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N. B. UPIKKE, President
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YOUTH AND THE REVOLUTION.

A lad of 18, son of the president of an eastern college, has been suspended from his class in ethics, because of his pronounced radicalism. He defends himself:

"An anarchist does not believe in law. Neither do I. Therefore, I say that law is directly opposed to any notion of ethics. Law is a system of compulsion and does away with individual decision.

"There can be no real moral law. There are some men who crave authority. Let them have it. They have no need of judgment."

Ho, for the certainty of youth! It is the time for revolt, for the denial of ethics, and everything else that is. If everyone is to hold such views as those expressed here, 18 is about the right age. A little later on life is too full of the experiences from which law flows that it has little room for the sublime self-assurance of the anarchist.

Suppose this lad were to withdraw ever so far from the haunts of men, lose himself entirely from all society, he would yet find himself pressed by laws. He would have to eat or starve, dress warmly or freeze, protect himself from attack or perish. If he climbed a tree and a limb broke he would fall, and if he jumped into a lake or river he would sink or swim. All those matters are governed by law, regardless of any consideration of ethics.

He would learn that out of those simple, fundamental natural laws has arisen all the law against which he complains. The law is simply a buffer that softens the impact of man against man in communal life. It is only a tyrant when it runs counter to one's whim or desire. Even youth, impulsive and generous, full of high desires and great ambitions, must submit to law. Ethics, as a study of practice, is not so formidable if approached from the right direction and in the right spirit.

Individualism is the natural state of man, and finds its fullest expression where man is freest. Anomalous as it may appear, that is where man has made the wisest laws for his own government. Rules that apply to all. That secure to all the greatest liberty possible without interfering with the liberty of others. This is the lesson the college boy will have to learn. All other freemen have learned it. In time he will come to know that good morals and sound ethics find perfect expression in wise laws. Man is only happy when he learns those habits of obedience to law that are the outgrowth of self-respect. For the self-respecting man is invariably a law-abiding man.

A WIDE FIELD FOR SPECULATION.

The Colorado Springs printer who had the court change his name from Patrick Francis Butler to Patrick Francis Rameses, because the spirits had told him he had been adopted into the family of King Rameses II, has opened for us a wide field of speculation. He says he is a reincarnation of Rameses, who ruled some 6,000 years ago.

There may be something in this theory of reincarnation. We are not advised that Patrick Francis has shown symptoms of acting as we are informed those ancient Egyptian kings were wont to act on occasion. If similarity of action is evidence of the truth of the reincarnation theory, then it is easy to believe that there are those about us in every-day life who are the reincarnation of somebody or something of the long distant past.

Judging by the peculiar political theories advanced of late years by divers and sundry reformers, we have some foundation for the belief that they are the reincarnation of squirrels by bygone ages. In no other way can we account for so many nutty theories.

Then, again, there are those who seem to be the reincarnation of the swine of other days, possibly those of Gadarene that took the high dive. In no other way can we account for the hoghissness these people evidence in their anxiety to grab off everything in sight.

The pharisee who stood up in the temple and loudly gave thanks to God that he was not as other men, seems to have been reincarnated in constantly multiplying numbers, judging by the great army of men and women who are wont to announce to the world that they are too good and pure to take any interest in politics, and are content to leave it all to the forces of evil, which same are never backward about taking an interest in politics.

In fact, the more we think over the case of the Colorado Springs printer who is convinced that he is a reincarnation of Rameses II, the more we are inclined to believe that there is something in it.

TASTING, A POOR SENSE.

The man who couldn't tell pepper from salt by taste has often been smiled at, but he is not such an oddity as may seem. Some very extensive experiments of the sense of taste have recently been carried on, with a result that indicates how little the tongue or any other appurtenance of the mouth is to be relied upon when it comes to making accurate distinctions. Indeed, without the aid of the accompanying sense of smell, not much reliance can be placed on taste.

