authentic biography of the poet, contains 146 pages, and is published by F. H. Jones & Son, Wayne, Neb.

So long as they hold out copies of two bulletins concerning Neihardt, printed by the officers of the society that bears his name may be secured from the curator, Mrs. Elva Brockway, or from Julius T. House, chairman of the executive committee, Wayne, Neb.

One who genuinely desires to know Neihardt will not fail to own and read and reread many times the following: "The Song of Hugh Glass," and "The Song of Three Friends," which constitute the western epic so far as now complete, "The Quest," which contains only perfect work and much of which is certainly destined to immortality; the two dramas in the volume "Two Mothers," haunting the reader with lines and scenes and meanings unforgettable; "The Splendid Wayfaring" (an odyssey to prose) and "The River and I," revealing the soul that made the epics.

An interesting fact to be added is that "The Song of Three Friends" has been edited for schools, with a map and elaborate notes by Neihardt's biographer and that he is preparing a similar edition of "The Song of Three Friends." Both epics are widely used in schools.

Daily Prayer

We trust in the living God—the Saviour of all men—Thou Who art Life, and the Giver of Life, we thank Thee that Thou art also Love, and the Author of all our joys and blessings. We bless Thee for Thy Word, for Thy Holy Day, for the church and for the wondrous sacrifice of our Lord in redemption. We rejoice in the privilege of prayer, for its fellowship with the Divine, and for the assurance that Thou dost hear and answer it. We thank Thee for the promise of the Holy Spirit to strengthen our poor infirm spirits, to give us an internal witness that we are Thy children, and to enable us to overcome in all our temptations. Help us to "stand fast in the faith," and to bear witness of it to others. Enable us to do good to our fellow men and to serve Thee by advancing Thy Holy Kingdom over all the earth. Bless our home; may we here rear an altar of worship to Thee, and wilt Thou send down Thy Holy Angels to guard our fireside, may Thy angels attend all our steps through life, and may we at last depart in faith and hope of the life everlasting. Amen. JUNIUS B. REMENSTYDER, D.D., LL.D., New York City, N. Y.

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. QUINCY, Notary Public (Seal)

We Nominate For Nebraska's Hall of Fame.



MISS ELIZABETH ATKINS, whose recent book, "The Poet's Poet," has just called forth a page in The New York Times Book Review from the pen of Richard Le Gallienne, is a Nebraska girl who is rapidly making her way as a woman of letters. Miss Atkins graduated at Nebraska Wesleyan university and later received the degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of Nebraska. She is now a member of the faculty in English of the University of Minnesota. In speaking of Miss Atkins' book, Dr. Le Gallienne characterizes it as "the most complete and searching analysis of the poet's nature and the most convincing presentation of his significance in the social order that I have ever come across. No aspect of the poet as he appears to himself and as he appears to his fellow men is overlooked. Miss Atkins brings the very necessary sense of the humorous, as well as an immense multifarious reading to her task." It might be added that she brings also the assurance of understanding, for Miss Atkins is herself the author of a number of charming poems. Her book is published by the Marshall Jones company of Boston, who have brought out several books by University of Nebraska writers.

"The People's Voice"

Editorials from readers of The Morning Bee. Readers of The Morning Bee are invited to contribute material for expression on matters of public interest.

A Friend of Tobacco.

Friend, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I don't think smoking hurts anyone if not used to excess. There are lots worse things done than smoking. Men like "C. S." that are so naturally clean ought to be put behind glass show cases and charge tuition to look at them. Our most prominent men have smoked and were not any worse than anyone else. If a man doesn't do anything worse than smoking he isn't so bad.

Over Her Head.

