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REVIVING THE PONY EXPRESS.

# Plans are being made for a celebration in Sep-

tember that will give present day residents of the great west a notion of something the pioneers were familiar with. In these days of air mail, extra fare trains of luxurious equipment, and even fast freight trains that whisk along at 45 to 60 miles an hour, there is little memory of the Pony Express, that marked an epoch in its day.

Thousands are viewing the film play made from Emerson Hough's tale of the pioneer crossing of the plains and mountains from the river to Oregon. Other thousands have read Parkman's delightful story of a trip he made along the same route, and still others have been drawn to the vision by the exploits of Ezra Meeker and his ox team. In the fifties, following the rush of '49, months were required to cross the continent. Whether the route was around the Horn, by way of the isthmus, or overland, much time was required because of the great difficulties that impeded progress. Deep rivers, broad deserts, wild elements and wilder Indians, the perils of the deep sea and the unknown terror of the jungle all had to be confronted and overcome.

Therefore, when Russell, Wardell & Majors, in 1860, announced that an eight-day service from the Missouri river to the Golden Gate would be put into operation, it challenged the public as nothing had since the Morse telegraph and the railroad astonished the world. In April, 1860, the Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad reached its western end on the banks of the Missouri river, and on the third day of that month a pony bore a rider westward on the first trip of the Pony express. A similar rider left Sacramento at the same time, headed east. Thus was begun a service that deserves to be commemorated by something more substantial than a mere repetition, of the ride.

Names of famous riders are still recalled, but will become dimmer and dimmer each year unless something is done to perpetuate them. Until Lookout mountain dissolves, Buffalo Bill Cody's fame is secure, but who knows anything of "Pony Bob" Haslam, who made the record ride of 380 miles without rest to carry the mail through a stretch where the Indians had killed the riders who should have relieved him, and whose run on that occasion was beset with terrible danger? Or Johnny Fray, who made the first ride out of St. Joe, while Harry Hoff was coming on from Sacramento?

Those Pony express riders were heroes every one; they endured hardship, braved danger, and sacrificed life in the service of humanity, as truly as ever men did, and when the ride is repeated in September of the present year, it should be but the first step to setting up suitable memorials at the principal points along the route, to commemorate yer the boys who did so much and were so scancily rewarded.

### TO THE WATER.

Warmer days are on their way; knee deep in June means among other things that the old swimming hole will be one of the busiest places in the community, whether it be large or small. Swimming is not only an enjoyable, but a healthy sport as well. Nothing is more grateful than to feel the cool water clinging close around the body that slips easily and gracefully through the waves. Moderately indulged, it is beneficial in every fashion.

Boys do not take moderation into their calculations in this matter. The average youngster is amphibious during the hot months, that is if the facilities for swimming be within each reach. But the sport is not for boys alone. Little sister and big, the girls love the water, too, and modern manners concede them a full share. Father and mother ought to indulge as well as the children, for they need the joy as well as the comfort of the swimming hole.

The Omaha Bee has just published some good advice from an expert swimming instructor, the prinicpal one being that the plunge be not taken too soon after eating. Two hours at least should elapse between eating and swimming. Other points are with regard to conduct when in the water, and consist chiefly in insisting upon caution, whether one is a good swimmer or not. Safety first should be observed always.

Taken regularly and moderately, the swimming exercise is about the best form of summer sport. Some day Omaha will have more swimming pools, but for the present it is possible to get into the water under conditions that are almost ideal, and the crowds at the various beaches and pools on summer evenings and mornings testify the popularity of the sport.

## NEBRASKA IN THE ARTS.

Of a piece with the growing appreciation of Nebraska artists and authors is the proposal to hang an oil portrait of Willa Cather in the Omaha public library beside that of the poet, Neihardt. The series of "Hall of Fame" articles published in The Omaha Bee has called public attention to the presence of an unsuspected amount of creative ability in Nebraska. Almost unnoted there has sprung up a mighty force of writers, artists and musicians in

To them Miss Cather is an inspiration by reason of the success with which she has interpreted the life of this prairie region, faithfully but not flatteringly, sympathetically but not in blind approval. If the young writers of Nebraska allow themselves to be influenced by her example, and by the similar one of Neihardt, there will grow up here on the Great Plains a literary school as distinct as that of Indiana, and with more of the color of reality, sim-

ply dramatizing the life about us. Out of all this discussion of the achievements of Nebraska men and women in a literary way has grown the suggestion for a "Nebraska authors' week," in which schools, libraries and clubs would devote intensive attention to the work of the native writers. This is a good idea, to be held in mind

until the schools assemble again in the fall. Scattered as they are, in all parts of the state, It would be well also if some movement arose to bring these workers in the fields of the arts together, perhaps for an annual meeting or into some sort of guild. The Omaha Bes is willing to do what it can to this end, and awaits suggestions from the public, or from the artists themselves.

