

Another man shot down in Omaha. Human life once more has been held too cheaply. Armed with a revolver and filled with bootleg booze a young man has wounded, perhaps fatally, the proprietor of a pool hall. In the brief period of the last three weeks there have been two slayings and three shootings in this city.

The law-abiding citizens of this community well may inquire what is wrong. How does it come that these men are so ready to deal out death to settle some personal quarrel? Certainly there is no section of public opinion which approves these shootings. Instead, a strong demand is heard for firm justice to step in and put an end to this black record. The courageous example of John Fidini who, unarmed, pursued the assailant of the Italian pool hall proprietor, represents the general feeling of the people of Omaha. He wanted to see this criminal brought to punishment for his deed, and even risked his own life in his solitary chase. Even when stunned by a blow from a brick, Fidini continued until he had put the police on the trail. Against such determination to run down guilt no criminal can prevail.

Once more the Omaha police force has shown itself competent to deal with such crimes. Walter Lawrence, like all the others, Chiodo, Salerno Bourian and Corbino, implicated in the recent shootings, is behind the bars, awaiting trial. It is well that these men who are so quick on the trigger are held where they can do no further harm. The severest penalty of the law is to be hoped for, to insure society against their violent natures. Furthermore, their prompt punishment would serve as a warning to others of their class.

Meanwhile County Attorney Beal has asked the police to hold every man who goes armed about the city. The state law provides a heavy penalty for carrying concealed weapons, and with the proper co-operation between officers, courts and juries, many potential murderers may be placed in confinement, thus safeguarding life in the community. There is much to be done also in putting bootleggers out of business.

The public is quick to resent any effort to use influence to thwart justice. Guilty men must not be led to think that any pull can save them. A mistake was made in the special favors that were shown Chiodo in the first of this series of shootings. The people demand that the law act with a heavy hand, that they may be insured from a tidal wave of crime and violence.

MINNESOTA'S GRAND OLD VIKING

A sturdy figure was Knute Nelson, and a deep mark did he leave on the history of his adopted country. A son of Norway, whose parents came to this country in 1849, he rose as high as an alien-born citizen can go. It was not through good fortune, but by dint of energy that he made his way over obstacles to eminence. Leadership came to him because of his strength of character, his staunch espousal of the causes he believed to be right rather than popular. In 1861, when he was 18 years old, he took up the career of a soldier, and fought in a Wisconsin regiment to the end of the war, coming out Sergeant Nelson.

One of the most interesting of the many tales told of him is that when he had a group of distinguished visitors at his home, he displayed many trophies and mementos of his busy career. Then he led the way to the big attic, promising to show them the greatest of all his treasures. Opening a cedar chest, he took out a faded and worn soldier's blouse, with the chevrons of a sergeant on the left sleeve. It was the one he wore while serving under Old Glory, and while his guests looked on in silence he pressed it to his breast. "Mother keeps it well," was all he said.

This simplicity of nature was the key of his success. Men called him "boss," but his place as leader was his because those who followed him trusted him. He was conservative, did not approve nor countenance the program of the group that overwhelmed his colleague last fall, and had he lived, surely would have met his opponents front to front in battle. His public services were many and notable, and his record honorable.

A grand old viking was Knute Nelson, in whom lived again some long forgotten ancestor.

"Whose deeds, though manifold,
No skald in song has told,
No saga told thee."

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMEBACKER.

Last fall the daily newspapers printed columns of comment about the world series pitcher who staged a comeback and won a world pennant for his team. Every once in a while we are regaled with accounts of how this or that pugilist has staged a comeback. But the greatest comebacker in the world receives scant notice. He is the American farmer. His equal in that line has never been discovered. And he stages his comeback without any flourish of trumpets or any wreaths contributed by admiring friends. How he does it the Lord only knows, but he does it with astonishing regularity. A few short months ago we were told in lugubrious tones that he was down and out, that he was bankrupt, and that his future was dark and dismal and no gleam of hope to light the gloom. He may have been inclined to think so himself, but that did not prevent him from spitting on his hands and tackling his job again. If he just had to go down, he would go down fighting.

