

THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY

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The Bee's Platform

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

DECADENCE THE PROPER TERM.

A correspondent takes The Bee to task because of some comment the editor indulges relative to vers libre. This enthusiast especially resents the suggestion that "free verse" is in any way symptomatic of decadence, and argues with vehemence that mere rhyme and rhythm have nothing to do with the expression of poetic thought. His defense of the four lines that liken God to a little girl playing with mud is indicative of his conception of poetic thought and imagery. If we concede his explanation that in the dainty and dexterous free verse form, with its natural simplicity and naive conception of a capricious Deity behind His muddy chaos, augmented by the free cadence of the rhymless lines, the composition is a true poem.

then this argument fails and he is justified in his assertion. Let us examine the matter carefully. Art is an effort to express an aspiration, it may be in one or another form, but always an endeavor to bring forth tangibly a conception of beauty or truth, and the two are so nearly akin as to be one. This impulse for expression has followed man through all his experiences during countless ages. Just as his mind has expanded, so has his vision, and his forms of uttering that vision. As a Rosa Bonheur or a Joshua Reynolds compares to the crude scratches or plain daubs made by the cave man on a tusk or the wall of his burrow, so has man advanced.

But our correspondent prates of "simplicity" and "naive conception." Those are the exact characteristics of the cave man's work. His life was simple, his brain undeveloped, his conceptions naive, and his power of expression limited. Therefore, he was "natural." Life is more complex, just because man has made headway, morally, intellectually, and materially. What was natural in the beginning is no longer true; what is true today will not be tomorrow, save as it relates to the unchanging fundamentals. The rude images scratched by the savages of ages ago, or molded by them from mud, as well as their ululating chants, were to them the appreciable outpouring of a soaring soul, yearning for higher and better things. Just as their poems, heated by hot stones, have disappeared before better ways of preparing food, so do their poor drawings and feeble attempts at song diminish in comparison with painting and poetry of today. They are of interest only as they serve to mark the steps by which humanity has come up from the darkness.

"Vers libre" is without rhyme or rhythm, while as "jazz" is rhythm without melody, and these are the lowest forms of expression in poetry or music. That modernists have turned to them does not detract from this. They are savage forms, and intruders in civilized society, even though they be endured because of their appeal to the primitive, something of which still lurks in society, and because the syncopated beat of the tomtom is more readily acquired than is the skill needed to properly play on violin or piano, while the rhymless form of verse appeals potently to those who are too indolent to fit their thoughts to the majestic mood or simple measures developed by and accepted as the attributes of genius. So, then, in turning to these primal outlets for thoughts that swell within, the "modernist" has recourse to the methods of the savage, and is decadent.

Finally, if God is "capricious," then He is well likened to a little girl playing with mud. If He is the eternal, omnipotent, immutable Creator of all that is, whose laws operate with certainty and precision, then the mind that conceives Him as subject to caprice is undeveloped, immature, and surely subject to such limitations as warrants the adjective decadent.

New Era for Omaha Building.

Today sees Omaha headed in the systematic regulation of buildings and business distribution. Under the terms of an ordinance that now becomes effective, the city is divided into districts and zones, the uses of which are carefully specified. In certain parts of the city only residences may be established; tenement houses are barred from these districts, and may only be erected when permission has been given by adjoining property owners. This protects the citizen who has pride in his home and its surroundings against the unwelcome presence of a big apartment house or similar structure whose existence would dispel the exclusiveness that is just as much a part of a real home as is the roof on the house.

Other provisions limit the use of property for business purposes, for industries of various kinds, and clearly outline what may be done and what is forbidden in each of the zones. A maximum height of 175 feet is fixed for the skyscrapers, while the city is generally divided into four zones in which the building height is designated as 35 feet, 65 feet, 125 feet and 175 feet. The object of course is primarily uniformity in appearance; it will also produce the grouping of buildings as they may be classified by use or occupation, and should have a direct effect on the future growth of the city.

Just how the new arrangement will affect values is yet to be determined. It should have a stabilizing influence, especially in the residential sections, where buyers will no longer be required to purchase an extra lot in order to insure the future against unwelcome neighbors. In other zones it will bring about somewhat similar conditions, for buyers are assured in ad-

terprises, and will calculate accordingly. Finally, it does away with the incongruity which often accompanies growth, and in this regard ought to be welcome.

