

# THE SUNDAY BEE

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The average paid daily circulation of The Omaha Bee for June, 1922, was 71,731, a gain of 12,377 over June of 1921. The average Sunday circulation of The Omaha Bee for June, 1922, was 77,034, a gain of 26,120 over June of 1921. This is a larger gain than that made by any other daily or Sunday paper.

## LABOR AND THE LAW OF GOD.

Several times since disturbed industrial conditions have attracted general attention, local allusion has been made to work as a curse visited upon man. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Admitting that man forfeited the joys of Eden, and a life devoid of toil and drudgery, through his disobedience, he gained thereby the joy he would not otherwise have known of work. Man is likeliest unto God when he exerts his creative faculty, when he makes something, fashions it with his hands, directing the tool by his brain, in which he has visioned the finished product, and bringing forth a thing of beauty, of use, of service to himself and to others. That is what work means, and it is so hard to believe that for this purpose God endowed man with the capacity for conceiving and creating?

Nor is it an especially harsh rule that was laid down by Paul in his letter to the Thessalonians: ". . . that if any would not work, neither should he eat." Paul meant, and his words yet mean, that none has a right to expect to exist solely on the efforts of others. If any appear to do, the situation is not remedied by looking on in envy and holding back because of the fact that some seem to have things easier in this world than others. More satisfaction will be gained by contemplating the mercies enjoyed and the benefits secured than by coveting the possession of another.

The law of Moses, under which Israel came to greatness, forbade the muzzling of the ox as he trod out the corn, which is easily interpreted to mean that the worker is entitled to his full share in the product of his work. Division under our industrial system is not easily achieved, yet some form of sharing has been practiced throughout all time, and in our present wage system persists the principle that governed when men were paid in kind, and actually took a portion of the product as their share of the whole.

Nothing of worth or value has been accomplished in all the upward climb of man that did not have in it the essence of human labor. Work of brain and brawn, co-ordination of mind and muscle, this is the source of wealth, of human happiness, of the truest worship of a benign Creator. Work is the magic word, the "Open sesame" before which the secret door of the unknown swings back and discloses the concealed treasure. Industry, patient and persistent, has won civilization from chaos.

God meant that man should work, not only to provide for his creature wants, but to glorify his insignificant part in a magnificent scheme, of which some of us know so little we complain that we have not been given it all. The capacity to work is divine, the will to work is inspiration, the act of work is worship.

## "PUTTING ONE OVER."

The shortest distance between two points is a straight line. That's a true in life as in mathematics. The path from "Is" to "Ought" is not a crooked one, a road of turns, dodges and compromises. If one is on a road of that description, he is not likely ever to reach his destination.

A certain exhilaration is to be had from cutting corners, skirting obstacles instead of plunging on through them, thus putting off the day of decision, and from pursuing a course of deception. A good bit of the enjoyment of such a career comes from the feeling that though danger may press close, it has been held off for the moment.

There is cleaner sport, and honest satisfaction to boot, in driving straight and true. To have conquered an obstruction and have it behind one gives a thrill that those who simply avoid such hardships can never know. Whereas each successive compromise with life leaves one weaker, each straightforward grappling with circumstances makes the other stronger.

Men sometimes boast of having "flipped something over" on others. With an ingenuity that properly directed would have carried them well along right paths, they have achieved instead some worthless and temporary victory. They do not know the day when their deed will rise up to mock them, and their triumph is on such hollow foundations that they can build nothing higher. What they regard as a short cut is only a blind alley.

Knowing that they have left behind them that which may yet reveal their devious trail, these are never entirely at ease. The joys they have known have been false, and their future holds only the hope of never being found out.

## A PLEA FOR MORE READING.

Reading is a habit with small danger of being carried to excess, most persons read too little rather than too much. There are few other leisure hour occupations that combine so well the pursuit of wisdom and pleasure.

It is a good showing that the farm homes of Nebraska make in a recent survey. Only one out of forty receives no newspaper or other periodical through the mail. Country weeklies and daily papers from the cities constitute the bulk of this matter. Three out of every four homes studied subscribes to agricultural publications.

