

THE SUNDAY BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

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"TONGUES IN TREES."

Look around you today, and you may note on every hand the unfolding of a great miracle. Buds are swelling on tree and bush and vine; the season has been late, and the cold winds of an unusually frosty April have held back the processes of nature, but now they are well under way. Tender leaves of delicate green are ready to unroll and spread their screen between earth and sky, promising a shade that will be most grateful when summer's fervor has succeeded to spring's gentle coyness.

But the real marvel, the thing that surpasses all the rest, is the blossoming, the bringing forth of the seed that in its turn will renew the growth of the tree. Cottonwood and maple will first mature their fruit, and soon the seeds will flutter from the exploding pods of the one or come slipping gently down from the other, each provided with wing or down for traveling purposes. The cottonwood seed, borne by its bit of fluffy down, may travel far, the maple with its wing that is more of a rudder covers a less distance, but it travels, and the tendency of both these trees is to spread. Nature has her own way of taking care of these matters.

Not all these germs of tree life come to activity. Millions are scattered to where one takes root and becomes a tree. Christ told those who heard Him of the sower who went forth to scatter seeds. Some fell on stony ground, some where thorns sprang up and choked the good growth, but some fell on good ground. Where this was true, there came about another great miracle. Out of that little bit of vegetable matter sprang up a shoot that in turn became a forest giant. It is difficult to look at a great spruce tree, eight or ten feet in diameter at the stump, and towering 300 or more feet into the air, and realize that it started in a seed not much larger than the head of a pin, yet it did, and the actual germ of life in that seed is so small that a powerful microscope is needed to see it at all.

A little lesson is contained in this. We scatter about us words and acts, just as the cottonwood broadcasts its seed in the early summer. We do not always consider the effect; yet out of the multitude of words and deeds of daily life is made up the happiness or misery of mankind. The germ is in them, and some of them fall on good ground. None can tell what his part in the life of another is, what influence he has in the world. Each does in some measure affect the lives of all about him, and through his touch with others extends his personality until all who live feel him in some way.

Look at the things nature holds out to you this day, and realize that the symbolism of that growth is speaking to you in tones from the throne of the Most High. Not in the thunder that rolled down from Sinai, but in the eloquence of a sweet pleader—

"Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And the trees up on the hill sides
Open their thousand leaves,"

Nature is telling you today of God's eternal plan, and that you are part of it, and the things that you do make or mar the great design, as you do them well or ill. "The words were God's first temple," and nowhere in the world are more impressive sermons spoken than are taught by the trees today.

LETTERS THAT REALLY FLY.

When Ben Franklin was made postmaster general, some years since, it was because he had had experience in Pennsylvania's colonial service, and knew something of the problems it involved. One of his big jobs was to keep the mails moving, on foot or horseback, by stage coach, sailing vessels or canal boat. His record shows that he did a pretty good job of it, too.

What we would like to know is just what the great philosopher, statesman and philanthropist would say if he read that between May, 1918, when the service was established, and January 1, 1923, the flyers of the air mail service had covered 15,281,383 miles in flight, one-third of the trips being made through storms of rain, hail, sleet or snow? At this rate within 30 years the flyers will have gone far enough to reach the sun, although it is hardly possible a letter ever will be delivered there. However, if it is, we will predict it will be by a United States air mail flyer.

Last year over 60,000,000 letters were delivered by air mail, and the number is increasing every day, so that the total for the current year will be much larger. Reliability may be judged from the fact that over the five-year period the service has operated more than 90 per cent perfect. When everything else was in a jam in and around Omaha on account of the big storm in March, the air mail went ahead on schedule.

These are not "stunt" flyers; they do their stuff in the same methodical way that the farmer adopts in hitching his team to the plow. Each is a picked man, devoted to the service, but together they are making a record that will answer in time even the Kansas congressman who moves each year to strike out the appropriation for the air mail.

JONAS CHICKERING'S SERVICE TO MAN.

In Boston last night a distinguished group of American citizens, leaders in politics, business, art and literature, sat down to celebrate an event that may have escaped general attention. In fact, so many things have happened since then that the citizen is to be excused if he does not recall that in 1823 Jonas Chickering sold his first piano. Other pianos had been made and sold in America; Jonas learned the trade of piano building in Boston.