A writer in an eastern publication characterizes taste as "the most unreliable of all the senses. He gives the results of a number of tests, in which even experts have been befuddled and unable to correctly decide. Without the aid of smelling, persons were unable to distinguish between cheese and beef broth, for example. Such persons are deficient in the sense of smell are incapable of drawing the distinctions by taste. They can distinguish between sweet and sour, salt and bitter, but that is about

all. For them musk and asafetida produce no taste sensations. A similar category of strange results is carried out at considerable length.

This may explain why one diner will insist on having his food highly spiced, using liberally of various condiments, while another wants his fodder plain. Divorce limburger from its odor and it yet has its distinctive flavor. Among the common run of cheeses the difference is so small, when left to taste alone, that no quarrel could be justified. It is when, then, rather than a reasoned judgment guided by a dependable sense, that leads to the variations in food and drink. Well developed flavors, of course, are distinguishable, but the delicate palate loses some of its glamour when science turns on the ray of its searchlight. Most folks, however, will continue to relish their food, even if taste be not so greatly emphasized.

HYPOCRISY OF THE PARTISAN HOWLERS.

Two republican congressmen have been named as connected with bribery in the veterans' bureau scandal. John Wesley Langley of Kentucky and Frederick N. Zihlman of Maryland are the men. These names have been furnished by the Department of Justice. The exact nature of their offense, if any, is not stated. Each declares his innocence and his ability to clear his name on trial.

The information comes in the wake of the passage by the house of a resolution demanding the names. Although the matter is to be presented to a grand jury in the District of Columbia, the house members felt they should have the names that they might proceed at once. In this manner, Representative Longworth points out, the aspersion that might rest on the entire group is removed. What the next move will be is not indicated. Maybe we will see a house investigation started paralleling that carried on by the federal courts. Whether this will serve any good purpose is more than doubtful. It may have the effect of thwarting the efforts of the law officers.

What the clean war is a full, fair inquiry, without whitewash for anyone. At the same time, the political character of the proceedings in the senate is so apparent as to be wearisome almost to the point of nausea. An eminent democratic editor writes:

"There is nowhere the slightest disposition to implicate Mr. Coolidge in the Fall-McLean-Sinclair-Doheny-Denby scandal."

But Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi shrinks as he considers the dreadful spectacle of the president of the United States sending a telegram to a private citizen. He exclaims in virtuous horror that if the people knew it,

"It would cause them further to shudder, to tremble and lose confidence—my God—in this government of ours."

Senator Heflin of Alabama, also a candidate for re-election, is even more hesitant than Harrison. He merely recites:

"I said some time ago that we had trailed this thing up toward the White House; we had located it in the back yard, and if they did not mind we would get it into the White House."

Sensors Walsh of Montana, Caraway, Dial and McKellar showed equal reluctance in accusing the president. All they did was to insinuate that Mr. Coolidge was cognizant of it if not actually a party to the Fall-Doheny fraud.

No, there is nowhere the slightest disposition to implicate Mr. Coolidge. Such is the protest of the entire group of leaders of the democratic party. Actually they are bent on destroying the faith of the people in the man who is the nation's chief executive. They dare not do this by direct charge that can be openly met. They are doing it by the insidious method of planting suspicion in the public mind. Every trick of the scheming politician is being used. They do not question the explanation given. No, but they virtuously demand that the president make it over his own name and not through his secretary. If that should be done, they would pick another flaw. They would demand something else.

Plainly, they are not seeking the truth. They are merely making political medicine. We stated weeks ago that the lynchers were not after Albert B. Fall or Harry M. Daugherty or Edwin Denby, but were after Calvin Coolidge. Now, the entire group is sitting around the White House, yelping like hungry coyotes at the man who is coolly trying to steer the government safely through troubled waters. A week ago this same group sat and listened to an eulogy of a dead president whom they had traduced while living, and even sneered at when dead. What will the American people say to such arrant hypocrisy?

OUR GREAT NATIONAL SAFETY-VALVE.

