

THE SUNDAY BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY
NELSON B. UPDEKAMP, Publisher. D. BREWER, Gen. Manager.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
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BEE TELEPHONES
Private Branch Exchange, Ask for the Department. AT lantic
or Person Wanted. For Night Calls After 10 P. M.: 1000
Editorial Department. AT lantic 1621 or 1642.

OFFICES
Main Office—17th and Farnam
Co. Bluffs . . . 15 Scott St., So. Side, M. W. Cor. 24th and N
New York—236 Fifth Avenue
Washington . . . 422 Star Bldg., Chicago . . . 1730 Siegel Bldg.
Paris, France—420 Rue St. Monere

SOLDIERS AND PEACEMAKERS.

Human experience, repeated over the centuries, indicates that men who make war successfully are not those best qualified to make peace. A cursory survey of history is all that is needed to sustain this statement. In the beginning tribes went to war for any one of a number of causes, but whatever the reason, the result was the same. The victor annihilated the vanquished. To exterminate or enslave a neighbor, to devastate his cities, raze his strongholds, desecrate his temples, overturn his gods, annihilation being the penalty of defeat. It was the boast of Attila that the grass never grew again where his horse's hoofs had passed.

Good reason exists for the conviction that good soldiers are seldom well qualified to negotiate a lasting peace. They think in terms of war; arms and victory are their lives, and terms to the vanquished, however generous and liberal, are the gifts of the victor rather than the rights of the loser. Thus treaties of peace, conventions entered into where conqueror dictates to conquered, usually contain the germs of the next war, for any agreement into which compulsion enters as a factor will be sustained only until the weaker side feels itself strong enough to resist imposition.

One great exception to this rule stands out clear and sharp against the background of history. Ulysses S. Grant sought peace. He knew it could come only out of victory, but when he had broken the power of his adversary till he could no longer resist, the magnanimous hand of a great soldier was outstretched, and he said: "Let us have peace!" It was not a defeated army Grant sent home from Appomattox, but a group of brothers who had come off second best in a trial of strength, and who had not been deprived of any of their dignity or rights because they did not win.

Clemenceau, Tiger of France, undoubtedly desires peace, permanent and durable in all regards; but he is far more effective at carrying on a war than he is at settling for harmony after a war. He does not differ greatly from many another great man in history, for the warrior is almost never a diplomat. He supports his arguments not with reason or persuasion, but with might, and right cannot rest on might. This man is a type; his spirit animates a great people, but only when it is subservient to the greater spirit, that of justice, will it bring that people to true greatness.

When the soldier dominates the field, and a settlement to end the conflict is to begin, then the statesman should come in; not the merely adroit shuffler of phrases, seeking only the better of an immediate bargain, but the broad-minded constructive man, whose vision comprehends a world wherein relations between nations rest on the substantial basis of the square deal, and not on an advantage that is present, but may shift to the other side at a slight motion of the wheel.

THE BOY'S ROOM.

You realize at once when you enter it that it belongs to the Boy, for there is none of the exquisite daintiness about it that characterizes his sister's room. His football is on the bookcase, his tennis racket on the chiffonier, and his roller skates under the reading table.

The bugle of his scout patrol seems strangely silent as it lies among his books, for you have a vivid recollection of the ear-splitting notes that often issue from its throat. The pictures, too, speak eloquently of him; a camping scene, a beautiful copy of a collier, and his particular favorite, "The Lone Wolf," from the frame of which flutters the blue ribbon which he won at the poultry show.

And the dresser! No one, unless they have a boy in the house, would guess how often you arrange that article of furniture. The top is littered with small change, some bolts and screws, worthless to anyone else, and a partly empty box of cartridges left from his latest hunting expedition. The half open drawers reveal a marvelous collection of bits of string and wire, and several burned out batteries from his flashlight. Your discarded handbag is full of marbles and the springs from an alarm clock that he has been trying to repair.

A book on mechanics and a rough drawing of a bridge across a river tell of The Boy's dreams of the day when he will be numbered among the world's builders. And in the midst of all this confusion is a little bent and scratched snapshot of his sister, who is also his chum.

