THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY

THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
NELSON B. UPDIKE, Publisher.

MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press, of which The Bee is a member, is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published herein. All rights of publication of our special dispatches are also reserved.

BEE TELEPHONES

Private Branch Exchange. Ask for the Department or Person Wanted. **Tyler 1000**

For Night Calls After 10 P. M.:
Editorial Department - - - - - - - - - - - - Tyler 1000L
Circulation Department - - - - - - - - - - - Tyler 1008L
Advertising Department - - - - - - - - - - - Tyler 1009L

OFFICES OF THE BEE

Main Office: 17th and Farnam
Council Bluffs 15 Scott St. | South Side 2318 N St.
Out-of-Town Offices:
New York 286 Fifth Ave. | Washington 1311 G St.
Chicago Steger Bldg. | Paris France 420 Rue St. Honore

The Bee's Platform

1. New Union Passenger Station.
2. A Pipe Line from the Wyoming Oil Fields to Omaha.
3. Continued improvement of the Nebraska Highways, including the pavement of Main Thoroughfares leading into Omaha with a Brick Surface.
4. A short, low-rate Waterway from the Corn Belt to the Atlantic Ocean.
5. Home Rule Charter for Omaha, with City Manager form of Government.

NO MAN'S LAND FOR THE GRAD.

We have with us this month the college graduate. Poor fellow! Rich in the intellectual foundations he has laid, but poor in experience; rich in ambition and ideals, but poor in practical knowledge; rich in culture and refinement, it may be, but poor in purse, let us hope, for poverty alone can compel the use of his latent powers to the highest advantage of himself and society.

Just now, with his diploma clutched tightly to his breast, he is at last "over the top" at the zero hour, with No Man's Land under his feet. Only those who have passed from the loving plaudits of crowded commencement halls to the stark bleakness of an unfeeling and sometimes slightly contemptuous world, can appreciate the cheerless position of the fresh laid graduate without a dollar in his pocket, or aught wherewith to savor his unsalted newness.

He has so much to learn! and unlearn! A hustling, hurrying world scurries by him. He sees the youths he left behind him when he departed from the public schools for college and a liberal education, nicely started in life, fixed in good jobs, earning good money, and wonders if all his hopes must die. An appalling sense of his unfitness and inability to compete with these former companions in the hurly-burly of real life all but overwhelms him. His total ignorance of the ins and outs of honest money getting depresses him. Again, poor fellow! He is indeed in the No Man's Land of his career—that enentangling maze of hazards, disappointments, chilling fears and heart-breaking set-backs that are to try his soul as never it was tried before; that hot touch of experience where a Bachelor of Arts must yield precedence to any boy who has served his apprenticeship in the real work of the world.

But hold. If he be honest, industrious, adaptable, he will get safely over to victory, a better, stronger, more useful man because of the merciless hazing the world has in store for him during the next five or ten years. And then—how he will soar to achievement after achievement! Then, and not until then, will he fully grasp what his Alma Mater has done for him and for his future. And all the following days of his life he will be deeply thankful for the bitter experiences which now confront him. Journey on, young brother; you are welcomed to the pains and privileges, the amenities and bumps, that follow commencement admittance to the fellowship of scholars!

Junk Yields Rich Treasure.

There is romance in the junk business. It has to do with old things, and odd finds turn up in the junk man's bags. Old garrets are a favorite lurking place for junk and divers and sundry interesting things, as many a boy has discovered on rainy days.

Recently a Philadelphia garret yielded a great treasure in old postage stamps—a collection probably made by a secretary of the treasury in 1849, which contains specimens long sought and believed to have disappeared from the face of the earth. Many of these stamps are listed in the catalogues of philatelists at from $100 to $500 each.

This discovery recalls the junk find in St. Louis about ten years ago, when in a bale of waste paper purchased by a lucky dog for $16 were found stamps valued around $140,000. The stamp collector has his thrills and sensations.

