

# THE SUNDAY BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

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## GETTING FACTS ON STRAIGHT.

Impartial history is a world necessity, says Hendrik William van Loon, whose remarkable writings have made him one of the best known of Americans. "History is all bunk," is a saying credited to Henry Ford, whose output of motor vehicles has made his name known to all the world. President Harding advises a thorough study of world history as an essential to understanding problems of today.

There you have the opinions of three great men, each as sincere and earnest as men can be. All will agree with Dr. van Loon that history should be impartial, yet who can say just what is "impartial" history? Partisan tincture is almost inevitable in contemporaneous accounts, from which future historians will draw their information. Allowance will be made, of course, for this element, yet the student of 2023 will be at a loss to account for some things that are being done today, unless he admits some bias to his own expression.

One of the mightiest historical works of men is the great masterpiece of Gibbon, yet Smith, Millman, Guizot, and other commentators have found occasion to explain, modify or deny many of the things Gibbon set down as final, and he has been much condemned for prejudice. Likewise Prescott has been called "a magnificent colorist," and accused of not allowing stubborn facts to stand in the way of a well drawn picture. Other historians have been similarly criticized, until the student is sometimes perplexed and finds himself almost driven to resting his own opinion on something akin to bias.

Men still are living who knew Abraham Lincoln in the flesh, and yet in the multitude of volumes written will be found many contradictory statements concerning the same fact, and as to the exact truth of which uncertainty yet exists. This is because of the well known fact that no two eyes see precisely the same thing, no two ears hear the same sound, words convey different meanings to different minds, and observers of the same event invariably witness it from different viewpoints.

"Impartial" history is frequently, nay, generally, written, and because impartial observers are unable to get identical views, history contains many discrepancies, to bewilder the reader and make trouble for the student. And, as "difference of opinion makes horse races," so do these little variations in life's experience, which is history in the making, add to the zest of life between the cradle and the grave.

## EDUCATIONAL PROFIT AND LOSS.

At one time it was not unusual to meet those who were apparently successful in the business or social world who could neither read nor write so as to be intelligible to others. The world has made great intellectual advancement since then, however, and is still advancing at such a rate that today the ignorant man or woman has small chance in competition with the average competitor, for this progress has resulted in labor saving machinery which has forced those who wish to succeed to keep growing and learning.

During these times when so much is being said regarding the cost of Nebraska's educational institutions, some thought should also be applied to the cost of ignorance. The cost of an education can be computed, but the cost of ignorance is beyond computation and is paid every day in life, time and property. It is a mistake for one to feel that he alone pays for his own failures, which often is due directly to ignorance, that is, a lack of development of the power of the mind obtained only by hard study and intelligent thinking. The public pays dearly for every failure and likewise receives compensation for every one who succeeds in contributing something to the world's productivity and progress.

"Bright Eyes," the young daughter of Joseph La Fleche, born at Bellevue, in 1854, and who afterward became the wife of T. H. Tibbles, an old-time editorial writer in Omaha, appreciated the advantage of a good education and afterward proved its worth to her people. As a result of her choice of a good education for a Christmas gift, the Omaha Indians learned a better way of living, and her lectures in their behalf induced influential men to concern themselves in their cause and protect the rights of the Nebraska Indian.

There is no one who contributes so much to the world's progress as do those who train the mind of the young to think intelligently, and it is the one with a well balanced education who should be the most capable of making the most of life for themselves and others.

## "GLIDE WITH OMAHA."

The newest thing in aviation is the glider, and Omaha will be very much in the public eye if the first national air-glider contest is held here. The city has the hills, which are so necessary to giving the motorless soars the impetus to take them off the ground. It is, moreover, a center of interest for aviation, the scene of the Pulitzer air races and a center for the air mail.

The first experiments with gliders were carried on by university students in Germany. They took off in these planes from the sides of mountains and floated on the wind at great heights.

Gliding is as yet in the experimental stage. Aviation authorities believe that by installing small motors for these soaring machines they may prove not only an inexpensive sport, but of importance as commercial vehicles. The auxiliary power plant could be called on when meeting adverse winds, thus extending a soaring flight which would otherwise terminate upon meeting unfavorable down-currents.

