

THE SUNDAY BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

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PURE RELIGION AND MERE DOGMA.

Interest has been stirred up by the action of a New York minister, who has renounced the creed of his church, and yet declines to surrender his pulpit at behest of his bishop. The controversy serves a greater purpose, however, for it must remind all who think that religion is not a matter so much of acceptance of a dogma as it is of man's relation to God.

One of the earliest of ideas clearly defined in the mind of man had to do with the conception of the Creator. It grew as the intellect expanded, assuming the form of a conviction rather than a belief. Faith in God is the common portion of all mankind, civilized or savage, enlightened or benighted, and from this common root all the religions of the world have sprung.

It is not surprising that many creeds have been developed, that many dogmas have been constructed, for man's mind has been occupied with this subject more than with any other, and properly so. Disputes have been continuous as to the merits of varying forms of worship, just as they are today. The pagan marvels at the lack of unanimity among Christians, just as the latter are amazed at some of the opinions of the former. This confusion of confessions has had much the effect of a confusion of tongues at Babel, it has kept men apart, and is keeping them apart.

Nonessentials that only serve to separate the sects might well be cast overboard, for the purpose of making room for the creed that mother taught and still teaches her children. "Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God like a little child shall not enter therein," was the word of Jesus to His followers. He laid down no tests of metaphysical mystification, no requirements of dogmatic formula; simply to accept, to believe, and to be saved. That is what mother teaches the prattlers, that is finally what every man or woman carries through life. Profession of adherence to one or another creed carries with it the obligation to support or defend that creed. When the conscience is no longer satisfied, it is correct to seek consolation in another, if needed, but the great fact of God and all that it contains shines clear through all the creeds, is above all creeds, and rare indeed is the individual who does not hold to it as an unshakable anchorage for the here and the hereafter.

One man should have no right or authority to impress his religious views on another; any man should have the right and full opportunity to teach what he believes is true religion, so long as it is not repugnant to all religion. And, granted these rights, no man should abuse another for exercising them. After all, the sects expect to meet in Paradise, and it might help a little if they got closer together on earth.

POET OF THE PEOPLE.

One hundred and sixty-four years ago, come Monday, was born to a cotter of Scotland a man-child whose name is immortal, if such may be said of the name of any man. Robert Burns came into life under circumstances that did not promise much besides an unbroken routine of sordid toil, with no reward save scanty fare and insufficient shelter. Indeed, such a life was that of the child until he had grown well into manhood. His one advantage was that of God-fearing parents, whose outlook on life was staunchly supported by an unswerving faith in God and savored by the Scotch thirst for knowledge.

"Bobbie" Burns rhymed in his "hoddle" as he plowed or reaped, and some of his sweetest songs took form as he pursued a task of drudgery on a bit of land that grudgingly yielded the barest support for life. His experiences were those of the working classes, and his thoughts were of their plight and problems, and from this fountain he drew the draught that inspired some of the loftiest of thoughts expressed in the simplest of language the world knows. Whatever grandeur there is about Burns is the majesty of a man, standing upright in his dignity, self-respecting and unabashed by the presence of the lofty. "I have a penny to spend, thanks to nae man," said "Bobby," and thus embodied his creed for all.

His songs live, because they are tender and true; his lyrics, for they are simple and sweet; his humor was rich, pungent, and seldom acrid; his satire keen, but not bitter, and his "Cotter's Saturday Night" is a picture of simple dignity unsurpassed.

From scenes such as these Old Scotia's grandeur springs
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.
Princes and lords are but the breath of Kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

All over the earth tomorrow, wherever Scot meets Scot, glasses will be raised, and toast drunk to Caledonia, and to the great singer she gave the world, and so the immortal memory of Burns will be kept alive because he sang the songs of the soul of the people in the words of the people.

A WOMAN 4,000 YEARS OLD.

Discovery of the marvelously preserved body of an Egyptian princess who died 4,000 centuries ago is an incident in which romance and science combine. What were those ancient people thinking of when they so carefully embalmed her body and laid it away in the midst of the treasures that had been hers?

