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THE OMAHA BEE

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Omaha-Where the West is at its Best

MESSAGE OF THE EMPTY TOMB.

"And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

"He is not here, for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay."-Matthew, XXVIII, 5-6.

Thus, in simple words is told the greatest story in all mankind's treasured lore. The empty tomb. The linen garments lying there. The stone rolled away. The stricken guard. The angel, and the sorrowing women, whose black grief was turned to wondering joy by what they found. On that incident rests the faith of millions, who find in the story the secure foundation for a trust that sustains them through life, through death, and into eternity.

. . .

It is very well to tell of the pagan feast that preceded Easter. It was the occasion of rejoicing among the people, going back to an antiquity unpenetrated by research. Man had associated the coming of spring with certain movements of the stars, and worshiped accordingly. The Jews had connected their Passover with the event, and had given it for themselves a little deeper significance. But to all of them it was the physical proof of a rebirth. Nature was coming back, out of the death of long and cruel winter. So might man also be reborn.

Therefore, the time was one for rejoicing, particularly because it brought the promise of another seed time and harvest, of plenty to eat, of relaxation in the open, and surcease from the hardships and privations, the short rations and the suffering from cold. If priests and prophets added to it the indefinite promise of a life beyond, of existence in another sphere, so much the better for those who could find it in their hearts to believe. For the many the feast partook only of its material promise.

. . . "But," in the language of Paul, "now is Christ risen from the dead; and become the first-fruits of them that slept." It was not a physical but a spiritual sign, the portent of the empty tomb was that man should by faith triumph over earthly things and in the end have eternal life. We can understand of Mary to whom Jesus spoke, of the disciples, even of Thomas who doubted. Men are still mystified, still doubt and dispute, when it is so much easier to believe. Out of this empty tomb has flowed an unceasing, ever swelling flood of inspiration, mounting on Hope, sustained by Faith, lifting mankind higher and higher with each passing day. Charity, the greatest of them all, is coming more and more into the lives of men and nations, because of the light that shines from that tomb that did give up its dead. Examine the history of the years that have intervened between that day and this, and notice how steadily the relations of human existence have improved.

known women a greater debt than it can ever repay. They have kept alight the altar fires of faith. By their zeal, their devotion, and their sacrifices, they have brought hope to the hopeless and renewed faith in the hearts of despairing men and women.

The greatest heroines of earth will forever remain nameless and unknown until in the eternity beyond this life they shall find themselves rewarded as they deserve, and see their names enrolled in letters of fire upon the scroll of those who served best because they leved most.

RELIGION BY RADIO.

When the preachers began to broadcast their sermons, it was thought that science was being brought to the service of religion. In other words, the church was making it easier for its communicants. Some were openly skeptical as to the benefits, holding to the old-fashioned notion that true religion calls for a little exertion, sacrifice now and then of personal ease and comfort, at least in the matter of divine worship. "Where two or three are gathered together in My name" was not spoken of a group that might assemble around a loud speaker. A novel and really perplexing factor-at least

to an outsider-is now introduced by a New York His minister of the Presbyterian denomination. congregation is largely made up of those who take their Sunday dose of doctrine and dogma, cheer and consolation, sitting easily at home, tuned in on the radio. This pastor is arranging with the prohibition officers to permit such communicants to have at their homes a supply of sacramental wine, in order that they may say communion also by way of the wireless.

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The individual cup long ago started an argument that is not yet at an end. Sanitary reasons were urged, the communion being spiritual and not physical. Against this the ultra orthodox set up that it is the very body and blood of Jesus, and so is physical as well as spiritual. That is a contention that has had followers since apostolic time. However, the individual cup is tolerated, and that being so, the still more exclusive practice of taking communion at home may be justified.

Yet, what becomes of communion? From a gregarious and social state men are thus led into the isolated and consequently the selfish. Communion with the Most High is had in solitude. In fact, it is recommended, but the assembling of the congregation before the veil also is important. We do not pretend to settle this point. The reader will have little trouble in carrying the thought along to a reasonable conclusion. One reflection that presses is that the church will not entirely fill its place in the world until it stirs a lot of lazy folks out of their lethargy, and gets them to attend in person at the services where the praise and worship of God is the order of the day.

NEW YORK'S BOY IS AMERICA'S.

