

THE SUNDAY BEE MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

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FATHER-MOTHER, AND THE BOYS.

Plans are being laid for an elaborate observance of boys' week, to be carried out the last week in April. The object, of course, is to improve the quality of boys. Mental, moral and physical culture will be exemplified. Suggestions will be made as to the future men of the race. How they may be made into all that they ought to be and kept from becoming anything they should not.

Much good will come of the plan. At this time it is well to reflect upon how boys were raised in the good old days, to which constant reference is being made. Many changes have come over society since then, but always we must realize that certain fundamentals never change.

In those days the family was the unit, and the father was head of the family. If mother was the stronger character she was the head. Boys and girls alike imbibed at home lessons that served them through life. They were taught the meaning of honor, the ways of industry, and habits of thrift. They lacked the distractions that are present to interfere with home training nowadays. But their training made them good citizens.

Few opportunities are presented for following the daily round of homely duties that kept growing boys out of mischief half a century ago. Chores that took up morning and evening are lacking now. The saw and buck, said to be the greatest gymnasium ever devised, is superseded by other arrangements. Yet it is still possible to give useful, healthy occupation to the growing generation.

What we are trying to get at is that the home is the proper place to train the young folks. Parents who have children should not evade the responsibilities assumed when the babies were born. Rearing a family as it should will interfere with considerable social activity. Fathers and mothers, however, can find no better occupation than training boys and girls. One of the promoters of the boys' week program says it will help keep boys out of reform schools. Good home training, when all is said, must keep the boys' week program alive.

Any movement for the benefit of society, or that will better conditions under which we live, deserves our hearty support. We are just old-fashioned enough, however, to think that nothing can take the place of home when it comes to raising children. That father's influence or mother's sweet example is the best possible guiding star for a boy or a girl. If boys' week comes and goes without learning and acting on that lesson then it will have fallen short.

"NEARER MY GOD TO THEE."

Wilbur Glenn Voliva's Zion City band played a number dedicated to the firemen, and sent it broadcast by radio. The following morning the chief of Zion City was pleased to receive a letter, complimenting the band on its performance. But he was surprised to read also a request that the band play or sing, "Nearer My God, to Thee." He inquired of the writer, an old fire chief, the reason for the request, and was told that good old hymn is the fireman's favorite.

The "smoke eater" knows when the gong taps the alarm for him that he is off on an uncertain mission. It may be a tiny blaze in a pile of rubbish, or in a sub-basement. Maybe it will be high up in a great pile of stone and steel and glass. Wherever it is, the fireman knows that death stalks alongside him, every step he takes.

So the old fire chief wrote to Voliva: "I believe that the news items of any daily paper can show you why the firemen like to hear that beautiful piece played or sung. It brings back to the fireman the memory of some pal who went to his reward trying to save life and the destruction of property."

We are inclined to put in with the firemen on this hymn. It has for most of us the same quality, and its sweet appeal touches the human heart with a tenderness that not many other songs ever attain. Its comfort, consolation, promise never fail, and the believer always sings:

"Then let my way appear, Steps unto heaven, All that Thou sendest me In mercy given."

EASTER AND ITS VARIATIONS.

Eleven years ago, as Omaha has sad cause to remember, Easter Sunday fell within one day of the earliest calendar date possible, March 23. This year the great festival of the Christian church will fall on almost the latest date possible, Sunday, April 20. The date may be as early as March 22, or as late as April 25. The spread of 27 days, or almost four full weeks, in the course of eleven years marks the calendar variation of this great day.

No need to go into the ecclesiastical reasons for fixing the time for celebrating the occasion, which commemorates the resurrection of Jesus. It is connected in a way with the Passover, a Jewish feast established by Moses. Jesus observed the occasion with the Twelve in what is handed down to us as the Last Supper. They partook of the Paschal lamb together, and otherwise fulfilled the requirements of the Jewish ritual, even to the washing of the feet. But the Christian festival varies in time from the Jewish.

