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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

NEBRASKA'S SALUTE TO AMERICA.

"Nebraska's story belongs not only to Nebraskans, but to all Americans," says a commendatory editorial in the Chicago Tribune, commenting on the effort that is being made to put Nebraska fairly before the world. In a sentence or two the Tribune refers to the making of Nebraska. Such an epic can not be told in a line. The real story of Nebraska will not be recited save with a long and interesting chapter devoted to the men and women who came to a new country, full of great hopes, and who set about in the most courageous manner to bring that hope to realization.

Pioneers of Nebraska had to contend with many difficulties. It was virgin soil they were turning, a fertile prairie, teeming with potential wealth. Yet it was different soil from that with which any of them were accustomed to dealing. It contained the elements, but it presented problems in management that were unfamiliar to the settlers. Each had to do for himself the best he might under the circumstances.

Grasshoppers, drouth, and such like discouragements were faced with the supreme courage that animated the great souls who laid the foundations for the present day to build upon. Settlers finally found means whereby they could exchange experiences, and through this mastered the secrets of Nebraska's soil and climate. Steadily they moved forward, facing new problems as they arose, until finally they had conquered, and a great state came out of their effort.

Nebraska is now one of the greatest food-producing states in the union, and that means in the world. It does not lead in the production of any single crop, except possibly hay, but it does bring forth such a variety of food crops as sets its total high on the list. Having more than one string to her fiddle, Nebraska does not feel depression quite so keenly as do neighboring states, where the variety of agricultural resource is not so great a factor in prosperity. On this rests the steadily expanding wealth of Nebraska, the prosperity and consequent happiness of her people.

Pioneers as a rule hold firmly to their opinions, political or religious. This was true of those who came to Nebraska. It was the sturdy races of Europe, the thrifty and frugal, the enterprising and industrious, who settled this state. Germans, Scandinavians, Bohemians, Irish, English and Scotch, together with the younger men who had followed Grant, made up the successive waves of migration that brought the prairies under subjection. While they were building their homes, they laid secure the foundations for political and religious liberty. All shades of belief and creed were represented in those ranks, but over it all was that tolerance that has made the state at once an enigma and a beacon for other states.

Political fires blaze up in Nebraska, for the people have great faith in themselves, and are impatient of a leadership that seeks to dictate rather than direct. But these fires have never burned so fiercely as to destroy any part of the freedom that was found here by the pioneers and has since been so carefully nurtured. Partisan prejudice nor religious bigotry have not been permitted to sway the course of this state in its steady upward march.

Nebraska salutes America, a proud and upstanding sister in the great sisterhood of states. Nebraska men have followed Old Glory from 1861 to 1917. Nebraska men and women have won high place in all fields of human endeavor. Out of the fields, the pastures, the orchards and gardens of this state go every year millions of tons of food to the world. Seldom does a Nebraskan burst like a meteor across the political sky, but the taste of Nebraska wheat, corn, meat, butter, eggs, potatoes, apples, and the like is known wherever humanity has need for food. And the men and women of Nebraska, inheritors of the strength of mind and soul that sustained their forebears—and many of these are still vying with their grandchildren—cherish the freedom that is theirs by right, the choicest fruit of the fields that bloom for the good of the world. In honest pride, Nebraska salutes America.

IT SIMPLY CANNOT BE DONE.

The timberlands were cleared and homes builded thereon by men and women who depended upon their own toil and sacrifices for success and happiness. The prairies were subdued and brought into cultivation by men and women who depended upon their own brains and muscles and industry.

Law enactment can never take the place of honest work in building real success.

Permanent prosperity is builded upon performance, not upon political palaver.

Loyalty to the job means more than merely putting in the hours. It means putting heart into the work.

We can not shirk on the bosses' time without injuring ourselves.

If the world owes us a living we must be our own collector.

Shiftlessness is always asking aims of application, and geniuses unapplied is as useless as a flask of gunpowder to a man armed only with a bow and arrow.

It is useless to expect the world to beat a path to our door unless we have something in the house well worth showing.

It is folly to depend upon laws to make men honest; the best the laws can do is punish them for being dishonest.

For years men have been trying to find a substitute for industry and thrift. Only failure has been the result. They will keep on trying for ages to come.

But, it simply cannot be done.

WHAT PARENTS OUGHT TO KNOW.

Many lectures are being read to parents just now. The Chicago boy tragedy is affording the text. Most of the arguments are to the effect that the perversion of mind exhibited by the youthful criminals is the result of over-indulgence and lack of salutary discipline at home. Some truth may be found in this. It is answered on the other side that other boys have been pampered, indulged, even allowed to go without being subjected to very rigorous discipline, and yet have come to be good and even great men. Truth is found in this, too.