Indication is found, however, that the children are for the most part unsupplied with such periodical literature as would best suit their taste. Only one home out of thirty-three receives a children's magazine, although there are many excellent ones from which selection might be made. Women's magazines also were found to be weak in country circulation. The homes of tenant farmers had less reading matter than those of farm owners.

According to these figures are, yet it is dis-

treating to think that for every thirty-nine homes receiving some form of periodical there is one family which has none. Such homes, whether ruled by poverty or indifference, are little better than places of exile. The best stimulant to thought there is lacking and the most broadening instrument of civilization is neglected.

## USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

A reader mildly chides the editor because of a headline in the paper in which the word "brood" was used where "family" was intended. In the strict application of etymologic rules, the use of the term as noted is both permissible and defensible, for family, flock, brood, bevy, covey, herd, pack, school, shoal and drove in primary meaning convey the same idea. It is usage that sets up the distinction and gives rise to the reflection that provokes offense when "brood" is used as meaning "family."

Not all are so careful in their selection of words as to see the point that was seized upon by our good-natured critic, for the great majority of readers would accept the appellation without question, because it frequently is so employed. The incident is recalled merely because it is typical of many similar mistakes, made not only by newspapers but by the users of the language in general. Especially is this so when people who are accustomed to express their needs or immediate comment in the short and simple terms of common use undertake to assume a more elegant or impressive manner. Lack of familiarity with the language is then the stumbling block the speaker encounters.

A word used out of place is a sorrow to one who knows the language well, while the correct use of the simple words available to all and understood by all gives delight, especially to those who know that such ability is a gift rather than an art. Yet even the dulllest may become proficient through long practice and careful study, and always, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

## COMPLICATIONS IN FICTION.

Foreign literature has interest for Americans because it is different. The characters do not conduct themselves as those in our own fiction, nor do they reason in the same way. Although translators are not always to be trusted for the faithfulness of their interpretation, yet there is usually a distinction in the style of foreign writers, as well as in the plot.

The magazine, World Fiction, has picked up from some German periodical an estimate of national literary types, running thus:

A German novel is a book in which two people want each other in the first chapter, but do not get each other until the last chapter.

A French novel is a book in which two people get each other in the first chapter, and from then on to the last chapter don't want each other any more.

An American novel is a book in which two people want each other at the start, get each other, and then want each other clear through to the end.

A Russian novel, however, is one in which two people want each other, and about this 450 profoundly melancholy pages are written.

Taken by and large, this is as near to a complete characterization as could be. The omission of the English novel may be supplied by the statement that in this a man wants a woman who doesn't want him, only to find after he gets her that while he may no longer want her she is determined to hold him.

## YOUTH ONLY PROPOSES.

The insurgence of youth has taken many forms of late. In America it has been mostly talk. Germany's youth movement has been back to nature. Italy's has developed the "cult of the deed."

When one views the fascisti who have thrown Italy into industrial and political turmoil as being for most part composed of young men, the difficulties of the statesmen at Rome are better understood. These boys were brought by the war to believe that the answer to all questions was force. The power of ideas is beyond their ken. Although they have some slight representation in parliament, they work mainly through armed bands that invade the labor halls and make bonfires of whatever is displeasing to them. Doubtless they dream of the empire that once was ruled by the Caesars, and they are ignorant enough to hope for its recovery.

If once the fascisti could unite their country under this imperialistic banner, then would the spirit become an international menace. Two things will prevent any such disaster. For one thing, the aims and methods of this ferocious group are out of date. For another, the young men themselves are growing up and so are due to undergo the cooling-off processes of maturity.

## A FLAPPER ON THE FARM.

The circumstances which led or forced a 14-year-old girl in Illinois to plant and cultivate a 40-acre field of corn are not given in the dispatch that recounts her feat. The announcement simply states that with her team of mules she is now working the field for the fourth time and that it is one of the best patches of corn in the county.