And lo and behold, he has come back again. He always does, and he does it in spite of the hampering aid of political demagogues and the fearful wails of the prophets of disaster. You couldn't keep him down by dropping a pile-driver on him. He can, and does, take harder blows in his business than any other man, but he always comes back smiling. Our idea of a great peace memorial is not a towering granite shaft or a magnificent building of bronze and marble, but the statue of an American farmer clinging to the plow handles, his back bent to his burden and eyes looking forward to the furrow he is about to turn.

MUCH TO SEE IN NEBRASKA.

When a good housewife is expecting company you may note her flying around, putting the house in order, rearranging the chairs, chasing the last fragmentary cobweb to its lair and straightening the pictures on the wall. The tourist season is soon to open, and that means every town and city in Nebraska is expecting company. It naturally follows that every town and city possessing the first instincts of the good housekeeper is doling up for company.

It needs but a cursory glance through the pages of Nebraska's weekly newspapers to ascertain that practically every Nebraska town is a good housekeeper. "Clean up" campaigns are on in full swing, and in a few weeks, when the tourists begin arriving practically every town will appear with its face washed, its hair in curls and donned in its best bib and tucker to greet the arriving guests. And these tourists are the city's guests in the fullest sense of the word. Instead of front bedrooms, they will find clean and sanitary camp grounds, with practically all the advantages of the modern home—and a welcome that really means something. The messages from state editors, published in The Omaha Bee Monday, show that those living in Nebraska towns do not lack for healthful amusements.

We suggest to Nebraskans who may be contemplating automobile tours that they shun the beaten paths that lead to the mountains and parks of other states, and seek the byroads that lead to Nebraska scenes. Why seek mountain scenery in Colorado before seeing the beauties of the Niobrara, the wonders of the Bad Lands, Dawes and Sioux counties, the magnificent scenery in Scottsbluff county, and the great canyons that lie between Potter and Gering? Have you ever turned south from the Lincoln highway at Maxwell and visited the national cemetery at old Fort McPherson, or north from the Lincoln highway at Kimball and sent the car over the wonderful scenic road that leads to Gering and Scottsbluff, and thence on to the Black Hills and Yellowstone park? What beautiful little towns and cities the tourist strikes wherever he goes in Nebraska, whether it be along the Lincoln highway, the D. L. D., the Meridian highway or the S. Y. A. route.

Get away from the beaten paths this summer, and get better acquainted with your own state.

ROMANCE AND OPPORTUNITY RIDE ALOFT.

Midway between the Atlantic and Pacific, Omaha becomes the center of the night flights of the air mail. Thus are romance, adventure and scientific achievement brought close. No other nation has ventured into this field, in spite of all that is said about the United States being behind in the development of flying.

That map published in The Omaha Sunday Bee presents what is happening in most striking fashion. The continent is shrinking—Omaha becomes a close neighbor of cities once days away. Leaving New York at noon, the air mail will arrive in Omaha in the middle of the night, and in San Francisco the next afternoon. Thirty hours suffice for the crossing. Relays of aviators await with fresh machines for the moment when their comrade comes dashing in from the clouds. The sack for Omaha will be thrown off at the Fort Crook landing field, and the other bags transferred from one machine to the next.

Beacons set every three miles along the route from Chicago to Cheyenne will make a pathway of light for the aerial postman. Emergency landing fields will be provided to safeguard them in case of engine trouble. Every trick known to modern aviation will be called into play for the successful operation of this astounding innovation.

Omaha occupies a proud place as the center of night flying. No other city in all the world has anything equal to this. The air lanes that are thus to be blazed give this city an immense advantage in what is but the beginning of a new era of transportation. The day—and the night—will yet come in which passengers hasten on their way along these aerial trails. Omaha should lose no opportunity to express its appreciation of this opportunity, and to co-operate with the forces at work for the encouragement of aerial navigation.

