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TURKEY WINS LAUSANNE POT.

Turkey comes out of Lausanne proud and erect, a member in good standing of the family of nations, in full fellowship in the League of Nations, and with political gains that more than offset the territorial loss. Practically every concession demanded by the Angora government was granted, and the European nations gain peace plus the responsibility for the mandated territory.

Whether Turkey can sustain the duties and obligations that go along with her new position will only be answered as time goes on. If such observers as Arthur J. Toynbee, for example, are justified, then we may expect a dignified and stable government at Angora, rather than at Constantinople. The ancient capital will remain as Turkish, but is likely to be supplanted as the capital of the nation by the newer seat from which the Young Turks and Nationalists have put up their battle for recognition of their national and political rights, that battle ending in victory at Lausanne.

Chief among the concessions made, and that which will most closely affect the United States, is the abolishment of capitulations, the age-old system under which aliens maintained courts of law and other special privileges for the benefit of their nationals within Turkish domains. Some vestige remains, in the provision that calls for the presence of legal advisers of foreign nations, but all actions will be before Turkish courts. We have a large number of our nationals in Turkey, teachers, missionaries and the like, and their status will be profoundly altered by this new treaty.

The world will watch with great interest the treatment of minorities in Turkey in the near future. At the outset, the treaty will produce an immense amount of suffering and privation, for it calls for the immediate exchange of population between Turkey and Greece, a movement unprecedented in modern history, and certain to cause loss and misery to all touched by it. The Armenian question is left open; no pledges are given there, beyond the general promise, not entirely to be trusted, that Turkey will deal justly with minorities. What sort of justice the Turk will accord the Armenian may be gathered from the performances in the past.

Nearly 500 years ago the Turks came into possession of the great capital of the Byzantine empire, and immediately began pushing their conquests into Europe. Finally checked and turned back, they began a series of negotiations that has continued to the present day; treaty after treaty has been signed, most of them broken at once, and the end is not yet. Control of the straits has always been the aim, and this is not even now settled. If the record can be taken as a guide, the treaty just concluded only promises further trouble. If it be indeed true that the Turk will accord the Armenian what is gathered from the performances in the past.

Minister Grew, who represents the United States at Switzerland, has been carrying on conversations with Ismet Pasha, relative to the interests and relations of our country with Turkey, but to no conclusion as yet. England failed to secure preferential treatment in the matter of Mesopotamian oil, but has the consolation of knowing that all other foreign concessions similarly failed. By and large, it is as complete and general a victory for Turkey as any defeated nation ever won in conference, and this victory is due to the fact that none of the nations on the other side of the table wanted to resort to war to enforce a demand the Turks would not grant. Such a treaty lacks the one vital element of sincere understanding.

HIS RICHES WERE VAPORS.

A veteran of the Civil war died in his shack on the banks of the Blue river near Blue Springs. He had lived by himself, keeping his own counsel, and while he made no ostentatious display, regarded himself as wealthy. Search of his effects disclosed several hundred dollars in cash and stock certificates to the face value of more than \$2,000,000. Worth nothing, except for old paper.

This was the basis of his wealth. How much he paid for the collection is not known, but it must have been considerable. Vendors of such stuff do not as a rule part with it for nothing when dealing with a "prospector" who knows little about values. Appeals to his cupidity are supported by praise of his acumen, and visions of ease and luxury surround the business talk, until the imagination of the victim reaches out into the future and sees all its promises fulfilled, dreams realized, and riches and all that goes with them secured.

Every now and then the government authorities succeed in bringing to account some of the harpies who prey on the gullible and credulous, but not enough to stop the game. In the case of this old veteran, the probabilities are that some one who knew his circumstances systematically swindled him of small sums at a time, until the aggregate mounted to a respectable figure. Whether the old man entirely understood how completely he had been swindled will never be known, but it must be that at times he did regret parting with his money for pretty bits of paper that are valueless. And the man who cheated him, unless he is different from all other men, must some day feel the remorse that will be his because he robbed an old man.

A year ago the Filipinos were asking that General Wood be kept in the islands. Now they ask that he be removed, thus proving that it is possible for them to change their minds.

A Kansas City professor claims for that city the distinction of being the divorce center of the universe. Claim conceded, so far as Omaha is concerned.

A whaling outfit for the alkali lake monster may be in order, but what we would like to know is where that monster spends his days.

