THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)-EVENING-SUNDAY THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, NELSON B. UPDIKE, Publisher.

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- 4. Home Rule Charter for Omaha, with City Manager form of Government.

A MESSAGE FROM "T. R."

The address made to Omahans by Mrs. Robinson may well be deemed a message from her brother, who was so personally and deservedly popular in Nebraska. She not only interpreted his hopes and aspirations, but she brought out intimate glimpses of the man, his visions for his country and his ideals for humanity. And these had to do with an association of nations, a league, a compact, a covenant, or whatever form it might take, under which, this nation could live in harmony and progressive relations with all other nations, and war would be remote if not forever banished.

But Theodore Roosevelt was a practical man, who did not let the visions of the night befog his footsteps by day. He knew full well what difficulties lie in the way of attaining his ideals, and while he realized the necessity, of and advocated constant readiness for self-defense, he was not an apostle of violence. As a young man he spent some time on the frontier, where outlawry was common enough, and as befitted a good citizen, he took his full part in suppressing that outlawry. He there learned a lesson that served him well through all his life. "Walk softly, but carry a big stick," does not mean to go hunting for trouble, but to respect the law and the rights of others and be ever ready to defend your own. That was the Roosevelt who appealed to Americans, and whose memory is revered by them.

As a student and a man of affairs, he felt the impulse to aid, even to lead in establishing tranquility throughout the world. The fact that be won the Nobel Peace prize should demonstrate this. That he was the chief factor in bringing to an end the war between Japan and Russia is another proof of his devotedness to peace. Yet he was only for a peace that did not surrender the dignity, the safety of the United States of America. And that is why he could not endorse the Wilsonian policy.

on brings, believing it would be that of her rother. We also believe it would. Make this the safest country in the world, and it will be the leader among nations. No selfishness in this, merely a serious effort to fulfill our national destiny as it has been visioned by the great leaders of America since the beginning. Our "shirt sleeve" diplomacy is not that of Europe; we have been free from the intrigues and plots that have disgraced the older civilizations, and which are part and parcel of their national existence. For the sake of the world as well as for our own, we should so remain.

Who can doubt where "T. R." would stand today, were he yet alive? As a progressive, forward looking, hopeful man, the would yet be fighting for the land he so dearly loved, and would not be giving any aid or comfort to the democratic party or its candidates. The message his sister brings might well come straight rom him: "Close up the ranks!"

Sad Day for Base Ball.

If we were a more susceptible nation, Sepember 28 would hereafter be observed in fastng and sackcloth, for it brought so much of real sorrow to the people that it almost marks national calamity. The shock that followed he confession of Edward Cicotte, famous itcher, and "Joe" Jackson, equally famous outfielder, of the renowned Chicago White Sox, is comparable to few things in our social history. An idol has fallen, the fans know their confidence has been abused, their faith betrayed, and they have no recourse. It is indeed a sad day for base ball. The game will survive, for the great majority of the players still are honest; nobody doubts this, and the popular institution will not fall because a few of its supports have crumpled. What, is proven by the experience is that human institutions still are human, that the flesh is weak, and that men will vet succumb to temptation.

Hair and the Man.

The vanity of women has never equalled that of men. During uncounted generations of tribal life it was the man, not the woman, who decorated himself with feathers, furs and paints. He followed the same law of nature that gives the brightest feathers and topnots to bird cocks, the comb and spurs of authority to the rooster, and the shaggy mane to the lion.

With intellectual development and the progess of civilization man learned to gratify his vanity by achievement-by winning wealth and distinction-rather than by personal adornnent; in all things but the hair on his face, to which he still clings, but with a weakening Perhaps masculine love of whiskers will ever be entirely eradicated, because it is conenital, born of a natural law. Whiskers grow men's faces as spurs grow on roosters' legs.

