

THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publisher

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MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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The Omaha Bee is a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, the recognized authority on circulation audits, and The Omaha Bee's circulation is regularly audited by their organizations.

Entered as second-class matter May 25, 1905, at Omaha postoffice under act of March 3, 1879.

BEE TELEPHONES

Private Branch Exchange. Ask for the Department or Person Wanted. AT lantic 1000

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IN GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.

It may be a little early for a comfortable stroll in the woods, but if there is any patch of forest you can easily reach, we would recommend that you put on a pair of stout shoes, some old garments, and spend a part of today among the trees.

You will be in almost at the start. Not quite, though, for the sap has started to flow through the veins of the trees. The swelling bark shows its presence. You will note, maybe, some little sign of the buds that precede the leaves, tendrils more than usually tender in the first kniss of the air and the sun.

Do you know how the sap in a tree gets from its roots up to the topmost branch and twig? This was a mystery to men of science for many years. It is obvious, of course, that the sap does get up to the top of a tree, no matter how high, and many forget trees overtop the tallest building in a city.

So it is with a tree, whose sap is its life-blood. Every twig, no matter how far from the root, must have its quota of sap, and have it every day, or it dies. The leaves must have their sap. It is through the leaves that the tree breathes. The trunk must be steady and strong, for it has to sustain a great weight. At times it must withstand tremendous pressure, as when a gale blows it about.

For a long time it was thought that the circulation of sap along the system of a tree was the result of capillary attraction. Some experiments proved that this force was not strong enough to lift the sap to the top of a tall tree. The power of atmospheric pressure would not do. Its effect soon is lost, being only equal to a lift of 32 feet at sea level.

When next you hear anyone classifying trees or other growing things as among inanimate nature, just recall that they live a life that in many of its functions fairly duplicates ours. The poet who wrote "The Woods were God's first temples," told more of the truth than he could have known at the time. It was in this same inspiration that Joyce Kilmer wrote:

"I think that I shall never see A poem lovely as a tree. A tree, whose hungry mouth is prest Against the earth's sweet flowing breast; A tree that looks to God all day, And lifts her leafy arms to pray; A tree that in summer wear A nest of robins in her hair, Upon whose bosom snow has lain, Who intimately lives with rain.

No time spent in communion with Nature is ever wasted, and nowhere can man better "Look through Nature up to Nature's God" than in the woods. Just try it, even if you can get no farther than the tree on your lawn, or the one on the parkway in front of the house.

BEAUTY FOR BEAUTIFUL OMAHA.

One of Omaha's outstanding appeals to the visitor, especially in the summer season, is the vista presented down almost any street in the residence section. Shade trees, in many places arching entirely over the street, broad, well trimmed lawns, and beds of flowers and flowering or foliage shrubs, compose a picture that is a delight to all who look upon it. We properly boast of this attraction.

Naturally, the object is to stimulate the growing of flowers out of doors, this in turn to cultivate the innate sense of the beautiful. With estheticism developed in this direction, it will find other avenues for expression. Thus the spirit of the city as well as its appearance will be improved. Whatever adds to one element of beauty adds to all.

We may also expect that the boys and girls who are interested in growing their own flower beds will have regard for those of their neighbors. It will be

surprising if we hear much of the petty vandalism that has been so annoying to some housekeepers. Love of the beautiful can not be too early instilled. It brings a reward in many ways, not the least of which is gentle behavior and self-control.

WHAT ARE THE YOUNGSTERS THINKING OF?

School is the avenue through which the boy or girl moves to a permanent place in the world life of which they must become a part. It is interesting to know what hopes or aspirations they carry with them on the journey, the goal at which they aim. The State Board for Vocational Education has just tabulated and published replies from 25,914 Nebraska high school students, in answer to a questionnaire which sought to develop what these boys and girls are thinking in regard to the work they expect to do when school work has been completed. Here is a summary of the replies:

Table with 3 columns: Occupation, Boys, Girls, Total. Rows include Agriculture, Athletics, Art, Aviator, Army and Navy, Business, Clerical, Communication, Engineering, Government work, Homemakers, Law enforcement, Literary, Professional, Science, Social and religious, Stage or platform, Railroads, Trades, and Miscellaneous.

