

THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY

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The Bee's Platform

1. New Union Passenger Station.
2. Continued improvement of the Nebraska Highways, including the pavement of Main Thoroughfares 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.

The Opening of a New Road.

The Railroad Labor board has applied its authority to the pressing wage dispute in such fashion as commends itself to those who have given any definite thought to the problem; aside, of course, from the employers and employees, both of which groups express dissatisfaction with the decision. Simply stated, the order of the board in the A. B. & A. wage case is for the management and employees of that road to get together and try to compose their differences before seeking the adjustment of the board.

This is not compulsory arbitration in the true sense, but simply a requirement that the parties undertake a reasonable settlement before troubling others with their grievances. In this may be found the fundamental elements of arbitration, of conciliation, or whatever term may be given efforts to decently adjust causes of dispute. The doctrine is neither new or novel. Labor unions are well acquainted with it in practice, and the railroad managers must certainly have heard of it.

What effect it will have is open to some conjecture, but it is very certain that had the course advised been adhered to in 1916, a great deal of present embarrassment would have been spared. Should the decision of the board apply for the future, it will do away with much running to legislatures, congress, and government agencies in general to settle disputes that properly ought to be handled by the parties directly involved without troubling outsiders. In the course of ordinary experience enough of serious import will be found to keep the labor board busy without making it a court of original jurisdiction entirely.

Another factor in the case of the A. B. & A. deserves some consideration. The road is said to be "broke," and so unable to pay the wages fixed by law. One of two conditions are responsible for this; either the business of the road was mismanaged, or its existence is not warranted by the economic situation. Reorganization of the affairs of the road will be the remedy in the one case, its abandonment is the recourse in the other. The A. B. & A. collects the rates for service fixed by the government; it is expected to pay wages on the basis determined for other roads. Adjustment between these factors ought to be accomplished readily.

Should a policy of setting wages according to earning capacity of the roads be adopted, we would soon find a condition wherein roads like the Union Pacific would be handing out fabulous sums to the workers, or those like the A. B. & A. would be doing out such pittance as would look pitiful. Under the circumstances, its case is hardly to be accepted as typical, and its plea in court suggests the thought that neither Atlanta, Birmingham or the Atlantic ocean would lose a great deal if the poverty stricken road were to be devoted to some other service than that of cluttering up the court records.

Pace Setters for America.

Measured by the standard of Abraham Lincoln, how will Americans appear to John Drinkwater, the British poet? It was through his drama of the Great Emancipator that Mr. Drinkwater first came into mental touch with the United States, and doubtless in his travels here he will be ever on watch for the sturdy Americanism and democracy which had Lincoln for its spokesman.

One remembers the disappointment and disillusionment recorded by Charles Dickens after his first visit, and wonders if Mr. Drinkwater will be equally severe in his judgment.

"Shakespeare was one of the few Englishmen who never visited this country for two weeks for the purpose of writing an eight-pound book on his impressions of America," Bill Nye once said, and it is as inevitable as it is interesting to anticipate some discussion of America in the future writings of all these visitors from abroad.

It was the hope of our national leaders of revolutionary days that under democracy every citizen would rise in the course of the century to the height of a Washington, an Adams or a Jefferson. The diaries of John Quincy Adams show the misgiving many later felt at the slow progress of the people, and even the suspicion that they were slipping back. America in truth has not mounted to the level which Washington had hoped, nor have we achieved the breadth of humanity represented by Lincoln, who was bitterly criticised by large groups in his day. Yet for all that, the inspiration has been ever before us, giving direction and incentive to our efforts.

Our Next Secretary of the Treasury.

In drawing up its general indictment of the cabinet selections announced by Mr. Harding, our amiable democratic contemporary presents a terrific arraignment of Andrew W. Mellon. That paper catalogues a formidable list of big business enterprises in which he is a director, and winds up with the assertion that the bank of which he is president heads a combination that has a joint money power of 800 or 900 millions of dollars.

Here is matter for serious reflection. At the very name of 900 millions of dollars timorous folk polio flees to his cave and tries to pull the cave in after him, and peeks in fright to see if the Money Devil is coming right behind him. At least, this was true before we began to talk in billions. That many millions is not so formidable

as it was in those piping times before the Treasury department was brought under the ministrations of William Gibbs McAdoo, whose ventures in finance were in connection with a tunnel under the Hudson river, and from which he emerged, according to his own admission, a poor man; to Carter Glass, who had mastered the subject while editing a country newspaper in Virginia; and finally to Prof. Houston, an eminent agricultural theorist from Missouri, who had the further recommendation of being first from Houston, Tex., where Burleson comes from.