Are We Doing Our Share?

Every once in a while somebody rises up and points an accusing finger at America, telling us plainly we are shirking our duty to stricken Europe. We are regaled with pictures and stories of the starving babies, and the horrors of pestilence-ridden communities, and all the deplorable and shocking details of the devastation wrought among humanity by famine and disease. The inference to be drawn from this is that America has ceased its activity in the philanthropic field, and is therefore directly responsible for the misery and suffering that has come to the unfortunate in Central Europe.

Some recent information from over there may change the aspect of public thought in this. One of the unpleasant facts, not made sufficiently prominent, is that much of the terrible state of affairs now existing in Budapest and Hungary is because the socialists have put a boycott on the suffering land. Trainloads of food, medicine, clothing and other relief supplies, furnished by Americans, are held up at Vienna and other stations, because the Czech and Austrian railroad brotherhoods refuse to transport them to Hungary. American indifference is not to blame for this. Only the blind and stubborn passion of headstrong men seeking their own ends is responsible for the prolongation of the awful misery that exists in Hungary, and these men professing to be devoted to human brotherhood!

Nor can any charge be laid against American action because the Poles rashly undertook to seize from soviet Russia a large section of territory beyond the natural boundary line of Poland. Herbert Hoover has ordered the American relief workers under his direction to stick by their posts at any costs, and not to retreat before the oncoming bolshevik armies, that they may continue the battle against typhus and other plagues. No sign of laxity is noted here.

Sir Eric MacDonald, secretary general of the League of Nations, makes report that during 1919 and the early part of 1920 America contributed \$218,600,000 worth of medicines, foods and other supplies to the relief of Central Europe. This does not suggest neglect or niggard disposition on part of our people.

The truth is that Americans have heard and heeded the call of Europe's suffering people. From our abundance we have freely given, and are continuing to give. Perhaps we have not done our full share, but certainly failure to enter the League of Nations has not slackened the generosity of our people, who have liberally shared their plenty with the destitute, just as they always have and always will.

Trouble for the Third Party.

Occasionally the expected happens. It has at Chicago, where the forward-looking, backward-moving radicals of all shades of redness from the pale pink of the parlor bolshevist to rose lake of the out-and-out anarchist have foregathered to form a "party" and enunciate a platform. As was easy to foresee, the "labor" group has swallowed the others chiefly because its lung-power was greatest. With such timorid and fire-tested talkers as John Fitzpatrick, "Abe" Lipkowitz, John Walker, Duncan McDonald, "Jimmy" Rodriguez, and James A. "Seattle" Duncan to do the shouting, what chance does a shrinking violet like our own Arthur G. Wray stand? His philosophy is drowned in a maelstrom of sound, a whirlwind raised by the gyrations of the dancing dervishes, who yesterday were socialists, today are "labor leaders," and tomorrow will be something else, but always extremists in whatever they undertake. And just as they have engulfed the "48ers" so will they overwhelm or wreck any movement to which they attach themselves.

A remarkable manifestation of the uncertainty of the leaders of this movement as to their desires and how to present them is afforded by the submission of their platform to Robert Marion LaFollette for revision. The "party" admits in advance that its platform must fit its candidate, not its candidate the platform. Any alterations or emendations LaFollette makes are agreed to in advance, on the easy terms that he accept the nomination. So the party finally simmers down, not to what Pinchot and the "48ers" want; not to anything Townley and Non-Partisans prefer; no stern and unflinching insistence on single tax; no ringing demand for the soviet government of the United States, but merely the views and opinions of one man.

Any way you look at it, the gatherings, now grouped as one, balance so closely on the line between tragedy and comedy that the onlooker doesn't know whether to laugh or be sad.

The First National Bank.

There is a poisoned leg in Connecticut caused by filthy lucre rubbing against a calf in the "first" national bank. The woman sufferer had so large a roll on her leg for safe keeping that it chafed the delicate skin, excited a poisonous germ to activity, and there you are! If the dear creatures will carry their cash in their stockings, somebody should invent a sanitary covering for it that will safeguard them from pestiferous microbes.

