THE SUNDAY BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

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

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LAWYER, PREACHER, PHILOSOPHER.

Lyman Abbott's active life spanned a period of world activity that in all ways, intellectual or material, cultural or industrial, outshone any similar number of years in the history of the world. He had been a participant in or a spectator to the astounding discoveries and marvelous inventions that have set the Twentieth century properly at the head of all the centuries. Religion, science, art, literature, politics, every form of human activity, was immensely stimulated during the time of this man, and man's intellect and energy brought forth wonders.

What share did Lyman Abbott have in this work? He was first a student, then a lawyer, then a minister of the gospel, and finally a great editor and philosopher. A logical mind, which had been thoroughly opened, and which never lost its receptivity, was devoted to the examination and analysis of all the great problems that arose from time to time, and a clear vision that reflected abundant faith, illuminated the writings and utterances of this remarkable man, who refused to part with his genial sweetness merely because days passed in swift flight, each bearing him a little further toward the end.

His work was not that of a doer, nor did he assume the austerity of a seer; his interest in the affairs of men was healthy and active, his opinion reasoned but not dogmatic. Such an intellectual giant is not often met, and seldom wholly appraised by his generation. Lyman Abbott was about the last of a brilliant group, whose light shone with such benefit over American thought in the days during and after the Civil war; he was spared to cover the end of one and the opening of another great era of human development, and he was able to hold his warm human sympathy for things around him to the last.

Our line of thinkers is continuous, just as is the race of creators, so that the passing of one does not denote an end to thought or advance. Yet even this does not lessen regret at the going of one who was so useful in his way as was Dr. Lyman Abbott, kindly, genial, foe only of sham, and friend to man in all his efforts to rise.

SHALL THE CLOCK BE SILENCED?

Is the tickless clock, exhibited by a German engineer at Berlin, a "boon to humanity," as described by the correspondent who forwards the news to America? Shall the boys and girls of 1950 wonder what is meant by phrases which tell of life's seconds being ticked off, or any of the countless allusions to the ticking of the clock in literature, poetry or prose, where the silence is broken only by the sound mentioned? In what words will the "sob reporter" of the period tell of the passing of the last hours of the condemned criminal, if he is not permitted to tick them off? Will baby be comforted when grandpa distracts his attention by holding a soundless watch to his ear?

What about the uneasy sleeper who lulls himself to slumber by trying to fit words to the monotonous "tick, tock," that records the passage of the weary hours, or the impatient schoolboy, who notes the slow drag of the last five minutes by the same steady note? Man records only the flight of time, for he has no command of even one tick of the clock in advance, but the pendulum records for him his progress to the day when time shall end so far as he is concerned. The tick is monotonous, merciless, inevitable, in this sense. Yet it is also an inspiration, for it urges us on by reminding us that

"Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

From the measured candle, the clepsydra, and all the primitive list of time-recording machines and devices, man has clung with fondness to the clock that ticks. It was the German who gave us the cuckoo clock; now is he going to destroy one of our institutions by eliminating the cheeriest sound that breaks the stillness of a quiet night at home? Think how you will miss the clock's tick when you awaken in the blackness of the "wee, sma' hours ayont the twal," and thank your stars for the Yankee clockmaker, whose pendulum swings with a noise like the crack of doom.

FRANKLIN K. LANE'S LETTERS.

Franklin Knight Lane was the one really constructive element in either of President Wilson's cabinets. His services prior to entering the cabinet had been of high order, and his work as secretary of the interior gained for him still more of general approbation. Twice appointed by republican presidents to a place on the Interstate Commerce commission, he yet remained a staunch democrat, and steadfastly supported President Wilson in his political leadership.

His letters, just published by his wife, are the most valuable of any of the contributions to history from members of the Wilson cabinets. Chiefly this is true because the publication is posthumous, and no expression of the writer can be twisted into an effort at justification of his attitude toward his chief. Mr. Lane did not always agree with the president, particularly on the course to be pursued prior to America's entrance into the war, but his disagreements did not lead him to the extent of opposing the plans of the executive. After our country went into the war, on at least one occasion, Mr. Lane followed his own judgment, and when Mr. Wilson declined to make public the extent of the U-boat campaign on Allied shipping, the secretary of the interior, also head of the Council of National Defense, gave out the information.