It is rather interesting now to read the comments of our democratic exchanges that a few months ago were declaring President Harding was sadly lacking in "backbone."

One hundred thousand Chicago families are changing their addresses in response to the spring impulse. Or, maybe, it's the bill collector.

Naming babies by radio may not become a general fashion, but it has some attractive features. Think of the range of choice it affords!

"Norm" Haggood is going to give Russia the once-over, but that is no sign it will modify his views to any extent.

It is comforting for a few of us to think that Warren G. was much the same kind of a kid we were.

Eye tests for motorists are being urged. At least, a driver ought to be able to see a pedestrian.

Stepping on the water in a lavatory evidently is a continuation of stepping on the gas in a car.

The canning season is on in Omaha again; only, the neighbors are canning the cans.

A day or two of real spring weather make up for a lot that were lost.

Jay walkers are as dangerous as fool drivers.

Homespun Verse

By Robert Worthington Davie

THE MURKY WORLD.

A shameful world, a cruel world, a world of strife and pain!
Each day we read of grime and greed and view them with disdain.
With awe and fear. What will we hear tomorrow, lest we face
Dispersion new to scent and strew our gardens with disgrace!
But bliss remains and faith retains its place upon the isle,
And virtue wends to noble ends, grows stronger all the while.
The Savior reigns, the hills and plains are yet untouched by grime,
An army white (the men of might) treads skyward all the time.
The hapless ones, the sordid sons and daughters yet will see
The banner furled above the world and follow gratefully;
The grief will wane, the shallow, vain behold the dawn of Right,
And meet, at length, the virtue, strength which lie beyond the night.

"The People's Voice"

Editorial from readers of The Morning Bee. Readers of The Morning Bee are invited to use this column for the expression on matters of public interest.

Queen of the Home.

Lexington, Mo.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Sometimes we tire of the jazz and rattle of life and long for those old fashioned true and sincere things.

There is always one person in whom we may look for quiet, peace and love. It is "mother."

When the whole world scorns us and laughs at us, there is one who weeps and who comforts us when our spirits are crushed and broken by the thoughtless, hurrying world, there is always one who can heal us. When we are ill there is one whose will will cure us. When we sink into the gutters of crime and shame there is one whose prayers follow us and finally lift us up again. It is "mother."

How much we owe her! A debt so great we can never repay even though we remain her devoted servant as long as she lives.

But for the love! How shameful! How true is the fact that so few of us ever remember that mother too needs love and comfort. How soon we forget her prayers for us!

Oh, how many mothers have died lonesome and sad because some son or daughter was too busy seeking pleasure to care for them.

Let us pay our debts to mother—when she is made queen of our lives—and only then will this world so full of crime be cured, and then homelife will be re-established. Sign the "Mother's Day" petition. Let us honor her as the future Joan of Arc of the world.

SCHOOL GIRL.

Solving the Sugar Problem. Council Bluffs.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: President Harding, through his attorney general, has resorted to the injunction method of "protecting" the public from the sugar trust.

The people of the United States are not interested in intricate legal processes, but they are interested in this sugar trust, which is estimated at more than a million dollars per day.

What they want is sugar without being held up by a cold-blooded band of thieves, and they do not care a rap for the paper "victories" over the sugar trust.

The injunction has been asked against the New York Coffee and Sugar exchange and the New York Coffee Clearing House association, both of which organizations are merely agents of the higher ups, the real sugar trust.

It is difficult to see what good can come from this injunction. The sugar trust is a political trust, and the sugar trust is a political trust.

The citizen who is demanding results in the way of lower sugar prices is not a radical, but a practical man.

Another move which the president is empowered to do, and this without waiting for any court process or act of any kind, is to reduce the price of sugar to 10 cents per cent.

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We Nominate For Nebraska's Hall of Fame.