The Labor Market.

There seems to be reliable symptoms of a labor surplus at some points, in sharp contrast to the constant shortage that has existed since the summer after we entered the war. We quote from a news item in the Sioux City Journal:

A surplus of labor exists in Sioux City, although there is a constantly increasing amount of work being done, contractors state. Labor is plentiful here and in the country, employment figures show. The supply of labor of all kinds, aside from the plumbers, is said to be good.

Fifteen laborers were reported to have come from Omaha to Sioux City Tuesday since they could find no work in Omaha.

The shortage on the farms still exists and will become more acute with harvest time, doubtless; but it is a symptom when the job ceases feverishly to hunt the man.

Two Clear Notes Sounded.

Senator Lodge plumbed the very depths of true American republican sentiment when he said at Chicago:

We must be now and ever for Americanism and nationalism, and against internationalism. There is no safety for us, no hope that we can be of service to the world, if we do otherwise.

Mr. Wilson and his dynasty, his heirs and assigns or anybody that is his, anybody who with bent knee has served his purposes, must be driven from all control, from all influence upon the government of the United States.

Amen. Amen. America has had enough of fuddling, of muddling, of huddling and of meddling—of ineptitude, inefficiency and self-sufficiency in high places.

The Sun and New York Herald remember the old Astor House opposite City Hall Park for a number of things. We remember it for the best clam chowder and oyster pates earth and ocean ever united to produce, back in the middle 80's.

Suffering Ireland.

Recently a young man entered a Dublin hospital suffering from terrible burns on his legs, neck, chest, face and hands, the latter without a nail or shred of skin on them. He died.

On the night of his admittance Ballybrack police barrack in County Dublin was destroyed by incendiaries, and a police sergeant and military officers making a survey of the ruins and adjacent grounds, found the complete skins of two hands, with the nails attached, close by a fountain. Gruesome human gloves.

This is only one horrible incident of many in the disordered isle so long in pitiful, demoralizing distress and disorder.

High-Rollicking Times in Havana.

Gentlemen recently back from Havana describe it as a gambling heaven which eclipses Monte Carlo, and bathed in intoxicating beverages of every imaginable kind. Millionaires from all over the world are shedding their incomes freely in a newly completed casino whose gorgeous decorations vie with the most ornate palaces of Europe in magnificence.

But it's hot in Havana—damnably hot. If we had to have booze and roulette in our curriculum we should much prefer the Bermudas, now that the supreme court has stopped public drinking. But England goes only so far, and no farther, in its tolerance of the sporting life of money-spenders.

A Mistaken Editor.

Editors were not all endowed with wisdom. In 1863 the Harrisburg Patriot commented as follows on a speech by Abraham Lincoln:

The president succeeded on this occasion because he acted without sense and without constraint in a panorama that was gotten up more for the benefit of his party than for the glory of the nation and the honor of the dead. We pass over the silly remarks of the president; for the credit of the nation we are willing that the veil of oblivion shall be dropped over them and that they shall be no more repeated or thought of.

A striking example of the mistakes partisan rancor may lead to, for the words this editor attempted to relegate to oblivion constituted the Gettysburg speech, one of the greatest utterances that ever fell from the lips of man.

There are several conceptions of what a political party platform should be. One is that it should be an unqualified and explicit avowal of principles—that is to say, a party constitution—with a definite statement of party policy on matters foremost in the public mind as issues. Another is that it should be an artful assemblage of pleasant words of promises designed to soothe and satisfy as many conflicting interests as possible—such a conception, for instance, as the "single term" declaration of the democratic platform off of which Mr. Wilson made his first campaign.

The beatification of twenty-two negroes of Uganda who burned to death at the stake in 1886 rather than renounce their faith, was celebrated by Pope Benedict, June 6. Pictures and relics of these black saints, who were subjects of King Mwanga, are at St. Peters in Rome. What men will do and suffer for their beliefs is past imagining. The soul's limitations cannot be measured.

