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PLAYGROUNDS FOR THE PUBLIC.

America is a country of outdoors. It has the broad, open spaces, so often jested about. It has the mountains, the lakes, the rivers, all the wondrously diversified beauties of landscape, of air and sky and land. Day after day throughout the year Nature in her moods invites man to come forth and play. Her invitation is accepted more often than not. Americans are industrious, but they are playful. Captious foreigners like to chide us because of money-grubbing habits; even some of our own people, who read their happiness in trade balances, love to scold because we do not work enough hours.

Against all this we contrast the play habits of the people. Baseball, golf, tennis, hunting, fishing, shooting, swimming, skating, each season has its program of pastimes, and each is fully occupied. It is not just because we have more people that we are able to turn out athletes by the thousands to compete in the great Olympic games. Really, the elimination contests are of more importance than the main event will be, for they show how many of the youth of the country are worthy to aspire to world honors. Critics who complain because Americans do not play might find out something if they only will watch the college boys and others going in for Olympic tryout and for the various competitions between the schools.

Supervised play is a modern institution.

It is a result of the increasing demand for athletic sports and games all over the land. Order must be had even in sport, and the organized control of sport by the great colleges and the professional baseball leagues has found a reflection on city playgrounds. In other words, President Coolidge has just taken steps to further co-ordinate the recreational facilities and opportunities by appointing an outdoor commission. This body will take the necessary steps to bring unity between the activities of the several states and those of the government, to the end that all will be better able to serve the purpose for which they exist. Secretaries Weeks, Work, Wallace and Hoover and Assistant Secretary Roosevelt make up the commission, which will outline a policy "properly to adjust the widely separated viewpoints and interlock the interests concerned efficiently."

This means bringing together not only the state parks and playgrounds to supplement the national parks and playgrounds, but a unification of the Boy Scouts, the Campfire Girls, conservation groups, the Izaak Walton, the sportsmen's organizations of various sorts, and all who are interested in outdoor life from any point of view or action.

Millions of Americans go gypsying every year.

They cross the continent in never-ending caravans. They penetrate mountain fastnesses and dare the dangers of the desert. Week end trips, and vacations of a day or two swell the multitude that are living outdoors some of the time. All of these are adding to their own and consequently to the general sum of human health and happiness. Add to them the other millions who spend a few hours each day or week on the golf links, at the tennis courts, on the baseball fields, who fish, swim, or just wander about in the air and the sunlight, and you have the answer, whether Americans are devoted exclusively to work.

It is characteristic, perhaps, that the idea of co-ordinating all the outdoor activities of the country should have originated with Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. He is as earnest in his pursuit of the strenuous life as was his father, and no stronger champion of the outdoors ever lived. His example and precept have had great effect on the life of the people, and through his son will still further. The president has moved along a line that will become popular, not through any regulation of the habits of the people, but by giving them better opportunity to make fuller use of what is really their own, the outdoors of the great country.

SNOBBS LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.

All the way down through recorded history we have examples of how some folks made fools of themselves through the assumption of superior wisdom. Aristocratic persons who have been accustomed to revolve around the lord high commissioner to the Scottish General church, which is the polite name for the representative of the British crown in Scotland, are digging a pit for themselves. James Brown, a one-time humble coal miner, has been appointed to that place, and he and his good wife will take over Holyrood castle as their official place of residence.

Neither is personally offensive, but the exclusive social circle proposes to boycott them. It is hardly likely this will make the least bit of difference to the lord high commissioner, who has so far made his way with very little assistance from the aristocracy of the kingdom.

The most grievous account against him, though, is that he is a prohibitionist, and probably will introduce his habits of total abstinence at the castle. This is important if true. Some who might not care to shake his hand or associate with him on terms of intimacy would be willing, it seems, to visit the castle in search of a drink.

The duke of Atholl and his wife are standing by the Browns, in the hope that their example may instill a little common sense into the tory group that is trying to make life unpleasant for the former miner. It will be worth watching, just as a matter of curiosity. We expect that the lord high commissioner of the Church of Scotland will not swerve from his principles, even if assured of social recognition by the snobs who are piling up wrath against the day of wrath. In fact, we expect to be told

some day that Ramsay MacDonald has been asked to play over the Loughmouth golf course. We also feel sure the success of the labor government does not depend upon its success in the drawing room.