It may be that she is a heroine, coming to the rescue of a widowed or orphaned family, and it may be that she is simply a drudge, driven to the task by her parents. If any child of her age should undertake such arduous toil in the city, the humane society and the child labor officers would take a hand in a hurry.

In some parts of Europe farmers hitch, their cow and their wife to the plow. This isn't being done in America. Nor are there many young girls who are as handy with the walking plow and a span of mules as this one.

One American family of eight monopolized the London-Paris air service. If some Omaha families were taken on, the service would have to run extra sections to carry them all at one trip.

While waiting for time to go to church this morning give a thought to the Free Ice and Milk Fund. It is doing much good for the babies.

A text for today: "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein."

After today the Pickfords will get off the front page or think of something to do besides getting married.

Tuesday is scheduled to be a very important day in the industrial world, besides being the first of the month.

The patient public recalls that the country has survived a number of animated tariff debates.

Somebody ought to teach the weather man the meaning of moderation.

Lloyd George ought to let us in on the secret.

## On Second Thought

By H. M. STANFIER.  
The broad-minded see the truth in the different religions, while the narrow-minded see only the differences.

## What Other Editors Say

### Harnessing the Native Piccolo.

The world's most novel treat in radio broadcasting is in store for all the people of the United States that will be brought within hearing radius of the shrill, shrill chorus of the whistling marmots that populate the Rocky mountain slopes in Glacier National park, according to a proposal before the national parks bureau.

The plan requires a broadcasting station having a normal radius of 100 miles to be installed in favorable conditions, could be "picked up" almost from coast to coast. It would take a 200-watt set, sending on a 30-m. wave length.

The site of installation would be in the heart of the Rockies, 50 miles north of Glacier Park station, Montana, in the Cascade range. There in the recesses of the mountain fastness resides the largest colony of whistling marmots on the North American continent.

It is estimated that there are close to a million of these pretty little prairie-dog-like animals living there in dense population. On the nights of the shrill, shrill chorus of these musical whistlers, carried five miles on the rarified mountain atmosphere and tourists in the chalet camps enjoy the evening music of the shrill whistling marmots of the radio now suggests the idea of broadcasting this volume of whistling music to radio receivers as far as the waves of radio will carry it.

When the full chorus is on it sounds as if a whole city of people were playing piccolo in concert. The shrill whistling marmots will "listen in" will have no trouble to readily recognize these marmots without any preliminary announcement, even in the rocky mountain broadcasting station.

### Opera Glass Passing.

Do you remember the regular theatergoer would think of visiting the playhouse unless armed with an opera glass; when the rise of a sea of hands clutching binoculars that brought to your eyes every touch of green paint on the face of your adored leading woman or studied every crack in the scenery, everything in the world that the theater patron of today wants to avoid?

Henry M. Willard, man of the Cat and the Canary, and John Willard, author of the play, were discussing the passing of the opera glass in the other night.

"The opera glass," insisted Hull, "was a necessity when theaters were built bigger than they are now. They were used to make the theater goer see the faces of the orchestra or in the balcony or gallery the strain on the eyes of the orchestra conductor, or even the houses with biggest capacities are built differently, and the architects plan for the comfort of the patrons as well as quantity of seats."

"You are right as far as you go," agreed Willard, "but you don't get the whole picture. I'm not going so far back—the wearing of eyeglasses was not so common. The public has been taught to content itself with what it sees, and not, as then, only in the theater or at the race track."

"And then again, on the other hand, the theatergoer has more sociability at the playhouse and the folks in the audience spend most of the time between acts trying to pick out the friends in the house, and the opera glass came in handy then."

"And the patrons of the drama, in those days," said Willard, "had more curiosity about how the 'wheels went round.' Nowadays they are anxious to preserve all possible illusions."

"You're all wrong," interrupted Harry Williams, chief electrician of the theater. "Opera glasses went out with good lighting came in. In the old days there were only two kinds of light, 'on' and 'off'; now there are a hundred gradations, there's no more 'off' light."

"Why have opera glasses gone out of fashion?" asked the visitor of Tony, the stage doorman.

