

THE OMAHA BEE

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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

TWO MEN AND THE WILDERNESS.

No more welcome news has been flashed across America in a long time than that telling of the safety of Maj. Frederick L. Martin and First Class Sergt. Alva L. Harvey Plunged into a fog bank on the bleak and inhospitable shores of the Aleutian peninsula, they disappeared from human sight on April 30. Hope that they would emerge was so feeble that his expression was only that which holds on until the sad truth is at last forced home.

Now, out of that fog bank, like a voice from another world, comes that of Major Martin, telling us he is alive and well. Human skill and courage has triumphed over the craftiest trap nature could set for the adventurous. Martin and Harvey are ready to resume their flight around the world.

So another glorious chapter is written in the annals of the army of the United States, which is but the record of the country's manhood. Flying through the fog in which they were completely lost, Martin and his companion felt their machine crash against the side of a mountain. Neither was injured, but where were they? All they could be certain of was that they were in deep snow, high up on a mountain side. Efforts to locate themselves proved that they were unable to secure direction, so they lay down to wait. When the fog lifted a little they made their way down from the mountain to the waterside, and even then they were without knowledge of location. Courageously determined, they faced the situation without faltering, and trudged steadily along a route they hoped would bring them out of the wilderness. That hope was realized.

In time Major Martin will tell the whole story of the experience of himself and Sergeant Harvey, during the eleven days that passed while they were wandering in the wilderness of snow and ice and rock. What fortune was theirs is indicated by the fact that they discovered a trapper's cabin, where they found food and shelter for three days, while they rested. To the condensed food they carried, and their compass they owe the rest, for even sublime courage must be supported by something of material nature under such conditions.

When the tragic story of Robert Falcon Scott and his companions, in the Antarctic wilds, is recalled, or the loss of the expedition that went to explore Wrangell island, we get a background for viewing the adventure of this pair of intrepid American airmen. Storms that have swept the United States since April 20 give a notion of what weather conditions may have been in that sub-Arctic region where Martin and Harvey were facing the unknown together. It does not take much imagination to visualize what they had to contend with.

Out of it they have come, as from a day's work, and ready to carry on. There is the spirit of the army, of the air service. Danger, hardship, privation, physical suffering, these are but incidents. Duty is to set the record of achievement a little further forward each day. The trip around the world was a great pioneer undertaking. With all possible calculation, there were yet unknown factors against which precaution could not be taken. Despite the ocean charts, the maps and guides, the possession of instruments and apparatus, the fog that blanketed everything, air, earth, sky and ocean blending into one impenetrable, opaque yellow immensity, controlled. Into it the airplane dove, and went on until it crashed against the unseen mountain side. That was part of the enterprise.

Martin's associates had made their way ahead, and still are going on. It is not a stunt flight they are on, but a scientific expedition, a test in practice of what has been carefully wrought out in the laboratory. Our army is leading in this as it has in all branches of aerial navigation. One thing that may come from it will be such stimulation of interest as will provide proper and adequate equipment for a service that is now neglected by all save the men who are actively engaged in the work. These men are going ahead with the least possible expenditure of money, because of congressional parsimony, and their work keeps our knowledge of aeronautics standard and progressive.

This is the practical side of the matter. Whether the hope of the air service men is realized, and congress does for them what might well be done without sacrifice, the army fliers will carry one. To the great popular heart of the nation, the incident will come up as another proof of the spirit that has made Americans invincible. "The Old Guard dies, but it does not surrender." The "Go to hell!" that rang back from the beleaguered last legion in France was no more purposeful than that which Martin and Harvey sent out to the unknown terror of the Aleutian wilds.

CONGRATULATIONS, ELSIE.

It would seem that the noble art of orthography is sadly neglected these days if we are to judge by detailed accounts of the four-state spelling match. While the words that proved stumbling blocks to the competitors are not as frequently used in daily conversation as "You tell 'em" and the like, they are all common enough. None of them was a trick word.

