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CHRISTIANITY AND WARFARE.
Agreeing with the truth of the statement that at all times there has been a yearning in the hearts of men for a cessation of warfare, we believe it to be true also that never in the history of the world has this sentiment been so general as it is today. Everywhere there is at least a professed aversion for war, and statesmen, philosophers, teachers and leaders of thought are seeking a basis on which may be erected some form of structure that will contain the aspirations of all nations and enable them to maintain friendship and harmony of effort for the general good of all mankind.

"Can Christianity stop war?" When that question once was asked Phillips Brooks, he replied, "It has never been tried."
Some are now willing to give it the test. The Christian citizenship conference, that lately met at Winona, Ind., where 5,000 representatives of the religious, commercial, industrial and educational world discussed the problems, decided that "the time has come to try Christianity as a remedy for the world's ills." In the message this conference sent out to the world it is stated:

"... nations are accountable to the same Christian principles as individuals; the nation is an intelligent moral entity which God holds responsible for the use of sovereignty and authority; God's judgment can be averted only by national repentance and obedience to the laws of love; because nations have held themselves above all moral law, present day world conditions are chaotic."
The application of this is going to be less easy than its formulation, for getting back to the teachings of Christ is not such a simple process. It will require a general change in the ways and habits of men, in their behavior and their thought. "Less of self and more of service," was the ringing motto that moved the nation to its great sacrifices during the war, and yet is the guide for many. Enough, however, have departed from its spirit to make it very hard for the rest to follow along the path that seemed so plain. How to win all into the way that leads to understanding and peace is the problem.

Glenn Frank, writing in the Century, on the general phases of this great problem, in which all mankind is interested, says:
"Hounded free lance that he was, berated, betrayed and beaten by the fundamentalists of his own time, Jesus would be ill at ease in reading the theological pronouncements of that over-dozed Christianity which has for centuries usurped the place, misinterpreted the principles and maladministered the influence of His essentially simple religion, which was and is not only personally regenerative, but socially revolutionary."
Maybe this is what Phillips Brooks meant, and surely it expresses what the Winona conference had in mind, the simple religion of Jesus, not the clashing of creed on creed, for the setting up of peace and concord among men under the law of love.

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE" AGAIN.
Somehow the heart warms up a little to this story from California. A little crippled boy fell into the swift running Yuba river, not far above a thirty-foot fall. He was swept over and drowned, and his body was retained under the waters. Of course his mother mourned and refused to be comforted. Her little son was dearer to her because he was crippled and needed her help. That is a way with mothers—they are drawn more closely to such of their offspring as may be afflicted in any way. And this mother longed that her son's little body be restored to her, that she might give it burial.

Two weeks after the accident, the bruised and lifeless corpse of the dead lad was tenderly laid away. No, it was not a miracle that came about to induce the deep pool under the falls to yield up its prey. The funeral was held because a corporation intervened. Workmen were engaged in preparation to harness the water of the river and turn its waste power to useful purposes. Engineers on the job asked permission from the "big bosses," and got leave to recover the body if they could. Accordingly, a new channel was prepared and the stream turned into it temporarily, so the falls dried up, and the mother's heart was comforted, just because human sympathy is not dammed up when men set about to dam up a river and make money produce more money.

The incident has its little lesson. In a world where everybody is busy, too much occupied it seems with personal affairs to have great concern about their neighbor's, when an emergency arises the primal impulse to helpfulness springs anew into action, and a great, generous work is done. As long as this is true, man is not beyond redemption.

JUST A LITTLE HOP.
Thirty years ago the "999" ripped off 112 miles an hour, and set the world talking. Distance was being annihilated, Old Father Time was getting the worst of the contest. Eighteen hours from Chicago to New York was the rule, and perhaps even faster time would be made. Developments showed that schedule back two hours, and even that is sometimes lengthened by events that laugh at the locomotive, no matter how speedy it may be.