New York is going to display a great "loyalty and health" parade on May 1. Part of the plan is to have for grand marshal of the parade a typical New York boy. He has already been located in the person of 14-year-old John Mitchell, a freshman in one of the city's high schools. Here are some of his qualifying attributes. He likes apple pie, swimming, tales of adventure, thinks once a week is often enough for the movies, reads Abraham Lincoln's speeches and expects to be an engineer when he gets out of school. Of course he is healthy, enjoys outdoor sports and is getting good marks at school.

Such a boy is typical, not of New York alone, but of the whole United States. We have mi of him, and on his shoulders rests the future of the country. Boys who like apple pie, who read about Abraham Lincoln, get good marks at school, love play in the open and plan to be good and useful citizens when they come to manhood are the ones who will keep alive through the centuries the light on the altar of liberty. They are the hope of the country. They are its very backbone. The good men of today were such boys yesterday, as were their fathers before them. Our boys are not being spoiled, despite the fact that they do some things the boys of yesterday or the day before did not do. They yet are made of the same metal as were their daddies. It must not all be put on the boy, though, for father and mother have their responsible share in seeing that this healthy, normal lad grows up to be a strong and useful man. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined," and a little attention to the bending of the twig is necessary.

THE SUNDAY BEE: OMAHA, APRIL 20, 1924.

EASTER LILY

With purple-spotted, orange-hued array. Tail tiger hily lords it in bouquet. Erst, garb of Judah's field-born hily won Erst, garb of Judah's field-born lily won Applause of Christ o'er fame-decked Bolomon. Vale's lily-rapt, unconscious sweet of soul-Embraces trysting paths where lovers stroll. On verdant, heart-shaped, rose lined leatage boat Pond's lily, sweeping fragrance, is affoat. Brave sego Hiy-Utah's Floral Queen-Hurls hope upon the dreary desert screen. French kings fain flaunted ature fleur-de-lis-Romantic balles employed are benidty. French kings fain flaunted asure fleur-de-lis-Romantic badge employed ere heraldry. But, Easter Lily, you surpass all these And other blooms that grow the earth to please! Your incense rare and aureated close Are love and light of Glory that arose Transfiguring the Savior on His way To Heaven's Kingdom on Ascension Day. Your stem is consecrated beam that made The cross on which the price for sin He paid. Your cup sublime, white, waxen and serene, The one that He, deserted and unseen, Had drained to dregs there in Gethsemane, Had drained to dregs there in Gethsemane, With "Father, let Thy will be done!" for plea. Your bulb-sheath is the stone that angel sway Of light and air and moisture colled away. And you, too, triumphed, beautific bloom, Came forth in life from miry urn, your tomb! -Alta Wrenwick Brown.

	And a state of the second	doors, closed and locked, for the nego- tiation of treaties that pledge the
RESURGAM.	THE EASTER LILY.	lives of boys on battlefields is an in- tolerable exercise of power that ought
d must this body die, its members	A lily bud in the garden, Among the beautiful flowers, Was buffeted by the March wind Then fed by the April showers; Till at last its petals opened And looked up into the sky,	tolerable exercise of power that ought not to exist. These secret under- standings, without the knowledge of the people who pay the piper and fur- nish the fighters, have been the curse of the centuries. They were the outstanding curse in the peace congress when Wilson was confronted with treatles secretly ne- gotiated. The plan proposed by the MacDon- ald ministry will strip the foreign of- fice of its mystery. It will give the people an opportunity to know the nature of the bargains into which they enter. And it will make sinister, war-provoking understandings impos- sible or unprofitable. The MacDonald ministry has one outstanding virtue—it is trying to keep the promise made to the men who died on Flanders fields. And there ought to be nothing sensational in that. The Value of a Name. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. New York.—The sale of the Wool- worth building last week for \$11,000 000 revealed more than the actual market value of the property. It brought to light some sidelights on the value of the name. When the giant building was com- pleted in 1912 its renting agents had a very difficult time to find tenants to fill its 59 floors. The name Wool- worth was associated only with 5 and 10-cent stores and big concerns did not wish to have their names asso- clated with it. Despite the fact that the new structure was the last word in skyserapers and located at Brond- way and Park place the renting
sorrows greet. soul, despondent o'er the graves of vanished friends, cheered, for real life begins where	While a tear stood in her eye: "Oh, lily, dear, precious lily! Sweet lily, why did you die? Oh, lily, dear little lily! Today I could envy thee;	agents had to make unusual conces- sions to even partly fill the building. As the president of one concern which occupied a suite of offices on one of the upper floors, told me: "We didn't want to have the name Wool-
this one ends; i to each sad, bereaved one the Scripture saith.	Thou hast died for the King of Glory. Who died for the world and me."	worth on our letterheads, for we didn't want to give that impression
by do but sleep awhile; there is no real death.	'Oh, lify, dear little lify! Today thou has died for one The Savior of sinful nations,	to our business connections around the country. But we were able to get a long lease at such a low rental
Death, where is thy sting? Thy		that we waived our prejudices. Today