We congratulate Elsie Kopke, 13-year-old champion, on her proficiency. To be the best speller in four states is a real distinction. She is upholding what once was considered the hallmark of good breeding. Some very eminent gentlemen, and ladies, too, have set themselves above the rules that

define how a word shall be spelled. That is not the criterion, however. The real test is such regard for the noble instrument, our written language, that we use it correctly at all times. Excellence in speech is promoted by perfection in spelling, and the charm of the spoken word is enhanced by confidence born of knowing how to spell it. In writing correct spelling is absolutely necessary to accuracy of expression, which in turn is vital to conveyance of meaning.

Some day educators will again return to first principles and give more attention to the importance of instruction in the reading, writing and spelling of those words which one must use in life. On this foundation a good education may be set up; without it any superstructure will be unsafe.

FRANCE ON A NEW COURSE.

Early returns from the French election are such as forecast the defeat of Raymond Poincare. Due to the complicated and somewhat cumbersome system of balloting in France, several days must pass before really definite information can be had as to the exact composition of the next house of deputies. Enough is known, already, however, to justify the statement that Poincare has lost power. In the senatorial election a few weeks ago, Poincare was sent back to the senate by such a reduced majority as amounted almost to personal defeat, while he was able to hold together his group in that body by an eyelash only. With the chamber against him, his day is ended.

The Ruhr was the issue in France, and on it the government staked its all. Whoever comes on for the premiership will have to bring with him a new vision. Months ago the question was raised as to who governed in France, the implication being that the Ruhr policy did not have the popular support to make it finally effective. Election results have justified the question. Poincare is loser on the issue.

The world will hope that the government coming on will take up very seriously the outstanding questions of reparations as adjusted by the Dawes commission report. Germany has virtually accepted them, despite the socialist suggestion that the subject be sent to a referendum. With a more lenient attitude on the part of France, at least one that is less warlike, the Germans ought to be willing to come as far as is necessary to make peace certain between the two countries.

No doubt the French people are as eager for peace as any. They have been under the harrow for generations, and have had enough of the sounding of trumpets and call to arms. Since 1871 every manchild born in France has been dedicated to the god of battles. Some must yearn for a release from that condition. La Belle Francaise can stand, the center of civilization, the acme of scientific and artistic achievement, and also be tranquil and prosperous, relying on righteousness as much as force for protection. No glory of her lilies will be lost if her army be cut down to a smaller figure and some of her undiminished energy be given to pursuits that now languish.

Poincare is the embodiment of the militaristic ideal, of force and might. As such he is rejected in France. What the new plan will be is yet to be disclosed, but it certainly can not lead farther from peace than the one that is about to be abandoned.

GOVERNOR AND GAS.

From time to time Governor Bryan takes the oil octopus and shakes it till its teeth rattle. One of his stunts is to set up the state distribution of gasoline. Not many weeks ago there came from the governor's office an announcement that a supply of 500,000 gallons of gasoline had been "secured," and that it would be put on sale all over the state at a price far below the "trust" quotations. Fortunately no one let his gas tank go dry while waiting for the governor to wheel into action.

The latest announcement is that "negotiations" are under way whereby a steady supply of high grade gasoline will be secured, and disposed of by "muny" stations under state supervision. We are told that as a result a saving of \$133,000 a day will result to Nebraska consumers. Just how the figures were arrived at is not disclosed. It might have been as easy to set them up a little higher, or to have cut them down a little, but as it stands it means about 50 cents a day for each of the machines registered in the state, or a matter of \$40,000,000 a year. That sure looks good.

A survey made within the last few days discloses that in all the length and breadth of Nebraska, there is but one "muny" pump dispensing gasoline, and that is located at Sixteenth and Izard streets, Omaha. It was put in by John Hopkins of the Omaha city commission, and still is doing business. Governor Bryan gives Hopkins credit, but in that it was from the state house and not from the city hall the inspiration came.

