

THE MORNING BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY
NELSON R. UPDIKE, Publisher. R. BREWER, Gen. Manager.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press of which The Bee is a member is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published here. All rights of reproduction of our special dispatches are also reserved.

Private Branch Exchange. Ask for the Department AT lantic or Person Wanted. For Night Calls After 10 P. M.: Editorial Department. AT lantic 1021 or 1047. 1000

OFFICES
Main Office—17th and Farnam
Co. Bluffs - - - 15 Scott St. So. Side, N. W. Cor. 24th and N
New York—236 Fifth Avenue
Washington—422 Star Bldg. Chicago - - - 1720 Steger Bldg.

"A CONCORD OF SWEET SOUNDS."

What part does music play in the life of the race? Some answer to this question may be conceived by those who have been reading The Omaha Bee for the last few days. No single department of its endeavor has been given more space than that devoted to music. This is accounted for by the fact that the Nebraska Music Teachers' association has been holding its annual convention here, and the record of its proceedings justified the display given. That is from the news point of view alone, however. It is an answer to those critics who complain that the newspapers do not devote enough space to cultural topics. Also, it justifies the opinion of the editor of The Omaha Bee that music has a great place in the life of the nation. This article is not to deal with music from a statistical point of view. We will not try to tell how many millions of dollars are invested in pianolas or graphophones, nor how many feline lives are yielded up in blocks of nine that Kreisler and Sammy Carmel and their kind may be kept in fiddle strings. Such information is of service in its place, but not here.

Seriously, music has been a factor in the life of man from the first. It would be interesting to speculate on the surprised curiosity of the first who found out that the sound of a reed whistle could be varied, and his pleasure as he developed those variations into the semblance of a melody and found he could control that melody. It is, as Hamlet told Guildenstern and Rosenkrantz, "as easy as lying," but it permits man to imitate those marvelous melodies he hears from the trees, where the birds gather, and which in very truth inspired him to the trial. Civilized or savage, man has vented his emotions, his love or hatred, depression or exaltation, joy or sorrow, in song, and song has led to dance.

A long and most honorable record has music, and its growth among the enlightened races of modern days is a proof of intellectual superiority. Painting, sculpture, literature, all forms of art have advanced, but none in the degree that has marked the progress of music. From the Grecian lyre to the modern grand piano, from the pipe of Pan to the magnificent organs of today, is a long road, and it has mostly been covered within the span of three centuries. Such progress would not have been made if it were not for the continually increasing demands of men for better things.

The Nebraska music teachers represent in themselves the glory of their great art. Men and women, they are devoted to a cause that is so intimately bound up with civilization that none can draw a line and say where its influence ends. Their work is to improve the knowledge and by so doing the pleasure of the multitude. Not everybody can be a good musician, but everybody can enjoy good music, and it is to these the music teacher finally sends the message. And that is why the convention got so much publicity while in Omaha.

WHEN THE PARLOR LIGHT IS LOW.

And now we are to have examined, scheduled, cross-indexed, weighed and annotated the secrets of spooning. Rockefeller Institute has decreed it, and Katherine Bement Davis is busy on the job. She has received and is now analyzing and cataloguing 1,000 replies to a questionnaire sent to college women, asking questions intimate and extremely frank as to their "spooning" experiences. Solomon, who was a wise man, said that one of the four things he regarded as past finding out is "the way of a man with a maid." Dr. Davis says that, "except for the pathological side, sex is an unexplored world." Conditions encountered by those who have ventured a little way into the unknown vary so slightly, and yet react so unaccountably, that no hard and fast rules have ever been laid down.

What can she see in him, or he in her, is the question most frequently asked, when a seemingly mismatched couple appears. Tastes differ, and so do impulses, and we never know how many felt as did Sanders, who fell into silence after Mary had agreed to wed him. "Have ye nae word to say, dear?" asked Mary. "I've said too much already," answered the repentant Sanders, whose emotion had overcome his wariness. But, men and women alike, all are dead game sports, and generally go through with what they have promised when they plight their troth, and it is a good thing for the world that they do.

Science may be advanced by a disclosure of the details of courting or spooning, yet it might be as well if it were all left to the realm of the mysterious. Analysis may neither prevent nor improve, and the practice will continue as it has, under circumstances such as existed that night, when "The landlady and Tam grew gracious."
"Wi' favors, secret, sweet and precious."

TAMING THE WILD DRIVERS.

When a worm sticks his head up through the softening ground these days, he finds a robin waiting for him. When an over-ambitious motor car driver steps on the gas, he is very apt to find a motorcycle cop ready to direct him to the police station by the nearest route.