Keeping Faith With

Dead

It was a drainito moment in the

British house of commons when the

labor ministry announced plans for

the reversal of the traditional foreign

policy of the semple by making se-cest traction an impossibility. It was more than dramatic-it was historic. If the 10,000,000 boys buried in

If the 10,000,000 boys buried in bloody graves in the late war have not shocked civilized nations into the shandonment of the sinister system of old-school diplomacy, they died in vain. If that war meant nothing more than the crushing of Germany it meant all too little. The men who fought and died believed it meant the ending of a system—and they believ-ed it because the responsible states.

ed it because the responsible states-men of the world gave them that sol-

When Wilson made his declaration

When Wilson made his declaration of war on secret treaties. English statesmen told the English people that they acquiesced. And unless veracity is not as much a virtue for rulers as for plain people, it is not easy to understand why there should have been a "generation" when the

have been a "sensation" when the

British labor ministry announced a program in harmony with the solemn pledge.

The meeting of politicians behind doors, closed and locked, for the nego-

emn assurance.

from the New York Hushing World.

SUNNY SIDE UP Jake Comfort, nor forget Shat Sunrise never falled us yet -

DICK VOICES A COMPLAINT.

Cies, but it makes me orful tired T hear Dad talkin' so About th' good times at he had A long, boug times ago. He musts pulled some orful tricks When he was 'bout my saw: But sheen I try I' do 'em now Ibad files into a rage.

He tells o' playin' hookey when Th' fishin' first got good; Ap' Hollere'en he busted gates All 'round th' neighborhood. But when I done like Dad he did. He bent me 'croat his lap An' fanned my trousers good an' hard With 'at ol' halterstrap.

Dad can remember mighty well His days o' youthful joy, But somehow he can't realize 'At now I am a boy. When I ask him f'r sim'lar fun He only shakes his head, An' if I don't hush up right then. He sends me off t' bed.

FOR SALE: Owing to the necessity of moving from one town to another, said towns being widely "separated and freight rates pretty high, we offer for sale one sway-backed sanitary couch, one refrigerator warranted to melt more ice than a potter's oven, hoes, rakes and shovels with broken handles, a couple of tons of old magazines, a barrelful of old shoes, hats, couple of tons of old magazines, a barrelful of old shoes, hats, etc., 11 pairs of roller skates minus most of the rollers, 75 feet of garden hose warranted to leak three places to the foot, one porch swing in which at least two engagements were made and another threatened, and other articles too useless to mention For cash or what have you?

Pass Another Law.

Too long the man by fears oppressed has had his hand upon the heim. 'Tis time that he should be suppressed by means of clubbof slipperyeim. He's always seeing fearsome ghosts, and throwing fits of gloom and fright. There's naught he sees but evil hosts that flit about him day and night

He comes when I am feeling bright and well content within comes when I am reening oright and wen content writing my sphere, to tell me tales that will afright, and leaves me shuddering with fear. His habits are a fierce offense: he scatters woe along his trail. To Pass a Law is our defense that will commit the cuss to jail.

Are you one of those loud talkers who ought to stick your head out of the window and call instead of shouting into the telephone transmitter? There is one in nearly every office.

Now if all the defeated are through extending thanks and pledging the victors enthusiastic support, perhaps we can get down to real business.

Nebraska Limerick.

There was a young man in Wahoo Who felt most emphatically bloo. His girl quit him cold

For a suitor more bold, And he blubbered and bellered, boo-hoo!

Famous Sayings of Noted Men.

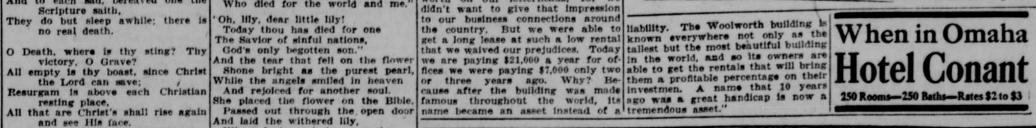
James C. Dahlman-Come six! Adam McMullen-If at first you don't-etc., etc.