The last fifty years, the period of greatest dvancement in art, science and invention, hows the decided trend of men's vanity away rom hair on the face. Photographs of men aken during the Civil War period give mute estimony of their fondness at that time for all he hair they could possibly produce on their aces. The full-bearded man was everywhere. Thirty years later the waning of the whisker ogue is noted. The "History of Omaha," pubished in 1894, contains 51 steel engravings of en then prominent in the city. Only fifteen of hem show full beards. Nineteen have mousaches only. Sixteen display various combinaons of chin, side and neck whiskers, with only

one entirely smooth face among the entire 51 specimens of facial pulchritude.

Since then the proportion of smooth faces has greatly increased, and the moustache as a vanity has undergone conspicuous changes. In 1894 it was permitted to ramble whither it listed; in some cases spreading like a lambrequin over lips and chin, in others trailing down into elongated wisps after the fashion cultivated by Chinese mandarins. At present the closely trimmed or the very smart military eye-brow moustache is most popular. The pomades, brilliantine and stiff wax of former days have all but disappeared from the barber shops as whisker dressings, while the oils and dyes are all tabooed. Some sweet day even the perfumes may be abandoned. May that time speedily come!

Consider the Widow.

The young widow in any aspect is sufficiently alluring, if she has inherited property she is irresistible-as a magnet to attract men who know exactly what they want, which is her money. Sad experience in innumerable instances classifies her as an easy mark in the lists of adventurers whose business it is to prey upon women. It is common knowledge that a large amount of cash, or even a fat balance in bank, in control of a widow, is as hard to keep intact as a handful of quicksilver. She simply cannot help picking her own pockets, in most instances.

Before the first gentle rain has fallen on the grave of her husband, if he has left her a handsome estate or a considerable life insurance fund, she is approached with suggestions that she make investments. Heaven help her then if she is without experience in the care of money, which is all too frequently the case, and admits to her counsels strangers who profess a desire to place her funds advantageously. She will be promised safety for her principal and a sure income from it-and will get neither.

It seems a harsh thing to say, but candor compels the admission that even the relatives or the family friends of the widow are not always safe advisers for her. Too often they are overcome by an abominable desire to profit from her inheritance, and do not hesitate to despoil her estate. What, then, shall the widow, bewildered by the loss of her natural protector, do? To whom shall she turn? Obviously to some bank or trust company whose reputation is above suspicion, there to learn her financial A, B, C's and be taught that a small income assured for life is better than a few years of spending followed by a competitive struggle for a living in her later years.

But there is something far better for the widow than this. It is for her husband, while living, to insure her against the hazards mentioned, by making a sound trust company the final custodian and executor of his estate, bound to invest it in only the highest class of securities for her benefit. That is the strongest assurance a man can give his wife of financial security in case of his death. Is there any duty incumbent on a prosperous man, young or old, more urgent than this?

It is not to be denied that women are gaining in financial wisdom, that many of them are capable of conserving property put in their possession, but the number is so small that of any list of widows selected at random, a great majority will live more comfortably and securely. on a small income from a trusteed estate than they will if placed in full possession of property and left subject to the importunities of all sorts

Real Hope for the Race.

When the announcement is made that a 13year-old boy has passed the entrance examinations for Harvard, and is about to take up his studies at that venerable fountain of learning, no one is inclined to break out in a sweat. The world has known many such phenoms, and has largely lost interest in them. It still recognizes the value of scholastic attainments, and knows what the boy must have done, but it is willing to take him for granted and let the matter rest. But when it is also known that in addition to being possessor of a bulging brow, this youngster has swelling biceps, and has aided his home team in winning many games by his ability to swat the ball, then the great American public will perk up. "Babe" Ruths are not very many. while the lofty-domed high brow is getting so numerous as to be in the way, but the combination of the two is the rarest thing imaginable, and should be valued accordingly. Therefore, it looks as if Harvard has a real treasure.

"Chloe's Favorite Flea."

About two hundred years ago a young man of 21 years in an English university translated from a Latin classic a poem having the title above. His brother was suffering with a broken leg, and had requested him to send a specimen of his talent in versification. After two hours' work he had produced the following:

As over fair Chloe's rosy cheek Careless a little vagrant passed, With artful hand around his neck. A slender chain the virgin cast.

As Juno near her throne above,
Her spangled bird delights to see;
As Venus has her fav'rite dove,
Chioe shall have her fav'rite flea.