Carroll, Ia.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: One of the things in life that puzzles one is just why so many magazine articles written for women are so far above the heads of the very ones they are supposed to help. We are told to always have fresh flowers for the breakfast table, to serve baked potatoes, fresh berries and numberless other things which are all right. But when one pair of hands must prepare the breakfast and get two or three little ones ready and John must be at the office at 7 a. m. and instead of catching the 8:45 car must walk 10 or 12 blocks, just when are we supposed to sleep? Then they print menus and budgets for people of, they say, moderate means and then plan an income of from \$10,000 to \$12,000 a year. So the thousands of us small-town midwest women who are living and making real homes from \$2,500 to \$3,000 a year really wonder some times if there is any use. They tell us we must use a certain amount of fresh milk every day. But when the milk supply is brought in morning and evening by a farmer living several miles in the country

On the Green



"From State and Nation" Editorials from Other Newspapers

A Country Doctor Subsidy.

From The Norfolk News. The question of a state subsidy for rural physicians has been raised in more than one state as a means for encouraging doctors to take up country practice. A committee of doctors appointed by Governor Smith to investigate the situation in New York state reported against a subsidy. This committee explained that while doctors are fewer in rural districts than they were some years ago, a remarkably extensive system of better roads each doctor is able to cover a bigger field. While the work undoubtedly is difficult, still the returns per capita are bigger than they were in the old days. A thorough canvass convinced the committee that the number of physicians in any given territory is governed by the law of economics and that it would be unwise to disturb the balance by artificial measures. This may settle the matter satisfactorily for New York state, where rural populations are heavy and there is that capacity in its roads that recalls the aims of its founder. It is evidence that color lines are not likely to block the recognition of a scientific achievement that deserves recognition. And it throws a new light on the intellectual possibilities of negroes. The honor conferred is no insignificant one. It is one that has been received gratefully by scientists who were faced by no handicap similar to those which confronted Prof. Carver. It marks him as a man of exceptional capacity, whatever his color, and it gives rise to a somewhat different opinion from that held by many as to what the negro is able to accomplish through education—the individual more particularly, but also the race.

Negro Scientist's Distinction.

From The St. Louis Globe Democrat. There is the interest which surrounds occurrences highly extraordinary in an account stating that a negro, born in Missouri as a slave, has been made a fellow of the Royal Society of Great Britain. Prof. George W. Carver, upon whom this honor was conferred, is the head of the research department at Tuskegee institute, an institution for the education of negroes.

Anti-Saloon League Secrecy.

From The Outlook. We think the Anti-Saloon League has made a mistake in withholding from the public a statement of its expenses and the ends for which its moneys have been used, although we recognize the fact that some give weight to the argument that opponents of the league would not voluntarily disclose, and could not be compelled to disclose, the source and end of their propaganda funds. That argument has the weight of the argument that fire must be fought with fire—an argument always more convincing to those on the inside than those on the outside. The best way to assure the public that the league is efficiently managed and that its funds are used for the purpose that they are given for would be to let in the light.

In '59—

Long before Nebraska had been admitted to statehood; when "Nebraska Territory" boasted of fewer than 30,000 white inhabitants; before any railroad touched its borders; and when Indians were still in possession of most of the land, Robert W. Furnas—pioneer Nebraska statesman, soldier, author and publisher—founded The Nebraska Farmer at Brownville, on the Missouri River. That was in 1859. St. Louis was the nearest "big city." Printing presses, paper and ink were brought from there by steamboat. The finished copies were delivered by pony express and stage coach. In the sixty-three years that have passed, Nebraska has grown from a sparsely settled unbroken prairie into a state of agricultural wealth and prosperity. And The Nebraska Farmer has grown from a 16-page monthly into a weekly publication, whose contents annually equal, in volume, the contents of 34 average books! Through good years and bad, in its own way, without fear and without bombast, it has helped to make farming a little more profitable, to make the farmer's work a little easier, to make farm homes a little happier.

As in 1859, a dollar still pays for a year's subscription. It was a good investment then. It's a better investment now. If you are interested in the agricultural affairs of the state (and what citizen isn't!) we'll gladly send you a sample copy upon receipt of a postal-card request.

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