Yet he brought to the trade a genius that lifted instrument to its high place among musical instruments. He invented the iron frame, that enables the grand piano to stand the enormous strain of its strings; he devised the method of overstringing, by which the bass strings are brought closer to the sounding board, and he made many other improvements serving to crown with glory the instrument he loved so well, and to put within reach of the present day performers the means of accomplishing effects they never could have attained otherwise.

Millions of American homes are brighter because the pianos in them possess the inventions of Jonas Chickering. Celebrations are planned for many gatherings in honor of the man during this centennial year of his work.

MERCY AND HEALING THEIR MISSION.

Somewhere in Omaha this morning a woman is passing through the pain of travail, going into the very Valley of the Shadow, that she may realize woman's highest destiny, the glory of motherhood. Her home is not fitted with those comforts that lessen the suffering and terror of this trying hour. Its furnishings are meager, its equipment scanty, and there is a lack of many things that are desirable on such occasions.

Yet that woman is fortunate, for beside the bed is another, plainly garbed in a uniform that designates her as one of that heroic band who follow the profession of nursing. Her strong, skilled hands supplement the professional attentions of the doctor, and soon the mother revives, and welcomes the tiny morsel of humanity, gently laid in her waiting arms, neatly swaddled, clean and hearty. The room is tidied, all is set to rights, final instructions are given, particularly where to call if help is needed, and the nurse prepares to leave. Watch her when she pins on her hat.

On the ribbon you will see "V. N. A." It may be a tuberculosis case, or a fever patient, or a child down with some dangerous ailment of childhood, a man laid low by a terrible mishap—one of the long list of dreadful things that overtake and incapacitate people. The same woman, or one of her sister workers, will be there, giving the tender care that has saved many a life since the Visiting Nurse Association took up its great task of looking after those who otherwise will not be looked after.

In the course of the year 1922 Visiting Nurses made 49,958 calls on 6,770 cases. Rather a busy year, wasn't it? Twenty cases and 137 calls a day show that the nurses who wear those hat bands or armlets were not loafing on the job during 1922. Also, the record shows that Omaha has need for the Visiting Nurse.

The work of the nurse doesn't end when the baby is born, washed, dressed and given back to the mother, Oh, no; that is only the beginning. The Visiting Nurse teaches that mother and hundreds like her how to take care of the baby, distributes ice and milk during the summer season (readers of The Omaha Bee know about this, for they have generously provided for the service), and sees that the little one has a fair chance to grow up.

The Visiting Nurse also combats tuberculosis and similar diseases, instructs adults how to avoid contagion, and how to rear boys and girls in safety. A lot of space could be used up in following these active women on their daily rounds. Twenty-one of them are now engaged on the staff in addition to the office force, and all are busy every day in the year.

This week the Visiting Nurse Association of Omaha will ask for subscriptions to a fund needed to support the work during the remainder of the year, a total of \$25,000 being sought. This is the last drive of the organization, for after January 1, 1924, it will be financed through the Community Chest. Until then it needs the money to carry on its great work. Generous Omaha has hitherto provided the means, and it is out of all reason to suggest that anything less than 100 per cent of the amount asked will be given this time.

ONE GREAT SEASON OF CONCORD.

Omaha is drawing near the end of what in every way is the most remarkable season of music it ever has had. More concerts and recitals have been given than ever in a single season, the most notable of the world's artists have appeared here, and the attendance has been such as gives to the visitors the correct impression of the city's greatness. Each of the programs has been listened to by a large audience, and on several occasions the huge municipal auditorium has been packed to its capacity.

Several reasons may be assigned as accounting for this fact, and in the end it will doubtless appear that all have contributed in some way to the result. Omaha's population is larger, and the music presented has been of a quality to draw people in from the surrounding country. Then the musical tastes of the local public have been maturing, and there now exists a considerable group of genuinely musical people, those to whom the art appeals sufficiently strong to bring them out to hear any of the great ones who present the truly worth while. This is a tribute to the cultural advancement of the community, and deserves to be well noted. Many who in former years found their pleasure at the theater, no longer given that source of entertainment, have turned to music and have swelled the throngs who have packed whatever auditorium is selected for the presentation of the concert or recital.