REGINALD MILLS SILBY was born in London, 1884. He studied singing under Thomas Adams at 19 years of age. He commenced the study of piano after the death of his mother. At 19 he continued the study of singing under Monroe Davidson of the Guildhall School of Music. Then he studied harmony, counterpoint and orchestration under Henry Wardale, and conducting, choir training and organ under Sir Richard R. Terry. He played at many London Anglican churches and was chorister at St. Albans, Holborn; also at the Bromley and the choir of the Westminister cathedral. Professor of singing, London College of Music, 1903. Conductor of the Forest Choral and Orchestral society, 1902; conductor of the London County Council Musical society, 1904. He left England in 1909, to become lecturer and professor of the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., and became director of the choir of St. Patrick's church in Washington, 1909. While in Washington Mr. Silby gave several concerts, with choir and orchestra, for charitable purposes. He has composed over 200 works, consisting of organ music, songs, several pieces for orchestra and much church music, also patriotic songs during the late war. The art of solo singing and composition is his specialty.

A Book of Today

"Wolves of the Sea" is a modern pirate story as is a pirate story. A French convict transport proceeding on its way to Isle de Salut, with a company of such hardened criminals as the French courts send to that dreadful place of death in life, Cher-Bibi, most desperate and daring of all the group, organizes a mutiny, captures the vessel, puts those of its officers and men who survive the charge of revolt into the cages of the convicts, and sends a cry for help to the coast. A book of today, a step toward international peace keeping without the impairment of American sovereignty and national independence.

Must Start Anew.

Archaeological attention is now diverted from Yucatan, where a new statue of Chac-mool, the Tiger King of the Mayas, has been found in the ruins of Chichen-Itza. Those who had learned to pronounce the name of King Tutankhamun have a new task to keep up with the times.—Washington Star.

art in the world today." This is the assertion of Mr. Honore Sansonians in "Arts and Decoration" for May, 1922. He regards it as a great misfortune that we do not know how great is our present lead over Europe. It is an authentic fact that works of art created in Europe are no longer purchased by us as formerly, only because they bear the foreign mark.

The work of the American landscape school is distinctly American, differentiating from other nations in that it displays a thrilling joy in nature for its own sake and deals very frankly with American landscape. American artists used to go to Switzerland for scenery, to France for the picturesque and to Holland for atmosphere. Now they hold their own in our own land representing our own natural beauties.

American architecture is unparalleled. The New York water front is the most famous piece of architecture we possess. It is an American creation for America. The New York and Chicago skyscrapers are unique.

Our artists are breaking entirely away from foreign suggestion and are working exclusively along American lines and giving us an art distinctly American.

It is well that our people begin to appreciate more fully the free spirits of our writers and our artists whose work is the final test of the quality of our new society. E. S. R.

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"From State and Nation"

Editorials from other newspapers.

Wasted Energy.

From the Salt Lake Tribune. Experts have figured it out that a girl marathon runner who sticks to it for a 24-hour day performs an amount of physical work about equal to that of lifting a ton to twice the height of the Woolworth building or three times the altitude of the Washington monument in the same period of time. It is equivalent to lifting herself to a height of 3,000 feet or more greater than that of the highest mountain on earth.

A fast walker, taking 152 steps a minute, which is about the same as that of the modern dancer, raises his body about seven meters, or 23 feet a minute. Assuming the same for a light-weight dancer weighing 100 pounds and keeping at it for 24 hours, it may easily be figured that the lifting amounts to 1,350 feet an hour, or 33,120 feet a day. This is more than 2,000 feet higher than Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world. If the dancer weighed 100 pounds, the energy expended in this life would total 2,312,000 foot-pounds, or an equivalent to lifting one ton 1,656 feet, almost exactly three times the height of the Washington monument. For heavier dancers, the work expended would be proportionately more.

Not a Party Issue.

