

THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publisher
N. B. UPDIKE, President
DALLARD DUNN, Editor in Chief
JOY M. WACKLER, Business Manager

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press, of which The Bee is a member, exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published herein. All rights of republication of our special dispatches are also reserved.
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 28, 1908, at Omaha postoffice under act of March 3, 1879.

BEE TELEPHONES
Private Branch Exchange, Ask for Extension, or Department or Person Wanted. AT lantic 1000

OFFICES
Main Office—17th and Farnam
Co. Bluffs—15 South St. So. Side, N. W. Cor. 24th N.
New York—World Bldg. Detroit—Ford Bldg.
Chicago—Tribune Bldg. Kansas City—Brewer Bldg.
St. Louis—Sun Trust Bldg. Los Angeles—Higgins Bldg.
San Fran.—Hollbrook Bldg. Atlanta—Atlanta Trust Bldg.

Omaha Where the West is at its Best

AK-SAR-BEN STANDS FOR NEBRASKA.

Ak-Sar-Ben is really a name for organized optimism. The history of the institution is the best possible proof of this. Brought into life at a time when conditions were the most unpromising, when business was at ebb-tide, and citizens were discouraged and blue, Ak-Sar-Ben provided the antidote for pessimism. As prosperity revived, and enterprise expanded, what was originally merely an experiment became a permanent institution. It does not belong to Omaha any more than does the Missouri river. Omaha men are merely the trustees for the nation in the management of Ak-Sar-Ben. Under their guidance it is fostered, and through their care it blooms each succeeding year with newer luster and more magnificence.

One of the best things accomplished by Ak-Sar-Ben has been the elimination of the old prejudices that once existed between Omaha and the rest of Nebraska. It accomplished this by correcting misunderstandings fostered by selfish individuals and equally selfish concerns. It has banished a belief once existing out-state that Omaha was against Nebraska and only seeking selfish advantage. In the place of that mistaken belief it has built the knowledge that Omaha is not only proud of itself, and of Nebraska, but is willing, even eager, to cooperate in every good work that has for its aim the building up of this great commonwealth.

Omaha's program of Ak-Sar-Ben must, of course, center in Omaha. It is, however, built upon an ideal that should be fostered everywhere and at all times. Omaha wants Nebraska to prosper for the simple reason that Nebraska can not prosper without sharing that prosperity with Omaha. It is equally true that Omaha can not permanently prosper without sharing that prosperity with Nebraska, and with all the surrounding states.

The men who are at the head of the big business enterprises of Omaha are giving something more valuable than money when they give to Ak-Sar-Ben their time and business experience. To cooperate with them by taking membership in the organization and paying the small initiation fee is little enough for the rest of us to do.

The benefits that have accrued to Omaha and to Nebraska because of Ak-Sar-Ben's activities are beyond computation. Those activities have had a splendid part in creating better feelings between men and between sections. They have aroused city pride and state pride. They have encouraged a study of the possibilities of city and commonwealth.

The managers of this organization of world-wide fame are now staging an intensive campaign for 5,000 members. In a sense this should not be necessary.

Ak-Sar-Ben has been with Omaha so long it has grown into one of the city's institutions. Unfortunately when a great movement, which we hail with enthusiasm in its formative years, grows into an established institution, we come to take it for granted.

Too many of us in Omaha are taking Ak-Sar-Ben for granted.

It is still the great institution it was in the beginning, greater if you please—greater because of all the years of its accomplishments.

Is it not strange that Ak-Sar-Ben should be compelled to drum up its members?

Listen, Omaha! All of us with red blood, all of us who know the history of our city, who glory in its past, who look hopefully toward its future, are going to be counted in this year. Counted in as we have always been counted in before.

Let's call up Charlie Gardner and tell him to send some one for our \$10, or, better still, let's make out our check today. It takes a lot of time to drum up us up and, beside, we will feel better if we join of our own act. Let's go!

MEMORIES OF A REAL THRILLER.

Kate Claxton, just dead at 73, is not even a name in a land where once she reigned in the popular heart. Half a century ago, when she was in the bloom of her early womanhood, Kate Claxton's name would fill any theater. She gained her greatest fame in the old time thriller, "The Two Orphans." Like much of the stuff that is on our stage today, it was of French origin, but susceptible of a liberal if not a literal translation, and containing everything that is essential to the drama of zip and punch.