What the gasoline users insist upon is that he shall put up or shut up. If he can make good on his proposition, even to half the saving he mentions, he is a wizard. But if he tries to use a lot of tall yarns about cheap gasoline to carry him back into the state house, he may find himself stranded on the highway far from home.

Charley Dawes is reported to have uttered some very "picturesque words" when told of the proposal to make him the vice presidential candidate. His words are not quoted, but we're betting heavily that they were not "Tut, Tut," or "O, Pshaw!"

Democratic anxiety over republican prospects does not lead to such ecstasy of concern as was manifested before California turned in 59,000 majority for Coolidge. That gave the brethren on the other side something to think about.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davie

BOWING TO DUTY.

I confess I'm retrospective to a mild extent sometimes. And tradition's vim and virtue are not absent from my rhymes.

Hence, today the muse is kindly to a meditative bard Who deplores the fate of mortals who believe life's work too hard.

To compare the age when granddads toiled and tried their best to save—

When to life and love and duty man was typically a slave—

Would be vain—not in accordance with the trend of progress now, But life's goal is one forever and unchanged remains the vow.

When we fear too much exertion Idleness may blindly teach

Falsity, and leave us stranded when with effort we might reach

To the average plane of merit where materialism wins. Where incentive is created and the road to fame begins.

Bowing to the urge of duty and forsaking vain desire Might make life a trifle longer and the end a little higher.

Lo and list! Tradition's virtue is in quality supreme. And the hope of rising, gaining is as yet our fondest dream.

The Magnificent View You Discovered on Your Trip Last Year—



AND LIKED SO MUCH THAT YOU DROVE 60 MILES OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SHOW IT TO YOUR FRIENDS THIS YEAR



Letters From Our Readers

All letters must be signed, but name will be withheld upon request. Limit—100 words and less will be given preference.

Cut the Dead Limbs.

Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Saturday afternoon was a sad day for the playmates of little Helen Hiykel, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Hiykel, who was the victim of a falling tree and rotten limb of a tree in the yard of the Eagle headquarters on Cass street. I happened to know the little one for years. She was a model child, polite, sociable, playful, beautiful, as well as full of energy. Many of her playmates are mourning for her immature and sudden death.

That limb should have been cut and removed long ago. It was dry and rotten at the base, for it was a seen danger by grown persons, though invisible by children. The same visible danger can be seen on Jefferson square. On the southwest corner of the square a big dry limb can be seen, also about 50 or 70 feet north of the same corner there is another, and on the northwest corner there is one, alone on other trees.

These three limbs are seen and a visible danger to passersby, especially school children who are playing in the park. If these limbs are not cut down another tragedy of the same type that happened last Saturday will repeat itself sooner or later.

There are many trees on our streets that have deadly limbs that are a source of danger. Now, the commissioners can not look after every dead tree or limb, but citizens can report

Abe Martin



If it didn't rain once in a while farmers wouldn't have any time to pick out their new autos. Mrs. Tip-top Bud is slowly recoverin' from havin' a bed room papered.

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V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of May, 1924.

W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public

Center Shots

The assertion that the game of golf is in its infancy must be a mistake. No infant ever used that kind of language.—Scripps-Paine Service.

The difficulty in finding an ideal candidate is that no one man can have prejudices enough to fit all sections.—Quincy (Ill.) Whig Journal.

The people are disgusted when congress does nothing, and scared to death when it seems likely to do something.—Boston Transcript.

Of course, as Sir Esme Howard says, we will not leave Europe to "steer in her own juice," that is, if she continues to land it on the Jersey shore under cover of dark.—Scripps-Paine Service.

According to an evening paper, "Mr. Jesse Blackson of New York, who arrived in the U. S. A. 13 years ago without a shirt on his back, has now accumulated two millions and a quarter." He'll never live to wear them out.—Punch, London.

Here's an example of great self-control. Although mah jong is 2,900 years old, congress is just now preparing to tax it.—Huntington (Ind.) Herald.

