

THE OMAHA BEE

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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.

America First.

Events of tremendous significance are transpiring in Washington. The whole trend of American economic history for a generation is involved in the pending proposals for refunding the debts of foreign nations, for a new tariff and for advancing international trade. The three are inseparably linked and with them is bound the problem of American foreign political policy, for politics and business abroad—since the day when an American secretary of state coined the phrase "dollar diplomacy"—go hand in hand.

George M. Reynolds, a Chicago banker who has his start in Iowa, is represented as speaking for unified western financial interests when he declares that attention should be paid first to domestic finance, second to international finance. Mr. Reynolds points out that only 7 per cent of our trade is foreign, that 93 per cent is domestic. He argues that the national economic policy should be based on the needs of the 93 per cent and not the 7 per cent.

The argument has its appeal. Within limits it is sound. The men in Washington charged with the responsibility of reorganizing American governmental finance should consider of course the 93 per cent ahead of the 7 per cent. It may be, however, that the 7 per cent will exercise an influence on the 93 per cent which they can not overlook, an influence potent for reasons entirely outside of anything they may do. For instance, if the American farmers produce sufficient wheat to feed this country and 10 per cent more, the foreign demand for that 10 per cent surplus will have a most direct and important effect upon the price of the 90 per cent disposed of in this country. Taking care of the interests affected by the 10 per cent may be accomplished best, and perhaps can be accomplished only, by dealing with the disposal of the 10 per cent.

The problem is not as simple as it may sound. It may not be practicable to cast aside the 7 per cent which Mr. Reynolds talks about and forget about it. What he probably meant to suggest is that the minor fraction should not be viewed primarily for itself but only as it affects the larger. In that he is right and public opinion supports him. The day of repairing the broken heart of the world is past. This country has problems of its own, problems so immediate and so serious that it can not afford to devote its major attention to the difficulties of others, even if it wished.

There is such a thing as too much charity. The Good Book says: "God helps those that help themselves." The laggard and slothful can not expect to receive life, prosperity and happiness as a gift from those who practice industry, frugality and thrift. America can not be Lady Bountiful to all the world if it would. Nor does it want to. If the verdict last November meant anything, it meant that the American people want to consider their own problems first, with only necessarily incidental consideration of the problems of others. America's first consideration today is to get back on its own feet. An automobile in the mud, without chains, is in no position to pull another out of the ditch.

Band Concerts in Summer.

In opportunity for recreation the small towns of Nebraska do not lag behind Omaha. Nebraska does not possess any sea beach, or even many lakes, but the public-spirited citizens of many communities have installed swimming pools that are every bit as wet. From a treeless prairie it has been transformed with wooded parks, havens for birds and resorts of picnickers. All this pays dividends in happiness, and is good business, too, for those towns which make themselves most attractive are the ones that will draw more and more trade and increase in population. The business men of Table Rock, the news is, have raised a fund to provide weekly band concerts for their community. Perhaps the city treasury is short of funds, as is the case with Omaha, but the citizens have stepped into the breach, subscribed money and held entertainments to insure a form of Saturday night diversion other than promenading up and down the main street. Omaha needs band concerts in its parks, too, and a similar effort to raise the means by subscription is being made. Surely the metropolis of Nebraska will not fall short of the smaller neighbor's generosity and public spirit.

The Way to "Beat Back."

On the question of the location of the new state reformatory the position of The Bee has been made plain; some other community than Lincoln ought to be chosen to sever all possible connection or confusion between those in the reformatory institution for first offenders and the hardened criminals in the state penitentiary. If the board of control has altered its originally rumored intention to locate the reformatory in the shadow of the prison, this is well, but the plea made to it to train reformatory inmates as farm workers instead of skilled craftsmen is of questionable wisdom.

The practical thing to do with young men who have fallen into evil ways is to instill in them not only a spirit of industry, but knowledge of some productive vocation by which they can always make a living. To confine this instruction to work on a farm is not achieving such an end. To become a farmer one needs capital, and few if any of the class sent to the reforma-

tory will be able to become more than farm hands upon their discharge. For the most part such an occupation is only seasonal, and the drift back to the cities and to idleness would be inevitable. By no means should the original plan of training these men for skilled trades be given up. To have a vocation at which employment can always be found will be the means of saving many who through idleness, lack of employment or training have fallen into the first stages of crime.

Poor Time to Raise Rates.

