

THE OMAHA BEE DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY

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BEE TELEPHONES. Private Branch Exchange. Ask for the Tyler 1000 Department of Person Wanted.

- 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.

AN OLD-FASHIONED SUNDAY.

It is a bright Sabbath morning in early autumn in a comfortable village homestead built in 1850, with full length porches in front and rear. The time is along about 1882. A hot breakfast is simmering on the big kitchen range.

According to its every-day custom, the family has assembled in the big "sitting" room. Grandpa has the family Bible on his knees. He reads a few verses, and all sink to their knees. His morning family prayer, uttered with little variation for forty years, is repeated.

After breakfast the Sunday school bell rings, and all but Grandpa are off to the little brown church in the vale. At the Sunday school are found the intelligence, virtue and stability of almost the entire village—200 or more men, women and children—in delightful association.

After church comes dinner—and such a dinner! Fried chicken and gravy, snowy mashed potatoes, cold sliced tomatoes, late string beans, hot biscuits, yellow butter, apple butter, plum preserves, queen of pudding garnished with grape jelly and raisins, swimming in rich cream, white cake, pumpkin pie and, finally, a bowl of grapes and sugar pears.

After dinner Grandpa is off for a nap, Uncle Tom for a ramble, and Billy to take his girl for a buggy ride along glorious country lanes and over pine-clad hills. Happy hours! As evening approaches all are again at home. There awaits them a heaping big dishpan of hot, tender popcorn in the back oven. Soon supper is ready—hot coffee, cold chicken, buttered toast and jelly, newly made pickles, and the never failing cake and fruit.

Again the church bell rings. Billy goes to take his girl to the services, Grandma adjusts her spectacles to read her Bible, humming: All in a dark and shady grove, There cooed a lonely dove, Or some other quaint old-time hymn.

All this before telephones, trolley cars, automobiles or moving pictures were dreamed of. Blessed Sundays they were—bright spots in village life, where reigned simple tastes, good will and general content, along with abundant, inexpensive and perfectly cooked food.

Blessed is the man who can look back to such Sundays after his youth is spent! Good and Evil in the World. "Crime is not more rampant today than it has been in preceding generations. The cry of the public for sensational and scandalous news has led to the publication of the vices of the day, leaving unused the virtues that unobtrusively continue as they have in the past."

This remark was made by James Cardinal Gibbons, the occasion being a recent sermon addressed as much to the world as to the Catholic congregation which heard him. The great churchman spoke out of the depth of wisdom accumulated during a lifetime of service to the race. The truth of his utterance is perhaps unassailable; crime is dug out and exposed more relentlessly today than ever, and maybe with greater attention to detail, although the latter phase may be open to question.

It is his second sentence that challenges thought. Is the craving of the public for "spicy" reading more marked now than in former generations? We doubt it. At no time in all the world's history has there been such profusion of bookmaking, and yet how seldom is a volume from the modern press excluded from the shelves of the public library. What writer of the present day will be remembered in years to come for his approach to the "Decameron," or which has produced another "Rabelais?"

Some three or four seasons ago, the pornographic play was set before the public, pretending to be propaganda for social purity; it fell of its own weight. The moving picture producers early discovered that salacious or meretricious films were not profitable; and other instances of the sort might be mentioned.

ists were entirely wrong, evil is the shadow of good, and if the public prints give evidence of the existence of the one it is also proof that the other is not wanting.

Transmitting the Faith.

The Bishop of Liverpool, at the Student Conference of 1908, said: In apostolic days men advocated a Gospel without the Cross. But St. Paul would have none of it. In the fourth century Arius taught a Christianity without a perfectly divine Savior, and the church would not have it. In the fifteenth century the Renaissance, intoxicated by the discovery of Greek and Roman literature, despised the "jargon of St. Paul," and would have paganized Christianity, but the Reformation brought northern Europe back to the Scriptures and to the Christ. Today men are proclaiming a Gospel without the supernatural. They are asking us to be content with a perfect human Christ; with a Bethlehem where no miracle was wrought; with a Calvary which saw sublime self-sacrifice, but no atonement for sin; with a sepulcher from which no angel's hand rolled away the stone. But we must have none of it. We will hold fast, we will transmit the faith once for all delivered to the saints. We will hand down to our children, we will proclaim to all the tribes of the earth, Christ Incarnate, Atoning, Risen. Ascending, our Intercessor, St. God's right hand, waiting to come again to judge the quick and the dead.