Some interesting glimpses behind the scenes are afforded by the letters, yet in no disclosure made is there any trace of acrimony. Such comment as is indulged in may be attributed to the misunderstanding of a subordinate not wholly in the confidence of his chief. For example, one of Mr. Lane's letters tells of how the cabinet discussed what ought to be said in a note, that already had been written and was in Lansing's hands to be dispatched, but the existence of which was not known to any of the others!

The human side of Mr. Lane is exhibited in the many intimate disclosures contained in letters to friends and relatives. The tenderness of these, the manly sentiments expressed, the calm fortitude with which he awaited the end that came to him at the hospital, all serve to mark him for what his life already had indicated, a man of rare qualities of heart and soul. After reading the books of Lansing, House and others who have written in self-defense, it is comforting to browse through the volume just published, and which lets a great deal of light on the human side of cabinet affairs during war time.

STUDYING NEBRASKA IN THE SCHOOLS.

The ignorance of Nebraskans upon the subject of Nebraska is really appalling. While it is true that the history of Nebraska is being taught in a desultory way, it is equally true that not enough emphasis is placed upon that study, nor is the text book provided sufficient.

Every school child in Nebraska should be taught to the fullest possible extent the glorious history of this commonwealth and the wonderful possibilities it possesses. Such instruction would build for better citizenship because it would develop a patriotism that would knit them to the soil. Born of the titanic struggle over slavery, Nebraska was in the fullest sense of the term a "soldier state."

Fifty years ago its population was less than a hundred thousand, and seven-tenths of its inhabitants were within fifty miles of the Missouri river. Men and women who have not yet reached three score and ten can remember when their school geographies described three-fourths of Nebraska as belonging to "The Great American Desert," and marked it as uninhabitable. And yet, within the short span of half a century a people whose enterprise has been beyond compare have wrested this commonwealth from the desert and made it possible for Nebraska to set records of development unequaled in history.

It produces more agricultural wealth per capita than any other state. Its per capita of farm wealth exceeds that of any other state. It stands at the very head of education. In short, of all things good, Nebraska has the most; of things bad, Nebraska has the least.

Surely a state with such a record, and with a future so inspiring, should be more carefuly studied by its own people. Would it not be a good idea to pay just a little less attention to ancient history, less attention to study of ancient Tyre and Sidon, Babylon and Greece and Rome, and give considerably more attention to studying the history and becoming more familiar with the glories of our own magnificent commonwealth?

REVIVAL OF "PUDD'N'HEAD WILSON."

Omaha is a long way from Broadway, but a radio wave may travel the distance; it is even possible that suggestion from Omaha may have some weight among the powers that be in the world of the theater down there. This is offered for what it is worth.

Many so-called modern plays have proved failures or at best short-lived successes. Their appeal has not been such as to meet the call of the public's restless mood. A rather disquieting thought is that the plays which have endured are those marked by a definite quality of depression of mood. Pretending to discuss life in terms of actuality, they take up only some detached episode, plausible enough, yet showing but a glimpse and not a cross section of society. Such dramatic clinics serve a purpose, but they do not satisfy.

Recourse is had to revivals to fill out the gaps that are left by want of new material, and, not at all strange, some of these revivals are proving really successful. Particularly on the screen have plays of a few years ago found joyous welcome from the multitude, most of whom had never seen the drama offered in any form. This thought leads to the suggestion that more of these plays might be resurrected and made use of.

"Pudd'n'head Wilson" is one in mind. It was shown in Omaha by Frank Mayo and a splendid company a quarter of a century ago; it practically dropped out when Mayo died, but it might well be revived now. Few comedies ever equaled it from the standpoint of dramatic excellence, it has an historic background, and is of such social value as to be serviceable in any epoch. Mark Twain's book still is read and enjoyed, and it does not require a prophetic gift to foretell public interest renewed in the play made by the author and Frank Mayo from that book. Dave Wilson and the Wise Men of Dawson Landing would be heartily greeted by folks who go to the theater for pleasure.