Reports from Lincoln indicate a steady flow of protests from out-state towns against the proposed continuance of the 10 per cent surcharge on Northwestern Bell Telephone rates, with an increase on certain long distance tolls. In Omaha, the city commissioners are up in arms unanimously against a requested increase in street railway fares. In both instances, the general complaint is that the trend of prices is downward and that, even if the utilities are able to show a lack of profit on their investment at present valuations, they should do as many other industries and discount the forthcoming reductions in both valuations and expenditures.

The argument has weight. It is true that these two companies are not alone in the public utility field in their attitude, nor is that attitude confined to public utilities. There are other industries which have postponed the day of reduced prices. But the number which have made cuts is the larger and is steadily increasing; on the other hand, one searches almost in vain for those which have the hardihood to ask for increases at this time. If there are those which must have an advance in order to live, they are in serious straits indeed. Public opinion is against them; the trend of affairs is against them. It is exceedingly difficult for one to believe that industries which survived the last two years must enjoy increased rates to live through the next two.

Stand by the Budget.

It is not enough that the budget plan should have been adopted and a competent business man appointed to carry out its provisions. Charles G. Dawes, the director of the budget, has announced that he will call on other men of executive and financial acumen to assist him without any recompense other than the realization of having served the nation. But back of these must stand the public, watching vigilantly, faithfully abstaining from asking special favors and frowning on pork barrel legislation even when it is attractive from a selfish local standpoint.

"We must not blink at the fact that a great many special interests throughout the country stand to lose heavily through a well-apportioned budget," is the warning issued by an organization known as the National Budget committee, of which ex-President Taft is a member. "The system of the past has fostered covert extravagance. Numerous congressional committees have made appropriations at haphazard, each ignorant of what the others were doing. No one, high or low, in any branch of the government, has achieved a real perspective of the cost of running the country. This has encouraged selfish interests to have special appropriations railroad through which, under an efficient and centralized system, would be promptly and decisively eliminated."

It is plain to see that a program of governmental economy will have many active and insidious enemies. But if the plain taxpayer stands by Mr. Dawes and his budget, the budget and Mr. Dawes will stand by him.

"Hello, Al."

Western college men, in good-natured disparagement of those of the east, used to tell the story of one student who stood on the bank of the Charles without making any effort to save a fellow student who was drowning. The point made in explanation was that they had never been introduced. If there ever was a man like that he lost his excessive respect for convention in service overseas.

American Legion men, according to announcement at the local post, are taking up the custom of greeting one another, whether previously acquainted or not, by the salutation of "Hello, Al." As to the origin of the name we are not informed; it may have been derived from using the initial letters of the organization's title, just as some commercial products are named, or it may have been taken over from the storied of army life by Ed Streeter, whose "That's Me All Over, Mabel," was so many years ago. At all events this pleasing informality demonstrates that the comradeship bred on the field of battle is not a casualty of peace. The cool aloofness of civilian life can not break up the memory of the dangers and burdens borne in common, and respect for the pluck and big-heartedness of the average man is one of the valuable survivals of the war.

When the Harvest Is In.

Nebraska is a manufacturing state whose main industry does not know what it is to be closed down on account of slack business. Every farm, and there are more than 126,000 of them, is a food factory, working overtime now even though elsewhere in the nation plants may be going part time. Corn is to be the banner crop this year, according to the federal bureau of crop estimates in Lincoln. But corn is not all that Nebraska has to rely on. Year after year it has stood third as a corn producing state, but second for winter wheat, third in all wheat and fifth in oats production. As a producer of milk, butter, beef and pork, it also ranks high. The Nebraska farmers, in face of many difficulties and discouragements, have kept on with their labor, and blessed by a favorable season, are able to promise the world a considerable part of its daily bread and meat. When the crops come in this will be a great stabilizer for business, righting conditions, it is confidently expected, that have been badly out of balance.

Washington Vanderlip, back with more concessions from Soviet Russia, predicts that conflict between Japan and America is unavoidable, which idea may have influenced the Russians to give him title to lands in the danger zone.

Aviators required 16 minutes and 12 bombs to sink a former German submarine, while a destroyer used 39 shells and took more than an hour to sink another U-boat; the flyers appear to have the best of it so far.

Modern styles in women's skirts have been a blessing, a clergyman declares. That's the sort of blessing most people like, too—a short one.

Laughter Next to Love

One Is Poor Indeed Who Can Not Enter Into Fun.

