

THE MORNING BEE

MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

THE OMAHA BEE PUBLISHING CO. NELSON B. UPDIKE, President B. BREWER, Vice President and General Manager

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SET UP THE SEARCHLIGHT. House Roll 343 is now in the hands of the senate committee on bridges, and a determined effort is being made to keep it there.

Nothing in the measure tends to limit competition, nor to hamper in any way the bidders on public work. Each contractor or supply agent will retain all his rights, with every advantage that properly should be his, when bidding on public work.

Objection to the bill arises from those who prefer to keep certain parts of the transaction in secrecy. This is one of the weaknesses of public business. Prices and details of any contract should be made public, and any that can not stand the searchlight never should be put through.

SUPPORT FOR THE PRESIDENT'S PLAN. Splitting the republican party over the World Court issue is the favorite amusement of a group of writers just now. It is not that they are for the court or against the court, for the republican party or against it, but they see, or think they see, good copy in the matter.

The World Court was not suddenly sprung on the senate, as surface indications might suggest. President Harding had it in mind long before he submitted the proposal to the senate. Prolonged debate on the tariff, drawn out for partisan reasons by the democrats, and the deadlock on the shipping bill, which was talked to death under the senate's rules, held the World Court in abeyance for many weeks.

Discovery that certain leaders are not favorable to the president's plan does not seem to disconcert Mr. Harding. Senator Moses, for example, has shown no great enthusiasm for any of the Harding plans; but Congressman Wood of Indiana is in opposition, Speaker Gillette of Massachusetts gives his support. The defection of Chairman Adams may be offset by the approval of Chauncey Dewey and Elihu Root, the wisdom and patriotism of whom none will question.

Over against all this may be set the aspirations of the American people to be of service to all the other people in the world. In the World Court idea they see such an opportunity. It will permit the United States to participate in the business of managing the world without loss of dignity or national importance.

Mr. Harding must be more encouraged by the generous approbation he has received from such groups as the League of Women Voters and other representative bodies, who have considered the question from all points. That he will yield to the opposition is scarcely probable.

OUT OF THE KITCHEN.

Fashion at the French races now calls for the addition of gaily colored aprons to the afternoon costume. It was not long since that the cables carried a companion piece of news that sunbonnets were in style among the holiday makers on the Riviera.

Does this semblance of simple domesticity presage a return to the old standards of life? It can hardly be held that merely because she is decked out in an apron a woman of fashion is headed for the kitchen or the sewing basket.

One thing this elaborate simplicity does is exterminate the plan launched by the snobocracy some time ago for a new fashion in dress that would be so patently expensive that persons of moderate means could not approach it. In fact, the people of middlewestern America for once are in the lead of Paris fashions. There are many here who can wear aprons and sunbonnets with all the grace of a queen.

If those women of fashion wish to increase their charms, let them take lessons here. There is a combination of good sense, utility and beauty in the every day household dress of American women that it would be hard to excel. The trim costumes of the girls in the shops and offices, of those dark materials that show so little wear after a day of toil, likewise have a charm that is absent from more elaborate effects.

Paris has done well to take a hint from the simple life. This sartorial swing from artificiality might well be followed by less of hectic pleasure and more real living.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

Miss Martha Scott of Chicago has discovered that if she can get a gang of boys to singing they will forget their other troubles. This is important, but she is not the first to find out the secret, for "Orpheus with his lute made trees, And the mountain tops that freeze Bow themselves when he did sing."

All through the ages man has sung, in adoration, in worship, in triumph, in sorrow, in glee, and in his cups. No better or more natural outlet for emotions has been discovered. It excels dancing, for a lot of us who are not sufficiently agile or graceful to tread a measure may be vocal, and lift up our voices in roundelay or solemn canticle, and make a noise, if nothing else.

The plan adopted by Miss Scott is a good one. When you get a bunch of boys together, and set them to singing "close harmony," their energetic natures will relieve themselves, and spend in melody the impulse that might find expression in mischief.

Give the boys a chance to sing, for the exercise is good for their souls, and the world will be better if a song heads off a gang raid.

TWELVE MEN IN THE BOX.

