THE MORNING BEE

MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

NELSON B. UPDIKE, Publisher. B. BREWER, Gen. Man

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NO SHORT MEASURE FOR THE PEOPLE.

The vote of the people in the last election indicated that they desired a thorough revision of the code. The idea most generally held in mind was the placing of authority for all departments in the hands of the constitutional officers.

Governor Bryan was elected partly on account of that public desire, which he fed in his campaign speeches.

The house of representatives, by passing the Mathers-Dysart bills, has proposed to give the people the form of government which they want at this time. Sentiment throughout the state has approved

It is now up to the senate to give the same full measure of recognition to public opinion.

What has yet to be discovered is whether Governor Bryan wants to meet the demand for the placing of state functions under the constitutional officers. This can only be done by giving him the opportunity to vote yes or no by passing the Mathers bill or one substantially like it, through the

This measure is a compromise which not only fulfills the republican pledge for a reorganization of the government, but also coincides with the democratic platform declaration. Let the people find out if the governor still stands on his platform. No chance of deadlock should be run between the upper and lower houses.

The action of a senate committee in withholding the Mathers bill and putting forth a bill of another sort is not to be commended. Coming at the fag end of the session it may complicate the situation beyond cure.

Three Omaha senators, Cooper, Robbins and Saunders, are on this committee. It is puzzling how men of this caliber could fall so far short of gauging public sentiment.

The Mathers-Dysart bills have the virtue of combining three departments of inspection into one. This meets one of the objections made by the governor concerning the possibility of duplication of effort among inspectors. The senate substitute fails here, although its proposal to give the governor charge of the department of finance is excellent. Undoubtedly the house would amend its own bill to give the finance department to the governor, as this is the office which devises the budget and controls state expenditures.

Jealousy and partisenship must be laid aside. Even those who favor the code as it was originally designed must recognize the fact that the majority of the people of the state wish it to be thoroughly revised. The legislature owes it to the public to rut the subject before Governor Bryan in clear and unmistakable form. He can block the revision, or he can acquiesce in it. Only thus can he answer the question that is in so many minds, whether he will choose to retain the old code if he can not attain the one-man power that he sought under the Bryan code.

HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS IN OKLAHOMA.

If you are speaking of the Osage Indians, do not say "poor," for these happy, carefree sons and daughters of nature are rich as mud, or, rather, oil, and are getting richer every day. One of the little ironies of fate is that when the Osages were located on the reserve that now is theirs, it was the intention to give them ample acreage that was of little or no use, save to accommodate the red man when he wanted to stir his sluggish blood by cavorting around what the poets love to call "the grand open spaces."

Down at Pawhuska, capital of the Osage nation, an auction is going on by means of which 32,000 acres of land is to be disposed of, and from which it is expected that more than \$10,000,000 will be received, this to be added to the tribal fund of \$68,000,000. Oil rights, however, are retained to the tribe, and a share in every barrel of oil that comes out of the ground goes to the Indian. At present the income of each Osage, buck, squaw or papoose, is more than \$10,000 a year, or the equivalent of 4 per cent on \$250,000.

No sign here that Uncle Sam has dealt unjustly with this group of his wards. What do they do, erally considered that he has done that excellently. with it? Well, a short time ago the news columns carried a story of how one millionaire Indian dismissed his white wife with a considerable bundle of money, shut his bedroom door, rolled up in his blanket and laid down on his living room floor, announcing he was going to have one more good night's rest. The biggest job of the agent is to keep rascally white men from fleecing the wealthy

Justice, as generally understood, awards this immense wealth to these ignorant men and women, but some will wonder why the wealth is not going to better use, and why the whole people may not share in it, rather than have it devoted to a few who never can employ it with intelligence and foresight suffor she is again under arrest.

MOTHERS, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT? Now, take the case of Louise, the Lovely Lady Bootlegger. She did not toil, nor did she spin, but she accumulated \$45,000 in less than two years by the simple process of breaking the law. That's

When she is finally overtaken, and brought to book, she is fined \$100, because she is a "first offender," not having been earlier face to face with the court. Her fine paid, she retires to the seclusion of her luxuriously furnished home, and there receives many bouquets from admiring customers, after which she announces that she is "through." However, the law is not through with her entirely,

The Omaha Bee would like to ask the mothers of Omaha what they think of the "patrons" who sent bouquets and messages of sympathy to the woman, who rose from indigence to affluence in two years by peddling bootleg booze? Can they not find a voice to express the indignation that they must feel at the spectacle here presented? What do they hink of the effect on public morals of the success of a lady bootlegger? If she can recklessly flout the law, what will be the effect on others who are inclined to break the law?