There were people who regarded the abolition of slavery as a most unjustifiable invasion of the rights of white men—quite as strongly as many believe prohibition to be an assault on personal liberty.

Inefficient public schools produce inefficient boys and girls who are likely to follow that bent all their days. First rate schools profit a land a thousand-fold over their cost.

University man attempts to tell "when little red ants are troublesome." The man of the hour is the one who can tell when they are not troublesome.

France has a tax on bachelors. What America needs a heavy tax on loafers.

Prohibitionists will never select the dandelion blossom as their favorite flower.

THE SNOB.

The artificial flower on the girl's hat
Looks at the rose upon the stalk
And turns a dusty petal in disdain:
"A vulgar plant, born in the mud,
Too red, and spreading evil scents,
Mistress of bees and butterflies,
Inconstant, unashamed,
Nodding to all the breezes. . . .
Tomorrow she will wither." . . .
—New York Evening Sun.

Such a Reluctant Creature.

"We entered the war most reluctantly."—President Wilson.

May we not add, we are getting out of the war even more reluctantly.—New York Evening Mail.

Oil in Bible Spots.

The asphalt springs of Hit, from which Noah probably obtained the "pitch" with which he made the Ark impervious to the "flood of waters," have now been thoroughly examined with a view to their commercial possibilities. The petroleum deposits of the land of Shipar, between the Tigris and the Euphrates, which furnished the "slime" that the descendants of Noah "had for mortar" in building the Tower of Babel, have been measured as well as can be until the bit of the oil driller is sent down to prove whether the geologist is right or not. And the sources of bitumen which archeologists have found was used as cement in constructing the ancient palaces of Babylon and Ninevah have undoubtedly been located.—John K. Barnes in the World's Work.

Our Professor of Shams.

In a campaign dodger to the railway labor unions President Wilson declares that in nine months the congress which has just adjourned had "taken no important remedial action with respect to the problem of the cost of living."

But it is a fact, and President Wilson knows it is a fact, that the present congress has had to throttle by main strength the colossal squander of Mr. Wilson's own administrative departments. It is a fact, and President Wilson knows it is a fact, that from the regular supply bills which his own congress tried to put through this new congress when called into special session cut out close to a billion dollars—to be exact, $940,510,598. It is a fact, and President Wilson knows it is a fact, that in the regular session of this congress his own administrative departments demanded and fought for appropriations to continue their spending debauch, but this very congress chopped out of their estimates nearly a billion and a half of dollars more—to be exact, $1,433,850,218.

It is a fact therefore, and President Wilson knows it is a fact, that all told this congress chopped out more than two and a quarter billions of dollars—to be exact, $2,374,460,917—which Mr. Wilson's own administrative departments strove to get so as to continue their spendthrift profligacy.—Sun and New York Herald.

A Line O' Type or Two

How to the Line, let the chips fall where they may.

WE were much distressed to hear of a gentleman who, having purchased a convention ticket from a speculator, arrived at the hall to find that the convention had adjourned.

NO. 766.

Sir: What is the serial number of this report that conventioners have been seen on the Boul wearing hat bands labeled "Wood?" L. M.

"THIS is the first convention I have attended," said an old timer, "conspicuous for lack of applause whenever some well known republican comes in."

My Dear, You Must Be Careful!

Sir: Why should anyone bemoan the lack of highballs or high-powered flivvers, when the sun flickering down through the trees of the Forest Preserve, under such a sky as yesterday's, can make a dignified middle-aged old maid, on a solitary hike, mentally turn handsprings in the road, kiss a gypsy lover or a lusty, crowing baby, shout the Doxology, hum "In a Kingdom of Our Own," cast a vote for Herbert Hoover, eat wild strawberries, read Francois Villon and Hilda Conkling, and dance on a hill top, by moonlight, to the music of the spheres? E. P. B.