"Up from the south at break of day," borne on the black and white wings of the sporting page, comes the news that gladdens the hearts of 110,000,000 and then some of the patriotic people of these United States. That word "united" goes, in this connection. However we may be divided on other issues, we are one when it comes to baseball. Not exactly one, either, for where is there the man who has not picked his favorite team, his favorite player, whose fortunes he follows blindly, and whose prowess he is strong, even fierce, to protect against any and all whomsoever?

Walsh and Heflin may get the front page, but the truly devoted patriot gives them only cursory attention, and hurries on to the inner recesses of the paper, where he learns what he wants to know. Babe Ruth is recovering from the flu. Grover Cleveland Alexander is shooting 'em over in midseason style. Walter Johnson again announces his farewell tour. The rookies are hitting home runs all over the southern landscape. Umpires are limbering up. The sporting editor soothes a worried world with the announcement that a favorite first baser will not jump to an outlaw league.

To be sure, it happens once a year, just as the wild fowl fly north and the robins come again. But it is an unfulfilling sign of spring, as reliable as the almanac itself. Politics is important, and business must be attended to, but neither of these considerations will ever be potent to take attention entirely away from baseball.

Thank the Lord! We have this outlet, this safety valve, this one certain means of escape. If it were not for baseball, the United States might explode. Sometimes it does seem as if the country were going to explode because of baseball. But what sweeter sound greets the ear than the crack of the bat meeting ball? April 16 and the Buffaloes will soon be here, and Omaha will settle down to a summer of real interest, politics or no politics.

When candidates "take to the air" with their speeches, there will be a very general taking to the woods.

Are we wrong in the surmise that Mr. McAdoo probably wishes he had clung tight to those liberal clients.

When ignorance rules at the ballot box, intelligence has no right to complain.

Hot of America?

By EDWIN G. PINKHAM.

The First Battle for Nationality

It is a matter, both of wonder and regret, that those who raise so many objections against the new Constitution, should never call to mind the defects of that which is to be exchanged for it. No man would refuse to give brass for silver or gold because the latter had some alloy in it.—James Madison, the Federalist, No. XXXVIII.

THE struggle for the ratification of the constitution by the states, which required to accept it before the government could be set up, was one of the greatest political contests this country has seen.

The question of ratification was determined by conventions elected in the different states, and these elections and the contests that followed in the convention, which opened on December, 1787, when Delaware led off by ratifying, to May, 1790, when Rhode Island came in. New Hampshire was the ninth state to ratify the constitution, however, when it ratified as the ninth state, in June, 1788. The United States began without either Rhode Island or New York.

Broadly the contest was one between property and commercial interests on the one hand and those represented by the mass of the people, who feared the domination of wealth and what they called aristocracy, on the other. The constitutionalists or federalists, as they came to be called, were for the new government, the security of property and the taxing power the constitution promised, while the anti-federalists, distrustful of authority, and fearful of taxes, were for the loose and feeble order of the confederation.

The opposition to the constitution was strongest in New York, Massachusetts, Virginia, North Carolina and Rhode Island; but everywhere the farmers, the workers and the debtor class were the most active. The constitution was denounced as a work of darkness, an instrument of monarchy, a gilded chain with which the rich would enslave the poor. Great on both sides stormed towns and villages. A war of pamphlets raged. The anti-federalists hurled argument, ridicule, invective, abuse. The new government it was charged, would confiscate every man's property. Instead of one taxing power there would now be two. There was no bill of rights in the constitution, and the liberties of America would be snatched away. A state church was to be set up, and what was the senate but the head of a new order of lords? Senators, once chosen, the people were warned, would keep their offices for life.

Mr. Madison's position was so well in the opinion camp that a federalist writer declared: "If every lie was to be punished by clipping, as in the case of other forgeries, not an ear could be heard in the whole party of a North Carolina candidate for the convention told the voters of that state that the new federal city (Washington) was a hole in the wall, and that the government would collect an immense standing army there; and that this army, when all was ready, would march to the city and disarm and enslave the people. This inspired orator was elected.

Patrick Henry, standing in the Virginia convention and waving the constitution in his hand, declared he knew of no document in history better calculated to make slaves of a people. And Henry ranked as a patriot. A New England editor wrote that the country could not remain democratic if consolidated under one government and said: "You might as well try to rule hell by prayer."

