

THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY

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was quite different from what became known as human nature in the following age. A question worth considering in the present times is whether Neolithic thought and feeling has been destroyed, or is its peaceful tendency like a river flowing underground, perhaps to rise to the surface far down the valley of history.

World-Wide Unemployment.

The national conference on unemployment is to meet Monday in Washington. The problems with which it has to deal exist throughout the civilized world and the causes themselves appear also to be international. Most of the industrial nations have before this attempted remedial measures, usually little more than palliatives designed to ease up the malady without curing it. Charity, unemployment insurance, emergency relief on public works and the spreading out of work by shorter hours or rotation on the job are among the devices now in use.

In Switzerland, Denmark and Norway schemes of training unemployed workers are being tried. Metal, wood work and building courses are being given Swiss men, and lessons in hygiene, domestic economy, nursing and the like are given women. While these attend their classes they receive relief pay from the state. House building subsidies are being granted in some cantons. In addition, compulsory unemployment insurance, is being considered, and propaganda for a general reduction in the profits of manufacturers and traders is under way. In Denmark freight rates on the state railways have been reduced.

The employers' associations in Italy have resolved that costs, prices and profits must be reduced, and that former agricultural workers must be got back on the land. Public works and shorter hours are expedients generally adopted. In Genoa, for instance, crews of vessels are being replaced, one-half at a time, by unemployed sailors.

Both in Belgium and in its African colony, extensive plans have been prepared for public works. The development of the Congo is counted on to encourage emigration; this idea of reducing the population is favored in many countries—England it is said that several millions must migrate within the next few years to avoid an industrial catastrophe. The Belgian labor party is demanding a reduction in army expenditures and the demobilization of army horses for use on the farms. It also proposes the requisitioning by the government of raw material, including coal, and its distribution to manufacturers who would pay a living wage, and the disposal of the product through trade commissions. The manufacture of standard suits of furniture is mentioned as one useful enterprise for state aid.

A bill providing for compulsory unemployment insurance is being drafted in Belgium, and Sweden is considering a similar measure. In Czechoslovakia those receiving unemployment benefits from the state are obliged without further payment to perform work assigned by the authorities. The South African Industrial federation proposes the creation of an unemployment fund by a levy on wages, a progressive tax on profits and a state subsidy. The Canadian government is investigating insurance systems.

Not even South America has escaped the results of the world war. Chile has undertaken a scheme of employment on public works, including the preparation in state-owned factories of material for making locomotives. Large amounts likewise are being spent in France and Germany on public works. A system of short shifts is being used.

The American conference on unemployment will have all these examples before it, and yet its course will be none the easier for it. Considerable suffering from lack of work may be avoided through its efforts, but no one need think it will succeed alone in permanently squaring the economic circle.

Why Read Poetry.

A young professional man whose range of reading has been rather wide and varied admitted his lack of acquaintance with the poets, either of the modern school or those who embalmed their visions in immortal verse years ago. He lacked a taste for poetry, he said. His case is typical of a fairly large group, although we may question if he has ascribed rightly the cause. What he really meant to say is that his taste for poetry has not developed. Keeping abreast of things as they have gone on for a few years last past is not calculated to awaken in anyone a sense of the soul that has lain dormant; for the aesthetic is essentially psychic, and amid the sordidness of worldly experiences is apt to be overcrusted by the material.

Poetry in any form, excepting always "vers libre," appeals in a subtle and yet most direct fashion to the mind. Whatever the mood, poetry can match it. All the arts are united in poetry, and music and drama, the twin sisters of expression, show forth their utmost beauty when wedded with pure verse. Majestic truth, sublime thought, lofty aspirations, dwell in the simple, hitting lines of many a modest bit of versification, while the enduring pictures shining through the immortal epics have inspired the most effective brushes ever dipped in color. The lyric arouses the drooping spirit, charms and soothes the weary mind, and leads the thought along pleasant channels into a realm of rest.

Even "free verse" occasionally shows forth this potency, for it may contain elements essential to the genuine. Familiarity with the true poets, great or humble, is to possess a certain resource beyond measure in price; an evidence of gentle culture on the one hand, a calm retreat where worry vanishes on the other. If more people read poetry, a lot of the troublesome conditions would disappear, because as man is imbued by the gentleness that cometh with true understanding, so is he softened in his aspect to others. Poets may also be men—take Rupert Brooke, for example—but mostly they are gentlemen.