Pleased at his chains, with nimble steps He o'er her snowy bosom stray'd; Now on her panting breast he leaps. Now hides between his little head

Leaving at length his old abode, He found, by thirst or fortune led, Her swelling lips that brighter glow'd Than roses in their native bed.

Chioe, your artful hands undo. Nor for your captive's safety fear. No artful hands are needful now

Whilst on that heav'n 'tis given to stay.

(Who would not wish to be so blessed?) No force can drive him once away, Till death shall seize his destin'd breast.

Such lines are not in fashion now. We quote them only because their author was John Wesley, founder of Methodism. They were written before his mind turned to serious matters of life, religion and death; and they show, incidentally, the thoroughness with which Latin and other things were taught at Oxford college im 1724.

Campaign managers are not so much concerned over what the "bull moose" leaders of eight years ago are going to do as to what the voters plan for the ballot box.

Three hours and twenty minutes, Omaha to Chicago, is going some, even as the crow flies.

Things must be getting serious when Josephus Daniels goes to save South Carolina.

Some White Sox got very much soiled

A Line O' Type or Two

END OF A LETTER TO A FRIEND. new you know how well with me all is. Of seeing my friend's face and hazel eve enignant, glancing clear tranquility, Quick to be smiling, quicker to be grave. en do you read this, smiling; do you save All the great thoughts which move about your

And foster them until you shall impart In very freedom. Nothing on the earth Is sweeter than such converse, or more worth Shall we not sit and look upon the clouds Crimsoned by sunset, watch the veil which shrouds

The flying moon ere she can make escape And speak of gentleness, of many a shape Beauty has worn? Shall we not once more wall Until fresh utterance will not be denied, . Or some eye gleaming can no longer hide Beneath the thoughtful lid? Yes, my dear friend, When you have come Content will not soon end.

ITALY'S bolshevists learned their economics in the Russian school. After seizing a factory the idea is to sell off the raw material and everything else in sight, in order to pay the help and raise wages. This process eliminates the factory, which is the end desired, because a factory is a symbol of work, and work prevents a country from being what that intellectual titan, Morris Hillquit, calls "a place fit for free men and women to live in.

SOME men attempt the Alps in the avalanche season, while others shake hands with John J. McGraw.

SINCE, obviously, Mr. Arthur Burrage Far-well was not bored by "Aphrodite," might we suggest another romance by the same author, "The Adventures of King Pausole?" Aside from the character of the sculptor, who is the most finished . . . in fiction, "Aphrodite" does not amount to much: but "Pausole" is diverting from start to finish.

DEPARTURE OF A RED IMMORTAL FOR THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS.

(From the Pierre, S. D., Capital-Journal.) I. M. Detson sent a casket to Lower Brule agency today for the burial there of Mrs. Poor Chicken, an Indian woman.

MR. LACKAYE escaped from his social call on Mr. McGraw with a conventional Potts frac-ture. Who sups with McGraw takes Potts luck. He should also have a long reach.

OLD JUNK. (H. M. Tomlinson.)

"I can't make out what you see in those craft," said my companion one morning. "They're mostly ancient tubs, and at the most they only muck about the coast. Now a P. & O. or a Cunarder! That's something to look at."

Yet I could potter about an ancient hooker or a tramp steamer all day, when I wouldn't cross a quay to a great battleship. I like the pungent smells of these old craft, just as I inhale the health and odour of fir woods. I love their men, those genuine mariners, the right diviners of sky, coast, and tides, who know exactly what their craft will do in any combina tion of circumstances as well as you know the pockets of your old coat; men who can handle a stiff and cranky lump of patched timbers and antique gear as artfully as others would the clever length of hollow steel with its powerful

But when my slightly contemptuous com-panion spoke I had no answer, felt out of date and dull, a fogey and an idle man. I had no answer ready—none that would have satisfied this brisk young man, none that would not have eemed remote and trivial to him.