While any such tabulation is open to the objection that some vague or uncertain quality may attach to the replies, yet it affords a basis for interesting speculation. It may as well serve for an attack on the general system of vocational training as to support it. What it does contain worth while is an indication of the ways the pupils in the public schools are seeking to shape their lives.

A few more than one-fifth of the boys propose to go back to the farm. A similar group plan to take up engineering, and another of about the same size will engage in other professional work. Of the remaining less than two-fifths a third expect to enter business, leaving about 18 per cent of the entire number for the other classifications. The great number of girls listed as planning on professional work is accounted for by the fact 7,970 expect to become teachers, 1,218 aim to be nurses, and 799 plan to make music their life work.

What the report emphasizes, if anything, is the aspiration of the boys for "white collar" jobs. That is not to be wondered at. The boy of ability and ambition naturally seeks to equip himself for such places. Until some change comes over our social system, through which the so-called "overall" occupations will be given better standing than comes through mere wages, the drift will be in the other direction. The boy is not to blame, if he turns his pursuit of fame and fortune along the lines in which he has seen those who have gone before him succeed.

More than mere vocational training will be needed to alter this tendency of mankind. School men may as well set themselves to the problem, for it is now their greatest challenge.

BACK TO THE FARM FOR MRS. MAGNUS.

Eyebrows are being raised in Washington over something other than oil. The wife of a senator has declared herself homesick for the farm. To the amazement of the quid nunes and high brows of capital society, this good woman admits she is not happy, even with her prospect for admission into at least the outer fringes of the dizzy whirl of society. You know a senator's wife can glimpse herself every now and then in "The Mirrors of Washington."

Mrs. Magnus Johnson knows some joys those sophisticated persons may have heard of but never realized. She has seen a baby chick pip its shell, and then come forth, soon to stand a delicious little ball of fuzzy down. Little calves are coming to town, and baby lambs, and a colt or two. All these appeal to the woman heart that has warmed to cuddling babies of her own. Then all the other wonders that are now coming to pass, in forest and field, in garden and everywhere under the April sky call to her.

No wonder she is homesick. What can Washington offer her in place of the things she is accustomed to? She may go down to the Botanical garden, or watch the coming of the leaves along the avenues; Cabin John drive may lure her, but none of these will fill the void that aches for the farm. Mrs. Magnus Johnson may never have heard the ragtime song:

"I think your big city is very, very pretty, But I want to be there, I want to see there— Down on the farm."

"It is motherhood, the motherhood of nature calling to her, and she will not be happy until she has responded to that call, down on the farm."

McAdoo supporters are claiming the Iowa delegation, but they are ignoring the fact that some of them are outspoken anti-McAdoo, and none are instructed. The fight at Davenport has just been adjourned to New York, that is all.

A luncheon club speaker sought to classify all the fools in the world, but it is a safe guess some got away. There are too many kinds for one man to know them all.

The Irish Free State puts in with Uncle Sam on the crusade against the rum runners. Life on the Atlantic may yet become quite an exciting affair.

Senator Pepper wants a national baseball monument erected at the capital. Why not wait until Washington wins a pennant?

An Omaha judge has just sentenced a speeder to walk exclusively for 60 days. Wonder how the sentence will work out?

So, Omaha is to be dry as dust this summer. All right, but please do not stop the sprinkling wagons.

Charley Gardner wants a slogan for Ak-Sar-Ben. How would "Go get 'em" do?

Hurling of charges at Washington will soon give way to hurling of baseballs.

A candidate says he can see light wines and beer, but does not say where.

Iowa democrats fight just as earnestly as if they expected to win.

Charley Bryan knows now where Charley Graf stands.

Cock Robin can now say "I told you so."

SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget That Sunrise never failed us yet

Colin Thayer

DAY DREAMS.

