

THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY
THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
NELSON B. UPDIKE, Publisher.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press, of which The Bee is a member, is entitled to the use of publications of all news dispatches...

SEE TELEPHONES
Tyler 1000
For Night Calls After 10 P. M.:

The Bee's Platform
1. New Union Passenger Station.
2. Continued improvement of the Nebraska Highways...

Doughnut, Not the Hole

This is another of the weeks especially set apart to teach good citizenship. Particularly is the effort directed at the foreign-born. All of this is extremely appropriate...

Only when an individual realizes the responsibilities as well as the privileges of citizenship does he become fit to wear the one and enjoy the other. Such as are citizens by accident of birth are supposed to be endowed with some singular sort of faculty which enables them interlardedly to grasp, solve and apply all that is involved in the status of "civis sum."

Our job is to "sell" him Americanism. In order to do so, we should have a very definite notion of what the term implies. Perhaps the most regrettable fact in our national life today is that most of the salesmen are calling public attention to a wonderful collection of holes, entirely overlooking the doughnuts that surround those holes.

Another hole to which the attention of many foreigners is carefully and persistently called is our law prohibiting the traffic in liquor. Some of them find it pretty hard to discover any doughnut surrounding this hole, but it is there. That law was made by the people of the United States, and they are the only people who truly make their own laws.

Another of the holes always in view is the apparent unequal distribution of wealth. Yet this prevails everywhere. Around that hole is the doughnut of equal opportunity. Thousands of ways to do and even wealthy citizens of the United States came here poor men, with only the capital of good health, bodily strength and a willingness to work.

Freedom of speech, of conscience, human liberty in its highest form, is the crown of American citizenship. It is fostered by a free press, by free schools, by the undisputed exercise of any form of religious belief known to man, the choice and election being left to the individual.

High Cost of Campaigning.
Accustomed as it is to shocks of various sorts, the great American public will scarcely more than elevate its eyebrows at the news that a fund of \$10,338,509 was expended to elect a president in 1920.

As a matter of fact, the figures merely indicate that the business of carrying on a political campaign involves expenditures that are likely to mount to respectable proportions. James Middleton Cox startled the country with his assertion that a conspiracy of dollars had been formed to defeat him.

The gift of a new broom to Harding suggests the advisability of the offer of one of those new-fangled machines to the democrats in which they may wash their dirty linen with ease and dispatch.

The Lever food act seems to have lacked a fulcrum.

the main campaign, in which it is necessary to repeat all the performance of the primary, with the single difference that whereas the expenses of getting a nomination must be borne by the candidate and his immediate friends, those of the main election are defrayed from a general fund raised among members of the party.

If these things are so, it is because the voters have willed them to be so. Our election processes have been greatly expanded, but as to machinery and methods, and the need of more than \$10,000,000 to carry on the activities of a single year in politics gives an idea of the distance that separates today from the simple days of the past, when about the only money used was to defray the cost of collecting and counting the votes, and that sum came from the public coffers.

Champ Clark.

Champ Clark, who died yesterday just on the eve of his retirement from a service of twenty-six years in the national congress, probably held the personal affection of more Americans than any other democrat of his time.

Champ Clark led his party in congress and was one of its leaders in the nation not by virtue of brilliant intellect or dazzling achievement. He had ability and he achieved much; but the dominant quality that endeared him to hundreds of thousands of people was his personal charm.

Nebraska was associated intimately with the climax of Champ Clark's political career. Despite the personal canvass which his rivals made in this state, Clark won Nebraska's preference for the democratic nomination for the presidency.

When the fair Saldee again paused in her narrative the excellent Weezer called heaven to witness that never Arab squatting on desert sands had related a more ingenious tale than that of the suspense of a man on the edge of being hanged was not greater than that of her listeners.

A Man as Good as a Horse.

Twenty-five years of faithful service with one business concern indicates a faithfulness that very frequently is recognized by appreciative employers. Messrs. Wilhelm, Coad, Dahman, Gruenther, and Wead of the Metropolitan Water board are to be congratulated on their decision to pay a weekly pension to E. A. Worm, who was stricken blind after having worked for the water plant from 1893 to 1918.

It is well that public officials should guard carefully against unwarranted expenditure of the people's money, but to have held out on a legal technicality against the award of the state compensation commissioner would have been to exhibit that ingratitude with which republicans are so often charged. Incidents have been frequent in the past where fire horses, worn out in service, have been pensioned and put on pasture to end their days in ease, and in going over the story of Mr. Worm, who in all sorts of weather met the emergencies of breaks and leaks in the water lines, a parallel can easily be found.