Less is heard nowadays of the crime wave. A tightening up of public opinion has put a quietus on the epidemic of law violation that swept America from coast to coast.

Most of the credit must be given to the juries, who have taken a much more serious view of their responsibilities than in the more easy going days just past. The nation over, there was for a time an excess of sentimentality which allowed many criminals to escape proper punishment. Did some one do murder, rob a store, hold up a train, pick a pocket or loot a bank, the explanation that as a child he had been kicked by a horse or otherwise "bumped on the head, oftentimes sufficed for his acquittal. Many persons came to believe that criminal tendencies could be almost invariably cured by an operation. Though there undoubtedly is ground for believing that many criminals are victims of weak minds and exaggerated egos, yet the proper way to remedy this is not by turning them loose upon the populace.

So the jurors in case after case, both in Omaha and elsewhere about the country, with some exceptions of course, have come to feel. The regularity with which bootleggers are put behind the bars to say, when once they were turned loose, is an example in point. Those twelve men in the jury box, chosen at random among the citizenship, represent pretty well the public opinion of their community. Undoubtedly the public demands strict law enforcement, and the dictate is being obeyed.

HAVE YOU A LITTLE GARDEN?

Somebody has designated this as "National Garden Week." By what authority or in whose name is not stated, but it is a good suggestion. The only drawback is that hereabouts the spring garden variety of weather has been delayed in transmission. The calendar says it is time to be putting seed into the ground, but winter has lingered so shamelessly in the lap of spring that seeding will probably be postponed several days longer.

However, the garden idea is a good one. It was one of the lessons of the war that might well have been carried over. Four years ago men were as proud of the lettuce and onions they were raising as of the Liberty bonds they were buying. Radishes and carrots, beets and tomatoes and all that sort of agriculture was carried on in back yards, and the home canners were as busy as beavers all summer, putting up food to win the war.

Now this occupation has fallen into what a revered president of the United States once said had overtaken a law, "a state of harmless disuse." Those are not his exact words, but that is what he meant. We do not wish to urge anybody to abandon the wholesome practice of buying his canned goods at the grocery store, but we do suggest to any who feel the inclination that gardening is a good way to fill in moments in the morning and the evening, and that green things from your own beds will taste a lot better than any you are likely to buy from another.

No need to go into the game wholesale; just plan to plant and raise what you think will supply your own table. The exercise ensuing upon planting and cultivation is good for spring fever and that feeling of lassitude so many complain of, and may easily take the place of a round of the munny links, besides bringing a reward in the form of dainties for the table when fresh green things taste best.

"Damn the eyes of whoever tries to deprive the poor man of his beer," is losing its potency in England, where the house of commons is voting on prohibition.

One thing may console the members of the Forty-second legislature; their predecessors have listened to the same sort of criticism as is now being poured out on them.

If California authorities keep the Phillips woman under surveillance in Honduras they will accomplish something they failed in at Los Angeles.

China may be said to be normal again, the regular summer civil war having been renewed. This will ensure another famine next winter.

When Bishop Shayler gets out of a job with the church, he will make a mighty good newspaper reporter.

Homespun Verse

By Robert Worthington Davie CLIFTIUS. Cliftus was decrepit, a trifle wan and bent. Time was when he awaited the final sacrament. But now he longed to linger and watch the world go by— The throid of a monkey he came at last to try. The bliss of youth enthralled him—eternal youth, 'twas said. The suppleness, the gaiety arose from ancient bed. And all was well until men sought the place where he might be. And came at length, to find him in the branches of a tree. They shouted, "Cliftus! Cliftus!" In monkey tongue he spoke. They thought he was demoted or pulling off a joke. The story runs that Cliftus became an ape, and so They shipped him off to revel in the wilds of Borneo.

"The People's Voice" Editorials from readers of The Morning Bee. Readers of The Morning Bee are invited to use this column freely for expression on matters of public interest.

We Nominate... For Nebraska's Hall of Fame. Bess Streeter Aldrich

"From State and Nation" Editorials from other newspapers.

Getting Presidential Campaign Tips. Illustration of a man and a woman.