Nothing more pathetic could be imagined, than Louise, the blind girl, left alone on the streets of Paris, while her sister is kidnapped to decorate the fete of a rone. Nothing more heroic than the appeal of Henriette at the garden party. No more sublime rebellion than that of poor crippled Pierre against his brutal brother, Jacques. The nadir of degradation, squalor and depravity was sounded by La Fouchard, and the height of devotion attained by the young marquis, who tore the page from the records of the police. Swiftly the play moves from point to point, climaxing on several scenes, until finally it culminates in the traditional triumph for virtue.

D'Emery knew his world, and if anybody of the present thinks that improvement has been made, let them look up "The Two Orphans." Together with the fame she won as an actress, Miss Claxton received considerable notoriety of an unpleasant sort, three theaters burning while she was playing the piece. One of these was the Brooklyn theater, December 5, 1876, when 289 lives were lost.

Omaha saw Miss Claxton when she was in her prime, and in later years when age had taken much

toll. "The Two Orphans" was played by an all-star cast at the Boyd theater about 20 years ago, and since has been shown here as a film play.

SAFE WAY THE SURE WAY.

One of the earliest lessons taught the young ball player is to "Play it safe." It is one of the hardest for him to master. In other walks of life it is the same. We are all fond of taking chances, risking a little too much, and frequently failing, sometimes disastrously, for not observing the rules of caution and prudence.

One of the boys at the South High school now complains he was "double crossed." Other boys pressed him into leadership in a bit of boyish foolishness, and then slipped back into safety, while he stands out to take the punishment that comes because he did not play it safe. He was enthusiastic, his imagination was fired, and he awakened the imagination of others, but the real instigators of the act were not there when the blow fell. This boy has had a lesson that will serve him well.

A bobbed-hair girl bandit, not yet 20, pleaded guilty to a charge of bank robbery. She wants to "wipe the slate clean" by serving a term of imprisonment. She bartered the glorious years of her youth, what she should have found the most delightful hours of her life, staking them against a prison cell, for a "thrill." "It is impossible to live on \$15 a week," she said. What she meant was that on that sum one cannot have the luxuries that cost more money. Intelligent, cultured, accomplished, she turned to crime. By the time she gets out of prison she will have learned how grave her mistake, for not playing it safe.

Youth is a happy time, a time for high adventure, and it is also a time for making blunders that affect the whole course of life. Play it safe. You may not get the applause of the grandstand, but you will have the approval of those who depend on you.

IT SIMPLY CAN'T BE DONE.

There are a few things people expect, but which they will find very difficult to get.

They can not get increased service from the government at the same time they get decreased taxes.

They can not have better schools without paying for them.

They can not enlarge federal bureaus and commissions without increasing expenses.

They can not match dollars with the government without putting up the dollars.

They can not reduce taxes by voting big bond issues to pay for public improvements.

They can not live on a higher plane than their fathers lived without paying more for their living than their fathers paid.

In other words, people can not eat their cake and have it.

When this fact sinks into the public mind and is acted upon, the tax burden will grow, the cost of living will increase and the problem of how to make both ends meet will grow more perplexing.

ITCH FOR OFFICE IN MINNESOTA.

Closing of primary filings in Minnesota indicate that primary day, which falls on June 16, will see a few lively moments in the Gopher state. Principally, the interest will turn on the farmer-labor party, whose members seemingly scent victory afar off. If not that, something else has greatly stimulated the desire to hold office among the devotees of the new cult. Magnus Johnson goes to bat with two opponents in his own group. This will doubtless assure his nomination, which might have been questioned by a single rival.

Eight of the comrades want to be governor, five would like to be lieutenant governor. For secretary of state four have filed, and for treasurer five are lined up. The office of attorney general draws five aspirants, and nine are out for nomination to the office of railroad and warehouse commissioner. So it goes all down the line. Zealous crusaders, these advocates of the principles inherited from the socialist and non-partisan failures of the past.