#### WHIRRING WHEELS.

No longer does the merry clink of the whetstone against the scythe blade arouse the sleepy countryside, nor does the cradle lay its swath neatly for the muscular binder. Instead the rattle and bang, the whir and clang of the self-binder smites the soft air of June, and until far along in August the army of the harvest field will march from Texas north into Canada. Already its phalanxes are gathering, and the charge is sounded. Bearded grain stands ready for the reaper, and brawny men of the type Hamlin Garland loved to tell about are carrying on the har-

Modern methods have taken most of the toil and about all of the romance out of the harvest. Still there is plenty of the one and some of the other. It is no longer a matter of pride to be able to "keep up station," for the machine does the binding, and the skill of twisting a handful of grain into a band to be wrapped around a bundle and tossed high in the air as the energetic youth or vigorous man followed the old-fashioned reaper is a lost art, even as the tempering of bronze is one of the ancient mysteries that balks the metallurgist

"Them were the days," when stalwart men, clad in gingham and jeans started at sunup and toiled till sundown, and sometimes later, if the moon served, to bring home the sheaves. No warrior ever went forth to more strenuous battle. It wasn't very far around a ten-acre lot, for example, but when that way was strewn every twenty or thirty feet with a bunch of loose wheat, that had to be picked up and tied into a neat and substantial sheaf; when the hottest of summer suns poured its fervent rays down on dust continually stirred; when wheat beards started to crawl down the inside of shirts open at the front-and how one of the darned things can crawl-that short journey seemed endless. When walked many times, and it had to be, it constituted a good day's work, even for the best of men.

It was softened by the jug of cold water, that lay hidden in the first shock set up at the end of the field, or maybe it was buttermilk (anything more potent was reserved until the day had ended), but it was grateful after the hot and dusty round. The man who could keep up a station in that field

All this has vanished, but the wheat fields are bigger and the call on the man is made in other ways. It is no job for weaklings, this work of providing the wheat to feed the world.

#### FAMOUS BY FICTION ONLY.

An interesting note of real history and several volumes of low grade fiction attach to the name of Pocahontas, Indian princess, for whose bones diligent search is being made at Gravesend, England. In 1612 she entered the field of international politics, being kidnaped that year by English settlers at Jamestown and held as hostage for the settlement of certain disputes with her people, principally over corn alleged to have been stolen by the Indians. In 1613 she was converted to Christianity, don and at Cambridge and the plot and in 1617 she was taken to England, where she was exhibited as the "daughter of an American king," and received with honors at the court. Later she was married to John Rolfe, "gentleman," to whom she bore several children, and finally died and was buried at Gravesend, as the old church register there discloses.

Shortly after his return to England Captain John Smith added to his wonderful series of adventures a chapter in which he related the well known tale of how Pocahontas once saved his life, by interposing her own head to receive the blow of the executioner's bludgeon, and pleading with the mighty Smith would have made a first rate writer for the yellow press of today, for he chronicled so many interesting and even thrilling adventures that never to remove him from the temptation of the others. Right here is where took place. Among them was the Pocahontas incident. Modern research has made clear that the energetic captain, who did visit many strange countries, as was among the earliest at Jamestown, never was in danger of his life from the Indians there. Thus does cold historic truth put a damper on a very pretty story, which will doubtless continue to himself from spiritual shipwreck. live with many other interesting bits of fiction and legend woven about those dear old days.

Marquis Curzon, foreign secretary in the British imperial cabinet, says the search is ghoulfsh; Edward Page Gaston, American archaeologist, says if an army officer to desert his post of the bones are found and properly enshrined, they duty following combat with one suwill form another link between the two countries. We do not follow his line of argument. If Pocahontas is to form any deeper attachment between England and America, it will be as certain if she is allowed to sleep where she was laid with the full rites of the church, after she had succumbed to what nowadays is termed tuberculosis.