Little power is required to sustain a light machine in the air. The heaviest pull is needed to lift a machine off the ground. The new gliders and soars get their impetus from coasting down hill. Any sort of a launching device might be substituted. It is said that the Omahans are looking for a hill which slopes in the direction of the prevailing wind with a total drop of 1,000 feet to the plain below. This specification seems a bit steep, but Omaha will do its best to find such an abbreviated mountain.

## ONE OF GOD'S MYSTERIOUS WAYS.

A young New York engineer started the world for a moment last week; only for a moment, however, for as soon as his news was told old John J. Common People went right back to his task of making both ends meet.

The announcement was that a process had been discovered for "canning" the heat of the sun's rays. Instead of wasting the unlimited supply of energy units that now go slipping off into nothing, we will preserve them against a time when they are needed. But the process is not new. Old Dame Nature adopted it, millions of years ago, and made a success of it, too.

When the Paleozoic age was drawing to its close, and the cosmic law was about to set a limitation on the second of the grand geological divisions of the earth's history, a process was commenced of which we today are enjoying the fruits. Life had long existed on the little planet, and mighty monsters of the deep had disturbed the long Silurian and Devonian days and night. Waters drained from the land that was slowly emerging from the deep, and vegetation flourished with a rank profusion the like of which is unknown and would be impossible now. The earth's atmosphere contained the substances most needed for plant growth in lavish supply, and giant ferns, the siliaria and stigmara, towered high into the foggy air. The sunlight broke through the clouds and bathed the whole in rays that promoted growth.

Then came the tremendous earthquakes. Continental masses were upheaved or depressed, and the waters flowed over the forests, and the trees were brought down in compact masses under the weight of the waves. Sand and mud were deposited on them, to become in time shale and slate and sandstone, while the heat resulting from pressure distilled the juices of the buried ferns, and through the ages that ensued the submerged forests were slowly turned into coal.

Through some such process the more volatile oils were collected in some great subterranean basins, and the sunlight of those days, millions of years ago, was "canned" for the use of man today. It is but a manifestation of the wisdom and goodness of the All-Wise Creator, who provided all things needed for man's comfort, convenience or luxury, storing in the bosom of the earth in lavish supply those substances that would meet the needs of man as he advanced to where he could appreciate their value.

A tree is but stored up sunlight, plus the chemicals that are subtracted from the air and the soil in which it grows. A coal fire glows with the sunlight that fell upon the earth during the Carboniferous period, when the Paleozoic was merging into the Mesozoic.

## "COMING THROUGH THE RYE."

A correspondent of the "People's Voice" column is right as to the Rye being a small rivulet, a "wee bit burn," but is wrong as to the footbridge. Stepping stones laid across afforded means for dry-shod passage, and thus

"If a body meet a body  
Coming through the Rye,"

it was apt to be a little embarrassing. An easily suggested expedient was for the lad to lift the lassie and gently pass her on to the next stone. Another practice was for each to put one foot on the same stone, and then carefully step forward each to the other stone, a movement requiring some little skill in proper execution, but very successful if properly done. Either of these brought the lad and the lassie into such proximity that a bit of gallantry might naturally ensue, and so the query:

"If a body kiss a body,  
Need a body cry?"

Certainly not. Tears would not mend the situation, and the kiss was taken as toll for service rendered; maybe there might have been just a little unctious in the manner of collection, but that didn't need excite weeping and wailing.

The young lady who sings the ditty apparently was accustomed to crossing the creek, perhaps several times a day, and evidently enjoyed her experience.

"The Jennie has her Jockie—  
Ner a are hae I."

she tells us, indicating that she has not as yet been singled out by one of the lads. Yet she does not mind this, for she goes on:

"But a' the lads they lo' me well,  
So what the waur an I?"