THE BASIC PRINCIPLE.

A few evenings ago we listened to a speaker who ably addressed us on present world conditions. He stated, and we think his statement is accepted by all thinking people, that the only remedy for the ills of society is Love as taught nineteen hundred years ago by the Man of Galilee.

Since we know that Love is the only remedy, why do we withhold it from the suffering patient; why not hasten to administer it generously that health may come flooding back to the weakened body and feebly beating heart? Why do we hesitate?

Because with this remedy, as is often the case with remedies in the medical world, there is a principle therein that we shrink from swallowing because it is unpleasant to the taste. In this case the principle is Self-Denial; for, after all, the basic principle of Love, the thing that makes Love possible is a willingness to forget ourselves for the benefit of others: it is the acid test of our affections.

Life is a "give and take" proposition; it is made up of many sacrifices of desires and ambitions, and as individuals and nations we must learn to contribute our share of Self-Denial before we are entitled to partake of the contribution of others, or before we demand that others make that contribution. Did not the great Teacher of Love say that "if any man will follow Me let him deny himself, and take up his cross?"

Truly, there is no other way than by Love; let us then, both individuals and nations, begin our application of the remedy by being willing to make a few sacrifices of our personal wishes for the sake of the greater good.

We thought the weather man had exhausted his stock of torrid zone climate last summer, but he seems to have had some odds and ends left over.

One thing noteworthy in regard to the Congressional Record is that it keeps pretty close track of what the members of congress are doing.

If Nebraska's wheat fields were as well cultivated as Nebraska's political fields—but, what's the use?

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea" is obsolete now.

A New Romance by Basil King

Hero Marries for Spite in "The Dust Flower."

It is not so much what we do, but how we do it, that counts, and that holds good in the writing of a book, as it does in any kitchen.

If you approach "The Dust Flower" with an intention to measure it by some pet literary standards, you are advised to abandon that idea. But if you want to read a clever, entertaining story, in which the characters are not bromidic, here is a book that will challenge your interest right from the very first chapter. Mr. King has a piquant style. He selects interesting characters, builds up extravagant situations, and he has the subtle art of sustaining these situations to a logical conclusion. The dialogue sparkles, there are dainty touches of humor, and now and then a bit of pathos.

The atmosphere of the story is electrified at the outset by two high-strung persons—a man and a woman who are engaged to be wed—embroiled in a high-powered quarrel. Rashleigh Allerton and Barbara Walbrook are involved in a brainstorm, in the Walbrook home, and during the 10th week of their engagement. They had been pals since childhood. For 10 years he had vaguely thought of asking her to marry him when it came to his seeking a wife. "Born many years after his parents had lived together childlessly he had come into this world constitutionally neurasthenic." He had a wild, harum-scarum soul, and occupied a fashionable home left by his mother.

"Without having beauty, Miss Barbara Walbrook impressed you as someone, and as someone dressed by the most expensive houses in New York." She was high-tempered, imperious, distinguished, aristocratic, intellectual, and 25.

The trouble started when Rashleigh returned from his club and made an exhibition of himself in the presence of Barbara's aunt, Marion. Barbara delivers an ultimatum, that Rashleigh must choose between his profligate companions and his fiancee. He explains that only one cocktail or one glass of sherry unseats him, while another fellow can take 10 and retain operating efficiency. He was determined to be master, and she had a similar notion.

"If you marry me, Barbara, you'll have to take me as I am, disgusting habits and all," he retorts, aggravatingly.

"But I suppose there's no law to compel me to marry you."

"Only the law of honor."

Her whole personality was aflame. "You talk of honor!"

"Yes, I talk of it. Why shouldn't I?"

"Do you know anything about it?"

"Would you marry a man who didn't?"

"I haven't married anyone—as yet."

"But you are going to marry me, I presume."

"Considering the facts, that's a great deal in the way of presumption, isn't it?"

"If it's so much presumption as all that," he demanded, "what's the meaning of that ring?"

"Oh, I don't have to go on wearing it." Crossing the room, she pulled it off and held it out toward him. "Do you want it back?"