Once at the station he will find a police judge whose bowels of compassion are all sealed up when it comes to dealing with speeders. He is showing a great many of these offenders the error of their ways.

We will admit that life is moving fast these days; the hustler, the go-getter, is the one who succeeds, but this is no excuse for the reckless, who wantonly push others aside or endanger the lives and property of friends and neighbors that they may get some place ahead of somebody else. "The more haste, the less speed," holds as true today as ever it did.

Omaha's streets are wide, and accommodate a very heavy traffic, but this traffic proceeds safely only because all who take part in it give heed to the reasonable regulations that are made to govern the movement. When an individual so far forgets himself as to think he is above these rules, or that they were not meant to be applied to his particular case, then he is ripe for a term in jail. The police authorities are meeting the demand with commendable certainty.

SAVE THE SNAKES.

Have you a little snake on the farm? If so, let him alone. He does not eat grain or fruit, or anything of that sort. His preferred diet is rats, mice, gophers, and similar small deer. Now and then he eats a bird or sucks an egg, but only when he can not get the other. Seven hundred and fifty different varieties of rodents infest American farms and woodlands, and the toll they take is enormous, amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars each year. A nation-wide campaign against rats has been urged year after year, because of the immense amount of damage they do. Farmers have fought them, and the pocket gopher, the field mouse, the rabbit and the squirrel and the four-footed, sharp-toothed pirates are gaining headway.

Mr. Gayne T. K. Norton, writing in the Nature magazine on the subject, says:

"Snakes, experiments show, prefer animals to birds. When mammals are present, they will not molest birds."

"Of the harmless snakes some forty species should be un molested. These are the racers, including the gopher, black and coachwhip snakes, and the blue racer; the flat-nosed snakes, the rat snakes, including the corn and pilot black snakes; the pine, bull and king snakes."

"One fair sized snake is worth a dozen rodent traps. Snakes prowl in rodent burrows. One hungry snake will destroy a litter of young rabbits, six to eight mice, or two to four rats at a meal. How many trees is a snake worth? An interesting question to ponder. Suppose a mouse accounted for ten trees a year by gnawing and eating seeds and roots. One snake would eat from April till October 144 mice, so saving 1,440 trees and seeds."

"It is worth our while to have the snakes on the job. All we have to do to reap the benefit of the trees and crops they save is to save ourselves the labor of killing them."

Admitting that there is danger from venomous reptiles, Mr. Norton insists the good they do more than offsets any menace they may hold, yet he does not advise that we refrain from killing them. What he does argue, and with reason, is that the insensate killing of the harmless varieties of snakes is making the world safer for rats and mice.

DEEP STUFF ABOUT DUCKS.

Part of the trouble has been located, or, definitely assigned. When your radio goes "z-z-z-z," or "b-r-r-r," or snaps and whizzes and does quite a number of different and unseemly things, it's static, of course. Just as when a balloon suddenly vanishes, leaving a smell of burned rubber. But what is static?

A Nebraska "savant" answers the question. It is the result of having the air stirred by the wings of innumerable wild ducks on their way back to their northern breeding grounds. These birds of passage travel at the rate of an hundred or so miles an hour, and to do this must generate not a little energy, which is expended in the flapping of their wings. From the friction so engendered in the atmosphere flows the static.

And as static is vagrant, irresponsible, and entirely without law, it is just as apt to attack a radio buzzer as it is to wander into a telegraph office or occupy the attention of a balloonist, who knows the danger of a spark coming into contact with the envelope of his vehicle. While the professor doesn't say so, the natural inference from his remarks is that one good way to get rid of static would be to have the ducks walk instead of fly, when they are on their way north from winter quarters.

To be sure, it would require some hours of a duck's time to cover 100 miles, but what is time to a duck? Another point come to mind. From whence comes the static that troubles the radio circuits when no ducks are flying? Are we to understand that the spring flight of these migratory fowl generates enough of the stuff to last throughout the year? Or does the static remain indestructible, and so leave us subject to the operation of all that has been produced since first the northward flight of ducks began?

This, brothers and sisters, is a deep subject.

WHEN AN ARMY VOTES.

When 600,000 American citizens march to the ballot box, bent on selecting officers to manage their local affairs, it is reasonable to concede they know what they are about. Therefore it is fair to Chicago voters to credit them with knowing what they were doing when they chose a mayor and other city officers on Tuesday. That the candidates selected were almost without exception democrats will be interpreted by some of the medicine makers as indicating an approaching triumph in the nation for that party. Maybe this can be admitted without any material harm.