She was probably well pleased with the thought that her popularity, even though it were of the low-pump variety, excited jealous resentment in the breasts of those Jennies who were less promiscuous, or who did not pass so frequently through the Rye, but who found the exclusive possession of a Jock shared with some unnamed singer, for she concludes:

"But there's a swain among the train  
I dearly lo' mysel'!

But what's his name, or whaur's his name,  
I dinna care to tell."

Many serviceable substitutes for the Rye stepping stones have been found, and are in use wherever the boys and girls of the world meet, and the sweet song from Scotland will never lose its appeal.

## VAIN SMILES TO THE JURY.

Are juries getting "hard boiled"? It would not be surprising if the general revulsion against sentimentality over crime would extend to the twelve good men and true who sit in the box.

Some evidence is found of a less sympathetic attitude toward woman slayers. Two New York women have recently been convicted of murder. However, it was not their own husbands that they killed, but the husbands of other women. A woman in Chicago has escaped hanging, but was sentenced to life imprisonment for poisoning her husband. The state's attorney, in demanding the death penalty, said:

"Women in Chicago have reached the conclusion that they can murder at will and get away with it," the prosecutor said.

The death penalty has never been inflicted on any woman in Cook county.

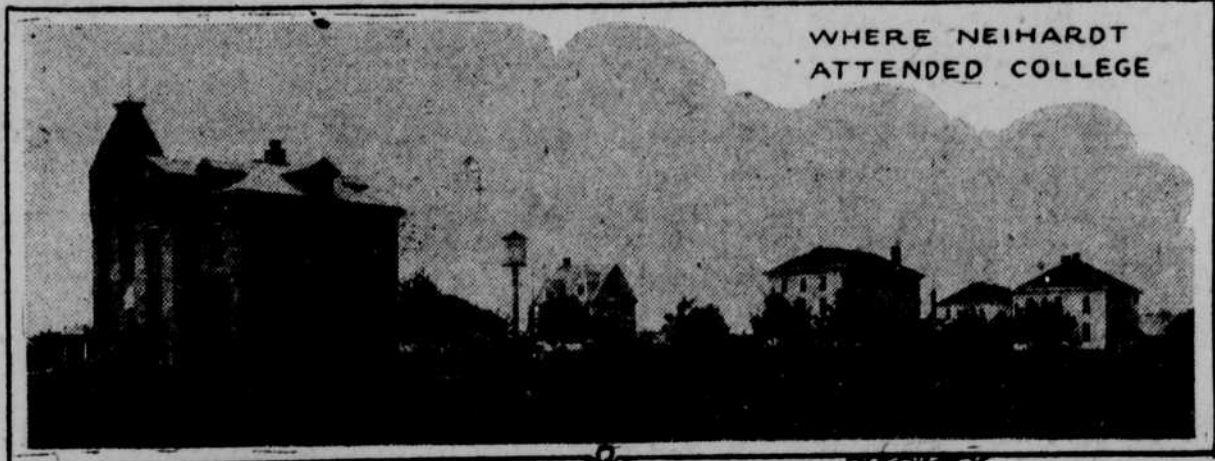
"You have read of women hanging for murders elsewhere. The last influence which, in days past, stayed juries in favor of women charged with murder has passed. This is an age of equal suffrage."

"Women have asked and obtained equal rights. They must take with those rights the same responsibilities and respect of the law."

Over in Iowa, however, a woman who slew her husband has been freed on the grounds of self-defense. The most noted case of a woman slayer in recent months was that of Clara Phillips. Her victim was a woman, not a man, and though she was convicted, yet she escaped. These perhaps are slender straws on which to base any judgment, but nevertheless they give the impression that nowadays a jury of men can not be counted on to condone the crime of a member of the opposite sex.

Boas "Charlie" Murphy says "Them days is gone forever," which should about end the discussion.

