

THE MORNING BEE MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

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WHAT THE SLEET STORM TEACHES.

A great lesson to the people of Nebraska is contained in the reports now coming in from the sleet storm. Spectacular features got the attention while the storm was on, and they were enough to hold thought for the time. Now comes the clean-up.

The Lincoln telephone company reports its loss to be the heaviest ever experienced from a similar cause. That means it is huge. From the Northwestern Bell company came an early estimate of \$75,000 damage. It is likely this will be added to before all the wreckage is cleared up.

Telephone poles are getting scarcer every day; the demand for them is constantly increasing, and the price is steadily advancing. For this telephone users must pay. No getting around that.

For the same reason fence posts are getting scarcer, and railroad cross ties, and lumber for all purposes, with steadily mounting prices. No good blaming trusts, and price-fixing combinations and the like for this. Mother Nature is taking her toll for waste. American have spent their wonderful forest wealth with such prodigality as makes the sailor on a spree look like a monument to thrift.

What is the remedy? Simply this. We must treat our timber supply as a crop, not as a mine. Forestry should be a continuing, not a perishing, industry. Cut-over areas should be reforested. Nature will take care of the rest. As a nation we are using trees five times faster than we grow them. Only one answer can be found to this if the policy is pursued a few years longer.

A comprehensive national forestry policy is about to be adopted by congress. In part it includes participation by the states, not in a dollar-matching contest, but in the active co-operation to extend the protection and secure the new growth that is necessary to the perpetuation of our devastated and depleted forest areas. Nebraska has a fine chance to take part in this work.

Pine timber will grow well in the sand hills. It has grown there, and is growing there. Hundreds of thousands of acres that are now bare may in time be turned into pine forests. From these forests the state can get not only all the timber needed for its people, but some to export. An acre of pine trees in Nebraska will produce 1,600 board feet of lumber each year. Stumpage in the great Oregon forests is selling at \$8 to \$15 per thousand feet. That means from \$12.50 to \$20 per acre from land that is now producing nothing. Time to get busy and take advantage of the resource that is possible of development in the sand hills.

RADIO WINS ITS SPURS.

Old Boreas is finally beaten. He might as well go back into his cave and stay there. So far as affecting social and business communication between communities is concerned his day is done. Time was, and not so very long ago, when the wind god could come rampaging around, blow down poles and wires, and interrupt the business of great sections if not of the entire country. Many a time Omaha has been cut off. Kansas City, Denver, Minneapolis, and all points between were isolated one from the other and all from the world.

"Them days is gone forever." Sunday night a fierce February storm started somewhere up in the northwest, and spread everywhere as fast as a mile-a-minute gale could travel. Snow and sleet came with the wind, and poles and wires gave way under the attack. It was the same old process, so familiar to the trouble men of the telephone and telegraph companies. But it did not have the customary effect of stopping business.

Railroad operators got on the job. What had been regarded as an interesting toy became a great commercial agent. Broadcasting operators took up the lead. Amateurs throughout the stricken region got into the game with real zest. Wires might be down, but the press reports came through just the same. Railroad orders were transmitted. Beleaguered trains were reported. Relief was dispatched. The discomfort and inconvenience of the terrific storm was discounted by the radio bug.

Never again will they tell us the radio is a full toy. It has won its spurs. It stands today a fully fledged member of the great company of instrumentalities for the preservation of man's social life. Honor to those enthusiasts who helped put this over. It is a feat to be proud of.

WEAK POINTS OF THE ANTIS.

Was the Eighteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States slipped over when the people were not on guard? Every time the subject comes up for debate or discussion, a charge is made that prohibition was put over while the soldiers were in France. Had they been at home and permitted to vote, it is urged the situation would be different. The latest instance of this sort took place at a meeting in New York, where the general topic of the Volstead act and its effects was under consideration. Fabian Franklin, lately editor of the New York Post, said prohibition was not an issue in 1916, while another speaker said the amendment was slipped through congress and the state legislatures without anyone being aware of what was going on.

Arguments against the law should rest on better ground than this. So far as the soldiers are concerned, there is good reason to think that as many of them would have voted for as against prohibition. Not all who went across to fight were addicted to drink by any means. As to prohibition being an issue in 1916, while it was not specifically mentioned in either national platform, nobody questioned its paramountcy. States already had declared for the

policy. It had been discussed for years as a national possibility. Only those who would not admit the fact pretended to believe that prohibition was not a serious issue before the people.