At any rate, one of the political prophets points out that it is a great personal victory for "Boss" Brennan, who succeeded Roger Sullivan as dictator of Illinois democracy, and who cut such a swath at San Francisco, when the McAdoo apple cart was overturned and Cox was named to be sent to the sacrifice. Just what the Brennan ascendancy may presage is not easily noted. He is the accredited leader in his own state, but when he gets outside of Illinois, he is in contact with accredited leaders from forty-seven other states, and must have support from them if he has his way in anything.

So far as Chicago is concerned, it is not an unusual thing for the voters there to pick a democratic mayor. Many such have served the great city in the past. Also, it is unfair to judge Chicago by reports of gun fights, bandit outrages and labor feuds that get front page space. The life of the city is not made up of such episodes. Chicago is a great modern community, one of the busiest in the world. It has industry, commerce, art and culture. Millions live there, engaged in all the multitudinous vocations or occupations that fill men's time and provide him a livelihood, and the proportion of the unruly is perhaps no greater than in any other community.

So, when the good people of Chicago select their city officials, all other Americans can do is to let them have their way.

Homespun Verse

By Robert Worthington Davis

WHEN FATHER AND MOTHER SANG.

Long did he list to the music,
The wavering, quavering music
With dash and cotton strain,
And then—when the singers were quiet—
He murmured to mother, "Let's try it."
And together they sang the refrain:
"When You and I Were Young, Maggie—
Over and over again."
They sang with the fervor of children,
With the rapture of lassie and swain,
And as the evening grew older
In whispers some secret he told her,
And their voices in unison rang
As "The Last Rose of Summer" they sang.
And they finished an evening fine
To the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

We Nominate----

For Nebraska's Hall of Fame.



Oliver La Mere

OLIVER LA MERE of Winnebago, Neb., is a member of the Winnebago tribe and a recorder of its history and lore. La Mere has contributed a chart of the Winnebago tribal organization to the publications of our state historical society, and has been associated with similar work connected with the history and culture of his people in this and other states. He is at present working upon a collection of the tribal ceremonies.

Mr. La Mere published and issued for the current year a very handsome illustrated "Winnebago Calendar," dedicated to the memory of the gifted Indian artist of the tribe, Angel Beccot. The calendar contains choice bits of Winnebago wisdom and is interestingly illustrated.

Among his other accomplishments Mr. La Mere is a maker of Indian flutes and a singer of traditional songs. On a recent visit to Lincoln he gave to Thurlow Lieurance a beautiful "Winnebago Love Song," commemorating the story of a Winnebago maiden who married into a foreign tribe, only to find there unhappiness and longing for her home people. The song, which Mr. Lieurance expects to set during the coming summer, records the spirit of longing with which the maiden looks toward the land of her tribesmen.

"The People's Voice"

Editorials from readers of The Morning Bee. Readers of The Morning Bee are invited to send their editorials freely expressing matters of public interest.

Do the People Want the Best?

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Some of the later developments of the world have led me to believe that I can not escape the feeling that many are situated much as I find myself. With our "egotism," as you say, "Wister's hero has got his bringing up," and we resent being treated in all ways as if we were children. Conceding that a considerable number of our population falls within or below the 12th grade in intelligence, I submit that some are above that standard, and without undue forwardness on their part, may reasonably request a little consideration.

At the theaters, for example, we are told, when protesting against the quality of entertainment provided, "It is what the people want." In that answer is supposed to be summed up the combined wisdom of all the experience of the most astute of men, those who undertake to anticipate the whims of a fickle and uncertain multitude, and to provide for a reply satisfying them. How are we to gauge this? Here in Omaha, for example, we find the managers following one another around a circle, offering the same character of entertainment at their houses, often the bills being so nearly alike in content and arrangement that one might be lifted from a seat in one to a seat in another without raising anything. One manager, tiring of this, struck out on a tangent a couple of weeks ago, and already the others are planning to follow him.

"What the people want?" That is the fetish that everybody is trying to follow. What I want to know is why they always seek the answer in the answer to their own question. Is that something of the better sort would not be accepted by enough of the citizens to make it worth while? They have never tried it, and so can not point to experience for a reply.
OLD FOGY.