THE proposal of the irreconcilables and the proposal of the treaty reservationists are alike in this respect: they are both hot air.

ASTOUNDING, INDEED.

Sir: As you were speaking of Conrad's trick, as you were, of leading you to expect more than you get, I have conceived the astounding theory that Hugh Walpole is responsible for a great part of the British Pole's work. Walpole's "The Dark Forest" is one of the greatest adventureless adventure stories I have ever read. Important events are always on the verge of not happening. K. S. C.

CONRAD'S masterpiece is still unwritten, although meditated for many years. The scene of it will be the Sargasso Sea.

No Reflection on Mother.

(From the Sabetha, Kan., Herald.)

Ed Smith, father of Mrs. Charles Roberts, and Mrs. Brad Dougherty, her aunt, came up from Kansas City Saturday, Mr. Dougherty joining them Sunday at the Roberts country home near Oneida. They all pitched in and helped the young bride settle the house, her mother having been here a few days previously.

"A FAMOUS poet tells us that order is heaven's first law," keynoted Mr. Lodge. But science inclines to believe that the poet was mistaken.

WHAT ONE SAYS TO ONE'S SELF IN ONE'S BEST MOMENTS.

(From the Madison Democrat.)

The receptive listener will, for instance, drink in at the Strand theater, the lovely tones of the four string instruments combining with the piano and will have much the same sensation as if he were surrounded by beautiful furnishings in a well appointed home. The creative listener will note the order and the symmetry, the delicacy and grace, the power and sonority of the tones, and will say to himself: "In this composition of MacDowell, Beethoven, or Tchaikovski (or whatever the composer may be) has expressed a fineness of outlook upon the world which characterizes me at my best moments and which I shall endeavor to make mine in the future."

"THERE never was so great a moral victory as prohibition," declares Mr. Bryan, whose mind is perfectly adjusted for the emission of small-town stuff.

PRIERE DU REFORMATEUR.

O Seigneur Dieu, je te rends grace
De n'etre point comme les autres:
Ils sont du monde la disgrace
Et se croient de tres bons apotres.
Ils s'en vont dans les cabarets
Chercher eou-de-vie et vins vieux;
Ils admirent les beaux mollets,
Et que ne font-ils pas chez eux!
Mon ame est toute d'innocence,
Celle des autres, d'insolence.
Ton Fils, aux noces de Cana,
De l'eau, fit un excellent vin,
Je veux en guise d'hosanna
Sonner, du boire, letocsin.
De notre auguste republique,
Je veux extirper tous les vices.
Je suis bon, honnete et pudique,
A moi, a moi, tous les caprices.
Puisqu'on a detrone les rois,
C'est moi qui vais forger les lois,
Meme aux poetes pleins d'esprit
Qui s'impriment chez B. L. T. M. J.

"THE saying that oratory is a lost art is still heard in the land. Nothing could be further from the truth."—Chicago Journal.

Nothing, indeed. Tribes have been lost in the dark backward and abysm of time, but the Tribe of Gab was never threatened with extinction.

POTATOES were never so high. But why eat them? Hominy makes an agreeable substitute.

ANYTHING TO GET CIRCULATION.

(From the Wisconsin News.)

All records for June marriages are expected to be shattered. Records for the first two days of June a year ago show forty-two applications.

Watch the Green for "Indoor Sports."

DAYLIGHT is to be saved hereabout; and so far as we are concerned, the farmer can meet the sun upon the upland lawn whenever he jolly well pleases.

Hotel Art.

Sir: When working in and out of Soo Falls, I "stopped at" what H. O'Reilley, of Cresco, Iowa, would have denominated (as he did his own caravansary) "not a firsht class hotel, but a moighty fine second class." Here I noticed that each room I occupied was adorned by a gilt-framed certificate of membership vouching that mine host had "jined" some fraternal order. I learned that his hotel boasted sixteen rooms, and he hoped, in time, to accumulate a "jiner's" certificate for each room. B. C. B.