Sharp political tactics were everywhere employed. In Pennsylvania the legislature was about to adjourn without calling a convention. The federalists thereupon seized two anti-federalist members in their homes, dragged them to the state house and placed them in their seats until a quorum could be counted. In Massachusetts the federalists, to prevail upon the wavering John Hancock to lead the weight of his influence by serving as chairman of the convention, promised him the presidency of the United States, in case it should not go to Washington. This probably was the first of American pre-convention political pledges. Perhaps, too, the first filibuster in American political history was that attempted by the anti-federalists in the Pennsylvania convention when one member spoke for nine hours, another for seven and a third for five; and when five days were taken up in a debate about the definition of the words "annihilation" and "consolidation."

The anti-federalists raised the cry of class with great effect. They did not hesitate to assail the great names. When Washington and Franklin were quoted as being for the constitution it was retorted that Washington was a fool from nature and Franklin a fool from age. John Adams had employed a phrase about the "well born" in a discussion of the desirability of a senate to attract ability. "The rich, the well born and the able," he had said, would be of service in it. This phrase was caught up by the anti-federalists who had great satisfaction in calling themselves the low born. They inquired what part the low born—the men who had fought the war, suffered against Valley Forge and had been dismissed without their pay—were going to have in the new government. The senate was reserved for the well born. The low born were to pay the taxes to support it.

The early ratification of Delaware, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, all of which were ratifying before the close of 1787, and of Georgia and Connecticut which followed suit in January, 1788, threw a panic into the anti-federalists and they were then the state of Massachusetts, which was the next state to vote. The state was still strongly tinged with Shays sentiment, and many Shays followers were in the convention. Ever Adams' name was from political conviction opposed to giving up the state's ancient privileges. The people were so suspicious of the whole proceeding that 46 towns had refused to elect any delegates to the convention. The stoutest patriot of all, Sam Adams, a delegate to the convention, until a delegation of mechanics, headed by Paul Revere, put into his hands a petition from the trades of Boston, praying for the ratification of the constitution. Mr. Revere's petition was for the constitution, Mr. Revere's name was on it.

"More, sir, than there are stars in the sky," replied Revere. Adams was convinced that the people were for the "new roof," as the constitution was popularly called, and thereafter supported it. But the result was still feared by the federalists, Rufus King writing to Madison that the people were filled with distrust because the men of property and education were in favor of the new government.

(Copyright, Kansas City Star.)

Consider the Undergraduate

From the New York Times.

"Everybody," as Senator Wheeler would say, goes to college. Male and female crowd yard and campus. The distracted dons try in vain to beat off or hold in check these invasions of the new barbarians. What do most of the manifestations like tarantism or the procession of the flagellants, this on-to-college multitudinous march is inexplicable. A thousand miscellaneous moralists and all too many recently graduated Balaacs, each apparently younger than the youngest freshman, denounce the depicted iniquities of undergraduates. Why don't parents and guardians take warning?

Here is Dr. Albert Parker Fitch, sometime professor of the history of religion at Amherst, crying aloud and sparing not at Chicago. Read his character of our wretched lads. "They read books, they study, they are members of the rest of us read? They are strong on college games, gossip and athletics. So were the Greeks. They regard their professors with a mild and benevolent indifference." That is much too large an assertion, since most colleges have some professors much related and responsive to the needs of the students. Even if this indifference be accepted as a fact, it is an improvement upon the old attitude. One doesn't have to be a madman to remember when any other than a formal and official commerce between teacher and student made the latter suspicious of hypocrisy, or "swiping," or "boot-licking."