Unless higher education is a failure, there is no need to fear that students at the University of Nebraska will fall for the Ku Klux Klan. How to sell the surplus abroad is not so much a question as how to get something for it that will buy what is wanted at home. One thing sure, the man who bobbed a girl's hair on the street and ran off without waiting for any pay was not a barber.

Those University of Nebraska boys will find plenty of use for the old cave without going into the K. K. K. mysteries.

THE HUSKING BEE —It's Your Day— Start It With a Laugh

LOVE AND LAUGH. To love and laugh—those are the things That count the most in life. The happy little bird that sings Knows naught of trial or strife; He's never downcast nor forlorn But always blithe and gay— As he goes forth to greet the morn He signs the blues away.

Though we may think a thorny road Is given us to tread, To frown won't lighten our load— But we should smile instead; And those we love will love us, too. The skies will smile above, And never will a day be blue. When we can laugh and love.

PHILO-SOPHY. Most of today's worry is caused by yesterday's blunders. Line of cheer for boys going to Kearney—Remember, the mighty mammo, who recently wrested a world's home run championship away from himself, grew up in an industrial school.

START BUILDING. Hoover is going to hold an unemployment conference. Seems like a good chance to help unemployment and the housing shortage all at one fell swoop, so to speak. If women take up smoking seriously, styles in cigars will begin to change with the seasons.

And with women serving on juries, the society editor will have to court the courts. HAVE-ANNA. The girls of today—like cigars—All puff, we call them flappers. The wives of today are like cigars. Because they come in wrappers.

A good judge of liquor nowadays is a man who refuses to drink any of it. The only thing we notice that is coming down in price is the German mark. Subjects: Hail, hail, the King! King (frostily): How dare you hail while I reign?

In a treatise on "occupational neurosis," a learned physician says a man suffering from writer's cramp has difficulty in holding a coin between his thumb and finger. Most writers, we believe, to judge from our own experience, find it impossible even to hold a coin in their pockets. Garlic, 'tis said, is good for the arteries. But what does it profit a man to gain whole arteries if he loathes all his friends?

THE PATH TO FAME. Oh, Muse, come take my hand in thine And lead me up to heights divine! My upward gaze on towering crag, My stumbling pace—not far from lag. The ground beneath my feet is rough, I am not striving hard enough, Else would I never know the rocks Have cut my feet. The high peak mocks My frantic haste; and this I know, I cannot climb that path, be fast or slow My stumbling pace—not far from lag. Until, with heart aglow, the path I understand. —A. D. G.

Of course you have your \$300 credited as being the wealth of each person in Omaha. Neither have we. Poverty may be a disease and yet one isn't allowed to take anything for it. A scientist claims that men who wear mustaches are more alert. And yet some of them get married.

Early to bed and early to rise, If it wealth and to health we aspire, Now the rubber concerns are the ones who advise That we should all early retire. Cartoonist Goldberg has a clever claim that he calls "The Meeting of the Tuesday Ladies Club," but the doings he depicts haven't anything on the Tuesday luncheon of the Lions club. Wats the lion tamer been up to now?

EFFECTS OF FREEDOM. "He walks like an emperor," commented one of our co-workers, noting a recently divorced man striding along with chin up and chest thrown out. "Or," he added as a brilliant after-thought, "like a bachelor."

"Jack Lovell brings his total of hits up to 251—which is a world's record in Omaha," George Phair in Chi. H. & E. But can anyone in Chi. beat it, or even tie it? Now that the festival is over we presume the weather will drop back to normal.

BEEN TRIMMED. What has become of the old, glad days, The days of old and dare— When the foot ball men with their smashing plays Wore long and shaggy hair? TOO LATE. Ouch: Quite a rain we had Sunday. Grouch: Yes. I suppose it kept you from church. Ouch: Nope. It didn't start until after we got there.

