

THE MORNING BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

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FARMING MUST PAY.

With high freight rates, high interest, high taxes and high labor costs, the American farmer is at a disadvantage the moment he tries to compete with the peons of Argentina, the rrots of India or the mujiks of Russia. Those do the farmer a disservice who hold out to him the illusion of profitable competition in the world market. Exports of American farm products are heavier now than before the war, yet this has not increased the price received by the producers.

Senator Capper, who represents the agricultural state of Kansas, declares that America can not raise a huge surplus of wheat in competition with cheap foreign labor and get fair prices for it. He says the acreage must be reduced. Every other line of production has adjusted its production to the probable profitable demand, but agriculture has been taught to believe that large yields are equivalent to prosperity. The error has arisen from the belief that the gross selling value of farm products represents new wealth. As a matter of truth the only new wealth that comes out of the fields is the difference between what it costs to raise the products and what they sell for.

"Present indications," says Wallace's Farmer, "are that unprofitable hog prices will continue throughout the greater part of 1924." That prediction is based on the opinion that more pork is being produced than there is a profitable demand for. Senator Capper estimates that wheat is selling about 50 cents a bushel below the cost of production. If actually there is an overproduction, no hastily devised system of co-operative marketing, intermediate credit or warehousing can give the farmer relief. He can only obtain a fair price by adjusting his production to the estimated demand. The problem, then, is not one of raising the largest possible crop, but raising an adequate crop at the least possible expense.

The mortgage indebtedness of the American farmers is approximately \$7,000,000,000. The floating debt and bank loans of farmers are estimated by the Department of Commerce at \$3,500,000,000. The total exceeds the amount owed to the United States by the governments of Europe. If France, Italy and the rest of the foreign nations feel that they are in pretty deep, what shall be said of the farmer?

Nevertheless there is hope. The American farmer is indomitable. He has never been a peasant, nor is he willing to be reduced in the social scale by lack of reward for his services. He is going to find a way to make agriculture pay. The foreign market is never going to provide that opportunity. Those branches of agriculture are best off today that produce for the home market. In the course of time, with the increase in city population, it will be all the farmers can do to feed America. But before that condition arrives something must be done. The plain fact seems to be that the action is up to the farmer, but he may be assured that he has the support of all lines of business. It could not be otherwise, for the prosperity of America depends on the welfare of the basic industry of agriculture.

LIMITS OF MENTAL GROWTH.

To each nature awards different gifts. It is for us to discover and develop them. Special abilities and disabilities must be taken into larger account in the process of education. It is futile to attempt to cast all minds in the same mold.

"Every human being born into the world has the potentiality to develop to certain degree and no farther," says Dr. H. H. Goddard, an authority on child nature. He is referring mainly to mental ability. It is rather a new view that beyond a certain limit it is useless to attempt to impart knowledge to some individuals. Americans have always liked to believe that, given the opportunity, every man could become as expert as any other. This we know is not true in the mechanical trades; many men have absolutely no engineering or mathematical ability. Artists are, as a rule, notoriously poor business men, and few business men shine at writing poems or painting pictures. Furthermore, it is doubtful if any system of teaching could impart these traits. Millions of dollars are wasted every year in giving music lessons to children who have no sense of harmony.

If what Dr. Goddard maintains is true, there are many young people who attend college who gain nothing from contact with higher education, and who would be more usefully employed in other ways. It may also be true that there are some children in high school who would be better fitted for life if put to some work for which they have an aptitude. It is not out of perversity or wilful inattention that some children fail in their studies, but simply because their brain pan is not shaped in that direction.

And yet it is beyond the powers of any scientist or educator to select the ones who are best fitted for thinking. The opportunity must be open to all who wish to take it. People are not to be sorted out, indexed and card catalogued as to their particular role in life by any so-called scientific test. The most that can be done is to provide suitable channels through which each child may make his way according to his taste and ability. There is a dignity and worth in every soul that is not dependent upon the amount of book learning that is stored up in the mind.

It will be right nice of them if they will only get the prize fights all settled in time to let the American people have the fine fall days and nights to attend to some simple matters like the railroad problem, the world court and a few other things.

What piques an outsider's interest is to know how they distinguish fake from genuine buying orders on Wall street.

Mussolini is showing the boys what a real dictator looks like. He has just put a muzzle on the Italian newspapers.

Argentine also produces pugilists as well as other things to compete for Yankee custom.

FRANCE ON THE RHINE.