At one of the councils held at Nicea an attempt was made to fix Easter on a definite Sunday following the Vernal equinox. This failed, but it was determined that Easter should always be observed on Sunday. Also that its date should be controlled by the position of the moon. Pope Gregory set the place of Easter Sunday when he reformed the calendar. The Passover is determined by full moon following the 21st of March, the date of the Spring equinox. But that Easter might never fall on the same date with the Passover, the pope settled on an imaginary

full moon. This may come as long as three days after the actual full moon. In spite of this precaution, the two feasts actually did fall on the same day in 1923, and on several other occasions.

Easter has another function for the Christian church, in that it determines Lent, the forty-day penitential season observed by the devout preceding the festival. Wednesday will be the beginning of Lent. Ash Wednesday is so called because on that day in the Roman Catholic church it is the custom to sprinkle the heads of the penitents with ashes. These are obtained by burning the palm leaves carried on Palm Sunday of the year before. Palm Sunday, denotes the date of the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, just before His trial and crucifixion.

An important cycle of historical and religious events is bound up in these dates, and the next forty days are regarded by the church as the most momentous of the year. The period alludes to the fasting and temptation of Jesus, the fast of Moses, and other episodes mentioned in the Bible.

JUSTICE FOR THOSE WHO FOUGHT.

All the "Wobblies" imprisoned for interfering with the prosecution of the war have been turned loose. The conscientious objectors have all been turned loose, and paid off. Following an outpouring of oceans of maudlin sympathy for the political prisoners, all of them have been released.

What about the scores and hundreds of young fellows who answered the call of their country, donned the uniform and showed their willingness to fight, and fell from grace by committing some crime or misdemeanor? Many of them are still behind prison walls, serving sentences that were as a rule far more severe than sentences imposed for similar crimes in civil life.

Courts-martial are seldom conducted with the same regard for the rights of the accused as the civil law makes imperative. A few of the soldiers are imprisoned for manslaughter, but the majority of them were sentenced for robbery, embezzlement or desertion.

Are those crimes even murder, any worse than the crimes perpetrated by "wobblies" who by their conduct as deliberately shot the soldiers in the back as though they had used a rifle to do it. The civil law of most states imposes indeterminate sentences for minor crimes and misdemeanors. Not so the military law. Had the sentences of those imprisoned soldiers been released long ago under the minimum rule.

Why all the sympathy for the "Wobblies," the slackers and the objectors? Why not a little for the boys who really tried and succumbed to the impulses of the moment? Surely they are entitled to as much consideration as was given the political prisoners.

SILVER SPOONS DO NOT MAKE DOCTORS.

Poor boys should not tackle the study of medicine, says Dr. Walter L. Niles, dean of Cornell University Medical college. Why? Let the doctor tell you: "Experience shows that the poor boy is seldom a leader in his class, due to impairment in health from overwork; that his scholastic attainments are diminished, and that, worst of all, he has developed a rigidity of mental process that precludes imagination. Very few poor boys attain even average grades in their medical studies, and very few are listed as desirable for hospital internships."

What a fine thing it was for the world that Lincoln, Grant, Garfield and a few other poor boys did not find out they lacked imagination, and had impaired their physical health by study at unseemly hours, while their bodies were undernourished. Or Warren G. Harding, Grover Cleveland, Ramsay MacDonald, James J. Hill, Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller and a rather long list of others might easily be named.

None of these became doctors of medicine, it is true. They did show every sign of being possessed of imagination and pluck enough to make their dreams come true. If all the doctors who have worked their way through school in Omaha were to be dismissed from practice, some very notable and successful men would be missed by a community to whose health and well being otherwise they have contributed extensively.

Is the door to medical science, the noblest profession of them all, to be unlocked only by a golden key? What an absurdity! It is one of the real crowns of the medical profession that enough of its disciples are true to the terms of the Hippocratic oath to obscure the presence of those whose chief aim is to accumulate wealth.

As long as the doors of the University of Nebraska College of Medicine and Creighton University College of Medicine are open, ample opportunity will be afforded the boy, no matter what his station, who wants to become a doctor of medicine or dentistry. Out of these schools have come healers of men worthy of highest praise because of their service, and they will have successors as the years go on. Some of the best of these have toiled early and late to pay their way through school. They, too, will have successors.