However, when it is recalled that a few years ago a considerable part of Paris was turned up to ly certain New England ways of livfind the bones of John Paul Jones, and more recently the slumber of Tut-Ank-Amen has been rudely disturbed, folks will wonder why it is ghoulish to search for Pocahontas. Messing around the old is the first article of faith instilled graveyard where she was buried three centuries ago, disturbing a lot of unidentified dead, may warrant, the remark of the foreign secretary. To the modulation between the remark of the foreign secretary. To the modulation between the remark of the foreign secretary. To the modulation between the remark of the foreign secretary. To the modulation between the remark of the foreign secretary. ern mind another thought will come. It is couched in the suppositious speech of Chief Logan, to the officer representing Sir William Johnston at Fort is the most important one. Around Putf, and is familiar to all students of the old-time things all the other economic prob-Pitt, and is familiar to all students of the old-time school readers: "Who is there to mourn for Logan ter of interest and the bone of control of Not one."

The Powhattan-Pocahontas-Rolfe family is no tention in almost every industry. "The Control of Wages," by Walton Hamilton and Stacy Macy, is a

longer important; why not let the mouldering bones brilliant and brief discussion of the of this Indian girl, whose fate was none too happy, question. These economists break up rest until that day when sea and earth give up their

Scrapping the old geographies ought to make lessons easier for the children. Arithmetic is something that never varies, for two and two always make four, but the face of the earth, strange to say, is in a constant state of flux.

they should have, would like the job of deciding it all according to his personal tastes. Carl Gray will finance a float for the Ak-Sar-Ben pageant, depicting Abraham Lincoln, standing on a

bluff across the river, peering westward. Probably

looking for the Omaha union depot.

A letter from the president to the professor of agriculture at the Minnesota university endorses rigid economy. Most are practicng it.

Accidents, such as that in Council Bluffs, "may happen," and they also may be avoided by using safety appliances.

A new geyser, spouting clear water, has broken loose in Yellowstone park, probably to offset Shelby.

# We Nominate----

For Nebraska's Hall of Fame.



TRS. MARTIN HARRIS Was born and raised in Syracuse, N. as her home. As Miss Allena Kanka comedy, "Just Boys," produced in New York and Chicago in the fall of Sen York and York comedy, "Just Boys," produced in New York and Chicago in the fall of later "Jennie Comes Marching Home a war play inspired by the plains of Nobraska, was produced at the Brandois theater by the Mintern Stock company for Red Cross benefit. Two other plays are now in the hands of eastern producers for vaudeville use.

## Books of Today

Robert Keable, author of "Simon Called Peter." treads on some dangerous theological ground in "Peradven- his Maker and finds inspiration to or "The Silence of God." his latest book. Scenes are laid in Lonchiefly concerns the struggles of Paul ing to do so, we shall forfeit our Kestern, son of an Episcopalian greatest opportunity for clergyman and himself destined for moral and spiriual renewal. the ministry, in the throes of first ontact with logical principles of other He enters college, rdent in the Christian faith in which he has been instructed and intensely enthusiastic for the life of sacrifice to the church which his father has taught him is the subline pinnacle of ill human endeavor. To his amazewho are accomplishing much good in the world have other beliefs—even hat of Roman Catholicism which he has been reared in particular to

From then on, the book is a chronide of Paul's wanderings in the labyrinth of denominational beliefs in search of some creed strong enough some wavering creatures might find a lot of dangerous ground, so justly does the author deal with the con-flicting doctrines of Christianity. One cannot fail to sympathize with Paul in his agony, however he may deplore his inability to discover the meaning until almost too late to save

"Tom Akerley," written by Capt. Theodore Goodrich Roberts, has just been published by The Page Co., Boson, Mass. It is a story woven about an unusual circumstance, which leads perior in rank.

The book is interesting as a narrative, and touches simply but com prehensively upon realism, and seems truly suggestive of the vast Canadian semi-wilderness with which it deals.

"Family," by Wayland Wells Williams, is a New England novel and, greater yet, essentially an American novel. "Family" portrays unflinching ing and thinking.

In the New England town of Wortley there is but one family. Others have money, some have position, but

and attempt to point the way to a and attempt to point the way to a better and more scientific policy. They repudiate the old position that wages cannot be controlled and indicate that they are at present regulated both by persons and circumstances. The problem is not simple. It takes one into various phases of our present industrial scene. The authors do not pretend to give a solution, but they lead us onward out of Presumably the gentleman who says what is to Control of Wages" can be recon be considered is not what the people want, but what who are facing difficulties because of

#### NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION for MAY, 1923, of

disagreements concerning wages.

THE OMAHA BEE Daily ..... 73,181 Sunday ..... 80,206 Does not include returns, left-overs, samples or papers spoiled in printing and includes no special sales.