All of these things and others have united to give Omaha a first rate place on the musical map, and greatly encourage those who have worked with vim to give the city what it so evidently needed. Such organizations as the Tuesday Musical, the Business and Professional Women's club, the Friends of Music, and all who have been interested in the achievement are an asset that any city might feel proud of, for they have given a worthy standing to real art, the effect of which will not be without influence on the life of the whole community.

REAL ADVENTURES OF LIFE.

Every now and then somebody sets up a wall because there is no romance or adventure left in life. This is because they have had an overdose of ancient history. Every issue of the modern newspaper is filled with romance, with high adventure, but these are not always discovered, because they are hidden under the prosaic wording of a brief news item.

For example: Nine persons were marooned on an island in Lake Michigan. Ice gorged around so that ordinary methods of communication were cut off. Food and other supplies were needed, and here comes the airplane. It doesn't sound like much of an adventure to fly a few miles out over the lake, drop a few packages of food on the island, and then fly back to safety. Yet four airplanes were wrecked making the attempt, but the food was finally furnished the sufferers.

That simple little thing, just a part of the workaday world, holds all the elements of devotion as truly as any tale of rescue ever put over by Sir Launcelot or Robin Hood. In fact, those chaps were pikers when compared to what is being done by the knights of today, who wear overalls and coats lined with sheepskin instead of costly suits of mail, chased and inlaid with gold.

Do not be overcome with grief because life seems so prosaic and matter of fact. Any well gotten-up newspaper contains ample antidote for such a mood.

If the legislature gets through this week, it will have to work fast or leave a lot of things undone.

The marathon dancer, like the man who thaws dynamite, usually answers his own question.

Clara Phillips still furnishes front page stuff.

Out of Today's Sermons

"The Sabbath, the Bulwark of Our Moral and Religious Well-Being," is the topic of the morning sermon of Rev. Russell Taylor at the St. Paul Presbyterian church, who takes for his text Mark 2:27-28.

"And he said unto them, 'The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath: Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath.'" He said:

Sabbath primarily means rest. The making should involve a cessation of its day's rest in order that it might be best fitted for the tasks of life as written in all human history. Experiences, like the one in France during the reign of absolute monarchies when the week was lengthened to 10 days have always proven detrimental and have ultimately been abandoned.

One who has studied well the tendencies of the times, has recently said: "This age must either have Christ or chaos." These words only epitomize the prevailing thought of the serious minded in every important nation today.

With this thought in mind is it not well to recall the words, "The Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath?" It is not the man, but the Son of man, who is the subject of the text, and not the right to demand that he be kept according to his will? And we need only to follow Him through the glimpses we get of Him from the time he was 12 years of age, to the day to know what his will was concerning the keeping of this day.

There is no greater menace to our moral well-being than the fact that there are being made upon our historic American Sunday. The exhaustive pleasure seeking Sunday of European nations is fast blotting out the traditional sabbath of our own people. It is a more thorough view of labor. Every consecrated man, woman and child is a wheel in the machine of the church, and every one ought to be able to work for God, or she is shut out. There ought to be as many departments in church activities as there are fields of human endeavor; every department should have its generals, its captains, its privates.

Here are, to name only a few, fields of labor for the church: The department of public amusement, the department of elementary education, the department of university education, the department of industrial employment, the department of industrial training, the department of child health, the department of Christian missions, the department of theology, the department of international relations, the department of dramatic art, the department of music, etc. I could fill a newspaper with the names only of the fields that are legitimately and necessarily the concern of the church.

What a field of activities that large and diversified there is work for every taste and every caliber of man, and it is your task to find, and the duty of the church to help you find, just what job in God's mighty battle for righteousness you have to fill.

Prairie Gems

The Omaha Bee wants to harness the Platte river. It would not be a feat to send the stream moving so slowly.—York News-Times.

Some style, this bobbing of hair among the farmers. It's hard to make a girl understand that a little pretty girl doesn't need to doll up.—Blair Enterprise.