CHILD'S PLAY AT WASHINGTON.

Thomas S. Adams, chairman of the tax advisory board of the internal revenue department, has resigned as an assistant to the senate committee that has been investigating the bureau. In his letter he says: "The important shortcomings of the bureau of internal revenue lie on or near the surface. They are known to hundreds of people conversant with the work of the bureau. They are grave, but they are obvious. To exploit them gratuitously, to probe for the sake of probing, impresses me—if I may say so without offense—as a particularly demoralizing form of child's play."

This is from a man who knows what he is talking about. Prof. Adams has been connected intimately with the business of laying taxes and collecting revenue for many years, not merely as a student and professor of political economy, but as an expert adviser to the state of Wisconsin, to the United States, and in such other capacities as give him a right to speak as one having authority.

He says the proceedings have assumed the aspect of "a peculiarly demoralizing form of child's play." Constructive work has been lost sight of, while the senators pursue politics. Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania thrusts himself in, advising the committee to take on the services of a professional muckraker instead of a man of Adams' type. What Pinchot wants is a probe; not an examination, not a clearing up, but some red-hot stories on the front page.

Prof. Adams has made his protest in a manly, decent fashion. Will it have any weight with the pack now in full cry on the trail of sensations? We doubt that it will, but people are beginning to think, and in time the senators will read the answer where they best can understand.

COOLIDGE IN LUCK FOR ONCE.

When President Coolidge was exposed to the ringing denunciation of Senator James A. Reed of Missouri he sustained the heaviest fire that could be directed against him. For Senator Reed is a denunciator beyond compare. He specializes in it, and his equal has never been developed. Vest of Missouri, Ingalls of Kansas, Randolph of Roanoke, Calhoun of South Carolina, these and others are remembered because of their vitriolic attacks on opponents or enemies. But that was their oratorical avocation.

With Reed it is a vocation. He works at it all the time, day in and day out. He went into the senate in 1911, and began at once to denounce President Taft and all he proposed. Wilson came on in time, and for eight long years he had to bear the tirades of the senator from Kansas City. Recall how for weeks the rafters in the capitol rattled and writhed as Jimmy Reed dwelt on the iniquities of Herbert Hoover, the shortcomings of the food administration, and all that sort of thing. He won his reward at San Francisco, where the democrats threw him out of the convention. Some weeks ago he adjourned his field of action from Washington to Missouri, and ramped and roared all over the landscape, denouncing McAdoo and everybody else in sight, and the voters rewarded him by giving the state's delegation to another.

Now, in the fullness of his developed talents along his chosen line, he turns all the power he has against President Coolidge. Really, this is the most hopeful sign we have seen lately. Everything that Senator Reed has opposed since he went to Washington has prospered, so if his record holds good, the president is in luck. But as a denouncer Jimmy stands without a peer.

Senator Wheeler is denouncing the Department of Justice for maintaining a spy system. He was removed from office on that account once, and certain of his supporters, among them "Big Bill" Dunn, are now awaiting trial for their communicative activities. No wonder he does not like the work of the department.

We note with interest that three men at the Nebraska state prison are studying the Bible intently. They are soon to be electrocuted, a fact that suggests the research now in progress was started too late.

The jury in the Governor McCray case disagreed and has been dismissed, showing that it is much easier to convict a man in a newspaper story than in court.

While the country is pleading with the senate to do something for the republic, the senate continues its strenuous efforts to do something.

Chicago jewelers are agitating for a 40-story building to house their enterprises. Sounds like an invitation to real hijackers.

Los Angeles still holds out for the pleistocene skulls. Might prove it by some of the boneheads now living.

Senator Thomas J. Walsh's feelings have been hurt again, by a very callous president. 'Stoo bad.

The ability of a man to lose well is often the test of his ability to stand success.

We are for the women's clean-up campaign. Let's make it a good one.

Denmark is going to try a labor government, to see if it will work.