Moving to the Truth. New York.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: A few days ago I read in a New York paper that in an address in Omaha a prominent clergyman had declared that the Sunday school had outlived its usefulness. One by one the traditions and old way marks of the youth of many of us fall away, lapse in the mysterious changes of our modern life. Yet with all this startling unfoldment, we observe as rapidly as cultivation embraces our aspiring masses a drift back to the charming relations of our past beginnings, a renaissance of that which had been discarded. New-old values are appreciated, are restated with precision. The dilapidated frame house is restored in all its prime elegance. And yet this is nothing new. We are always digging out the old and multiplying its refinements. We have gained a perspective which has an aesthetic value. It is the product, quite so, of our life comfortably with. Perhaps it is the great-grandfather's rocking chair, a discarded old platter, a scrap of old fabric; but it has achieved a distinction never accorded in its destined use. So, perhaps, it will be with the method of the Sunday school as distinguished from its bias. We see the education of the youth of the land wholly differentiated from what was ours, whether on the farm or in the huddled city. There is a new agility of body and mind, a new balance between the physical and the super-physical. The product, quite so, is perhaps devoid of that understanding which all church organizations would impart in one degree or another, is fed into the great industrial machine which makes the modern world. Then begins the great struggle for originality in thought, creativeness as distinguished from mere responsiveness to doctrine, to habit and usage. Perhaps emulating what you will, the formative period was never permitted on the whole this rising wave of youthful mind is free to those whom it will serve; it has in no way been created, and it is being put into the varying strata of the world's outgrown beliefs. It is fluid, running over and abundant. Can it be trusted to hold the way to the great source and fountainhead of what you will? This is the supreme question confronting our racing era. It is a tidal wave that is rolling over all artificial constraints. It is political, economic and unorthodox like the Normandy that incourtless crested waves, ebbing and flowing through all the avenues of our American life. It is released by some subterranean impulsion, and it is thought, of body and of soul. It is not turbid, but works itself free of impurities as it flows on. Perhaps it is the beginning for the world—of that nature which we have known for all its deadly dogmatism, pragmatic sanction and enthralled education. It seems, to me, that it will come to teach the elders, who have laid their weary hands on the young, the time of emptiness in church, in state and in industry. It can be trusted, this heart of American youth. But a snap of five years and it shook down the despotism of Europe. A while it will shake the foundations of all spiritual wickedness, because He that has seen it has seen the truth. As the scrolls of experience roll up, the goals of eternal substance are revealed. The chain of divine law and life is never, nor can it be broken, but becomes stronger as the emancipation of truth goes forward. JOSEPH WHINTA STINSON.

Nebraskans and the Capitol. Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Being a cordial admirer of Bertram Goodhue, both as man and as architect, I want to express appreciation of your several fine editorials relative to the new capitol. By following the suggestion of Mr. Goodhue's rabid assailant with that first-rate extract from the Nebraska City Press, you show your understanding of the case and imply a rebuke to the senseless maligners who have set up its reiteration of charges even after they are refuted and done with. "The heathen rage," indeed. Such a display of childish stupidity is seldom seen as that which has been treated in connection with Nebraska's new capitol. Still babbling venomously about "the stone"—when the investigators' report has announced that only five stones were ordered, removed out of some thousands laid! The utter absurdity to well-informed people of charging "incompetence" or "dishonesty" against a gentleman of Mr. Goodhue's type and international reputation as a truly great architect almost makes one forget its ugly purpose. But we should not overlook the hurt and the anger offered to this man of unsullied character accustomed as he is to the respect due to a talent which has achieved, through long years, architectural work smooth as marble, to many millions, and ranked among the most beautiful and impressive in America. Thinking of this, the writer grows extremely "warm under the collar," and it would not be surprising if Mr. Goodhue's place—the incident would be far from closed and apologies all round would be the very least of the sequel. One could even hope that the architect's amiable nature would not lead him to condone the injury nor hardships caused by the unparadiseable attack. People of intelligence and culture in Nebraska realize that the occurrence is bound to give a very black eye to the state, so to speak—getting it a most undesirable name as a home of ignominious and hoary. This sad fact is not