Misfortune laid a heavy hand on him: the little house into which he had put his savings was destroyed in a cyclone, and then while working in a trench his helper dropped a meter on the back of his head. Four weeks later Mr. Worm became sightless. The allegation that he had the influenza and lost his vision as a result of this and not of the accident has little or no bearing, although it is denied. The water board, in recognizing the justice of this claim against it, has acted in accord with the common sentiment of humanity and is entitled to praise that it would have forfeited by the exercise of a mistaken niggardliness.

The Gloom-Chaser Knights.

To some in outer darkness, the magical letters of Ak-Sar-Ben may be meaningless. In Omaha it is common knowledge that the word should be read backwards. But even those who have attained this degree of initiation are likely to have forgotten that Ak-Sar-Ben really spells "Prosperity."

It is a heartening thing to hear that memberships in this civic association are already pouring in. This year of all in recent times there is the greatest benefit to be derived from the stimulus it has always given to business and sociability. This knighthood should flower now as never before, and in truth there seems little likelihood that it will ever be allowed to go to seed.

Back in 1895, when the prices of agricultural products were so low that men were giving up their farms and it seemed that the business of the whole state was going to pot, the idea of Ak-Sar-Ben was born to promote a spirit of confidence and optimism, to advertise the city and to create a friendly feeling with all our neighbors.

The spirit of Ak-Sar-Ben has made Omaha pre-eminently a friendly city, bringing its own men folks together in healthful relaxation and drawing thousands of visitors with a hospitable and gigantic wink. No one who has paid his dues to the knighthood in past years should want to economize on this investment in good times now, and any other men who feel themselves pursued by the glooms can find sanctuary in the old Den.

The Lever food act seems to have lacked a fulcrum.

A Line O' Type or Two

THE appreciation by the audiences of so intelligent a play as "Dulcy," in which the jests are not diagrammed, confirms our suspicion that the public is not such a fool as it looks.

WHEN the word "bromide" was new, the poet Ridgely Torrance and we took a walk one afternoon in Connecticut, agreeing beforehand that neither should offer a remark that should not be a triumph of the obvious, it was good fun, and, as we recall, Torrance quite outshone Dulcy.

For the Stout Sisterhood.
Sir: A shop advertises "Gigantic Dress Sale." This should be of interest to us ladies whose nightgowns are returned from the laundry with the advice, "We don't wash them."

"THERE'S a little paper-cover book, hardly more than a pamphlet," murmurs Colonel Butcher. Yet we saw Wells' "Outline" referred to 'tother day as a pamphlet. Our erudite contributor, Alfred Bull, will be able to tell us the limit of a pamphlet in days of old when pamphlets were bold, and Milton held his split.

CHANCE TO ACQUIRE A LIFE INFINITIVE FOR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.
(From the Dial.)
College student wants to earn of \$5,000 to properly complete writing education. For information address "EX," care of The Dial.

THEN, as D. B. B. reminds, there are the writers of apostrophic verse who skip lightly from 'you' to 'thou' and 'thee,' and then from 'thy' to 'your.' A language less rugged than the English would have been tested long ago.

Sir: The Coward Whines seems almost as protean as the Valve Handle. Witness the following from O. Henry: "A French girl says to her suitor: 'Did you ask my father for my hand at nine o'clock this morning, as you said you would?' 'Of course,' he replies. 'At nine o'clock I was fighting a duel in the Bois de Boulogne.' 'Coward!' she hisses. CAMPION.

A PASSENGER on a street car in Sioux City knows exactly what to do in an emergency, for the printed instructions read: "Push forward back of cross seat. Lift cross bar from left end. Raise back corner seat. Push door open." And then: "You are!"

"ACCURACY! ACCURACY! ACCURACY!"
(From the Madison Democrat.)
Mrs. Elizabeth Dick, who was reported to have been taken ill at the Y. M. C. A. with chickenpox, claims that she has small-pox instead, that the name was erroneously reported as Mrs. W. D. instead of Mrs. Elizabeth Dick, that she is not a chambermaid, but a maid at the Y. M. C. A., and that she was not so ill that she had to be taken home.

ARTHUR EVANS, discussing a decrease in the number of animals in this country, says, "The greatest decrease was in meat animals. Horses fell off about 600,000 head, or about 3 per cent."

THE THOUSAND AND ONE AFTERNOONS.

