

THE SUNDAY BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY
NELSON E. UPPDIE, Publisher, B. BREWER, Gen. Manager.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
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Private Branch Exchange, Ask for the Department AT 1211 or Person Wanted. For Night Calls After 10 P. M., 1000
Editorial Department, AT 1211 or 1042.

OFFICES
Main Office—15th and Farnam
Co. Office—18 and 20th Sts., W. Cor. 24th and N
New York—236 Fifth Avenue
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THE SOUL'S ASPIRATIONS.

One morning last week an Omaha lecturer discussed the modern drama, reviewing certain recently published books and certain plays that have been well received. She found that, agreeable to Dr. Ludwig Lewisohn's work,

"... we know there is no God, and therefore there can be no such thing as retribution or punishment, nothing but a logical sequence of events. There is no moral order and man has no will, he being a combination of complex, but a free moral agent, but the result of inheritance and other influences which make up his psychology."

Such a belief may comfort the individual who is unwilling to take any responsibility for his own conduct; who wants to be governed by his whims, his passions or his appetites. It will not do for the one who is serious and courageous. The premise that "we know there is no God" is an absurdity, for we know there is a God. Knowledge of God rests on faith, not on a scientific fact nor a logical conclusion. "Faith being where reason sinks exhausted," wrote Albert Pike, half a century ago, and Charles P. Steinmetz has recently written similarly, substituting science for reason.

The thought that rejects God and accepts a theory of conflicting complexes in lieu of the free will of man is superficial, lacking depth and failing of conviction. The profoundest of students, in all ages and among all races, are agreed on the great central point, that God does live. Some dispute as to free will and other elements of dogma or doctrine has always prevailed, and maybe always will, yet a great mass of sound philosophical thought supports the belief that liberty in man is the genesis of immortality, and that that liberty is free will, under which man works out his own salvation.

Plays that present to us "only the forces of man struggling against the things around him" will fail, because they do not rest on the only foundation that endures. It is easy to hail

"... man, the plerum of a day,
Spouse of the worm and brother of the clay."
Such salutation answers none of man's aspirations. Let us turn to a statement by Albert J. Beveridge, as good a guide as Dr. Lewisohn or any of the dramatists of today. Mr. Beveridge says:

"If I wished to be a lawyer, I would study the Bible. If I wished to be a business man, I would study the Bible. If I wished to be an editor—above all—I wished to be a reporter or correspondent—I would study the Bible. If I wished to be no more than a modern politician, clever, resourceful and adroit, I would study the Bible. And statesmanship without intimate knowledge of the Bible is an absurdity—it is a contradiction in terms."

"If I were a laborer with my hands, if I were a tiller of the soil, the Bible would be still more essential to my every mental, spiritual and even physical need. For it teaches us to cast out envy and hatred, proclaims the nobility of toil and declares that the only way upward is through the joy of superior achievement and the beatitude of utmost intelligent effort."

THE REAL SANTA CLAUS.

A little boy in a western Nebraska town came running home from school the other day, and between sobs told his mother that teacher had just told her pupils that "there isn't any Santa Claus."

"And there is a Santa Claus, too; isn't there, mamma?"

Of course that mother hastened to assure her little son that there is a Santa Claus. And of course the teacher deserves to be disciplined for trying ruthlessly to destroy one of the most beautiful illusions of childhood. There is a Santa Claus—a living, breathing, loving Santa Claus who loves children and delights in giving them pleasure. To little children he is a real personage; to folks grown up he is the personification of tenderness and goodness. He makes his home in the hearts of all men and women not wholly given to selfishness and miserliness; and his playground is in the hearts of innocent childhood. He carries the master key that unlocks all doors so that love and kindness may enter in, and the radiance of his smile makes bright the most sordid places. All he asks is opportunity to be your almoner, to make it possible for you to share your blessings with those less fortunate than yourself. He is everywhere if men and women will but make him welcome.

Santa Claus was born the very day that man gave thought to the sorrows of his fellows. He will live as long as there is an unselfish thought in the world, despite the efforts of maudlin reformers to bury him.

REVIVE THE SMOKEHOUSE.

The present generation is too much given to living "in can or carton." The "smokehouse" so familiar when the present generation of gray-haired men and women were boys and girls is almost as extinct as the dodo. Forty or fifty years ago the family that did not butcher and cure a hog or two and "put down" a supply of winter vegetables and apples in cellar or cave, was deemed improvident. Then mother thought of donning her sun-bonnet and tripping down to the grocery with a market basket on her arm and buying the day's provisions that could not be produced from the home garden.

It's very different now. The market basket has disappeared, and in its place we have the auto delivery. We buy our crackers in fancy cartons and our fruit in gaudily labeled tins. Farmers drive their hogs through their market town and ship them a few hundred miles, and then they and their town cousins have the smoked hams and the cured beans shipped back over the same route.