MR. PHILIP HALE is urged to combat the habit of writers of begining simple statements of facts with the French idiom "It is . . . that." 'Tis a worthy "crusade," in which we beg to join. Reading over what we have thus far written, we find no great reason to recast a sentence, but we have sinned freely in the past.

AU SECOURS! AU SECOURS!

(From the June Metropolitan.)

His eyes narrowed and he bent slightly toward her.

"N'oubliez pas. Je n'avez jamais le desire pour une femme!"

"READING about a yacht race is almost as wearisome as watching it," says Old F. P. A. But is not the reporter to blame? The usual report of a golf match is as dull as a country squire, yet it can be, and occasionally has been, made good reading.

IN case you are looking for the headquarters of the National Woman's party, you will recognize the place by the posters plastered over it, "The Sweetheart Shop."

Commercial Candor.

(From the Ottumwa Courier.)

You never heard of such a thing at Leonard's. Even above the clink and the clank of the many so-called sales, now being held, our prices stand out prominently and conspicuously for their lowness as a 15-story skyscraper on a country cross roads corner.

OF course there is coal enough to last seven thousand years, at the rate it is moving. May we remind Mr. Upham that it is called the Consumers Company because it consumes so much time in filling our order?

FROM the programme of an organ recital in Denver:

"To Be Near You".....Coote

"WEDDING Ends Romance."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Alas, it so often does!

TOM LAWSON has joined Mr. Hearst in backing Hiram. Truly, misfortunes never come singly.

ONLY ONE IS OUR GUESS.

Sir: I will bet that the nominee will have two o's in his name. H. FORBID.

WATCH that 'g' in Sproul. B. L. T.

How to Keep Well

By Dr. W. A. EVANS

Questions concerning hygiene, sanitation and prevention of disease, submitted to Dr. Evans by readers of The Bee, will be answered personally, subject to proper limitation, where a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Evans will not make diagnosis or prescribe for individual diseases. Address letters in care of The Bee.

RABIES RETURNS TO EUROPE.

Disturbing rumors have come from Europe of the return of hydrophobia in the wake of the war. For this disease there is no specific cure, but there is a specific preventive. Making free use of the Pasteur prevention, vaccination, and controlling all animals subject to hydrophobia, central Europe had almost forgotten hydrophobia or rabies when in the wake of the war there was an outbreak of it.

For sixteen years England had known no hydrophobia of man or beast, because of the strict enforcement of certain laws. All dogs were registered, tagged and muzzled. No dog was allowed to be imported until he had been held in quarantine past the hydrophobia incubation period and then had been O. K.'d by the inspector. Dog bites were made reportable. Suspected cases of hydrophobia were reported. Laboratory diagnosis was made and preventive treatment given.

But the war disturbed their security. Sir Stewart Stockman gives as reasons:

1. The public, having forgotten its fears, became careless and indifferent.

2. The pets of the returning soldiers were not always made to conform to the law.

3. Some animals were brought in by airplane.

On August 30, 1919, the authorities became suspicious that rabies had gotten into the country. Investigation showed that the disease had probably been imported about the middle of the preceding May. They found that the disease had been imported into the Devon, probably not far from Plymouth. It had extended over a rather wide area in Devon and Cornwall, but had not gotten beyond these two counties.

Two factors had prevented the disease from spreading more widely during the nearly four months in which it had existed unsuspected. Fortunately, most of the dogs affected had paralytic rabies and were unable to run and spread the disease. Fortunately, also, most of the diseased animals which ran went westward, and since these counties are on the west coast, they were stopped by the sea.

Some evidence was obtained as to the distance mad dogs travel. One had gone 20 miles when, having bitten a man, he was shot. A second, after traveling eight miles and biting seven dogs, bit two men and was killed. A third traveled 20 miles as the crow flies. A fourth 20 miles when he bit a policeman and was captured. A fifth traveled 22 miles as the crow flies when it attacked some ducks and was captured. A sixth was shot while going strong after 30 miles. A seventh traveled 12 miles, bit 10 people, returned home, and died two days later. An eighth traveled 20 miles and died exhausted.