I long for the days of the barlow knife, And the sore toes tied with yarn; For the "numbpeeps" and the "Boston tap" In the shade of the moss-grown barn. I even yearn for a stone-bruised heel, Or a back burned red by the sun; For the oldtime zest for my couch of rest I had when the day was done.

It is rather difficult to get Alliance people all het up over the oil investigations down in Washington. It will be remembered that Alliance was at one time about as deeply interested in potash as Sinclair is in Teapot Dome.

A lot of people along the line of the Union Pacific are thinking seriously of Having a Law Passed compelling General Manager Jeffers and Chief Agent Watts wear distinguishing badges. They look so much alike that people often tell one secrets that are intended for the other, Jeffers and Watts enjoy it, because it affords each an opportunity to get something on the other.

Nebraska Limerick. There was a young man in Alliance Who had only one button for tiecane. At a swell party ball He rubbed from his hall, For it had betrayed its reluctance.

A tourist drove up a silver to a filling station at Bridgeport the other day and shouted: "Gimme half gallon of gas and a half pint of oil!" "Great gosh, they've begun putting the durned things on a diet!" exclaimed the garage man.

The political campaign is dead quiet in a certain western Nebraska community, compared with the excitement going on in a certain church sewing society. One elderly sister had her hair bobbed and missed the next meeting of the society. But she heard about some of the caustic remarks passed by her sisters concerning her bobbed hair, and now the ecclesiastical fireworks is something gorgeous.

In his campaigning around Charles H. Sloan often runs into some young fellow who served with his sons overseas. And right there and then Mr. Sloan adds a staunch supporter of his candidacy.

An ardent republican at Valentine proposes a ticket made up of Coolidge and Dawes. We have an enlarged crayon portrait of Charley Dawes playing second fiddle to anybody.

A swing around the Nebraska circle right now is a liberal education in optimism. The partisan investigators down Washington way would be interested if they came west and got the reaction of the people towards all that evidence of ex-bandsits, forgers and homicidal suspects.

Next Tuesday is primary day, but a lot of fellows will be so busy cursing the things that are that they will neglect to vote to make things what they should be. WILL M. MAUPIN.

Merchant Marine Bill

From the Kansas City Journal.

Representative George W. Edmonds, republican, of Pennsylvania and ranking member of the committee on merchant marine, has introduced a bill in congress calculated to aid our merchant marine without the payment of subsidy.

The ship in the subsidy bill incorporated in the new bill are: The insurance clause, which allows the shipping board to carry through its insurance department such insurance on its ships as would be exported if satisfactory terms, and rates are not obtainable in this country.

Provides that 50 per cent or as nearly as possible to that percentage shall be carried in our ships. That the army and navy transport shall be abolished and that merchant ships shall be used for this purpose, and that all movement of army and navy material shall be made in American ships.

Provides for the establishment of a joint commission between the shipping board and the interstate commerce commission for any purpose that may arise where the joint interests of the two agencies are involved. section 23 of the merchant marine act in such a position that it can be made operative. (Section 23 prohibits special joint railroad and steamship rates except in connection with American vessels.)

Describes the home port of a ship so that it can be properly placed in any mortgage or other financing of shipping property.

In addition to these aids, Mr. Edmonds has added a number of new sections calculated to aid our merchant marine. One provides for load lines on ships in the foreign trade. Mr. Edmonds explaining that "recent requirements of load lines on vessels in several foreign countries, which are foreign registry forces us into the position of the necessity of having a load line of our own, so that we can obtain recognition of our load lines in several foreign countries, and these arrangements. Again, the pilferage section extends the United States laws in interstate and foreign commerce to the numerous intermediaries, like wharves and warehouses, automobiles, trucks, lighters, wagons, etc., which are not covered by this section at present, and are subject to the local laws, interpreted and carried out by local authorities.

He Deserved It. "If I stole 20 kisses from you, what kind of larceny would that be?" asked the wise one.

"I should call it grand," sighed the sweet young thing without batting an eyelish. Penalty—life sentence.