—Max Beerholm in North American Review.

As to what is most precious among the accessories to the world we live in, different men hold different opinions. There are people whom the sea depresses, whom mountains exhilarate. Personally, I want the sea always—some not populous edge of it for choice; and with it sunshine, and wine, and a little music. My friend on the mountain yonder is of tougher fiber and sterner outlook, disapproves of the sea's laxity and instability, has no ear for music and no palate for the grape and regards the sun as a rather enervating institution, like central heating in a house. What he likes is a gray day and the wind in his face; crags at a great altitude; and a flask of whiskey.

Yet I think that even he, if we were trying to determine from what inner sources mankind derives the greatest pleasure in life, would agree with me that only the emotion of love takes higher rank than the emotion of laughter. Both these emotions are partly mental, partly physical in origin. They are not the less etheral for that. The physical sensations of laughter, on the other hand, are reached by a process whose starting point is in the mind. They are not the less "gloriously of our clay." There is laughter that goes so far as to lose all touch with its motive, and to exist only, grossly, in itself. This is laughter at its best. A man to whom such laughter has often been granted may happen to die in his workshop, and I will not admit that he has failed in life. Another, who has never laughed thus, may be buried in Westminster Abbey, leaving more than a million pounds overhead. What then? I regard him as a failure.

Nor does it seem to me to matter one jot how much laughter is achieved. Humor may roll on high planes of fantasy or in depths of silliness. To many people it appeals only from these depths. If it appeals to them irresistibly, they are more enviable than those who are sensitive only to the finer kind of joke and not so sensitive as to be mastered and dissolved by it. Laughter is a thing to be rated according to its own intensity.

Many years ago I wrote an essay in which I poured scorn on the fun purveyed by the music halls, and on the great public for which that fun was quite good enough. I take that callow scorn back. I fancy that the fun itself was better than I seemed to me and might not have displeased me if it had been wanted to me in private, in the presence of a few friends. A public crowd, because of a lack of broad impersonal humanity in me, rather insulates than absorbs me. Amidst the guffaws of a thousand strangers I become unnaturally grave. If these people were the entertainment, and I the audience, I should be sympathetic enough. But to be one of them is a position that drives me spiritually aloof. Also, there is to me something rather dreary in the notion of going where for the specific purpose of being amused. I prefer that laughter shall take me unawares. Only so can it be dissolved and dissolve me. And in this respect, at any rate, I am not peculiar. In music halls and such places you may hear loud laughter, but—not so silent laughter, not so strong men weak, helpless, suffering, gradually convalescent, dangerously relapsing. Laughter at its greatest and best is not there.

To such laughter nothing is more propitious than an occasion of gravity. To have good reason for not laughing is one of the surest aids. Laughter rejoices in bonds. If music halls were school rooms for us, and the comedians were our schoolmasters, how much talent would be needed for giving us how much more joy! Even in private and accidental intercourse, few are the men whose humor can reduce us, be we never so susceptible, to paroxysms of mirth. I will wager that nine-tenths of the world's best laughter is laughter at, not with, and it is the people set in authority over us that touch most surely our sense of the ridiculous. Freedom is a good thing, but we lose through it golden moments. The schoolmaster to his pupils, the monarch to his courtiers, the editor to his staff—how priceless they are!

Reverence is a good thing and part of its value is that the more we revere a man, the more sharply we are struck by anything in him that is not reverence. Reverence, like submission, is a rich source of laughter. And herein lies one of the reasons why as we grow older we laugh less. The men we esteemed so great are gathered to their fathers. Some of our coevals may, for aught we know, be very great, but good heavens! we can't esteem them so.

Minding Our Own Affairs

Samuel G. Orth in the Yale Review.

There has been a great deal of noise raised over foreign affairs. We have been told by various propagandists, variously endowed, that we have come to a turning point in our foreign relations. If this means that we shall be asked to aid needy nations, to succor the weak and champion the right, more frequently than we have in the past, it is probably true. But if it means that the American people have abandoned their traditional policy of minding their own business, and wanting every other nation to do the same, it is not true. The League of Nations was conceived and fostered as a political issue. If the league had been American in spirit and mechanism, and had not presented merely the old and discredited European balance of power rearranged in a somewhat less odious form, Mr. Wilson might have succeeded in launching it. But it was a European league, founded on European precedents, imbued with the European spirit of intrigue and counter-alliance, and intended to do the work of Europe's great powers screened behind the opulence and naivete of America; and the American people saw through it.