Then we are told that the ring fell to the floor, and he called her an old maid, which she readily admitted. He refused to retrieve the ring, and he told her that he was "going to the devil," literally, and that she would have it upon her head. He said he would go out and marry the first woman who would accept his proposal. He went. We read:

"Seeing with her own eyes to what she had driven him, her heart would be wrung. That was all he asked for, the wringing of her heart. It would be a mad thing for him to punish himself so terribly just to punish her, but he was mad, anyhow. . . . It was all that life had left for him."

Well dressed, reflecting a studied selection of hat, stick and gloves; imposing in appearance, though perturbed, and with sick mind and anguished face, he decided that "age," appearance, refinement, or vulgarity," were not to be considered in his strange quest for a woman who would marry him. He wouldn't pick and choose; he would take them as they come.

Basil King's men always make good. Rashleigh did in this venture, although he encountered several rebuffs. To quote:

"She was a red-faced woman, crowned with a bonnet introduced by Mrs. Langtry in 1878, but worn on this occasion with some degrees off center. On her arm she carried a basket, of which the contents, decently covered with a towel, might have been freshly laundered shirts. Being stopped by a gentleman of Allerton's impressiveness and plainly suffering expression, her face grew motherly and sympathetic.

"'Madam, I wish to ask if you'll marry me?'"

"Even a dull brain couldn't fail to catch the words hammered out with this force of precision. The woman didn't wait to have them repeated. Dropping her basket as it was, she took to flight. Flight was the word. A modern Atalanta of Wellesley or Bryn Mawr might have envied the chamois leaps which took the good creature across the grass to the protection of a man with a lawn mower."

He suffered a second and a third rebuff and, then along came Letty, who on the morning of that day had been turned out of her home by a cruel stepfather. Fortunately for the purposes of this story, Letty sat on an end of a certain bench in a certain park, and Rashleigh sat on the other end of the same bench in the same park.

"I don't want you to get me wrong,' he explained. "It's not a question of my marrying you in particular. I've said I'd marry the first girl I met who'd have me. I'm not looking for a wife. I only want a woman to marry—a woman to whom I can point and say: See there! I've married—that! It'll mean no more to you than a part they'd give you in pictures—just a role—and pay you a lot better. You'd have your own room. I shouldn't ever interfere with you. You'd hardly ever see me."

Rashleigh married Letty, "the dust flower," from "a mean house in a mean street," of one of the poorest districts of New York. Did Barbara or Letty gain his love? You will have to read the story for yourself. The story is worthy of the author of "The Street Called Straight," "The Empty Sack" and "The Inner Shrine." You will be pleased to meet Henry Steptoe, the butler, in "The Dust Flower." Mr. King will lead you right on from the first chapter through a charming series of incidents and dialogues. And it all turns on the fact that Rashleigh would not pick up the engagement ring from the floor and return it to Barbara "with a kiss and perhaps a chress."

"THE DUST FLOWER," by Basil King. Illustrations by Hibbard V. B. Kline. Harper & Brothers. E. B.

The Bee Bookshelf

"APPRAISEMENTS AND ASPERITIES," as to some contemporary writers, by Felix E. Schelling, Ph. D., LL. D. J. B. Lippincott company.

This is a series of 32 articles which first appeared in the Evening Public Ledger of Philadelphia. It is a volume of contemporary comment on what is going on in poetry, drama, the essay and criticism. The author holds that the first qualifications of the critic is an open ear, the second an open spirit. The book will appeal to the discriminating reader. Dr. Schelling is recognized for his scholarly ability. He knows that root of all that we are is in the past; but he is ever ready to welcome the good in the newest of the new.

A few subjects of his articles in this book are given for the information of those who may be interested in this worthy compilation of a man of letters:

"Prof. Santayanna on American Opinion," "A Breath of Fresh Air on Education," "The New Stone Age," "The Veritable Queen of English Fiction," "The Stage From Betterton to Irving," "The Emperor Jones," "Mr. Drinkwater's 'Mary Stuart,'" "John Masefield and the Key Poetic," "Joseph Conrad on Life and Letters," "As to American Drama."