They are counted a race of heathens, and yet they believed firmly in the existence of the human soul and life after death. These mummies were preserved in order that the spiritual double might return from time to time to the body. This spirit was thought to experience hunger and thirst and to require the same amusement as the body it had tented. So in all the ancient tombs are to be found traces of food and wine, books and games and various household comforts. In the case of a warrior, his weapons rested ready to his hand.

It may be that this great desire to preserve the bodies of the dead and to provide for the happiness of its spirit originally was designed to avoid the evil consequences of a restless, homeless spirit. The ancients had a great fear of being haunted. This beautiful little princess, however, must have been laid away in love rather than fear. That love and that belief in the immortality of the soul speak to us across the chasm of the ages.

A WINTER DAY IN THE WOODS.

The city dweller, as a rule, has only indefinite notions of the woods. Usually, it means a place to go for a vacation trip in the summer; for a time of play, where superficial observation adds little to the store of private knowledge, but where something penetrates even the dullest mind, and lingers on forever. One Omaha man, who has seen a very little of woodlands, expanded last week in describing a tract he once visited, telling of the leafy arches overhead, that reminded him of the ceiling of a great cathedral.

The simile is appropriate, and is often used, for "the woods were God's first temple," and from the branches of the trees that spanned above the earth and shut out the glare of the sun, man got his ideas of the arches that now support the roofs of the temples he has builded. In other ways the summer woods have inspired man to achievements that are notable and serviceable. Yet this is all connected with the summer days in the woods.

A winter day in the timber presents a different aspect. Now, the foliage that rustled and whispered in the breeze, and through the chinks of which the sunlight dappled the sward with little flecks of silver light, is wanting. The trees stand stark and bare, and the underbrush is gaunt and naked; some withered fruit clings to the buckberry bush, from the hackberry twigs the tough little berries still dangle, a ragged ball swings here and there on a sycamore, and the wild raspberries show livid purple stems among the blackness of the thickets. Little paths peep out from the brush, furtive as the animals that tread them, and the call of a wintering bird sounds clear and sweet in the stillness.

The hush and the somber aspect of all seems forbidding at first, but soon passes as the real spell of the quiet forest comes over the visitor. A tree lover will find as much to interest him in the noble trunk of a giant oak or elm, the whitening boll of the sycamore, or the rugged rind of the mighty cottonwood. A smooth pignut stands in striking contrast to its cousin, the shag bark hickory, and so from one to another the eye turns, each new step into the woods opening a new vista, disclosing something the lush opulence of the summer has concealed, while the very quiet appeals to the soul and lifts it up to the vision of another time of leaf and blossom.

Nature's moods, however varied, are always beautiful, and nowhere is this more manifest than in the woods on a winter day.

HE WAS A MAKER OF MEN.

Modern education has a dual purpose. Teachers aim to develop mind and body along parallel lines, to the end that "the same mind in the sound body" will be wholly realized. Good reason exists for this, and at all first-class schools the plan is followed of making physical exercise as important as mental. Therefore, the trainer of muscles is quite as important as the developer of brains.

Nebraska has achieved some distinction in the athletic field. Its football teams have been champions many times; some of the members have "made the All-American," and at least one of the runners from the "uni" was on a world Olympic team. This could not come to pass without careful and competent men back of the team. Coaches have come and gone at the University of Nebraska, but through the years of a generation we have just passed, one man has served as trainer to all Nebraska's athletes.

Jack Best was dear to every student; it is a mistake to think he came into contact only with those whose names were blazoned on the sport pages. Many a boy who simply exercised in the "gym" or took his workouts on the track, had help and advice from Jack Best. A sprain, a sore muscle, a bruise, was his concern, no matter which one of the students went to him. He did, of course, spend most of his time rubbing and kneading the muscles of football players, but his kindly ministrations were enjoyed by many a lad who never donned a football uniform.

Now he is dead; a grim sardonic fate decreeing that his last years should be tormented by rheumatism, as if to put to scorn his achievements as a muscle-builder. He may not be remembered because of any tablet set up to record his virtues, but thousands of students will affectionately recall Jack Best through years to come, and it will be a long time before his name is forgotten on the campus.