Mr. Harding has a plain mandate to stick to the traditional American policy of an unqualified independence in foreign affairs, with friendliness and alertness towards all, hatred and jealousy towards none. This does not signify that the American people seek isolation. That word has been tossed about freely since the election by European propagandists, who are fairly ignorant of American and American history. It is simple nonsense to talk about an isolated America. We were not isolated when we subdued the Barbary pirates; or when Caleb Cushing opened the doors of China. We have not been isolated in political momentum. The American Constitution is influenced virtually every government in the world. And after what has happened in France, and in a thousand starving villages of Europe, we could not achieve isolation even if we desired. The American people are willing to go more than half way towards any plan of international disarmament and international comity which appears to them to be free from greater dangers than those that are being avoided. But they simply will not put their heads into a noose. They have been fairly free from foreign political influences, and they expect to remain so. They are generous, peaceful, kind-hearted; but they are wholly devoted to their freedom.

Poor Abraham Lincoln.

Eight-year-old Josephine was studying the life of Abraham Lincoln at school and was impressed by what she had learned. One evening she was engrossed in a story of his boyhood days, which she had found at home, when suddenly she exclaimed in a piteous voice: "Oh, mamma! Just think! Poor Abraham Lincoln had to wear wooden clothes." Her mother said, "Oh, no! that cannot be true," but Josephine pointed to the sentence: "Abraham Lincoln split rails for clothing."—Indianapolis News.

The Bee's Letter Box

Irish Independence.

Omaha, June 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: I thought a few words pertaining to the letter by "Irish American" which appeared June 20 would not be amiss. The fact is that it is a letter which should not go unanswered—this splurge of a man who ridicules the land of his birth and blows so blatantly about the great Bull of Adrian IV.

It is a surprise to know that a writer who professes to have such a knowledge of that country should be a decade behind the times on the question of Ireland and the much abused Pope Adrian. It is now an undisputed fact that the bull was a forgery, if it ever really existed, and poor old Adrian was not to blame for the change of his country's title. He should be advised strongly to read the "History of England" by Locky, or any other history of the country he writes about.

"Ireland is incapable of self-government." Another argument that leads nowhere. Why not give it a chance as was given to the Irish and Hejdzjats and all those other tribes who never inhabited any definite country? How did it happen that before England came Ireland was a nation governed better than most of its neighbors at the time? When England was a land of unsettled tribes Ireland had its own government, laws, culture and literature. It was then the shrine of learning for western Europe and the ruins of its schools can be yet seen, a bitter legacy to the present. England put the blackness over that day and tried to trample the ideals of its people in murder and blood.

England has failed thus far and England will fail, because it has never learned the truth that even its frightfulness by fighter sword cannot crush the aspirations of a people for liberty. Ireland is older than England, has greater traditions behind it than England and is the more strongly than England. The gallant fight of seven centuries of a brave little nation against a brute oppressor will not be in vain, and Ireland shall come to its heritage. England has no moral or legal right to hold its people in subjection when they do not submit to it. To speak of England being compelled to hold the country because of "strategic purposes" is to laud unjust might and make a mockery of right and justice.

England has tried to crush Ireland and has not lessened its efforts in that line up to date. England has created the Ulster question and roars with the world about it, so that credulous ears may believe. Eighty-five per cent of the Irish people voted for independence and that is sufficient for any country to get what it own government to do. Ireland is not a municipal matter. (Municipal competition will curb any profiteering.)

The Garbage Question.

Omaha, June 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: I note again with a great interest our city dads are somewhat at sea to know what to do with the garbage. At the outset of this letter I wish to say that I am in favor of the municipal farm where we can realize a profit on our garbage instead of paying out \$45,000 a year for its hauling, this farm to be stocked with milk cows, fowls and hogs, labor to be performed by city prisoners; killing establishments to be erected and products from said farm including meat, eggs, chickens, butter, cream, milk, etc. to be sold in our municipal markets. (Municipal competition will curb any profiteering.)

In my opinion this municipal farm has a reduction or incinerator plant beat a mile. What is the use of burning up golden dollars with starving Cubans all around us? A great interest our city dads are somewhat at sea to know what to do with the garbage. At the outset of this letter I wish to say that I am in favor of the municipal farm where we can realize a profit on our garbage instead of paying out \$45,000 a year for its hauling, this farm to be stocked with milk cows, fowls and hogs, labor to be performed by city prisoners; killing establishments to be erected and products from said farm including meat, eggs, chickens, butter, cream, milk, etc. to be sold in our municipal markets. (Municipal competition will curb any profiteering.)

