

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY
THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publishers.
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REVIVING THE PONY EXPRESS.
Plans are being made for a celebration in September that will give present day residents of the great west a notion of something the pioneers were familiar with.

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.

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.

Names of famous riders are still recalled, but will become dimmer and dimmer each year unless something is done to perpetuate them.

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 the boys who did so much and were so scantily 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.

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.

The Omaha Bee has just published some good advice from an expert swimming instructor, the principal one being that the plunge be not taken too soon after eating.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

WHIRRING WHEELS.

No longer does the merry clink of the whetstone against the scythe blade sound the sleepy country-side, nor does the cradle lay its swath neatly for the muscular binder. Instead the rattle and bang, the whirl 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.

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 of today.

"There 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 vent 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 beads 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.

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.

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 blade, and pleading with the mighty Powhatan to spare the white man's life.

Marquis Curzon, foreign secretary in the British imperial cabinet, says the search is ghoulish; Edward Page Gaston, American archaeologist, says if the bones are found and properly enshrined, they will form another link between the two countries.

However, when it is recalled that a few years ago a considerable part of Paris was turned up to find 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.

The Powhatan-Pocahontas-Rolle family is no longer important; why not let the moldering bones of this Indian girl, whose fate was none too happy, rest until that day when sea and earth give up their dead?

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.

Presumably the gentleman who says what is to be considered is not what the people want, but what 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 practicing it.

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

We Nominate---
For Nebraska's Hall of Fame.



MRS. MARTIN HARRIS was born and raised in Syracuse, N. Y., but now claims Nebraska as her home. As Miss Allena Kanka she was co-author of an American comedy, "Just Boys," produced in New York and Chicago in the fall of 1915; was married to Martin Harris of Omaha the same year, and has since lived in Omaha. She has written five one-act plays during this period, two of which were Press club prize plays and were produced in Omaha. "The Upper Crust" was played at the Blackstone, and a year later "Jennie Comes Marching Home," a war play inspired by the plains of Nebraska, was produced at the Brandeis theater by the Minter Stock company for Red Cross benefit. Two other plays are now in the hands of eastern producers for vaudeville use.

Books of Today

"PRELUDE," by Robert Keable, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Robert Keable, author of "Simon Called Peter," reads on some dangerous theological ground in "Prelude" or "The Silence of God," his latest book. Scenes are laid in London and at Cambridge and the plot chiefly concerns the struggles of Paul Keaton, son of an Episcopalian clergyman and himself destined for the ministry, in the throes of first contact with logical principles of other creeds.

From then on, the book is a chronicle of Paul's wanderings in the labyrinth of denominational beliefs in search of some creed strong enough to renounce him from the occupation of the others. Right here is where some wavering creatures might find a lot of dangerous ground, so justly does the author deal with the fleeing doctrine of Christianity. One cannot fail to sympathize with Paul in his agony, however he may deplore his inability to discover the meaning of life until almost too late to save himself from spiritual shipwreck.

"Tom Akerley," written by Capt. Theodore Goodrich Roberts, has just been published by The Page Co., Boston, Mass. It is a story woven about an unusual circumstance, which leads an army officer to desert his post of duty following combat with one superior in rank.

"Family," by Wayland Wells Williams, is a New England novel and a greater yet, essentially an American novel. "Family" portrays unflinchingly certain New England ways of living and thinking.

In the New England town of Waverley there is but one family. Others have money, some have position, but only the Deeres have family. This is the first article of faith instilled into Nathan Deere by his grand father; the second is that he must, as a matter of course, become a lawyer. Published by Stokes.

To most men and women in this industrial society the problem of wages is the most important one. Around it hinges all the other economic problems which face them. It is the center of interest and the bone of contention in almost every industry.

"The Control of Wages," by Walton Hamilton and Stacy Macy, is a brilliant and brief discussion of the question. These economists break up the problem into its constituent parts 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 not by persons and circumstances, but by the market.

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B. BREWER, Gen. Mgr. V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24 day of June, 1923. W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public

The Sand Hills

This is the sand hill country. Where the prairie chickens whirl. Where the coyote wails from the hills and swales— On the hills and the vales below; Toy rivers run 'neath the summer sun By a town through the meadows' glow. But even some fifty years ago 'Twas a very different land, For even then, say the pioneer men, The hills were but shifting sand. Winds many-fingered never lingered In the storms' loom as in Ocean's womb But a flowering, silver strand. When the clouds of the earthquake vanished, Then the sun rained down his fire And the sand grew dry 'neath a burning sky And walled to a wind-swept lyre. Till the sand-storm came and veiled the sun Of the sun-god's pitiless ire. High into hills like liver, Down into blowouts deep, Winds many-fingered never lingered But with a mighty sweep Fashioned the hills where the silvery hills Of sand no form would keep: For the hills were shifting, turning In a ceaseless ebb and flow, And the lowly and meek attained the peak And the mighty were laid low...