SCHWAB AND THE RICH MAN'S SON.
Charles M. Schwab, who worked himself up from a job in the material yard of an iron mill to the position of one of the world magnates of steel, and who once drew a salary of a million dollars a year, whether he earned it or not, has just delivered himself of an opinion as to the sons of wealthy men. Testifying in the suit against Charles W. Morse, he said:
"I told Charles W. Morse that relatives were no good in business. Most rich men's sons won't work like I want people to work for me."
Probably, if the full truth were known, not many men willingly work as Charles M. Schwab wants them to. It is human nature not to, and that explains why there is only one Schwab and several million others who are just one jump ahead of the poorhouse. To get to the point, however, Mr. Schwab's judgment as to relatives in business is not to be taken too seriously. The Rothschilds might be cited as an example on the other side.

As to the sons of rich men working, when Jay Gould's will was read, it was found that he had left \$7,000,000 to his son, George, to pay for services rendered. George Gould, toiled in his shirt sleeves in his father's office, drew his salary, and went quietly about his business, and the shrewd old financial giant valued his services at almost as much per year as the steel trust paid Schwab. Many another rich man's son has worked, steadily and faithfully under his father or for some other employer.

Omaha can furnish numerous examples of how relatives have gotten along very well in business together, and of the sons of wealthy men who have made good for themselves. Indolence is not the exclusive portion of the rich, nor zeal-for labor that of the poor. Variations in human nature are not marked by dollar signs, but it is quite true that the lazy man is apt to be a poor man, while the industrious and thrifty always has the chance of acquiring wealth.

ACTING VERSION OF ROBERT E. LEE.
John Drinkwater has done it again. This time he has made a drama of Robert E. Lee, and his English followers are much more enthusiastic over it than they were over his efforts to dramatize Marie Stuart or Oliver Cromwell. This is very likely for the good and sufficient reason that they are no better posted on Lee than they were on Lincoln, and the idealization of the author appeals to them. It will probably appeal to Americans, such as "Abraham Lincoln" did, and for no other reason.

When Mr. Drinkwater was in Omaha a couple of years ago, he very frankly admitted that he was not writing history, he was writing plays. If history does not wholly agree with his story, so much the worse for history. Mr. Drinkwater blandly knocks the records endways when he takes up the making of a drama with a great historic character as its central figure. We are not so sure but he is doing a real service in this pursuit. In the case of Marie Stuart, he supplied a clear enough reason for the erratic actions of that lady, whose amours form the background for his play. Oliver Cromwell is lifted out of a maze of conflict, and walks and talks like a man, rather than a demigod. "Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood," was visioned by Drinkwater in the opening act of the play, and the sorely perplexed leader is portrayed at the end, but history has done its work too well in England to permit a modern poet to make much headway against hard set impressions.

In dealing with Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Drinkwater had rather an easier job. This great American had not receded so far down in the corridor of time but he could be well recalled by many living Americans, while the English never did and do not now know him very well. Actual historic facts were not allowed to stand in the way, but at that the record was not so greatly distorted as to call for any severe condemnation. Robert E. Lee is said to be treated much in the same manner as Lincoln, although one American reviewer begs to remind Mr. Drinkwater that Virginia was not the only southern state involved in the war. Those of us who recall some of the American war dramas, "Shenandoah," "The Heart of Maryland," "Secret Service," and the like, will have little occasion to censure any foreign writer on this score; although Augustus Thomas did move the scene of his post-war drama, "Alabama," to another scene, and gave us Talladega instead of Richmond.

The new drama is promised an early production in America, where the interest aroused by "Abraham Lincoln" is expected to continue to the benefit of "Robert E. Lee."

A MAN AND HIS DOG.
Where or when it began nobody knows, and history is silent on the point. Yet somewhere it started. Away back yonder, in the dim beginning of things, a skin-clad figure might seen, slowly making his way across the landscape and after him trudged what looked like a wolf but really was a dog. Somewhere before this, in the mysterious process of nature, there had been a division in the primeval wolf pack, and some of them grew up to be friends and companions of men, and some to be enemies and pests.

