

THE SUNDAY BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY
NELSON B. UPDIKE, Publisher. R. BREWER, Gen. Manager.

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UNDER THE HARVEST MOON.

Now is the time of year when nature heaps with lavishness that is prodigal her treasures upon man. Springtime and summer have passed, the planting and the blossom and the growing seasons. Gentle and generous rains, and fervent heat of the splendid sun have wrought their miracles, and October sees the golden harvest, high heaped, the promise of the blooming redeemed in the fruitage of the autumn. Orchard and vineyard and field have brought forth in abundance, and the store against the approaching days of winter is ample.

And it is the season of the Harvest Moon! Summer, as if reluctant to withdraw, still may be noted in the luxurious warmth of the days, but the autumn haze is in the sky, the saver of frost is in the air, and grass and foliage are drying as the palating, sap recedes and the season of rest for growing things draws near. A super-charge of ozone is in the atmosphere, a stimulant to all who breathe, while all outdoors is an invitation. And over it all rolls the full moon, in that splendor of silver light that long ago enthralled the budding imagination of man and wgn from him the worship accorded a goddess.

Spring's wickeries are alluring and mystifying; the wonders of growth, the miracles of life renewed, awaken us each year to higher and better things. The profigate opulence of summer, whose lush charms ensnare the senses; invest us with a luxury that is not in keeping with the great plan, for in summer's glowing furnace the forces of creation are feverishly active. But autumn comes, a gentle minister, to bless man with the wonders wrought in spring's conception and summer's ardor.

And through the soft haze of the evening the dying gleams of light show with an effulgence where the gorgeous mingling of radiant colors is like unto nothing seen elsewhere on earth. Only in Nebraska in October are such sunsets given to man's delight. As the last soft tints of salmon are fading into orange, and the tender greens give way to grays in the west, the eastern sky is made glorious by the rising of the Harvest Moon!

Moon of the Lovers, too, for who could resist the impulse to tender sentiment or flight of fancy, with inspiration flowing on every ray from that silver shield? Soon our incomparable Indian Summer will be with us, with its marvels of light and joy for all, but the Harvest Moon is queen of the hour that denotes the merging of summer into autumn, and softens the thought of coming winter with the richness of its presence.

"GREATER LOVE THAN THIS HATH NO MAN."

The boys called the black waters of the abandoned quarry pit "bottomless," and yet they dived and swam there. Little Johnnie Kozine, aged 6, a good swimmer, dived and did not come up. His brother Joe balanced on the brink, and saw some air bubbles come up from where Johnnie had gone down. "Gee, I'm scared to go in there," said Joe, and then he dived after Johnnie.

THE DUTY OF VOTING.

One of the greatest of all privileges, rights or duties is that of voting. As America is the greatest of nations, American citizenship is the greatest boon civilization can confer on man or woman, for this carries with it full franchise. Yet at least half the citizens of the United States habitually disfranchise themselves. Many native-born Americans avail at the admission of foreigners, rail against the government, yet neglect to attend at the polls, the only place where a protest or criticism can be made effective.

Candidates for public office are elected by consent of the people in Nebraska at an elimination election called the primary. The interest of every citizen is involved, and each one should express his choice, as well as the primary as at the general election. No stream runs higher than its source, and no government is better than the people who make it possible. The voter who shirks his share of the responsibility is not as good a citizen as the one who does his whole duty by voting.

In 1920 the total vote cast for president was 26,786,753, yet this huge total is but about one-half the estimated number entitled to vote. Mr. Harding's unprecedented plurality of 7,000,000 is yet but a minority expression. A full vote should be cast in Nebraska this year, if only to show the sentiment of the citizens on the issues presented. If you do not vote, you accept the result of the election in advance.

ART AND THE QUID PRO QUO.

Let us pass over without much consideration the professions of automobile building and oil selling, which are reputed to net Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller \$40,000,000 and \$40,000,000 each per year, and take up some of the lesser of the arts. Harold Bell Wright modestly confesses that the production of "best sellers" turns him in around \$100,000 a year, and that his pen has so far borne fruit to the extent of \$1,200,000. Booth Tarkenton also touches the \$100,000 a year class, and Robert W. Chambers and Gene Stratton Porter admit similar incomes. In music Caruso and McCormack are said to have passed \$300,000 a year, and Farnes left grand opera because a concert tour promoter her at least \$250,000. Childie Hassam is credited with sale of pictures beyond \$100,000 in a single year in this country, and George de Forest Brush received more than half that much for four pictures he sold in America.