What, then, are the conclusions to be drawn from the case? Simply that it confirms the opinion long ago arrived at by those who have had much dealings with boys, that each is an individual problem, and that no hard and fast law can be laid down for all. The bedslat method, approved by some distinguished and experienced fathers, has failed in quite as many cases as it has succeeded. Nor will the other plan, that of inculcating stern morality inevitably produce the result desired. As often as in the matter of corporeal discipline, failure follows where moral teaching has been the most severe.

Parents have a duty that is not always well borne. Training a boy is not a mere matter of prohibitions and permissions. The parent first of all must provide an example he will not feel ashamed to have his son follow. Study of the boy will disclose some salient point in his nature on which hold may be laid to direct him. Together with this goes, as a matter of course, the inculcation of those sterling virtues that are the mainstays of character. Even when all these things have been looked to, the boy or girl may develop some quirk that turns them from the right path and sets them on a journey that can only end in disaster.

Fortunately for humanity, most parents are devoted to the great job of training their children along right lines. Not all follow the same method, but all aim at the same result. They have brought young ones into the world, and their love and pride is sufficient to sustain them in the great task of rearing their little ones to the end that they will be fitted for lives of usefulness.

In the case of the Chicago homes that have been blighted by the terrible crime, fathers and mothers are sorrowing. Instead of reproaching them with the mistake they have made, the great majority of fathers and mothers everywhere feel for them in their grief. "There, but for the grace of God, goes Charles Wesley," said the great churchman, as he saw a drunkard dragged along the street. So each parent may say, that but for a similar reason, his son might now be awaiting punishment for crime.

FARMERS' FIGHT NOT FINISHED.

Adjournment of congress without passing any of the measures asked by the farmers merely serves to prolong the fight. Up in South Dakota pins are already being set up for the next round. Carl Gunderson, republican nominee for governor, and head of the South Dakota Wheat Growers' association, announces from Brookings that he is planning for the formation of an even stronger farm bloc, to go into the next congress and carry on the effort to secure justice for agriculture.

Mr. Gunderson does not ask that the protective tariff be repealed. He does insist, though, that the farmer be given the same measure of effective protection that is enjoyed by the eastern manufacturers. Here is a program that should attract support. The farmer is to be lifted up, his products to be set on a level with those of the manufacturer. It is the spirit of live and let live applied to one of the really vital problems of our national life.

Farmers are industriously and intelligently seeking a way out of their economic difficulties, and are not asking unreasonable advantage over any. They realize that some help must come in the way of federal legislation on their behalf, and in demanding this they have but followed the example of others. The tariff law takes care of the manufacturer, the transportation act secures the railroads, and the Adamson and other laws favor labor. Why should not the farmer have something of the same nature? Mr. Gunderson will find plenty of sympathetic support for his program.

The expected happened, when Senator Walsh reported on the oil lease inquiry. Every republican from Harding down was denounced, but no word was said of McAdoo, Daniels, or any of the other democrats.

Many words are passing between the governor and the attorney general on the topic of gas, and the war in Omaha goes merrily on. Consumers are strictly neutral. They are getting the gasoline cheaper.

Dan Steck, a grandson of James B. Weaver, is going to lead the forlorn hope of the democrats in Iowa. He will soon come to know how his illustrious grandsire felt on several occasions.

Tobacco dealers are proposing to combat the cigaret by pushing the cigar. In time amateur smokers may come to know the solace of a pipe.

A Methodist, a Jew and a Roman Catholic will pray for the republican convention on successive days. All the supplications will go to one God.

Japan has the thanks of the United States for courtesies extended the round-the-world fliers. No sign of war in this.

One certain way to avoid trouble at a blind corner is to approach it safely.

Legionnaires are taking our tip, and going after the bonus promptly.

No trouble to get knee deep in June if you get off a paved road.

Goodby, congress, what's your hurry?

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davies

LONGING.

Take all that I have of material things:
(A redbreast over my window sings)
But grant me, I ask—and it rightly seems—
My dreams, my wonderful dreams.

This is the boon that has come from whence
Thoughts in the cradle-age commence
Shaping themselves and spreading their wings,
And soaring—alas!—to material things.

This is the hub of the wheel of Time,
Which, spokeless, keepeth the road sublime—
But, finished, revolves the forward way
Of Service to mere decay.

Take all that I have of material things!
(A redbreast over my window sings)
But grant me, I ask—and it rightly seems—
My dreams, my wonderful dreams.