Fully one-half of the living expenses of the average small town family go towards paying freight charges and the cost of gaudy labels on tin cans and fancy cartons. And just so long as people insist upon doing that sort of thing they really have no right to complain of the high cost of living. How long has it been, dear reader, since you saw sweet corn drying on the roof of a Nebraska shed? How long has it been since you smelled the pungent aroma of the smoke that cured a home grown ham or side of bacon? It might be well to ponder on these things and then inaugurate a movement back to the simpler—and in many ways better—life.

TIME FOR CHANGING CONGRESS.

The Constitution of the United States provides that congress shall meet once each year, on the first Monday in December, unless some other day is designated by law. Since 1804 the constitution has designated March 4 as the time for the expiration of the presidential term and the commencement of the new term.

Now, as has happened several times in recent years, a move is being pressed to have the term for which congress is chosen end soon after the general election at which members are chosen. Reason for this is that the election usually turns on issues raised in connection with acts of congress, and an adverse decision by the voters should be accepted as ending the service of the lawmakers so re-elected. Presumably the date for ending the presidential term should also be set forward.

Many good reasons can be urged for making the change. Chief among them is that a discredited congress should give way at once to its successor. Whether the country suffers materially or at all because of the delay is debatable, but the possibility is present. New members of congress elected in November, 1922, will not regularly convene until December, 1923, or thirteen months after election. No public interest can conceivably be harmed by shortening this gap. If the incoming congress were to meet within one month after election, its service might be more notable.

For one thing, the change might lead to a desire on part of the members to get their business finished before election. Under existing conditions many measures are purposely delayed as a course of expediency. Harmful legislation could be sooner corrected, and the government, at least so far as its law making branch is concerned, would be more immediately responsive to the people, who finally are the government of the United States.

That the terms of the incumbents would be shortened by three months, if the date is set for terminating the same in December following election, is a detail easily disposed of. In the case of the president, an amendment to the constitution will be needed, for the date is now set for inauguration of the new president on March 4.

Casual examination of the plan suggests that it has advantages that more than offset any inconvenience that might arise from making the change.

HUMBLE BUT HIGHLY HONORABLE.

Several of our contemporaries are carrying as front page item a dispatch from Parsons, Kan., which reads:

"Although the first lady of the land in prospect, Mrs. Jonathan M. Davis, is not letting it interfere with her duties as rural correspondent for the Bourbon County News. This week the News carries the Bronson items, with Mrs. Davis' name at the head."

"First lady of the state," forsooth, may be the governor's wife, but she shows her excellent taste in holding on to the job of writing the neighborhood chronicles for the home-town weekly. Nothing could add to the importance of that position. Humblest position, perhaps, in the army of journalism, yet honorable, and vital to the success of the enterprise.

It is the country correspondent who tells when Si Hoskins goes to town, or when his baby requires the service of the doctor, or his daughter runs off with the hired man. Also, when Si's prize pig gets a blue ribbon or his wife goes to a dance at the schoolhouse; when anything happens or doesn't happen, the neighborhood correspondent tells about it. If it is sufficiently imposing, the local editor takes it up, and, if beyond his power, the metropolitan reporter is called on the job, and, if the event is of nation-wide scope, the Associated Press sends one of its impartial news writers to take care of it.

But it is the neighborhood correspondent who first "plops up" the information, and gives the impetus that moves the whole world of journalism. "The first lady of the state" will never be more useful in Topeka than she was in gathering up the gossip and chat around her home section for the paper she served as neighborhood correspondent at Parsons.

THE TOURIST'S CAMP.

The west has always been lauded for its hospitality, and Nebraska has proven that she deserves her share of the praise in the well equipped tourist camps, provided by the many flourishing towns along her state highways.

There is nothing gladdens the heart of the traveler, looking for a site upon which to pitch his tent and thus provide a lodging for the night, like the big sign, "Welcome. Come Again," seen at all entrances to these modern little villages. That homesick feeling gradually disappears as he feels that brotherhood of man which makes the whole world kin.

As he drives through the streets, he again realizes the kindly interest the inhabitants feel toward the stranger, as hand after hand is raised in kindly greeting. He enters a store and is waited on by proprietor or clerk, with the same consideration that is shown to a valued local customer.

This open-hearted manner of the people of a city makes most of the transients feel that they would be betraying a trust should they disregard the request of the signs on all camp grounds to clean camp site and extinguish all fires before leaving.

Just what the trouble in Salvation Army circles is the public has not been advised, but the Booth family seems to be in disagreement over some point of discipline. We hope that nothing happens to silence the bass drum and tambourine, nor to check the "soup, soap and salvation" program.

"Jim" Mann was a big figure in congress, a leader of force and determination. His name will be associated with a number of pieces of law-making that are enduring, and will be written in the list of those who served their country well.

