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THE DESIRE FOR MORE.  
There are certain parts of the world, notably in Africa and the South Seas, where the natives have so few wants that neither labor nor business can be said to exist. One need not endorse every phase of modern industrialism in characterizing such an effortless life far from idyllic.

Salesmen for the international trading concerns make no impression there. Shoes and trousers are superfluous, and they prefer the tom-tom to the talking machine or saxophone. There is a factory run by a presumably Christian gentleman in England that turns out gaudy idols for savages to worship, but for the most part, they ask nothing of civilization but to be left alone.

Fortunate it is that the civilized world has greater wants than these. Were man to revert to doing without, the entire basis of modern life would be swept away. To the limited extent to which the buyers' strike, unemployment and wage reductions cut purchases of goods, the standard of living and the progress of man has been set back.

From this it appears that the salesman is the man of the hour. It is he who will lead mankind to desire more and better goods, start the mills on order, give employment to thousands of men and women and generally speed up the circulation of money.

Sir Charles Higham, perhaps the outstanding figure among the army of men promoting sales, declares that the world today can be saved by just one thing—business. He is now in America, attending the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.

"Advertising," he maintains, "is the greatest reformatory agency in the world. It has made us hygienic, it has made us tidy, it has dressed us well, it has given us the love of the beautiful, it has decorated our homes, it has educated our children, it has raised to a higher plane our whole civilization."

Call it advertising, call it business or salesmanship, it still remains that one of the distinguishing features between backward and forward races is that the latter have more wants and are constantly increasing them, partly on their own initiative and partly through the solicitation of people with something to sell.

MEMORIES OF A FULL LIFE.  
An Omaha woman celebrated her ninety-fourth birthday Tuesday. She is the oldest resident of the Old People's Home, oldest not only in years of life but in the years of membership in that interesting group whose average runs well past the allotted three score and ten.

For nineteen years, a long span of life in the mind of a high school youngster, she has lived there, but for her that period but a fraction of time. Twenty years she lived in Ireland, then she immigrated to America and for more than twenty years she lived in eastern Pennsylvania, watching and participating in the stirring events of the civil war period.

She came to Nebraska early enough to know something of pioneer days in the great west and she has remained in Nebraska long enough to see its prairies criss-crossed by railroad and automobile highway, its skies a pathway for the air mail, its atmosphere a vehicle for wireless telegraph and radiophone.

What a wonderful recollection is given to men and women who have such years of experience to look back upon! It is a habit of younger folk to pity the old, to sympathize with them. Yet the old need never fear an idle hour. Always they have a store of memories to recall, a great part of which must be memories of happy days, memories of good will and of cheer, memories of the wonders worked by toil and invention, memories of the world's advancement day by day to new heights of achievement. That is a pleasure which only the years can give.

THE POWER OF A GIANT.  
Being a Hottentot is not half so funny as it sounds. A remarkable story of how a rebellion in southwest Africa was put down makes this clear. The rising was crushed by English aviators who spotted the natives from the air and scattered bombs upon them. One band of Hottentots sat warming themselves by a fire in a mountain gorge. Ten of them could have held an army at bay in this fastness. But from above the airman dropped bombs and opened machine gun fire, killing scores and setting the rest to flight.

Colonial administration thus is simplified by science. Civilized man can be sure of his might whether or not he is in the right. The most disturbing part of the situation is the thought that what can be done to backward peoples can also be done to forward ones, until the whole race commits suicide. The seeds of destruction can only be kept from germinating by an aroused human conscience.

THE AGE OF FAITH.  
Those persons who will believe only what they see have a hard nut to crack in those mysterious food properties known as vitamins. Science declares that these exist but what they look like or what they are made is unknown. They do not respond to chemical tests. Yet these invisible factors of diet have been classified into four divisions.

The first, which occurs in milk, cheese and yolks of eggs, is declared to prevent night blindness and sore eyes among children. The second, which lack lowers human vitality and makes the body subject to infection, comes from milk, beans of grains, leafy parts of plants and spinach. Milk, citrus fruits and potato skins are listed among the third class, which prevents scurvy. The fourth vitamin, discovery of which has recently been made by Dr. E. V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins university, protects bone growth and prevents rickets. These are said to exist in milk and the leafy parts of plants. Cabbage is

given credit as the food highest in vitamins; tomatoes and lettuce also rank high.  
Actual experiments in feeding both animals and humans appear to demonstrate the truth of these claims. Many persons have noticed for themselves that they feel better with certain articles in their diet than without them. Heretofore something like instinct or taste encouraged the consumption of foods rich in vital qualities. With the aid of science now many of the evils of malnutrition and a good part of the teeth troubles may be eliminated.  
No one has seen a vitamin, any more than one has seen electricity or sound waves. Simply judging by results, inferences and conclusions are drawn that few are skeptical enough to question. A great deal of life consists of taking things on trust. This is indeed the golden age of faith.