That a strong movement exists for the amendment in some way of the Volstead act is well known. Its effect will be greater if its advocates come clean in their arguments, and do not waste time threshing over old straw or making assertions that are so easily disproved because most people know the facts.

JUNKERISM STILL SWAYS.

The world may pass over, but it will long remember the ungracious act of the Berlin government, which instructed its embassy at Washington not to display a flag at half-staff in honor of the memory of Woodrow Wilson. The other embassies and headquarters of ministers, following the lead of Ambassador Jusserand, acknowledged the passing of the great president in the customary manner. Naturally this attracts attention to the Germans, who refused to so note the event that has given the world such real cause for sorrow.

The reason assigned, that Mr. Wilson was a private citizen, may satisfy Berlin, but it will not convince the people, who will see in it a slight to the nation. Woodrow Wilson was a true friend to the German people. He did not make war on them, but on the militaristic dynasty, which finally was overthrown by force of arms. At Paris he stood staunchly out against proposals to dismember the empire, other than those separations that were required to restore submerged groups to their rightful nationality. He championed the German republic at all times, and did what he could to restore good feeling, amity and commercial and social intercourse between that nation and the United States. At no point did he show any animosity or feeling other than a sincere friendship for the Germans.

The present exhibition is comparable only to that peculiarly unhappy disposition that brought on the war, and that has since plunged German affairs into the lowest depths of national disorder. Only Germany will suffer through it. Especially is it to be regretted at this moment, when a friendly endeavor is being made by Americans to enable Germany to recover ground that has been lost since 1918. Berlin should snap out of its trance.

The flag over the German embassy was floating at half-staff at the hour of the funeral, a belated recognition of courtesy due a great American. The stupidity is not so easily cured.

HIGHBROW WINS A PRIZE.

Charles Herbert Levermore, LL. D., has proved that it pays to be educated. He has just received the \$50,000 offered by Edward Bok to the writer of the best plan for determining world peace. So it isn't always true that education goes unrewarded. Those discolored prophets, who keep looking at the big money taken by pugilists, movie actors and baseball players, repeating the while that patient merit starves will need to revise their comments. What, may we ask, is the virtue of patience, if it is not to enable merit to take the spurn from the unworthy, as Hamlet put the proposition?

However, Dr. Levermore dispels the notion that the highbrow never gets his. To be sure, the way was long. He was graduated from Yale in 1879, and won his doctorate in 1886. He has taught in such schools as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has been a college president, a student and a writer. Now he has won a prize. Not so much, when compared to what Dempsey, or Firpo, or Gibbons get. Small also when put alongside what some oil kings have generously loaned their friends.

So much for that. Dr. Levermore's greatest reward is that he has shown what a great many respectable people believe is a way to settle international difficulties or disputes without going to war. He has by this added to the hope of humanity. Only in such plans as his may be found the true way out of the labyrinth in which the race so long has wandered.

We doubt if he will get the other half of the \$100,000. That is contingent on congress adopting the plan. The present congress, unless some of its leaders experience a change of heart, probably will not adopt this or any other peace plan. But the idea back of it all is getting bigger with each turning over the world on its axis.

Harry Emerson Fosdick was freed of the charge of heresy after the trial in New York, but this will not appease the wrath of a certain eminent citizen of Florida, who has his own views on the point.

Rykov of Russia will at least give less trouble to the poets who want to embalm him in undying verse. Lenin was a hard name to rhyme to.

Nearly \$37,000,000 paid to Oklahoma Indians for royalties on oil last year indicates that all the crude did not come from Teapot.

Omaha honors itself when it joins with the nation in honoring the name of a great man, who is universally mourned.

Appearance of the schedule of a baseball league's summer campaign ought to help charm away the effects of the blizzard.

A thorough inspection of the books will do no harm to anybody, and may quiet a lot of rumors.

What will happen if Dan Butler gets caught on a jury when the city council is holding a session?

One of the best things the Mexican rebels do is to run ahead of the oncoming Obregonists.

Children have an awful liking for some relative, of course. And their mothers and their fathers needn't feel a trifle sad. Just because a Cousin Willie is at home a-playing horse with the kids and making faces till their very hearts are glad.

I am thinking of a couple of extremely lively tykes. And an Uncle who's a wonder in their little hearts and eyes.

"The People's Voice"

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

A Farmer's Proposal. Anselmo, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Let the county agent organize the rural population of the county into a farmers' union in his message that the farmers should help themselves.