Knowledge is power, and education in Nebraska is free to all who seek to acquire it. Mind is not measured by money, nor is a big bank balance the sole standard of success. Let us make the best doctors we can, but not through the suggested method of sipping up a boy's pocketbook before he enters on his classes.

The Garner tax bill as it stands may produce, some revenue, but it certainly will create a deficit. But that is what the Garner party takes great delight in.

Noting the anxiety of some senators to punish without trial or conviction, it is not difficult to understand why the anti-lynching bill was defeated.

The "beer bloc" has also shown up in congress, 42 members of the house standing pledged to something stronger than 2.75. Watch 'em grow.

At least, Charlie Graff has one advantage over Charlie Bryan. The first knows what he is talking about when farming is the subject. A Chicago man who has just invested a million dollars in Omaha says the city is on a sound basis. His faith is shown, all right. A New York court has just issued an order to ban ghosts from a tenement. How useful that might have been to Macbeth. That grinding noise in the state democratic machine is merely Charley Graff's monkey wrench going through the cog. Mr. McAduo is reported still to have faith in his chances. Maybe he is right at that—he never had much chance. And there was a time, too, in our history, when we referred to "the grave and dignified senate."

What of America? By EDWIN G. PINKHAM.

Franklin's Shoestring of Diplomacy and What He Made of It

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading or do things worth the writing.—Benjamin Franklin.

THE year that followed the Valley Forge winter produced little in military result, but it witnessed the treaty of alliance with France. In February, 1778, while Washington's tattered soldiers huddled the fires on their bleak hillside, Benjamin Franklin at Paris affixed his signature to the document which proclaimed him the greatest and most successful diplomatist in history.

Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead. By some means more than two years before Franklin had appeared at Paris as commissioner from congress, and though as a philosopher and scientist his reputation extended over all Europe he was received by all classes, official France durst not recognize him openly. Franklin had spent 15 years in London, previous to the revolution, as agent for Pennsylvania and other colonies, and was known and regarded abroad not only as the greatest of Americans but as among the greatest of men.

Now, when he was 70 years old and had won in many fields a renown as great as that enjoyed by the most renowned in each, he had crossed the ocean at the age of 41, to take part in the field of diplomacy, the most skilled varieties of that distinctly European art. All Paris crowded to see him. The great Dr. Franklin has more than 100,000 letters in his handwriting. His portrait was in the shop windows; his sayings were handed about in society; the fashionable were in their medical studies, and very few are listed as desirable for hospital internships.

"Dr. Franklin," said Lord Stormont, "has got the better of three English foreign ministers, and is never so dangerous as when he appears the most gentlemanly of men." This was the gentleman whose name Franklin made famous in Paris.

An Indian Protests

Niobrara, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The Indian bureau is a branch of the office of the Secretary of the Interior. If the head goes wrong the branches may be also contaminated.

The Indians are blamed for not making any progress in civilization, but the public has never heard of the port of the Indians are getting tired and for my part individually do not blame them, but it is the fault of the Indians. I say, investigate the Indian bureau read some of the reports made by both houses in congress in the matter of the treatment of the Indians at these secluded reservations, see if the Indians are getting better or worse; if they are getting better, then; see how their money is handled; whether money belonging to them are drawing any interest and did they get this interest; take their land, do they own it, or is it the land of the white man's land lying along side; if not, why not?

The Indian bureau passes laws through congress for its own convenience but always claiming for the best interest of the Indians; many of these laws work hardship upon the Indian but he is powerless to change them. The Indian bureau also makes rulings that no power on earth can change. Once put in force it is there to stay for all times and it is applicable upon citizen Indians as well as the uncivilized. I do not know what the person is if he goes to any one who is connected with the Indian bureau and undertakes to correct some of the wrongs that happen to be at the office of a farmer-in-charge, who is the tail end of the Indian office, he would naturally tell him to go to the superintendent, go to the superintendent and he would tell him to go to Washington and see the commissioner of the Indian affairs. If the case is sufficiently important for a person to go to Washington and see the commissioner, he would refer back to the superintendent and the superintendent refer back to the superintendent. So the ring goes on without end.