A young man will never learn how valuable his services are until he really finds out how easy it is for someone else to get along without him.—Shelton Clipper.

When we were a boy nearly all of the shocking in Nebraska was done on the farms, now much of it is done on the streets of our various municipalities.—Clay Center Sun.

There is no place in the world where dainty stable breeding crops out so quickly as on the golf links.—Clay Center Sun.

In one of our big cities a girl and her father are both attending the same college. That's a new one, but it's encouraging. There was a time when dad thought he knew more than the youngsters, but times are changing and young blood is keeping the pace, and many of the dads are lagging behind. One dad at least is determined not to give his children an opportunity to outdo him along educational lines. It's the class room again for him. Any lagging dad in this town with the same amount of nerve?—Rushville Standard.

When the people elect a democratic governor and a republican legislature they have no more to blame but themselves if more time is spent wrangling than working.—Norfolk News.

A man killed himself in Omaha the newspaper story says he had been "drinking" the same old story.—York News-Times.

Architect Bertram Goodhue's statement that former State Engineer Johnson don't know a thing about building, but he "might" about roads, is about as certain as "might" can be.—Grand Island Herald.

SPICE OF LIFE.

Your friends are not very fashionable. "No, I picked them out for one reason." "And that is?" "They have a race that I can keep up with."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I guess." "Oh, don't guess you Americans always guess you know." "No, I don't know. You English all ways know, don't you know?"—Chicago Tribune.

"See that girl over there?" "She was a war bride." "Good Lord! She must be at least 70." "Yes, she was a 'hell war bride'."—Stanford Chapparral.

Not Yet, But—
Infant Son of Campus Professor—
Did you hear the stepladder fall, mammy?
Mother—Yes, I hope father didn't fall?
Son—He hasn't yet. He's hanging to the picture molding.—Gargyle.

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B. BREWER, Gen. Mgr.
V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21 day of April, 1923.
H. W. QUIVERY,
(Seal) Notary Public.

REV. M. P. DUNN, Pastorate, Ark.

When the Flapper Goes to School

Some Notes for Normal Teachers as to What the Girls Are Doing

By EDITH HUSE.

PRESENT day "flappers" are not held in disrepute by all thinkers of today, as is shown by the statement made by Dean H. H. Hahn of the Wayne State Teachers' college, that "the modern flapper is a pretty good prospect for a good woman." The co-ed and the 20th century boy furnish themes for many books, magazine and newspaper stories and discussions in women's clubs, among college faculties, at luncheons, teas and banquets. The girl of today, as of former days, is the center of most of the discourse. Young men and women interest the thinking public because they are the budding citizens.

The modern "flapper" is condemned and seldom praised by the older generations for her habits, her styles of dress, her jaunty independence and the type of amusement she chooses. Men and women of a few years ago often regard the present day girl as frivolous and incompetent. She does differ from the miss of earlier days, her superiority or inferiority to her predecessor being a debatable question. It is the manner of her life above is taking a stand which is encouraging because of its favoring the "flapper" and because of its being the opinion of one who thinks profoundly.

When asked his views of the "flapper," President U. S. Conn replied, "I am not sure I know just what a modern flapper is, but I presume she is a young woman who has no serious notions about life, who has a brain that does not use it very much, who lives mostly on excitement and a good time, who chews gum, wears short hair and short skirts. Part of them get over it and it doesn't matter about the rest of them."

Students are younger nowadays than a few years ago. Most instructors agree in this statement. Children in the grades and high schools are pushed ahead and the more aggressive ones are graduated at an earlier age. They thus reach college when younger. As a general rule, people are better fixed financially and can afford to send their children through college, changing the former policy of earning one's way through or not going at all. Young folks expect more these days from their parents. This attitude on the part of students is one criticism not in their favor. Facts bear out the statement that the percentage of students being graduated now is higher than previously, of course more young folks are in school because of increased school facilities and better financial conditions.