GIVE THE CAPITOL A CHANCE.

Nebraska may yet be ashamed of having placed the designer of its new state capitol in the pillory. Thus far the legislative investigation has been, in the expressive phrase of an old plainsman who has watched the hearings, "like shearing a pig-a lot of noise but no wool."

The charges brought by George E. Johnson, forner state engineer, deserve a thorough, but prompt investigation. The matter, however, should not be allowed to drag. The patient must not be left to die on the operating table. Former Governor McKelvie expressed a thought that will find echo in every corner of the state when he said that his earnest hope was that this monumental project may be carried to complete success and that it may be saved from the maelstrom of personal dissension and strife. Unless this dispute is soon concluded, instead of being proud of the capitol, no one will be satisfied.

Apparently what is needed to insure the proper carrying on of this great work is supervision by a building engineer who is in full sympathy with the project, and not a carping critic, or worse. There is need for a liaison officer who will connect up the ideals of the architect with the capitol commission and the people.

It has been developed in this investigation at Lincoln that practices complained of have been the universal custom among architects. Mr. Goodhue does not pretend to be a business man, and there is no dispute over the allegation that many of his tentative proposals have been overruled by the commission, no doubt with a saving to the state. In some instances the building may not be as splendid is it might have been if the architect had had his say. That is one thing to be considered, and an-

other is that thus far there has been no undue cost

and no failure to keep the work up to standard of quality and on scheduled time. The whole state will be interested in the discussion of the probable cost of this structure. Mr. Johnson alleges that it will reach \$7,000,000. Mr. Goodhue simply says that he is endeavoring to hold it within the appropriation of \$5,000,000. It is mainly a question of the rise or fall of the costs of

labor and building materials in the next few years. Before the war building costs averaged 40 cents per cubic foot. At the peak of inflation they reached \$1 per cubic foot. The contracts for completing the first unit of the capitol averages 60 cents per foot, a total sum of \$2,700,000. It is evident that wide fluctuations are possible, but if this latter rate prevails at the time of the letting of the contracts for the second and third units, Mr. Goodhue estimates the final cost at between \$5,400,000 and \$6.000,000. He quotes one authority as anticipating a slump in prices a year from the coming summer. If this occurs, and if the state takes advantage of the opportunity to push the work, the

cost will fall accordingly. On the advice of plumbing experts the architect advised letting the entire contract for this phase at one time, but was overruled on the advice of Mr. Johnson, who contended that it would bar out small plumbing firms from competition. Since that time plumbing prices have risen steadily, which may or may not indicate that Mr. Goodhue had the better

This matter of encouraging small local firms to enter the competition for capitol work is very dear to the heart of Mr. Johnson. Just as some prejudice exists in certain quarters because a New Yorker was chosen as architect, so does it offend others that greater preference is not shown Nebraskans who would like to sell materials to the state. Thus, Mr. Goodhue would prefer to purchase hardware direct from the manufacturers, while his opponent complains of the inability of wholesale dealers at Lincoln to swing the job.

The charge against Mr. Goodhue is "gross incompetence or gross negligence." The list of buildings that he has constructed in his forty-year career as an architect does not suggest such a possibility. No such complaint was heard when he put up the United States Military academy at West Point. Evidently the federal government found no fault, for later he was given the contract for the hotel at Colon, in the Panama Canal zone, and still later was engaged to design an aviation group and marine base at San Diego. He also designed the buildings for the San Diego exposition. At present he is finishing the National Academy of Sciences at Washington, and his designs for a public library have just been enthusiastically accepted by the city of Los Angeles.

The list given the investigating committee includes five New York churches, costing from \$1,500,-000 down, a number of homes costing from \$500,-000 down, the Taft school in Connecticut and a great many other college buildings from California to New York.

If Mr. Johnson has discovered this man to be incompetent, he has done more than any of these former clients. It is to be remembered that the accuser is an engineer, not an architect. His work has been building roads and bridges, and it is gen-He has also built several packing plants, as superintendent of construction for Swift & Co., and has erected no less than 108 electric light plants. One may search in vain for any proof that he is by nature or training suited to act as critic of monumental architecture.

So the dispute lies. It should be decided as promptly as possible, that Nebraska may have nothing to suspect or regret.

Martin Dineen admits that he "cusses" a little at fires, but you are to remember that he started is career under "Jack" Galligan, who was a peerless dispenser of double-edged profanity when at work.