Thomas Dennison-Don't give up the chips. Carl Gray (the dairy promoter, not the railroad man)-The udder way round is the best way home.

Daniel Butler-Gang way! Frank A. Harrison-Hi, low, and no use counting for game.

"The average American home," mourns Charley Botkin of Gothenburg, "knows more about departed spirits than A. Conan Doyle will ever know."

WILL M. MAUPIN.



. . .

Men still wrangle over points of bellef. Creeds divide them into clashing groups. War has not vanished, nor poverty, disease nor misery. Yet all these things have been softened, ameliorated, mitigated, and the way of all the race is correspondingly easier, because some of the influence of Jesus and His teachings have touched the lives of all. So it will probably be unto the end. Religions will rise and swell, prosper and subside, just as they have through all human history, and perhaps before any record was kept. The simple dogma of Jesus rests on eternal truth, the first and great commandment, and the second that is like unto it, "and on these two commandments hang all the law." So, we may all, regardless of faith or doctrine, believe the promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." That is what Easter means; that is the message of the Empty Tomb.

THE HEROINES OF EVERY DAY.

Ever and anon there blazes before the world the name of a woman who has performed some great deed or made some heroic sacrifice for mankind. Clara Barton, Florence Nightingale, Mary A. Livermore, Frances Willard-these are names to conjure with when we seek to arouse interest in deeds of charity and of love,

But there are other women whose names are never recorded on the printed page, who never receive from the world the plaudits they so richly deserve, and who will forever remain unknown save in the little circle in which they move and serve. They are the ever faithful women found in every rural church congregation whose heroic services keep the church doors open, the pulpit supplied, the Bible school going, the midweek prayer meeting functioning and the interest on the church debt paid. Into the pies and cakes each one bakes for the church supper she puts her faith and Christian zeal in fullest measure. To her the work of washing the dishes after the church supper is over is a labor of love, a cheerful service in the cause of the Master whom her sister was the last to leave at Calvary and the first to greet at the mouth of the riven tomb.

Dorcas, who lived and worked in the days when the impetuous Peter and the learned Paul were carrying the torch of Christianity into all lands, left a wonderful sisterhood to carry on the work of the church. Without these good women that work would languish, and in many, many places would fail utterly. They work and sacrifice, with no thoughts of the world's plaudits, but with eyes alight with a faith that increases with the passing years. Their only earthly ambition is to further the cause they love and build firmer their part in the kingdom.

Civilization owes more to these humble and un-

WAISTLINES AND THE DIVINE PASSION.

"Why 21?" asked Mary Garden, in answer to a reporter's inquiry. "One hasn't begun to live at 21." No, indeed, Mary; nor has one exhausted life at 47. At 21 Big Bill Edwards was doubtless as sylphlike as such a man can be. His waist was slender, his muscles hard, his eyes flashing with the fire of a boy to whom the world was just opening. Years of soft living have done their perfect work on Big Bill. Now his waistline is said to be somewhere near 90 inches. If, indeed, this be true, Bill is qualified to be listed as obese, and that just about puts him out of the junning. So long as a man is only fat, or even corpulent, there is hope for him, but to be obese-well,

that is about all there is to it. Many a man has comforted himself, after seeing his waistline go, that so long as his chest measure equals or exceeds his circumference amidships, he is entitled to be set down as merely fat. But, alas, (or Big Bill Edwards, If his future happiness depends on his waistline, he is in a parlous condition. Once that fine division is passed, and man assumes the shape that is politely described as "portly," he is a goner. Nothing he can do, starvation or otherwise, will ever set him back to the lines of 21. Ask anybody who has tried. Disease may do it, but no exercise or diet ever has brought the result.

Mary may relent. She ignores 21, now that she is 47, and she has changed her mind in times gone by. So, if she really wants Big Bill, she will take him, obesity and all. As good a judge as Julius Caesar asked to have fat men around him.

What, do you suppose, did the delegates go to Chicago for in 1920? And why has Theodore Bur-ton been accused of making Harding, when it was Jake Hamon all the time, and everybody seems to have known all about it? Especially, a lot of folks no one ever heard of before?

The Bee's investigator was three fourths right, which is a whole lot closer than most political prognosticators have been coming to the mark of recent years

A Japanese newspaper says we are "mean na-tionalists." If it gets no worse than that, we can stand the threatened "breach of cordiality."