As you turn to straighten up his scattered belongings you whisper to yourself, "Oh, busy, mischievous Boy, when you enter that larger room of life may your restless hands build beneficially for your fellow-men, may your joys and pleasures bring them only blessings, and may you stamp your clean, wholesome personality upon it as indelibly as you have stamped it on your own little room at home."

HISTORIC SPOTS AT FORT PIERRE.

An interesting event has just taken place in South Dakota. Nine years ago a group of Fort Pierre school children while at play discovered a plate of real historic value. It was one that had been placed in March, 1743, by Chevalier Verendrye, to denote the possession of the region by his majesty, Louis XV, king of France. Sixty years later that part of the world became a possession of the United States, by reason of the Louisiana purchase. It was the last of that magnificent empire over which Louis reigned, and regarding the loss of part of which—Canada—he shrugged his shoulders magnificently, and said "Peuhl! A few acres of snow!"

The town of Fort Pierre has just donated to the state of South Dakota nine blocks ground, forming a square around the spot where the plate was discovered. It will be maintained as a state memorial to the explorers who have passed that way, a perpetual reminder to coming generations of those energetic men who have made the present and the future secure.

Some other places around Fort Pierre ought to be preserved by appropriate markers. One of these would be the site of coral and barn of the North-western Stagnos, Stage and Transportation com-

MARRIAGE ON IMPULSE

New English Novel Puts Reverse Emphasis on Romance

If you remember what the adjective "gripping" and "vital" meant before they were devalued by indiscriminate use in describing all sorts of puny and puerile novelette attempts, you may apply them quite properly to Alice Vaughn's new novel, "Roland Wintley," published by the Macmillan company.

Here is a real book that holds you bound by interest in the quivering emotions of a youngessed about in the doubts and apprehensions and passions of the decade between 15 and 25. The story is told in simplicity of style, with verisimilitude, with action and startling episodes that hold the reader fairly breathless till the last page.

And such a last page!

Let us have a look at this fascinating story. Roland is the son of the manager of a London bank, and an ordinary handi-capped English lad, a poorly paid official indeed. Roland's father and mother have denied themselves many things in order to send their son to the high class school at Farnham, and there we first find him, a bright but not brilliant youth, sailing along comfortably in his last year.

Here he engages in a clandestine love affair of the puppy type with a "shop assistant" named Dolly. You've no idea what she discharges in the public school boy to go for walks with a "shop assistant." Oh, it's a very snobby England, to be sure, but it's the real England.

The stage of adolescent love development is pictured faithfully. He would meet Dolly on Sundays and they would sit together in the shelter of the hedges. She would take off her hat and lean her head against his shoulder and let him kiss her as much as he wanted. She was not responsive, but then Roland hardly expected it.

A friend of Dolly's, Betty by name, wants a boy from the school. So Roland, a diffident youth who has not awakened yet to the universal lure. The first time they meet with the girl along the hedgerow, he is a matter-of-fact young person, remarking: "About time we paired off, isn't it?" "I suppose so," said Roland. "Come along, Dolly," and they began to walk down the lane. At the corner they turned and saw the other two standing together—Betty, taller, confident and all powerful, and Roland, now, his plain and he got an absurd, stumpy moustache, and yet his wife is frightfully pretty and she seems really to love him. I don't understand it.

But the clandestine walks with the shop assistant are discovered. Roland is expelled from the school, and his family's hopes of sending him on through Oxford vanish.

"The only thing left for him is to get the girl," this is a horrible alternative in his eyes. He sees before him the drab, pinchy existence he has always known at home, and as he is about to slip into this, he meets a friend, Gerald Marston, son of a wealthy manufacturer of varnish. Roland accepts an invitation to the Marston country estate, home at Hogstead, where he delights the elder Marston with his skill at cricket. Eventually he is offered a post as foreign representative of the "varnish" and rises swiftly on to brilliant success.

There is a girl, April Curtis, with whom he has grown up, the Curies and Whyteys being close friends and marriage between Roland and April being taken for granted.