WHY NOT A PAGEANT HIGHWAY?  
Among the western cities adopting the custom of outdoor drama is Okmulgee, Okl. In a park where great trees overshadow a little stream Shakespeare's sylvan comedy, "As You Like It," will be presented. This is the third year that a group of earnest women, the Shakespeare club, has backed a civic enterprise of this sort.

Omaha, this fall, will do something of the sort when a pageant of Nebraska will be put on by the school children as a part of the festivities of Ak-Sar-Ben. This is a good beginning, and if some civic organization will only take up the movement enough community interest will be forthcoming to give it backing. It would not be difficult to find a natural amphitheater—the great ravine in Hanscom park, with its high slopes forming a bowl, offers one possibility.

St. Louis has made an institution of its outdoor opera, and Indianapolis has its outdoor players. California is a leader in this direction. The suggestion of Dr. H. B. Alexander of the University of Nebraska that a number of towns along one of the main tourist trails arrange a series of fall festivals to entertain and attract motor parties and heighten the community love of beauty is worth pondering.

WELL DONE BY THE SUN.  
One does not have to remain long under the glare of the summer sun to be impressed with its heating qualities. The coal and the wood with which mankind warms itself in winter are but storage houses of these rays.

How to make use of the solar heat more directly and immediately is a problem that is engaging scientists today. Dr. C. G. Abbott, assistant secretary of the Smithsonian institution, in fact, is now on his way to Mount Wilson, California, to make further experiments with his solar cooker. The official announcement runs thus:

This device for cooking, using only the heat of the sun as fuel, was brought to a considerable degree of perfection last year, all the cooking for the field party for the whole season being done with it. The apparatus consists of a parabolic cylindrical mirror with a polished aluminum surface which focuses the sun's rays on a tube filled with mineral oil which communicates with an iron reservoir in which are two baking ovens of different temperatures. The circulation of the heated oil produces a very high temperature in the ovens which is maintained for several hours even after the sun has gone down or is covered by clouds.

With this cooker it was possible to cook meat, vegetables, bread, cereals, etc., and to can fruits and vegetables and make preserves. This year it is hoped to even further perfect the device so that higher oven temperatures and more prolonged periods of heat storage may be obtained.

This sounds a good deal like magic, at least as one reads of it in the shade. But out on the streets or in the fields, wherever the rays beat down unobstructed, it is easier to fancy the coming of the perfect fuel.

NEW RESPECT FOR THE DEVIL.  
Diaboli, tailed and pitchfork in hand, is rather more prevalent than once. That only adds to the contrast of the rise of black magic in Europe. Instead of fearing the devil, these more or less deranged devotees worship him.

In Paris, it is said, a small set of wealthy persons have set up an altar over which the "black mass" is said. Several of the flock claim to have seen the devil there and to have talked with him.

Oliver Maddox Hueffer, who exposes some of these indecent rites, says that it is an expensive matter to become a devil worshipper. Neophytes are required to pay the high priestess 100,000 francs, and every time one attends the services one has to contribute 1,000 francs toward the expenses of the temple. The congregation is supposed to number about fifty, and blackmail has added vastly to the cost of their affiliation.

The shock of the world war gave rise to some strange cults, but this is at once the most ancient and the strangest of them all. The devil, in one guise or another, has always had his followers, although not always has the affiliation been acknowledged. It is frequently said that one may be a Christian without joining a church, but how much more true is it that one may be a devil worshipper without meeting over an altar in a blasphemous parody of religion. This abnormal cult in Paris, even if it did away with its admission fees, could not gain open allegiance from any large number of persons. Their worship is in secret, just as all that is evil loves the dark, and it is to the credit of mankind that it dare not risk the fresh air and light of publicity.

WOMEN AND CIGARETS.  
Cigaret smoking among women is becoming more general. In some circles, it is said, the girl whose fingers aren't slightly coated with nicotine is a bit out of style.