Senator Sorenson, who is an undisputed authority, tells us that Deuel county was named after "Bill," and not Harry Deuel. What we said for Harry goes for "Bill," too.

The State Journal thinks a lot of office-holders will want to stick for the new state house. Any old capitol building is good enough for most.

Local divorce courts have shut down for the summer, but the family row will go right on its devastating course.

The way things are going the air mail promises to affect the corn crop of Iowa quite materially.

A platform that is too radical for Senator LaFollette must be a bird.

Ak-Sar-Ben is also getting to look like a League of Nations.

The "third party" is not wasting time on a dry plank, either.

Thanks to the local bankers, the school ma'am's get cash.

Did you buy Tomson's groceries yesterday?

The American Country

From the Boston Transcript.

As the Manchester Guardian is probably of all British newspapers the most consistently friendly to America, and also the best informed concerning these states, so little understood in Europe, we may regard with benevolent and appreciative interest a recent account, in its columns, of "the American country," in which some of the nuisances connected with travel here are pointed out. The article is by Henry W. Nevinson, a very well known correspondent of the Guardian, and a man who has written several pleasant and instructive books. He has been spending a little time in the United States, and he had while here what appears to him to be the eccentricity of traveling by night, and to see the country. It is here that Mr. Nevinson makes a slight mistake in his story. He says that Americans never travel by day—that they go by night in order to escape the depressing effect of the advertisements that line the railways. So hideous, he avers, are these advertisements that "Americans, and English visitors alike, are driven to travel in darkness, creeping into little covered sets in rows one above the other along the length of carriages, and shut off by heavy green curtains; there they sit stiling for want of air through the long hours of night, heavily asleep or listening to the wails and shrieks of a mother and baby in the stifling berth overhead, until in the dim morning a dark attendant comes to shout the name of an approaching city, and it is time to crawl up the carriage and wash in the cupboard at the end."

Not a bad picture that, indeed, of rail travel in our enterprising but over-publicized land. It is quite true, as Mr. Nevinson elsewhere says, that the American interpretation of the national sanitarian is not to any sort of advantage will you see the country between Boston and New York from a car window. But we do not travel by night in all cases—otherwise the day trains would not be so crowded as often they are. Greater distances, and a keener pressure on our time, do indeed force business men to travel much by night, but not in the evening, and who, in their traveling, manage with discriminating and experienced eye, to pick out the scenes of beauty from between the signboards—people who know well the exquisite rural pictures along the Connecticut river, and the rich meadows by Squampany and the green and sunny slopes of the Shenandoah valley, and are not insensible to the flowery and fertile loveliness of the rolling prairies of Illinois and Iowa. And indeed, Mr. Nevinson, in his charming story, proceeds to qualify his own not ill-meant exaggeration by describing the scenes he saw from a car window on a trip from New York to Montreal through Vermont, across the Champlain valley, and back by way of Ithaca and Cayuga lake. He finds Vermont like Switzerland, and notes the odd "covered bridges" as a picturesque feature. The air along the way, he finds, abounds in good smells, "such as make a Swiss as homesick as the horn of his mountain." He notes the "pleasant, fragrant, copes of wood, and the white farm houses with picturesque green shutters as in France." At Ithaca, he found Cornell the "most beautifully placed university in the world," "on either hand the plateau is cleft by mountain gorges with precipitous and rocky sides. Torrents leap down them as in Scotland or Wales. From the plateau one looks across a broad valley to a green and cultivated hillside that might be in the loveliest part of Gloucestershire, and you know the proverb, 'As sure as God's in Gloucestershire.'"

Surely this makes us want to see Gloucestershire! To Mr. Nevinson, Ithaca is a vision of Helene; and he writes he notes that "the delights in the Catskill country through which he returns to the metropolis—its 'green and lovely valleys, much like the Chilterns, along the banks of quiet rivers,' where the people live 'in villages and small towns that all look like garden suburbs, because the houses stand isolated on a hill in their garden, without fence or hedge to suggest the measureless expanse.' Let us be thankful that so keen an observer, even though he seems to have seen no more of our New England than a bit of Vermont, finds rural America beautiful—and let us also hope that the hideousness of some of our railroad travel of which the discriminating Englishman complains, will be in time remedied by proper regulations now in progress, or being earnestly agitated for.