Land cannot be increased, no amount of efficiency, energy or business sagacity can create land; no knowledge of science can produce an unlimited quantity from a limited area. In the world war 10,000,000 lives were lost in an effort to retain or acquire more land.

Poverty and war are nature's way of disposing of superfluous people. But science, the handmaid of intelligence, offers a limited birth rate as an antidote for poverty and war.

Shall we have peace and plenty or poverty and war?

Birth control is the solution of the world's troubles.

There is no other permanent solution. VIOLA KAUFMAN, 812 North Eighteenth Street.

Thrift or Drift?

Which shall it be?

When the weather is warm and "summery" it is pleasant to drift in a canoe or open boat on the calm waters of a gently flowing stream.

It is another matter to drift in the rapids and treacherous currents of life.

"Drifting," which means going along in life without plan, purpose, or determination, not only leads you into all sorts of trouble, but it is not enjoyable or even restful. There is more pleasure and comfort in following the practice of thrift.

This Association will make "thrift-ers" out of "drifters" through the dues-paying membership plan.

Come in and see us. Six per cent on your savings.

Assets . . . \$13,250,000 Reserve Fund, 445,000

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SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget That sunrise never failed us yet. Celia Thaxter

CLARA EMMA FRANKS.

He's not a bit excited, But he's feeling awful good; In fact he feels delighted. As a brand new father should. And he's quite forgotten preaching. In the joy of giving thanks, For the happy, safe arrival Of Miss Clara Emma Franks. She's as welcome as the flowers That announce the birth of spring. And that preacher man of ours Has a right to proudly sing. So here's hoping Clara Emma Brings the sweetest joys of life. And its choicest, richest blessings. To the parson and his wife.

Are you able to refrain from saying strong words when you scabble through your pockets and finally find the last match, only to discover that it is a toothpick? If so, then you are to be trusted in any circumstance of life. We can't.

Although naturally of kind heart and sympathetic disposition, we cannot refrain from admitting that we are always disappointed when an inflated windpad or a wire mask intervenes between a foul tip and an umpire that is giving the home team the worst of it.

An eastern publication advocates the establishment of a "Father's Day." For goodness sake, don't. Father already has 365 to figure out this year.

A friend just returning from a visit to Omaha writes that he got along fairly well with the sympathetic gin, and actually enjoyed the good-natured alcohol, but when he collided with alleged Canadian Club he went out in a gob of darkness and took the full count.

If it will not detract from the interest of the musical high-brows we would make bold to suggest that the next Omaha Symphony Orchestra program contain the English of the numbers rendered. We long ago expunged from our list the eating houses that print their menus in French. When we order steak we want steak, not filet de mignon.

We can remember when the last day of school meant three months' vacation to us. Now all it means to us is several new frocks, a few pairs of new shoes, contributions for flowers and two new suits of boys' clothing. But we hope it means for the youngsters all that it used to mean to us, and more.

Just as soon as we can get our personal affairs in satisfactory shape, so we may give the matter our undivided attention, it is our determination to undertake the financing of a campaign long needed in the interests of the organization of subordinate lodges of the Bedlam Clubs of America. Oh J. Hyde Sweet of the Nebraska City Press, the founder of the organization, will be employed as traveling lecturer and organizer, and the people of those communities fortunate enough to be placed upon his visiting list will be assured of a Great Treat. WILL M. MAUPPIN.

LOVE NOT THE WORLD.

Love not the world, it is an empty shell. Its two roads lead to Heaven and to Hell. On which of these walk you? The open road is wide, And many walk thereon; It is an easy road— Are you among the throng? The steep and narrow road Boasts not of travelers gay. The penitential few You'll meet upon the way.

Love not the world, it cannot satisfy The aching heart, or hear a sinner's cry.

Ah, think you that it can? Walk in the narrow path. No matter what the cost: Obey the laws of God

And you shall not be lost; Be patient and serene. Though heavy be the load, And through your journeying Keep to the narrow road. —Catherine Elizabeth Hanson.

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