It does appear a little odd that Mr. Harding should venture to replace so eminent a triumvirate with a man whose only knowledge of finance has been gained through actual contact with banking, and who knows no more of the methods of business than he could learn through connection with some of the greatest concerns in the world. However, politics is always risky, and a great republic must expect to take some chances.

Flight of the Night Mail.

It can be done. Man's skill, intrepidity and courage have added another triumph to his record. When the air mail passed Omaha in the night a new chapter in the epic of human endeavor was written. Jack Knight's name may be overshadowed by the accumulation of passing events, but it should have a place of permanent record in the Postoffice department annals, as that of the man who flew with the mails from Cheyenne to Chicago in a single night, making possible the attempt to deliver letters from San Francisco to New York inside of 36 hours.

Omaha, as the midcontinent station on the route, was the scene of a landing and a "hop off" that deserve to be made historic. Wary, distressed from the pain and inconvenience of a broken nose, Jack Knight wheeled his big "ship" down from the air onto Ak-Sar-Ben field just after 1 o'clock in the morning. In a few moments the machine had been refitted with oil and fuel supplies, and its driver mounted again and soared away for the next lap of his journey. Fog and snow, encountered crossing Iowa, delayed him slightly, but he reached Chicago in good time to give the eastern carriers opportunity to finish the journey inside the allotted schedule. It does not matter that the westbound mail was delayed at Chicago, because the pilot hesitated to venture the flight because of poor "visibility." Knight's feat stands out the bolder, because he had never before been over the route between Omaha and Chicago, and because he was flying into the conditions that deterred the westbound pilot from making a start. And he went through. Army men may for a moment turn their attention from the efforts of their own flyers, and watch the mail men. One-stop flights across the continent, at the narrowest part of the United States, may be spectacular, if achieved, but contribute little to the science of aviation, while the prosaic work of the mail carriers shows day after day the practicability of the airship for doing certain things of service to commerce. These experiences may be translated into terms of value for the military, and their study might do more to really benefit the air service of the army, and to gain for it standing with the public, than many such attempts as have been loudly heralded in advance and have proven failures when tried.

Parade for the Disabled.

Omaha may be given a chance to witness the most unique parade of protest that ever shamed a civilized community. It will be made up of disabled soldiers of the late A. E. F., who still are waiting for the fulfillment of promises made them by the government. No amount of excuse, of shifting blame or effort at evasion will minimize the fact that these men have not had treatment they deserved. Red tape may have interfered and prevented their being cared for; official delay, even indifference on part of the victim himself, may be set out as excusing the situation, but none of these will relieve the government of the onus it bears. That does not meet the needs of the men, nor relieve their necessities. A member of the local post of the American Legion writes to The Bee a communication from which this paragraph is taken:

While fifteen states have already voted state bonus for their ex-service men, Nebraska, misrepresents by a few misfits, refuses to advance the bill urged by the American Legion for the relief of the sick, needy and disabled veterans. Numerous bills, including bonus bills, home aid bills, etc., are urged to divert the attention of the service men from the true conditions that surround the disabled veterans of the great war. The American Legion favors bonus bills, if the legislature will pass them, but the Legion desires first a bill that will care for the sick and needy. Let the legislature pass that bill first and then all the other bonus bills they desire. But parades nor \$15 sops will not reach the sick, the needy, the disabled and their children in such amounts as will give them proper relief.

Here is the clear call of the Legion to the legislature. It asks first of all care and relief for the sick and needy. The able-bodied will take their chances on the bonus later, just as so many of them had to take their chance on getting back the old job after donning the khaki. Omaha has had a good many problems presented, but none of more importance than this. The Legionnaires are asking nothing unreasonable, but they are in earnest in seeking relief for the men who can not help themselves. We cheered the boys as they marched away; let us show them now that we were sincere and really meant the pledges we made them.

Mrs. Coolidge announces she is to appear at the inauguration in blue stockings, which is the proverbial expression for a literary taste, but promises she will avoid displaying another quality of New England, that of blue-nosed Puritanism, by judicious use of powder.