These figures suggest that Americans are not niggard when it comes to rewarding the artists, no matter what his line. Arthur Brisbane, an editorial writer, admits the receipt of \$100,000 annually as his stipend while "Babe" Ruth draws \$50,000, showing that the lines of humbler endeavor are not altogether unrewarded.

Some of the strugglers down at the bottom of the heap may doubt if these figures indicate proportional value, but it is a way the public has of expressing its opinion in tangible form. Also, it supports the oft repeated assertion that the man who can deliver the goods doesn't need to worry; the public is ready to buy.

WORLD NOT STANDING STILL.

A message of encouragement and cheer for progressives of all sorts of minds is contained in the letter sent to the convention of bankers by President Harding. In closing the president writes:

"There is everywhere a disposition to scrutinize, to question, to examine minutely into social and economic institutions, to interrogate methods of human integration and procedure which have been so long accepted as to have seemed axiomatic. We shall gain nothing by charging that this spirit proceeds from malevolence, and testifies a disordered state of mind.

"We ought to recognize that it largely represents a sincere wish to improve conditions. History teaches that blind effort to obstruct such movements has often produced momentary disaster, but never prevented ultimate advance. The world is too old, and ought to be too wise to resort to such tactics now. Rather, its best intelligence should be given to open minded co-operation in every earnest project of inquiry and analysis which looks to the general betterment."

Such advice should be welcomed by all, for it attempts the road to durable growth. Careful examination of all propositions, no matter how fantastic they may appear on the surface, leads to the determination of what is worthy and what is not. And the president is absolutely right when he says that the disposition to inquire and scrutinize even those things that have been looked upon as finally fixed, does not indicate a spirit that "proceeds from malevolence and testifies a disordered state of mind."

Americans are trying to find out, and they are ready to accept only such things as will test under the closest inspection. "Bunk" may be peddled, but it will have to undergo analysis before it is made a standard.

WHAT IS SPORT?

In the days when Theodora was great in Constantinople the populace centered its life about the gladiatorial games. Out of the conflicts in the sandy arena grew a bitter partisanship that colored every aspect of life. As the people divided themselves into partisans of the "greens" and the "blues" at the games, so did they classify themselves politically and even socially. Bands of young men engaged in forays about the city for the greater glory of their chosen color. Deadly feuds arose, and the whole life of the people was disordered, until the safety of Justinian and his queen was menaced.

We have our gladiators today—some of them are now engaged in the world's series—but interest is far less intense than in that distant day of the "blues" and "greens." The ancients took these contests more seriously, as was natural since life itself often was at stake. The moderns regard their games with a tinge of humor, seeming to like best of all to make jokes about them.

One of the fictions of this day is that every red-blooded man is immensely concerned in the outcome of the world series. In reality it is quite possible for one to be an ardent athlete or devotee of sport and still have little more than casual interest in these games.

This is particularly likely to be the case if one has some outdoor hobby of his own. There are many men who are more interested in their own golf game than in the score at New York. Hunters may spend more time polishing up their guns than in talking about professional baseball. Football or even "horse-shoes" may more genuinely interest others.

What probably is the case is that the world series holds more interest for the man who is not active in any sport than for one who is. Those crowds that fill the benches at the championship games are taking their exercise by proxy. By some odd twist of thought it has been made to appear in America that sitting on a cushion and shouting is in itself a form of athletics.

The spectators at the old Roman games no doubt felt very brave as they turned thumbs down and gave the signal for the stroke of death. Just so may many of their successors feel today that they are actually participating in a sporting event from the bleachers or the boxes. However, only to the extent that they are encouraged to get out and throw a ball, catch and bat, are they really entitled to be considered sportsmen.

ADVANCE IN ART OF BURGLING.

An eastern writer professes to see a considerable improvement in methods of the house burglar, and uses up many words in describing how what he calls the "dinner" burglar came up to succeed the old-time workman, to be in turn succeeded by the "gentleman" burglar.