How shall the Christian forces of civilization hand down and proclaim the faith in a risen Savior? Obviously there is but one way—the circulation of the Gospel to all the peoples of the earth, by the printed Testament and by word of mouth. But when we consider the proportion of our population who attend churches and Sunday schools, and realize how enormous is the majority of those who do not attend them, it is at once apparent that they must be reached by the printed page, if at all. But how may this be accomplished?

There is an organization known as the Pocket Testament League that in twelve years of work in the United States is showing the way, and supplementing most efficiently the home missionary work of the churches. It is said that millions are enrolled in this league, which has distributed its pocket Testaments broadcast with most inspiring results. The man with one of these handy little books in his pocket or his room is likely to be drawn to it, and through it to the religious principles and satisfying faith which glow in its pages.

During the war 150,000 soldiers and sailors enlisted in the League, and 68,000 of them registered their acceptance of Christ as their Savior. The Minister of Shipping in Lloyd George's Cabinet financed a leader in the work and supplied him with 65,000 Testaments while he worked for two years among British troops.

With crime coming principally from boys and men who know nothing of Christ, with more than half a million youth in Chicago alone growing up without religious instruction of any kind, is it not time for friends of Christ and His immaculate teachings to get busy? In Detroit in Los Angeles, in various cities, the distribution of Testaments by this League has had remarkable results in bringing people to the clean, honorable religious life, and is cordially endorsed by both pulpit and press.

It is active now in Canada, England, Australia, Holland, Korea, Norway, South Africa and the United States. We can think of no better act today than personal co-operation with the work of the Pocket Testament League.

A Rich Woman's Playthings. Last January a rich woman died. She was the wife of William Rockefeller, a brother of John D., and her estate was appraised last Monday at \$3,312,680. She left it all to her husband, and the public inventory of her possessions gives us a glimpse of the things a very rich woman with an independent income, kept about her for pleasure and comfort.

Stocks and bonds yielded the income which supplied her with means to gratify her tastes, and their value totaled \$2,157,714. What we may fairly call her playthings composed the remainder of her estate, valued at \$1,154,966. Of this amount \$880,712 was cash, the most convenient and uniformly popular of all things to play with. She obviously enjoyed keeping an abundant supply of it subject to instant command. Her jewelry was appraised at \$267,739—of which amount \$159,000 was invested in pearls, of which she must have been very fond. She had four pearl necklaces worth from \$32,000 to \$45,000 each, and numbering from 54 to 65 pearls in each collar. Then there were collarettes, j'avallieres, brooches and bracelets of pearls and diamonds—one three-stone diamond bracelet being assessed at \$4,125.

Her furs and clothing totaled \$6,302 and her silverware \$213. Perhaps in this inventory we have a fair average of the intimate personal preferences of women of unlimited means, whose husbands provide for them fine homes, pictures, statuary, motor cars and other household equipment. It is easily concluded that pearls outrank all other jewelry for women of refined tastes. But alas! many women of culture have not funds to buy pearl necklaces, and must worry along with diamonds alone.

The Dollar Not a Bigot. Having in mind, perhaps, the performances of Ponzii, the Boston Transcript preaches an excellent short discourse on the democracy of the dollar. It points out how the alien may come to our shores and accumulate riches, citing, as illustrations, Etienne Girard, a Frenchman; A. T. Stewart, an Irishman; Albert Gallatin, a Swiss, each of whom landed here poor, if not exactly penniless, and died rich in wealth and honors. The Transcript's list might be indefinitely extended. Millions of energetic, industrious, thrifty, venturesome and courageous souls have found in America literally the land of promise, and out of opportunities here presented have won the reward of comfort or affluence. These have been accompanied, too, by the other sort, venturesome, but lacking in the sturdier and more desirable virtues, who have sought and sometimes secured the boon without giving the return of service. Not all such have come to us from abroad, for we have developed enough of them on our own account. Ponzii is but a type, a Cortez or a Pizarro born too late, representative of the large element of humanity who crave wealth, but scorn the honest effort needed to acquire it. They not only seek to eat their cake and have it, too, but want a cake of the quality of Prometheus' liver, which grew as the eagle fed on it. They, too, have their reward, for the dollar is not a bigot; but the enduring, substantial achievement of the Girard or the Gallatin is unknown to the Ponzii, whose brief hour of prominence is usually quenched in a much longer period of enforced sequestration. Honestly continues the best