The theory that the illness of Caruso may improve his voice by compelling him to let it lie fallow revives the theory from the great scholar, Renan, that his brain was powerful because his ancestors had used theirs but little.

Bart Williams might have escaped from the police if he had read the papers, but then maybe he is one of those unfortunate that do not believe anything they read.

The sincerity of the League of Nations council might be less suspected if it did not put on a sham battle over the question of full publicity at each meeting.

Higher railroad rates in Nebraska ought to boom automobile and truck transportation at least, whether it helps the railroads or not.

Mr. Hoover's past performances no doubt made him a rational choice for the cabinet.

A Line O' Type or Two

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

PAPER-WHITE NARCISSES.

In far Japan the patient tollers grow.
The pale narcissus, with untiring care,
Those slender spears whose clustered flowers
Blew
In heavy fragrance that pervades the air.
When in due time the bulbs are culled and dried,
They lie in heaps like dull, insensate clay,
Nor hint at all the beauty and the pride
Which shall invest them in a far-off day.

In plunging ships they cross the tossing sea,
Unseen, unheeded; buried in the hold,
And dream, mayhap, what later they shall be
When their long-prisoned hearts to light unfold.

Here in the shops I buy them for a song,
And set them clustered in a flaring bowl:
I do not need forego my bread for long,
That I with loveliness may feed my soul.

Dark bulbs, unlabeled, with their dull bronze skin
That rustles to the touch like autumn leaves,
Who could, unknowing, guess the bloom within,
Supernal solace for a heart that grieves?

A patient waiting on the vast unheeded
Calm trust, pure faith, and lo! with scented
breath
The white flowers crown a mass of living green,
As life triumphant conquers seeming death!

"THERE seems to be something in that office
of secretary of state," wrote John Quincy
Adams, "peculiarly calculated to overset under-
balanced minds." Fortunately the mind of
Charles Evans Hughes is as well balanced as an
iron ore freighter.

"How Quaint the Ways of Paradox!"
(From the St. Joseph, Mo., News-Press.)
Randolph Union, W. C. T. U., will meet
with Mrs. A. J. Booze tomorrow afternoon.
Roll call will be answered with quotations
from Frances Willard or tributes to her.

"WHY care for grammar as long as we are
good?" inquired Artemus Ward. A question to
be matched by that of the superintendent of
Cook county's schools, "Why should a man
say 'It's me' and 'It don't'?" Why not, indeed?
How absurd was Prof. McCoosh of Princeton,
who, having answered "It's me" to a student in-
quiry, "Who's there?" retreated because of his
mortification for not having said "It's I." Silly
old duffer! He would not have enjoyed Joseph
Conrad, who uses unblushingly the locution, "ex-
cept you and I."

NO, let the school children, like them (for like
they) of Rheims, cry out, "That's him!" Uss
loquendi has made that as mellifluous as "that's
me." It don't make you writhe, do it? Besides,
we are all sinners, like McCoosh. And as a gen-
tleman writes to the Scott County, Ind., Journal:
"Let him be that without fault cast the first stone."

SHORT AND SWEET.
Sir: A highbrow friend was asked to read
a banquet on Lincoln before the local women's
club. When she finished the president em-
braced her and cooed: "It was lovely! But why
did you make it so short?"
TED.

ANOTHER reader writes from Mexico City:
"Tassing a house adorned with a large Winged
Victory, I remarked to an acquaintance, 'What
an odd place for that!' and she answered, 'Yes,
Isn't it too bad the head was broken off during
an earthquake!'"

THE THOUSAND AND ONE AFTERNOONS.