Unlicensed fishermen are finding Nebraska has a game law.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davis

MEASURING THE YEARS.
I like to note the progress in country and in town,
And learn that some old comrade has risen to renown;
I like to hear of others who have fought their battles thru—
Have reached their destination as they long have hoped to do.
From year to year I mark the change with joyfulness
And pride,
And treasure the successes of those who hard have tried;
And lively little children in Memory's mirror stand,
Which shows in truth the pictures of faded Cradleland.
The merit has been proven that no cruel word can mar—
Achieving and ascending these erstwhile children are,
And bringing joy to parents who guided them, and taught.
The virtues which their fathers and fathers' fathers brought.
As here we wait the bugle and strive our wings to spread
We may find joy in meeting with those who march ahead,
And cherish our acquaintance, which through the years has grown,
Until another's children seem almost like our own.

Letters From Our Readers

All letters must be signed, but names will be withheld upon request. Comments on the words and acts will be given preference.

Election by the House.
Philadelphia—To the Editor of the Omaha Bee: Discussion of the presidential election being thrown to the house of representatives by a third party movement, delicately engineered for that purpose is very interesting, although it has never before happened and the controversy is extremely remote. That a fruitless effort to produce this result was made in 1923 may be worth recalling by reference to the documents in the case which I happen to have preserved.

On the eve of the election which occurred in 1923 in the balance the following circular was sent to all the party workers in Nebraska by the members of the democratic national committee for that state:
"Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 4, 1923.—Dear Sir—It affords me pleasure to inform you that I have been personally authorized by the national committee of the democratic party to urge the democrats of Nebraska to support the electors nominated by the independent party in this state, the object being to increase the vote for the Weaver electors, that the nomination of half of Harrison shall be defeated, and this state taken out of its accustomed place in the republican column."

"To this is no sacrifice of democratic principles, inasmuch as the object is the triumph of democracy and the downfall of republicanism and the vicious policies which it advocates."
"The evidence must have been pretty strong against you."
"I don't believe the evidence was what convicted me," answered Bill the Burg. "I think it was bad company. The judge took a dislike to me for havin' such a bum lawyer."
Washington Star.

Spice of Life
Frenchman—Ah, madame your singing was the most wonderful thing!
Hostess (modestly)—No, no, my account, the credit should go to my accompanist.
Frenchman—Quite so, madame, but see Frenchman is always see gentleman.—Yale Record.

ONE OF THE FOUR HUNDRED.
Newshy—Great mystery! Fifty victims!
Passerby—Here, boy, I'll take one (after reading a moment) Say, boy, there's nothing of the kind in this paper. Where is it?
Newshy—That's the mystery, gov'nor. You're the 51st victim.—Every body's.

THAT LITTLE TOWN BACK HOME
(To Beaver Crossing, Neb.)
Do you know where the prettiest valleys lie,
With low green hills all around—
The clearest river, the prettiest woods—
Where the sweetest flowers are found?
Where, on the gentle slope of the hills
Gray, smooth roads lead up and down—
It's the valley, the hills, the river and woods,
Back by the old home town.

Do you know who the nicest people are,
Those who'll bear friendship's test,
Though you've been all around this world—
The people you like the best?
The truest—the kindest people—
On whom the sun smiles down—
They're the old friends and the kin-folks,
Who live in that little town,
No matter how grand the town is,
Or how high the hills where you are.
That little town, and the hills back home,
Will always be nicer by far,
And wherever fate may take you,
Whether you're little known or of great renown,
It will always be back home to you,
And you'll call it your "own little town."
—Harriett Marlin Myers.

"The Rappicker of Reno."
From the Boston Globe.
Nevada has a bishop who glories in the title of "Chief Rappicker of Reno." He is the Right Rev. George Conlidge Huntington, D. D., Episcopal bishop of the state, historian and curator of its museum of history, carpenter, bricklayer, painter and mechanic. A short time ago he bought a defunct saloon and dancehall for \$23.75 and promptly converted it into a church.

He harks back to the good old days of Nevada, and is one of the staunch friends of Tex Rickard. It may have been from Rickard that the bishop got the process which, 20 years ago, when a town bully announced that he was going to shoot Huntington on sight, enabled the future bishop, with no weapons but his bare hands, not only to beat the bully into submission, but to make a lifelong friend of him.