The Way of Empires.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The opening of the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen, ancient Egyptian king who reigned and lived 3,200 years ago, has created much interest throughout the world. The wonderfully carved gold and jewel inlaid vessels, chariots, and other instruments, and so forth, indicate that a great civilization once existed in place of the heaps of ruins where wolves and jackals now have their homes.
Why the decline?
History tells that one set of men, the wealth into the hands of a few, the wealth into the hands of a few, thereby forcing the people into slavery—a few too wealthy, the masses too poor. This civilization perished. So it has been all through history. Babylon tumbled to dust when all wealth gathered in a few hands. Carthage, the mistress of the ancient seas, no more for the same cause. Ancient Greece and Rome went on the rocks for the same reason. Europe is now falling to pieces and America is shaky on its foundations for the same identical causes that

The Song of Three Friends

By Nebraska's Great Poet
John G. Neihardt

(Continued From Wednesday.)

It came to pass
The valley yawned upon a sea of grass
That seemed to heave, as waves of gloom and glare
Ran over it; and, rising here and there,
Tall birch made islands in the living tide
That roared about them. Still with swinging stride
And rhythmic breath the little buck-skin ran
Among the herd, that opened like a fan
And scattered. But the roan was lost
His breathing gave a mournful, hollow sound.
As though his life were gushing from his throat.
His whole frame quivered like a scuttled boat
That slowly sinks; nor did he seem to feel
Upon his flank the biting of the steel
That on him bled: Fink cut the rifle-bolt
And saddle bags away to give the brute
Less burden.

Now it happened, as they neared
A lofty butte whose summit glimmered weird
Beneath the lurid boiling of the sky,
Talbeau was startled by a frantic cry
Behind him; noted that he rode alone,
And, turning in his saddle, saw the roan
Go stumbling down and wither to a heap.
And, momentarily, between a leap and lunge
The love of self was mighty in the man:
For now the Terror left the hills and ran
With giant strides along the grassy plains.
Dear Yesterdays fought wildly for the reins,
Tomorrows for the spurs. And then
Heared to the sawing bit and pawed the air
And halted, prancing.

Once again Talbeau
Looked back to where the sparks were blown as snow
Before a blizzard blast of scorching light,
And saw Fink running down the painted night
Like some lost spirit fleeing from the Wrath.

"From State and Nation"

Editorials from other newspapers.

Nebraska University.

From the Southdust News.
Every two years the state university goes through a period of trial and tribulation at the hands of the state legislature. Appropriations for the most essential activities have been tightly hard to get. The legislature has viewed with suspicion and parsimony nearly every request of the university for funds. As a result, the most available for higher education in Nebraska, in comparison with that made available by other legislatures, has often been so small as to arouse surprise that the university could maintain such high standards.

Faculty members who have been at the top of their profession have been called to make heavy financial sacrifices through their love for the institution, to remain in Nebraska. This legislative attitude has culminated this year in an investigation which resulted in the vetoed bill that the regents of the university should accept the resignation of Chancellor Avery, Executive Dean Engberg and Prof. Reed of the extension department, and in a thinly covered insinuation that Prof. Condra has used his office for selfish and ignominious ends. The writer of this, as many other of former students of the state university, has felt at times that Prof.

Daily Prayer

We love Him because He first loved us.—1 John 4:19.

For the restful curtains of the night we thank Thee, Gracious God, our Father. Thou didst create all things in the earth for man's comfort, convenience and contentment. When we walk with Thee every place is garden-like. We thank Thee that in Thy presence is fullness of joy.

We bless Thee for little children. We thank Thee for their prattle and laughter, their trust and purity. Freshen us with sweetening lessons from their fragrant happiness. Bless the little ones touched by our influence. Foreguard against making crooked pathways, lest they follow. Enable us to enforce all instructions with a flesh-clothed example. Deliver us from impatient speech and angry action before or to them. Fill our heart with love until it overflows, and melt us into the little folk.

Check arbitrary commands; hold back harsh penalties. May patient tenderness have the mastery in our lives. Saturate us with sympathy, grace us with gentleness, control us with consideration, and honor us with the beauty of holiness. Give us an obedience as prompt and as confident as that of a loved child. Command us until we shall conform to the image of our Elder Brother, and so be worthy disciples and helpers of humanity everywhere. In Jesus' Name. Amen.
New York City, N. Y.
CHRISTIAN Y. BRENNER, D. D.,

operated in the days of Tut-Ankh-Amen and Belshazzar.
The international bankers' money scheme, known in the United States as the Federal Reserve Bank system, binds the people in economic slavery, and absorbs the profits of industry through its debt creating monopoly of money and bank credit. It impoverishes the farmer and laborer by compelling them to sell their products in a moneyless market. Unless the people wake up and establish a debt paying system of finance owned collectively and operated by the government our democracy faces dissolution.

