

THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY

THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
NELSON B. UPDIKE, Publisher.

MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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BEE TELEPHONES

Private Branch Exchange, 421 for the Department of Public Welfare.

For Night Call After 10 P. M.:
Editorial Department 1710
Circulation Department 1710
Advertising Department 1710

OFFICES OF THE BEE

Main Office: 1710 and 1712
15 South 15th Street
Counsellor: 1710 and 1712
15 South 15th Street
New York Office: 1710 and 1712
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The Bee's Platform

1. New Union Passenger Station.
2. Continued improvement of the Nebraska Highway, including the pavement of Main, Thoroughfare leading into Omaha with a Brick Surface.
3. A short, low-rate Waterway from the Corn Belt to the Atlantic Ocean.
4. Home Rule Charter for Omaha, with City Manager form of Government.

Harding for National Unity.

The message sent by Warren G. Harding to the people of the south is one of the most momentous utterances he has indulged since he was nominated at Chicago last June. It is the voice of the next president of the United States, about to assume what an eastern paper describes as "the truly and awful task of making a program and of finding men to execute it." Some parts of this program have been outlined, and among them is that of uniting the nation into one harmonious whole, industrially, socially and politically. His proposal to the people of the south takes on a high quality of significance. He writes to them:

I want to be instrumental in establishing that complete concord of union which I hold to be essential to the American fulfillment. I realize how the political solidarity of the south followed the unfortunate days of the Civil war. I know how that solidarity has been encouraged, and I think I understand the desire to break it on the other hand. I believe most cordially in prospering America first.

Ours is the best market in the world because we are the largest consumers and the ablest to buy. There isn't the slightest excuse for a sectional line in America. We are one people with one flag, and it is folly to allow long-time prejudices to stand in the way of the fullest understanding and the utmost cordiality of relationship.

National unity and concord will be more easily established when it is understood that one section of the country can not permanently prosper at the expense of another. Some inequalities will always exist, because of the unequal distribution of the favor of nature, but if the people agree that the general bounty which has made the United States the wealthiest and most powerful of all nations is to be shared by all on even terms, the benefit will be enjoyed by all. It is this very interdependence that has welded the union so firmly together. Our land is not held together by pressure from without. Whatever sacrifice may attend a relaxation of the political solidarity of the south, assuming such a thing to be a sacrifice, will be more than compensated through the freer communication that will be opened as a result. Mr. Harding says it is not merely a republican ambition he expresses. Neither is there ground for scolding the southern people on account of the position they have taken and held so long. Conditions have cleared the way for them to strengthen this position, however, and without sacrifice of any of the traditions of the land. An administration that begins with a plea for national unity, and the intention of prospering America first, will not be stigmatized as either partisan or parochial.

Quick, Boy, the Pulmotor.

Horace Greeley once said that a thorough dispersion of parties as often as once in 12 years, if not at the close of every presidential contest, would be a public blessing. The news that William Jennings Bryan is planning a reorganization of the democratic party on lines to be laid down by himself will cause many to wonder if this is not the final sign of the disintegration of the great rival of republicanism.

If the measure of a party's ability to meet new issues is the measure of its proper life, the democratic party died, with the late election. Some will trace its decline to the date when President Wilson issued his plea to the nation to vote only for democrats for congress, and ignored Mr. Bryan, who alone of the party leaders was not vocal. Be that as it may, it is plain that the best influences in the party were silenced at the San Francisco convention, and a platform filled with dodging and trifling was adopted. The campaign, in spite of Mr. Bryan's warnings, strayed far from the expression of public opinion on public questions, and with the exception of taking a more or less definite stand on the league of nations, touched nothing live.

Whether Mr. Bryan will be able to bring back the democratic party to a position of importance where it really stands for any settled principles cannot be predicted. If he fails, the result will be a new party which, it is to be feared, will make the issue one of men rather than of principles.

Prosperity and the Land Bank.

Frequently in the divorce courts the story is heard of couples who decided to get married on the spur of the moment and repented at leisure. "Let's get married," says the young man, between steps in the dance hall. "Sure, I don't mind," comes the reply. And the next day this couple, who may never have seen each other before, get their license.

It would be unfair to say that this is at all usual, but it is fair to state that there is too little consideration given to the meaning of matrimony by many young couples. A bill which is to be introduced in the state legislature of Nebraska would remedy this by requiring that applications for licenses must be displayed in the county court for 10 days before they can be issued. This provision, while casting no obstacle across the path of true love, might save a young couple from a union that would bring only sorrow. A lot of serious thinking can be done in 10 days. There also will be opportunity for relatives to avail themselves of their privilege of criticism, a thing that is not always without its benefits, though often unwise. The main thing, however, is that the young man and woman be given the impression that getting a

marriage license is not similar to getting a dog license. Ten days is not too long to do a little of thinking. This proposed law is a good one and undoubtedly would cut down the number of divorce cases.