LIFE AND LETTERS OF FRANKLIN K. LANE, compiled and edited by Anne Wintermute Lane (his wife), and Louise Herrick Wall. Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston.

A volume of nearly 500 pages, made of letters that are in a full sense autobiographical, for they contain the frank expressions of the writer, who was secretary of interior for eight years under President Woodrow Wilson, compiled and edited by his wife, is a notable contribution to the literature dealing with one of the remarkable epochs in American history. It has a distinct advantage over other publications that deal with the subject of the Wilson cabinets, for its contents are made up from documents not written for public perusal. Nor had the writer quarreled with the president at any time, so there was no need for his setting out to prove his own case at the expense of the executive. Any criticism of policy pursued, therefore, is the expression of a man who differed with his chief in opinion, but whose sense of loyalty to his superior is strong enough to hold him to the course, and this he could do without sacrifice of any part of his own sensibility.

"We have had to push, and push, and push, to get him to take any forward step," Mr. Lane wrote to his brother after the cabinet meeting on February . . . 1917. He comes out right, but is slower than a glacier—and things are mighty disagreeable when anything has to be done." This is perhaps the severest stricture Mr. Lane passed on Mr. Wilson.

Generally the war period is dealt with in similarly open fashion, for the secretary was writing to those he could trust and to whom he could open his heart. Other letters show the many-sidedness of the man, his keen interest in general politics and the affairs of the world, and his tender sympathy for those in distress. His own beliefs he discloses with freedom and clarity, so that those who really knew him were not at all surprised at the message found unfinished at his bedside, when he passed on during the night of May 17, 1921.

In her preface, Mrs. Lane tells of her husbands letter-writing habits:

"His letters are peculiarly autobiographical, for whenever his active mind was engaged on some personal, political or philosophical problem, his thought turned naturally to that friend with whom he would most like to discuss the subject, and if he could possibly make the time, to him he wrote just what thoughts raced through his mind. . . . At home on Sunday morning before the fire he would often write many letters—some of them 20 pages in length, some mere scrappy notes. He wrote with a pencil on a pad on his knee, rapidly stripping off the sheets for me to read, in his desire to share all that was his, even his innermost thoughts."

These letters will be of value to the future as well as to the present, for they disclose not only the manner of man Franklin K. Lane was, but throw some bright beams on the men with whom he moved and worked. McC.

"IMPROMPTU MAGIC WITH PATTER," by George DeLawrence. Illustrated by Harlan Tarbell. T. S. Denison & Co., Chicago.

The author of this interesting little volume has been a society entertainer for many years. He offers 24 tricks with complete instructions and conversational accompaniment for the performer when giving his entertainment. In a foreword Mr. DeLawrence writes: "While this volume of simplified magic is intended for the beginner who wishes to achieve sleight-of-hand effects without being obliged to spend much time in study and practice, it is hoped that the book will be of interest and value to my fellow professionals as well."

"MY AIN LADDIE," by David Dorley. The Stratford Company, Boston.

The publishers did not misrepresent when they announced that this little book is: "A pathetic love story that yet steers clear of sentimentalism. Intermingled with love and pathos is humor of the finer sort." The book is in fact a series of letters exchanged by Laddie and Claire. In the introduction the author states that he is Ladd's literary executor.

FIRE CASTLES, by Maurine Hathaway. Stewart-Kidd Company, publishers.

Such poetry throws a golden ray of sunshine across the threshold of the saddest heart. The keen way in which the author expresses in true, poetic rhythm, the simple, every day things of life; her remarkable versatility and her plain, human style, all go to make it a huge success. Every line carries a thought, and every thought is clean, wholesome and sweet.