The girl who forged to get money to pay a sweetheart's way through college was devoted, even if she did show bad judgment.

Judge Munger's receptions are being very well attended, despite the hot weather.

"Slick Man of Europe" is strong and well again.

Got your thousand bushels yet?

MR. HARDING GOES FISHING.

A few years ago a president of the United States gave everybody a shock by listening to a proposal that he meet the president of a sister republic to the south at the center of an international bridge where they might shake hands across the boundary. It wouldn't do for either to set foot on foreign territory. No president of the United States had ever left the country while he was in office, and such a thing was unthinkable. When Woodrow Wilson went to Paris, by a very polite and rather thin fiction, the territory of the United States was preserved, but it existed only in imagination, and the country got along fairly well while the president was abroad.

Everything has to be done the first time. Warren G. Harding has made a precedent by invading the Dominion of Canada to go fishing. No marshaling of troops, no parading of dignitaries, no hurrying back and forth of funkies and functionaries. A plain man takes his rod and line and goes forth with some companions to catch a mess of trout. Of course, that plain man happens to be the chief magistrate of the world's greatest republic, the executive head of a mighty nation. He is surrounded by the impressive features of his high office, clothed with its dignity and power. But he remains just a plain man, animated by the same motives, aspiring to the same pleasures, and reacting to the same influences as the humblest citizen of the land.

So President Harding disregarded precedent and all that sort of thing, and went fishing, into Canada, a foreign land. The world rolled along much the same, and when the president is received with due ceremony by representatives of the Canadian government at Vancouver, it will be the more cordial because of the informality of his first visit to a friendly neighbor. Such simplicity might well be extended without doing the cause of government injury anywhere.

"HI" HOME AND SILENT.

Surface indications are that whatever Senator Hiram Johnson's plans are, he is not ready to communicate them to the public. While he was cheered by 2,000 people when he left the Leviathan at New York, he is too astute to mistake that demonstration for an uprising, and he is too experienced a campaigner to expose himself to fire unnecessarily. He therefore made good on the comment of Magnus Johnson, whom he declined to discuss, and who is credited with saying, "Senator Johnson talks too little." "Some folks talk too much," said the California Johnson.

One thing that will appeal to a great many people is that Senator Hiram came home visibly impressed by the American merchant marine, reporting also that a number of his fellow passengers on the great ship entertained sentiments similar to his own, which are that they had

"Resolved that the Stars and Stripes would be sufficient for them on the seas, and some were resolved that the Stars and Stripes would be sufficient for them on land, too."

Senator Hiram Johnson declined to be "smoked out" on the presidential situation, or as to whether he would follow Mr. Harding's trail across the continent. He declared himself to the general effect that he would get his message to the people "where I can and how I can." On the surface, this doesn't mean anything, for Senator Johnson is sure of a hearing and respectful attention wherever he goes. What his message will be must await his presentation of it. He is certain to have something to say about European conditions, and it will be worth listening to. What else he has in mind can not be guessed now, but it should forecast a lively session of the senate, starting in December next.

WILLIAM BAIRD, USEFUL CITIZEN.

Another figure familiar to many Omahans will be missed from the city streets, from the court rooms, from the church, and from other haunts of men. William Baird's quiet, unostentatious life closed Sunday, as it had been lived, but he has left a record that deserves to be kept in mind by all forever.

He practiced law in Omaha for 37 years, attaining prominence in his profession, and meeting what may well be set down as success. Other Omaha lawyers during that time have attained great distinction at the bar for their fine legal ability; some have grown wealthy, and some have achieved high honor in a political or social way. William Baird's distinction was based on a different foundation from any of these. He was noted for his integrity. Not that honesty and truthfulness are rare among lawyers, for they are not, yet a man must have unusual qualities of personal character to deserve and hold such a reputation that he will be generally referred to because of his probity in all matters.

William Baird had that character. He began developing it as a boy, when he had to work hard to win his way through the country schools he attended, and then through the college from which he was graduated, to be later admitted to the bar. It was no royal road he traveled, but he made his way by patient industry to a high place among distinguished men.

As a churchman Mr. Baird deserved notice. His religion was not for one day in the week, but went with him through all seven. A student, he gave to others the benefits of his study, the fruits of his research, and if he had not already been well established as a lawyer, he might have won attention as a Bible student and commentator. A life lived usefully and well as his was is not lived in vain.

