

Trade of World Culture Urged

Books of Science and Literature Should Be Internationalized, Claim.

Berlin, Aug. 25.—A plea for the standardization of newspapers and magazines as the only practical means of combating the present print paper shortage in Germany, and the establishment of so-called "intellectual cloisters," where aspirants to literary, scientific and artistic laurels of the future will find an asylum during the formative period of their work, is the plan proposed by Dr. Walter Borgius, writing in the magazine Reconstruction on the cultural evils of today.

Culture, he contends, is not a luxury but a necessity, even though it is possible for man to live, or rather vegetate, without intellectual culture. One of the appalling signs of the times is the threatened collapse of the book trade and the public libraries in Germany. The situation, in fact, has grown so acute that a movement is on foot to establish organizations providing an unconditional guarantee for the publication of scientific and historical works in editions which can be sold at a price within the reach of the reading public.

The German book trade, to his mind, can in the future be carried on only along co-operative lines. This would be followed automatically by similar co-operative attempts along the lines of production of print paper, typesetting and the mechanical elements of book making.

Exchange of Foreign Literature Urged.

Another way by which Dr. Borgius would correct the evils would be the exchange of high-priced German technical and scientific literature for corresponding works in other languages—an exchange to be accomplished on a page for page basis, thereby relieving Germany of the necessity of paying cash for the foreign-language literature she receives.

Figures are given to illustrate the discouraging situation that has arisen as a result of a postwar economic conditions. For example, the cost of producing one page of a scientific work is 200,000 marks; a work of the magnitude of Pichte's "History of the World" costs 187,000 marks a page, while the cost of an ordinary textbook ranges from 15,000 to 20,000 marks a page. "Scientific works printed in foreign languages are as accessible to the Germans as if they were lying at the top of an unscalable wall; brushes paint and canvas cost more than an artist can ever hope to obtain from his finished art work."

In making his plea for what he calls the "economic exteriority" of the arts and the sciences, Dr. Borgius argues that intellectual work of the highest degree produces no objects having a fixed economic value, so that there is no guarantee for the younger and struggling elements to make a living, to say nothing of the freedom and leisure necessary for production. He does not regard it as a fantastic idea when he suggests the rebirth of the medieval cloisters as the home of talent in the formative period. The superfluity of royal palaces throughout Germany offers a singularly favorable opportunity for trying out this plan which, even though furnished and conducted with Spartan-like simplicity, would afford the necessary quiet and concentration for brain work.

Science Should Be Internationalized.

Borgius further advocates the internationalization of science, for the purpose of relieving Germany from the burden of producing its own scientific works and shifting this upon an English or American concern, which would in turn have the German editions of the published copies from the German press. This, he believes, would solve the problem of the print paper shortage by increased production through simplification and standardization. He raises the question as to whether it was really necessary for Germany, during the war, to produce a thousand varieties of paper. Experts have testified that production could be increased from 20 to 25 per cent by employing a system of standardization. He also takes up the concentration of the press, suggesting one central news agency on the lines of Wolff's Telegraphic bureau, one centralized weekly publication devoted to art and literature, a half dozen industrial and commercial weeklies, and a dozen big political newspapers. He also recommends a parliamentary forum for all matters concerning the intellectual life of the nation—a national cultural council, in the widest sense of the term.

There is no consolation to speak of abnormal times, now that the line of demarcation between now and then has been entirely obliterated. We no longer live in a transition period, but are standing on the threshold of a new epoch, demanding other conditions and other formulas. With our intellectual culture obliterated we will rapidly sink to the niveau of a nation of industrial coolies. Without making a supreme struggle for the guaranteed existence of our cultural values, our entire cultural life will topple over into an unfeathered abyss and be lost to us forever."

Omaha Baker Is Selected to Lead Quality Discussion

P. F. Petersen of the Petersen & Pegau Baking company has been selected to lead the general discussion on the quality loaf at the annual convention of the American Bakers' association, held at French Lick, Ind., on September 12.

The following telegram was received by Mr. Petersen yesterday from Dr. H. E. Barnard, director of the American Institute of Baking in Chicago:

"A French Lick convention Wednesday, September 12, the quality loaf is the subject for general discussion. Have listed you as leader of discussion since your reputation as baker of quality bread entitles you to that honor."

Emmett Woman Dies.

Mrs. Pearl Harris, 23, Emmet, Neb., died at a local hospital here Thursday. She is survived by her husband, Charles. Services will be held from the Duffy & Johnson parlors, 211 South Thirty-third street, at 2 this afternoon. Rev. Charles W. Swidge officiating. Burial will be in Forest Lawn cemetery.