The "dinner" burglar gains his name by reason of making his visits when the family is engaged in the dining room. His advent was not highly regarded by the elite of the burglarious guild, who rather frowned on the innovation. Yet so numerous did the dinner variety of house prowler become that he ceased to excite comment among the fraternity. Reason enough exists to think the authorities also lost interest in him, but his many victims have cause to regret his activity.

Following the "dinner" came the "gentleman" burglar. E. W. Hornung might possibly be blamed for him, as he invented Raffles to offset the Sherlock Holmes creation of his eminent uncle, then Doctor, now Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Just as the thief who took advantage of the family devotion to the dinner table became too numerous to catalogue, so the prowler who wore evening clothes, opera cloak, crush hat, cane and gloves ceased to excite because so many times multiplied.

And yet these are but variants of the time-tried and fire-tested burglar, and their methods are only modifications of the age-old ways of breaking and entering, looting and disappearing. The crude, unadorned "jag" adept in manipulating such tools as pertain to his unholy craft, and versed in the practical use of high explosive, still gets first place in police records, however much the refined variety may shine in fiction.

A Novel of Passion With a Heroine of 60

Robert Hichens Turns From "The Garden of Allah" to Tell the Romance of an Old Lady, in "December Love."

The grim tragedy of old age—of bodily old age with the heart still young—in realistic words by Robert Hichens in "December Love," his latest book, published by George H. Doran.

It is a most unusual love story in which a woman of 60 is the rival of a woman of 25 for the love of a young man of 30. Lady Adela Sellingsworth is a brilliant woman, a figure in London society. She has been a famous beauty, twice widowed and, at 49, is still clinging to youth with outward composure and inward fear. She is one of the "old guard" of London society ladies in their 40s and 50s who, by exercise of the arts of masquerade and Swiss doctors, are striving to appear and act 25.

But at 50 she no longer cares for the admiration and love of men of her own age and is attracted to her own kind. She would like to be young again and is attracted to her own kind. She would like to be young again and is attracted to her own kind.

"She considered the possibility of marrying again and of marrying a man many years younger than herself. Several women whom she knew had done this. Why should she not do it? Such marriages were common times and she had longed for a young man. But there were exceptions to every rule. Her marriage, if she made it, might be an exception. She was now only 48. (She had reached the age when that qualifying word is applied to the years.)

"When older, much older than herself, had married men her own age. She did not intend to do that. But why should she not take a charming man of, say, 29, into her life?"

One day she sees a remarkably handsome young fellow gazing at her with what she believes to be a longing to know her. Delighted inwardly, she is attracted to him. He is a young man of 29, and she is 48. She is the mystery, palpable here and there.

Here lies the tragedy. Lady Sellingsworth, again appearing as a young girl, growing older every day and in horror of the abyss of 50, yet passionately in love with Craven and feeling that he can never love her in the way that she loves him.

The tortured heart of the great lady is again analyzed in this grim situation with the remarkably sure touch of Mr. Hichens.

"It had all come back; the old, greedy love of sympathy and admiration, the old worship of strength and youth and hot blood and good looks, the old longing for desire and love, the old almost irritating passion to possess, to dominate, to be first, to submerge another human being in her own personality. After 10 years she was in love again, desperately in love.

"But she was an elderly woman now, so elderly that many people would, no doubt, think it was impossible that she should be in love. How little such people knew about human nature!

"And she was 60. "What was to be done?" Craven was certainly fond of her already. Quietly and unobtrusively that night, three women had seen and had quite understood. But in spite of that triumph, Lady Sellingsworth felt almost desperately afraid that night when she was alone. For she knew how great the difference was between her feeling for Craven and his for her. And with greater interest, that difference, she felt sure, must ever increase. For she would want or even dream of wanting from her. He would be satisfied in their friendship, while she would never know that cruel longing to touch which marks the difference between what is love and what is friendship.

"She prayed that she might feel old, so old that she might cease from being attracted by youth, from longing after youth in this dreadful tormenting way."

Meanwhile Beryl Van Tuyn has been fascinated by the "dinner" burglar, a strikingly handsome young man. His power over her becomes almost hypnotic. Already rich, she inherits 25,000 a year, and then the young man, Nicholas Arabian by name, proposes marriage after he has, apparently in purpose, compromised her in the eyes of her noble friends.