"Religion means nothing to them." Another peevish generalization. Religion means a good deal to some of them, and the common undergraduate measles of irreligion or hostility to religion indicates an interest far preferable to indifference among the necessary diseases of adolescence being taken with great heat and ferocity other people's thoughts. But let us follow Mr. Fitch's indictment to the end:

"They are dull because they won't study—they think they were sent to college to make money or to get married. They drink because their communities disregard the Volstead law. They play cards because they think it's the social spice of the times. They have no religion. They are unnormal. They swear like pirates because their vocabularies are so limited they have no other means of expression. They hear of boys deep in the Greek tragic poets or the diurnal science. As for the women students, Dr. Fitch forgets that other critics are always jabbing them for not getting married, and we wonder how large a delegation he would find of students who 'think they were sent to college to make money.' The 'unnormal' undergraduate is always subject to the public opinion, more forcible than statutes, of the college community. Certain things 'aren't done.' Drink

ing—and the wettest American college is Westerville, O., compared with almost any American college in the last century. They are pretty well supervised, restrained, kept out of sight. Playing cards is not exactly the unpardonable sin. If any undergraduates 'swear like pirates,' their sulphurous speech may come from something else than a lack of milder words. There is a legend that some early New England transcendentalists used to sit at their front gates when the meeting house bell was ringing and curse horrendously; not that they were profane swearers, but just to exercise their liberty and show their rebellion against 'Puritanism.' Those pirate undergraduates don't look real to us. They are not really pirates. Profanity is one of the things that 'aren't done.'

Let the undergraduates live. At least they are amusing, like Dr. Fitch. And he is never more so than when he appends this snapper to his whip: "But at that, they are better than their parents." That ought to be enough for "the friends of progress," and we will leave it to the parents, guardians and hill payers of our young "amoral" if the old folks aren't "about as good as they make them."

Deleted.

A brass band once visited a small village and the people were delighted with it, but they couldn't make head or tail of the trombone, so they sent for old Pegleg Hoskins, who claimed he understood music.

Well, old Pegleg watched the performance of the trombone player for some time. Then he said, with a sneer: "Take no notice of him, fellows. There's a trick in it; he don't swallow it every time."—Los Angeles Times.

Would Simplify Matters.

Jud Tompkins says life would be easy if every man had nothing more to worry about concerning his past than the theory of evolution.—Washington Star.

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V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of March, 1924. W. QUIGLEY, Notary Public

A Good, True Friend

The happy confidence of a good true friend is a blessing that's both rich and rare. Sweet friendship's ties that death alone can rend. Is like the answer to an earnest prayer.

When joyous souls in true friendship can agree, And unite in bonds of truth and love, And friendly hearts beat in perfect unity, All petty faults they rise above.

When friendship pure, binds closer day by day, And souls unite in perfect harmony, There's roses scattered all along the way, For virtues only, do the eyes of friendship see.

A steadfast friend, just like the rising sun, Will never fail, but ever staunch and true, With a loving purpose deeds will be well done.

No rarer gift can life have to offer you, No brighter are God's stars that shine, Than the steady, glowing ties of a true friendship—the ties that stoutly bind.

I can recall your face, Your baby fingers, Your laughing eyes of blue, Your rosy toes.

All through the years I've felt That you were near me, Perhaps you are, sweet one—Perhaps—who knows?

What is this mist that lies 'Tween earth and heaven? What is this presence which I often feel?

Is it a soul that calls While a soul answers? Is it the key to all? Is it the seal?

So, like a tender flower, My baby brother, When summer wanted you drooped And soon were gone; The winter snows came And tucked you closely— Your summer lullaby Is some bird's song.

In morning's ruddy glow, In evening's shadows, I feel that you are near To comfort me.

There is no death beyond—No time nor limits When those we love are near—So, let it be.

—Catherine Elizabeth Hanson.

MARCH

Much like a woman art thou— Changing—changing like the wind; One moment the sun shining bright, Next moment, snow puts the sun out of sight.

One moment rain, next the sleet, Covering the ground with a white sheet.

One moment smiling—a kiss on your lips; Next a frown, a bitter draught to him who sips.

One moment crying, one moment sighing, Next a smile and career; Oh! much like a lass are you—Our month of March!

—H. F. Gilbert.

Cured After Death.

Visitor—So you really think Yarnouth is a healthy place? Native—Healthy! Why, we cure hinders here after they're dead—Pathfinders.

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