I would propose that the county agents throughout the state organize the rural population in their respective counties into an organization broad enough to include all farmers and business men in the county. Each local group, with its trade territory, would be a unit on the same principle as miners or railroad men are organized.

The purpose of the organization should be not to sell anything they produce for less than cost, plus a reasonable profit. To sell only through the regular channels of trade and not form any buying or selling agencies.

The bankers and store keepers to assist through extending credit to farmers to hold their produce until they get a fair price.

The organization, through its officers, county, state or national, to suggest prices for the products of the county, using as a basis for cost the figures furnished by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

You may claim there would be a surplus of produce at the price down, but if the farmer would get a fair price for what he sells, he would be able to hold a few hundred bushels of wheat, or a few hundred bushels of corn, or a few hundred bushels of soybeans.

If the people were willing, the county agents could organize their counties into a month; then the farmers withhold their produce from the market for a few weeks, and not sell anything until the price would be where it should be. I believe two weeks would be long enough. That would give the market a chance to get money to pay his debts, which would be a benefit to the whole country.

The organization should be absolutely nonpolitical. You may say there are now many farmers' organizations, why start more? The answer is: They either buy or sell cooperatively or are political, and everybody can't support them. We need an organization that nearly everybody can support.

I have been a member of the Farmers' Union for about 10 years. It is a good organization in its way, but where would a country editor be if he urged farmers in his community to join them? LOUIS SCHMIDT.

Argues Against Bonus. Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: A good deal has been said about the bonus, both for and against it. Allow me space to air my opinion.

I am against granting the bonus for a number of reasons. First, because it is not a debt that the government owes them, as some would have us believe. The soldiers were paid all the time they were in the service, and I hire a man for a certain sum to work for me for a certain length of time, and I pay that certain sum.

Secondly, I am opposed to the bonus because some of the states have granted a bonus, and it has not satisfied them, but want another from the federal government.

Thirdly, if the government should grant their request and pay them any amount as a bonus, it is what I would be, the bonus advocates to the contrary notwithstanding, would they be satisfied? Would they not want the government to do it again? Would they not want a service pension, and be just as persistent in it as they are in demanding a bonus?

Fourthly, the government should take good care of any hurt or disabled in any way while in the army, or any able-bodied soldiers should go out and work as well as the rest of the citizenry, and that is what I would like to see them do.

Finding Faults. Gothenburg, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Your editorial, "Blessed Are the Peacemakers," in a recent issue of your paper is nothing less than sacrilege. Quoting scripture in connection with the Bok peace plan, and other similar plans, without change of heart in the peacemakers, is only blasphemy, that cries high in heaven for taking the name of Christ in vain.

The wanted starving of thousands of innocent beings and then asking God's blessing, or connecting the name of Christ with the work of doing so, is an abominable and sacrilegious desecration of the name of Christ.

But it is more condemnable still for a high class paper like yours to champion such an unworthy cause. A paper whose aim and purpose should be to stand for truth and help lead humanity along the right path to new heights on the ladder of progress and enlightenment.

It should occur to you that any peace plan in any way built on the Treaty of Versailles or the League of Nations is a blotch on civilization and should forever bar the name of Christ from anything connected therewith. The Master's name, whose one great principle was: Love your enemies, and do good to those who hate you.

The majority of the pygmies who drew up that treaty were supposed to be Christian men. A barbarian, however so wild and cruel, could not have conceived of nor made that treaty more unchristianlike in spirit as well as in practice.

SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget That Sunrise never failed us yet Celia Thaxter

AT HOME. A boiler shop in fullest blast Is but deserted mart Compared with noise that's round me

When all my kiddies start Bang goes a door! Slam goes a chair! Squawk goes a saxophone! But spite of all I do declare I love 'em—they're my own.

"Hi, where's my hat?" "Say, where my coat?" "Who's got my mittens on?" Each morn they shout with lusty throats, Then off to school are gone. And when at night they romp and play In all their childish glee, Although I frown, yet still I say They're all the world to me.

A brilliant thought pops into brain, But ere to paper brought, Bang goes the old piano's strain, And that thought is forgot. A piccolo, violin, Piano, drums and horn; The house resounds with childish din Each evening, night and morn.

But what care I for all their noise? I love their childish play, And watching o'er my girls and boys I kneel at close of day To pray: "Dear God, watch o'er them keep; Strength give me for the task To care for them awake, asleep— I thought for myself I ask."

One of the funniest incidents that ever happened in the senate of Nebraska occurred during the session of 1917. It happened the day the so-called dry bill came over from the senate. Lieut. Gov. Howard was presiding. There was considerable jockeying for position, and among others making speeches was Senator McAllister, who grew very oratorical and very excited.