"Because in the old days people came to the theater to see the girls' shapes and brought their opera glasses along so they wouldn't miss anything. Nowadays there ain't no novelty."

### What One Working Man Accomplished.

From the Des Moines Capital.  
In regard to the achievements of the late Charles W. Jones, general manager of a large part of the Rock Island system, not enough has yet been said to do justice to Mr. Jones' life and character.

Charlie Jones was a working man. His industrial career began in early boyhood. Charlie Jones had but one employer during his more than 40 years of labor. His employer was the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad. He began in a humble capacity and continued in that capacity until his employer promoted him.

He never circulated petitions urging his employers that he ought to be promoted. He was that kind of a man. He was a cheerful worker.

It is needless to say that he never watched the clock. He enjoyed doing his duty and to such men duty is a joy. He felt that he was a part of the great Rock Island enterprise and he always regarded the railroad as a public institution, and that the public had claims upon every employe. His life story is ended, but in his 54 years of life and service he met the issues as they came to him and never faltered.

Mr. Jones was loyal to Des Moines, Iowa, his beloved state. For his bright eyes and warm handclasp inspiration went out to others. He always worked with his coat off, and the working man never feels comfortable excepting when he is thus stripped for the battle.

The Rock Island Lines will miss General Manager Jones. The state of Iowa will miss him. Every patriotic cause will miss him. He was every inch a man, lovable, big and strong.

### Let Vandeville Alone.

From the Dial.  
With the immortal Cholly I am inclined to say that there's a great deal of talk about the comedy dell' arte. I feel that those who are talking about it have to say music hall or varieties, who have to refer and compare and describe, are too uncertain of their pleasure in the thing itself. They are appalled by the faults in the native forms of expression, forgetting that what is native begins, and is likely to end by pleasing the natives in fairly large numbers. I do not pretend that many of the turns are not dull, and I know that the vulgarity of the dumb ones is not of the divine variety. But I remain convinced that nothing worse could happen to them, and to the excellent numbers that set off the attempt to refine them a la russe.

### If Congress Is Surplus.

The only objection to a surplus in the treasury is the fear that congress may learn it's there.—Indianapolis Star.

## Prevention of Strikes

From the Washington Star.  
When a bill introduced by Senator Borah is finally adopted as the best method of proceeding toward the object aimed at, it is, at least, a commendable first step in the right direction. The bill does not commit congress either to the nationalization or the regulation of the mining industry, but it does provide for the ascertainment of facts which it is absolutely essential congress should have before reaching a determination.

In explaining the purpose of his bill, the Idaho senator said it is "to aid in making it impossible, in the future, to have the public threatened by a coal famine, as at present." That is the uppermost demand which is in the public mind.

The public hopes to escape the sufferings which would attend a coal famine as a result of the present strike, but whether threatened or not, the public must be endured, the voice of the American people is almost a unit in declaring, "Never again!"

There will be no public satisfaction with whatever else the government may do so long as this paramount thing is left undone. And the public demands that the government should see to it that it is with respect to coal. It has been brought home to the people in a way they will not forget, that without fuel and transportation the nation cannot live.

Senator Borah has been at pains to draw this bill to provide for the capacity of the country to produce the three members provided for his commission one would be selected upon nomination of the mine owners, one by the president, and the third directly by the president to represent the public.

The nominees of the mine owners would be a man thoroughly grounded in the problems of mine ownership, and the man put forward by the unions would understand and sympathize with the difficulties and the aspirations of the workers. The president could be depended upon in choosing the public member to select a man of broad vision and understanding, who would seek every advantage for the public without infringing upon the rights either of the mine owners or the men who work the mines.

Such a commission undoubtedly would lay before congress the facts which would be necessary to intelligent legislation. Whether effective legislation would be forthcoming is another matter. Should the present strike be settled in the meantime, and especially if it should be settled before public suffering became acute, there is the chance that the commission would come again, and the present demand for action would abate. If the people want to be protected against recurring strikes they must demand that protection, not only today, but tomorrow and other tomorrows, and keep on demanding until their demands are completely met.