European celebrities are shying at offers to lecture in America. They say they do not like criticism, but the probabilities are that the guaranty has something to do with the case.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet— Robert Worthington Davis

BUILDING HOUSES.

My little girl builds houses in the sand beside the door, Her tiny feet go patting to and from the favorite place; She calls to me and murmurs, "I'll build some houses more."

And touching is the rapture plainly glowing on her face. "Come, watch me build my houses," chirps the blissful little one— "I'll build a house for mother and for little brother Bob."

I gaze upon her efforts till the big sand house is done, And speak appreciation for the neatness of her job. "You build a house, too, daddy," she says with much concern— "A great big house with windows and doors and everything!"

I can not disappoint her and let her vainly yearn When truly pleasant efforts her gratitude will bring. And so we fashion houses—my little girl and I— To fit our dreams and fancies and give life's sweetest joy;

We build them and rebuild them while summer hastens on— A curly-headed cherub and a grown-up little boy.

"The People's Voice"

Editorials from readers of The Morning Bee. Readers of The Morning Bee are invited to contribute to this column for expression on matters of public interest.

Blasphemy Democratic Tariff Claims.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Prior to the emergency tariff law and the present tariff law, we had had the Wilsonian tariff law, the ideal democratic accomplishment. But in 1920 and 1921, under this Wilsonian tariff law, the value of farm production was cut in two. Of course fidgety democratic editors and politicians do not remember this fact. But all sane persons do. Then, too, the Wilsonian tariff law we have the most of this next to the war for democracy—the federal reserve system, "the great credit liberator." Think of all the blessings that flowed to us from that great vision, and, at the same time, the suffering in our dear land of plenty where everything is abundant except real money—the true measure of value. T. S. FENLON.

Reopening an Old Feud.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The legal theatricals which Attorney General Daugherty staged in Minnesota this week, whereby he expects to divide the harvest trust into three competing divisions, the Little Big Horn, but after suffering in our dear land of plenty where everything is abundant except real money—the true measure of value. T. S. FENLON.

December 11, 1911, George W. Perkins, who refused to testify before the Stanley investigating committee in regard to the misuse of the trust funds of the life insurance companies and who would have been sent to jail only for the intervention of a personal friend, a vernal strain in his veins, came to Washington and gave out an interview stating that President Taft was going to give the harvest companies all the land they owned and that there might not be any prosecution. As an executive officer of the National Anti-Trust League; we were commissioned by that organization, together with radical senators and congressmen, to serve notice on the Department of Justice that if action was not begun against the harvest organization—on which the government already had the evidence—that the proceeding presented would be started forthwith against the attorney general for the United States.

When we let loose that challenge it was like a thunderbolt from the sky and we were immediately conducted to the third degree room, where Mr. J. A. Fowler of Tennessee, one of the great lawyers of the nation, proceeded to cross-examine. "What do you people want?" demanded Fowler. The record shows this answer: "In our section of the country we have a code and a language that is outside of your jurisdiction. We held the horse thief as the most villainous character of their times. Now the court awards, which this administration and the administration preceding it have secured, of the tobacco and other trusts have been divided, but the same men own and operate the different divisions, are simply wasted energy. To reduce this proceeding to its language, it would mean that several bands of horse thieves had gathered a great herd of stolen horses. The power of the law had descended upon them and after an expensive prosecution, the court found that a large herd of horses of this kind was inimical to society, and that the herd must be broken up, but that each thief should retain his share."

None were more surprised than the writer at the way this homely allegory swept over Washington. But there was a different atmosphere then than there is today. Four out of five of the people were not bankrupted. Now, to return the contest to Nebraska.

Some 30 years ago a rugged young man up in the neck in our district began to show signs of commercial prowess. This young man became associated with the McCormick Harvester company. It is said that in those days when the farmer boys and girls went barefooted to school in the cold weather that Alex Legge could take the last cow away from a farmer for an outlawed note and leave the farmer sitting thinking that he had been granted a favor. When the Rockefeller and McCormick families attempted to perpetuate their progeny and their fortune by the purchase of the old king and the son of the harvester manufacturer came to Council Bluffs to get the western viewpoint. Legge was in charge of that division.

It is needless to say, and very proper to give him full credit, Legge played his cards "aces up" all of the time. When George W. Perkins died, the Deering's failed from view and the McCormick's became satisfied or "Walgrened." Legge slid into the position of head squeeze of the whole works. Twenty years ago we were elected an executive officer of the Nebraska and Iowa Implement Dealers' association at a meeting held in Omaha. At that meeting we predicted and had those predictions written into the resolutions of the thing that we were allowed to choke out all competition that the very condition which the state of Minnesota answered last Monday, would arrive.