XII.
Mr. Weatherwax made haste to accept the
invitation (continued the fair Saldee), and
learned that the ladies were members of the
Bagdad company, whose dispositions he had
viewed within the hour, and their companion a
diamond merchant. To the eye of one not under
the spell of the pink shirt these stage ladies
might have seemed full-blown and somewhat
blowzy blondes, but to the bewitched vision of
the importer the three ladies of Bagdad were
lovely as the budding roses, and of elegant form,
with forehead like the bright new moon, eyes
like those of gazelles, and the president em-
bracing him, and mouths like the seal of Suley-
man. They captivated his reason and disordered
his senses, and he vowed to himself that never
had he known so fortunate a night. In their
part the ladies were not less disordered by the
enchantment of the pink shirt, and they be-
stowed upon the wearer a jovian shower of
golden glances, and the wine setting their tongues
upon a pivot they overwhelmed the enraptured
importer with a thousand and one compliments
and caresses. This one patted his hand, another
pulled his hair, the third beat him with the flow-
ers that adorned the table, and all three
laughed until they fell backward, which is the
way of laughter in the Orient. The only mem-
ber of the party who did not share in the merriment
was the diamond merchant. The amorous
attentions bestowed upon Mr. Weatherwax
filled the fat man with amazement, for to his
unenchanted eyes the New Yorker was a person
of singular intelligence. At first his expression
was sour and sardonic, then it became wonder-
ing and more wondering, until he rose finally
with a hoarse laugh and took his leave. The
others gave no attention to his going, but con-
tinued their sporting until the slaves of the table
began to pile the chairs upon the tables. Re-
minded of the lateness of the hour the three
ladies of Bagdad indicated their purpose to re-
pair to their lodgings, whereupon Mr. Weather-
wax, reluctant to surrender such fascinating
company, entreated that he be suffered to escort
them, and the privilege being graciously be-
stowed the importer summoned a taxicab, and
the merry party made a noisy departure. Mr.
Weatherwax was unfamiliar with the streets of
Chicago, and he was unaccustomed to the be-
musing influence of champagne, and so he was
not able afterward to relate precisely what hap-
pened, but he recalled that the taxicab
stopped with great abruptness and he found
himself in the open air, beside the driver, who
was expressing his emotions in coarse phrases.

WE see by the paper—our favorite medium
of information—that Duluth is to have an evening
of "wrestling and dance." A keen eye can prob-
ably tell the difference.

IDENTIFIED.

(From the Oskaloosa Herald.)
To the interest of the taxpayers, I an-
nounce that I am a candidate for Council-
man of the Third Ward.

Better known as Jack Quinn's Plumber.
YOU can catch more flies with sugar than
with vinegar. Hence the success of Edgar
Honey and Henry Candy, financial campaigners
in New York.

A Sensitive Plant.

(Received by a Chicago concern.)
Gentlemen: I cannot approve of your letter
to me. You say you have been "busy as sin."
Personally, I consider sin a serious thing to
be used in such a connection. I never feel flattered
when any one uses such language to me,
neither do I like to have it written to me. I re-
main sincerely, etc.

HOW could the teacher rebuke Emil when
she read this excuse from his father? "The only
excuse I have for Emil being late was nine
o'clock came sooner than we expected."

CONTRIBUTIONS THAT HAVE AMUSED US.

Proprietor of hotel in Keokuk, answering call
from room: "Hello!"

Voice: "We are in Room 39 and now ready
to come down."

Prop: "Take the elevator down."

Voice: "Is the elevator ready?"

[Proprietor sends bellboy to Room 39 to es-
cort newly-wedded couple to terra firma.]

WE shall have to suspend, for a month or
two, our practice of reading old books when
new ones are issued, for the spring lists are un-
commonly interesting. Thus Boni & Liveright
announce for March "Heloise and Abelard," by
George Moore, and the "Intimate Journals of
Gauguin."

Asides.

A. J. T.: Brooklyn Bridge is one of the
oldest inmates of the Academy?

M. C.: Have you abandoned your Thursday
habit?

Gamma: Sing again, nightingale!

WRITES the benefactor who finds fresh eggs
for us, "I am now getting them for 35 cents."
Hurrah! And E. M. C. writes: "For informa-
tion as to the drop in the egg market I refer
you to F. D. Hensleigh of Blanchard, Ia."

GEN. BUDENYI's cavalry is marching
through Georgia. You know the tune.
B. L. T.

Can't Please Everybody.

Kaiser Bill blames Americans for the loss of
his throne, and the rest of the world thanks
them Washington Post.

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 proper limitation, 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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The Psychic Cure.

Nervous Housewife writes: "Having made an invaluable discovery, I am passing it on to you. It consists of homeopathic doses of Myer's 'Nervous Housewife' and Wells' (Caroline) 'Such Nonsense.' Either, taken alone, would be a tonic—together they are a sure cure for most of the ills that we think annoy us. Like Christian Science, one does not have to believe in it to be benefited, just permit the application, and it does the rest."