Development of science and industry have made the Ruhr region the richest prize in Europe. It could not be otherwise than a temptation to the French statesmen to seize and keep control of this region. Even during the darkest days of the world war French imperialists preached the gospel of annexation. The Rhineland has for centuries been the French desire for safety and for conquest.

Mark Sullivan may point out that Poincaré and Baldwin are suffering from nervous strain and ascribe General Degoutte's occupation policy to his lack of fresh air and exercise, together with illness in his family, but he would admit that there are deeper forces at work than these in the European situation. Many times since the 13th century one flag has been pulled down and another hoisted along the Rhine. It may even be true that the people themselves do not take the matter of nationality so seriously as do Americans, but certainly they have no cause to revere the French. Back in the 17th century, during the wars of Louis XIV, the southern German provinces known as the Palatinate were devastated by the French after they found out they could not hold them. Lord Macaulay, in his "History of England," gives the picture:

"Duras received orders to turn one of the fairest regions of Europe into wilderness. Fifteen years had elapsed since Turenne had ravaged part of that fine country. But the ravages committed by Turenne, though they have left a deep stain on his glory, were mere sport in comparison with the horrors of this second devastation. The French commander announced to near half a million of human beings that he granted them three days of grace, and that, within that time, they must shift for themselves. Soon the roads and fields, which then lay deep in snow, were blackened by innumerable multitudes of men, women and children flying from their homes. Many died of cold and hunger; but enough survived to fill the streets of all the cities of Europe with lean and squall beggars, who had once been thriving farmers and shopkeepers. Meanwhile the work of destruction began. The flames went up from every marketplace, every hamlet, every parish church, every country seat, within the devoured provinces. The fields where the corn had been sown were plowed up. The orchards were hewn down. No promise of a harvest was left on the fertile plains near what had once been Frankenthal. Not a vine, not an almond tree, was to be seen on the slope of the sunny hills round what had once been Heidelberg. No respect was shown to palaces, to temples, to monasteries, to infirmaries, to beautiful works of art, to monuments of the illustrious dead. The far-famed castle of the Elector Palatine was turned into a heap of ruins. The adjoining hospital was sacked. The provisions, the medicines, the pallets on which the sick lay were destroyed. The very stones of which Mannheim had been built were flung into the Rhine."

Another armed march into Germany has come now. Doubtless the attitude of the French has been influenced by Bismarck's unjust annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, but this alternation of revenge must stop some day. Just as France's lost provinces guaranteed a new war, so would the theft of other territory from Germany sow seeds of further conflict. In the interest of justice, of peace and of humanity, of this generation and of those to come, it is to be hoped that French statesmanship will revise its historic policy on the Rhine.

YES, WE HAVE NO GOLDFISH.

Divorce has been practiced among all races in every clime and country and all ages of human history. Many interesting volumes have been written around the institution of marriage, and not all the varying theories of sociologists are entirely to man's credit with respect to his motives for the sanctity of the vow. Singular customs are recorded, from the simple expedient of merely kicking an offending wife out of doors to the elaborate procedure of the modern courts.

In some societies it is considered good form to require the discarded or disposed wife to wait as servant on the new. This gives the husband a distinct advantage. He may continue to have a new feature into American divorce. She must have carefully conned history and romance as well pleasure of the cookery and other attentions he has become accustomed to, and at the same time enjoy the society of a bride whose charms still attract.

It remained for Marjorie Rambeau to introduce to get on track of a novel symbol, but she struck one finally. She simply passed a bowl of goldfish across the table to her husband, and he accepted it as a sign that all was over between them.

Marriage ties that sit so lightly may as well be dissolved by a bowl of goldfish as by the most patiently corrosive of acids. Yet we doubt not that Marjorie will be required to go through certain formalities in court before she is permitted to set up another fish bowl as a "Mizpah" with another husband. Nor is the great institution of marriage menaced in any substantial sense because some people are so foolish. Incense will still ascend from millions of altars on which loving hearts have laid their hopes, and little bits of humanity will gurgle and coo at parents proud and happy because their lives have truly merged into one, and goldfish bowls will be tolerated only as swimming pools for silly fish.

Well, suppose Grant Shumway did use the state's time and the state's stationery, and the state's stamps to invite Brother Charley to attend a party in honor of Brother Bill—could he have made better use of the time, the stationery and the stamp?

Twenty-one L. W. W. agitators at Los Angeles prefer state's prison to renunciation of their views. Thus does the list of martyrs grow.