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Daily Prayer Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him. Holy Father, we thank Thee for the gift of life, the gift of reason, the gift of love. We are little, but Thou art great; yet it is great to be but little for Thee. With single eye Thou measurest the heavens Thou hast made, but Thine whole arm Thou takest to bear one lamb. We are confident of Thy love, grant us faith, forgiveness, and Thy Spirit of power, that our assurance may be based on Thee. Give us this day a sound mind in a sound body, health, knowledge and wisdom, grant us self-control, and a right attitude to Thee, to all men, and to all things good. Help us to know that the majestic deed is the deed of service. May we do kind, brave, beautiful things, not to be seen, but to be serviceable. May we not be seeking to do great things, but to do simple things greatly. Help us know our Savior-friend, Who bears the other end of the rope, and makes the narrow right. Let us find our happiness in our service. Comfort us in believing that angels of sorrow always heal the wounds they make. Give us noble aspirations, and pure satisfaction. In Thy wisdom and power, help us, Amen. PROF. M. COOPER, D. D., Gettysburg, Pa.

THE PASS VEIL. From The Nebraska City Press. Decision of the state legislature to grant reduced railway rates to clergymen has opened the way for other classes of citizens to demand the same privilege, and members of the teaching profession are said to be preparing a claim, setting forth the argument that since teachers are engaged in a work of education when they travel, too, should be granted the concession which has been given to the ministers of the state. The lowering of the bars, therefore, has opened a vista of wide possibilities, leading to the conclusion that if one class is to be favored by statute another will assume that it has the same right. The legislature of 1907 enacted legislation which ended the pass veil in Nebraska, an evil which had corrupted many citizens and produced sinister conditions, especially in politics. The railroads, even, were glad that the enactment was made for more than 15 years Nebraska travelers have known that when they pay their fares for passage on a train they are paying just what every other individual pays. It has been a practical demonstration of "Equality Before the Law," to break down the barrier is dangerous and conducive to restlessness on the part of the great majority of the citizenry which has not been especially favored. To the credit of the ministerial profession, let it be said that many of its members are bitterly opposed to the granting of any concession to any other class of citizens in this state, and if the law stands it will be further broken in the future.

You Can't Blame Them. From The Cleveland Plain Dealer. The good people of Constantinople are full of wrath and sorrow. They have finally come to realize that the nationalists are quite determined to make Angora the permanent capital of Turkey. The announcement was made a year ago, but the people of Constantinople have 15 months to become convinced that the national assembly was really in earnest. It seemed so preposterous. Think of moving the capital from a magnificent city of a million and a half the same two months to a squalid mud-brick town of about 30,000! Think of abandoning all the extensive government buildings; think of insulting the traditions of Turkish greatness; think of retiring to Europe when retirement is not necessary; think of asking the powers to give up their palatial embassies and legations; think of asking anyone with common sense and a heart for the better things of life to move from Constantinople to Angora! The Constantinopolitans thought of all these things, and were sure that the national assembly must be spending its thought of all these things, too. But it also thought of other things. It saw that Constantinople was under British influence and that the scheme of Turkish reorganization the great metropolis must always be a vulnerable point subject to attack, and in-scapable of defense. Moreover, the national assembly was in the hands of the Turkish shopkeepers and financiers and grafters and lesser statesmen and general hangers-on, but not the Golden Horn are filled with anguish. They wish Mustafa Kemal Pasha were not so tremendously practical. Perhaps, in deep silence, they may even wish that Turkey had not been so much re-ruled and rehabilitated. Better for them a shadow or badly decayed Turkey with its center at Constantinople than a brisk and self-reliant Turkey with Angora for its magnetic pole.