B. BREWER, Gen. Mgr. V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr. Subscribed and aworn to before me this 2d day of June, 1923. W. H. QUIVEY, (Seal) Notary Public

## The Sand Hills

This is the sand hill country, Where the prairie chickens whirr.

The land of the cactus burr.

With blowouts-pits where the lizard And rattlesnakes strike and stirr. This is the sand hill country. It was formed from an ocean floor At the Rockies' birth when the crust of earth Was crumpled, and the core

Of liquid fire pushed high and highe Till it reached to Heaven's door; When Fire and Earth and Ocean Like Titans were engaged With waves so high that the very sky Was stricken and enraged: And the sun was hid by a smoky lid Where the flame its battle waged.

The cry of the broken world's thunder der Came out of the cataclysm.

And the ash and flame and steam be came Like an infinite rainbow's prism And the world's hot heart was torn apart Underneath the vast abysm

Till the sea was beaten and humbled And fled with a baffled roar In a tidal wave—nevermore to lave The land it had swept before: Back from the mountains it hurled And the lowly and meek attained th its fountains And back from this sandy shore!

At South Side Christian church

L. A. Brumbaugh, pastor, will preach this morning on "Our Use

of the Lord's Day," as follows:

With the coming of the summer

months, an old problem becomes

Lord's day? A realization of its pur-

Rest from our regular duties gives

an opportunity to promote our own and the welfare of our fellowmen.

Part of the day may in some instances

be spent in recreation. Some will take

portion of the day to enjoy the beautiful in nature. The day will af-

ford time for the cultivation of friend-

ships and the strengthening of the

good literature or listening to edifying

should be the experience of real wor-

ove and serve his fellowmen. Fol-

Rev. Arthur Atack, pastor of Hanseom Park Methodist church,

will preach on the problems of the child today, in part as follows:

In many of our churches this day is

Children's day, a day set apart pre

eminently for the children, and also

that, looking at childhood, we may

ing potentiality. Blessed are we as a

nation if we have sense enough to

put "the child in the midst" as did the Man of Nazareth in teaching His

knows the potential strength of its

eople which maketh its supreme task

the guiding and guarding, the shaping

do with our children today our chil-

dren will do tomorrow to America and

ur civilization.
What is the standard of value in

s not in your great markets, is not in press your great professional men: Omaha,

gold or silver, or wisdom, or fame,

out that childhood with its wondrous

eauty and its potential strength, was

hildhood, and thrice blessed that

opportunity for physical,

poken messages. For all men there

And green the grasses grow, Where the coyote wails from the hills And horses graze in the summer days and swales—
On the hills and the vales below: Toy rivers run 'neath the summ

By a town through the meadow

But even some fifty years ago Twas a very different land. For even then, say the ploneer n The hills were but shifting sand. In sand-storms' loom as in Ocean

But a flowering, silver strand. When the clouds of the carthquake

Then the sun rained down his fire And the sand grew dry 'neath a bur ing sky And wailed to a wind-swept lyre, Till the sand-storm came and veiled

Of the sun-god's pitiless ire. High into hills like silver, Down into blowouts deep Winds many-fingered never lingered

the flame

Out of Today's Sermons

But with a mighty sweep Fashioned the hills where the silvery Of sand no form would keep;

For the hills were shifting, turning In a ceaseless ebb and flow

home, the church, the school, the gov-

ernment and the press, and the great-

characterized those old-time homes.

The home ought still to be the center

ure mad and business crazy age what the real standard of value is. The

church has its place, the school has

its place, the government has its place, and so does the press, but

I may not agree about dogmas

so forth, but I think we are agreed

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' se-

They, round the ingle, form a circle

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal

The big ha' Bible, ance his father's

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside.

His lyart temples wearing thin and

Those strains that once did sweet

He finds a portion with judicious

And 'Let us worship God,' he says

From scenes like these old Scotla's

cottage leaves the palace far behind."

Surely he is right; and well for us it

ized society. Old Scotia of Burns' day did not have the flickering film, the ubiquitous automobile, and the omni-present press, but these we have in

ents in the training of childhood, but

ment and press may fall to give thes

Gaseous Campaign.