Name This "Air Mail" Picture and Win Prize



Five dollars for the best title to Russ Cole's air mail picture pictured above! And \$1 each to the inventors of the five next best titles. Only the contestant must observe the rules of the contest.

In the last week's competition we received a deluge of postcards and some of the contestants enclosed their contributions in envelopes. Please use postcards.

You do not have to send return postage with the title. You do not have to cut out the picture and enclose it. All you have to do is read the rules and observe them.

Rules. Write your title, name, and address on a postcard and address it to the Title Contest Editor, The Omaha Bee. Each contestant may submit as many titles as he wishes, but each should be written on a separate postcard.

No title may contain over 12 words. The contest closes at midnight, Wednesday.

Last Week's Competition. Nebraska rose to the situation nobly when it came to last week's wistful darkies and the lure beyond the fence.

But Atlantic, Ia., is still on the job and likely to give the whole state a run. Here are the contest results:

First Prize. "It Was Just Two After Three," Mary J. Condon, 1512 South Twenty-seventh street, Omaha.

Second Prizes. "Declaring a Dividend on Watered Stock," L. T. Brooking, Funk, Neb. "Do Not Go Into Two, Unless They Get Their Wires Crossed," R. T. Mills, Grinnell, Ia.

"Planning to Irrigate Darkest Africa," F. Eaton, Wisner, Neb. "Millions in Sight," Claude S. Leitl, 4044 Curtis avenue, Omaha.

"A Threatened Occupation of the Rhineland," Miss Irma Wells, 3314 Davenport street, Omaha.

Honorable Mention. "Whot'er Melon," Philip Condon, 1512 South Twenty-seventh street, Omaha.

"Do Dey Go Pink or Punk," Sidney D. Potter, Overton, Neb. "Orders of a Royal Gorge," Alex McKie, 2385 North Forty-seventh street, Omaha.

"A Bit of Colored 'Patch' Work," Mrs. George Buck, Gothenburg, Neb.

"Over the Wire: Black Two Eight (A) Three," I. D. Huston, Osceola, Neb.

"Two Scared Aces Behind the Enemy's Lines," Mrs. Fred C. Mead, 601 North Sixth Street, Council Bluffs, Ia.

"The Cravin' Cowards," C. B. Nelson, Atlantic, Ia.

"Orders From De Fence Post of Observation," Cullud Troop Ovah De Top," Clarence Seeb, 822 Seventh avenue, Council Bluffs.

"So Far, So Good," Bruce Church, Emerson, Neb. "Drink To Me Only Thine Eyes," Sarah Hurwitz, Columbus, Neb.

"They Have Those Talking Ways," Maurine Gumprecht, Shelton, Neb.

"Rastus if Ebber You's Gwine to Be a Hero, Do It Now," Miss Clara Johnson, 719 West Twenty-fourth street, Kearney, Neb.

"Feet, My Future Am In Yo' Hands," Jack Donahue, Genoa, Neb. "They Are Going to Get What They Are Licking for (Poison Ivy)," Anna A. Leslie, Primrose, Neb.

"Shedder, We'll Now Have Dah Vine Serve-U," Mrs. A. J. Gibson, Atlantic, Ia.

Rough-Hewn

By Dorothy Canfield

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"What possible basis have you for saying all that?" cried Mr. Livingstone, exasperated. "That's the way things are! Folks that try to use slave labor always get what's coming to them in the way of poor service."

"Oh, but in Rome you had the right to kill him!" cried Mr. Livingstone, jealous of his rights.

"Sure, you could kill him—and in New York you can fire your stenographer. What good would that do you? You couldn't get intelligent service out of the next slave either, unless you had him educated to be intelligent, and if you did that he'd be such a rare bird that you'd save him for something better than standing around waiting for you to clap your hands at him. He'd not be running your business for you."

"Oh, pshaw, Crittenden, why be so heavy-handed and literal? Why wet-blanket every imaginative fancy?"

"Oh, pshaw, Crittenden, why be so heavy-handed and literal? Why wet-blanket every imaginative fancy?"

"Oh, I didn't realize you were imaginatively fancy," said Mr. Crittenden, laughing. "I thought you were trying imaginatively to reconstruct the life of ancient Rome. And I was trying to do my share."

They strolled together to the wall, and Mr. Livingstone spread out on it his plan of the forum.

Marise looked down dejectedly at the mutilated pillars and broken pieces of carved marble and most of all at the bits of old Roman flagged paving. Nothing gave her a more acrid sense of futility than those old, old flagstones over which so many thousands of human feet had eagerly, blindly sought their journey's end.