The only hope we have here in America is that the working producing class, the people, will collectively and better organized than were the serfs and slaves of those days, and will be able to reorganize government and industry so that no man can live from another's labor or labor products without adequate return, and thus stop the process that is eating away the foundations of this republic.
ROY M. HARROP.

One horse—and who should ride it?
All he hath
A man will give for life! But shall
he give
For living that which makes it good
to live—
The consciousness of fellowship and
trust?
Let fools so prize a pinch of throbbing
dust!
Now Fink should ride, and let the rest
be hid.
He bounded from the mare; but, as
he did,
The panic-stricken pony wheeled
about.
Wee freedom with a lunge, and
lashed the rout
Of fleeing shadows.
To where? Well, 'twas over now—
Perhaps it didn't matter anyhow—
They'd go together now and hunt for
Bill!
And momentarily the world seemed very
moon.
About Talbeau. Then Fink was at
his side,
Blank horror in his face. "Come on!"
he cried.
"The battle! We'll climb the butte!"
And once again
Talbeau knew fear.

Now, gripping hands, the
men
Scouted and dodged athwart the scat-
tered flight
Of shapes that drifted in the flood of
light.
A living flotam: reached the bare
butte's base.
Went scrambling up its leaning lee-
ward face
To where the slope grew sheer, and
huddled there.
And hotter, hotter grew the air.
Until their temples sang a fever tune.
The April night became an August
noon.
Then, near to swooning in a blast of
heat,
They heard the burning breakers
boom and beat.
About their left island, as they lay,
Their gaping mouths pressed hard
against the clay.
And fought for every breath. Nor
could they tell
How long upon a blistered scarp in
hell
They gasped and clung. But sud-
denly at last—
An age in passing, and a moment,
passed—
The torture ended, and the cool air
came;
And, looking out, they saw the long
slant flame
Devour the night to leeward.

The Zero Hour.



THE WAY YOU FEEL THE FIRST DAY AFTER DISCARDING YOUR "HEAVIES"

Signs of Spring. The vacation ads are beginning to appear in the newspapers, so we must conclude that winter is about done—Toronto Mail and Empire.
NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION for MARCH, 1923, of THE OMAHA BEE
Daily 73,997
Sunday 80,029
B. BREWER, Gen. Mgr.
V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of April, 1923.
W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public.
North Dakota town of Dea Lev, after a year of petticoat rule in which all the offices were administered by women, has turned it out, bobbed hair, galoshes, vanity boxes, powder puffs and all. Men apparently didn't relish the idea of being ruled at home and downtown, too.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Diseases of Children

and women usually yield readily to our methods. If you are in doubt about your case, you can investigate in safety, regardless of what the disease may be, as no qualified practitioner will accept a case he cannot help.

The Thomas Chiropractic Offices

1712 Dodge Street Gardner Bldg. AT lantic 1293

Pay Day

FROM office boy to president, from janitor to proprietor, we have a sort of fondness for our pay envelope.

And we should, for a week of our lives is in that pay envelope. Remembering this, surely you wouldn't deliberately plan to spend it all.

In a few days all you will have left of that week represented by your pay envelope will be two things—experience and your savings. Better keep them both.

First National Bank of Omaha

When we do not consume all we produce, but save a little to be used to help build railroads and factories

Professor Silver in his recital at First Baptist Church, Monday night, used a

Mason & Hamlin

These who were privileged to hear him recognized the work of an artist. The highest grade piano in the world today is represented in the Mason & Hamlin.

A. Hospe Co.

Everything in Art and Music 1513-15 Douglas St., Omaha.

THE OMAHA BEE DICTIONARY COUPON

3 Coupons and 98c

secures this NEW, authentic Dictionary bound in black seal grain, illustrated with full pages in color. Present or mail to this paper three Coupons with ninety-eight cents cents to cover cost of handling, packing, clerical hire, etc.

22 DICTIONARIES IN ONE

All Dictionaries Published Previous to This One Are Out of Date MAIL ORDERS WILL BE FILLED—Add for postage: Up to 150 miles, 7c; up to 300 miles, 10c. For greater distances, ask Postmaster rate for 3 pounds.

The Sohmer

The Piano of the Theatre.

Seventy-seven New York Theatres use the Sohmer Piano exclusively. Years of experience have demonstrated to them its superiority in tonal excellence and durability.

Your old piano taken in exchange.

A. Hospe Co.

Everything in Art and Music 1513-15 DOUGLAS ST.