When the fair Saldee again paused in her narrative the excellent Weezer called heaven to witness that never Arab squatting on desert sands had related a more ingenious tale than that of the suspense of a man on the edge of being hanged was not greater than that of her listeners.

My brother Valentine (she said) was much perturbed by the loss of the pink shirt, the magic power of which he alone had knowledge of. His vanity had been chastened by discovering that his conquest of the fair unknown was due to the garment he wore, the Persian madden, and not to his handsome face, and being now ardently in love with her he cursed the misadventure which had deprived him of his talisman.

"Lost—On the night of Dec. 26, flannel shirt dyed a yak-blood red; narrow stripe; French cuffs. I have never seen it and no questions asked. Communicate with V. P., Room 49, Congress Hotel."

"We suspect that the fair Saldee is stealing Zuleika Dobson's stuff."
THE Westminster Gazette headlines "The Intolerable Dullness of Country Life in Ireland." And Irene wonders what they would call excitement.

"He Traveled Here, He Traveled There."
Sir: In the mountains of eastern Tennessee I lost my way. In time I came across a shack, with an old lady sitting on the doorstep smoking her pipe. I asked the direction of Tellico Plains, seven miles away. She said: "I can't tell you, stranger. I ain't never traveled much. But if Joe was here he'd tell ye. Joe's traveled lots. He's got shoes." H. C. W.

IF there has been anything funnier than the story of the German counterfeiters who swapped their phony marks for Russian gold that turned out to be powdered bronze, we have missed it.

WHAT PER CENT? WHAT PER CENT?
(From the Morgantown, Ky., Sun.)
"Now that I have been resurrected from the grave to which my stomach trouble was fast leading me and for which event I had made preparations, even to having bought my coffin, May's Wonderful Remedy has made a new man of me."

REPLYING to T. M. M.: If there has been fun-poking it was not at the Gideon Bible, but at the travelers who misuse it. You can't poke fun at the Gideon Bible, any more than you can at the Oxford Bible.

Bright Sayings of the Little Ones.
(From the Johannesburg Star.)
She was not yet three, but nevertheless she had just been admitted to the honour of wearing a certain undergarment of high dignity, and there was no disguising her self-importance at the fact. Accordingly, when in the course of a visit to a big department store, in company with her parents, her eye was caught by a poster of a lady, in scanty but attractive undress, little Miss Frodo turned her head aside in stern disapproval. "No 'nations,' she whispered to herself.

"MY fraternity pin!" she exclaimed. He gave it to her. He could think of nothing better to do than blow his nose.—The Smart Set.

There are times when nothing better could possibly be suggested.

YOUR BILL FOR ADVERTISING WILL BE SENT TO YOU ON THE FIRST.

Sir: The following is submitted at the usual rates: Murt P. Bledsoe is an eminent surgeon in Port Arthur, Tex. M. M. P.

A READER too modest (or cautious) to sign his initials begs to offer a last line for inauguration day: "Today Senator Harding will March forth to become the nation's chief." [Let 'em up! Let 'em up!] E. L. T.

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 promptly, 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. Copyright, 1921, by Dr. W. A. Evans.

"BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH."

Shakespeare had a soothsayer tell Julius Caesar to beware the ides of March. Later, Caesar, meeting the soothsayer, expressed his lack of faith, saying: "The ides of March are come." To which the soothsayer replied: "Aye, Caesar, but not gone."

A study of the death rate of Chicago for the last 55 years shows that the March death rate is not improving. An average of the March death rate of three years in the decade ended in 1870, compared with an average of the March death rate of three years in the decade ended in 1920, indicates that our March serious sickness rate is higher now than it was 50 years ago.

My study included three years in each decade between 1870 and 1920, and it showed that though the death rate for the entire year has been falling steadily, from 23 to 14, that 50 years—the March death rate has risen from 14 to 16. In the earlier years March was one of the healthiest months, having a death rate below the year's average. In recent years it is an unhealthy month, having a rate above the average.

The change was brought about gradually, but the most marked increase came in the kind of archymls you have. In the meanwhile go serenely on leading the life appropriate to a healthy man of 60.

Not Unusual Symptoms.
M. M. W. writes: "My mother is troubled with hot flashes and headaches (mostly during the night) and seems to have difficulty in getting her breath. Could you let me know the reason for these?"

REPLY.
These symptoms could be due to change of life.

Early Heart Leak Gone.
Mrs. M. writes that her daughter had a heart leak which was due to an attack of grip occurring when she was a year old. At one time she was kept in bed one year and she spent two years in a wheel chair. She was under the control of excellent physicians, who said she had a heart leak. Now at 14 she is hale and hearty and the most careful examination shows no evidence of organic heart disease.