Like helium, which is crowding out

That makes her loved at home, re-

ing and teaching of children.

and creeds,

rious face

pride:

bare:

Zion glide.

with solemn air.

lowing this procedure, we shall be in this—that old Robbie Burns spake rested, encouraged and strengthened a truth that holds today when, in

the Kingdom of God? Wealth? Not And no more ought it to be in our carthly kingdom. Not all the wealth of all the land can compare to the fabulous wealth of childhood, Omaha, your real wealth is not in your banks, is not in your great markets.

your vital values are in childhood, and the great question is, "What are

you doing with it? These children of today are the men and women of to-

How much we need to learn this through church and school, govern

The disciples of the Gallilean, as we, fine qualities of soul that make for the

were slow to learn that lesson. So He took a child and set him in their midst, and then His text of human life preached that dynamic truth that "of such was the Kingdom, and that the real standard of value was not so that way reversels".

the standard by which men in all hydrogen in the balloon trade, a pro-time should reckon the values of life." league of nations campaign at this How best can we meet that chal-time is a gas lighter than air and.

lenging note of the far-reaching truth? at the same time, perfectly harmless
Our modern civilization is so com-

the real standard of value was not go that way yourself."

for our duties in the new week. Fail- picturing the old Scotch home:

of the training of childhood. We are

And the mighty were laid tow . .

Now the hills are covered with cattle | Thus ages passed before at last

But the south wind brought the dus To mix with the desert sand And carried the seeds of the desert

weeds. Cactus and sage, in his hands; And the rain and snow were like life These made the sand-hill land.

Then man came into the sand hills And the deer before him fled; The sod house shakes when the zard breaks Or the wind shrieks overhead: Yet the wild red rose mid the bunch

grass grows

And the cattle are sleekly fed. I think that the great Creator Spoke in the earthquake's tone: In the lava flame and the wind He

came
To the desert still and lone: In the flower seed and the grass and

We see His work alone He has lifted the bed of Ocean Which man had never seen: From dead white sand He formed a That glitters with new-made sheen.

Is His labor done? It is just begun. In these hills of the half-starved green! -William Earl Hill in

and Atom Dances.

# Daily Prayer

lplex. Probably the five great forces of our modern civilization are the Gracious Father in Heaven, admit est of these is the home. But how lamentably many of our modern in spirit and in truth. American homes fail to measure up

acute. How shall we spend the to this, its supreme task. It seems that Thou art, and for all that Thou sometimes as though we will have to pose should guide us in our use of it. alter that old-fashioned motto we saw Especially do we thank Thee for our hast done for us and our fellowmen.

house a home, and which, whatever ing us from all wrongdoing, and diweaknesses there might have been. ecting us into paths of truth and

Guard us in those points of our better.-Keith County News. characters that are most weak. Keep us from vanity and pride, from evil The Help us to love Thee with all our a long while ago .- Fairbury News. other. Aid us as we try to serve Thee by ministering to our fellowmen. arriching the mind through reading what it ought to be unless our homes Thee in Heaven, through our Savior, take their rightful place in the train- | Christ.

You JESSE THOMPSON WHITLET, D. D.,

On the Nebraska Press

ter Sun.

The New York American puts it up quite pertinently when it says that we helped France in the she said she owed us a debt which she never could pay, and it begins to look as if she meant it.-Hastings

LISTENING IN

Tribune. The Saturday night pay check which used to be divided between the butcher, the baker and the grocery man now goes to the garage man and the filling station proprietor.-Clay Cen-

Mr. Bryan declares that wealth is disease. Still-don't worry! Either 99 out of 100 men in the United States are absolutely immune by nature or Grand Island Independent.

Nebraska state university students put on a "shirt tail" parade one eve ning recently and took over the town for the time that the demonstration and considerable of it would not pass in an old-time mining camp. latter part can be dispensed with. Men and boys can have their fun and still be gentlemen.-Kearney Hub.

With fear and anxiety people all over the world read about the cap-ture of foreigners in China and the holding in captivity. Clamor about the undisturbed attitude of our government are heard throughout country. The same people who are ready to send an army into China are lobbyist to keep congress from pass-ing a federal anti-lynching bill. Over 1,500 negroes have been mobbed in this country in the 20th century, almost 50 have been burned alive since the armistice. In Florida state senus as a family into the secret of Thy ators are defending in sweet southern presence, that we may worship Thee voices the whipping of convicts, & repudiated. We speak about the rights and duties of civilized nations, how about cleaning up first?-Grand Island Independent.

> Optimists blow the horn of plenty, while pessimists come out at the little end of the horn.-Plattsmouth Journal.

One of the favorable signs of the times is the fact that a great many roung men who 'positions" are now taking cause they pay better and the pros-pects for future advancement are

The birds that sing "cheap, cheap," certainly must have learned the song

No young buck of today could be half as devilish as his dad used to think himself when he cocked his derby over his ear, stuck a cheroot in the corner of his mouth and posed for the fellow who operated the photograph gallery .- Clay Center Sun.

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