From the Washington Star. President Harding, in his address the other day, courageously challenged the opponents of the international court of justice to make it a party question, and his elucidation of the subject clearly proved that they and their followers have no ground for justification in a threatened split of the republican party. "I do not hold it a menace to the unity of any political party," declared the president. "It is not to be classed as a party question, but if any party, repeatedly advocating a world court, is to be rendered by the suggestion of an effort to perform in accordance with its pledges it needs a new appraisal of its assets."

The president is right. The republican leaders who apprehend a split do not correctly interpret the temper of the country, it is believed, and the president in this instance has keener instinct than the so-called "hard-boiled" politicians. There is nothing in the pending proposal that contravenes the spirit of the electorate when in 1920 it upheld the republican party's opposition to entry into the League of Nations by a majority of 7,000,000.

The situation next year may not be unlike that in 1896, when there were silver republicans and silver democrats, but the preponderance of sentiment was for sound money. The president proposes an objective which is believed the great mass of the people favor, a step toward international peace keeping without the impairment of American sovereignty and national independence.

It is pertinent to inquire of the threatened party splitters where would they go if they left the republican party; to the extreme Wilson League of Nations factions of the party? Or, if that faction does not control in the making of the demo-



cratic national platform, would they resort to a modified league plan? If the republican party does split over this question it will do itself to death by its own hand, as it did in 1912, and will deserve its fate.

Not Proper Way for the Navy.

From the Washington Star. Intimations come frequently from Washington nowadays that the navy is to be used to make American shore waters "dry" out to the three-mile limit. Such suggestions are repugnant to naval traditions and practices, and are naturally not looked upon kindly by Secretary Denby.

The navy is a military arm. It is not maintained to repress smuggling. Congress provided a special instrument for this purpose—the revenue cutter service, combined with the life-saving service in 1915 to form the coast guard. It has a fleet of its own. That fleet easily can be enlarged if necessary. Its work, which is non-military, ought not to be shifted to the navy—an organization of another character, requiring a personnel of different qualifications and training.

The coast guard is under the Treasury department. The revenue cutters are transferred to the control of the Navy department in time of war. But in time of peace they patrol the coasts and are charged, among other things, with preventing illegal entry of merchandise. They have done this sort of duty ever since the old revenue cutter service was instituted and are the proper agency to do it now.

Musical Rewards.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Does music pay? Some people will say it does, in full view of the \$500,000 intake of this season for Paderewski in America. This great pianist has not the technique he formerly commanded. You cannot be prime minister of Poland and Chopin, too. But he brings on the stage a commanding personality, and he is an epic figure of musical history. The thought of what he has been, as well as what he is, commands the homage and inspires the pilgrimage of the faithful. The rewards of the musician today far exceed even the profit which our fathers thought extravagant. Jeritza, it is said, has lately received \$4,500 for appearing in concert. Many singers and players were to come to "Dollar Land," and managers find it hard to persuade even those who are totally unknown in America that \$1,000—a favorite fee—is preposterous for an evening. America is now indoctrinated to expect the best music procurable, and the inferior sort is a drug on the market. Women's musical clubs the country over have done an unbelievable amount for the rising tide of popular appreciation. There are still mute, inglorious Mitons of art languishing unappreciated save by themselves. But any musician of merit, thanks to the rapid strides of public education, has a far better chance to come into his own than he had in any previous epoch.



Little Stories of Real Achievement

Seventy years—"three score and ten"—is the span of life of the town and city of Omaha.

For fifty-seven years of that period, The Omaha National Bank has watched and participated in this development.

It is and has been this bank's pride and pleasure to aid in every way the expansion of Nebraska's commerce and industry—the extension of Omaha's influence as the metropolis of its territory.

In a series of advertisements, one each week in this space, this bank will call attention to some of the PIONEERS who helped make Omaha. A later series will record the achievements of some of the city's commercial and industrial leaders today.

Capital and Surplus Two Million Dollars

The Omaha National Bank
Farnam at 17th St.