If cigarette smoking was a passing fad among women the sterner sex would probably smile indulgently, make some facetious remark, and start talking about the weather. But the male cigarette smoker knows how easily it is to get the habit.

Hence he is apt to take the matter seriously, and object. When an indignant woman retorts that "if men smoke 'em why shouldn't we?" he is apt to make some seemingly weak reply, such as, "Well, it just doesn't look right, that's all. It isn't womanly."

Yet, weak as it may seem, this reply has much merit. If men were to start powdering their noses between dances, or applying rouge to their lips in public what would women say? After gasping in dismay and spluttering indignantly, they probably would explain their indignation by asserting, "Well, it just doesn't look right, it isn't manly."

# THE-BEE-BOOK-SHELF

Burrus Jenkins, known to novel readers as the author of "Princess Salome," to others as a minister in Kansas City, and as a newspaper editor, has produced a highly colored romantic novel of old England, "The Bracegriddle." Gavellers swagger through these pages, swarming about Mistress Anne Bracegriddle, the idol of the stage in the 17th century. Kidnaping, duels, intrigue and romance are mingled here to make a stirring tale. Published by J. B. Lippincott company.

"The Old Nest," which first appeared as a moving picture, has been issued in book form by Harpers. Rupert Hughes, the author, here depicts the simple tale of homies.

"For What Do We Live?" is the title of a little book of philosophy by Edward Howard Griggs. Starting with the maxim of Plato, that "the unexamined life is not worth living," this popular extension lectures on the influences affecting conduct and ideals and finds the great realities to be growth, service, love and wisdom. The Orchard Hill Press, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

"Japan's Pacific Policy," by K. K. Kawakami, which has just been published by E. P. Dutton & Co. is a frank discussion of Japanese policy as it may affect the United States, by a penetrating writer who earnestly desires a permanent peace and understanding between these two countries both of which he knows and loves.

The author received his early education in his native country, Japan, but had his college work in America. He has done journalistic work in both countries and has published seven books in English and four in Japanese. He has contributed to the North American Review, the Atlantic Monthly, the Review of Reviews, the Nation and other journals.

The result of his associations in this country are shown not only in his understanding of the American viewpoint and his knowledge of what Americans desire to know about Japan's policies, but in the very style of the book itself. In spite of its solid substructure of knowledge of political science and economics, and its thoroughness with the intricacies of the present diplomatic situation, the book is written in such an original and readable fashion that the slang addict would call it "snappy."

R. F. Pettigrew, former United States senator from South Dakota, is a rugged political figure who more than once has stood out against the buncombe and pleasing political fiction that is plentiful in our nation. He tells the story of American public life from 1870 to 1920 in his latest book, "Triumph and Plutocracy." Few popular idols are spared—not even W. J. Bryan escaping critical and disapproving analysis. He is especially severe against the American politicians, and has much to say concerning the influence of the banks, railroads and trusts. His closing plea is for a readjustment of economic life. Altogether, this is a revolutionary book, especially interesting through its frankness. The author has penetrated so far into the inner councils of the plutocracy.

Child Pickets Explain Drive to Free Fathers  
From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.  
A Public Ledger correspondent stopped today at one of the two pickets at the White House gates holding banners reading: "Mr. President, must we hire high-priced lawyers to free our fathers from prison?"

Today's pickets were two feminine figures, both of them, at first glance, looking like 12-year-old girls. One of them, Mrs. Dora Plahn, said her husband was Charles Plahn, now in Leavenworth prison. "When was he convicted, and what for," she was asked.

"In 1917, because he made a speech, not against war, mind you, but against the war, saying he thought men who worked ought to be able to make decent wages while there were so many making fortunes out of the war. He was arrested and convicted by Judge Landis of Chicago to eight years in Leavenworth prison."

"But think of it, all the German spies and people who really did harm against the country during the war have been freed," she insisted. "And my husband was an American citizen, and his father and mother had said nothing that could harm anybody."

Further questioning brought forth the information that this was the case. Mr. Plahn had belonged to the organization for 11 years. He was an ironworker, but in the dull summer season used to go out to work on farms in Minnesota. His wife said she is now supporting herself by doing sewing in Chicago.

The other picket's name was Albertine Reeder and she was a girl of 12. She said her father also was in Leavenworth prison and that her mother was working out by the day in Oklahoma City to support her and her younger brother. The child was pale and staring, all in with the heat which sizzled on the asphalt sidewalk. She was a serious-minded little girl and seemed to know a good deal about her father's case.