EARL WILLIAMS' CHOICE.

The others day in one of Omaha's cemeteries, the body of Earl Williams, run runner and safe blower, was laid to rest. No mourners followed the body of this young man to his last resting place. Unwept and unhonored, he went down to "that low green tent whose curtain never outward swings."

In the very prime of young manhood, at an age when most young men are plunging with heart and soul into their life work, looking with enthusiasm to the future and giving their best in brawn and brain, Earl Williams' life went out as a result of his life in the underworld. He may have a mother with character as fine as ever dominated any queen of the home. He may have brothers and sisters who in life's game do not flinch nor foul, but to them he has brought lasting disgrace.

Earl Williams at one time in his life came to the parting of the ways. There came to him a testing time when he was obliged to make a supreme decision. Two paths stretched before him. He might have chosen any one of dozens of occupations or professions, and by diligent attention to duty won respect and honor and esteem. He might have tilled the soil. He might have become an expert mechanic. He might have clerked in a store, driven a locomotive or visited far-away lands as a man of the sea. He might have become a lawyer, a physician or a minister. At the testing time along one path lay honest tasks and the respect and esteem of his fellow men; along the other a lawless career with men who ply their criminal course under cover of darkness—men of the underworld, lurkers in the shadows. He chose the path whose treacherous mazes led him downward and he died a victim of his own undoing.

Boys of Omaha—the lesson of Earl Williams stands out as clear and plain as if written in flaming letters across the sky. He made his choice and you know the results. Some of these days a choice will come to you. May you meet the issue fairly and squarely. Life's success or failure often hangs on such decisions.

Father and Son fortnight in Omaha should have a pronounced effect on the remainder of the year, if the acquaintances then formed are only maintained.

A Brooklyn man has been arrested for selling painted rock for coal. Shows how enterprising men may go too far.

A motor bus line across the Sahara to Timbuctoo may revive examination of maps of equatorial Africa.

God's Winter for the Poor

I wish the snow would come
And cover up the barren ground,
Here, where the houses, glum,
Sit blindly while the dust blows round.
I see the naked trees
With nothing white for them to hold,
And black, in the biting breeze,
The crows, like men, complain and scold.
The snow should fall tonight,
Then morning would awake and see
The earth so cleanly white,
And white enfolding every tree,
And houses seeming glad,
And even such a gloom as I
Forgetting to be sad.
While laughing roundly at the sky.
The fields of tender wheat
Seem crying for their coverlet—
O Heaven, I entreat
Thy mercy, May the skies begot
Fullburdened clouds of snow
To cast their burdens at my feet,
So wheat may know
A little slumber, soundly sweet.
Where can the snowing be?
Is this the winter God hath given?
But down, selfishness! Canst see
That more there are for blessed Heaven
To bless than foolish me?
The poor, God feeds more than land.
This cursed vanity
Of fleshly things should understand
That Love forever scorneth where
Cupidity is knelt in prayer.

—Jonathan Johnson.

What the Preachers Say

Speaking this morning in the First Central Congregational church on the "Invincible Power of a Genuine Life," taking the whole Biblical story of Ruth with her wonderful story as a background, Dr. Frank G. Smith will say in part:

After all, religion, the religion that will one day conquer the world and bring in the reign of righteousness and peace and good will, is the mind of God and the heart of God revealing Himself in the lives and experiences of men in the measure that they become willing to receive Him. Towering above creeds and rituals and sacraments and names is this acid test of any man's religion whatever its name, what are its fruits? How does it affect a man's life in all its varied relationships; we still rightly ask.

"Look for the signs of his rising, in the lives of the children of men."

In this beautiful story we are considering, Ruth was a Moabitish maiden, trained in the ways of the religious and social customs and usages of that land; but when by the accident of famine she found Naomi, she saw in her all the graces, the gentleness, the virtues, the strength, the beauty, the charm of personality that her maidenly soul craved and hungered for, and so in the hour of crisis, of decision, she said that which we want to know, "I know not whether Moab is right or whether Judah is right, but this I know, I want my life to be like Naomi's; and this purpose and decision she voiced in the most beautiful declaration of devotion the world has ever known—

"Treat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me and more also if I ought but death part thee and me."