One evening Lady Sellingsworth sees this man and recognizes him as the adventurer who, years before, led her into the intrigue which resulted in the theft of the jewels.

Then comes the battle of good and bad in her heart. For she and Beryl, having been rivals for Craven, are now allies. Good wins. Lady Sellingsworth at the price of revealing her affair of a dozen years before, and at the risk of losing the affection of old Sir Seymour Fortman, her faithful admirer for 20 years, saves Beryl from the machinations of Arabians.

The author of "The Garden of Allah" and "Belladonna" has never done a better novel than "December Love." He handles the subject with a power and delicacy of touch that makes it ring true on every page. His great gift is his sense of timing, both and not his great blind. And his painting of the scoundrel, Arabian, and of Dick Garstin, the genius

AROUND NEBRASKA

Beatrice Express: A woman has been discovered in northern Nebraska who has never seen an automobile, but when she does see one for the first time she will probably consider herself entirely competent to tell her husband from the back seat, just how to run it.

Fremont Tribune: The Fremont ladies who some time ago questioned the ability of Mrs. Samuel McKelvie to "housekeep" a large house single-handed will find satisfaction in the first lady's admission to reporters that she is a "week behind in her house cleaning."

Aurora Republican: Dutch daughters are said to dress like their mothers, while American mothers dress like their daughters.

Beatrice Express: King George of England was seen at a public function the other day wearing a pearl gray derby. So he, too, makes and loses election bets, does he?

York Democrat: The sentence of the two bank officers here the past week brought to light the fact that there is a great deal of crime in this state and the prison facilities are entirely inadequate. The warden refuses to receive these two men for nearly two weeks on account of the prison being crowded and no room to be had. This, too, with about 150 prisoners in the state reformatory, who would be in the penitentiary if we did not have the reformatory. This all shows a state of affairs which is not at all reassuring.

Grand Island Independent: Representatives of the state university association and the Women's Philanthropic association at Lincoln declare the newspapers have been falsely reporting the elaborate social functions at the institution. Seems to be up to the Lincoln fraternal to put on a softer pedal or face the possibility of an injunction!

The Children's Parade. York News-Times: Friday the people of York county watched the school children parade along the main streets of York. It was an inspiring sight, for these hundreds of youth and children are the people who will take up the burdens of life and "carry on" when those now on the stage of action have passed from earth to that "more tedious realm from whose bourne no traveler returns."

The children of the country are the real folks. They have their troubles, of course, but they live nearer the natural life than any other class. The older ones wear a mask and are tied by the conventionalities. The old people have fought the battle of life, and while they are dear to all, they appear as those who have fought the fight and are waiting for the final call. Many old people these days enjoy life greatly because of modern ways of living, but the children are

One from another, each crying as he went down. To one that waited, crossed with youth take thou the splendor, carry it out of into the great new realm I must not know, into the great new realm I must not know.

The first volume is called "Watchers of the Sky" Frederick A. Stokes company. It tells the story of the great astronomer. It plunges right into the middle of things, with the revolution brought about by Copernicus. It continues with the tales of Tycho Brahe, the great Dane, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, the two Herschels and their successors right down to the moderns in the Lick observatory.

The story is a great one, of strong work done by strong men. The poem tells it in a beautiful and stirring way.

"MAN AND MATE." By Elinor Glyn. Lippincott, publishers. The most talked of book since "Main Street" is the characterization of "Man and Mate," the latest novel of the war of the sexes by Elinor Glyn, author of "Three Weeks," and recognized authority on affairs of the heart.

Sir Nicholas, titled Englishman who has won his V. C. is recovering from his wounds received in the great war, at his luxurious apartment in Paris. One of the old girls and women he attracts of his charm and physical attractions, he now holds by virtue of his unlimited fortune the affections of the "fluffies," as he calls them, all of whom seem unable to overlook the black patch over his empty eye socket, and the crutch which enables him to get about on his stump of a leg.

Soured against the peculiar motives of the feminine sex, he turns to writing a book and engages a secretary, presumably old and unattractive, who wears large shell-rimmed glasses.