"They call it a tenant-farmer case," she explained, "because my father tried to organize the tenant farmers in Oklahoma, and they were afraid they would be like the I. W. W."

"Was your father an American citizen?" she was asked.

"Oh, yes," was the prompt reply, "and his father, and way back, I guess."

There are now 98 political war-time prisoners for whom their families and friends are seeking release. There were 113 when the first came to Washington to try to see the president, but a number have been released because their terms were up. Mrs. Plahn said some of the sentences had been shortened by President Wilson, who commuted a number on April 22, 1918, but that nothing had been done since. The cases are still in the hands of the Department of Justice, which is expected to report to the president on pardon cases.

Only about 15 of the wives or children of the prisoners are still in Washington, the rest having returned to their homes.

# Girl of 11 Put Aside Dolls to Study Law

From the New York World.  
Being proclaimed a "prodigy" has the 11-year-old Rose Reeves self-conscious and priggish—yet Rose and her two sisters, Birdie, 15, and Florence, 16, have come to New York with their father, Prof. Thomas L. Reeves of Chicago, who has devised a system of education of which they are the product and the advertisement. Rose is said to have leaped, after one year of instruction by his method, from the fourth grade of an elementary school to entrance at Western university, London, Ontario, where she has been studying French, Spanish and chemistry for the last year, and to be planning to start the law course at Columbia this fall.

Columbia professors say one of the entrance requirements to the law course is at least three years of college, and also that the rules of the law school exclude women—to say nothing of little girls.

Prof. Reeves was out of the city, leaving the girls on their own, but confirmed the stories of Rose's past achievements and are sure she is somehow or other destined for the law.

"Why law?"  
"Oh, I guess I might as well be a lawyer as anything else," observed Rose, proudly. "I thought I'd like it because I like to speak in public. Speaking at the bar would be nice. Yes, I've been in court rooms and also cases tried. I know how it's done."

Rose laid aside her dolls two years ago, she said. That, as it happens, was the time at which she began "the method."

"It's a kind of shorthand," she explained. "It makes us fluent in English, and it makes us understand anything. I took languages at Western university—French and Spanish. It isn't hard; it's just like writing and reading."

Rose and Birdie were playing a game while she talked—a game of chess. Chess is part of "the method," and so is writing, and so is a special dictionary with lists of words arranged according to various classifications. Rose helped compile the dictionary, and its 4,000 words are now supposed to be filed away under her bobbed tatch.

These are the things that have taken the place of the dolls. Rose seems to find them a satisfactory substitute. She is bright-eyed and brown-haired, and she swims and teaches tennis on her skates, and to all appearance as normal a little girl as any who have trouble with their spelling and can't remember whether seven times eight is fifty-three or sixty-one.

# How to Dodge the Danger of the Old Swimming Hole

"There are dangers as well as pleasures in the old swimming hole that should be observed by every one seeking recreation at the beach and bathing pool this summer," says Fred M. Roshop, chief of the public safety division of the National Safety council, in urging the swimmers of the nation to exercise special caution during the present vacation season.

"It is estimated that 7,000, and more, persons drown in the United States every year. The summer brings with it an alarming toll in deaths from drowning—chiefly through accidents to persons who are not familiar with a few simple rules. Lack of knowledge of resuscitation methods is another cause of loss of life which might otherwise have been avoided."

"Fundamental in eliminating deaths from accidental drowning is the fact that every bather should know how to swim. Many persons who have never taken time to learn to swim come to disaster when, in seeking escape from the hot weather, they get into shallow holes and drown before help reaches them. The 'rock the boat' pest would have fewer tragedies to his credit if more of his victims knew how to handle themselves in water."

Following are the rudiments of water safety which every swimmer and canoeist should keep in mind:  
SWIMMERS.  
Don't swim on a full stomach. (Wait at least two hours after eating.)  
Don't swim if overheated.  
Don't swim until exhausted.  
Don't swim if you have heart trouble.  
Don't dive without accurate knowledge of the depth of the water.  
Don't struggle if caught in a swift current or undertow. (The force of the current will bring you to the surface.)  
Don't wade into the water with the arms above the head. (You will not be ready to stroke if you step into a hole.)  
Don't lean backward when wading into the water. (Always be ready to fall forward.)  
Don't fall to learn Red Cross lifesaving and resuscitation methods.

