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MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

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Omaha—Where the West is at its Best

WHO WILL WRITE THE BILL?

Promise of a further reduction in the federal tax rate is sickened over by the thought of what happened to the last one. Andrew Mellon, secretary of the treasury, presented to the president, and he to the congress, a measure that was designed to accomplish a definite object. Too much money was being taken from taxpayers under the revenue law.

But the opportunity was too good to be overlooked by the politicians in congress. Not since Claude Kitchin presented his famous revenue law of 1917 was there such glee in house and senate as was stirred up by the Mellon bill of 1924. No matter how little any critic might know of the principles of taxation, he took a running start and landed on the measure feet first.

Now, Mr. Mellon is going to try his luck again. He has consulted with Chairman Green of the house ways and means committee, and others who will have something to say about the passage of a revenue law. His hope is to get a measure that will raise revenue without laying undue burden on any.

Four hundred pine trees, we are told, were transported from Maine to decorate a ball room in New York. The lady who was hostess on the occasion wanted to produce a sylvan effect. She probably did. Four hundred pine trees ought to make any ball room look like a lodge in a wilderness.

Something more is to be regarded. Just now the greatest stress is being laid on the need of growing more trees. Particularly pine trees. Each year the supply of lumber is growing less. Five times as many trees are being used as are being replaced. President Coolidge has urged the American people to observe "Forest Tree" week, in hope of engendering a desire to replace forest growth, to the end that the future will not see the United States devoid of timber resources.

Yet for the decorations of a single night at a dancing party, 400 trees are cut down and transported from Maine to New York. This is more than a costly whim. It really is a crime against the future. But it is an illustration of the carelessness, the waste, the extravagance, that has brought us to the present state of affairs. In 1924 fire destroyed growing timber over an area equal to a strip ten miles wide and reaching from Denver to New York. Nine out of every ten of the more than 35,000 forest fires last year were caused by carelessness.

Unless there is an amendment to the present attitude of Americans on this question, the next generation will be overtaken by the deluge. Even this is feeling it. One of the items of the \$5,000,000,000 building bill the nation will pay this year is \$250,000,000 in freight on lumber from the Pacific northwest, present source of supply. The answer is to plant trees, not to cut them down for decorations. We are pasturing the cow too far from home.

SPEEDING UP COMMERCE.

While advocates of air-borne commerce still present their claims of ability to annihilate distance, the old mogul locomotive and clumsy box car imitate Bre'r Rabbit. That personage, you may recall, "jes' lay low and say nuffin'." Now railroads are modestly announcing that a car of freight that leaves Chicago on Monday morning will be delivered in Omaha on Tuesday morning. Compared with the regular four-hour schedule of the air mail flight, this does not amount to much, but consider something else.

That car of freight will be around forty tons in weight of goods carried. At least fifty cars will be coupled into one train. Two thousand tons of freight. The Los Angeles, biggest of our airships, will lift 20,000 pounds in addition to its load of fuel, crew, and the like. Fifteen tons. The Los Angeles would have to make three round trips in order to transport

from Chicago to Omaha the load of a single box car. Conceding this to be a day's work for the great airship, fifty days would be needed to carry the load of a single freight train. Twenty-four hours on the way for the freight train also means something. Not so very long ago but a lot of folks who made the trip can recall it, the fastest passenger trains consumed twenty-four hours between Omaha and Chicago. In those days "merchandise" freight trains were whirled along at the then terrifying speed of fifteen miles an hour. Subject to delays in division yards and elsewhere, a car of such freight might reach Omaha from Chicago in four days, if all conditions were favorable. Also, if loaded to capacity, the car contained fourteen tons of freight.

Indeed, the present is an age of speed. The humble freight train has caught something of the spirit of the day. If it keeps on growing, its place in the world's life will be as secure as the tracks on which it runs.

FAKE SCHOOLS A MENACE.

Confession of the manager of a so-called "university" at Chicago that he furnished disease germs for the purpose of a murder brings a new light on the fake school. Doctors, lawyers, ministers, and others of the learned professions know full well the danger that dwells in the "diploma factory." Also, they know the difficulty in locating and eradicating the fakery.

Many legitimate courses of instruction are carried on by correspondence. These are not to be confused with those who lure suckers by imposing claims and promises impossible of fulfillment. Yet, there is no reason to think that all who patronize these institutions are to be listed as suckers. Designing charlatans are still numerous enough, and usually they trace back to one of the schools of the kind that are complained of. Down in Connecticut, last fall, much commotion was caused by the discovery of a clique of "doctors" who were densely ignorant of even the rudiments of the art of healing. These had preyed on the gullible, actually had killed a number of persons by attempting to perform operations for which they were unfit.

