

WASTRELS ARE NEAR TRAITORS TO NATION

Men Who Buy Food Which They Do Not Need Are Not Helping Country in the War.

By A. R. GROH.

An open letter to the young gazabo, wearing glasses and a misplaced eyebrow mustache, seen finishing his lunch in a local restaurant:

Dear Gazabo—I am the man, who gave you that terrible look as I passed your table in going out of the restaurant. You may have noted the contemptuous glance that I gave with a condemnatory eye at the dishes ranged around your plate. You may have wondered what was "biting" me.

I will tell you. My condemnatory glance was directed upon you because the dishes ranged around your plate branded you as a wastrel. And wastrels, particularly food wastrels, are near-traitors in these times.

You knew that there is a shortage in food. You knew that the world has gone out to everybody to produce as much food as possible and to waste as little as possible.

Should Be Ashamed.

You knew this. Why, then, were you not ashamed to sit there with all that exhibit of wasted food around you? There was a big beefsteak that you had footed around with. Less than one-third of it was consumed. There was a dish of new potatoes in cream that you had mused upon somewhat and the sliced tomatoes that you had barely touched and the asparagus that you had nibbled at and the pie that you had only half consumed and the cup of coffee half wasted.

Now, I don't want to "hawl you out" too severely. Perhaps you were only thoughtless. You wouldn't deliberately waste the food supply of your country, would you?

You say you can pay for it, and it doesn't matter whether you eat it or not. A very shallow argument. It does matter just as much as if you hadn't cent. The fact that you can pay for food doesn't give you a right to waste the food of the world. It would be powerless to store the food. Think it over, my friend.

May Save the Steak.

There is one redeemable thought. No doubt that one-third consumed steak will be cleaned and renovated and come out on a clean platter to some other customer. So, it won't be wasted. And the creamed potatoes can do duty again. And the onions and asparagus will fit into a stew or soup. And even the damaged pie may find its way into a bread pudding. For such, I understand, is the way of restaurants. And while I never like to think of it when eating hash at a hash palace, I rejoice at it in these scarce food times.

The point I want to make is that if you waste as much at home as you do in the restaurant, and if all you don't eat at home goes into the garbage pail, is it a serious thing. Especially serious is it if there are a few million thoughtless people like yourself in this country.

Turn over a new leaf, my friend, you and all other food wastrels. Make up your mind to waste no food, at least not during the war. I'll look next time I pass your table. Don't let me see any wasted food or I may target myself and land on you.

St. Joseph Man Now Vice President Omaha National

Walter W. Head, cashier of the German-American National bank of St. Joseph, Mo., will come to Omaha July 1 to take the place of the late W. H. Burrows as a vice president of the Omaha National bank.

All the old members of the staff remain and there is one new one, Edward Neale, who has been in the collection department of the Omaha National bank for twelve years and is promoted to be assistant cashier. Frank Boyd, who was cashier, is to be a vice president, and Ezra Millard, who was an assistant cashier, is to be cashier.

City Sells \$1,000 Worth Of Seed Potatoes at Cost

The week's sales of the municipal garden seed department amounted to \$1,000, most of the amount being received for sales of seed potatoes. This feature of the city's gardening project will be resumed on Monday morning.

Director Fletcher assigned many lots and tracts to persons who will cultivate them. More lots are wanted.

Hulda Carlson Missing Since Last Tuesday

Hulda Carlson, aged 23 years, has been missing since Thursday. Miss Carlson left the Scandinavian Young Women's Christian association home the forenoon of May 10. In a handbag she took clothes with her.

She was recently discharged from a hospital, where she went to be treated for neuritic ailment. Miss Carlson was formerly a housemaid in the home of Horace F. Orr, 125 South Thirty-eighth street. She has blue eyes, light hair and a clear complexion. She wore a blue and white wash dress.

Seven Youths Vindicated Of Assault on Policeman

Seven young men, charged with assaulting Patrolman Thomas O'Connor near the municipal Auditorium on the night of April 30, were discharged in police court Saturday. The defendants were Frank Compton, Joe Arthur, and Glenn Clark, George Anderson, E. M. Wireman and Wylie Compton.