There used to be inspectors sent out by the Indian bureau that would examine a straggle at the Indian agencies, but now it is considered the duty of an inspector to try to investigate any agency affairs. If an officer is dismissed from service it is because a deaf and dumb person can detect wrong conduct, or may be the administration wanted the office for its political pet, but as to upholding the Indian, the government has other charges against an Indian office employee, that never was known to the writer. One white man's testimony outweighs a dozen Indians any time.

The Indian bureau is the most gigantic organization to demoralize and degrade the Indian. To back up this statement I will insert the words of Congressman Clyde Kelly of Pennsylvania, as follows: "The Indian bureau system is a wasted prodigality beyond description. It wastes every year millions of dollars collected from American taxpayers and millions more abstracted from the possessions of the Indians themselves. It wastes still other millions which would accrue from this untaxed Indian wealth once we are Americanized. It wastes the self-

What Congress Is For

From the New York Times. In the mass of news from Washington, one item of two lines must have escaped the notice of most readers. It stated that congress has passed one of the major appropriation bills. Having been in session three months, this might seem a pretty small thing to have come from the legislative mill. But against this meager record of actual business done we have a splendid list of achievements which help to those who fear representative government is losing prestige and that congress is declining in public respect.

Let these pessimists count up the number of irrelevant and abusive speeches made in both houses of congress. Let them enumerate the resolutions that have led to nothing, the charges that have been exploded even while they were being uttered, the investigations that have been extended to all things in the heavens above and the earth beneath. Let them reckon up above all, the enormous amount of political capital that has been created out of surmise, conjecture, slender, unfounded facts, calumny, stilted accusations, bombastic threats and unproved assertions. Is it nothing that so many citizens have been enabled to establish a perfect character for rectitude by going before a senate committee and making oath that they did not know Mr. Doherty, had never met Mr. Sinclair, and would not recognize ex-Secretary Fall if he were put in the room?

This is the kind of inspiring result for which we go to the pains and expense of electing representatives and senators. By comparison it is that Webster would have called a "miserable interrogatory" to ask about appropriation bills, speedy and rational revision of taxation and the intelligent orderly dispatch of the public business. Is there anybody left who thinks that the great intellects in congress ought to concern themselves with such trifles? The true statesman today is nothing if not sensational. That he is, incidentally, futile ought not to be held against him.

The wise man draws more advantage from his enemies than the fool from his friends.—Poor Richard. At last came the news of Burgoyne's surrender, and the French government threw off the mask.

There are little over 300,000 Indians in United States and about two-thirds are now turned loose, though their property in good many cases is all or partly in the control of this great self-constituted monster, this great octopus has 7,000 arms or finger tips or whatever it may be called to handle the Indian property and they handle it to suit themselves, in majority of instances without the consent of the owner and there is no court on earth can interfere in their actions.

He that scatters thorns, let him not grieve.—Poor Richard. For his own rebels, when the time came for him to have them, had been, like George, on the other side of the ocean.

On the day that Franklin went to King Louis' court, in his simple dress, appropriate to his rank, but walking through lines of the applauding, bewigged and lace-ruffled nobility of France, the United States took its place among the family of nations. It has gained admittance there, not solely through its demonstrated ability to maintain its own independence, for the issue of the war was in doubt, but through the adroit and untiring labors of his country's first and greatest contribution to universal genius. Dr. Bonhomme, Richard, Franklin.

Niobrara, Neb. Member of the Sioux Nation.

SUNNY SIDE UP "Take Comfort, nor forget That Sunrise never failed us yet"

THE CALL FOR MEN.

Are you doing your part in the battle of life? Or standing away back and whining? Are you playing the man in the warfare and strife? Or skulking, complaining, repining? Are you drawing the robes of your righteousness close? Least they're soiled by the touch of some fellow? Are you telling your virtues in manner verbose? And showing a broad streak of yellow?

Are you playing the game as an honest man should? Or playing the cur and the coward? Are you fighting 'gainst wrong and upholding the good? And trying to keep marching forward? Are you doing your part to banish the wrong? Or meekly complaining and yowling? Are you just pulling backward, or moving along? Are you singing or dolefully howling?