# Boyhood of Neihardt and 'The Poet's Town'



WHERE NEIHARDT ATTENDED COLLEGE



HOUSE IN WHICH NEIHARDT HAD THE DREAM OF HIS 'GHOSTLY BROTHER'

THE HOUSE IN WHICH NEIHARDT WROTE HIS FIRST EPIC

DOUBTLESS several villages and at least one city will some time claim to be Neihardt's "Poet's Town." On the morning of January 5, 1881, the poet first saw the light in a one-room shack on a rented farm near Sharpsburg, Ill. No suggestion here of the 700 years before, of the castle in Bavaria, and the coat-of-arms. Shortly after the birth of the future poet the family moved to Springfield, Ill., and remained there till the fall of 1886, when they again moved, this time to a farm near Stockton, Kan. Shortly after they took up their residence in Kansas City, Mo. It was here that, as a small boy lecholding from a bluff-top that great stream at June-flood, Neihardt became obsessed with the Missouri and its history. "For the summer had smitten the distant mountains," so says Neihardt in "The River and I," and "the June floods ran. Far across the yellow swirl that spread out into the wooded bottom-lands we watched the demolition of a little town. . . . Many a lazy Sunday stroll took us back to the river; and little by little the dream became less, and the wonder grew, and a little love crept in. . . . If in a moment of despair I should feel for a breathing space away from the fight, with no heart for battle-cries, and with only a desire to pray, I could do it in no better manner than to lift my arms above the river and cry out into the big spaces, 'You who somehow understand—behold this river!' It expresses what is voiceless in me. It prays for me." Is it surprising that the one who uttered such sentiments should be writing the epic of the Missouri?

A few years later we find the boy at Wayne, where he attended the Nebraska Normal college, whose great founder, J. M. Pele, was president of the institution. A

puzzling youth was Neihardt, and only the discerning could catch some gleam from the boy's soul. But there were those not wholly blind. There was "Professor" Durbin, a town character who might have sat for Mark Twain's "Puddinghead Wilson." There was Judge James Brittain, the town wit and philosopher, who saw something in the boy, and lastly there was Prof. U. S. Conn, in whose class the lad recited Virgil, dreaming back old Troy and listening to the far murmur of the waves of the Simois as they broke upon the shore. Let us commend to the clubs who name historic spots in Nebraska that they include, as probably the most important of them all, the house on Main street, Wayne, Neb., in which, as a boy of 11, Neihardt had the wonderful dream when he met his "Ghastly Brother" who has made of him a poet. It would be well to add also the Nebraska Normal college. Unhappily that structure has already been demolished, but the photograph of it is shown today in The Omaha Bee. Unhappily also for Wayne, it was not long after his graduation that Neihardt moved to Bancroft, and it was there that he fought the great battle for his soul that is revealed in the poem published today. But Wayne is glad that it knew him as great, before he died, and whenever he returns to the "Town," as he often does, there is a thrill of joy on the part of those who knew him there in his boyhood.

## THE POET'S TOWN.

I.  
Mid glad green miles of tillage  
And fields where cattle graze,  
A prosy little village,  
You drowse away the days.

And yet—a wakeful glory  
Clings round you as you drowse;  
One living lyric story  
Makes music of your prose.

Here once, returning never,  
The feet of Song have trod,  
And dashed—Oh, on forever—  
The singing flame of God.

II.  
These were his fields Elysian:  
With mystic eyes he saw  
The sowers planting vision,  
The reapers gleaming awe.

Serfs to a sordid duty,  
He saw them with his heart,  
Priests of the Ultimate Beauty,  
Feeding the flame of art.

The weird, untimely Makers  
Pulsed in the things he saw;  
The wheat through its virile acres  
Billowed the Song of Law.

III.  
The epic roll of the furrow  
Flung from the writing plow,  
The daisy's phrase of the green-rowed  
mae,  
Measured the music of Now.

IV.  
Supper of ancient fagons  
Offer the lone some boy  
Saw in the farmers' wagons  
The chariots hurled at Troy.

V.  
Trundling in dust and thunder  
They rumbled up and down,  
Laden with princely plunder,  
Loot of the tragic Town.

VI.  
And once when the rich man's  
daughter  
Smiled on the boy at play,  
Sword-storms, giddy with slaughter,  
Sweet back the ancient day!