No matter where it started, or who was first to feel the new impulse, the bond between a man and a dog has ever been one to cite as an example of fidelity, trust, confidence and love. Usually, the boy and the dog are celebrated, but that affection is not to be mentioned alongside the partnerships that exist when that boy has grown up and is fully capable of definite and lasting attachment. Senator George G. Vest knew this, when he uttered his famous panegyric:
"Gentlemen of the Jury: The one absolute unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog."
And Pope, in his "Essay on Man," wrote of the chap who looked forward to meeting his canine companion again in a happier world, where they never would part. So other poets have noted the bond, until now it is a commonplace. It is no wonder, then, that Omaha dogs come to bear names such as were discovered by the inquiring reporter, who examined the register and reported on the fact. Dogs thus distinguished not only bear the affection and esteem of their masters, but are distinguished by names that commemorate the hero or heroine most regarded at the time. Yet it will be a safe guess that the dog is seldom called by the title under which he is set down at the license bureau.

Freeman R. Conaway, just dead, was one of the men who gave Iowa journalism its high standing. He belonged to the later days of Hutton, Clarkson, Swalm, Irish, Junkin, Hartman, Claggett, Walker, Hull, Eichelberger, and others, and carried on the traditions of that powerful group of thought leaders. If ever there was a golden age in Iowa, it was when these men were discussing issues and weighing candidates.

The Lantern
By DON MARQUIS.
We Move to Amend.
Old wine the poet once extolled—
Port, Tuscany, Champagne, Madeira;
Alas! Such phrases leave us cold
In this morose and arid era.
Yet, since a mournful zest they bring
To Voilestad's parched and thirsty
Victim,
No matter 'till the hard I'll fling,
But just accept his tuneful dictum.
Old books, if I recall aright,
This self-same skald was wont to
treasure;
A well-thumbed tome, an easeful
night—
He asked no greater joy or pleasure,
And sooth as I have found full oft,
His words were reasonable and true ones—
Since paper prices soared aloft
It cost too much to buy the new ones.

Old friends—but here, my worthy
wight,
I raise objection most emphatic.
I have a little appetite
For rheumy eyes and joints rheumatic.
Too soon this brief existence ends;
Reminders of our fate are plenty;
Avalanche spirit! In choosing
friends
I'll take mine feminine—and
twenty. —T. O.

On Looking Out of the Window.
We are not one of the sophisticated folk who find a railroad journey tiresome. The simple pleasure of looking out of the car window suffices to make an adventure of it for us. We never used to take much pride in this. We supposed everybody enjoyed looking out of the window. In our early youth it seemed not unreasonable to us that persons of affluence should travel solely to indulge themselves in this delight.

This theory we confided to a cousin, a girl. She assented and said she liked to watch the telegraph poles race past and imagine that from one of them might be suspended a great sword of marvelous keenness and just before the train reached it the conductor would shout "Heads Out!" Whereupon all the passengers on that side of the car would be captivated neatly and all their heads piled up in a heap beside the track. That was altogether too robust meat for us. It was a long time before we asked any one else if he didn't like to look out of the window. In fact, we can't remember putting that question to anybody since, such was the horror inspired by our sanguinary cousin. We have gathered, however, from information that was volunteered by those with whom we have discussed the pleasures of railroad travel that our passion was a unique one. We have gathered, however, from information that was volunteered by those with whom we have discussed the pleasures of railroad travel that our passion was a unique one.

But we continue the childish pastime quite heedless of the rest of the world. Mentally we depopulate the countryside, we are racing through it, recollect it in its primeval forest and people it with Indians and wild beasts. As a child we did this vaguely and inadequately. Now, with the aid of John Fiske and the scant remnants of a smattering of geology, we can jump clean back to the age of ice in the few seconds in which a landscape flashes past.

The possibilities are almost unlimited, the more so as one never has long enough to fill in the picture so that he need worry himself about details. There is just the glimpse of a dark, barbaric figure shoving a bark canoe into some somber lagoon, the whisk of a deer's tail over some wooded crest as a bowstring twangs on the slope below, or the ponderous march of mammoths with scimitars like tusks through the rank weeds of a marsh. The pictures come and go as swiftly as though thrown on a screen and with as little mental effort on our part.