Oklahoma refuses to dry up at the command of the Volstead officers, but that outfit always was cantankerous. A way may be found to bring them into line.

Mexican police are brusque, almost to rudeness in their ways, but the people can not always be quelled by such methods.

Prof. Tiernan may not be crazy, but he certainly has established a fair cause to accuse him of being "nutty."

Omaha's well known climate is standing the test admirably this year.

A little of the Christmas spirit might help at Lausanne.

The reckless driver will not speed any while in jail.

"Uncle Wacora" is letting the world know early.

Northward the Course of Empire

Arctic Explorer Writes Fascinating Account of Possibilities in Arctic Circle.

The northern regions are the hope of relief from the overcrowding that is menacing our times. Already a solution of the meat shortage is indicated, and other ventures are being undertaken. The healthful, stimulating, livable, fruitful north is to be captured by pioneers, even as was the west, so that men may increase their territory and further state off the race between food and population.

These are the original themes of "The Northward Course of Empire," by Vilhjalmur Stefansson (Harcourt), a fascinating book, written with all the zest of a newspaperman and a partisan by the foremost of living Arctic explorers. This brilliant, hardy scientist shows that, since history began, the centers of civilization have been moving northward. And he has undertaken to inform the American people about the true north and serve as a professor of unlearning in the regions of the many false notions which are held by most of us concerning the north frigid zone.

What is this fruitful, livable north of which he writes? He tells us that it is mostly prairie land, covering the greater parts of Canada and northern Russia, the greatest grassland area in the world. There are more than 200 species of flowering plants, a variety of the Arctic Circle, to say nothing of the vegetation usually associated with the region. True, says Stefansson, the northern forest, but this he considers an advantage for the purposes to which this area will be used. The greatest enemy to vegetation, drought, is absent. Transportation is fairly easy; in the winter by sledges and tractors, in the summer by the rivers and water. Railways, he thinks, will grow up. The north is not the cold, dreary, uninhabitable place of which most of us have heard. It is not, except in a few spots, colder than many cities in Montana and the Fish Lake valley in the Spirit River country of Canada, with Caribou lake in the scenery. Bela, half-breed Indian girl, is the central figure. Her white father died two months before she was born and her mother took out to herself a second husband, Charley Whitefish, an Indian. The mother mingles her life with the Indians, while Bela's white blood gives her an urge to seek the whites rather than the Indians. The girl, who is beautiful and skilled in woodcraft, becomes enamored of a cook who is with a party of whites who are after a land claim. The methods she adopts to get the cook are indeed terrifying. The story has some humor and here and there a touch of pathos. An interesting character is Musquosis, hunchback Indian, who promotes the affair between Bela and the cook. Mr. Footner has a talent for stories of the great outdoors of the rugged outposts of civilization.

George S. Chappell is credited with being none other than Dr. Traprock of the Kawa, that delightful satirist and monumental prevaricator. In the customary manner of his little book, "Halls in Society," a take-off on the beloved classic of a childhood that is past. Published by Putnam.

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"The Second Flowering," by Samuel Gordon, is a mystery story centering around the disappearance and return of an unloved husband. Published by the Macaulay company.

In "Fair Harbor" Joseph C. Lincoln spins the hilarious yarn of a skipper who becomes manager for a home for the wives, sisters and daughters of sailors. His experience is as stormy as any he ever had known at sea, and readers will laugh even at his misadventures. Published by D. Appleton & Co.

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The search for happiness is the theme of Jeanette Mark's play, "The Sun Chaser." Its amateur centers about the strange life of a village drunkard. Published by Stewart Kidd.

Henry Herbert Knibbs is a poet of the west as well as a novelist. "The Song of the Mountains" is a collection of verses which picture the great outdoors of the range, desert and mountain. Boston.

The Bee Bookshelf

"IN MEMORIAM AND OTHER POEMS," by Martin Feinstein. Thomas Seltzer, New York.

There is a quality of beauty in Mr. Feinstein's verses which makes one pause with tenderness to find the proper words of description. The poet has a subtle power of probing deeply into human motives, aspirations, joys and sorrows. Some of his verses have a touch of humor. His "Maulawiyah" reads:

Round and round and round,
The world's a top,
Spun by seven devils.
Round and round and round,
The world's a devil,
Spun by seven devils.
Round and round and round,
The world's a woman.

"In Memoriam," one of the great poems of the world, is the first number of this volume. This poem won the nation's poetry prize. Mr. Feinstein is a lyric singer of many moods and thoughts.

"THE HUNTERS," by Halbert Foster. James A. Mearns Company, New York.