That advertising man who picked the most progressive town in the state must be coming in. He would never dare make such a statement when starting out on a trip.

Arthur Conan Doyle is back again, and proposes to prove it this time. A consultation between Wat-

Homespun Verse By Robert Worthington Davie

SATURDAY NIGHT.

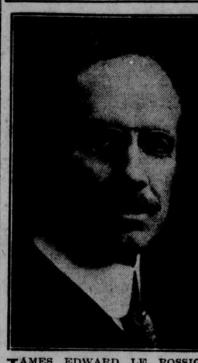
'Twas Saturday night and a cloud arose Out of the West as the sun went down, And I watched with grief that a gypsy knows For my heart aspired for the light of town.

But the cloud crept on and the heavens blurred, The glimmering stars were lost to sight; I knew when the rumbling thunder was heard 'Twas a bitter knowledge of a lonesome night

How often I think of the grief and wee Of many a youth whose plans lie dead On Saturday night when he longs to go To the village, but haplessly goes to bed

We Nominate----

For Nebraska's Hall of Fame.



JAMES EDWARD LE ROSSIGNOL is not merely dean of the
College of Business Administration at the state university and author on works of economics, he is
also a man of letters and a bubbling
fountain of humorous fancy. The
"dismal science" of economics is his
vocation, which he manfully upholds
as a man should uphold his life's main
work; but his heart is elsewhere. It
is by the trout streams and in the
woods and among the naive French
"habitants" of Canada whom he
knows so well; it is, in fiction and fun
and in the knightly game of chess—
of which Dean Le Rossignol is past
master. "Little Stories of Quebec" is
one of the most delicious volumes of
humorous stories which America has
produced; one of the tales, "The
Peacemaker," which is really the delight of the collection, is widely used TAMES EDWARD LE ROSSIGight of the collection, is widely used n school readers in Canada. "Jean in school readers in Canada. "Jean Baptiste," published in England and America, (Dutton), is a longer tale, with a description of trout fishing which makes it the American companion of Walton's "Complete Angler."

At present Dean Le Rossignol, in the pleasant intervals of business administration in the pleasant intervals of business administration. stration, is smiling imaginatively brough a new series of short talesevoted to his loves, chess and fishing, and perhaps to be called by some such title—or let us say, "Baitings and Matings," "By Hook or by Rook," or "Done to the Queen's Taste!"

"The People's Voice"

From a Nebraskan at Carleton. Northfield, Minn.—To the Editor of the Omaha Bee: It is an old truism that it requires some genius to recognize genius when it presents itself. In the light of this fact, the concern of many Nebraskans regarding Carleton's offer to Neihardt goes a long way to vindicate our intellectual tatus. Yet, a moderate dose of self-kepticism might prove salutary.

When we Nebraskans compliment ourselves on the recognition we have accorded Neihart, it is well to remem-ber that we have had him with us for ver a quarter of a century. with us how much thought did we against a give to his person and well being? And brooded. aware that poets have human needs until he suddenly fied to a warmer climate to relieve the stress and Now, since a Minnesotal college has extended an offer to him, we have become keenly aware of our own negligence. We had heard much of Neihardt, we had sung his praises and ome of us have even read his poetry. some of us have even read his poetry.
Yet we feel a sense of chagrin at the challenge flung us from Carleton.
But what of Neihardt's connection with Carleton? It is of a more recent date than that of Nebraska. Prior to his visit here last winter Neihardt had never met any member of the Carleton administration or faculty. The connection rested entirely on the merits of his work. J. E. Boodin, a philosopher of first-rate standing both in Europe and America, was the first of the Carleton groups to begin correspondence with Neihardt. This correspondence being occasioned by the appearance of Boodin's "A Realistic Universe," a book which by its multifarious merits made a profound impression upon the poet.

At last, when the poet appeared on the rostrum of the Skinner Memorial Chapel, he was greeted with a full.

hear me plainly," he said in a friendly voice. Some one responded to the
request, and when the bustle of appreciation had subsided he began
reading from the "Indian Wars."
With the first line his voice rose
through a dead hush. The audience
was entirely his, and as the epic unrealled hefers our invariantions the rolled before our imaginations, the spell of the frontier settled upon us and thralled us for the better part of two hours. When he had finished we remained spell-bound for a mo-ment and, then, the clapping of 2,000 hands broke the silence like a crash. The impression that he had left was

deep and lasting.