The spectacle should teach the futility of abandoning political parties as a means through which to express popular aspirations. Magnus Johnson, hero of the lively campaign of last year for Knute Nelson's toga, is not strong enough to draw an unopposed endorsement from those who so lustily cheered him last November. Personality does not bulk so big, where a chance to annex a fine official position is concerned.

Abolish the party, and establish a scramble, and Nebraska would soon resemble Minnesota, where 65 candidates are contesting for seven places.

The democrats have passed a tax bill that contemplates a deficit of only about \$470,000,000, if you are interested in their idea of what a revenue measure ought to be. Of course, they expect a republican administration to run the country under its provisions.

Perhaps you have noted quite a subsidence of complaints about the dandelion since it was discovered that it made a pretty fair basis for something that Mr. Volstead thundered against.

German communists and monarchists keep life from becoming stagnant in the republic. What puzzles us is where they get the munitions.

When Monday morning came mother had to take up the routine just as if she had not been celebrated on Sunday. Mother always does.

One of the features of the fire started by a forgotten electric iron is that the meter goes right on registering current.

"Battling Siki" lost his first go in Omaha, but it was to an oil truck. No disgrace in that, just bad judgment.

Poincare now knows where he stands with the French people.

The democratic ideal seems to be a deficit.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davis

FAREWELL.

Frank has left us—went this morning;
Didn't give us any warning.
Lately he has been a-thinking
More or less—his eyelids blinking.
But he never said for certain
He was goin'—that's what's hurtin'!
Come downstairs and asked his mother
Where his coat was, and some other
Things he tried to find but couldn't—
Asked her if, perchance, she wouldn't
Sew a button on his collar,
Said she'd do it for a dollar.

Got his duds all packed and ready,
Whispered his goodby to Eddy,
Kissed his mother, laughed and shook my
Hand until it nearly took my
Breath, and leavened my agitation,
Said he was goin' fishin'.

A Word on Modes of the Day



TIME WAS WHEN MAIDS WERE SOME PERPLEXED
AND WENT IN SHEER DESPAIR,
DECIDING WHETHER THEY SHOULD GO
AHEAD AND BOB THEIR HAIR!
THEN, HAVING WHACKED THEIR BEAUFUL LOCKS,
EACH NIGHT THEY TOSSED, TILL LATE,
DEBATING "SHALL WE WAVE IT—OR—
JUST LEAVE IT HANGING STRAIGHT?"

SO THUS WE HAD WILD PILES OF CURLS
OF EVERY DURNED DESCRIPTION—
AS WELL AS STRAIGHT SEVERE EFFECTS,
SUGGESTING THE EGYPTIAN!!

AND THEN WE FOUND THE LADIES FAIR,
BOTH MARRIED ONES AND SINGLE,
DECIDING ON THAT "BOYISH" CUT"
REFERRED TO AS "THE SHINGLE!"

AND, HAVING SHINGLED, 'WASN'T
LONG—
IN FACT, WITHIN THE WEEK,
THE MORE ADVENTUROUS
MONG THEM,
!SHINGLED ON TO GET
"THE SHEIK"!!

WITH WYCKE DANDONS, SWAGGER STICKS,
AND LIPS LIKE SETTING SUN;
WITH VENTED CLOTHES AND
FLAMING HOSE,
LET MAIDENS HAVE THEIR FUN!!

WE ONLY HOPE, AS THEY PROGRESS
IN FASHION'S LNEY SCHOOL,
THEY'LL NEVER CHEW
TOBACCO,
SHOKE CIGARS, OR
TAKE UP POOL!!

Letters From Our Readers

All letters must be signed, but name will be withheld upon request. Communications of 200 words and less will be given preference.

Pinchot and the Public.