"It is an antidote for gray hair, wrinkles, and son's suspension from school; and enables one to stand with fortitude one's husband's groth the week following Christmas. I am also sure it would be worth a small fortune at house cleaning time."

"Other mixtures of the same nature might prove equally beneficial, but I have not found any that will do the work so quickly."

Whole Wheat Cookies.

Mrs. J. W. B. sends us this recipe:

- 2 cups whole wheat flour
- 2 cups bran
- 4 tablespoons of sugar
- 1-2 cup of molasses
- 1 cup sweet milk
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 level teaspoon salt
- 3 level tablespoons of lard

Dissolve soda in one-half cup of warm water.
Mix flour, bran, sugar and salt well, then stir in the sweet milk, then molasses. Melt the lard in the pan the cookies are to be baked in and add after the molasses, leaving enough in the pan to grease it. Add soda dissolved in warm water last. Mix all well and drop with a tablespoon in the greased pan and bake in a moderate oven.

You Have Epilepsy.

A. S. writes: "I am subject to 'spells' some days they last eight to 10 minutes. My face turns blue, foam comes out of my mouth and I grind my teeth. Sometimes my teeth bite my tongue and lips. I have put my fingers on my throat and burned them a few times. Many times I have one of these 'spells' when I am walking in the road going to work on the farm. As a farmer, they come on regardless of what I am doing—working, walking, sitting, eating or sleeping. I can do farm work the same as anyone else. I do not get weak after the 'spells'."

REPLY.

You have epilepsy. Keep at work on the farm. Eat vegetables, bread, milk and fruit and little meat and eggs. Keep your bowels free and regular.

The Bee's Letter Box

Opposes Prohibition.

Heartwell, Neb., Feb. 21.—To the Editor of The Bee: In The Bee of February 15 we find the following: "Federal courts are clogged with liquor cases and cell rooms for ordinary murderers and robbers must be getting scarce." This should be proof enough for every sane man that prohibition was slipped over them against their wishes.

It does not take very many to make a law, but there must be a big majority who believe in it or it is worthless. This majority this dry law fails to have; that's why boot-

leggers have easy going. You ask: "How can this be established?" State after state voted dry before congress ever considered sitting. Men who used liquor to a varying extent themselves voted to abolish the traffic, feeling that such sacrifice on their part was for the general good. But allow me to tell you this is a mistake. Very few men, if any, voted dry because they wanted to quit drinking liquor. It was the saloon the dry speakers and preachers told them was only to be outlawed. Because the saloon was considered by many to be the breeding place of crime.


But time has proved this to be untrue. We have as many or more criminals now as we had in the saloon days. Here is what most respectable men tell us when we ask them what they think about bootlegging: "Well, I don't exactly believe in it, but believe less in prohibition. Until this law is repealed I am with the bootlegger."

BEE READER.

A BANK'S DUTY TO THE PUBLIC

The first duty a bank owes to the public is to make itself a safe place in which to keep money and securities at all times and under all circumstances. Omaha's banks have always fully recognized and accepted this responsibility.

A bank owes it to the public to render courteous, efficient service at all times to all the people, to be public-spirited and assist in all movements for the good of the entire community, and to devote its entire energy to co-operating with all its customers. This policy consistently followed by the First National Bank since 1857 has earned for it the name of the people's bank.



First National Bank of Omaha

Mason & Hamlin

The choice of masters to whom perfect expression of their art is paramount to expediency or financial interest.

Highest priced Highest praised

Just the Best Ever
Lagonda Piano
for the Price and a guarantee that assures complete satisfaction. Low in price, easy in terms and durability supreme—cash or terms.