VII.  
Wear steeds shrieked in the quiet,  
Far and hoarse were the cries;  
And Oh, through the din and the riot,  
The music of Helen's eyes!

VIII.  
Stabbed with the olden sorrow,  
He slunk away from the play,  
For the Past and the vast Tomorrow  
Were wedded to his Today.

IX.  
Rich with the dreamer's pillage,  
An idle and worthless lad,  
Least in a prosy village,  
And prince in Allahabad.

X.  
Lover of golden apples,  
Munching a daily crust;  
Haunter of dream-built chapels,  
Worshipping in the dust;

XI.  
Dull to the worldly duty,  
Lass to the town he grew,  
And more to the God of Beauty  
Than even the grocer knew!

XII.  
Crown for the buyers, and cattle—  
But what could the dreamer sell?  
Echoes of a cloudy battle?  
Music from heaven and hell?

XIII.  
Spices and bales of plunder,  
Argosied over the sea?  
Tapestry woven of wonder,  
And myth from Araby?

XIV.  
None of your dream-stuffs, Fellow,  
Looter of Samarcand,  
Gold in heavy and yellow,  
And value is weighed in the hand!

XV.  
And yet, when the years had humbled  
The King in the Realm of the Boy,  
Song-built bastions crumbled,  
Ash heaps smothering Troy;

XVI.  
Thirsting for shattered fagons,  
Quaffing a brackish cup,  
With all of his chariots, wagons—  
He never could quite grow up.

XVII.  
The debt to the ogre, Tomorrow,  
He never could comprehend;  
Why should the borrowers borrow?  
Why should the lenders lend?

XVIII.  
Never an oak tree borrowed,  
But took for its needs—and gave.  
Never an oak tree borrowed,  
Debt was the mark of the slave.

XIX.  
Grass in the priceless weather  
Sucked from the nap of the Earth,  
And hills that were lean it feasted  
with its green—  
Oh, what is a lesson worth?

XX.  
But still did the buyers barter  
And the sellers squint at the scales,  
And price was the stake of the  
martyr,  
And cost was the lock of the jail.

XXI.  
Windflowers herald the Maytide,  
Rendering worth for worth;  
Ragweeds gladden the wayside,  
Biting the dugs of the Earth;

XXII.  
Violets, scattering glories,  
Feed from the dew gem;  
But poets are fed by the living and  
dead—  
And what is the gift from them?

XXIII.  
Never a stalk of the Summer  
Dreams of its mission and doom:  
Only to hasten the Comer—  
Martyrdom unto the Bloom.

XXIV.  
Ever the Mighty Chooser  
Plucks when the fruit is ripe,  
Scorning the mass and letting it pass,  
Keen for the cryptic type.

XXV.  
Greece in her growing season  
Troubled the lands and seas,  
Plotted and found and suffered and  
wrought,  
Building a Sophocles!

XXVI.  
Only a faultless temple  
Stands for the vase's groat;  
The harlot's strife and the faith of  
the wife  
Blend in a shapen stone.

XXVII.  
Never do the stern gods cherish  
The hope of the million lives;  
Always the Fact shall perish  
And only the Truth survives.

XXVIII.  
Gardens of roses wither,  
Shaping the perfect rose,  
And the poet's song shall live for the  
long.

XXIX.  
Dumb, aching years of prose,  
To be freed from the gods' en-  
soulings,  
Back with the reeds of the stream,  
Dead to the Vision calling,  
And dead to the lash of the Dream.

XXX.  
Worn with the vain endeavor  
To fit in the sordid plan;  
Doomed to be a poet forever,  
He longed to be a post a man.

XXXI.  
To be freed from the gods' en-  
soulings,  
Back with the reeds of the stream,  
Dead to the Vision calling,  
And dead to the lash of the Dream.

XXXII.  
But still did the Mighty Makers  
Stir in the common sod;  
The corn through its awful acres  
Trembled and thrilled with God!