Heavily Father, for all the blessings of the night past and for this new day that Thou hast given us, we desire now to thank Thee, and O, in sleep, so now may we serve Thee this day with all the strength of the life Thou hast given back to us again. Direct us, we pray Thee, in all the work of our hands this day, so that in all things we may please Thee. Help us to be kind, loving, forgiving, and ever watchful lest we offend against Thee in word, thought or deed. And while we pray for ourselves, we would not forget to pray for those near and dear to us—our fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, kindred and friends. Bless each and all toward whom our hearts turn with a great love and finally bring us, unbroken family circles, to our Father's house above, from which we shall go out no more, but shall ever be at home with Thee. Amen. LLEWELLYN BROWN, M. A., Bradford, Ont., Canada.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who shall not have his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation. Ps. 24.

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B. BREWER, Gen. Mgr. V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of July, 1923. W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public.



The outbreak of the war with the Sioux had already stirred the western pulse when the following editorial was written by Howard Rosewater on June 25, 1916. Mr. Rosewater and his wife had just returned from a visit to the reservation at Philadelphia, where he had seen the murderous assault made on him by a Sioux warrior who had been shot by a soldier. This editorial was written at the time that event did not reach Omaha until several days after the editorial appeared.

"THE INDIAN CAMPAIGN."

While Bourbon demagogues like Sunset Cox are clamoring for the further declaration of the army, as the desirable measure of retrenchment and economy, the American people are confronted by the irrepressible conflict now being waged on the western frontier between the national troops and the hostile savages now on the warpath, determined to stem the advancing wave of civilization. The recent sanguinary engagement between the troops under command of General Crook and the Indians under Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse & Co., has demonstrated conclusively that our army is altogether too weak in numbers to withstand the force that is inevitably surrendering western Nebraska, Wyoming and portions of Dakota to the bloody rule of the Sioux. Having inaugurated the Indian campaign, it is hardly probable that the national administration will abandon the ground at the firing of the first gun. Such a course would be an outrage on modern civilization.

In the forcible language of Bob Ingersoll, a government that will not defend its defenses and protect its protectors would be a disgrace to the map of the world. Having engaged in this Indian war, the government owes it to its own reputation and to the defenseless people of the frontier to push the war with all the vigor and ability at its command. General Sherman evidently understands the situation, and he predicts that the troops will be out all summer, will have a trying campaign, and will suffer many losses. He declares that further forbearance has ceased to be a virtue toward these Indians, and only a severe and persistent campaign will bring them to a due sense of submission. The only way to accomplish this must be the concentration of more troops in the Indian country, and that without the least possible delay.

Health and spirit, we were almost ready to write the word "failure" when out of the clear sky and without any premonition we were handed the throttle of the most powerful engine of offense ever created in this nation. We expect to go to Chicago before long and we think that we shall use those loyal friends who have sacrificed much in our defense a display of legal, financial, political and personal fireworks that will be heard if not seen from this distance. W. H. GREEN.

Labor and Prohibition.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I note in the dispatches the other day that the labor assembly at Duluth, heeding the protest of women delegates, refused to act on a resolution presented by the "wet" interests placing organized labor of Duluth in the attitude of supporting the fight for so-called light wines and beer.

It is gratifying to me, as it probably will be to many other trade unionists, that we have at least one center where labor unions refuse to fight the battle for the liquor interests to the detriment of their own cause. During the campaign for the 18th amendment the brewery workers, bartenders and related organizations put up the best fight they could to save the brewery and distillery and their jobs. After the amendment became law the brewery workers' organization became the "International Union of United Brewery, Flour, Cereal and Soft Drink Workers of America."

The unions allied with the liquor industry, after fighting heroically to save the breweries and distilleries, are now fighting as heroically to save their unions and their jobs in the hands of the owners who turned their breweries and distilleries into industries employing workmen eligible to membership to the soft drink workers organization referred to above.

Frequently labor unions receive notices to the effect that some farmer brewer had become unfair to his employees. Just a few days ago three such notices came in the mail. And yet the majority of labor organizations seem willing enough to extend the weight of their influence in behalf of the interests that are trying to renege on their contract with the saloon. The liquor interests are for labor unions—sometimes. I. J. COPENTHARVE.