The number of women in school exceeds the number of men. President Conn states that he does not consider "this is any indication of greater interest, but is so because the girls have more leisure time and, as a result, attend school. Had the girls the same opportunity for employment as that offered to men, fewer would attend school." In 1921 there were 329 students in the Wayne school and the class graduated that year included one girl and two boys. The number of students in this school during the school year of 1922 was 1,324, and of those graduated 68 were girls and 22 were boys.

As to which is the better student, the girl or the boy, another question is raised. As a general rule, most people consider the scholarship average of the girls above that of the boys. Statistics usually bear out the statement that the girls surpass, but the average generally is not as far ahead of the boys as one is inclined to think. For example, grades in some of the classes at the Wayne Normal school are as follows:

College algebra, 85 for the boys and 82 for the girls; psychology, 88 for both boys and girls; observation and methods, 89 for boys and 83 for girls. According to President Conn, "generally young men study mathematics and science in preference to language or literature."

Miss Elsie Ford Piper, dean of women in the school, would separate students into two classes: Those who seek facts for the knowledge and those who have an indefinite purpose, carelessly working only for credit. There is, she states, a tendency among the latter type to take up the easy subjects. The more serious students of today spend their leisure time in reading, the less serious ones spend theirs in dancing and attending theaters. Another of Miss Piper's views. To her the ideals of present day students seem to lag somewhat behind those of former generations.

Dean Hahn states that most of the students in the normal school study the regular required course, as most are preparing to be teachers. He thinks there is not a predominant tendency toward the easy subjects, but students, for their elective work, choose that in which they are interested. Today there is less conventionalism among young folks and moral standards are higher than they ever were," according to Dean Hahn. Students spend their leisure time, he says, to a great advantage as any students of the past. "The sport world has a much larger place in the life of the young and this of course detracts some from the studies. In years past young folks were taught to study most of the time. Now, with improved methods of study, not so much time is required on the lessons and more is spent in outside activities. Not so much time is spent in the school work, but more is accomplished and students are more independent.

Students are more healthy today than in any other generation. Of the average of 100 young women a year attend advanced colleges very often to carry out some life purpose. It is therefore a small percentage of the whole student group of the country who do not marry. However, the tendency everywhere since women have gained more prestige is toward fewer marriages among the women students.

In conclusion, considering the question from various angles, may justly be said that the difference in this conclusion, State normal schools are training teachers, a larger percentage of whom are women. Universities are training more men than women, and the latter attend advanced colleges very often to carry out some life purpose. It is therefore a small percentage of the whole student group of the country who do not marry. However, the tendency everywhere since women have gained more prestige is toward fewer marriages among the women students.

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Center Shots

A wagon is guided by the tongue out in front; an automobile frequently is guided by the tongue on the back seat.—Birmingham News.

Discovery of a mastodon's tooth weighing 15 pounds makes us glad we weren't around when the critter was having it pulled.—Boston Traveler.

European diplomat says, "Any fool can make war," and it is also true that any war can make a lot of fools.—New York American.

Another good way to avoid paying income tax is to endorse notes for all of your friends.—Rochester Times-Union.

Human nature is what makes you knock your home town while in it and fight at the drop of the hat for it while away.—Kalamazoo Gazette.

News from Paris announces the advent of silk stockings so sheer as to give the effect of no stockings at all. Wouldn't it show more progress if we could have no stockings at all that would give the effect of stockings.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hounds of the same breed which were pets of the Pharaohs, Egypt's ancient rulers, were exhibited at a recent dog show in London.

A vacuum tube such as is used to amplify radio impulses is being used by a German physician to make clearer the sounds of his patient's heart beats.

"If Heaven helps him who helps himself," France certainly will get the money eventually.—Paterson Press-Guardian.

A wife is a person who always announces dinner when she thinks you have reached the most thrilling part of the story.—Baltimore Sun.

"Burglars Saw Bars on Entering Store." So says a headline. Seeing bars is a good deterrent for burglars.—Savannah News.

A Connecticut clockmaker retires with a fortune estimated at several millions, accumulated on account of his habit of studying the clock.—Detroit News.

A lecturer says that wives should tame their husbands by feeding them on lettuce and prunes. Nonsense—a diet like that would drive any man wild in a week.—Tacoma Ledger.

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