He left me. Some other visitor had left be-

hind Stevenson's Ebb Tide, and trying to think out an excuse that would quiet the qualms I began to feel for this idle preference of minfor old junk, I began picking out the passages I liked. And then I came on these words of Attwater's (though Stevenson, for certain, is speaking for himself): "Junk . . . only old junk! . . . Nothing so affecting as ships, tink! . . . Nothing so affecting as ships, the ruins of an empire would leave me frigid, when a bit of an old rail that an old shellback thad leaned on in the middle watch would being the trouble is deep in the eye the congested, enlarged sliding conjunctions. me up all standing."

"THE funniest thing you ever printed was such-and-such," is a remark addressed to us with more or less frequency; and it never has happened that any two persons mentioned the same item. Therefore if fifteen or twenty of these funniest things could be collected into one column it would make dangerous reading for a person with a weak heart, would it not? That s reason enough for not doing it. But we are nquisitive to know what you think was the funniest thing printed hereabout.

"ONE can write better without an education than with it," maintains the lady who wrote "Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge." And one has only to look through the magazines of the month to see how true that is. Education is likely to produce literary self-consciousness.

WE should not be flabbergasted to learn that a pool of gamblers is bribing Babe Ruth to knock the ball over the fence. You can't convince us that his homers are accidental.

YOU SEEM TO BE EASILY AMUSED. Sir: A sign on a hotel in Corwith, Ia, reads: "Good Meals, 50 Cents. Extrary Good Meals, 65 Cents." That "extrary good" struck me as being extra funny.

P. F.

YOU don't have to carry your lunch in a dinner pail, girls. You can put it in a music roll, and then people will think you are on your way to your vocal lesson, instead of to a vulgar

"IT seems to me," writes a man to Vox Pop, "that The Voice of the People is degenerating into abuse and slander of the editorial staff."
What does he suppose the department was inaugurated for?

Something of That Sort.

Sir: A garden-seed house has one window filled with poultry supplies—foods, egg-producers, lice-killers, etc. A part of the display is a number of chickens who spend their time frantically picking lice off themselves. Zero in advertising? F. H. M.

WHAT we like about Mr. Cox's bunk is that it is "pure bunk." Avoid substitutes. Don't take 'something just as good." "MATCH the President," indeed. None but

himself can be his parallel. "HARD times?" No. "Nevertheless," ob-serves Mr. Julius Rosenwald, "we may be com-

pelled to go through a period of readjustment," THE congregation will arise and sing: "Period of readjustment, come again no more!"

B. L. T.

Fresh Eggs

The pert proprietor of a grocery, in East Twenty-fifth street, is nothing if not good at re-The other day, rather early in the forenoon,

one of the good wives in the neighborhood stepped into the store and inquired: 'Any real fresh eggs?". (Great emphasis on the "real fresh.") 'Oh, yes, ma'am," he replied. "Some just

laid this morning.
A day or two later, somewhat earlier in the forenoon than before, the good wife again

dropped into the store and inquired:
"Any more of those real fresh eggs?" Whereupon the grocer cried to his clerk: "Run to the back room, boy, and see if this morning's eggs are cool enough yet to sell."-Indianapolis News.

A Dream.

The board of education was at it hammer and tongs when one member cried hotly: "Our reform schools are empty names. I hope the day will come when they will be in reality what little Willie thinks they are."
"Willie," said the mother, "I don't like the looks of that little boy you were playing with on the street today. You mustn't play with bad

little boys, you know." + 10.5

"Oh, but he isn't a bad little boy," cried Willie. "He's a good little boy. He's been to the reformatory school twice and they have let him out each time on account of good behavior."-Los Angeles

How to Keep Well

Questions concerning hygiene, sanita-tion and prevention of disease, sub-mitted to Dr. Evans by readers of The Bee, will be answered personally, sub-ject to proper limitation, where a stamped, addressed envelope is en-closed. Dr. Evans will not make diagnosis or prescribe for individual diseases. Address latters in care of The Bee.

