

THE MORNING BEE

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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 this measure.

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 senate.

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 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 partisanship 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 put 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 coveting 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 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 fleeing the wealthy reds.

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 sufficient for 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 that.

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 think 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, former 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 as it might have been if the architect had had his say. That is one thing to be considered, and another 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 position.

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 by 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 generally considered that he has done that excellently. 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 his 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 Watson and Holmes is in order.

Homespun Verse
By Robert Worthington Davis
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.

We Nominate
For Nebraska's Hall of Fame.

Fink falls asleep and
Then it seemed he ran
Through regions alien to the feet of man.

JAMES EDWARD LE ROSSIGNOL is not merely dean of the College of Business Administration at the state university and author of 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 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 in school readers in Canada. "Ten Baptists," published in England and America, (Dutton), is a longer tale, with a description of trout fishing which makes it the American companion of the "Complete Angler." At present Dean Le Rossignol, in the pleasant intervals of business administration, is smiling imaginatively through a new series of short tales—devoted to the life of the fisherman, and perhaps to be called by some such title—or let us say, "Baitings and Matings," "By Hook or by Roak," or "Done to the Queen's Taste!"

"The People's Voice"

Editorial from readers of The Morning Bee.
Refer to the enclosed for a list of names to use in this column freely for expression on matters of public interest.

From a Nebraska 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 Nebraska is a long way to vindicate our intellectual status. Yet, a moderate dose of self-skepticism might prove salutary.

When we Nebraskans compliment ourselves on the recognition we have accorded Carleton, it is well to remember that we have had him with us for over a quarter of a century. While with us how much thought did we give to his person and well being? It seems as though we were scarcely aware of the poet even in his own right until he suddenly fled to a warmer climate to relieve the stress and strain of the struggle for existence. 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 Carleton, we had sung his praises and some of us had had him with us for years. Yet, we feel a sense of chagrin at the challenge flung us from Carleton.

But what of Carleton's connection with Nebraska? It is of a more recent date than that of Nebraska. Prior to his visit here last winter Carleton had never met any member of the Carleton administration or faculty. The connection rested entirely on the merit of his work. J. E. Boodin, a philosopher of first-rate standing both in Europe and America, was the first of the Carleton group to begin correspondence with Carleton. This correspondence, being occasioned by the appearance of Boodin's "A Realistic Universe," a book which by its multifarious merits made a profound impression on the poet.

At last, when the poet appeared on the rostrum of the Skinner Memorial chapel, he was greeted with a full house. "Some one in the back of the house pleases to raise your hand," he heard 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 unfolded before our imagination, the spell of the frontier settled upon us and thrilled us for the better part of two hours. When he had finished we remained spellbound for a moment and then, the clapping of our hands broke the silence like a crash. The impression that he had left was deep and lasting.

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 talks with the best in the United States. But to maintain a standard of this order involves an appropriation of the best men in the various departments. In extending an offer to Carleton Carleton is only acting on her permanent policy. Are we Nebraskans too cheap to interest this move? To Carleton Carleton need only say yes!

F. J. HIRSCH,
A Literary Masterpiece.
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 universities in the country. His evidence? He believes that these figures prove something or other.—Cleveland Plain Dealer

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

Fink falls asleep and
Then it seemed he ran
Through regions alien to the feet of man.

A weary way despite the speed of sleep.
And came upon a river flowing deep
Between black crags that made the sky well.

And early the feeble starlight fell
Upon the flood with water lilies strown.
But when he stooped, the stream began to moan.

And suddenly from every lily pad
A white face bloomed, unutterably sad
And bloody browed.

A swift, exclaiming flame
Across the dusky picture, morning came.
Mike lay a moment, blinking at the blue;

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"From State and Nation"

Editorials from other newspapers.

The Attractive Country Home.

From The Hay Springs News.
Recent years have seen splendid progress made in the effort to make country homes attractive. The old-time country place was often sadly defective in this particular.

When a place has been developed in that way, and if disorder and litter have been promptly removed, the change is marvellous. Any buyer would pay considerably more for such a home, because it would appeal so much more to his imagination.

The Thoughtless Honker.

From The Ohio State Journal.
A young man sat in his automobile in front of a young woman's home the other evening and honked loudly to announce his arrival.

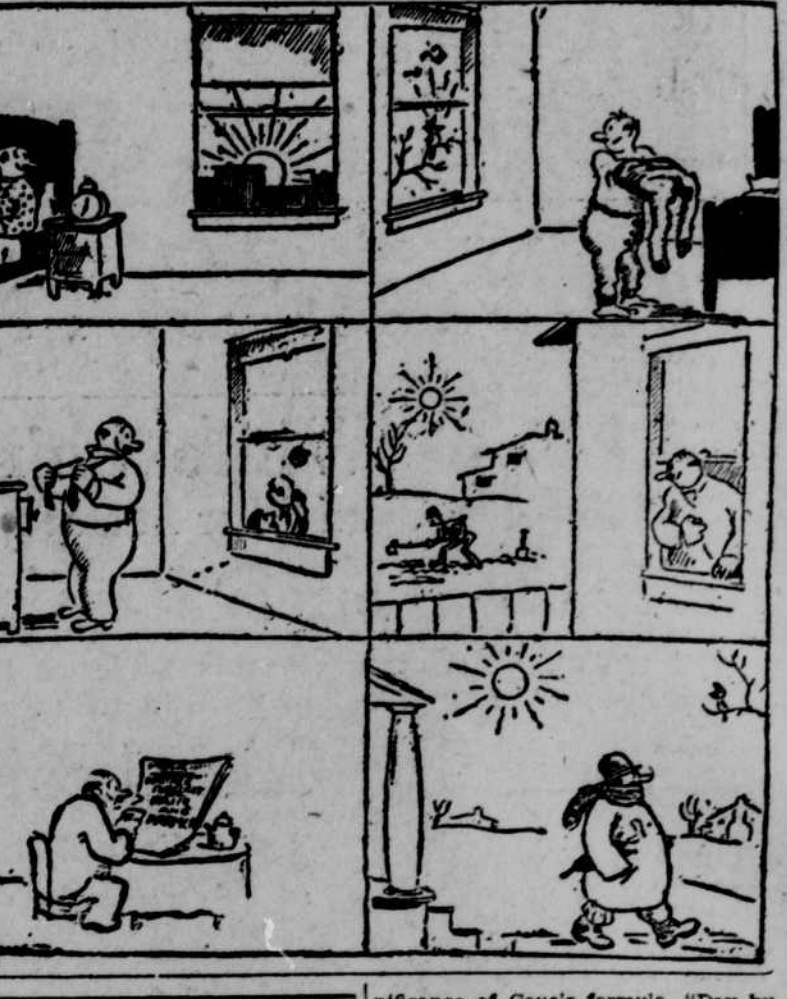
Now, of course, the young man did not know it, but in the house just across the street was a woman desperately sick. Quiet and freedom from nerve irritation means a great deal to her, perhaps her life.

Jackson Day.

From The Brooklyn Standard Union.
It is notable, though apparently nobody noticed it, that the birthday of Andrew Jackson was not celebrated anywhere in the United States with dinners and parties.

Willful and almost incredible ignorance has become the rule. Craft was common; payrolls were padded; there were inefficient employees and

The Wise Man.



A Book of Today

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

The Spice of Life

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

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