Stiffening Our Financial Backbone.

To have been born and reared on a farm is the pride of many of the most successful men in the cities of America, yet there may be in their boast too much of the feeling that good fortune was still with them when they deserted the soil for the payments. Secretary Danielson of the Nebraska State Board of Agriculture with right emphasis in his annual report the necessity for placing agricultural life on the plane of human and economic opportunity where it belongs.

"There is perhaps no single solution for the situation that farmers now are facing," he declares, "but there are many steps which can and should be taken to place agriculture on a more satisfactory basis and to stabilize the business of farming. Not in the interest of the farmers alone, but in the interest of the nation as a whole, the matter is of such tremendous importance to our entire population that it should be recognized not only as a state, but as a national problem as well, and dealt with as such."

We continue:

He must adopt every feasible means to enable the farmer to adjust himself to changes in economic conditions such as have recently occurred. It should be a fact that when the farms of the country produce abundantly the consuming public will be liberally supplied with food at reasonable prices, the farmer taking his profit because of large production, and the consumer bearing his fair, proportionate share for having available and adequate supplies at reasonable cost. In general we should expect it to be true that the farmer's condition is improved in direct proportion to the number of bushels of wheat or corn that he produces. However, it frequently happens that when all farmers have extraordinarily good crops during the year, low prices leave him worse off than he has been in other years, with shorter crops and higher prices. One thing which I feel sure would help to remedy this is some means of carrying over surplus from years of high production to periods of lower production, whenever feasible. Thus should more attention be given to marketing and the development of the latent consumption demand in years of large supply.

Here is the starting point for a new agricultural program. The farmers throughout the nation are bringing forward their proposals. It will neither be desirable to give them an entirely free hand to remake this basic industry in disregard of the mutual interest of the urban population, nor to fail to bring forth control proposals or strike a reasonable compromise with them on their demands. The question of agricultural prosperity is one in which all classes should be concerned, and these classes must recognize their duty or suffer the consequences of their own folly.

Why Martens Is Leaving.

When Ludwig C. A. K. Martens and his retinue took steamer at New York for Stockholm, expelled from this country by order of the government, he left behind a criticism of the administration that should not gain him or those he represents any friends. Expressing his inability to understand the division of responsibility between the executive departments, he also laments his ignorance as to the future plans of the United States, adding, "nor can I tell in what direction this policy of ignoring the existence of the established government of the largest country in Europe will lead."

Mr. Martens never more perfectly exhibited his insincerity or that of his so-called government than in the sentence quoted. He can not help knowing that recognition of the Leninist-Trotsky combination is an invitation to them. They are devoted, not to the bolshevization of Russia alone, but to the application of their peculiar creed to all the world. Communication with them must be with the understanding that they propose the utter destruction of all institutions not fashioned after their model. They have no middle ground.

Expulsion of Martens does not indicate a fear of revolution, however much the resident reds may plume themselves on the prospect; it is merely an entirely proper expression of the impatience of the American republic with the pretensions who have so impudently affronted our general intelligence and so outrageously abused our patient hospitality. As Martens was taking ship he must have received the news that a retrial had been denied William Bröss Lloyd and his associates, thus bringing a step nearer the imprisonment he has won by his bent to destruction. In this may be discovered the sentiment of the land towards revolution, at least of the type represented by the bolsheviks of Russia. The direction of our government is not that leading out from Moscow.

Accidents and Kings.

Motorists who have run down children in the streets sometimes race away and leave their victims to be picked up by others, but not so King Albert of Belgium. When the royal car met an accident of this kind on the Louvain road, the king sorrowfully bore the body of a little girl to her parents' cottage and went to summon doctors to aid her injured brother.

In other times kings might have been inclined to proceed ruthlessly on their way, just as do some less important automobile drivers. But those kings are not of the kind of Albert, any more than are those free-born Americans who sometimes attempt to sneak away from the consequences of an accident.

At all events, the disagreement between the Labor department and the State department over what shall be done with Cork's latest mayor should demonstrate to England that American opinion is divided, which amounts to a condition of neutrality.

Of course a democratic weather bureau wouldn't give Nebraska's republican electors the right kind of weather to fly to Washington.