About his feelings for April Roland is often in doubt. April is the sweet, gentle, clinging type of girl. Her whole life is bound up in Roland. She blushes even at pronouncing the word "kiss." After the Dolly affair he goes to see April.

Gently he drew her by the hand toward him and she made no effort to resist him. "April," he murmured, "April," This was the first real kiss of his life. His mouth did not meet hers as it had Dolly's in his arms as he had held Dolly, did not press her to him till she was forced, as Dolly had been, to cling her head back and gasp for breath. For an instant April's cheek was against his and his mouth touched hers, nothing more. But in that cool contact of her lips he found for the first time the romance, poetry, ecstasy and what you will of love.

But also for the first time of April. It is destined to be a sweet love. April thinks love does not exist outside the sexual engagement and marriage service. While Roland, has learned that "love comes and goes, irresponsible as the wind that at one moment is shaking among the branches, scattering the leaves, only to subsist a moment later into calm."

Roland has indulged in certain amours in certain discreet establishments in London, but his business requires him to spend some time abroad. Besides, he has been intrigued by the lure of beautiful Beatrice Armand, young wife of an elderly man.

His eyes followed Beatrice about the room. Whenever he was away from her he wondered what she was doing. He was sure she was some luck, but in her presence he was unhappy and self-conscious.

"She talks too for an overgrown schoolboy," he murmured, and longed to say something else.

A time comes when he is bluntly urged by his family to delay his marriage to April no longer. He is in desperation.

And so the restless young man tries to comfort himself. He pictures marriage with April as happily as he can. He would come home in the evening and, after dressing for dinner, he would come down to find her waiting for him.

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VIKINGS AND THEIR VINLAND.

Recently there has been considerable revival of interest in what is generally referred to as "pre-Columbian voyages to America." Doubt has been cast on the saga of Eric the Red and Lief the Lucky, question being raised as to whether either of these or any of their kind ever saw the shores of what now is called America. On the contrary, much of what is put forward as proof of their presence is being presented.

Archaeology is a progressive science, and it has faithful allies in geology, zoology, anthropology and ethnography. In each of these great discoveries have been made of recent years, the result of research and study, and many conclusions of the past have been revised, modified or abandoned in view of more light. As to the claims of the Norsemen for recognition as to precedence over Columbus or his immediate imitators to being the first among Europeans to reach the shores of what was to become the New World, much evidence is being unearthed. One of the most dependable bits is the existence near the town of Hampton, on the Massachusetts coast, of a granite boulder, marked with three crosses. This is reputed to mark the site of the fight between the vikings and the red men ("Skraelings," they are called in the saga), which terminated the effort to colonize Vinland.

That the Norsemen did reach Iceland and Greenland is admitted; that so bold a crew should not come to Labrador is improbable, and it is quite easy to believe that they made their way farther south, to the shores of New England. One legend has a viking making his way as far south as Texas, and returning after years of wandering to the farms of Greenland. The sad aspect of the case for the viking is that he did not possess the enterprise to follow up his find. Otherwise, he might have won a far more worthy place in history than is represented by the crumbling walls in Greenland and the cross-marked stone at Hampton.

IN THE WAKE OF THE OLD INDIAN TRAIL.

Along the highway between what was formerly the Sioux and Pawnee Indian reservations are large tracts of alfalfa, fields of rustling corn, and gulches securely fenced. Here, prize winning horses and high grade cattle graze among the clumps of native ash, pines and scrub oak, from the short blue grass which has replaced the prairie grass of long ago. In the distance is a group of buildings, protected by groves of forest trees and orchards whose trees are laden with fruit. This represents the modern home of one of Nebraska's early pioneers, who came before "grasshopper" times and won out.

As he nears the supper of life, the thoughts of this hardy conqueror revert more and more to another scene, when all was a wilderness. The high-powered motor of the tourist is a dilapidated, weather beaten prairie schooner jolting along the rough trail with the slow pace of the tired oxen. In place of the fields is a vast expanse of rolling prairie verging into a dry wash. The humble home—a sod shanty and stable, of the same material; the little black patch of exposed soil proving the resourcefulness of these stouthearted homeseekers. There is no well, for water is obtained from water holes with which to supply the needs of the one cow, the oxen, and even the family. Near sunset the graceful form of a deer moves along the horizon; while the mournful howl of a lonely coyote is heard with the approach of darkness, to be repeated and answered at intervals throughout the night. With the approach of dawn, these sounds are replaced by the booming and cackling of the prairie chickens as they arose from sleep.