Outlines Twenty Children. From The Los Angeles Times. This is the story of Senora Ignacia Avila, who has outlived all of her 20 children, each of whom reached maturity. On the last day of this July it will have been 103 years since Senora Avila was born in Aguas Calientes, Mexico, several years before the French conquest of the southern republic. Today she is living at Los Angeles Harbor with her granddaughter, Mrs. Manuel Ybarra. Senora Avila, born of pure Spanish stock, today retains almost full control of her faculties, one instance of great import in her life offering proof of her exceptional will power. Since she had been a girl in Mexico, Senora Avila smoked almost every day of her life until she was 99 years old. Senora Avila recounts remarkable tales of banditry and revolution that occurred in her land 75 years ago. She saw the French mercenaries sweep through central Mexico in 1859, she says, and draws colorful pictures

Wrecking Some Roads, Prospering Others. From Capers Weekly. Seven million, two hundred fifty-two thousand dollars is the net income of the Santa Fe railway for the first two months of this year, an increase of \$2,318,000 over the same two months last year. Its gross income is \$25,613,000, which is \$6,531,000 larger than last year. In the short month of February this year, this road did

apparent to most of the country newspapers, who betray their vendancy by the nature of their comments on the capitol, its architecture and affairs. One must tolerate their limitations and assume that they mean no harm in their railing. Happy, happily, Casella's, Woman's Pictorial and Amalgamated Press. Mrs. Aldrich looks after her children and household as any other mother and says the only difference between herself and many other women is that she runs a typewriter instead of a sewing machine.

It is plain that you in common with all who are not wishful to see their home state made a butt and a laughing stock to the outside world, feel a keen distaste for the whole proposition of moving the capitol and the felling of malign schemes. Best of all would it be if you should point out the appropriateness of public apology by those in authority, as some of our friends do, for the denouncing things that have been allowed to happen. COMMON DECENCY.

THANKS FOR SERVICES. Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The board of directors of the Omaha Society of Fine Arts wishes to express its appreciation of your kind and generous offering of space in the "Bee" for our publicity. It has contributed immeasurably to our success of the year and we feel very grateful for your assistance. MARGARET WITTER PAGE.

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of the street fighting at Aguas Calientes between Mexican troops and Napoleon's adventurers. Senora Avila was exceptionally robust from early childhood and was not quite 20 years old when she married. Her husband died several years later and she went back to live on the parental hacienda. Bandits raided the rancho one night and, in a running gun fight, carried away Senora Avila. She was guarded for several days in the mountain rendezvous of the band, the chief of the bandits having announced his intention of making the comely young widow his wife. Early one morning, however, she escaped. Pursued by the bandits, she was saved by an elderly couple to whom she appealed for help. They daubed her face with lard and bluing to give her the appearance of a sick woman and thus she passed safely the scrutiny of the brigands. In 1895, when she was 45 years old, Senora Avila married a second time, and for 35 years lived with her husband until his death in 1905. One by one her children died—the last several years ago. She has five grandchildren, a number of great-grandchildren and four great-great-grandchildren.

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It's Not Enough Your friend drew a good salary, but it stopped at his death. His Estate is not large enough to afford an income sufficient for the support of his family. There is a Way to double or treble the size of your Estate. Put your investments in a Living Trust. Let the Income be used for Life Insurance Premiums. Then, if you should die, your Family will be provided for. Our Trust Officer will explain our plan for "Living Trusts" at your request. The Omaha Trust Company Omaha National Bank Building

Always the Best Values in Nursery Stock, Plants, Bulbs and Seeds A Few Specials for This Week Hardy Perennials Assorted varieties at \$1.00 per dozen. By mail \$1.50 per dozen, postpaid. Everbearing Progressive at \$1.15 per 100. Senator Dunlap at \$1.00 per 100. By mail 20c extra per 100, postpaid. Strawberry Plants Concord Grapes Another lot of 15,000 to go at 5c each, or \$4.00 per 100. By mail, 10c each; 75c per dozen; \$1.45 per 25; \$2.55 per 50; \$4.60 per 100, postpaid. Finest mixed colors, first size bulbs, 50c per dozen. By mail, 65c per dozen, postpaid. Come; Look Over Our Complete Stock, Plant Now Meneray Nursery & Seed Co. OMAHA 2016 Farnam St. Phone AT lantic 5177 SOUTH OMAHA 4725 S. 24th St. Phone MA rket 3239 COUNCIL BLUFFS 3341 West Broadway Phone 1698