"I kneel at close of day To pray: "Dear God, watch o'er them keep; Strength give me for the task To care for them awake, asleep— I thought for myself I ask."

"The senator need not grow hysterical. All his rights and privileges as a member of this body will be protected. I am not hysterical," shouted McAllister. "But I feel deeply upon this subject. I never played poker, therefore I am unable to disguise my hand."

Bang went the presiding officer's gavel, and then in his stickest drawl the presiding officer has played the poker a great while, and it will be his great pleasure to see that the senator's hand is duly protected."

Numerous flings for the legislature naturally recall to mind anecdotes of former members. When Marsh was in congress, one point in the memorable 1891 session, a hot debate was in progress on some measure, and Church Howe of Nebraska was speaking.

I have even traveled 100 miles or more to see a man rather than put my business on paper," said Howe. "Nothin' surpris' about that," said the speaker. "You travel for nothin' and it would cost you 2 cents to buy a stamp."

The meanest job ever perpetrated on unsuspecting legislators was per to the principles of the Master who were quoting. Such changes of heart has as yet not been made manifest. There must also be a true confession by men guilty of the same. The cause that has been so unevenly placed and for which the conquered is receiving such cruel punishment at the hands of the victor.

The name of Christ and patriotism serve as a smoke screen, behind which many attempt to hide an unholy cause.

This guilt of sacrilege can also be placed at the doors of many of our religious leaders and supposed-to-be ministers of the gospel. They who during the war proclaimed that they were themselves worshipping Baal, and carried their thanksgiving and offering to Molech. They, too, are guilty and responsible for dragging the name of Christ into the gutter of the gutter of blood in Europe. The Master whom they were supposed to worship in love, in truth, whose life and teachings were so little adhered to by them, for they were weighed in the scale of war and found too light. They betrayed their trust.

Let us give credit where the credit belongs and use the name of satan in connection with any attempts at hypocrisy, based on the League of Nations, for they are based on lies and hypocrisy.

But let us forever be cautious so as not to take the name of Christ in vain. He whose first principles are love, mercy and true peace.

JOEL ANDERSON.

2,000,000 HARMFUL HEART TROUBLE 150,000 Die Yearly From Heart Disease in United States.

Today more people die from heart disease than from cancer, tuberculosis or pneumonia. And many of them die needlessly. Nature usually makes the heart strong enough to serve a long life. Treat your heart fairly—protect it from the things that may injure it and you have nothing to fear. But, if at the slightest cold or headache you resort to remedies containing the heart-deteriorating drug, Acetanilide, you should not blame nature, but yourself, when your heart becomes weak and unable to perform its work. Read carefully the label of every cold and headache remedy and if you value your health, refuse any and all that contain the harmful drug, Acetanilide.

"From State and Nation"

The Targets Have Ducked. From the Detroit News: Once upon a time there was a popular song named "If a Wish Could Make It So." The philosophy of people identical with the one which animates much of the opposition to Mr. Mellon's tax reduction proposal. Because the theory of the high surtax, which looked so plausible and attractive several years ago, is still an excellent theory if one ignores our experience in the world that even the measure are inclined to overlook the fact that weakness it has developed, and continue to infatuate themselves with its potential but unrealized charms.

Maj. Gen. John F. O'Ryan has written a letter to Mr. Garner of Texas, a political opponent of the Mellon measure, confessing that he too once was enthralled by the high surtax, but that being a practical person he has been led to admit it is a disappointment and ought to be changed. He is inclined now to examine it for what it is, not for what it ought to be. An extract from the general's letter seems to sum up pretty accurately the respective merits of a fact in hand and a theory in the bush:

"Statistics show that while the schedule of high taxes on high incomes has remained the same, the amount of taxes collected on such incomes has dropped each year until they were some years ago. The ax of high taxes for high incomes is largely cutting the air. The targets have ducked. We never hear from some strong healthy man complaining and groaning but what we think of that cheerful young man in the wheel chair. He is living, example of patience, and an inspiration to all of us who enjoy health and strength."

Incidentally we are to make a short address in Fremont in a few days, and the introduction will be made by the man who sentenced us to a happy life imprisonment some 20 years ago. To date we have not applied for either pardon or parole.

Among other enterprises we would not advise a friend to undertake right now is trying to sell oil promotion stock.

Things we would like to see stay put: The weather. Politicians. Our office chair. Our favorite pipe. The daily exchanges.