The lesson of it all is not far to seek; God grant that each one of us may make personal application of it to our own lives today in the burden of our message and prayer.

Extracts from a sermon to be delivered today at Miller Park Presbyterian church by the pastor, Rev. Herman G. Heuser.

Theme: "Environment and Character."

Text: John 17:15.

Environment hath a part in the molding of character, but it is not the deciding factor, as some men would have us believe. The world is the sphere of man's activity and Christ wanted His disciples and followers not to be removed from the world, but merely to be kept from it. Necessary for them to remain in the world, for they were to keep their characters unspotted and clean, although serving humanity.

Peril in Environment.

Christ doesn't laugh at the dangers which he set his followers. He had met the tempter and knew his cunning. An old writer hath said: This world is like a chessboard—can't make a move in any direction but the devil instantly sets out some creature to attack you.

Virtue in Environment.

The botanist and biologist argue from organism to environment and set to work to find the element in external nature with which the plant came into contact. Same argument applies to spiritual life of man. A true soul can live in a sinful world, keeping itself unspotted and breathing out fragrance of devotion.

The keeper of the characters of men is God. We can't keep ourselves. We are kept by outward restraints, commands, prohibitions and providences. Also kept by a vision of pure things, but above all, God's grace strengthens our hearts. Redemption is accomplished not by change of locality, but by change of heart. We must co-operate with God. Keep yourselves in the love of God.

Character only finds its perfection in Jesus Christ, the Savior of men. The Lord's way of perfecting character is starting from within, with the heart, and working out. He cleanses man from sin and man, endeavoring to conform to God's will, cleanses himself and his environment.

Adair Forever

You may choose a stately mansion, and employ an army of maids,
And abide in frills of fashion, and acquire life's splendor all;
I'll not envy your enjoyment—your possessions debonair,
I'll rest my contentment in my cottage in Adair.

Surely I'll rest while night is fleeting, there I'll soar in dreams by day;
There I'll reach the land of meeting, and be happy when I play,
I'll be free, I'll not be burdened by the turbulence of the town,
All alone, but never lonely, when the shades of night come down.

There's a little grove of maples but a step across the way,
Where I want to dream and slumber when I reach the end of day;
Let there be no tomb majestic to advise from whence I came,
Nor a shining slab of granite to familiarize my name.

Plant some flowers o'er my haven—as the rose and geranium—
Let an ivy vine go climbing up the incline toward the hill—
Let my cottage shield another from the shadows of decay,
And decay its way to ruin in the valley of Adair.

—Robert Worthington Davis.

Memory Tests

1. What verse of Brevis Haris was recited 40 years ago by all professional and amateur elocutionists? "Her Letter."
2. What is the capital of Holland? Amsterdam.
3. What is a trapezium? A four-sided figure with no two sides parallel.
4. When was kerosene first used for lighting purposes? In 1852.
5. Who wrote the operas, "Lohengrin" and "Parsifal"? Richard Wagner, a German composer, born in 1813.

A Book of Today

Elizabeth Hope has given a faithful picture of life in England in the days of Cromwell in "My Lady's Bargain," published by the Century company.

The well worn device of a "lady" married to a commoner is used. But this is a very uncommon commoner, for, after the enforced marriage, declines to be aught but a lady, and his name only until milady has given him her heart and wants his.

Of course, there are no new plots nor have there been any for a few thousands of years, and "My Lady's Bargain" is done in a manner that sustains interest and gives enjoyment.

"The Trouble at Pinelands" is a detective story by Ernest M. Poate, published by Chelsea House, New York. The scene is laid in the southern mountains inhabited by a tribe of moonshiners quite as wild as any of the wild westerners so dear to the hearts of hosts of fiction readers. Two doctors, an invalid, young lawyer, and a girl are the chief characters, and the story is told in an interesting manner.