This is a story with a setting in the Fish Lake valley in the Spirit River country of Canada, with Caribou lake in the scenery. Bela, half-breed Indian girl, is the central figure. Her white father died two months before she was born and her mother took out to herself a second husband, Charley Whitefish, an Indian. The mother mingles her life with the Indians, while Bela's white blood gives her an urge to seek the whites rather than the Indians. The girl, who is beautiful and skilled in woodcraft, becomes enamored of a cook who is with a party of whites who are after a land claim. The methods she adopts to get the cook are indeed terrifying. The story has some humor and here and there a touch of pathos. An interesting character is Musquosis, hunchback Indian, who promotes the affair between Bela and the cook. Mr. Footner has a talent for stories of the great outdoors of the rugged outposts of civilization.

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AROUND NEBRASKA

Fairbury News: At Sidney there was organized last week "The Better Cheyenne County Association." A prominent farmer was chosen for president of the organization and a prominent banker was elected secretary-treasurer. All the leading industries of the county are represented on the board of directors. The objects of the association are, "to unite all business and agricultural interests in the county for making surveys of conditions affecting the agricultural industry and where unfavorable conditions are found unfavorable, to find and apply a remedy."

York New Teller: The state board of control is entirely right in thinking that the dependent children of Nebraska should be given a country home and not kept in the city, even though the city be no more crowded than Lincoln. There are advantages in the training farm life, though it be institutional farm life. Care can give which cannot be commanded under other conditions. But it is a poor year to ask for money to take a farm and all members of the legislature and all officers, regardless of political affiliations, elected on an economy platform the chances for appropriations for this, or other additions to the plants of charitable institutions, is not of the best.

Friend Sentinel: The little maiden who used to sing "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now" standing at the saloon door, is now found at the golf links singing the same song.

Stromberg Headlight: A road sign says "Drive Slow, You Might Meet a Fool." One paper suggests that a better sign would be "Drive Slow, Two Fools Might Meet." There is a whole lot in the last because if one is speeding on any other than a straight road, one is foolish. If a driver does not slow down to meet another driver, he is also foolish because one never knows just what the other fellow might do, or what might happen to your own, or his machine, at the meeting point. It is appalling to read of the number of accidents that daily appear in the papers, and when one realizes that most of them could be

"A Minister of Grace," by Margaret Wilder, is such a book as gladdens the heart and sweetens life. One can compare Rev. Dr. Blanton with that figure of another such romance, Dr. Lavenard, without depreciation of this new series of stories.

"Having Brothers and Nieces," said Dr. Blanton with transparent mournfulness, "is a profession, not a taste." There were, of course, many calls from his parish, but the chief draw of his life seemed to center about his young relatives. It has been a long time since there has been a character as whimsical and altogether charming as the wise pastor, who soothes tragedy, calms passion, sustains and solves all sorts of human tangles for the younger generation. Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

"The Clash," by Storm Jameson, is a vivid presentation of the contrast in English and American temperament. In wartime, an American meets an Englishman and there results an episode of love which ignores the fact that the lady is already a wife. Published by Little, Brown & Co.

"The Three Lovers," by Frank Swannerton, is a light and tripping romance dealing with the heart of a girl and its adjustment to an unfamiliar life in the struggle of the three men who attract her. Published by Doran.

"Jack and I in Lotus Land," by "The Lady of the Decoration," Frances Little, is another chatty story of the orient in the same attractive style as that which has made its predecessors so popular. It is a love-it tone, sentimental and satisfying. Published by Harper & Brothers.

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avoided, it makes one wonder why so many value life so lightly. Almost every driver who gets into an auto accident declares that he was not driving over 20 miles an hour, and it is really remarkable how many auto accidents occur at a speed less than 20 miles an hour, if the driver's testimony is to be relied on.

Beatrice Express: Life is getting to be just one peace conference after another.

Grand Island Independent: We are forever searching among the stars to discover kings, when they are far oftener found in cottages in the valley.

A Full Chest

From the Rocky Mountain News.

It is to the very great credit of the citizens that by their generosity they have started the community chest experiment here free from handicap. Throwing in charge of the new plan a substantial sum as requisite for the charitable and philanthropic work to be undertaken for the year and the amount asked for is assured so that it will not be needful to scale down the various institutions joined with the chest and there will be no excuse for them in seeking additional aid from the public during the period. At the heart of the community chest idea is the one thing needful, that the undertaking be done when it is completed and there be no supplemental calls. The subscribers gave once and they gave well.

The campaign conducted by the public-spirited men and women who initiated the "chest" plan has been of especial good to the whole community, as it has brought the people closer together. The cause was a good one and it opened the heart and cemented a bond among those who took part in it and made the whole community better for it. The cause of charity is a gainer. The community chest plan reduces overhead and duplication and the officers in charge of the different bodies associated with the main organization know at the start the amounts they have to spend during the year. The community chest has come to stay.

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THE sorrow can only be erased by time; the responsibility can be lifted by us.

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Printed and published before me this 3d day of November, 1922.