Out of Today's Sermons

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 acute. How shall we spend the Lord's day? A realization of its purpose should guide us in our use of it. As Christians we should wish to know the attitude of Jesus in this matter. He regarded the Sabbath as subservient to the needs of men. It was a day for doing good; a time when men should be made whole in every way. Hence, in our conduct upon the Lord's day we must be mindful of the higher human interests.

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 a portion of the day to enjoy the beautiful in nature. The day will afford time for the cultivation of friendships and the strengthening of the family ties. It will give leisure for enriching the mind through reading good literature or listening to edifying sermons. For all men there should be the experience of real worship in which man communes with his Maker and finds inspiration to lead a better life. Following this procedure, we shall be rested, encouraged and strengthened for our duties in the new week. Failing to do so, we shall forfeit our greatest opportunity for physical, moral and spiritual renewal.

Rev. Arthur Atack, pastor of Hanson Park Methodist church, will preach on "The Problem of the child today, in part as follows: In many of our churches this day is Children's day, a day set apart prominently for the children, and also that, looking at childhood, we may see its wondrous beauty and its amazing potentialities. 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 disciples. Blessed is that nation that knows the potential strength of its childhood, and thrice blessed that people which maketh its supreme task the guiding and guarding, the shaping and saving of childhood—for what we do with our children today our children will do tomorrow to America and our civilization.

What is the standard of value in the Kingdom of God? Wealth? Not at all. 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 disciples. Blessed is that nation that knows the potential strength of its childhood, and thrice blessed that people which maketh its supreme task the guiding and guarding, the shaping and saving of childhood—for what we do with our children today our children will do tomorrow to America and our civilization.

How much we need to learn this lesson! The disciples of the Galilean, as we were slow to learn that lesson. So He took a child and set him in their midst, and then, in the best of human life preached that dynamic truth that "of such was the Kingdom, and that the real standard of value was not gold or silver, or wisdom, or fame, but that childhood with its wondrous beauty and its potential strength, was the standard by which men in all time should reckon the values of life."

How best can we meet that challenging note of the far-reaching truth? Our modern civilization is so complex. Probably the five great forces of our modern civilization are the home, the church, the school, the government and the press, and the greatest of these is the home. But how lamentably many of our modern American homes fail to measure up to this, its supreme task. It seems sometimes as though we will have to alter that old-fashioned motto we saw in the homes of our fathers which read "God Bless Our Home," and make it "God Bless Our Flat." We are very fond of poking fun at the Puritanic notions of those who gave us the fine heritage of today, but a big dose of those fine graces and sturdy soul qualities which make a house a home, and which, whatever weaknesses there might have been, characterized those old-time homes. The home ought still to be the center of the training of childhood. We are in danger of forgetting in this pleasure 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, but America's childhood can never take it ought to be unless our homes take their rightful place in the training and teaching of children. You and I may not agree about dogmas and creeds, but we are agreed in this—that old Robble Burns spake a truth that holds today when, in picturing the old Scotch home: "The cheerful supper done, w' serene face, They round the ingle, form a circle w' wine; The sire turns o'er, w' patriarchal grace The big 'n' Bible, ance his father's pride; His bonnet reverently is laid aside, His lyart tresses wearing thin and bare; Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide, He finds a portion with judicious care; And 'Let us worship God,' he says with solemn air; Then it is that Burns says: "From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs, That makes her loved at home, revered abroad: The cottage leaves the palace far behind."

Gasous Campaign. Like helium, which is crowding out hydrogen in the balloon trade, a pro-league of nations campaign at this time is a gas lighter than air and, at the same time, perfectly harmless.—Toledo Blade.

LISTENING IN On the Nebraska Press

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

Mr. Bryan declares that wealth is a disease. Still—don't worry! Either 49 out of 100 men in the United States are absolutely immune by nature or the disease isn't at all contagious.—Grand Island Independent.

Nebraska state university students put on a "shirt tail" parade one evening recently and took over the town for the time that the demonstration lasted. Part of the show was fun and considerable of it would not pass in an old-time mining camp. The 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 capture of foreigners in China and the holding in captivity. Clamor about the undisturbed attitude of our government are heard throughout the country. The same people who are ready to send an army into China are almost ready to pay a high price to a lobbyist to keep congress from passing 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 senators are defending in sweet southern voices the whipping of convicts, a condition which Argentina and Japan 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.—Plattsburgh Journal.

One of the favorable signs of the times is the fact that a great many young men who formerly sought "positions" are now taking "jobs" because they pay better and the prospects for future advancement are better.—Keith County News.

The birds that sing "cheap, cheap," certainly must have learned the song a long while ago.—Fairbury News.

No young buck of today could be half as devilish as his dad used to be when he cocked his cheek in the corner of his mouth and posed for the fellow who operated the photograph gallery.—Clay Center Sun.



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