Art in Omaha Bougereau's Work Critically Considered Rodin, Gilder and Others in Point

Manatuck, West Dodge, Omaha, May 10, 1917.—To the Editor of The Bee: I received a shock a few days ago when I saw a painting by the Frenchman, Bougereau, which I understand the art society here is contemplating buying for \$30,000. As one who loves art and the cause of art very deeply I feel I must protest against this purchase, and as one who has studied art for many years in the east and abroad, I feel that I have some right to make a protest.

I consider Bougereau's work of the very lowest order, entirely lacking in all that makes art great and full of defects and meanings which cannot fail to have a pernicious and degrading effect on any community. Many people who have a smattering of art knowledge and who think they know a great deal because they are not shocked by the nude in art and who are a shade better informed than those who think all nude work is wicked, also know so little that they think any picture of the nude is great for no other reason than that it is nude. This is Bougereau's appeal.

Technically this picture is entirely lacking. There are no bones in it, no anatomy; there is no foreshortening where it is needed, the leg is a bow from the thigh to the knee and there is no knee, and it is all badly drawn. Although she is supposed to be standing in a pool of water, she is standing on the surface as though it were ice. The background comes in front of the figure and both are in front of the frame. And in a more spiritual sense that does it stand for? Nothing. She is simply name, expressing nothing. There is none of the wonderful feeling of reality of the nudes of Rubens, where you feel that every bone, every organ of the body is in place and working perfectly, in which you feel the grandeur of the human body as a dwelling place for the mind and the soul. Nor of Michel Angelo, whose people are too wonderful to need clothes; or of Rodin, whose nude teach us as never before. Here we have a woman who is not nude, but naked. The nudes of the great masters are uplifting and ennobling. This is vulgar, ugly and immoral to him who can read.

But it is not necessary to take my word for authority. I studied with the late William M. Chase in New York, and for over three years I heard him give long talks on art and criticism every week. Mr. Chase was for twenty-five years considered the greatest art teacher in this country, and undoubtedly was the greatest of the older men. I know that he considered Bougereau the exponent of the lowest form of art in existence. Many a time have I known him to look at a student's canvas a moment, explode with the one word, "Bougereau!" and go on to the next. To anyone who understands his opinions an hour's talk would not have said more. His artistic hatreds came under the head of Bougereau, Henner and their kind, the kaiser, Ruskin. I have heard him tell of a family who were friends of his who sent him word to come and see their wonderful new Bougereau, for which they had paid a big sum. He went and he told them what he thought of it. They were politely unbelieving and angry. The picture was placed where the family could see it oftenest. This family could afford to have and did have a very fine Rembrandt which hung where strangers could see it and be impressed by the name, but where the family did not see it often. Mr. Chase prevailed on them to hang the two side by side nearest the family living place, where they would see them constantly, and asked them to study them equally. He went abroad and did not see them for two years. At the end of that time he called upon them. The Rembrandt hung in the place of honor, but the other was not to be seen. He asked what had become of it. They told him that it was in the attic, as they had grown to love the Rembrandt, so they could not see enough of it, and to hate the Bougereau so they could not bear to see it. He asked them why they did not sell it, as they could get a large

price for it. They replied that they would not let an influence so perverted go out of their house, that they would rather burn it up and lose the money.

I also studied a great deal with Mr. Kenneth Hayes Miller, who is considered by serious students in New York the best teacher there, which means the best in the world, as New York is now the art center of the world. I know that he thinks no more of Bougereau than Mr. Chase did. I also know that Robert Henri, F. Luis Mora and many others of the leading artists of New York have only contempt for that style of art.