A Line O' Type or Two

"HOW" a Missouri man asks his favorite newspaper, "should corn on the cob be eaten?" If he will take the trouble to look through the files of this column—in 1901 or '02, we think—he will learn all there is to know about eating corn from the cob. There was plain and fancy methods among the latter being the art of leaving your initials in relief.

Punctuation's Artless Aid. Sir: From an English catalogue, these came: Hogg (James) Kilmeny with illis. De-Lolme (J. L.) The Constitution of England broken at joints. Bowker (Charles) The Art of Angling with bookplate of Rev. Charles Gape. Grooton (James) County Families of Lancashire and Cheshire uncut gilt top as new. Whimsicalities of punctuation by the catalogue, who reserves all rights including vengeance upon the Scandinavians. THE BOOKSELLERS.

SPEAKING of the farmer, as Mr. Roosevelt was the other day, a Kansas editor observes that "the horny-handed son of toil" gets that way from steering his motor car. SUNSHINE AND ROSES AND YOU. I know of an old-fashioned garden. Where pansies and hollyhocks grow, With poppies as red as the sunset, And lilies as white as the snow. The roses bend their heads to the wind, The roses climb over the wall; And you are the gardener, my darling, The loveliest flower of them all.

The sunshine is bright in the garden. And scented and soft is the air, While happiness blooms like the roses, With never a shadow of care. But should there come sorrow or showers, And should there come tempest or tears, The joy of your presence, my darling, Would still fill with sunshine my years.

As sweet as the rose at your garden, I woo you with tenderest art: I'll win you and hold you, my darling, The treasure and prize of my heart. My kisses shall be sweet as the south wind, My kisses fall soft as the dew. And I'll live and I'll love in our garden With sunshine and roses and you.

DISILLUSIONMENT is the latest literary work of Aldous Huxley, at 25, hasn't a single illusion left. Then there is that other sophisticated infant, Mr. Fitzgerald. What is to become of him? Like Heifetz, he has no future.

WONDER WHAT THIS OISEAU DID? (From the Morris' Mam. Herald.) To the Editor: Kindly allow me to make a public apology in your paper concerning my conduct in a game of ball between Emerson and Morris. I feel very sorry and ashamed of myself for losing my hasty temper. I could not have been in my right mind to do just as I did, to allow such a provocation to make me do as I did. It seems like a bad dream to me and never will forget it. In my 24 years of playing I never lost control of myself before. I forgive the player who was the cause of my weakness and hold no ill will to any one. It will be better for me to say no more. JIM D. McLEAN.

THE gentleman could not be more grateful if he had tanked up and punched somebody at the Lambs' Club.

ON THE OTHER HAND—(From the Kansas City Star.) It is a tribute both to the game of golf and to those who play—the fact that you never read of two players getting into a brawl over the golf in the and hitting each other on the head with a golf club.

"RAISE Cemetery to Higher Plane—Meeting Results in Demand for Increased Water Supply."—Fon du Lac Reporter. How about a little good society?

ROMANCE. Today I rummaged in my mind And found a little room, Forgotten long and left behind To silence and to gloom; And there I found a dream of old All covered up in dust, A shining dream of purest gold In which I once did trow.

I set my little room to rights, Let in the wind and sun, And later trimmed the shrouded lights And lit them every one; And down I sat and read a tale I had not read for years: Of knights and jousts, and of the Grail, Of shadowy woods and of meres.

And lo! my little room became A palace far away, And there I sat in adorne In haunts of yesterday, Encased in mail, with Galahad I rode upon a quest— Forsooth, again I was a lad Forsooth possessed. LAURA BLACKBURN.