But why should Carleton offer him But why should Carleton offer him a chair? Carleton is an institution that is not bent on attaining a high standard. It has one. The policy of the Carleton administration is to maintain the standard that it has, and it ranks with the best in the United States. But to maintain a standard of this order involves an appropriation of the best men for the various departments. In extending an offer to Neihardt Carleton is only acting on her permanent policy. Are we Nehard to chean to intercept this to Neihardt Carleton is only acting on her permanent policy. Are we Nebraskans too cheap to intercept this move? To Carleton Neihardt need only say, yes!

F. J. HIRSCH.

Statewisce.

Make us to see whom we might be and to be eager to go to them.

Fill our hearts with deeper and truer love for Thee. Forgive our sins, and make us better Christians every and make us better Christians every property.

From The Nebraska City Press.

The Omaha Bee is rendering a great cultural service to the people of Nebraska by publishing "The Song of the Three Friends," John Neihardt's great poem of the west.

It is a splendid example of epic song, entitled to rank with the best of all the ages of English written verse. It is typical of the day of which it is told; it is penned in stately, not-to-be-forgotten measures, the work of a master craftsman.

Neihardt needs no further proof of his work to show the world that he is a poet.

What? Dean of Northwestern law school says Americans spent 50 per cent more for cosmetics last year than the total endowment of all colleges and uni-versities in the country. He evident-ly believes that these figures prove something or other.—Cleveland Plain Dealer

The Song of Three Friends
A Price Winning Poem & Ukstern Life.

by John G. Neihardt

Fink falls asleep and
Then it seemed he ran
Through regions alien to the feet of A weary way despite the speed of And came upon a river flowing deep Between black crags that made the sky a well.

And eerily the feeble starlight fell strown. But when he stooped, the stream And suddenly from every lily pad

A white face bloomed, unutterably sad And bloody browed. A swift, earsing flame

Across the dusky picture, morning Mike lay a moment, blinking at the Argus-eyed.
In hushed anticipation of a roar.
He fied.

night, They came, with lips that smiled and And each one bore a tin cup

head, A brimming cup. But ever as they Before him, like a draught-struck canof even a single home does something dle flame
They shuddered and were snuffed.

'Twas deep night yet When Mike awoke and felt the terror Upon his face, the prickling of his

were slow:

He shuffled. Less and less he feared
Talbeau
Behind him. More and more he feared
Talbeau across the street was a woman des-

ing men, Were better than to be alone again And meet that dream! Now the heights burned red

He noted how the dusk was gathering Along the draws-a trap about to spring.

He cupped his hands about his mouth door and ring the bell, like a civilized

Among the summits, and the lost bawling for companionship. Some day, when we have space, we are wind pined.
made Talbeau seem infinitely going to write a succinct article of The one thing human in a ghostly "Automobile Discourtesies." Where was he? Just a touch of that

While Would thwart the dark! Mike sat By and by a skittering fall of pebbles at his back aroused the He scrambled to his feet and turned to scan that sloped above him. of Where the glow Still washed the middle height, he

saw Talbeau Serenely perched upon a ledge of

Above the gloom. A little drop to

he was greeted with a full He saw the big man wither to a squat "Some one in the back of the And tremble, like a bison when the house please raise your hand if you shot shot Just nips the vital circle. Then he

Daily Prayer

MY PRAYER TODAY. My Prayer Today. Psaim 51:10-2 Luke 22:39-46 Luke 11:1-4.

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION for MARCH, 1923, of THE OMAHA BEE

day. For Jesus' sake. Amen. ERNEST BOURNER ALLEN, D.D., Toledo, O.

Sunday80,029 Does not include raturns, left-overs, samples or papers spoiled in printing and includes no special sales.

B. BREWER, Gen. Mgr. V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr. Subacribed and aworn to before me this 3d day of April, 1923. W. H. QUIVEY, (Scal) Notary Public "From State and - Nation"

> Editorials from other newspapers.

The Attractive Country Home.

m The Hay Springs News. Recent years have seen splendid rogress made in the effort to make ountry homes attractive. The oldcountry homes attractive. The old-time country place was often sadly defective in this particular. Many farmers and village people would leave their tools and machinery lying around in their yards, and it never occurred to them to do a thing to-wards giving their dwellings any

charm or attractiveness.

Any home owner can make his dwelling more salable, more livable, and more of an advertisement for his business if he will put a little more time and effort into making it more beautiful. If he is not willing to de-The clinging drowse. For lo, on every side

The paling summits watched him, Argus-eyed.

Vote time each year to flower culture, he can at least see that his grounds are well provided with trees and shrubs and vines that will grow year after year with little or no care. Or he can set out perennial flowers that All day, intent to see once more in plain before the night id fall.