"Phillippa at the Chateau," published by Harper & Bros., is a fascinating picture of a typical American girl, full of the enjoyment of life as she takes part in one of the celebrated soirees at the chateau and enjoys the athletic contests with the glee of a vivacious Yankee maiden.

The Street

I stood aside and viewed the throng
In the city street as it surged along,
The rich, the poor, the lowly high,
The floatman, jettison, passing by.

What varied scenes my eyes beheld
As the human tide e'er ebbed and swelled,
Like ocean waves in ceaseless flow,
The wayfarers moved to and fro.

What thoughts these scenes in me begot,
The motley crowd—what was the lot
Of those that tramped the thoroughfares,
Their homes, their joys, and their despair?

What human colored tints I viewed,
The brown, the black, the yellow hue,
From all the nations' ranks, I wot,
The product of the melting pot.

How haughty made in modish dress
With a glittering youth joined in the press,
A beggar with appealing eye
Held out his hat to the passerby.

A new-boy with falsetto shout
Amidst the throng slipped in and out,
A sly, shifty vagrant, bent and gray,
With staff extended, felt his way.

A shabby woman closely pressed
A puny baby in her breast,
A cripple moping with the throng
On crutches, dragged himself along.

Two tipplers, arm in arm, lurching by,
With maudlin jests and clothes awry;
Two arching brows in the place of eyes,
And at their antics laughed and jeered.

The night came down, the coal fire
Crisp and cold,
And while with it my watching ceased,
My thought still lingered with the throng
That on the street tramped, tramped
Along.

I see the maimed, the blind, the scared,
Lord, how Thy image has been marred
In man, by Thy own will,
Through sickness, lust and poverty.

But lo, appears a brighter view,
The human wrecks were but the few
That tramped the thoroughfares along—
The thousands, organic, vibrant, strong.

—GEORGE B. CHILDS.

Daily Prayer

I love the Lord because He hath heard my voice.—Ps. 115:1.

O Thou Who art the light of all who must walk onward in the path of shadow, teach us to so trust Thee that fear may no longer beset us. We confess that we have often faltered when we have put our own thoughts and imaginations in the place of Thy omniscience. We lament our constant reckoning with human weakness when Thou hast promised the joy of the Lord which shall be our strength.

Teach us more of the power of purity, and forgive our sin and distrust of Thy love. If we cannot see beyond the turn of the road, may we yet be conscious of a companionship that leads us in confidence toward each new experience. Grant us the peace of Christ to quiet our feverish hearts, and lend courage for life's daily test of faith and discipline. We covet the refreshing of Thy grace to lend strength for each new duty, and to enlarge our hearts to receive the fullness of Thy blessing. Lead us, we pray, into the green pastures and beside the still waters, that our spirits may be renewed at the fountains of Infinite Love—so shall we be heartened, and enabled to serve Thee more worthily in the name of Jesus Christ our Savior. Amen.

CHARLES GORMAN RICHARDS, D. D., Auburn, N. Y.

AROUND NEBRASKA

Beatrice Express: The dashing old-timer who tied a ribbon in a bow on the buggy whip has a son who puts side windscreens on the Henry.

Grand Island Independent: Little brown jug and little town jug are never empty the same day.

York Democrat: A rather unusual occurrence is reported from Fremont, where the new county clerk appointed as his chief deputy the candidate against him in the late election. He explains the matter by saying that there was no enmity because of the campaign, and that the people should be interested in getting the best service possible from its officers. He regarded the candidate who opposed him as fully qualified and offered him the place.

Kearney Hub: Gradually a well balanced and reasonably well financed educational system has been built up in Nebraska, requiring years to develop present standards. A deep cut in appropriations for maintenance and development that will impair educational efficiency and block further progress must be avoided at all hazards by the governor and the legislature.

Hamilton County Register: If the general utilities owned by the cities should pay county and state taxes, should not the court house owned by counties pay city taxes and government postoffices pay to both state and county treasuries?

York Republican: A bill is before the state legislature for the sale of school lands. If there ever was a worse time in the history of Nebraska to sell land it was so long ago that it has been forgotten by the oldest inhabitant.