The news that the coal operators don't like Senator Calder's bill will recommend it to all who are struggling to keep heat in their furnace.

Strange, isn't it, that it is not the women who are objecting to the secret sessions of the legislature?

Congress ought to rush the new immigration bill before the Kaiser tries to land at Ellis Island.

The return of the 5-cent cigar would be a great saving to candidates for office.

The sheep growers are not the only ones who suffer from shoddy clothing.

A Line O' Type or Two

How to the Line, let the quips fall where they may.

TO POSTERITY—A DEDICATION.
(Tune by Michael William Balfe.)
When other pens and other lips
Their tales of mirth shall tell,
When newer quips and never quips
Your meagre shall dispel,
There may, perhaps, in such a day
Some recollection be
Of you, but no, I'm free to say
You'll not remember me.

Although these lyrics will not live
To hold you in their spell,
This sweet to know I shall not give
A whoop in farthest hell.
When finished in this grateful task,
Contented I shall be,
Nor now, nor ever, shall I ask
That you remember me.
You'll not remember me,
Not re-me-he-mem-mur meeeeeee!

RECOGNIZING his wife among the crowd
lined in a hotel on New Year's eve, a Missouri
man has started suit. It seems that a flashlight
picture of a banquet is of some use, after all.
HAVE THEY RESEARCHED THE HAYSTACKS?
(From the Boston American.)

Murray Needle of Dorchester has appealed
to the American to aid him in finding his wife,
Mrs. Augusta Needle. He says she left her
home June 1 and has not been heard from
or seen since then.

"YOUNG people jump from the cradle onto
the dance floor," declares Judge Sabath, Due,
of course, to an infantile desire to "toddle."

SALT IN IMMORTALS.
Messrs. Bodfish and Call run a fish
market in Vineyard Haven, Mass. Seems as if
they should be called "Bodfish and Call's."
Yet they have been allowed to do business under
those Johns & Henrys for 15 years to my
knowledge.

OUR correspondent is also of opinion that
the great majority of duds that Mr. Harding has
ordered indicate inside information concerning
a raise in the tariff on imported woolsens.

To E. O. B. from Minneapolis.
Oh, Frederick O'Brien,
For months I've been tryin'
To learn from the lure of your joy
Of the treasure of Tahiti
And tropic Papete.

(If to rhyme these one musicly may);
It really was wrong of
You to sing of Rarotonga
And expect me to remain in this place;
Why should I write ditties
In these Arctic Twin Odes?
To some more Scandinavian face?
Oh, Frederick O'Brien,
It may be you were lyin'
With your blarney of South Sea foam;
But I feel that I must know
A lot more of that Aloha
Than I find in this Swedish home!

REFRAIN.
So I'm paddling my canoe to Rarotonga.
On the trail of Melville and Cook;
That is where I feel that I belong;
Since I read that Odyssean book.
Oh, I hear the south seas splashing on the coral
Where work is a thing taboo;
At least maybe I'll go.
Though my progress seems slow
In my merely lyrical canoe!

RIQUARIUS.
If Mr. Harding's Toledo tailor, Paul Gettman,
desires a foeman worthy of his yardstick, he
should try to get Hon. Cal Coolidge for a new
suit.

YES, YES—GO ON!
(Ad in the Atlantic Monthly.)
Mrs. Wharton went to Morocco at the ex-
press invitation of the Governor-General. She
was received by the great chiefs of the cities
she visited, and by the harems and had excep-
tional opportunities of witnessing little
known ceremonies.

AN institute of languages in Boston con-
cludes its invitation to free Spanish lectures: "In
order to insure a series of lectures and send the
postcard in properly filled out."

THE VETERAN.
(Michigan Version.)
A gloomy Michigander,
He wiped his streaming eyes:
"Oh, for a good old-fashioned stey,
Just once before I die."
I can't drink Wine of Pepsin,
For in my cap and gown
I have been drunk at Larry's,
In old Ann Arbor town.

His comrade said, "Pray dry your eyes,
And come on home with me,
For hidden in my home-made skee,
Is a jug of homemade skee.
It has a kick like Heston,
A-plunging for a down,
I, too, was drunk at Larry's,
In old Ann Arbor town."

They fetched the dusty demijohn,
And surged out the skee,
And first he took a swig,
And then he tossed off three.
But still he walked erect and straight,
His smile became a frown;
For he'd been drunk at Larry's,
In old Ann Arbor town.

O. B. W.
"THIS function over, Rev. T. C. Martin, after
a witty address, absolutely unreportable, pre-
sented the gifts of the Grange."—Fitchburg,
Mass., Sentinel.