Another open question: Why did everybody trust Gaston B. Means with dangerous secrets?

Omaha ministers are all smooth shaven now. It was not so in Aaron's day.

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Resurgam is above each Christian resting place. All that are Christ's shall rise again and see His face. —H. R. EALDWIN.	And rejoiced for another soul. She placed the flower on the Bible, Passed out through the open door And laid the withered lily, Whose loving mission was o'er.
"EASTER."	-NONA SHOUP FITZPATRICK.
Here 'mid the changing seasons, Where grayness gives way to bright	SPIRIT TRIUMPHANT.
bloom And springtime banishes winter With the gift of new life as her	Have you felt it, the spirit triumphant Of Earth's bosom's burgeoning beat- The sweet, subtle suggestion of
boon. Where all that was sleeping and dor- mant,	Springtide, Expressible as it is sweet? In defeat of her rapturous ruling,
Now quivers and trembles and puts Each impulse and instinct and yearn- ing To the shaping of tendrils and roots.	With a wistful reverent kiss," Erst favored Queen Winter is yield- ing Her scepter to Blossomtime's bliss.
Here 'mid the changing seasons The resurrection of nature each	Shorn of radiant frozen fire beauty, Loath to leave, she is slow to con- ceal
spring Seems but a beautiful symbol Of the message Easter may bring.	With dormacy's wrap of remoteness Her self in secretiveness leal. Like the whirr of a robin's pert
Each is a song of freedom Each is a message of joy, Each is a burning flame of hope To leaven all things that cloy.	pinion Comes a sound on my sensitive ears. And warm, gentle breezes are playing 'Thwart April's renaissance of tears.
The one—a manifestation of life That ever the eye can behold, The other—a manifestation The spirit and heart must enfold.	Have you felt it, the prescience of Easter day, Triumphant o'er swaddling of tomb
-ANNE PEDERSEN. EASTER. Easter day-Oh, rise and sing	The aura of Youth soft enhancing The breath of the lily bulb's bloom? -ALTA WRENWICK BROWN:
Carols to our gracious King; He has risen—He has risen From the tomb—His earthly prison.	SPICE OF LIFE. Aunt Bertha tried to get little
He has risen—to His Father went, His brief time here was spent Teaching His children the way to	
heaven. He came to save—our souls to leaven.	gone with them!"-Christiania Kor- soren.
Oh, thanks for this bright Easter day, Let us sing and let us pray; Thank our Father for His gift to us, Our king—our Lord, our all—Jesus. —H. F. GILBERT.	The skipper of a British tramp steamer had lost his bearings on a stormy night and was anxiously studying an old chart. "Well," he said to the mate, point- ing to a place on the chart, "if that's Cardiff, Bill, we're ori right; but if it's
CENTER SHOTS.	a fly speck 'eaven 'elp us!"-Boston
If congress seems a little dilatory about legislation you can't blame it. So much more publicity is to be got by spilling beans.—New York Tele- gram.	party given by a fashionable friend of mine?" "Yes, I'll go, but how do we go—in
When Dr. Sun says that the form of government used in the United States will not be good for China he may be right, but when he suggests	Pollyanna style, or is it to be one of those solemn affairs where you tiptoe around?"-Louisville Courier-Journal, Fiddle-What's the matter?
Russian sovietism, he is arguing for a kind of government that is not good for anybody.—Detroit Free Press.	Styx-I wrote an article of fresh milk, and the editor condensed it Pelican.
It is about time to start an investi- gation to ascertain why the congress is not attending to the nation's busi- ness.—Albany Journal.	"Pa says it is: Never laugh at your
The great problem is to frame a tax measure that will get sufficient revenue and still get sufficient votes. —Bridgeport Star.	
If Mr. Sinciair is to be prosecuted for being in contempt of the senate, we are in imminent danger.—Colum- bia Record.	for March, 1924, of THE OMAHA BEE
Some ancestors would be surprised to learn that they are the chief source of their progeny's pride.—New Haven Register.	Does not include returns, left,
The great need seems to be a dark horse who hasn't too much to keep darkWindsor Border-Cities Star.	sales or free circulation of any kind.
All that we ask of congress is taxa- tion without misrepresentation.—New York Herald-Tribune.	V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of April, 1924. W. H. QUIVEY.
The lamb who butts his head	(Seal) W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public