MIGHT COVER ALIMONY. While they are now taking out insurance against storms, why couldn't a man contract for that kind of a policy with his marriage license? CHANGE OF VIEWPOINT. The way some fellows figure now, (To make it brief and short) Is not in miles from a gallon But the smiles from a quart.

B-R-R-R-H! The sleeping porch waits With its three little beds, All standing so still in a row, The screens swung around Are open so wide To let in the north winds that blow. The awnings are still— No more they're yanked up, Midst thunder and lightning and storm, We're all in the house Where we sleep better now, Because all our tootsies are warm.

We've shivered so long Contracted such colds, As we step in that cool, healthy place— Another few weeks and I know that for sure They'd be patting the dirt in my face. —K. F.

AFTER-THOUGHT: You can't judge a man's feet by the size of his carpet slippers. PHILO.

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 statement, whereas available, is enclosed. Dr. Evans will not make diagnoses or prescribe for individuals. Address letters in care of The Bee. Copyright, 1921, by Dr. W. A. Evans.

JUSTICE FOR TEACHERS. W. S. Atwood, principal of the De Witt Clinton High school, New York City, protests that it is unfair to give a teacher a poor rating when a large number of pupils fail to make a grade, since so large a proportion of the failures are due to physical defects.

In one school four years ago a teacher got a good rating because all of her class passed in biology and another teacher a poor rating because 74 per cent of her class failed in that subject.

Investigation showed that the pupils in the first class had few physical defects, whereas in the second they had many. In the first class only 31 per cent had imperfect teeth and 50 per cent imperfect eyes. In the second, 74 per cent had imperfect teeth and 78 per cent had imperfect eyes.

The teacher's classes the intelligence is measured by the Otis test. He endorses the accuracy of these tests, saying the final results in examination in six years never varied more than 5 per cent from the predictions based on the results of the Otis mental tests.

This very striking statement is followed by another just as striking. There is a close parallel between physical defects and the Otis intelligence ratings, taking the 74 per cent unit. The better the Otis rating the better the physical conditions. The boys making good Otis ratings had an average of one physical defect. Those having very poor Otis ratings had an average of four.

A questionnaire was sent out for each pupil. The questions asked were these: 1. Eye defects, as determined by teacher with Snellen's test cards. 2. Teeth defects. 3. Hours of sleep. 4. Hours of study. 5. Number of people talking in room while boy is studying. 6. Number hours of outside employment. 7. Hours spent in other outside school. 8. Time spent in practice of music. 9. Language heard at home. 10. Place of birth of parents. 11. Educational training of parents. 12. Neighborhood, good or bad. 13. Boy's or girl's poor scholarship, such as deafness, recent operations, sickness.

Where the Otis rating, the physical examination, and the scholarship are not in harmony the explanation generally is found in the answer to some one of these questions. There were such cases as Mr. Atwood's main theme as these: A boy who failed in four subjects was found to have poor vision to see at 20 feet what he should see at 100. Another boy was nearly deaf, due to ear abscesses caused by high diving.

Take Quick Exercise. A reader writes: "All the doctors advise people of the working class to eat their lunches in thirty minutes and use the extra thirty minutes left in explaining the advantages of the lunch. That is right and wonderful for those who have one hour for lunch, but how about the hundreds who receive only thirty minutes for lunch?"

"What can one do in thirty minutes except eat? I come in to work at 8 a. m. and do not go outside of the building until 4:30 p. m. Then I am through with my work. All this time is spent indoors and my lunch has been taken in the company restaurant, which is here for service and speed. By the time 3 p. m. comes how can I help having that drowsy feeling when I am going to work?"

Try to overcome this by eating light lunches, but still it persists. In the time evening comes I am hot air soaked. Could you not get a column of your valuable space to advise us thirty minutes on the best way to keep awake and in the best physical condition? I am sure it would be appreciated.

Reply—A thirty minute lunch period does not leave much time for anything but eating. Nevertheless, a person who is determined not to blame the other fellow can pick up lots of yards in one minute or thereabouts, if he can get no more. Run a hundred peps at speed. Throw a ball ten times. Stand in the open air and breathe deeply ten times. There are lots of things that will put the pulse to jumping and flush the face. That can be done in five minutes.