NET AVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION for March, 1924, of THE OMAHA BEE Daily 74,860 Sunday 79,350

Does not include returns, leftovers, samples or papers spoiled in printing and includes no special sales or free circulation of any kind.

V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of April, 1924. W. H. QUIVEY, (Seal) Notary Public

We Recommend and Endorse H. E. KUPPINGER For Republican State Representative in the 17th District

D. M. VINSONHALKER, WM. I. RANDALL, N. H. LOOMIS, DR. H. C. GIFFORD, C. B. WILHELM, H. A. NELSON, H. M. CHASSON, ROY N. TOWL, MRS. L. M. LIARD.

DO NOT WANT ADS BRING RESULTS.

Indian Reviews Case for the Indian

Winnebago, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I cannot control myself from repeating the true woman's voice which is heard from far in east, whose woman's heart has pleaded so eloquently for the poor red men. The materials for her story have been taken from official documents. The sad revelation of broken faith, of violated treaties and of inhuman deeds of violence will bring a flush of shame to the cheeks of those who love their country. They will wonder how our rulers have dared to so trifle with justice and provoke the anger of God. The Indian owns no telegraph, employs no press reporter, and his side of the story is unknown to the people. Nations, like individuals, reap exactly what they sow; they who sow robbery reap robbery. The seed sowing of iniquity repels in a harvest of blood. The American people have accepted the teaching that the Indians were a degraded, brutal race of savages, whom it was the will of God should perish at the approach of civilization. If they do not say with our Puritan fathers that these are the Hititites who are to be driven out before the servants of the Lord, they will accept the teaching that manifest destiny will drive the Indians from the earth.

The inexorable has no tears or pity at the cries of anguish of the doomed. The American people have accepted the teaching that the Indians were a degraded, brutal race of savages, whom it was the will of God should perish at the approach of civilization. If they do not say with our Puritan fathers that these are the Hititites who are to be driven out before the servants of the Lord, they will accept the teaching that manifest destiny will drive the Indians from the earth.

The relation was one of mutual dependence. If the trader oppressed the Indian he was in danger of losing his life. If the Indian refused to pay his debts, the trader must leave the country. The factors and agents of the old fur companies tell us that their goods were as safe in the uncivilized village. The pioneer settlers have had too much at stake to excite an Indian massacre, which would overwhelm their loved ones in ruin. The army is not responsible for Indian wars; they are "men authority," who go where they are sent. The men who represent the honor of the nation have a tradition that lying is a disgrace and that theft forfeits character. General Crook expressed the feeling of the army when he replied to a friend who said, "It is hard to go on such a campaign." "Yes, it is hard; but, sir, the hardest thing is to go and fight those who know you are in the right." The Indian bureau is often unable to fulfill the treaties, because congress has failed to make the appropriations. If its agents are not men of the highest character, it is largely due to the fact that we send a man to execute this difficult task at a remote agency and expect him to support himself and family on \$1,500 a year. The Indian bureau represents a system which is a blunder and a crime.

The Indian is the only human being within the territory who has no individual right in the soil. He is not amenable to or protected by law. The executive, the legislative and judicial departments of the government recognize that he has a necessary right in the soil; but his title is merged in the law.

A Chinese or a Hottentot would have, but the native, true American is left pitifully helpless. This system grew out of our relations at the first settlement of the country. The isolated settlements along the Atlantic coast could not ask the Indians, who outnumbered them ten to one to accept the position of wards. No wise policy was adopted, with altered circumstances, to train the Indians for citizenship. Treaties were made of the same binding force of the constitution; but these treaties were unfulfilled. It may be doubted whether one single treaty has ever been fulfilled as it would have been if it had been made with a foreign power. The treaty has been made as between two independent sovereigns. Sometimes each party has been ignorant of the wishes of the other; for the heads of both parties of the treaty have been on the interpreter's shoulders, and he was the owned creature of corrupt men, who desired to use the Indians as a key to unlock the nation's treasury. Pledges solemnly made have been shamelessly violated. The Indian has had no redress but war. In these wars ten white men were killed to one Indian, and the Indians who were killed have cost the government \$100,000 each. Then came a new treaty, more violated faith, another war, until we have not 100 miles between the Atlantic and Pacific which has not been the scene of an Indian massacre. All this while Canada has had no Indian wars. Yours truly,

CHIEF MA-NI-SHE-KAN, (Signature) STANTON-EARTH.