Had any of them ever found what they sought? She murmured under her breath. "Isn't it all horribly, horribly depressing? Doesn't it make you feel all those endless centuries bowing your shoulders down to the earth—why not now as well as later?"

She had stated it as she felt it, a truism, what everyone must feel. Eugenia and Livingstone accepted it calmly. "Yes, I often feel as ancient as the stones," said Eugenia pensively.

Mr. Crittenden put in hastily, "Not on your life, it doesn't depress me! Why should it? You don't seem to realize, Miss Allen, what an immense difference there is between us! I never really took it in before myself—not until this visit to Rome. But it's immense! Enormous! Let me tell you about it. They're dead and we are alive! Alive!"

Marise looked up at him, thinking that in truth she had never felt anyone so alive. He bent his eyes to hers as Livingstone, with a little gesture of giving him up, drew Eugenia to the corner of the wall and traced lines on his map.

"We think the third line of pillars is the side wall of the Basilica Julia," said Eugenia, stepping towards them, the guide-book in her hand.

VI. They were standing under the great gray dome of the Pantheon, innocent clear daylight flooding all the great gray building.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful, their idea of a 'Treat or Retreat,'" C. W. Appleton, 3620 Vinton street, Omaha.

"Two Mouths With but a Single Hope," John G. Winter, St. Benedict's College, Atchinson, Kan.

"He Boots Temporarily Safe," Mrs. W. H. Stewart, Geneva, Neb. "Caesar: Pompey: Is You a Hook-worm?" Pompey: "No, Caesar, I'm a African Rindeest," Mrs. Bruce Donald, 410 South Eddy street, Grand Island, Neb.

Note: The title above was considered first prize, but as it did not follow the rules, having more than 12 words, it had to be thrown out.

of leaving the circle open to the sky? Marise burst out. "Doesn't it make our dark, modern churches with their imitation Gothic stained glass seem cheap and affected? Every church all over the world ought to be like this, and then we human beings might be fit to live with."

Livingstone put in a horrified protest. "What! Miss all that exquisite twilight that makes a church a church? I was just thinking how fiercely, literally bright this noonday sun is. Daylight leaves no mystery, nothing to your imagination."

Marise turned confidently to Mr. Crittenden as an ally. She was sure, as sure of anything in the world, that he must be on her side. But he hedged and said neutrally, "Oh, I don't think it would be a horrid act of tyranny to have every church like this. There are lots of folks who'd hate it. They have a right to have some things their way, haven't they?"

"Oh, I don't think you'd take that side," said Marise, feeling betrayed and longing for a sweeping, exclusive affirmation to match her own. He so often hedged, it seemed to her, that she wanted to qualify statements. Oh, it came to her with a start—that was another form of truth-telling! He was trying to make his statements express the truth, rather than his feelings!

He now said, judicially. "As far as I personally go, it depends what I'm looking at. If I'm looking at a very fine statue or something that seems really beautiful to me, I want as good a light as possible to see it in. If I should ever have any personal hangings in my life, I'd want daylight to see it by. But when it's a question of looking at the interior decoration of the average modern church, why, the more mystery and twilight the better."

This made Marise laugh. He often made her laugh, more than she had ever laughed before. And yet he never told funny stories.

He now went on, "I suppose it depends on your opinion of what there is to see. If you think your imagination is so much beyond the reality, of course you want a lot of light to it, and plenty of dark corners for it to work in. Just now it seems to me that reality is so much beyond her of fact. She wondered what the other two made out of it. She knew very well what she made out of it. VII.

They were sitting on the terrace in the evening, with several other people from the pension, having their coffee sociably around the big round table and looking out over the roofs and domes and church towers of Rome. The conversation had been chat, as was usual during meals, and Mr. Crittenden had contributed little to it. His massive capacity for silence when he had nothing special to say was constant source of wonder to Marise. Not to "make talk," even very commonplace talk, was a betrayal of a tacitly accepted code as much as calling Donna Antonia a "bad-tempered, stupid old woman." She had been taught that it was one of the pretenses which must be kept up under penalty of the ruin of all civilized intercourse. She envied and resented his freedom from it.

She addressed herself directly to him now to force him out of his reflective taciturnity. "Do you agree to that, Mr. Crittenden?"

"To what?" he asked, making no pretense of being abashed because he had not been following the conversation.

"Why, Mr. Livingstone was saying that artists are the only human beings to be envied, the only human beings who really live, intensely."