Foreign Trade

If Europe is as greatly impoverished as is commonly supposed, how does it happen that our total foreign trade for the fiscal year ending July 1 amounts to \$1,500,000,000 and is almost three billions in excess of that of last year and more than three times as great as in the year prior to the war? American exports will probably exceed eight billions as compared with two and one-half billions in the year ending July 1, 1914.

It is true that a large gain is shown in the commerce with South America on both sides of the ledger—imports and exports—and trade with Asia has increased about 60 per cent, but last year Europe sent only \$373,000,000 worth of merchandise to our markets, while this year the imports from the same source will amount to considerably more than a billion dollars, notwithstanding the belief last year that stricken Europe would have no surplus for export.

Making allowance for the increased prices which swell the totals measured by dollars and cents, there appears also an increase in volume of the goods handled.

This is really the most encouraging sign of the times. There are enough dark pictures drawn of conditions in Europe. Facts like these throw in high lights and afford encouragement for the future.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Watch the Outdoor Fire

Three young men who liked outdoor life once went to a lake not very far for a day's outing. They took along their bathing suits, and sundry articles to cook. They built a fire, swam in the cool waters of the lake when fancy prompted, cooked their lunch when hunger faded, and returned home late in the evening.

A few days later one of the worst forest fires in the history of the state was raging in the country about the lake. Everyone was quick to condemn the carelessness which had caused the fire, including the three young men. Yet it was their unextinguished fire that had done the damage.

The youth of the cities of Wisconsin have a privilege shared by few city dwellers. Wisconsin is rich in wooded land as few states are. Lakes abound. Thousands of men take advantage of the nearness of these lakes and woods every year. A few of them are careless. Through their carelessness they destroy property of great value, which years cannot replace. Such destruction, though unintentional, is a crime meriting the severest punishment. Therefore, if you must build fires in the open, be careful. And extinguish every spark before you leave.—Milwaukee Journal.

His Last Effort.

Will Irwin, who talked in Cleveland recently, related a story that was new to his hearers. It concerned a colored soldier who was sent on six weeks home from France. The voyage was a rough one and the colored lad was badly banged about. He was sick and sore and discouraged. "I want you all to understand," he said, "that this is my last war!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Test of Conscience.

The censor of Chicago beaches says he will leave the question of brevity in bathing clothes to the conscience of the girls. It now remains to be seen whether Chicago girls have any conscience.—Baltimore American.

There With First Aid.

Consider the mosquito. The lonely angler sitteth on the bank from early dawn till dusky eventide, waiting for a bite—and the mosquito "beet" that he is not disappointed. Selah!—Cassius, Boston Herald.

How to Keep Well

By Dr. W. A. EVANS

Questions concerning hygiene, sanitation and prevention of disease, submitted to the Editor of The Bee, will be answered personally, unless the Editor is unable to do so. Stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Evans will not make diagnosis proper for medical advice. Address letters in care of The Bee, Omaha, Neb. Copyright, 1920, by Dr. W. A. Evans.

LAW AND SCIENCE COLLIDE

A prominent New York physician, Dr. E. S. Bishop, is awaiting trial on charges of violating the Harrison anti-narcotic law. Dr. Bishop is a professor in a medical school, a member of the American Medical Association, the American Public Health Association, his state and local medical societies. He is a man with a large consulting practice in diagnosis, and has had many successful operations on the alcohol, narcotic and prison service of Bellevue hospital of New York city.

Dr. Bishop's claim is that his practice is in accord with his medical opinions, but his medical opinions are based on a large experience, that they can be successfully administered scientifically and that he has the right both to his opinions and to practice under them, especially so long as it cannot be shown that he has been actuated by desire for money or gain of other sort. Our interest is in his views on morphine addiction and methods of curing the addict.

His theory is that morphine addiction is a definite disease, and the morphine addict is a sick person. According to his theory, when a person has become addicted to the drug he acquires an ability to make an antibody for it which bears some-what the same relation to the drug that antibodies bear to bacteria in diphtheria toxin. When an addict takes his accustomed dose of drug it balances his antibody. When he ceases to take the drug, his antibody has symptoms due to the effects of the antibody.