As he recalls the past, the white-haired hero of the prairie forgets the hardships, for with these scenes are intermingled the joys of the conqueror in subduing the wilds. This is what lightens the burden of the homesteader.

NOW WATCH IOWA FLOURISH.

Iowa's sons and daughters are chanting a hymn about "where the tall corn grows," forgetful of that majestic and tuneful lyric penned years ago by Freeman P. Conway, one stanza of which rang: "And she has made those laughing eyes Would make a lover's paradise. Iowa, my Iowa."

Miss Winnifred Tilden, director of women's athletics at the Iowa State college, astonishes the world by announcing that she has discovered a number of physical defects and deficiencies among the girls under her care. Some of these are due, she says, to faulty carriage, some to improper development, and some to under-nourishment. All these things will be remedied by a compulsory two-years' course in physical training.

Amazement that follows Miss Tilden's announcement is controlled by the hope she arouses by her promise. Ordinary mortals, permitted to view only the exterior scarcely can conceive of possible improvement on the Iowa girl. Next to her Nebraska sister, she ranks peer to any. Yet, if Miss Tilden can teach her better ways of walking or standing, of eating and sleeping, and by these means bring her even across the short distance that divides her from the ideal, all of us will say, Go to it!

Right here, we may digress a moment to call attention to what is going on in Washington university at Seattle. There a lusty maiden who has "made a track team," insists on wearing running trunks as do her brothers. The directress of athletics frowns on this, and proscribes bloomers, saying that hygiene is not all, and that the girls are exerting a lot of energy in the wrong direction. How is man to know?

Will Hays appeals to the public to support only clean pictures, which is checking responsibility for improper films up to the court of final resort.

A Harvard astronomer says that there is more chance of life on the planet Venus than on Mars. Here, then is a new location for fiction writers.

Senator Carraway's proposal that "lame ducks" be disfranchised in congress is unnecessary cruelty to some eminent democrats.

What the Nebraska farmer really wants is some certain way of getting his stuff to market at less than it now costs.

"Dry" cases are proving interesting in court.

AROUND NEBRASKA

Spore That Red!

Nebraska City Press: The Palmyra items uttered an interesting truth the other day when it called attention to the prevalence of red signs along the highways—red tobacco signs, red grocery signs, all painted crimson or scarlet as the case may be. The items editor argues that this great display of the sunset color has a very bad psychological effect on the minds of the motoring public, to the end that when a danger sign is encountered, such as a warning finger at a cross roads or a grade crossing, the sense of receptivity has been lulled into a state of quietude by the repeated flare of red and the effectiveness of the danger signal lost. There is considerable worth in this utterance of Mr. Withrow. There are too many impulsive advertisers on the highway. For that matter all displays on federal aid roads should be lullied to guide posts and warning posts. In the interest of safety and efficiency there should be no commercialization of the big road.

Kearney, Neb.: The meat merger may mean more than the mere acquisition by the Armour of the Morris and Wilson interests. Taking other great mergers for example, it may easily mean the absorption of the consumers.

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Friend Sentinel: The Blue river, once counted as of no real value being a muddy stream of water wending its course through the southern part of Nebraska, is now one of the most valuable water powers in the whole United States. The river has been dammed in several places and electric generating plants have been established along its banks until now the cities and towns in the southern part of the state are using electricity for light and power purposes furnished by the Blue River Power company. There is no reason why other rivers in the state can not be harnessed as has been the Blue, and thus the coal supply of the country would be conserved for coming generations.

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Blair Pilot: Radicalism! Wanting it. Conservatism! Got it.