Canoeists.  
Don't go canoeing if you can't swim.  
It is not necessary to pull into the water back of a steambot to show that you can handle a canoe. Paddle quickly to the shore if you have a passenger who thinks it is a good idea to hold on. The foundation between you and death is thin. It might as well be repeated for the millionth time—be satisfied with the seat you took when you started.

If you do capsize, don't try to climb back into the canoe; not many can do it.  
Do not grab for anybody's neck. When the canoe rises, just lay your hands on it and rest.  
A pull on the oar will do just as well. By holding the paddle before you in the water you can keep afloat until help comes.  
Keep a cool head. If you can't do this, stay out of a canoe.

Canoeing, to say the least.  
"Conservative? Why, when that fellow began to read about the pay roll robberies he reduced wages in his factory."—Life.

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"Hand Troubles" Are Unheard of  
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# Science Says Nebraska Find Confounds Bryan

From the Scientific Monthly.  
At the recent meeting of the National Academy of Sciences in Washington Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn announced the discovery of a tooth giving evidence of a prehistoric and unknown species of anthropoid intermediate between the ape and earliest man. This discovery, made by Harold J. Cook of Argus, Neb., in the middle of Pliocene formation of that state, in addition to being important scientifically, has a timely interest because of the attacks that during the past few months have been launched at the groundwork of science through the zeal of opponents of the facts of the evolution of man and has a dramatic or comic aspect in that it comes from the home state of William Jennings Bryan.

Worn by use when its owner was alive, and worn by water in the centuries since, this tooth matches no known tooth of ape or man, modern or extinct. It is very different from the tooth of the gorilla, the gibbon or orang. It is nearest to that of the chimpanzee, but the resemblance is still remote. Nor does it resemble very closely any human molar, although it is nearer to the human than to the ape type of tooth. Dr. Osborn classifies it as a new species and genus, and names it Hesperopithecus haroldcockii, which, being translated back from the biologist's Latin, means "haroldcock" from the west discovered by Harold Cook.

The fossil was found in the upper phase of the Snake river beds, associated with the remains of the rhinoceros, camel, Asiatic antelope and an early form of the horse, now extinct.

In 1901 the American Museum of Natural History received a similar tooth, but it was so water-worn that it could not be safely identified. But the new specimen looks so much like the other that it may belong to the same species and gives hope that other parts may be found in this region.

The remarkable feature of the discovery lies in the fact that hitherto no specimens of anthropoid primates, ancient or modern, have been discovered in America, although they are common in the old world. It is possible that this Nebraska tooth will open a new chapter in geological history which may throw light on the vexed question of the origin of man.

According to Dr. Osborn, the animal is a new genus of anthropoid, probably one which wandered over here from Asia with the large south Asiatic element which has recently been discovered in our fauna by

Dr. Merriam, Gidley and others. Dr. Osborn and Dr. C. A. Reed of the American Museum of Natural History, also presented evidence to the academy that man existed before the great Ice Age, which is a new and very remote date for the antiquity of man. The recent discovery of Tertiary man near Ipswich, England, known as the Foxhall man, led Prof. Osborn to visit the locality and to make a very careful study of the animal life which surrounded the man. Unlike the now famous "Cave Man" of the mammoth and reindeer period, the Foxhall man was surrounded by relatively primitive mastodons, rhinoceroses and sabertoothed tigers; also by two kinds of elephants, the straight-tusked and the southern elephant. This was long before the Ice Age, when England, even in latitude 53 degrees, was enjoying a very mild climate. Since it is known that the Foxhall man was capable of making 10 to 15 different kinds of flint implements, of providing himself with clothing, and of building a fire, he sets a new and very remote date for the antiquity of man, because he is separated from the recent period by the whole stretch of Quaternary time, or the Ice Age. Scientific men have estimated the duration of the Ice Age from 100,000 to 700,000 years, but Prof. Osborn is inclined to adopt the intermediate estimate of 250,000 years made by the German geologist, Albrecht Penck. The Foxhall man is at present known only by the flint instruments that he has left behind. Unlike Pithecanthropus erectus, the Heidelberg man, the Pittdown man and the Neanderthal and art-loving Cro-Magnon races, parts of his skeleton have not yet been revealed to modern eyes.

The present condition of Russia proves that the bolsheviks choose wisely when they took an aviator's flag for their national emblem.—Life.

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