Perival and the Punch.
Perival scribbles whole reams of stories
For all of the fiction magazines;
Pen-pushing Perival simply glories
In "punch" and "color" and foreign scenes,
Perilous ventures and marvelous travels,
Escapades much to be wondered
Perival all of this stuff unravels
Safe in his Madison avenue flat.
Perival's yarns are simply dripping
With strife and turmoil and human gore;
Down every page the knives come tripping,
Blood-guilty reprobates, score on score.
Great indeed is his skill in painting
Scenes all cluttered with maimed and dead—
Perival would be nigh to fainting
If he had to sever a chicken's head.
Perival's heroes are doughty fellows,
Each of them built like a true white hope;
Necks like pillars and chests like bellows,
Arms with tendons like stout hemp rope.
Varied and weird are their feats of valor,
Great are their conquests on land and sea—
Perival owns to a scold's pallid
Perival's stature is five feet three.

Perival writes of the elemental,
Raw, rough, red-blooded facts of their
Thereby garnering food and rental
And gowns and hats for his pampered wife.
"Life with the pack and the lone
John Camp fire;
Stripped of convention and un-
afraid!"
Percy yawns, as he plans to hire
A Paris chef and a new French
maid. —T. O.

III Winds.
Poets like spring in the springtime,
And autumn don't suit 'em at all
Unless it appears when it should,
And winter has to be a trifle
Or else it isn't much good.
But it's awful good news when the
weather
Is "ice and snow for July."
And the reporters can write little
pieces
About "Flecnickers frozen; may die."
—Rud.

A man 81 years old, a resident of Dover, N. J., lost his life in a fall from a cherry tree which it had been his custom to climb every Fourth of July. We will have our cherry trees, but most of us fall before we are 81 years old.

Boswell to Omaha
By T. W. McCULLOUGH.
Sorenson's latest edition of "The Story of Omaha" brings down to date the narrative he began collecting over half a century ago, and presents in an entertaining form much information, major and minor, as concerning the life of Omaha and the men who made the city come up out of the wilderness. Since 1872, he can say, as did St. Paul: "All of which I saw and part of which I was." For he began his career as a newspaper man here in 1872, as city editor of the Omaha Bee, and so has the great advantage of knowing the inside story of many of the incidents and events since that time.

In this fact is the chief value of the Sorenson narrative; he has followed the advice of Othello, has sought to extenuate nothing nor set down aught in malice, and the result is an easy running tale of the growth of the city, embellished with racy accounts of pioneer incidents or more sober narration of serious episodes. Acquainted as he was and is with the builders of the community, knowing their public and private lives, he has been enabled to put them before the reader as human beings, filled with the importance of the parts they were playing in a great and ambitious undertaking.

Beginning with the Indians, Mr. Sorenson follows closely in chronological order the progress of the city from its foundation until now. He deals with the great enterprises that exist here, the newspapers, the railroads, the commercial enterprises, the industrial concerns, and all in order, and presents a vast amount of information, served in a chatty, easy manner of expression. Through it all runs the personal touch, so that on each page there comes up vividly a picture of some one or another of the men whose lives have been part of that of the city. This is in addition to the personal sketches and biographical matter which fills a considerable portion of the book.

Old-timers who remain, and there are many, will enjoy the book because of the many pictures of the past that will be conjured up by reading its pages, and the later comers will be interested and entertained through becoming acquainted with the manner of men who were here at the start, and who endured the toils and privations of early days to become great and wealthy, as the community progressed. The names of Kountze, Barlow, Caldwell, Hamilton, Drake, Millard, Redick, Poppleton, Hanscom, Rosewater, Miller, Kuhns, Estabrook, Strickland, Dodge, Jones, Durant, Salcombe, Kennedy, Deane, Lake, Wakeley, Neville and others that run through the pages are full of significance for anyone familiar with the history of the city, and should hold interest for all who are concerned in knowing of the past as well as the present of the town.

The name of Sorenson deserves a little attention, for the author of this work has toiled early and late with the city of his choice for more than half a century. His long career as a newspaper reporter, manager and editor has given him qualifications peculiarly essential to the successful carrying out of the work he has just presented to the public. It is the third of his ventures in this field, each of his former two volumes being printed for their contents and the third should become as popular as either of its predecessors. It contains 700 pages and 225 illustrations, together with a serviceable chronological table of interesting events.

No Tears For Her.
Actor—My good woman, the last place I stayed the landlady wept when I left.
Landlady—Oh, did she? Well, I ain't going to. I want my money in advance.—Answers, London.