The law overlook and punished these, but others flourish. Our national makeup is responsible for this fact. One of the remarkable traits of American character is that the word of an educated, trained and experienced man will be questioned when he says he can not do a certain thing, and that of an ignorant, impertinent quack will be taken as gold simply because he asserts he can do it. This is not mere gullibility; it is obstinate contrariness.

Fake schools are a menace, for they afford a foundation and a background for fake healers. Even when not guilty of providing germs to potential murderers, they afford license to prey on misery and suffering. Usually the victims are those who least can bear the affliction, so that their suffering is doubled. When such institutions are wiped out an advance for the race may be noted.

OMAHA MIGHT TAKE NOTE.

Kansas City has just staged a very successful national flower show. Both in number and variety of exhibits, the affair was a success. More than that, its influence on the community is destined to be good. The Times in commenting on the flower show expresses a thought that may apply to Omaha, when it says:

"This opportunity should be especially appreciated by Kansas City, which has the National Flower show for the first time. Consider the rapid extension of the residence sections. Consider the number of pretentious homes, average houses and bungalows that have been built in recent years. Consider the vast areas that have been opened up, some of them without growth of any kind except grass. Consider the reputation the city already has achieved through its residential beauty. Then consider how much more might still be done by intensive floriculture, the glow of color from rotation shrubs and flowers. All of which, of course, applies to old homes as well as new, although the advantage will be more readily taken by those whose places of residence still are in process of development."

Not that Omaha has not already given great attention to the work of beautifying the home places by proper attention to the use of flowers and shrubbery for decorating of lawns. We can show a visitor some lovely spots. Yet there is room for improvement, and this is what might be urged. One of the really gratifying facts is that in the newer parts of the city greatest efforts have been made to enhance the natural attractions of the sites by the addition of flowers and plants of various kinds. Commendable as this work is, it should be extended. Room for betterment can easily be found, and all should encourage the great public service that comes from keeping the home lot looking at its best, and vying with the neighbors for first place.

Detroiters have written President Coolidge, apologizing for Senator Couzens' action. This was unnecessary, as developments show the president did now know the senator was acting.

Probably the cruelest ruling Comptroller McFarl has yet made is that congressmen and senators must accept the increased pay they voted for. What rivers of tears that will cause!

The "jazz baby" murderer fainted in court where she is on trial. Maybe she is coming to realize what she has done. If so, there is hope for her.

Secretary Jardine's investigation may not bring out anything not already known, but it is giving the boys something to talk about.

A material point is that the auto has not interfered with the use of water and gas, as it has that of the tram car.

Omaha's baseball team, as usual, is off to a bad start in practice games. Watch 'em after the season opens.

A lot of hip pockets will have to be remodeled to comply with the new "pint" law.

Homespun Verse By Omaha's Own Poet—Robert Worthington Davis. ALL OUT OF TUNE. I'm all out of tune—I guess it's the Spring. A-comin' that makes it seem futile to sing. I've huddled around the fire since Fall. An' got pretty weary of readin' an' all. I don't know exactly the reason, but I kinda inherit a love for the sky. An' the birds, an' the leaves, an' the outdoor perfume. They beat all the frills of a dingy old room. Yes, there's where my heart lies—outdoors with a tree. An' the song of a bird, an' the buzz of a bee—There's somethin' about 'em—I can't tell just what. But it's love that seems allus to touch the right spot. There's natural beauty outdoors in the Spring. An' a vogue doesn't change where the orioles sing—Oh! there's where my heart lies, an' there's where I go. As soon as the warm winds dispose of the snow.

"From State and Nation"

Something Wrong at Lincoln.

From the Kearney Item. It will be necessary for Nebraska legislatures to change their attitude toward the higher institutions of learning—speaking of the state university and state teachers' colleges—where are in the state well rounded, properly housed and efficiently equipped educational system which will compete with the systems of other states. It does not follow that liberally the extracurricular, but it is barely possible that economy may be more properly termed parsimony.

There has been a time, not very far distant in the past, when our legislative bodies were alert and aggressive wherever there might be the least sign of disloyalty. But legislators have become careless, and now it is quite the rule for the responsible executives of those institutions to go begging to secure sufficient appropriations for bare maintenance.