THE BEE BOOKSHELF

To all persons interested in Central and South America, Prof. J. Warshaw of the University of Nebraska has done a great service by the publication of his book, "The New Latin America," (Crowell). He has presented a thoughtful picture, as he says, "of progressive Latin America, the Latin America of today, the Latin America which is still too generally unknown." He has taken a sane and sympathetic point of view and has helped readers by his many interesting comparisons of Latin America with the United States and Europe.

Some of the outstanding topics treated, which show the character of the book, are chapters on fallacies, fancies and facts; the change in the interests of the countries; paramount foreign interests; the Monroe doctrine; the growth of nationalism; an excellent review of social development, public enlightenment, education and cultural development; a liberal statement of the position of women, and a short section on commercial opportunities of especial value to business men.

Dr. Warshaw has not been content to write merely an old style history or a comprehensive volume of information or propaganda. He has produced an important work on a subject of growing importance to all who live in the United States.

Dean J. E. LeRoessig of the College of Business Administration of the University of Nebraska has written an introduction to "The New Latin America."

Dallas Lore Sharp is a champion of the public school system in the United States and has written a series of essays on the theme. Some of these have been collected under the title "Education for a Democracy" (Houghton-Mifflin company). Mr. Sharp contends that our public schools are as truly national as is our flag, and has produced a good book from various quarters should not receive favor from educators. The book contains essays on the national school, the school of democracy, education for individuality and education for authority.

"The Technique of Thomas Hardy," by J. W. Beach (University of Chicago Press) is a new discussion of the art of the man acclaimed without dissent one of the great novelists of the last century. It is not of all time. This book is a study only of the structural style of Hardy in each of his novels; that is, of the method of assembling and ordering the elements of subject matter, social criticism and the like. It is true that one who is interested primarily in form will not give a whole picture of the work of Hardy, nor will his estimates agree with those made by others who study them from more complete views. Yet Mr. Beach has produced a good book in a relatively new field and one which will aid readers of Hardy. Mr. Beach traces the gradual substitution of artifice to art in the work of the last of the great Victorian writers, although he does not hesitate to point out continually the flaws, the errors, the conventionalities, etc. into which Hardy fell. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Judge of the Obscure" are declared the most perfect of Hardy's works, as combining art and craft in one. "The Return of the Native" is ranked next to these, because of its powerful dramatic form. "Far From the Maddening Crowd" is praised for the excellence of its portrayal of nature: "A Pair of Blue Eyes" for irony which marks an advance over Hardy's previous work. "The Music of Casterbridge" is declared to be at least a masterpiece.

JUST KIDS.

There are times in a parent's lifetime When the world seems upside down; That performing feats of youngsters Cause a shuddering cry from—

There are times their acts are maddening— Some kind friends their future did see. When we protest, they'll say to us— "Oh, no! Just kids."

Thus it seems we set to thinking Of our wondrous days of youth. We were always so angelic, since we cut our first front tooth.

Thus and so! But just recalling many a time the rage of fire— Then some kind friend would say to me, "Well, they're kids, just kids!"

Now methinks, while thus we worry Over trifling things they do, How many weary their spirits, So no use to fret and stew.

For the years are swiftly going. When there'll be no time for squabbling, So, guess we'd better let 'em play and howl!

And be kids, just kids! —G. C. S. Sidney, Ia.

THE HOME DAYS.

When the goldenrod has withered, And the maple leaves are red; When the robin's nest is empty, And the cricket's prayers are said, In the silence and the shadow Of the swiftly passing fall, Come the dear and happy home days— Days we love the best of all.

Then the household gathers early, And the firelight leaps and glows; Till the old hearts, in their brightness, Wear the glory of the sun; Then the grand old folks of stories, And the children cluster sweet, And the floor is just a keyboard For the baby's pattering feet.

Oh, the dear face of the mother, As she tucks the babies in; Oh, the big voice of the father, Heard o'er all the merry din; Home and happy hummy loved ones, How they weave their quietude; Heart and life and creed and memory, In the farthest of the world!

When the goldenrod has faded, When the maple leaves are red; When the empty nest is clinging To the branches overhead; In the silence and the shadow Of the hurrying later fall, Come the dear days, come the home days, In the year the best of all. —H. E. GRIFFIS, Glenwood, Ia.

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