Great art brings a moral uplift to the people of any community. If this picture is hung in a public gallery in Omaha it will not teach the people anything of art or of anything else. If they would take a small part of \$30,000, say \$5,000 or even \$1,000, and buy good photographs, if possible in color, of the great pictures which have stood the test of centuries and modern pictures which are great by the same standards and put them in public places and make them interesting and explain them, they would be doing far more to educate the public. And that is the true aim of every art gallery. The people of Omaha can learn to appreciate good art, for appreciation can be taught. But they will never learn so long as they are given art like the impossible portrait of Fontenelle, the cast iron waves we often see here and the things in violent motion, but entirely lacking in action which they are so fond of exhibiting here, while beautiful things like the landscapes of Mr. Gilder, who is one of our great American landscape painters, go begging for a paltry sum. The people will never learn while they are given the pictures they vote for. Omaha needs art missionaries. The public should be given pictures selected by those who know far more about art than they do and be taught to love good art. Any leader must know his subject and know what he is going to teach before he can teach anything. Does the missionary take a vote of the heathen to find out which religion he will teach them? Does the school teacher ask his pupils what he shall teach them? Is it anyone's duty to study a good and a bad picture and not learn to love the good and despise the bad one. It is only by seeing the good that the people will learn to care for great art. This is shown by the fact that in New York, where great art is shown, the crowds can hardly be accommodated.

That Omaha needs art missionaries is shown by any observer at the Franco-Belgian exhibition at the Auditorium. The four Rodins, which are the only real art there, are passed by. And people do not even glance at the wonderful Victory, although every true lover of art will bow to her no matter how often he sees her nor how poor the reproduction. If Omaha could have one of those Rodins it would mean more than every work of art that has ever been here. That marvelous thing, "Severed Head of John the Baptist," could not live long beside the Bougereau without driving the latter to the junk pile.

In the first place, it is so absolutely dead. The wonderful expression of the mouth! We know it is dead, that it is severed from the body and that it met a violent death. We also know that it has been dead some time—at least more than twenty-four hours; also that it has gone through many adventures since it left the body. As Shakespeare gave us not only the plots of his plays, but the whole background of the life of the world at that time, so Rodin has expressed in this head the life of Bible times. We can almost see the crowd, the cruelty of that time, the soldiers in formation with helmets and spears, and here and there a sneer. We know that this man died without solace and peace at the end. And how wonderfully Rodin has gotten those two things most difficult for an artist to get, especially a sculptor, and especially in bronze—color and texture. This hair must be dark brown. We feel the color of the skin. And how wonderfully we feel that the skin

is skin and that the hair is fluffy. And how we feel the bony structure of the head. It is all there just as it should be. This head must have laid there awhile and been thrown there by violent hands. We know that this man could not have lived in this day. He shows on his face the age in which he lived and the development, intellectual and moral, of that time. We can see and feel all these things in it even if we had never heard the story. No sculptor or painter of any age has ever reached higher art than this.

But, some people would say, this would not be a fit subject to give the

public, especially children. Perhaps so. One of the most difficult things in art to be learned is that the subject has nothing whatever to do with it. One of the most beautiful pictures I ever saw was a Rubens in Brussels, in which somebody cuts out the tongue of a martyr and feeds it to a dog. Revolting subject, but a beautiful picture. Yet I have seen many pictures of undeniably beautiful women which were hideous as pictures. For myself, I do not care what the subject of a work of art is so long as it is great art.

But the other three Rodins are equally great in their way. And there are many things of pleasing subjects equally great. Can anyone see any of these great things in any of the pictures at the Auditorium or in the Bougereau? I confess I cannot, and

I would be grateful to anyone who would show me them.

Omaha is unusually backward in art, even smaller cities, such as Des Moines, being ahead of it. But it is a hopeful sign that there is interest in art. To quote Mr. Chase again. He used to tell us to admire something immensely, no matter how bad it was, even if it was that awful thing, "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," in the Metropolitan museum. So long as we admired something, we would go

on liking better and better things, and finally get somewhere some time, while he who admired nothing would never get anywhere. So if Omaha admires something, even a Bougereau, it means the beginning of better things. Even if it isn't on the ladder of art or art appreciation, if it is just on the ground under that ladder and looking up, that is something to be proud of.

LETA MOORE MEYER.

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Is the man in a hurry?

A. He doesn't appear to be taking a nap.
Q. Well, what's his trouble?
A. He's to appear before his bank directors on the matter of a loan and his car is down with punctured tires.
Q. Isn't he foolish to depend upon his car in such an emergency?
A. He wouldn't be if he had the right tire equipment.
Q. What do you call the right tire equipment?
A. Lee Tires—the stuff that gets you there, and the tires you can always depend upon. Don't ask me, but go and look into the Lee Puncture Proof feature, their standard lines, their Inner Tubes and find out for yourself what I mean by right tire equipment, from

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