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ABOUT CONJUNCTIVITIS. A correspondent wants to have an article on conjunctivitis. The conjunctivia is the membrane which covers the exposed part of the eye-

tear secretion. The lids and lashes help to clean, and finally, the membrane itself is resistant to infection. Sixteenth street. Also do away with

A simple conjunctivitis due to dust or ordinary bacteria gets well without treatment in a few days. A boracic acid wash can be used if the the nationt needs glasses and his eyes are under strain he may have a mild confunctivitis with red borders to the lids or recurring sties. This form of conjunctivitis calls for properly fitting glasses and nothing

Measles shows itself first by sore eyes. The redness and swelling start in the lids at the margin and spread to the eyeball. Chronic confunctivitis, not due to

eye strain, may be trachoma or granular lids. Any suggestion of granular lids should be investigated, since many cases are due to trachoma, a very serious contagious

If the eyeballs are red and there is no history of swimming, drunk-enness, or exposure to intense light to explain it, the first point to notice is whether there is much sup-

puration.

Much the most virulent forms of conjunctivitis are those due to gonococci. This applies to purulent conjunctivitis in adults and babies. The only sure method of diagnosing conococcal conjunctivitis microscopic examination.

laved even for a few hours the sight is almost certain to be lost. Treatment must be with silver salts. It must be very active.

Pneumococcus conjunctivitis looks almost as threatening as the gonococcal form, but it does not threat-en vision to the same extent. If it is diagnosed by the microscope, treatment is with different forms of quinine solutions locally.

Milder forms of purulent con-

junctivitis are those due to the Koch-Weeks bacillus and the Morax Axenfeld bacillus. These forms are expected to get well, but ulcers of the cornea with corneal scars are likely to result. Treatment is by local applications of a solution of

zinc sulphate. Pink eye belongs to this group. Since inflammation of the deeper parts of the eyeball causes redness of the conjunctiva it is important to know them apart. In conjunctivitis the engorged blood vessels are plainly seen. When the conjunctiva slides over the eveballs near the cir-

A sty is a suppuration of the glands at the border of the lids. A chalazion is a cyst of a gland of the lid border. Ptergium is an over-growth occuring on the eye of men exposed habitually to an excessive

How About Political Speakers? It is no easy matter for the man who is all wrong to find anything that is all right.—Toledo Blade.

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and then some, when you buy any one, or all, of the several items quoted below.

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3 lbs. Granulated Sugar, only..... Blue Karo Syrup (11/2-lb.

cans), 2 cans, only Vulcanol Stove Polish (paste), 2 cans

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The Bee is in receipt of a letter from a traveling man rom Lincoln and signs himself "Incerested." The letter can not be that it contains statements that are belous per se; and if the libelous statements are cut out there is little left of the letter.

Single Track Street Car Lines. Omaha, Sept. 27 .- To the Editor covers the exposed part of the eye-ball and then lines the inner surface about to tear up Farnam street of the eyelid. Since it must be exposed to the air, and warm moist tissues do not stand exposure to the street cars must run? For instance, air well, some special cleaning pro- the Harney and Farnam cars would air well, some special cleaning provision is required.

The tear glands secrete a salt solution which sweeps across the
membrane, washing the bacteria
and dust down the tear duct into the
nose. The solutions sold as eye
washes are not so effective as the Conjunctivitis is inflammation of the iron guide poles; that is, the poles that hold the wire that sup-

the expense of same, labor included, ess accidents, less confusion. It would beautify the downtown streets, make the streets look wider. gain two-thirds of the space now occupied by the street cars. Street

car traffic going one way on the street. Automobiles could pass be-tween street car and automobiles No iron poles on the side walk, which is a bad sight GEO. E. YAGER.

Influence of Vanity. Probably the reason that the higher railroad rates have not cut lown travel is due to more people wishing to show that they are able pay the price.—Knoxville Times-

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Gazette. It Can

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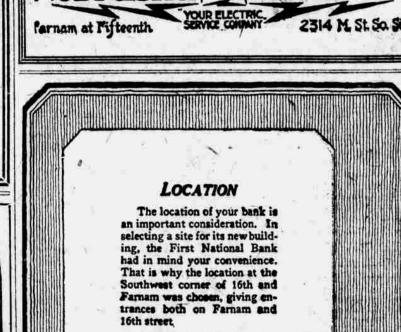


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