It is difficult to be witty and reportable.

THE MORNING AFTER.
"While making way to alcoholic ex-
cesses," says a biographical sketch, "he was
very sparing in his diet, sometimes refusing both
meat and fish."

Meaning, make it, that he was very abstem-
ious in his habits when he was sober. E. C. W.

"WHITE man wanted to milk and run Ford
car."—Tulsa World.

Timed milk, adventure H. L. and M. B. G.,
after a protracted collaboration.

PHILOSOPHY.
Men are babbling rivers;
Loye's a foolish game;
Hearts are bits of tinder
In a red flame.

You and I have gambled
Recklessly and wildly;
Since the playing's over,
Leave me with a smile.

What if now my heart holds
Ash where flames were life?
I am freed of heart aches
All the rest of life.

THE ENCAPTURED REPORTER.
(From the White Salmon Enterprise.)
The bridal couple stood under festoons of
Washington holly, and in front of a circling
hedge of flowering plants, whose delicate pink
blossoms gave out a faint echo of the keynote
of the bride's ensemble.

A RESTAURANT man in Jackson, Mich.,
makes a frank confession: "Our prices reduced
25 per cent, our quality 100 per cent."

A VOICE FROM BELOW.
(From the Barbados Advocate.)
Owing to my landlord having sold the land
over my head, I, Pitt H. Eastwick have decided
to dispose of my business carried on by me
during the past 30 years without reservation.

HAPPY THOUGHT.
This world is so full of a number of singers,
We need not be bluffed any longer by ringers.
B. L. T.

Close to the People.
In Vermont the state senate is composed of
30 members, one from each county, but the lower
house is made up of one man from each town-
ship in the state. The supreme judges there
receive a salary of \$3,000 annually.—Ohio State
Journal.

A Gold Brick.
If you are thinking of buying Kamchatka
from Washington B. Van derlip, better consult
an international conveyancer. There are rumors
in circulation about a flaw in the title.—From
the Boston Transcript.

One of Life's Little Thrills.
It must be a proud moment in the life of a
traveling salesman when he registers at a "Macon
hotel" and is mistaken for a presidential adviser.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

How to Keep Well

By DR. W. A. EVANS

Questions concerning hygiene, sanitation and prevention of disease, submitted to Dr. Evans by readers of The Bee, will be answered personally, subject to space limitations, where a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Evans will not make diagnosis or prescribe for individual diseases. Address letters in care of The Bee.

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HUMAN MIND AS AN ENGINE.

Some persons have objected to the conclusion that the putting-off type of mind was more of a worry-better than the putting-on type, as outlined in the story of a day or two ago.

The man who, having a ridge to climb, faces it, puts on steam, and climbs it in a hurry, as a rule, is the man who spells duty with a big D, one who carries responsibility.

Being of the type he is, people try to unload on him, and he frequently permits them. For all these reasons there were several types, I mentioned. However, many of this class are able to accomplish and then put the task out of mind.

Now let us return to the third type of mind, that compared with the man who veered off and followed the foot of the ridge before finally climbing it. It said in this group there were several types, I mentioned the shrewd, the opportunistic, the mentally dishonest. I specifically excluded the loafers.

By loafers I mean those who are carelessly drifting, those who may eventually pull up at the southeast corner of the park, but who are in no great hurry to get there, nor very much interested in any phase of the matter. Of course, they furnish no worries.

In the group are found the indecisives, those given to indecision. They furnish some of the worriers. In the group are found the indecisives in the group who veer along the foot of the ridge in responsible for the indecision. The third group furnished most of the worriers.

In the group are found many of the mentally inferior, those who may overwork until it breaks and then it lays up. When he comes to a ridge, if his drive is working well he turns up the hill and goes at it with a vim.

People take off their hats to his power and energy. But if his machine is out of whack, he will veer off and follow the foot of the ridge. While in this driving stage he worries, frets and envies.

The man of this type is an intermittent egotist. He also is intermit-

cent. They want 35 per cent more. As I have had a humble part in holding these sand prices at what I think a reasonable cost for production, I respectfully submit this to your consideration on behalf of the sand man, and also that sometimes the prices are very misleading as to the actual facts of costs of building.

Very Truly Yours,
CONSUMERS SAND COMPANY,
B. Tremore Co., Manager.

Ho Wren "Better" Men.
Omaha, Jan. 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: While never in the world's history has all society been so torn asunder, restive, and uncertain, as today, one bright omen shows out over the tumult, namely: That never in the nation's history were the people so wrought up against the crooked, racketing, bribe-taking, evasive politicians as today. But unlike other great cities over the land, is Omaha going to sit idly by, as usual, and permit the city election, to go by default?