DURING 1820 Keats published his best poems and Shelley some of his greatest; Scott published "The Monastery" and "The Abbott"; Lamb made his appearance in the London Magazine, and Hazitt issued his lectures on the Elizabethan drama. We fear that 1920 is not going to match that record.

OUR BRIGHT CLASS. Sir: Our professor of English called our attention to one of your jokes. Of course she did not have to call my attention to it. STELLA.

AMONG the advertised attractions of Atlanta is the United States Penitentiary, in which "many more inmates can be accommodated." In fact, the U. S. P. is the soul of accommodation.

The Diverse Paces of Time. Sir: Central Standard Time struggles ineffectually with Daylight Saving Time: "an hour before the sun," objected Benvolio. But as "the finger of a clock runs the great circuit," so my man's ingenuity overcome his inhumanity; necessity's daughter has adjusted for me the fashion of these times, and why not for others? On my stairway hangs a cuckoo clock rampant, and minus its hour hand. Take such a clock on your pilgrimages, since it accommodates its record both to Standard and Daylight Saving, and is correct in either case. Neither Hipparchus nor Ptolemy, in introducing or extending the Babylonian system of parasangs or hours, ever designed such a confusion as now ensueth the traveler, as "time travels in diverse paces, and at last the much abused cuckoo comes in his own.

"WANTED"—Lady to sleep nights for company. Phone 2099.—Gary Tribune. It will not be denied that some of them are better company asleep than awake.

HELP YOURSELF TO THE REST. (From the Wisconsin State Journal.) The person who took clothing from the line at 424 No. Lake at was seen. Return to front hall in 48 hours and no questions asked. Front door is unlocked.

"ROSE NAGY v. Steve Naggy: bill for divorce." The "G" is hard as in egg. "RUSSIA is sound at the core," said Elihu Root what seems a long time ago. Detur dignissimo. B. L. T.

His Favorite Joke. The Turk must cease being a Turk or get out of Europe—again. The Turk is hardened to being driven from Europe.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Not as "Nuttty" as That. Go out to the state hospital, sometimes called an insane asylum, and not a woman inmate will be found wearing furs in hot weather.—Toledo Blade.

Right Downtown. "Where do you live in the city—close in?" "Fairly so—30 miles from town, 15 by motor car, 25 by street car, and 45 by telephone."—Kansas City Star.

The Worm Will Turn. Holding up the millions for the benefit of the few is not a healthful sport for promoters of either canital or labor.—Chicago News.

How to Keep Well

By DR. W. A. EVANS. Questions concerning hygiene, sanitation and prevention of disease, submitted by readers of The Bee, will be answered personally, subject to proper limitations, where a stamped address envelope is enclosed. Dr. Evans will not make diagnosis or prescribe for individual diseases. Address letters in care of The Bee. Copyright, 1920, by Dr. W. A. Evans.

ABOUT WORM MEDICINES. While there are practically no symptoms of worms and most of the symptoms which are supposed to indicate worms are unreliable and misleading, probably the women of the last generation were right when they gave their children worm medicine about once a year. At least, they were not far from right when they gave ordinary American worm seed. None of the new fangled, imported worm medicines are equal to American worm seed, the seed which grows so abundantly and so widely in the United States.

Children play on the floor; they or at least those not able to walk, use their arms and hands as a means of locomotion. Putting their hands into the mouth is instinctive with the young human animal and no amount of admonition or training ever wholly overcomes the tendency. Since intestinal worms are swallowed as eggs (or occasionally as young worms) the wonder is that any child escapes.

The cleaner the floors, the fewer animals, such as cats, dogs and rats, are there around, the fewer worms children have. Many intestinal worms cause anemia, some do harm and even endanger life by crawling into unusual cavities, and some do harm only by their physical presence. It has been proved in recent years that the ordinary round worm, which is the most common, harmless of all worms, penetrates the lungs and occasionally causes pneumonia.