A. Hospe Co.
1513 Doug. Street
New Stock Sheet Music! Now!

Supply Your Needs by Using
Bee Want Ads—Best Results



Meat —then and now

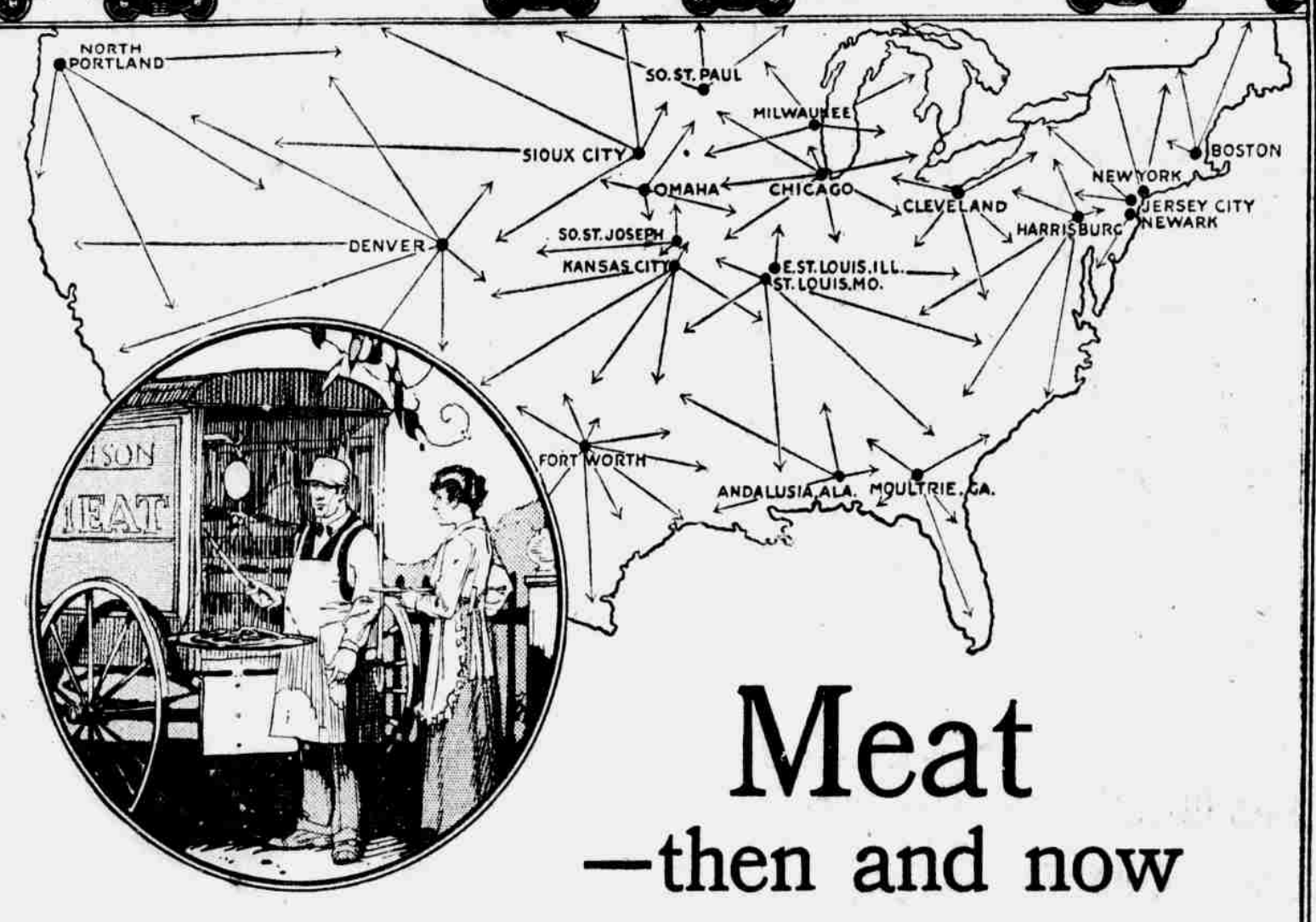
THE meat peddler of the old days, who killed his own live stock and then sold the meat from the tail of a cart, is gone from our larger towns and cities. He was a pioneer and did good service but he couldn't keep up with his job. Crude methods had to give way to new ideas in sanitation and distribution.

That swift and sanitary refrigerator cars carry your meat from these packing plants to every part of the country.

Dealers in towns and villages are supplied directly and regularly from these refrigerator cars.

And in cities the refrigerator car is unloaded into branch houses, chilled and sanitary, from which deliveries are made to your meat shop. And all the time the meat is kept so chilled that deterioration is prevented.

Swift & Company's plants and branches are co-ordinated, interchanging supply and supporting each other, when necessary, so that no section of the country may ever lack its daily meat.



Swift & Company, U. S. A.
Omaha Local Branch, 13th and Leavenworth Streets
A. W. Gross, Manager
Packing Plant, So. Omaha, O. W. Waller, Manager