"Uncle Warren" in Canada
Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 28.—(Special Telegram)—The Vancouver Sun, under the caption, "United States Lucky in Harding," says editorially: "America's president created a very favorable impression with Canadians, there is no question about it. For reasons of heritage and for sentimental reasons, Canada will always be part of the British Empire, but that should not prevent Canadians from seeking full advantage of the fact that the North American continent forms a single commercial trading unit and that Americans are our good friends and neighbors. The man who stepped ashore at Vancouver and in 12 hours won the people of Canada was hardly the man Canada expected. From United States press reports Canadians had been led to believe that the president was simply a figurehead, placed in office through political compromise. Our unsolicited advice to those Americans who have any such ideas is that they get acquainted with their president. Free from the influence of the 'pats' and demagogic 'wags' and having only good will to ask and receive, the Canadian public were able to take full measure of Warren Harding as a man. The president got through the hearts and hearts of Canadians with his homely truth that the best citizen was the one you were friendly enough with to go and borrow a couple of eggs from. A man with common sense enough to talk that kind of language and whose life proves that he means what he says, is not the man who will lose his head because what goes up or down 5 cents, is not the public demagogue who is one day pandering to class and the next day to mass. He is the kind of a man people look for when things get in a mess. Just now the world is fed up with a kind of a man as leaders and is looking for the Harding type. Canada believes the United States is lucky in Harding."

Out of Today's Sermons
Rev. E. J. Dagley of the Castelar Presbyterian church speaking this morning on "Jesus Master of Men," will say:
Jesus was not only the master man of all ages but is the master of men of all ages. During His life on earth He manifested this power as few men have. True, other men have gathered about them greater numbers, accomplished more spectacular things, and seemingly were greater successes, but none other ever took the same attitude toward life, worked with and through the same kind of human material, with the results attendant on His efforts.

He was the master of His friends, controlling them through His love and teaching. He was the master of His enemies, confounding them by His unapproachable ability and insight. He was the master of the masses, gaining their temporary adherence through the natural appeal of His greatness.

Jesus was the master of situations. He refused to be made king, evaded the multitude and disappearing from them. He always triumphed in the clashes with the political and ecclesiastical authorities, and this by merely manifesting Himself as "the truth." He was master in the upper room, at the last supper, as He was in the garden of Gethsemane where the soldiers quailed before Him. He might easily have been master, establishing Himself as the mightiest monarch of all history.

Jesus, however, did not do this, for He wanted His mastery to extend to all lands and all times. He desired to be master of all human life in the ages to come. To demonstrate His fitness to become such He displayed mastery of himself, submitting to death on the cross.

His death was not a result of fanatical ideas, but was a manifestation of divine hatred for sin, a divine love for men and a desire, infinite and holy, to see men saved from sin. Having displayed self mastery, righteousness and self mastery, Christ has been master. These, unlike Jesus, were not without their faults and human weaknesses, but each in his turn was happy to accredit any good found in them to the dominating influence of Jesus, the master of men.

He is not only master of the individual, but is master of human history. His will is worked out in the world, not as speedily as we might find it.

LISTENING IN
On the Nebraska Press
It used to be that a vacant lot was a mighty poor investment, now you never can tell when some one will want it for a filling station.—Fairbury News.
The fact that you had the right of way may be a financial heritage to your heirs and assigns, but it will not restore life after the crash.—Fairbury News.
Will Maupin has become convinced that Governor Bryan instead of "growing" under his responsibilities is "simply swelling."—Fairbury News.

It is rather tough to be thinking about the winter supply of coal these hot, summer days, but it will be a lot tougher to be without coal next winter.—Nebraska City Press.
Some of Judge Perry's primary ideas are very good. Some of them are unutterably bad. In the latter category the proposals for party conventions to nominate candidates for the primaries. The convention system is long since in the discard and there let it stay, "hide, hoof and hair."—Kearney Hub.

desire, but truly and inevitably. Elevated standards of life characterize those lands known as Christian. While much regrettable evil abounds, yet Jesus is more and more the master of men. Great upheavals occur, and chaotic periods are experienced, but after each some greater truth is revealed for the advancement of the race. Isaac Watts voiced a prophecy worthy of our acceptance in his great hymn.

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run:
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

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