A Sudden and Radical Change in the Nature of His Prescription



Letters From Our Readers

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

Letter to a Congressman.
Kearney, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Writing to Hon. Robert G. Simmons on the railroad question. I say:

What I want to say is that this question of railroad rates and legislation is too big for a fairly busy doctor to write about intelligently, and I can only touch on the hem of the garment. President Coolidge, himself, could make only a brief suggestion in his December address and relegate the task to competent authorities; but I presume it does, at least the rank and file seem to think so, for the betterment of the whole people—not especially for and in the interest of the farmer—let this big job be undertaken by men who know something about the management of railroads and the rate question as it affects the different classes in the several states. The cases you cited in reference to the car shipment of potatoes from Dawes and Scotts Bluff counties seem like instances of excessive freight rates, but it must be remembered that potatoes are perishable freight and this partially accounts for the high tariff. A nearer market than Muskogee, Okl., would also help the Scotts Bluff county farmer and bring him a better net return on his shipment. On most commodities, farm produce inclusive, I have always held and believed that eventually the consumer pays the freight, unless, of course, an exceedingly high rate is charged by a railroad having a monopoly in a certain territory with control of the rail shipments, and if this be the case, the interstate commerce commission could step in and demand an equalization and just rate.

I am glad to note that you are not in favor of government ownership. Don't you think our one try at government operation was peculiarly sad, financially, and in particular the management of these great systems of transportation? I hope that I never have to see a centralization of power in Washington, and this goes for railroads, schools, agriculture, money and markets in favor of a revision in the transportation act to this extent—that of restoring in a great measure the power of the state railroad commission.

Abe Martin



General Apathy has put a good many feliers in favor, but it takes ole High Taxes 'n' yanik 'em out. "When I set out 'n' do something, 'n' go some place, I don't want 'n' bothered with a car," said Mrs. Tipton Bud 't' day.

men take a Sunday rest. Just to pinch them a little financially and make a better showing in appropriations, the railroads gave this class of employees an enforced vacation the last three days of May, and this in spite of the fact that there is plenty of work to be performed in almost every department of the various lines.

Since 1902, when the CENTURY overnight service was inaugurated between New York and Chicago, this standard bearer of the New York Central Lines has been the favorite train of the Presidents and the men who have nominated the Presidents.

The 20th CENTURY LIMITED will be 22 years old on June 15. It has made more than 8,000 round trips through seven national administrations.

20th Century Limited
Westbound
Lv. New York 2:45 p. m.
Lv. Boston 12:33 p. m.
Ar. Chicago 9:45 p. m.
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Lv. Chicago 12:40 p. m.
Ar. Boston 12:30 noon
Ar. New York 9:40 a. m.
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SUNNY SIDE UP

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

WILLIE GOING WORRYING.
When campaigns get to quiting good you bet your pile of dough that Little Willie will decline a lot of fits to throw. He will not grow excited, neither run around and shriek. When John Q. Howler clears his throat and rears straight up to speak.
For Little Willie has discerned, 'midst all the fumes and fret, that dire disaster prophesied has never happened yet. So he'll no longer rend his shirt nor beat upon his breast. But go ahead full satisfied all will be for the best.
Your Willie would, in times gone by, get all het up for fair. And be inclined to loudly yell and wildly tear his hair. But that was many years ago, when he was young and dense; Now years have brought experience and taught him better sense. Let politicians rant and rave, and paw the atmosphere. But Little Willie will sit tight, his heart and conscience clear. For 'spite dire prophesies of woe, disaster, grief and wreck, He's satisfied the U. S. A. won't get it in the neck.

We confess that we are growing mightily discouraged. Every now and then, over a period of something like two score years, we have been throwing fits of gloom, and trembling with fear lest the Palladium of Our Liberties be destroyed and the republic crushed into dust. Prophets of disaster have shrieked in our ears, and seethers have whispered to us that the end was near unless we hearkened to their advice.

But all our fears were groundless. The worst has never happened yet. After due cogitation we are forced to admit that whatever of basket we have had is primarily due to our own lack of judgment or an inherent desire to get around things the easiest way. We have listened to Calamity Wallers for years on end, but it never got us anywhere, although a lot of the Calamity Wallers got into office at salaries considerably greater than any they could ever hope to earn in private life.

So far as we are concerned hereafter the Prophets of Disaster and the Calamity Wallers can all go to. We are going to be just the kind of government we want, and we will win all the success we deserve. Admitting that now and then conditions have been pretty bad, we still insist that as bad as they were, they were heaven compared to what would be in case the Prophets of Disaster, the Calamity Howlers and the Professional Reformers were permitted to run things for any considerable length of time.

So Discouraged are we that from now on we refuse to listen to the Doleful Disciples of Discontent. Our ears are attuned to the music of optimism and our eyes are looking forward to the dawn of a day that will usher in a return to sanity and common sense.

Something tells us that we have to go through this sort of thing every now and then, just like we had to when young and adolescent, go through the measles and mumps and chicken-pox, and divers and sundry other troublesome complaints. Those things had their compensation—we didn't have to go to school. And the present epidemic of calamity and blocs and theories and reforms will also present compensations if we will but look for them. Frinstance, what a grand and glorious feeling it will be when the tide recedes and we are once more enjoying the calm of political reason. WILL M. MAUPIN.

When in Omaha Hotel Conant

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