Make Penalty Fit Crime. F. S. writes: "What possible remedy besides that of self-control is there for a girl of 25 who is afflicted with the tendency to curl or twist her side hair into a tight knot, which will later take a considerable length of time to unravel or comb straight again? I am often obliged to cut or tear the said hair altogether, but that does not seem to deter me from handling my locks just as soon as my hands are free. How can I train myself to self-control of my fingers when I believe I am more or less unconscious that I am twisting my hair until my attention is called to it by an onlooker?"

Reply—Devise some way of punishing yourself in addition to cutting out your hair. When you make the punishment adequate the crime will stop. Obtainable from Washington. R. W. M. writes: "Where may I obtain government pamphlets on the care and feeding of children 1 to 3 years old?"

Reply—Children's bureau, department of labor, Washington, D. C. Also write to your state and city health departments for their literature. A Change of Method. "I have noticed," remarked Bill the Burg, "that when a man gets in line for the chair he says he's done with drink forever."

"Naturally," replied the electrician. "He's going to take his juice over a wire instead of through a straw."—Washington Star. Definition of "Rail." A good many people reading the comment that the law is off on shooting rail will thereby learn that a rail may be something other than a part of a fence or a railroad.—Hartford Times.

Same Here. After taking an honest to goodness look at the observer has to admit that it is high time for the retirement of many of the straw hats now in evidence.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph. Where's the Sea Serpent? Another summer has passed without a sea serpent story. It must be that the once popular reptile has gone forever.—Albany Journal.

Expected Daily. The sea serpent is apt to arrive off the coast almost any day now to assist in bolstering up a waning summer season.—Salem News.

Eight Billion Years

(From the Boston Transcript). The researches by which two British men of science have reached the conclusion that the earth is 8,000,000,000 years old, instead of the higgarey 20,000,000 years hovey by Darwin, say of no more than idle interest to the man on the street. It matters little to him whether the age of the planet is the 6,000 years covered by the scriptural chronology, or the 20,000,000 years of Darwin, or the 8,000,000,000 years of Gregory and Eddington. It comes to very much the same thing. Already to the man on the street, the civil war and even the reign of Victoria belong to remote antiquity. A goodly number are really almost as hard to picture to the imagination as a million. What one of us alive knows who or where his ancestors of a thousand years ago were? Or who can imagine what or where his descendants of a thousand years hence will be? We used to sing a patriotic song in the days of the "Thousand Years. My Own Columbia," which assumed to open the view of the average American to the glories of a future millennial period. The song is forgotten now. The aspiration it contained was too remote for the popular interest or even the popular conception of the future. There is a strong color of probability for the estimate of the English men of science who put the age of our planet at 8,000,000,000 years. In the period of its existence the land has had to salt the sea, which at first was fresh, from its own natural salt. But first the land had to salt itself. At the ratio of the ordinary progress of such a process, 8,000,000,000 years would be required to salt the sea. But 8,000,000,000 years? Can you measure it by imagined repetitions of the known historic period? We have records of the conditions of an epoch of only some 6,000 years, and for the making even of a million years it would take 155 such epochs. Now let us take the 8,000,000,000 years of the earth with such an epoch. You are trying to measure the circumference of the earth with something smaller than your thumbnail. The imagination reels and falls before the attempt. Yet all this time it has taken the development of the earth to evaluate in your pygmy understanding—nor would anything else have sufficed for it, nor would any other natural accident than the production of just such a salt water pond as our oceans constitute have availed to breed the forms of life that evaluated in your existence.

If we have 8,000,000,000 years behind us, have we as many before us? We have not. The curtain will fall upon our race, the scientists tell us, in only an eighth part of that time. Lord Rayleigh, whose judgment on the subject is as good as that of any man alive, says that the crust of the earth will be available for human use only another billion years. Even at that, there are going to be some hard winters along in the last hundred thousand of those years. But since in only 6,000 years more, which is but the faintest dawn of the ages yet to elapse, our hardships and our Lloyd Georges and our Millerands and Mustapha Kemals will be as ancient and even as fabulous as the Egyptian kings of the oldest dynasty, whose ashes centuries ago were blown on the wind of the desert from the tombs of Abydos, we are not to be particularly about the setting of such a period. The curtain will fall on our speech, our blood, our faith and our hope, and we shall be as dead as the shell on which we live shall cease to be inhabitable.