Dope mixers down at Lincoln are fixing some fine tickets for next year, but the voters may yet decide the nominations.

Each evening when the stars are out I light my pipe and dream. I hear the hoot owls weirdly shout. I see those stars gleam.

From my retreat I gaze afar And in the puffs of smoke—

I view the things that sacred are,

I see the elm and oak;

Within the gloaming straight they stand Against a quiet sky.

Their boughs reach out to shake your hand If you are passing by.

I hear the whippoorwill's clear call From my secluded dell.

And I am happy with it all— More so than I can tell.

I hear the coyote crying out Somewhere along the way—I shudder at his gruesome shout,

But still my heart is gay.

I puff my pipe and deeply gaze Into the space of night.

And dream of the exquisite days Long lost in rapid flight.

What piques an outsider's interest is to know how they distinguish fake from genuine buying orders on Wall street.

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The Omaha Morning Bee: Saturday, July 14, 1923

"The People's Voice"

Editorials from readers of The Omaha Bee. Readers of The Omaha Bee are invited to use this column freely for expression on matters of public interest.

Supports Idea of Poets' Club.

Hastings, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The suggestion The Omaha Bee has made and is widely discussing of forming a poets' club or writers' club for Nebraska, the mid-West, seems a good and potent one. Why not? Nebraska has much to be proud of and could start with colors flying. That phrase, "The Great Plains Guild of Writers and Authors," sounds like a march to victory. In literature Nebraska is bearing good fruitage. With her writers—seekers after soul's growth—banded together it might prove a ribbon of light radiating in all directions.

Living in the Omaha Bee, I have often thought, a great purpose, one grows toward it. This spirit, working in fellowship, might and ought to find new growth, new strength and beauty in that fellowship, when it has no fetters, but only the helping reach outward and upward; and sometimes co-operation proves an efficient energizer.

Our great Nebraska is in itself a rich, a fertile field for the poet or the novelist. We only need to think and dream over it for a while and we find all that we want. Though I have confined myself mostly to the universal, yet I see the great field near at hand and have been impelled, sometimes thrillingly impelled, toward writing an epic drawn from this rich source alone; only interfering conditions have prevented; but it rings its music in the mind's horizon like a mirage of the beautiful calling for realization in expansion.

It may be a wrong to one's self and one's state by not responding to the call. May The Omaha Bee's wise suggestion become an accomplished fact and that banner of fellowship be waved over our great calling west. They have these poets' clubs and writers' leagues elsewhere; why shouldn't Nebraska be alive and active in the interests of this greatest line of endeavor for human progress?

Hostile to McAdoo.

Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: When the boy orator of Russia, Mr. Kerenky, was selling his speeches, he attracted the attention of Mr. Wilson, who exclaimed: "The new Russia will make us a good partner." Just then Mr. Kerenky's New York ambassador called on the crown prince, who was secretary of the treasury. At the conclusion of the chat, Mr. McCADOO, member of the Russian mission, held Mr. Kerenky's Ambassador, L. O. U. for \$187,000,000 of the people's money. Will the suckers now exclaim: "The crown prince would make us a good president." The crown prince doesn't like isolation; there are good reasons why.

OBSERVER.

What the World Needs.

Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Not many days ago I heard a group of Christian people discussing what was wrong with the world. They discussed for some time. They concluded that we needed Christianity.

The world is in a mess. Most people admit it. The particular group in question were sure of it.

What is the matter? Who should bear the blame? Our rulers in shop and state? We who submit are to blame. Not a government, not a social system, not an industrial regime, could be too bad to deserve the face of united, widespread opposition.

All rule is by open or tacit consent of those subject to it. The ruling classes are virtually our agents. They have failed, but we do not protest effectively; therefore we have failed.

What is the matter? We have failed, but why? If the reason is lack of religion, what would happen if religion were gone? Simply, God and God's hope for the best? But most of us do that now in a leisurely sort of way. Most people mean well, but that is not enough. They do as well as they know, but their knowledge is so sadly limited. Few can explain even the first principles of government. The average person lives and dies without thinking that he lives under an industrial system. It is easy to perceive that the great majority of the people are so foolish. Incense will still ascend from millions of altars on which loving hearts have laid their hopes, and little bits of humanity will gurgle and coo at parents proud and happy because their lives have truly merged into one, and goldfish bowls are virtually our agents. They have failed, but we do not protest effectively; therefore we have failed.

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