And the corking good story we want to save up for our next appearance in public. WILL M. MAUPIN.

Center Shots

France simply won't be happy until its war debts are canceled, so that it can continue its loans to its friends.—Des Moines Register.

Under a law enacted during the Obregon government the shooting of deer, antelope or mountain lion in Mexico is absolutely forbidden for 10 years. Why not a closed season on revolutions?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

If Mussolini can keep men from swearing and women from using cosmetics, he's the wonder of the century. But any chump can issue an "edict" without half trying.—Brooklyn Eagle.

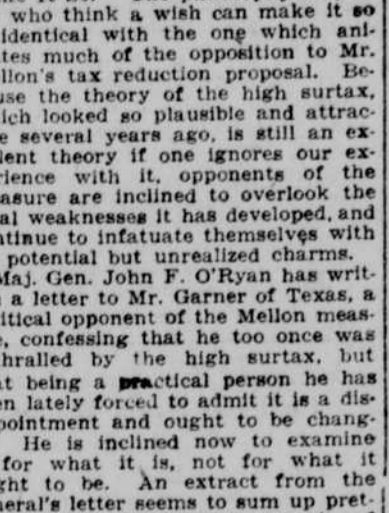
The fact that statesmen have been displaying their farm accomplishments in Washington may cause a quart of milk to take on additional value as a souvenir.—Washington Star.

The American Museum of Natural History has offered for sale to the highest bidder one of the fossil dinosaur eggs found in the Gobi desert. The gold brick artist would have little difficulty in promoting a fossil dinosaur farm with the single relic.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Anton Lang of Oberammergau finds America too busy. "We have time for contemplation in Oberammergau, but not for the average American had such leisure he wouldn't know what to do with it.—Chicago Evening Post.

Abe Martin

Some folks vote intelligently, some stick 'ther parties, an' other folks don't care who they vote fer if they kin git on th' winnin' side. Who remembers th' ole brimstone sermons that used t' be all th' rage? Copyright, 1924.



Senator Johnson does not attend hearings regularly and pointed out that he should not waste the committee's time by asking a witness to repeat testimony already given. Since Senator Norris is not in on the conspiracy which Senator Johnson went to Washington for the express purpose of frustrating and is indeed more hotly fired by the injustice in the world than even the junior senator from Minnesota, this criticism should have been taken kindly as from an ally. Mr. Markham reported, however, that Senator Norris had been in legislative bodies long enough to know how to conduct himself. The man who had carried Meeker county around in his vest pocket for a decade or more was not to be lectured by Senator Norris.

Senator Johnson's real resentment was reserved for Mr. Markham, who thinking the incident of interest, had the audacity to report it. This judgment proved to be correct. It was of interest. When Senator Johnson heard about it he bolted in several directions. Eventually, the press gallery was treated to the spectacle of a United States senator shaking his finger in the face of a correspondent, and using strong adjectives adequately to express himself. There have been some turbulent scenes on the floor of the senate chamber, but this must be unique. Milder cries of "throw him out" from fifty or more correspondents present, he was escorted from the gallery by the superintendent. It was a somewhat inglorious conclusion to Senator Johnson's first piece of creative statesmanship.

The Touch Test. "Johnny, your face needs washing. Did you look at it in the glass this morning?" "No, mother, but it seemed all right when I felt it."—Boston Transcript.

Treating 'Em Rough. This seems to be the life for the "Devil Dog" in Philadelphia, but it's a dog's life for the bootleggers.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Safety for Savings. Savings and The CONSERVATIVE Loan Association Loans for Homes

When in Omaha Hotel Conant

Advertisement for Savings and The CONSERVATIVE Loan Association, including contact information for Omaha Central Offices and Northwestern Bell Telephone Company.

Advertisement for Nebrin tablets, featuring a woman's portrait and text: "Visit City's Business Firms and 'Know Omaha' Better. During this week of knowing Omaha better, February 3 to 9, we hope you will visit many of our city's business firms and other institutions, including at least one of the telephone central offices. Omaha's telephone property has grown from one small central office and 150 telephones in 1880, to its present immense system of seven modern central offices and more than 61,000 telephones. An average of 385,000 telephone calls are made in Omaha each day. The vast amount of intricate equipment and the manner in which it is operated, are interesting sights at the telephone central office. Drop in at any of the central offices listed below between the hours of 9 a. m. and 5 p. m. and say that you would like to be taken through. 'Know Omaha—it's a good place to live.'"