The eggs of this worm are swallowed, pass into the intestines, and hatch as young worms. These penetrate the liver and go on to the lungs. They get into the bronchial tubes, crawl up into the throat, are swallowed, and lodge in the intestines, where they grow to maturity.

It takes the swallowed worm less than two and a half months to reach maturity in the human intestine. In 10 days after the eggs are swallowed the young worms are penetrating the lungs.

Of the various worm medicines, American worm seed is the best all round remedy for the various worms which infect the human intestine; fewer are unharmed by worm seed than any other. For instance, san-tonin, which is used rather more frequently than any other worm medicine, is not poisonous to hook-worms and not very poisonous to round worms.

In order to rid the intestines of round worms with santolin, as Hall shows in the American Journal of Veterinary Medicine, it is necessary to give it repeatedly. To give it and keep on giving it will get rid of whip worms and eventually of round worms. It is chosen usually because it is easy to take, does not upset the stomach, and seldom poisons.

Hall tells us that Germany had a monopoly of santolin before the war. It is made in only one factory and that is in Russian Turkistan, and for 15 months none has been put out. But worm seed, a better, if less pleasant remedy, is here in great abundance.

Literary Sanction. Miss M. O. writes: I will an eye wash consisting of two grains borax and one ounce camphor water being stirred that always feel tired, especially after reading half an hour? I wear glasses during the day. I do office work.

"Is it harmful to remove hair from the armpits? If not, what is the best way to remove it?" "I perspire under the arms very much. Will you please give me a remedy?"

REPLY. 1. This is an old eye wash, one suggested by Oliver Wendell Holmes an informant writes me. It is as effective as any simple eye wash. It is probably all you need to have your glasses changed. 2. Twenty-five per cent solution of aluminum chloride dissolved in distilled water. Apply cautiously.

Seems Overweight. G. O. writes: "My friend's girl is 12 years of age. She weighs 110 pounds and is 4 feet 8 inches in height. "1. Would like to know correct weight and height. "2. Would like to know also what she should do to reduce."

REPLY. 1. The height of normal 12-year-old girls varies between 52 and 60 inches and the weight between 62 and 94 pounds. Much depends on the racial and family stock to which the child belongs. 2. Feed her less. Limit especially candy, sweets, cereals, desserts, bread and potatoes.

About Feeding Babies. Mrs. B. H. W. writes: "1. Do you think modified cow's milk is the best substitute for mother's milk when it agrees with the child? "2. What do you think of Imperial Granum? Of Denkos? Do you favor Borden's prepared food? Why?"

REPLY. 1. Yes. 2. All three are good. When babies are fed on prepared foods they should be given some fruits or fruit juices, vegetable, and soups in addition.

THE AUTOMOBILE. Philip the world flowed under his; the hills tilted on billows of submerged green. Heaved up, asphalt, to fresh horizons, seen one instant, blind with final of rills. A silver-rising storm, and away stole C. D. his hide, the dim ravine. Frowned us again in leafage, whose Covers grew loud with our tumultuous wills.

Then all of Nature's old amazement Sudden to ask us: "Is this also man? Is this the world you have made? What Plato, mund and Paracelsus dreamed?" Reply: "I pierce us with ancient scorn. The primal hawk gazed down And down he screamed."—Percy MacKaye.

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NUBS OF KNOWLEDGE.

London's new postmaster, Mr. C. Sanderson, who has charge of the largest postal area in the world, with something like 35,000 workers under him, began his career in the service as a postal clerk 40 years ago.

From a city of 70,447 inhabitants in 1841, Belfast has increased in size until in 1919 its population was estimated at 413,000. In 1911 its population was but 386,000, and much of the growth since then has been due to shipyard expansion and a steady influx of new manufacturing concerns.

A setting hen in Pittsfield quit the job day before the chickens were expected to appear, but the woman who owned the hen substituted a hot-water bottle and at the appointed time she got 14 chickens out of 15 eggs.

The transpacific reports that in the Philippines the possibilities of agricultural machinery, the Philippine Department of Agriculture and Natural Resources plans to utilize moving pictures to demonstrate the most approved methods of cultivation, preparation of seed, use of farm machinery, harvesting and storing crops, and methods of packing and handling where these processes are involved.

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