Will come up, year after year, and give his place a wonderful touch of color and life.

When a place has been developed

All day, intent to see once more

The open plain before the night should fall,
He labored on. But many a soaring wall
Annulled some costly distance he had won:
And misdirected gullies, white with sun.
Seemed spitefully to baffle his desire.
The deeps went blue; on mimic dome and spire
The daylight faded to a starry awe.
Mike slept; and lo, they marched along the draw—
or rather burned—tall, radiantly white.
A hushed procession, tunneling the

A hushed procession, tunneling the constantly contented. His improve-ment must influence his neighbors and incite them to do something for beau-tification. When that spirit gets started in a town it will in due time raise the whole tone and character of the place and give it a reputation for

The Thoughtless Honker.

A young man sat in his automobile in front of a young woman's home the other evening and honked loudly Afraid to sleep, he paced the gully to announce his arrival. She did not appear at once and he honked and he Until the taller buttes were growing honked and he honked, keeping up the raucous solo until after what seemed like 15 minutes, the girl came that day.

As with a weight, he stooped; his feet and they drove away to the movie or

the night

Before him. Any hazard in the light, from nerve irritation meant a great
Or aught that might befall 'twixt livnightly honkers, and their name is legion, are at best a good deal of a nuisance to people who feel that they have a right to reasonable quiet, and sometimes, probably rather often, they are more than a nuisance, a posi-tive peril. The interests of the out-side public aside, it would be much more courteous for a young man call and cried:

human being, than it is to sit in his
"Talbeau!" Despairing voices automobile and honk for her, like a

body noticed it, that the birthday of Andrew Jackson was not celebrated anywhere in the United States with dinners and effusive oratory. Evi-dently Jackson democracy is as dead today as the proverbial doornail. If Andrew Jackson came to life today he would surely repudiate the party of Wilson and Bryan just as that party has repudiated all Jackso

The democratic party today is for everything that Andrew Jackson never would have stood for: It is the party of prohibition, of censorship, of regulation, of "verboten;" it is the party of bureaucracy. That party insisted upon keeping

wartime regulations and laws in force ong after the war was over. They demanded even more of them. When the long suffering people at last had given that party the gate, what did the incoming republican administra-

Willful and almost incredible extravagance had become the rule. Graft was common: payrolls were padded: there were inefficient employes and



tonal beauty, exquisite in design; fit to grace the mansion or equally the pride of humbler living-rooms; artistically matchless, price for price — such is the unparalleled array from which you car select at this store of pleasant dealing including-

> Mason & Hamlin Sohmer Kranich & Bach Vose Kimball Brambach A pollo

A. Mospe Co. 1513-15 Douglas Street

The Wise Man.



A Book of Today

"GRANITE AND ALABASTER," a collection of poems by Raymond Holden. The Macmillan Company, New York.

These verses have appeared in contemporary publications from time to time. These verses cover a wide range, from homely topics to futuris-tic forms. The most pretentious of these verses is entitled "Rock for the relation of the Fowler," and written much after the form and fashion of Whittier's "Snow Bound," deals with life in the raw.

"Auto-suggestion and Its Personal Application," by J. Herbert Duck-worth, (James A. McCann company, New York), is a psychological ex-planation and introduction to M. Coue's science. It explains the sig-

slackers. Bureaucratic insolence and irresponsibility were met on every step. Haphazard methods abounded. Departments were disorganized and topheavy, lacking both morale and discipline. There was no team work between bureaus in the same departments or between departments.

Jealousies and bickerings among executives were the rule rather than the exception.

The Harding administration performed a monumental task in cleaning this Augean stable.

to go.

"Doesn't that please you?" asked the help projector.

"Yes, your prices are all right," said the traveler, "but your hotel isn't high enough."—Youth's Companion.

nificance of Coue's formula, "Day by day in every way I am getting better and better." Anyone with a limited knowledge of psychology should be able to glean from its pages helpful suggestions on acquiring self-mastery and on solving bothersome every day problems. It explains the conflict be-tween the imagination and the will. Conscious and unconscious states of mind, sensations and affections, and the relation of the mind and the body

The Spice of Life

The rookie was grumbling about some dirt in his food—for he was at the tender age of rookiehood before the time when a litle dirt is necessary to lend the proper savor.

"Smatter?" bellowed the mess officer.

"Stop whining. Don't you know you're here to serve your country?"

"Yes, sir," was the humble reply, "but not to eat it. And I wanted to serve it—not to have it served to me."—Infantry Journal.

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