Appropriations for university and teachers' colleges permit those institutions to exist, with unimpaired facilities, and without sufficient funds during summer school seasons to employ teachers for these summer students. Where buildings are needed to care for expansion they are denied. Where added facilities are required they are not given. Where decent maintenance is rightfully expected they are compelled to go hungry.

Probably the most important of all considerations at present is that of bettering facilities. Right here it is well to say that we have passed the "piecemeal" period, when educational needs, personal pride and business intelligence demand plans to cover certain periods, and a survey of the work required in Nebraska should convince us that a 10-year period is none too long. Evidently this is what Nebraska needs, a plan that when the incomparable sum of one-eighth of a mill for the university and 1-25th of a mill for the teachers' colleges was asked of the present legislature.

These levies, small as they are, and meaning so little to the taxpayers of Nebraska, would provide for well-planned constructive work in building up the work of every citizen of Nebraska. What any citizen thinks of educational methods is not at all in point. These are our schools. We should not starve them, but we should not starve our children, and no more dispare them than we would humiliate our own sons and daughters. It is time that legislative bodies should be made the most unpopular and hazardous pastime that members of the legislature can indulge in.

That Homesick Feeling.

When an Eskimo dog died upon arriving in New York from its northern home, the Eskimo pronounced the cause of death as homesickness. Many dog lovers believe nostalgia is common among dogs and accounts for the many instances where dogs have traveled long distances to return to former homes.

A keeper of a frog farm in Texas claims that the denizen of the lily pond also has the homesick instinct and the sensation of homesickness. He cites an instance where a shipment of Louisiana frogs to a Texas farm started a marathon hop back to Louisiana as the moment the boatmen dumped into their Texas pond.

The love of home is as strong among human beings as the homesick instinct, which is probably only animal homesickness is among the dumb animals. There are some people, of course, to whom the feeling of homesickness is wholly foreign, but by far the majority of human beings sometime or other during their lifetime experience the melancholy pangs of homesickness.

It is homesickness which brings the hunted criminal back to the place of his crime, and it is the same thing which calls back to the home town so many men and women who years before turned their backs on home for the world.

A one-room log cabin in the wild mountains of Kentucky may not be much of a home, but several years ago scores of mountaineer families, who were given up as having been in Missouri for their coal lands in Kentucky, returned to their Kentucky mountains after a few years in Missouri and asked permission only to live in those log cabins which had been their homes.

Abe Martin. Miss Tawney Apple has one of the new combination vanity an' compasses so if anybody asks her 't take an auto ride. 'Well, I won't need that any more,' said Mort Pine, 'I day, after he finally got th' cork out of a quart bottle o' hooch. (Copyright, 1925.)

NET AVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION For FEBRUARY, 1925 THE OMAHA BEE Daily 76,202 Sunday 77,710 Does not include returns, left, who were sampled at news stands in printing and includes no special sales or free circulation of any kind. V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24 day of March, 1925. W. H. QUIVEY, (Seal) Notary Public

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.

That King Katakana. Chicago.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: At sweet 16, when I was in boarding school in Europe, we girls of all parts of the world, a bunch as silly as some of the silly flappers of today, we had our imaginary thrill of life being near King Katakana when he traveled around the world in 1881. He visited all principal cities and was entertained as a royal guest. The people turned out as they did to see the Lord's work should get so entangled at this time when the elect is crying, "Come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Should not the hosts of Christ's followers be standing shoulder to shoulder in defense of his righteous rule against the Prince of Darkness and his cohorts of Anti-Christ and the scarlet women? So many are drifting down with no thought or ought but pleasure, satisfying the lust of the flesh and the greed of the eye. Let us be reunited, let us watch and pray lest it be said of our beautiful, glorious America, "She, too, shall go away into utter darkness with all the nations that forget God."

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AN Ode. Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Dedicated to "Indignation." Don't harm the dogs, the busy dogs. That race about your door. Soon as the joyous spring has come. And even long before. Don't harm the dogs, the merry dogs: You ought to love them more. They tear your mat to scraps, and scratch. The varnish off your door. The caveman didn't have a mat. He didn't have a door. Let all your cavemen once again, And gather dog galore. Constantinople, years ago, Sent all her dogs away; Let's buy those banished curs, and that will start us on our way. — JAMES EWING.

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A Double Crime. Judge—You are charged with profanity. Prisoner—How can that be, your honor, when I was arrested for getting rid of it? Judge—Ten days for swearing. Thirty days for that joke.—Boston Transcript.