In reality she is the daughter of the passionate union of a British nobleman and lady whose elopement created a scandal in society. Her assumed eccentricities fail to conceal her loveliness and Sir Nicholas falls helplessly in love.

From then until the last paragraph, the insurmountable difficulties which he overcomes, his rebirth by means of a new eye and leg, and his fight for self-control over his desire for his little secretary give Elinor Glyn her opportunity to reveal the inner workings of the heart and soul of a man in love.

Sir Nicholas tells the story in his journal.

"ALL THE WAY BY WATER." By Elizabeth Stanley Payne. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. At dusk, while anchored in Long Island sound, the skipper of a pleasure yacht is startled by the appearance of a beautiful young girl. She claims she is being pursued for a crime she did not commit and begs his protection. He takes her aboard, lifts anchor and aids in her escape.

The cruise becomes a wild chase from one end of Long Island sound to the other, with numerous boat races, gun fights, buried jewels and an abduction as exciting incidents.

from all artificiality and are frank in their talk and honest in their intentions.

It takes but little to make a little child happy and it is a wonder that more is not done toward making their childhood days free from care.

The interest shown by the parents of York county in the annual school parade indicates a well-founded interest in the welfare of the children and portends a better qualified citizenry for the future.

Shelton Clipper: There are four bushels of potatoes this year for every man, woman and child in the United States. Potatoes are cheap and by buying in your supply early you will assist the growers, who are facing a poor market. Order your four bushels now.

Friend Sentinel: Small traveling circuses have been visiting many of the towns in the state of late and many of the towns people have been robbed of their money and their self-respect as well. Out in the central part of the state our exchange tell us of how men were short-

changed and how others were compelled to pay large sums for having their "fortunes" told. Where complaints were made to the local officers of the law and demand was made on the management of the circus, the sums were refunded which proves that the grafters are a part of the circus aggregation and not merely hangers-on.

Hughville Standard: Success does not always come to him who waits. The hustler steps in between and hops it.

Nemaha County Herald (Auburn): The average politician has a poor ear for music. He cannot enjoy the harmony that emanates from the political camp of the opposition.

Nemaha County Herald (Auburn): An Auburn woman says that when her husband snored, it sounds like static interference in a radio set.

Clay Center Sun: An observing newspaper man says that too many people are convinced that all happiness is sold Feb. Detroit.

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18th at St. Mary's

A New Location for Nicholas Oil Offices—and a New Filling Station—

On October 9 the Nicholas Oil Corporation will be ready for business in its offices in the new Nicholas building at 18th and St. Mary's Avenue.

In conjunction with our new building, a new Filling Station has been built with driveways on Jackson and Eighteenth Streets. It will be open for business the day we move.

Although it is a bit early for Thanksgiving, we take this opportunity to thank our many friendly customers who have aided us and given us their hearty co-operation. Quality Products and a Service of undoubted integrity means much—but the Good Will of the Public is absolutely essential and we are thankful for having all three.

Bring your lubrication problems to Headquarters in our new office building. Our experts will gladly give you their time and knowledge—and remember—

You Are BOSS at Nicholas Stations

- *18th and St. Mary's Ave.
- *17th and Howard
- *12th and Harney
- *49th Ave. and Dodge
- *17th and Davenport
- *29th and Leavenworth
- *24th and H (South Side)
- *60th and Main (Benson)
- *30th and Farnam
- *30th and Cuming
- *38th and Farnam
- *Corner Main and Military (Fremont)

Nicholas Oil Corporation

"Business Is Good, THANK YOU"

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION
for SEPTEMBER, 1922, of
THE OMAHA BEE
Daily 72,093
Sunday 76,292

R. BREWER, Gen. Mgr.
ELMER S. ROOD, Ch. Mgr.

Starts to and subscribed before me this 24 day of October, 1922.
W. H. QUINCY,
Notary Public.

The net average daily circulation of the Omaha Bee for September, 1922, was 72,093 daily and 76,292 Sunday. The net average daily circulation of the Omaha Bee for September, 1921, was 71,447 daily and 75,447 Sunday. This is a larger total than that shown for the same month last year.

The deputy state game warden who lost a \$50 note in Omaha surely ought to know when and how to hunt for it.

The world series is a welcome respite just now.