"They're the only ones who talk about it," he offered as his variation on the dictum. "That's what an artist is, isn't he? Somebody who happens to be put together so that it kills him to keep anything to himself. He just goes up in smoke if he can't run and tell the world what he has seen or tasted or handled or got hit by, and the way it made him feel. I admire and revere artists. They certainly do a lot for the rest of us. But I don't see any reason to think that they feel things any more intensely than anybody else, and I don't see anything so terribly enviable in their lot. There seems to be a lot of hard work about it, if you judge by the way they carry on. I don't see why you can't enjoy beauty and feel tragedy, even if you keep your mouth shut. You can feel it just the same, can't you? I'm sure I've felt things about a million times more intensely than anything that ever got into a book. And I can't say I'm any less satisfied with my fate because I'm not thrifflily trying to use those same feelings as raw material for an art."

Marise was laughing outrageously by the time he had finished, partly at Mr. Livingstone's scandalized exclamation, and partly at the pressure. She was ashamed of the way she laughed over Mr. Crittenden's teasing of poor unconscious Mr. Livingstone.

"You don't understand, Crittenden, you don't get my point at all. There's something—something—"

Livingstone brought it out with a remnant of the provoking self-consciousness before fine phrases which he so deplored, "there's something god-like, divine, in being an artist, creating something."

Mr. Crittenden moved from his negligent pose, tightened up a little. "Oh, if you mean by 'artist' a class broad enough to take in everybody who creates something, yes, of course, they're the only ones who really live. That's what most of us are trying to get a chance to do, trying to create a little order out of chaos. But that's pretty nearly the whole anti-thesis of the human race, isn't it? Except the leisure classes."

Mr. Livingstone was in despair of making the Philistine understand his meaning. "It's something we have so little of in America it's hard for an American to recognize its existence," he murmured to the company in an extension of his comparative denseness.

Mr. Crittenden sat up straighter. "I used to make my living buying and selling lumber in the New England states," he said, addressing himself for once to the company, "and on one of my trips I met a man in a narrow mountain valley up there who was a creator. There ever was one. He had started life as a mechanic, left school and went to work at 16, in a shop filled with soulless cogs and bolts and screws and springs. And his creative instinct rose up and seized on those things as the appointed raw stuff for his creation. When I saw him he was the head of one of the biggest metal-working factories in the country, a good many hundred men working for him, and devoted to him, turning out tools that have simplified the tasks of mechanics the world around. I never saw a happier man. I never saw a human life more completely fulfilled. Yes, you're right, Livingstone. The creators are the enviable ones."

"That wasn't in the least what I said, or meant!" protested Mr. Livingstone wrothfully.

"It happens to be fresh in my mind," said Mr. Crittenden, half apologizing for his unusual locquacity, "because today, walking on the Due Macelli, I happened to see a case of his tools, and outside, just glued to the window, a young Italian mechanic, gazing in at them, his face on fire with his admiration and appreciation. Quite a long way, isn't it, for a Yankee creator to reach out a helpful and stimulating hand? But doesn't that prove, of course, a genius. The rest of us can't hope to do that."

Later, as they all went down the stairs together, Marise asked him, "But there isn't anything... is there?... that the rest of us, not creative geniuses, can hope to do that's creative?"

he could find to answer. She herself could conceive of no answer possible. With all the intelligent people she had ever known it had been axiomatic that there was no answer. He did not speak at once. She had noticed that he often took time to reflect seriously on what you had said before he replied. Marise had never seen any one before who seemed to give so much more care to understanding what you said than to concealing something that would sound well to say in answer. There were times when, incredible as it seemed, Mr. Crittenden seemed really to use language to express what he meant rather than to attain his ends. She waited now, and as she waited she was aware of the erectness and vigor of the tall body stepping beside her. In the corridor he halted for a moment, facing her, his head bent thoughtfully, his eyes shadowed by his broad brow, his hand, that powerful athlete's hand of his, meditatively over his mouth as he considered.

He had given her question a good deal of thought, and yet when he took his hand down to speak he said abruptly, impulsively, as though the words had broken up through what he had been meaning to say. "Couldn't we... any of us... couldn't we hope to create a beautiful human relationship? Beautiful and enduring?"

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Nearly Half of Philippine Children Now Go to School

Manila, Aug. 25.—The Philippine Islands have a total of 8,174 schools, public and private, with an approximate enrollment of 1,160,000, according to the bureau of education and the superintendent of private schools.

It is estimated that the Philippines have a population of 2,600,000 children of school age.

Public schools alone number 7,641 and attendance reached a total of 1,044,472 during the last year, while private schools numbered 532 and have an enrollment of 64,835.

Eighty-five per cent of the private schools in the Philippines are religious institutions and only 15 per cent secular. Seventy-seven per cent of the religious private schools are Catholic, while the remaining eight per cent are Protestant.

The public school system, in which English is taught, includes 24,873 teachers, 341 of whom are Americans.

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