"From State and Nation"

—Editorials from Other Newspapers—

The Tragedy of \$1 Wheat.

The drop within two weeks from \$1.10 to \$1 and less, in the price of spot wheat, is estimated to cost the farmers of the country more than \$80,000,000 on this year's crop, to say nothing of any "carry-over" from last year. The serious phase of the matter is that wheat at \$1.10 is declared to be produced at a heavy loss and with \$50,000,000 more added to the loss under the greater price, the purchasing power of the farmers is, as President E. O. Bradford of the Farm Bureau federation says, so reduced that the unfortunate results affect others than the farming classes.

Of course, a familiar cycle which is a cause of much complaint since a decreased price for wheat immediately after harvest, but an increased price later when most of the farmers have none to sell. It may be that a new cycle of the sort is beginning, but wheat now falls below \$1 for the first time since the war opened, nine years ago the last of this month, and with no small percentage of last year's crop unconsumed and bumper yields abroad as well as at home this season, the outlook for a material appreciation has for some weeks been recognized as unfavorable. The decline is held to be due to a natural and not an artificial market condition and, that condition being one of overproduction, Mr. Bradford sees no remedy other than in lessened production.

That is also a remedy prescribed by the International Farm Congress of America. The board of governors of America, that body declares that much of the wheat belt is as much of a cotton belt, with variation in crops as desirable in the one belt as it has long been seen to be in the other. The soil is tired, the tiller weary of inadequate rewards, says this board. Credit facilities will not, in themselves, remove the difficulty. Much foreign wheat raising territory has cheap land, cheap labor, cheap transportation. Hands sapped in the competition, wheat can no longer carry all the overhead of the American farm and supply the chief, often the only, income, and government price fixing is a delusion. Therefore, the board urges a turning to crops other than wheat.

But to what other crops shall the typical farmer turn? The question is not answered so easily. The board recommends dairying and poultry raising. These industries have the advantage of bringing in money at short intervals, while wheat brings in money only once a year. If huge areas of the wheat belt should be devoted to them, overproduction would, of course, follow. Rapid as has been the increase in poultry and dairy products in recent years, however, the country has seemed able to absorb all at good prices and undoubtedly could absorb much more without excessive price reduction. Various other crops, fruits, especially small fruits, root crops, garden products on a large scale with live stock raising are indicated, according to locality and nearness to markets. A national linen industry with increased fax production might have promise. For a reduced wheat crop as much or more money might be spent than for the larger crops of the present before the receipts from other products as a gain.

The tragedy of \$1 wheat measured in dollars which will only buy about 60 cents worth of necessities other than those supplied by the farm is not to be ignored. The agrarian distress of the past three seasons threatens not merely to be continued, but to be intensified, despite all hopeful plans for relief. With legislation tragically helpless except so far as it may supplement individual and associated effort, anxious thought must go out to the hard working, persevering farmers of the country, on whom the prosperity of the rest of us is dependent in major degrees.

The Amplified Voice. From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The president of the United States, crossing the continent, has an opportunity of speaking to his countrymen as no president before him ever approached. His speech at St. Louis may easily have 2,000,000 invisible listeners, of whom it would be safe to say at least 40,000 were gathered about loud speakers or individually listening in Philadelphia. Every word expressive of thrilled amazement has been on the lips of the multitude in the few months past to utter something of the wonder and the elation of those who use the new, strange power of the air; but language falls short of the fact. The far-flung vibration does not make the printed word superior, but it brings the innumerable audience about the feet of him who speaks, and the responsibility for weighing well every word is vastly increased.

The responsibility is as large as the opportunity. In a striking passage in the poems of George Meredith are the lines: "The voice of one for millions In whom the millions rejoice For giving their one spirit voice."

Such a chance to become the soul and conscience of America made articulate has been granted to no ruler before our time. To address an audience of thousands, knowing that be-

eyond the confines of the auditorium the report will be conveyed in print and has usefully reminded many public speakers that they could not afford to be flippant or irrelevant. This reminder is immeasurably intensified by the new mode of transmitting the spoken word which removes the four walls that stand between a president and all the people.

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One idea o' takin' advantage of a accident insurance company is tryin' t' pick cherries while standin' on a rockin' chair. Ther's great rejoicin' in th' Ike Lark home t' day, when Imogene, 15, painted up an went after a sack o' corn meal an' returned.

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