Winnipeg.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The first thing this man Pinchot knows people will begin to think he is a little "queer." If he expects the American people to believe him when he says this congress is a credit to the nation then he underestimates the common sense of his people. This present congress is the laughing stock of every other nation on earth. Englishmen have been splitting their sides laughing at United States senators running around after disgruntled divorced widows, ex-spies, draft evaders, crooks, self-confessed criminals to get their hearay opinions. It has been the joke of this universe the way these senators have monkeyed with a tax reduction bill which the people have clamored for by the million. Can any one imagine a more imbecile thing than this latest election seeking stunt of Walsh of Massachusetts adding a "gift" tax. For goodness sake, where is this man's reason? Are these things put into the tax bill to make a vaudeville show of it, or have the men lost all semblance of reason? They added a ratio tax, and then, after months of squabbling, took it out; they put on an auto tax and then used up volumes of good time and paper before they took it out again; they have pattered and quibbled for months, at the people's expense, and now comes Mr. Walsh with a fool "gift" tax. And Pinchot says they are efficient. Ye gods, wait until the people get a chance at the polls. If some of these insurgent senators don't go back into private life it is strange. But Pinchot is playing to the gallery, of course. He is mixed up with Czar Gompers' third booze party bloc.

There have been several misguided individuals come to the stage this year. Hi Johnson has done his stunt and some one has lost considerable money on the gentleman; we have had the Japanese ambassador with his sword rattling, La Follette has come and gone; Czar Gompers has appeared with his eight famous demands; High Brow Butler has come on the stage dressed in all the finery of the brewers; and now we have Gifford Pinchot appearing in the role of champion of an insurgent congress. Wait until the people get a chance to say what they think of all these actors. If election day was tomorrow, where would any of them stand?

ONE WHO KNOWS.

P. S. Oh, yes, there was another actor who came and went again. One who now realizes the truth of the words: "He who lives by the sword will die by the sword." His name is Wheeler.

Cavlar to the Generals.

From the St. Paul Dispatch. The old problem of what may be done to make the position of the vice president of the United States more alluring has been raised once more by the refusal of two prominent personages to consider the post seriously. General Pershing, to make assurance of his attitude in the matter doubly emphatic, declared that if he were offered the vice presidency he would "decline to accept it." When Brigadier General Dawes was recently approached on the same subject, he thought it worthy of comment only to the extent of a few murmured "no-no's" not even bothering to add many of those picturesque words for which he is famous. From this the conclusion may be drawn that the position of vice president is cavlar

to the general: a luxury not worth the slight effort it would take for either of the vice to gain it. It is unfortunate that the framers of the constitution whose provisions were so neglected to provide sufficiently for the dignity of the vice president. Today all that he receives with the gift of office is the dubious privilege of listening long to the debates of the senate and even more questionable happiness of being the butt of many ineffective jokes. Such a quip is the one which is customarily made to Washington visitors who naively ask if the vice president is protected by secret service men like the president himself. "Heavens, no," says the wagish Washingtonian, "it's to be hoped he'll be shot."

For Future Reference.

"How long is this investigation going to last?"
"I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "It looks to me as if there were enough material to enable it to

SUNNY SIDE UP

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

SNAP OUT OF IT!

Does the burden seem too heavy now and then?
Does it seem the sun will never show its face?
Does it seem you cannot trust your fellow men?
Snap out of it and take new heart of grace!
Now and then it seems the road is long and rough,
With n'er a friend to cheer you on the way.
Sometimes it may be troubles doubly tough—
Snap out of it and start anew today!
Are you often feeling sore, downcast and blue,
With little heart to tackle tasks you dread?
If that's the case, there's just one thing to do—
Snap out of it and bravely go ahead!
The man who wins is not the man who waits
For easy tasks and some soft cosy berth.
He is the man who dares defy the fates,
Snaps out of it and works for all he's worth!
Snap out of it and play the manly part;
Your duty do, and trust to God the rest.
Snap out of it! Be strong and brave of heart—
Get busy now, and do your level best!

Out a block or two beyond the end of a car line looking for a house. Started back to car. Within 75 feet of car and waved to conductor. Conductor grinned and gave the motorman the highball when cars were within 30 feet of car and going fast. We waited for next car, of course. But the suggestion is offered to the street railway management that perhaps it might avoid a lot of condemnation by employing somebody to teach a few employes the difference between humor and impudence.

Our own experience with the carmen has been generally pleasant, and we have found them, as a rule, courteous and obliging. But one careless or impudent conductor can put an awful crimp into the record of the whole bunch of them.

Remember those old copper pennies whereon an eagle appears with outstretched wings? Will Morrow of Scottbluff got hold of one not long ago, and meeting a German friend showed it to him and asked:

"Do you know why that eagle is flying?"