The country is calling for men of true heart Who'll give to it their best endeavor. For men who'll keep on when once they make start, And battle corruption forever. The walls need rebuilding! The call is for men To stand forth for fighting and dying. For men of tried courage to battle again To keep an unsullied flag flying.

Dear old beloved, for our text this beautiful Lord's day, marking the advent of another spring, we will take the third verse of the sixth chapter of Nehemiah, reading thusly: "And I sent messengers unto them saying, I am doing a great work, so that I can not come down; why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?"

Right now, dear old beloved, while public confidence is tottering, while suspicion is undermining the body politic, while the breaches in the wall of popular government are many and wide, it is high time for another Nehemiah to stand forth and rally around him the real patriots.

We have always looked upon young Nehemiah as one of the great outstanding characters of history. He was one of those dreamers who dreamed a big dream and then went out and worked himself to a frazzle making that dream come true. An attaché of a rich king's court, surrounded by luxury and in a position to lease his king's oil wells and alienate his timberlands and mineral fields for his own private profit, Nehemiah remained true to his trust.

When he got started on the job Nehemiah didn't waste any time playing petty politics. His job was to rebuild those walls, to restore Jerusalem, to bring Israel back home. And when Sanballat and Gesham suggested that he quit the work and come down and mix a little political medicine with them, Nehemiah spurned them and their offer in the words we have chosen for our text.

It would have been easy for Nehemiah to have said to himself: "What's the use of my working my head off for the people? They won't appreciate it. They are liable to defeat me at the next election. And

right now is a good time for me to grab off enough to live easy the rest of my life. Anyhow, here's a golden opportunity to frame up a scheme to milk the public treasury, and I think I'm wise enough to get away with it."

One trouble with our beloved country today is that it has so many Shemlahs. Shemlahs, you will remember, advised Nehemiah to flock about by himself. In other words, he wanted Nehemiah to be like those present day citizens of ours who are too good to participate in politics, too good to busy with selfish purposes to work for the common good. But Nehemiah wasn't that kind of a man. "Should such a man as I flee?" replied Nehemiah.

But Nehemiah did nothing of the kind. He refused to play politics, or to personally profit from the job in any way. He was a real patriot—the kind that the good old U. S. A. stands handily in need of today. Dearly beloved, there is work in this country for many Nehemiahs. They should stand forth from the counting houses, the editorial rooms, the farms and the factories, and working with travel in one hand and sword in the other, should set to work repairing the breaches in the walls of popular government—breaches made by indifference, by selfishness, by greed, by ease and comfort. And every Sanballat and Gesham who voice suspicion, who play the hypocrite, who display the yellow streak—the reds and bolsheviks who seek to destroy popular government—should be discredited and warned away from the work of repairing the walls.

O, for more Nehemiahs in our public life! For men who will step out from their laziness and indifference, who will sacrifice ease and comfort, who will turn their backs on soft jobs and sycophantic courtiers, and donning the habiliments of workers for the public good step forward and tackle the job that needs to be done. Remember, dearly beloved, that Nehemiah didn't go orbiting around all over the country. He didn't damn everybody who refused to believe his way. He wasn't a reformer. He was just a young man who loved his country and his people, without thought of self. And when the opportunity came he tackled his job in the fear of the Lord and with an unselfish purpose.

The dangers that threaten this republic are not graft and corruption. The greatest danger is the indifference of the people. It is that indifference that makes possible graft and corruption in public life. And as long as you, dearly beloved, are indifferent to your duties as citizens you are responsible for the graft and corruption in public life. And as long as you, dearly beloved, are indifferent to your duties as citizens you are responsible for the graft and corruption in public life. And as long as you, dearly beloved, are indifferent to your duties as citizens you are responsible for the graft and corruption in public life.

Study the life and works of Nehemiah, dear old beloved, and then make up your mind that you are going to be like him as nearly as possible. You may not be able to lead the life of a Nehemiah, but you can be the big foreman on the job. But you can wield the trowel or the sword.

In conclusion, let us stand and sing: "The Sons of God Go Forth to War." And if there be any among you willing to step out on the side of civic righteousness and duty to God and country, let all such come forward while we stand. Let us stand, and may we all sing with the spirit and with understanding. WILL M. MAUPIN.

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