Shelton Clipper: What this nation needs is a return to the good old rule, both in business and everyday life. There's too much selfishness now. Two autos collide. The occupants rush together. To help injured persons? No. To try and avoid damages by putting the blame on the other fellow? A man or woman crosses the street as an auto approaches. The autoist expects them to hop out of the way, the pedestrian

NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION

for DECEMBER, 1922, of

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B. BREWER, Gen. Mgr.

ELMER S. ROOD, Cir. Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of January, 1923.

W. H. QUIVEY,

(Seal) Notary Public

"HELP CARRY A BUDDY'S PACK"

Join the American Legion

January 31 to February 2

A Nebraska Farmstead

Where buffaloes once pawed their prairie trails,
A curving freight train, house and barn
commence
Of progress in the west which now pre-
vails.
The putting locomotive almost falls;
The loaded cars vibrate up the eminence;
Jar forcibly the viaduct and tence.
And lengthen out along the shining rails.
Deep drifts of snow are melting in the
run;
An iron windmill pumps a constant flow
which palpitates discordantly to one
inclining to the vagrant white ago,
Who loves an Indian pony and a gun
Too well to stay stuck help the ranch-
man sow.
—Willis Hildreth.

CENTER SHOTS.

Germany's heaviest clouds appear to be dun-colored.—Washington Post.

Near Johnson City, Tenn., a drunk pig led officers to a still. The farmer may plead he was raising pickled pigs' feet.—Greenville Piedmont.

A sporting writer, speaking of boxers, says "three strange faces will be seen in the ring." "Strangers" is the very least that could be said about most boxers' faces.—Seattle Times.

The monarchists seem to feel that the war clouds in Europe presage a dreary day.—Asheville Times.

The question is whether the Turkish government will terminate or exterminate.—Manila Bulletin.

The pork barrel is run on the ancient axe-of-an-axe system.—Sherbrooke (Que.) Record.

The Instrument You Will Eventually Buy

Mason & Hamlin

THE owner of a Mason & Hamlin has never expressed regrets for having purchased it—for it is the last word in the manufacture of a piano. The Mason & Hamlin Piano is sold in Omaha exclusively by us.

A. Hospe Co.

1513-15 Douglas Street



Keep the Home Lights Burning

Editorial from Omaha Bee.

Seattle proposes to require by city ordinance that porch lights or some other be kept burning at night, as a protection against thieves. This suggestion was made long ago in Omaha by Chief of Police Donahue, and renewed by Chief Eberstein. The theory is that the presence of a light will discourage the prowler, who perceives in light burning in a home almost invariably indicates that somebody is awake and alert, and even all the customs universal and lights were burned all night, the burglar could not be certain if a watch were kept or not.

To be sure, there are burglars who do not mind a light of any sort; bandits who operate unmasked in broad day, and against such light is no protection. They require special treatment, which will be provided some time. At present the only successful way of dealing with such desperate men is to best them to the gun, and begin firing first. Several times this has been put into practice, and with good effect. It is not always possible, however, when properly applied it generally has the effect of curbing the particular bandit on whom the experiment is made.

Most home owners are concerned for the safety of their property, and take all proper precautions to see that security is provided. If the burning of a light somewhere about the premises will aid in protecting the home from visitation by thieves, it will be worth the cost.

"Light Discourages Crime"

Omaha police and others, as expressed in the editorial, have repeatedly stated that light discourages crime.

"Crime shuns the light but prowlers find a working paradise in a darkened house or storeroom," said Michael F. Dempsey, present police chief.

The shining porch light, the bright house lamp, the lighted garage and store room are warning signals to the criminal that someone is stirring about.

Light provides you and yours with additional security against night visits by thieves.

"It will be worth the cost," says the editorial. The cost in Omaha is almost insignificant, because of the extremely low electric light rate here.

To burn a 25-watt lamp for seven hours costs only a penny. This is practically the lowest rate in America.

Provide added security against night prowlers. Burn a light all night.

A Light All Night for a Penny and a Third!

Nebraska Power Co.