These symptoms are as follows: Vague uneasiness, restlessness and depression, followed by yawning, sneezing, sweating, excessive mucous secretion, nausea, vomiting, purging, diarrhoea, twitching, and tremors; intense muscular cramps and pains, abdominal pains and distress, irregularity of the pulse, "poor circulation," lowered blood pressure, face drawn and haggard, pallor deepening to grayness, exhaustion, collapse and, in some cases, death.

Dr. Bishop has seen some cases in which death has been due to opium addiction disease, and not to any intercurrent malady. When an addict comes from under the influence of his drug these symptoms develop in the order named. The pain, suffering and eventual collapse are just as real as these symptoms ever are in any disease. When a full dose of drug is given the symptoms disappear in order inverse to that in which they appear.

It is necessary to establish the dose necessary to establish the drug balance can be very definitely determined. This balance can be maintained for as long as a day. It is better to give the dose necessary to maintain a balance at a single daily dose than to divide it into several doses. When an individual is in drug balance there are no symptoms, such as the addiction can be determined.

It is only when too little or too much has been given that drug addiction is established. (Dr. Bishop's method of treatment based upon these opinions as to drug addiction will be given tomorrow.)

Better Consult Physician.

F. C. M. writes: "For a constant headache in the pituitary glands above the eyes, how much pituitrin should I take? In taking pituitary

ONE OF THE BIGGEST LINENS SALES EVER HELD IN OMAHA WILL OCCUR ON SATURDAY

Union Outfitting Co. Makes Big Purchase of Linens Below Market Prices.

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and you will be getting out your heavy clothes. Why not avoid the fall rush and have us clean and repair them now?

Now is the time to have your jackets or overcoats relined, altered or repaired. Look them over now—you may find the moths are at 'em.

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The Bee's Letter Box

Painless Dentistry.

Omaha, July 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: In this morning's edition of your paper an editorial under the caption of "The Painful Profession" the query is made why the tooth doctors do not advance with painless methods as have the stomach doctors and other specialists. Let me help to set the writer of that editorial aright and also speak of the injustice done your readers and the gross misrepresentations made of the "Painful Profession."

In the first place, there is no profession which has to do with the handling of human ills that does so with less pain than does the dentist. The dentist has advanced along lines of painless operations in a way that no other profession has. The dentist is acquainted with more means of actually performing painless operations than are really painless than any other profession. Let me mention just one accomplishment that rests alone with the dentist, namely: Conductive anesthesia or nerve blocking. This local means of anesthesia deadens or numbs the region in which the operation is to be performed and this region only. There is an old adage which says: "Everything is revealed by time." This cliché of political highlanders and their satellites surpasses the Dublin Jaekeen, Carson or Bloody Balfour. Come weal or woe, those who were ever and always faithful and true are not disheartened by the action of the politicians. Every sincere friend of humanity is with Ireland. The great heart of Amer-

small reality has been held the bug-bear of pain. The dentist has long used nitrous oxide oxygen, and today the hospitals and other "doctors of the stomach and childbirth," to which your article refers, are just now awakening to its use. The dentist long ago commenced urging the using of nitrous oxide oxygen for the travails of childbirth. This anesthetic, which is so mild and sweet and pleasant with no bad after effects, is far superior to chloroform or ether, and is no more harmful than the coffee one drinks each day, and in the case of childbirth absolutely in no way interferes with the labor. Of advances that have been made in the past 60 years none exceed that of bringing about painless operations by the dentist.

W. W. WALD, D. D. S.

Jerry Calls an Irish Convention.

Omaha, July 13.—To the Editor of The Bee: The sincere friends of Ireland who are working in harmony with the delegates of the Irish republic are arranging to call an Irish republic convention at some central point. This proposed convention is most essential to get rid of a contemptible coterie of counterfeits who have been dominating the policy of the Irish-Americans for decades. "Honesty is the best policy." There is an old adage which says: "Everything is revealed by time." This cliché of political highlanders and their satellites surpasses the Dublin Jaekeen, Carson or Bloody Balfour. Come weal or woe, those who were ever and always faithful and true are not disheartened by the action of the politicians. Every sincere friend of humanity is with Ireland. The great heart of Amer-

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