Maybe So; Maybe No.

The teacher was telling the boys and girls of the wonderful advances that had been made since she was a school girl, and how the whole method of living has been changed. "Now can any of you tell me of one thing that your mothers do now that they did not do years ago?" "Bob our hair," one little girl piped in.—Exchange.

Do They Want Another Fight?

The United States senate has called upon Secretary of War Weeks for data concerning shipment of arms to Mexico. Are the senators looking for another fight.—St. Louis Star.

Lure of the City.

It is said that 1,000,000 persons left farms last year for the cities. They may have observed what wages lathers and plasterers are commanding.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

The Storm

'Twas a beautiful day, the twentieth of May, With skies as blue as the ocean's hue. Soft zephyrs to drive dull care away, Making all feel alive and new. Sweet scented blossoms fill each with delight, Twisting birds mating in treetops high. Happy children romp with main and might, All nature seems attune, for summer is nigh.

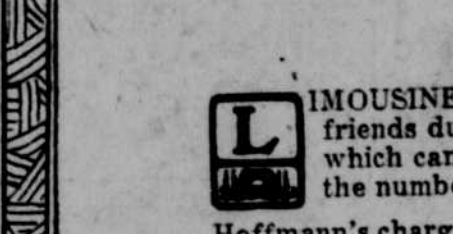
As evening nears, a sense of weariness prevails, The air is hot, like a breath of the burning sand. Look! yonder cloud, foretells a gale, Striking terror to the heart of man. On and on it comes, now rising, now falling, Like a storm-tossed ship, on a windswept sea. Long fingers of death, snatching lives, Not faltering. Oh God! save us, now we humbly pray Thee.

With a crashing din, the storm passes by, Leaves death and ruin, in a wreck-strewn path. With anguished hearts to relieve us cry, Make haste, for lives are ebbing fast. Thus the sad ending of a perfect day, The golden hours of living, with sorrow were rent. Beauty and happiness were swept away, The memory of which we'll never forget. —Anne E. Pierce, Carroll, Ia.

FUSSY WILLOW.

Fussy Willow by the brook, "Spring is here!" reflecting. I know "why" you beck in breeze, Eagerly expecting Me to understand every sign—Smiling and directing! Violet is over there— Where the fays have tarried—'Neath a mushroom parasol By Sweet William carried; Jack-in-the-put waits the twin— Means to make them married. Fussy Willow by the brook, There's just no resisting Such appeal! 'I'll up and go Where my heart is lusting— Unless 'tis from lovely Spring's embraces twisting. —Alta Wrenwick Brown.

Hoffmann's Charge for a Limousine Car Is But \$7



HOFFMANN'S CHARGE FOR A LIMOUSINE CARS for the use of the family or of friends during a funeral are one of the cash items which cannot be included in the regular service, as the number required varies with each case.

Hoffmann's charge for such cars is but \$7 each. These cars seat six persons. They are piloted by skilled drivers who know funeral customs and etiquette thoroughly. They transport the passengers to the cemetery, and return them to their homes after the services are completed.

Every car used in Hoffmann Service, whether owned by this institution or hired for the occasion, is fully covered by a blanket policy of insurance protecting the occupants and the public as well in case of accident.

It is just one more of those little details making for perfection in my service—details with which the public may be unfamiliar, but which make this institution distinctive and outstanding in its ability best to serve in time of greatest need.

Hoffmann Service is satisfying, not only in perfection of detail, but in the matter of price as well. Funerals complete, for adults, may be arranged for any sum from \$100 up—for infants from \$20 up.

The price may be what you please to determine—the service is that same perfection of refinement which Hoffmann always renders.

Leo A. Hoffmann

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