It is true that our city has not been scandalized by dishonest office holders, but it is also true that the mediocre and the inefficient have been saddled upon us for the last fifteen years, when it has been one constant turmoil of warring elements, so that the best work for the city has not been accomplished. In the city are literally dozens of men who would make ideal city commissioners, but such men never get down into the quagmire of politics to be elected to these offices. They would have to be drafted and their conscription would have to be started at once.

But now in this coming election, why not in the name of kind providence enter some of these thorough-breds against plums and see in a free-for-all race how they will run, to the end that crime may be stopped in Omaha, that our ever increasing burden of taxes may be halted in their ascent, and that for once the noises emanating from the city hall will rebound from work being done, rather than from tempestuous quarrels, fighting and self-interest?

GEORGE B. CHILD.

"Bringing Up Father"
The Greatest Comic of Them All

"The Gumps"
Andy and Min
and Little Chester

Daily and Sunday in
The
Omaha Bee

Said To Be Funny.

Want white man to milk and run Ford car, one mile south of Fifteenth on Lewis, Delin.—Ad in Tulsa World.

"Leaves knows how Sharp made his money."—Name three articles containing "tarch."—The Herald.

Professor in Agronomy to Phil Wein-berg.—Name three articles containing "tarch."—The Herald.

"Two cuffs and a collar."—The Herald.

Father—"Helen, isn't it about time you were entertaining the prospect of matrimony?" Daughter—"Not quite, pa. He doesn't call until 8 o'clock."—The Herald.

Professor—"Now I put the number seven on the board. What number immediately comes into your mind?" Class (in unison)—"Eleven."—Burr.

"James, you may serve the cake that I made for Mr. Phillips' birthday." "Burr, madam, but my union forbids my serving a non-union product."—Life.

Mr. Bell, the inventor of the telephone, is in this country. At a meeting of subscribers it was decided that no action should be taken, as it was not altogether his fault.—The Evening Show (London).

A farmer hitched his team to a telephone pole. "You can't hitch there!" "Can't hitch?" shouted the Irish farmer. "Burr, why does the sign say, 'Fine for Hitching'?"—The Catholic News.

"No, sir," cried the Irish parent, "my daughter can never be yours." "I don't want her to be my daughter," interrupted the young man. "I want her to be my wife."—Edinburgh Scotsman.

"Yes, mum," replied the Pandahar, "there was a time when I rode in my own carriage." "My what a come down!" sympathized the kind-hearted woman. "And how long has it been since you rode in your own carriage?" "Just a year, mum," replied the Pandahar. "I was a baby then."—The Catholic News.

"Aren't you afraid America will become a land of the future?" "Not if my farmers keep raising things the world needs," answered Farmer Brown. "The feller that raises the dinner-tell never runs much risk of being 'lonesome.'"—Washington Star.

I'M THE GUY

I'M THE GUY who picks a fight with his girl just before Christmas. So you finally got wise to me? Sure I broke with her so I would not have to give her a present.

I've only known her a short time, anyway, so why should I give her some token.

I need all my money for myself. I've worked for my dough, and I want to enjoy it all myself. Let some easy mark get her a present.

Even if I had been going with her for a long time, making her mad is a good way to get out of sending her a gift.

But, of course, now that Christmas and New Years have past, I've made up with her again. She never saw through my little game. She's not as clever as you.

If you don't like it I should worry. I don't think it's a petty trick.

As long as she doesn't get the drift I don't care. If she did, of course, I'd have to look for someone else. But that's another story. So run along, little one, and don't bother me with your opinion of me.

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FORDS

Perfectly Safe in the Snow

If They Have Warm Steering Gears

SPRAGUE TIRE CO.

Tyler 3032
18th and Cumine



More than half the men who wear this button are enrolled in the greatest school in the world—the U. S. Army School

More than a hundred thousand students in it—about fifty percent of the enlisted men—all studying something.

Some are studying general courses: arithmetic, spelling, geography, English, U. S. History.

Some are learning a trade: auto-mechanics, masonry, printing, plumbing.

Some are learning to be radio operators; some bakers; some horse-shoers; some truck-gardeners.

Some school—the U. S. Army School—that teaches a hundred trades. And the soldier earns a good living while he is learning.

Has a chance to rub elbows with folks from other than his own home town.

And live in new eye-and-mind-opening surroundings.

THE U.S. ARMY
TEACHES TRADES