But with regards to the bishop as "Chief Rappicker of Reno," a report has just been received from Eagle, Alaska, of the receipt there of 375 quilts made by 45 Indian women of the "Yakuts" tribe, who are located on the Pyramid Lake reservation in Nevada disease.

The story about these quilts is simple. The woman's auxiliary of the Episcopal church is in charge of Pyramid Lake, Nev., of 45 Indian women. Word came from Bishop Howe of Alaska that blankets were needed by the missionaries up in that country. Bishop Huntington was informed that the Indian women at Pyramid Lake had nothing to do

"From State and Nation"

Senator Owen's Press Regulator.
From the Massachusetts Tribune.
Senator Owen of Massachusetts wants the government to have a hand in adding the newspapers of the country. A bill introduced by him provides that newspapers and magazines must publish any "wrong statement" or "correction, explanation or denial" that might be submitted to any persons mentioned by name in a previous issue, regardless of whether the reference was derogatory or complimentary. Moreover, the statement must appear "on precisely the same page and position on the page" as the original article. Finally for failure to comply with the law would be in barring the paper from the mails.

It would be hard to figure out anything more calculated than the thing Senator Owen proposes to compel newspaper editors with readily dull reading at the expense of real news, or with stuff which, in many instances, would put the complaining person in a ridiculous light more harmful to him than the reference to him in the original article. If Senator Owen ever had been a newspaper man on an editorial staff he would better understand how his proposal, if adopted into law, would work out in practice. It is not the least of an editor's task to save contributors from their own follies. The discretion in more newspaper offices than any other editorial slogan, or any other slogan in the advertising departments for that matter, in cases where the editor declines to correct the complainant has recourse to the courts to obtain redress if he has been injured in his name or his interests. Indeed, the mere publishing of corrections does not give the publisher immunity for any wrong he may have done through the printed word.

Senator Owen has lifted something from his chest, and that is about the only thing he has lifted from his chest in more than a dozen years of newspaper editorship.

Modern Education.
Teacher: "Name the four cardinal points of the compass."
Bright Pupil: "Rear right, rear left, right front and left front."

Are you old enough to remember when you could get—
A good cigar for a nickel?
A satisfactory shoe shine for the same money?
Three pounds of round steak for a quarter and a few slices of liver for nothing?
Railroad fare for 2 cents a mile?
Six street car tickets for a quarter?
A big dish of low cream for a dime?
Or even the time when you laughed at the idea of prohibition ever being brought about in the U. S. A.?

In response to many inquiries we want to make it plain that plans for the old-fashioned dance at the Municipal Auditorium have not been abandoned, merely held in temporary abeyance. If not held until the weather is real warm we can all shuck our coats and make it really like old times.
WILL M. MAUPIN.

and would make the quilts if he would provide the material.
When this offer got to the bishop he began scouring Reno for all sorts of odds and ends of dress goods, etc., which could be converted into quilt material. Disregarding racial, religious and other ties, he made a house-to-house canvass, poked into all sorts of nooks and corners, and in a short time, had several automobile loads of assorted rags toiling up the trail to Pyramid Lake.

The 375 quilts made last year were the first result of the bishop's activities, which brought to him the sobriquet of "Chief Rappicker of Reno," that he proudly carries. He is at work now to redouble the output.

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It's impossible 't look after our business an' git so we'd be an' thing at go. Lufe Bud an' his wife went 't th' ater last night, an' in spite 't th' crowd, they got as good seats as if they'd been deadheads.
(Copyright, 1924.)

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V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of April, 1924.
W. H. HUIVEY,
(Seal) Notary Public

PIERCE

The Enclosed Drive Limousine

From the Pierce-Arrow factory at Buffalo comes word that a limited number of Enclosed Drive Limousine bodies are approaching completion and will be in readiness for their chasses, which are now undergoing final road tests.

The opportunity to obtain fairly prompt delivery of this desirable closed model with its grateful protection is especially welcome at this time of year. It is preferred by many because a simple lowering of the full-width plate-glass partition converts it from a formal Limousine into a companionable, owner-driven Sedan.

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