Be Born Again. Albion, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Have been reading with some interest the letters of Mr. Ward and "One Who Helped," and cannot help wondering if they are not working at cross-purposes. That personal work has a large place in the plan of salvation must be conceded, but it is no wise to take the place of the revival meeting, nor that of personal enlightenment. Each has its place. Phillip was sent by God to do personal work out on the road from Jerusalem to Gaza, and there he taught the unlearned the way of salvation. When he understood the accepted Christ ananias was saved. Peter held a great revival meeting with the aid of the brethren and three thousand souls were added unto the church. Paul, on his way to Damascus, preaching all threats, was startled by a great light and a tender loving voice asking, "Saul! Saul! Why persecutest thou me?" Who shall say which was the better way, I do not understand that O. W. H. meant that those who went out to "go into the highways and byways" and asked them to come in imagined they had saved souls to church. Bible indeed would anyone be, and ignorant of Bible teaching, who dreamed any amount of patching up would make a new culture. There is but one way, "Ye must be born again," and we must "become new creatures in Christ Jesus." That new birth may take place under many circumstances, is not

dependent upon any man-made plan, but it must take place. That is God's part when we have surrendered our will to Him. It is true many who claim conversion in revival meetings backslide because they are the types spoken of in the parable of the sower, but the sower was not rebuked for sowing nor the good seed condemned. Is it not too bad that two persons so zealous for the welfare of the Lord's work should get so entangled at this time when the elect is crying, "Come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Should not the hosts of Christ's followers be standing shoulder to shoulder in defense of his righteous rule against the Prince of Darkness and his cohorts of Anti-Christ and the scarlet women? So many are drifting down with no thought or ought but pleasure, satisfying the lust of the flesh and the greed of the eye. Let us be reunited, let us watch and pray lest it be said of our beautiful, glorious America, "She, too, shall go away into utter darkness with all the nations that forget God."

SUNNY SIDE UP Take comfort, not forget, That Sunrise never failed us yet. Celia Baxter

Houston, Tex.—The Gentleman from up Nawth is not in Texas long before he loses a lot of his preconceived notions. By the same token, the Sothe'nah, sub, is mighty apt to lose a lot of his when he strikes Nebraska. About the only difference between the Sothe'nah and the Sothe'nah is that the Sothe'nah is not in Houston, this morning we rather expected to see a Sothe'nah in Houston, wearing drooping mustaches and big hats, using spittin' terbacker and possibly totin' a gun or two. Far be it from us. Why, the young fellows down here are wearing slick pants and all the evidences point to the fact that the retailers of rouge, lipsticks and eyebrow pencils are doing a thriving business. About the only difference between Houston and Omaha is the southern draw and dialect one hears down this way.

General Mitchell has nothing on us. We have been demoted since arriving in Houston. At home we are often addressed as "Colonel," but down here we are a mere "Captain." We are going over to Austin in a few days and consult with Governor Ferguson about this. So far as we are aware we have done nothing to merit this reduction in rank.

Houston, which is going to entertain the Advertising Club of the World in May, is certainly an up and coming city. The secret is told in one word, oil. Texas is going bers on oil, and the greasy product is building cities and business at a marvelous rate. We hesitated over night at the new Rice hotel here. There is nothing finer in the hotel line in this country. It is 18 stories high, but at that is not as altitudinous as its rates. But we paid the rate one night and swelled around in the hotel lobby like all the other oil kings. We felt like an oil millionaire, too, until we went up to the cashier's desk to settle.

Delegates to the Ad Club's convention are going to have a fine time in Houston. The whole city is getting ready to turn loose and make things hum for the delegates. Boat trips will be arranged, slide trips taken to Galveston and other cities, and the oil game will be thoroughly investigated. Down here one hears some tall stories about oil and real estate. We have investigated a little bit, but are undecided as yet which are the biggest liars, the oil men or the real estate men. We are only interested as a spectator, for we are not interested in oil, and if we invest in real estate it will be in Nebraska.

Speaking of climate, they have it down here. Furnaces to provide heating arrangements for the home, as the weather is unusually mild in winter. Then for about six weeks they huddle around oil stoves that smell to heaven, and shiver and swear that "this is something unusual for this climate." Then they express pity for us northerners who have to undergo the rigors of winter. It is to laugh. Freezing weather around these parts is far worse than 20 below weather in Omaha. The air is damp, soggy and mucky, and when it gets chilly it penetrates the marrow of one's bones.

Oil tanks in this part of Texas are about as numerous as cattle on the Nebraska prairies. One hears oil, sees oil and smells oil all the time. It is the topic of conversation