New England Wit

From the Boston Transcript.

She—Do you really think I shall ever succeed in making an impression with my voice? He—Undoubtedly, if you sing into a phonograph.

"How many servants does Mrs. Blank keep?" "None. Her record for the year, so far, is 14 she didn't keep."

"Where were you born, Willie?" "In Boston." "What part?" "All of me 'cept my teeth; they were born in Magnolia."

Tom—This is an excellent picture of you, Miss Betty. (Sentimentally) I wish I owned the original. Betty—You may have the negative.

"Mother, why did you marry father?" "So you've begun to wonder, too, have you?"

During the filming of a moving picture in England, the director said to the leading man, "Mr. Blank, I have borrowed a real lion for this scene and it will pursue you for 500 feet."

"For 500 feet?" said the actor. "Yes," replied the director. "No more than that. Understand?" "The hero roared dubiously. "Yes, I understand, but—does the lion?"

"If I should attempt to kiss you what would you do?" "I never meet an emergency until it arises." "But if it should arise?" "I'd meet it face to face."

Having laid down the principle that "the only way to abolish divorce is to abolish marriage," Bernard Shaw can now go on with the noble work of abolishing death by arranging that nobody shall be born.

"What is faith?" asks a St. Paul preacher. It is, for one thing, that which is exhibited by the clay who can't swim when he sets forth in the canoe he doesn't know how to manage. Has the closing of a skate factory in Worcester any connection with the fact that fewer people put on skates in these parts than in the bibulous times of yore?

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

AND SO, TO THE OFFICE—

Starting out on a three-mile walk to the office, I enter the park at Shakespeare's statue. Yesterday was his birthday, and I find the statue covered with flowers. Why waste flowers on Shakespeare? He had been dead and turned to clay these centuries ago. Flowers mean nothing to Shakespeare. The bronze statue knows nothing of the gifts, perchance sacrifices. There are plenty of flowers growing round about. Then why? The custom elevates the standards and ideals of the living—those who place them and those who see them.

By the time this has been thought out I am passing along a stretch of brilliantly colored flower beds. Then an edge of the zoo. A swan driven by a seasonably recurring but now unused instinct is building a useless nest. Why this instinctive act? Before the thought is exhausted I have reached a pond in which three wild ducks have recently settled. To what species do they belong? How different their constantly on guard, nervous behavior from that of the placid, thoroughly city broke though theoretically wild mallards.

In the park the attention is repeatedly drawn to newly-arrived migrating birds. Some are well-known, some quite new to me, but they are unknown, some attract because of unusual behavior, some because they have lost an apprehension and fear.

A squirrel quits the lap of a woman who had been feeding him and hops along parallel with my course for half a mile. I do not know whether he walks pigeon-toed or slew footed, but I can see that he loops along well within his reserve and is not becoming short-winded from the exertion.

Now the end of the park has been reached and there is nothing to watch but folks. But folks can be as interesting as ducks and flowers. Here goes a queer bird. Though I am walking at a rate of slightly more than four miles an hour, he sweeps by me like a pay car passing a tramp, as C. P. J. Mooney would say. His body is thrown well forward and his arms are swinging like the forelegs of a trotting horse. In fact, had he dropped his shoulders a few inches he would easily have passed for a trotting horse in, say, the 10-minute class.

I wondered if that was a good way to walk. For one thing, he was getting a lot of exercise out of it. Being a man, he had on more clothes than the average citizen (counting the women) now carries, and I could not see all of his muscles, but as well as I could guess he was making use of most of those he had. His feet were driving him forward by pushing the ground and his hands were serving the same purpose by

pushing the air. I think he was bending too far forward for the highest efficiency.

Of course we save by walking in a falling forward attitude, but his body was so far forward that he must have fatigued his back muscles. A runner never throws his body far forward after he gets under way, and surely he knows how

to get the most out of his trunk muscles. I thought our Goldsmith Maid handled his feet very well, though he would have done better had he trained himself in youth to walk a little more nearly pigeon-toed. I am now at the end of my walk a few minutes after he gets under way. The three miles have taken only 40 minutes.

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