The German friend admitted his ignorance, whereupon Morrow explained:

"Because he is on a cent."
"Dot las goot," exclaimed the friend. "Loan me dot penny und I ask mein frau."

Taking the penny home the friend showed it to his good wife and asked her why the eagle was flying. She, too, admitted her ignorance, whereupon he shouted:

"Because he smells somedings!"

Barbers are now doing the shingling that mother and father used to do with a more primitive instrument.

The fact that the best field children of the old home territory compare very favorably with other children in intellectual development, and far excel them in health and physique, is something for the professional child savers to ponder over. But they will not.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

keep going through years to come as a valuable warning to posterity."—Washington Star.
No Kin.
While calling the roll at the beginning of the term, one of the teachers of the Tech came across the name—
Carl Sandburg.
"Do you know," she said, looking at the name, "that there is a well known modern poet whose name is Carl Sandburg?"
"I ain't him," answered the youth.—Indianapolis News.

CELOTEX

INSULATING LUMBER

In interior walls CELOTEX replaces lath and forms a strong bond with plaster. It gives insulation, too, equal to that of cork. Call us for further particulars.

THE UPDIKE LUMBER & COAL COMPANY

4500 Dodge Distributors WA Int 0300

You Can't Bequeath Your Business Judgment

YOU can make a will, disposing of your material possessions, but you cannot pass your ability on to a successor, to manage the estate you leave.

It takes all your time now to conduct your affairs. Do you know of anyone who would be able, without neglect of his own affairs, to take your place?

Administering your estate after you have gone will not be any simpler than managing it while you are here. Probably, it will not be so easy. Not many individuals care to have such a duty imposed on them.

This company, with its staff of specialists trained in fiduciary service, its wide experience, financial resources and state-controlled responsibility, is organized to act as your trustee and executor.

A talk with one of our trust officers will not place you under any obligation and it may help you to the right solution of your problem. "Safeguarding Your Family's Future" is a helpful booklet that we will gladly send you.

First Trust Co. Peters Trust Co.
Omaha Trust Co. U. S. Trust Co.

Members American Bankers Association

Abe Martin



Girls still have the ecstasy of the first kiss, but the thrill of the first long skirt is gone forever. No buddy'll question our motives if we attend our own business.
(Copyright, 1924.)

NET AVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION

for April, 1924, of

THE OMAHA BEE

Daily 74,265

Sunday 77,999

Does not include returns, left-overs, samples or papers spoiled in printing and including no special sales or free circulation of any kind.

V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of May, 1924.
W. H. QUIRBY,
Notary Public
(Seal)

When in Omaha Hotel Conant

250 Rooms—250 Baths—Rates \$2 to \$3

ADVERTISMENT

Rheumatic Pain Quickly Relieved by New Discovery—No Medicines to Take

"Cured Me Of Inflammatory Rheumatism of 8 Years' Standing" Writes Man After Using Two Boxes

A startling new treatment for rheumatism, discovered by Alessandro Volta, the eminent Italian physicist, has now reached this country. Here it is repeating its amazing success in relieving rheumatic suffering—in many stubborn cases succeeding where years of internal dosing treatments have failed. This new remedy, called Volta after its discoverer, is in the form of a fine powder, which is not taken internally but is shaken in the shoes. The principle of this new method of treating rheumatism is Medication by Absorption. Volta powder is intended to be absorbed through the myriad pores in the soles of the feet, to eliminate excess Uric Acid. By this method rheumatic pain is relieved, and the stomach is saved the risk that accompanies the old-fashioned dosing. Thousands of grateful users of Volta have already testified, in writing, to the amazing benefits they have received from this discovery. So remarkable and rapid have been the results from the use of Volta Powder, both in this country and in Italy, that the American distributors have authorized local druggists to dispense Volta with an unqualified guarantee of relief from the use of the very first box or your money will be refunded. If you suffer from rheumatic pains, sciatica, lumbago, gout or neuralgia, you owe it to yourself to try this startling scientific treatment. It is absolutely harmless and will not cost one cent if you do not receive wonderful relief. You can get Volta Powder from all good druggists everywhere.