He Is Spry at 80 Years.
M. V. L. writes: "As a young man my pulse always was about ten beats faster than that of my chums. Twenty years ago, when 60 years of age, I noticed my pulse would skip a beat frequently. I then knew I had some stomach trouble which I cured. Now I have nothing the matter except this heart trouble and a little near constipation, which last symptom I overcome by diet. When I am active my pulse skips one beat in two or three, and when I am quiet it is more regular. At one time, to overcome a tendency to constipation, I drank a great deal of water, often a gallon a day, but at last I noticed that when I drank most, especially after a hearty evening meal, my

The Bee's Letter Box

Boost for the Bonus.
Omaha, Neb., Feb. 27.—To the Editor of The Bee: In reference to parade of ex-service men last Saturday, wish to write a few lines under the caption of "Those Boys Have Nerve."

Last Saturday, while the large proportion of Omaha's Americans were blistering their hands applauding their favorite heroes for saving the fair damsel in the various play houses, a parade was being held by ex-service men, still real Americans and proud of it. The reason for this parade, every one of you who stayed at home know, an effort to get the justice that was so often promised back in 1918, if that date will recall anything to your minds.

Where were those flags which were waved and displayed so proudly in 1918? Were all Americans there hand-cuffed and all our flags buried? The following lines will explain the general attitude:
Time: 1917-1918. Place: U. S. A. Boys leaving for France. Amid

heart trouble was more pronounced. I am now 80, supple and healthy. Shall I do anything?
REPLY.
I do not think you need to do anything. An irregular pulse which has persisted for over 20 years and which has done no harm can be safely put out of mind. You have some form of arhythmia. Should you ever be near a physician's office where they have all the elaborate electrical apparatus which is required, have an examination to determine the kind of arhythmia you have. In the meanwhile go serenely on leading the life appropriate to a healthy man of 60.

REPLY.
These symptoms could be due to change of life.

NEW STOCK SHEET MUSIC A. Hospe Co. 1513 Douglas Street. The Art and Music Store.

A Bit o' Cheer Each Day o' the Year

By John Kendrick Bangs.
Here's a Day all full of Light; Here's a Day of Minutes full; Here's a World spread in my sight; Full of Chance delectable. I've two Arms, two Hands likewise And a pair of Eyes to see All the Wealth that round me lies Waiting, waiting these for me.

I've a Brain to guide my Hand, And within my Soul the Fire That will lead me to the Land Of my Heart's supreme Desire. Can it be that lacking Will, Will the onward Path to press I shall lose by standing still? All the Fruitage of Success? (Copyright, 1921, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

KEEPING THE FAITH
Back in 1857, when Omaha was a frontier village and Nebraska was a boundless prairie, the First National Bank was established. Since that time, through good times and bad, it has steadfastly adhered to good banking practice. Without merger or consolidation, it has continued to play its part in the development of the middle west. Today, when you select the First National as your bank, you are assured of a continuance of the policy that has earned for this bank the name of "The Bank of Safety and Service," a bank that for sixty-four years has kept faith with the people.

When Henry Ward Beecher Asked His Mother

"If God could make a sheet of paper with only one side" it surely required Faith, Confidence and Optimism to satisfactorily answer his question.

A great deal in this world must be taken on Faith—one cannot demand in advance how a thing is going to be done and get very far. We must have Faith to go ahead, even when we cannot see the end.

Business in these days has about as many complications as driving your motor car through the congested districts. If you get confused or discouraged over the start and stop signals, if you kill your engine and pull into the curb saying it can't be done, you have no one to blame but yourself.

If you are afraid of the Traffic Cop—if you cannot cheerfully and intelligently obey the traffic signals—if you are so full of cowardly fear that you kill your engine and block traffic for every one else, you have no right to ask or expect the 1921 license to operate your machine of business on the Highways of Commerce.

Buck up, be a sport! Fill your tank with Optimism (high test), inflate your tires with the air of Faith, equip your brakes with the lining of Common Sense, put on the winning smile of Confidence, and you will be surprised how soon you will reach the broad, well paved highway of Real Prosperity.

Think it over.

L. V. NICHOLAS OIL CO. "Business is Good, Thank You."
The highest type of yesterday may not be the highest type of today. In the matchless Mason & Hamlin old standards in piano-making are transcended—a new and supreme standard of tone beauty takes their place. Verily, it is highest praised, as is highest priced.