Leaving out of consideration the animals said to have died from the disease before the authorities took charge, there were 112 cases of rabies in dogs, 21 people were given Pasteur treatment, and none developed the disease. By inspection the authorities found every dog in the district, registered it, and had it muzzled. They established a branch diagnosis laboratory, which made a diagnosis of hydrophobia in five hours possible. They caught the wandering dogs. All dog bites were promptly reported and persons bitten were given Pasteur vaccination. The disease seems to be coming under control.

Have Dentist Clean Your Teeth.

G. S. writes: "Is it possible for a girl of 19 to have Riggs' disease? My gums used to bleed at the slightest pressure, although they do not bother me so much now. I notice, however, that there are spaces between two of my upper teeth. The gum seems to recede. Otherwise my teeth, I believe, are healthy."

REPLY.

Riggs' disease or pyorrhoea sometimes develops in young people, though it is a disease of older people as a rule. Have a dentist clean and polish your teeth. He will tell you whether you have early Riggs. After they have been cleaned keep them so with dental floss and by brushing and washing.

Sprays vs. Saws.

F. J. S. writes: "I have had sinusitis, frontal sinus (over both eyes), for several years after every heavy head cold. I have been treated in this country and abroad with no satisfactory results. Will you tell me something about this?"

REPLY:

There is not much that I can tell you. No doubt you know the subject well. There are several cavities which open into the nose. The bacteria of the nose are apt to travel into these cavities, causing sinusitis. Most cases of supposed so-called catarrh are due to infection of one sinus or another. If I had sinusitis I would waste some time on the bacteriologists and vaccine makers. That I regard as a better gamble than trusting to the sawyers, drillers, carpenters, and cutters.

Sugar Is Essential.

Mrs. W. A. G. writes: "I, I am to be a mother about December 3, and I get so sick at my stomach that I haven't any appetite at all. I cannot eat more than half a piece of bread a day. I feel hungry, but can't eat. I am getting so thin and weak that I can hardly stand. I lose about five pounds a week, and I only weigh 100 pounds. This is my second child. I am 25 years old. Is there any remedy I can take to give me an appetite and to keep from vomiting?

"2. I also have bad pains in the heart. My heart beats so hard that I feel like fainting.

"3. Do you think I will have a poor, sickly child?"

REPLY.

1. In a recent article I quoted an authority who said under these circumstances the body needed sugar. Eat crackers several times a day. Early in the morning eat several crackers and then lie quietly in bed at least half an hour before getting up. Eat crackers between meals. In addition eat some sugar or candy. When the condition is grave the physicians inject a solution of sugar into the veins.

2. Have your heart and thyroid gland examined.

3. You should be able to overcome your symptoms and develop a healthy, strong baby.

IN THE BEST OF HUMOR.

Louise—Clare and Edith have not spoken to each other for months, but now they are inseparable again. They go everywhere together.

Julia—Yes; they decided to renew hostilities.—Life.

The fly had landed on the revolving phonograph record and was taking a joy ride.

"Whoopee!" yelled the fly. "I'm going at record speed!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Golf Professional (giving a lesson)—You know, sir, you lift your elbow too much to play golf properly.

New Member—I'll report you to the committee. I'm a lifelong teetotaler!—Dallas News.

"The world seems to have beaten a path to this man's door."

"It must be that he makes excellent mousetraps."

"Maybe, and maybe he manufacturers moonshine."—Kansas City Journal.

Director—In this scene you must register sickness.

Movie Actor—Postpone it until tomorrow, won't you? I'm going to a stag party tonight, and I will not need any make-up tomorrow.—Film Fun.

BEE WANT ADS BRING YOU QUICK RESULTS