Congress must be made to understand that in this case the great majority of the people are united and insistent, and that their displeasure is more to be feared than the displeasure of any minority, no matter how closely organized.

### Sometimes They Are Too Short.

Anybody can fish by only a few can bring any home.—Portland Press-Herald.

## What Censorship Can Do.

From the New York Times.  
Mr. Will Hays optimistically tells Los Angeles that "censorship will fall in everything it undertakes. We are going to obviate the necessity of censorship." The logic of this is not altogether clear, but one gets the general meaning. Mr. Hays was made director, or co-director, or whatever it is, of the movie business in order to head off censorship. Champions of censorship have made that a ground of complaint. Anything that interferes with censorship is wrong, even if it removes the need of censorship. A censorship is a thing good in itself, and was to that man who makes it unnecessary.

More interesting, however, is Mr. Hays' statement that censorship falls in everything it undertakes. What does it undertake? Obviously, to censor; and it succeeds in that. It forbids the production of pictures that offend the public morals. It has succeeded in keeping the inhabitants of Pennsylvania from learning that children are born, unless they are born in the privacy of the moving-picture theaters. It has prevented citizens of Ohio from finding out that women smoke, unless they see it off the screen. It has succeeded in suppressing the fact that the Founder of Christianity was more tolerant than some of his disciples, exponents, unless that fact be learned from the printed page. It has succeeded admirably in taking out some of the little intelligence that is put into the making of moving pictures; but until it is extended to all other fields of human knowledge the public morals are still in peril. Of what use is to keep the words of a great religious teacher off the screen if they can be found in the Bible?

If the protection of public morals is thus but imperfectly accomplished, censorship has succeeded brilliantly in some other respects. It has protected the public from the field of possible motion-picture problems.

### "THE TIME AND THE PLACE"

The trail cuts clean across the hills. It cuts and dips and climbs again. The sky burns blue, the winds blow free. There's not a trace of town or men!

Up, up, you craggy, soaring steep—  
Beyond the dipping purple moor  
Blue deep that rest and welcome me  
The sky a tilted turquoise cup  
The shades to iridescent pearl;  
The winds will fling against my lips  
And clouds that race and swirl and swirl.

And quiet—God—the joy of it!  
And the glory of the rising wheel!  
No fierce staccato hammer beat,  
The ceaseless riveting of steel.

All night the swinging, silver stars,  
The moor that lies beside the sea,  
With fireflies flitting off the grass,  
Young Earth's embroidered canopy.

The scent of pine upon the wind,  
And the glory of the rising wheel!  
Then sleep, who weighs his eyelids down,  
Soft-floes, smiling, stealing rogue.

For I had meant to lie and watch  
The forest stir and the sun tall pine,  
To count each moment's toll of joy,  
Each wildwood, tameless beauty mine!

But sleep slips down, and Night slips by,  
Soft fingers on my eyelids till  
I wake and stare in swift amaze—  
The sky is one great golden flame  
Above the steaming sapphire sea.  
But oh, the longing you might share  
This sunrise miracle with me!  
—Elizabeth Newport Hubbard in the New York Times.

## WOT T' DO.



### CENTER SHOTS.

Strike and the world strikes with you; work and you work alone.—Peoria Transcript.  
Senator Watson eats meat three times a day. But this does not include the small, underized senators he sometimes nibbles between meals.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

### SAID TO BE FUNNY.

There is a plague of caterpillars on oak trees, especially in Surrey. The Forestry commission have the matter in hand. They are eating the leaves until the trees are in some cases almost bare.—Daily Sketch.

A Missouri woman asked for a divorce when she discovered her husband was an ex-croquet, but was refused. She went to the judge to know there was some period in a man's life when he behaved himself.—The American Lumberman.

Husband (after first gift)—It's a jolly job there are no meetings in heaven!  
Wife—There c-c-couldn't be, 'coz no men are there.—London Mail.

George—I put a tack on teacher's chair yesterday.  
Gerald—Did you? I'll bet he won't sit down in a hurry again.  
George—No, and neither will I.—Western Christian Advocate.

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