President Right (From the Cincinnati Enquirer). President Harding is coming in for a good deal of sharp criticism from a number of distinguished editors who interpret his speech recently delivered at the War college to mean that the executive is "weakening" with reference to the scope of the disarmament conference.

Nothing could be more remote from the truth than the charge that the president is "weakening" with reference to the scope of the disarmament conference. The president's declaration are all the thousands, yes, millions, of years of dark straggling which prove him to be right. When we cease to be savages, perhaps in a few thousand or a few million years, we may desist with the necessity for armed forces.

But, as matters stand, jealousy, hatred, greed, avarice and ambitions are as much alive in the hearts of men as in the days of the auroch and the mastodon; perhaps more virulently alive. So long as man is man the agencies of force will be necessary, despite the four wishes of the idealist.

The president feels, and so said, that the time for partial disarmament is at hand. He has promised to do everything in his power to contribute to that desired consummation. He already has done much. He has not "back stepped" in any sense whatsoever. His words address themselves to the normal intelligence. They are sincere, though tinged with an immemorial sadness. "I wish with all my heart that there will be less of armies and navies. But it is perfectly futile to think there never may be armed conflict." He is right.

Usually Pays Dividends. The rush of young men and women to New England colleges continues. Education is a line of business which is suffering from any paralysis.—Manchester Union.

THE ROADS. At the time the cool of evening drove away the heat, I came to the place where four roads meet. I looked to the eastward, I looked to the west, I pondered and wondered which road was best. A long road led up the hill, with power at the top. Who undertakes to climb it must never wish to stop. A pleasant road led down the hill and it is easy to loiter when that way you pass. A fair road led seaward—oh, ships call that way. But you leave love at home when by that road you start. Men upon a thousand roads were going to a town. They looked behind them sadly when the sun went down. Oh, some passed that way, and some And for each thing they gained there was something to miss. A street was on me and I longer to turn and go. But when I had the road for me I did not know. —From the Green Road.

Archaeology in Cuba

(From the New York Evening Post). Recent weeks have again brought news of British and American archaeological discoveries in Egypt, Palestine and Greece. But our own Hemisphere also offers a wide field to deliver the fascinations of which Mexico, Central America and the southwest are well known; and new additions to our knowledge of it have just been made by a report of the Museum of the American Indian on its researches in Cuba in 1915 and 1918. The evidence it has amassed from the ransacking of caves, the dismembering of hill-locks, and the sifting of muckbeds is a curious justification of the accuracy of the heroic missionary reformer, Las Casas, as a historian. Las Casas, who went to the West Indies 10 years after Columbus discovered the new world, wrote in his "Historia" that Cuba had been populated from Haiti, "though it is true that the oldest and native people of that island (Cuba) were an exceedingly simple people called in their language Ciboney, and they that originally a wave of primitive savagism or force took possession of that island (Cuba), and had them for their servants." Some later writers have supposed that these were simply two related tribes; but the American investigations show them two distinct peoples, of two very unequal cultures.

These new Cuban researches offer a basis for plausible theory of the people of the Antilles. They suggest that originally a wave of primitive cave dwellers, the Ciboney, set out from South America and passed through the Lesser Antilles to Haiti and Cuba. They were followed by a wave of Arawak Indians, also to build houses and grow maize and cassava. The Arawak culture developed to a higher form in Porto Rico and Haiti, and finally made a conquest of nearly all Cuba, but not of Jamaica. In the third place came a wave of blood-thirsty Caribs, slaying and despoiling, who seized the Lesser Antilles, but made only piratical raids on Cuba.

Archaeology thus enables the scientist to reconstruct the history of peoples who were ignorant not merely of the written word, but of every tradition. Work such as the Museum of the American Indian has begun to do in Cuba has been done by the American Museum of Natural History—interested in both archaeology and anthropology—in various American fields, most notably in the southwest. Showing that the new world is in some ways an exceedingly old world, it reveals vistas of American history that are too much ignored.

More Pistol-Practice Needed. The experience of the postoffice authorities is that robbers fear loaded pistols in the hands of men who have been trained to shoot them.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

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