The American home series of pamphlets deals with the problems of parents, offering practical suggestions for child training. The titles of these little booklets, which are issued by the Abingdon Press at very low prices, follow:

The Nation's Challenge to the Home, How One Real Mother Lives with Her Children, Parenthood and Heredity, The Roots of Disposition and Character, The First Year in a Baby's Life, Thumb Sucking, The Education of the Baby Until It Is One Year Old, First Steps Toward Character, The Second and Third Years, The Education of the Child During the Second and Third Years, The Mother as Playfellow (Years One, Two and Three), The Problems of Temper, The Problems of Fighting, The Government of Young Children, The Punishment of Children, The Home Kindergarten, The Religious Nurture of a Little Child (Years Four and Five), The Nervous Child, On Truth Telling and the Problem of Children's Lies, The Government of Children Between Six and Twelve, The Dramatic Instinct in Children, Dramatics in the Home, Table Talk in the Home, Sunday in the Home, A Year of Good Sundays, The Picture Hour in the Home, Story Telling in the Home, Music in the Home, Training in Thrift, "What to Say" in Telling the Story of Life's Renewal, Sex Discipline for Boys in the Home, Youth's Outlook Upon Life, Building for Womanhood, Rhythm and Recreation, The Home and Moving Pictures, Worship in the Home, The Use of Dolls in Child Training.

AROUND NEBRASKA

Friend Telegraph: Don't aim too high if you want to reduce taxes. See that your school, city and county boards reduce expenses and lower taxes. Do this, and state taxes will automatically come down.

Pierce County Call: The daylight savers should have thermometers registering 10 degrees lower, so they would be cooler.

Sidney Enterprise: Women and Indians bare their chests, wear beads, put feathers in their hair and paint their faces, but the Indian refuses to wear galoshes.

Gothenburg Independent: It used to be a game of seven-up with a bottle of Scotch on the side. But now it is bridge with sour potatoes and meat loaf on the side, middle and both ends.

Beatrice Express: A Crab Orchard farmer has named a cow America, because she has gone dry.

Grand Island Independent: Eastern newspaper correspondents have saved us again. We of Nebraska have now quit burning corn!

Aurora Republican: While talking to a farmer the other day he raised the question of why the city of Aurora and the incorporated towns would be permitted to vote on the question of Sunday baseball in the county outside of the towns, when the famers would not be permitted to vote if the question came up inside the corporate limits of the towns. No doubt good arguments could be brought out on both sides of a question like this, as both the towns and the country precincts are just one big community, and it makes very little difference to either whether a ball game is played inside the corporate limits of a town or just adjoining it.

Scotia Register: Nebraskans have a right to be proud of the fact that their state does not owe a penny of bonded debt. It was a wise precaution on the part of the men who wrote the state constitution.

Norfolk News: A California man says he can take the "kick" out of wine by magic. His next problem is to find someone who wants the "kick" taken out of his wine.

Seward Blade: The democrats pretend to oppose the code—but they don't—they do oppose a republican state administration. If Brother Charley is elected governor notice how the democratic politicians will hustle for the code jobs. They misrepresent taxation, but can not fool the voter, who knows that $2,000,000 for which we are taxed is for soldiers' relief; $3,000,000 of the $5,000,000 to build a new capitol is already paid, and the millions for highways has been well spent. State taxes are now one-third less than two years ago. It's your school tax that boosts your tax.

Blue Valley Blade, Seward: Close your mufflers—Charlie Bryan's little kitty boom for governor is dying!

Charles Bryan has as much chance of being elected governor as we have of securing a supply of Pennsylvania anthracite—no chance!

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Hewitt—The devil never takes a vacation.

Jewett—And Cupid always wears his working clothes.—Columbit State.

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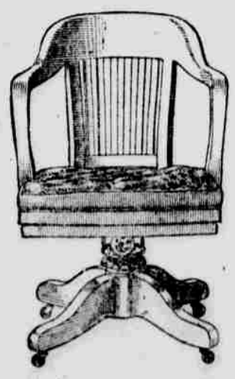

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Sunday 76,202

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ELMER S. ROOD, Cir. Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3d day of October, 1922.
W. H. QUIVEY,
(Seal) Notary Public

The net average daily circulation gain of the Omaha Bee for September, 1922, was 12,216 over September of 1921. The net average Sunday circulation gain of The Omaha Bee for September, 1922, was 17,949 over September of 1921. This is a larger gain than that made by any other daily or Sunday Omaha newspaper.

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