# Out of Today's Sermons

Rev. Edger Merrill Brown, pastor of Dietz Memorial Methodist Episcopal church, will preach this evening on "Hence and Hereafter" and among other things will say:

This subject should be of vital interest to the people of Omaha. Social diseases spread largely because of men all exposed, concerning them. Education is one of the most important and fundamental ways of preventing their occurrence. When our young people and older people, too, come to realize the seriousness of this situation as it confronts us today, these vital subjects will not be eliminated from their thinking. Rather they will be discussed freely and treated as a real menace to society. There is too much so-called "sham modesty" apparent whenever they are mentioned. "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" we have been taught to believe.

Then, too, our own safety, as well as our brother's, demands that we be concerned about these things. We are all exposed. Every public place is infested with germs and we should be "on guard." These social diseases should be treated the same as other contagious and infectious diseases are treated. What attitude would you take toward smallpox or scarlet fever or diphtheria? None of us should take any unnecessary chances. Neither should we in this case. The utmost precaution should always be exercised. The public dance hall is the agent of social diseases. Here all are welcome, regardless of the station in life or who they may be. The prostitute and men seeking such are often found there. It is almost impossible to indulge without being contaminated.

With "The Condemned Christ" as his theme, Rev. C. A. Segerstrom, pastor of the First Swedish Baptist church, at thirty-fourth and Burt streets, will say in his sermon this morning:

Reading the story of Christ at His trial and crucifixion will convince any one how His enemies hated Him at that time. He was condemned as a criminal to die. Today His enemies brand Him as a liar when they tell us that His Word is not to be depended upon. Creation, the miracles, His ability, in fact Himself and all He has done and said is put on trial.

More than a man was the sower, sired by a man's desire. For a true bride walked close at his side—  
Dew and Dust and Fire!  
More than a man was the plowman, shouting his gees and haw;  
For a something dim kept pace with him,  
And ever the poet saw:  
Till the winds of the cosmic struggle made of his flesh a flute,  
To echo the tune of a whirlwind rune unto a million mute.

XX.  
Son of the Mother of mothers,  
The womb and the tomb of Life,  
With Fire and Air for brothers  
And a clinging Dream for a wife.

XXI.  
Ever the soul of the dreamer  
Strive with its mortal mesh,  
And the lean flame grew till it fretted  
through  
The last thin links of flesh.  
Oh, rending the veil saunter,  
He fled to mingle again  
With the dread Orreastan thunder,  
The Lear of the driven rain!

XXII.  
Once in a cycle the comet  
Doubles its lonesome track,  
Enriched with the tears of a thousand  
years  
Aeschylus wanders back.  
Ever unweaving, returning,  
The near grows out of the far;  
And Homer shall sing once more in a  
swing  
Of the austere Polar Star.

XXIII.  
Then what of the lonesome dreamer  
With the lean blue flame in his breast?  
And who was your clown for a day,  
O Town,  
The strange, unbidden guest?

XXIV.  
Mid glad green miles of tillage  
And fields where cattle graze,  
A prosy little village,  
You drowse away the days.

XXV.  
And yet—a wakeful glory  
Clings round you as you drowse;  
One living lyric story  
Makes music of your prose!

XXVI.  
Here, O Lord, when I cry with my  
voice—Ps. 21:1.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy Name in all the earth. Thou art our God, and the God and Father of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, through Whom we, Thy children of faith, have the forgiveness of our sins. Thou art our fathers' God, and Whom they in the flesh contentedly worshipped, we, Thy children, would also reverently worship and adore.

Humbly, yet devoutly, we give thanks to Thee, O God, for Thy great love revealed to us and to all men. For Jesus' sake, receive our thanks. Continue Thy loving favors to us, and grant us pardon for sin, and life eternal.

Give us, we beseech Thee, the Holy Spirit as our Guide this day, into truth. May He ever comfort us, and all things in times of sorrow or of trial. May He strengthen us when we are weak. May He raise us up again, if we fall. May He interpret Thy Word to us, and enable us to do Thy holy will with gladness of heart.

With us, bless also this our nation, and the whole world, with Heavenly peace. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

JOHN GRANT NEWMAN, D. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

And it might add to the comfort of a friend or loved one to know how exactly we perform our service.

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