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.

Art, or Accelerated Education?

When John Drinkwater was in Omaha last week he talked to those who were near him at luncheon with reference to the part that art plays in the ordinary life of the people, and defended the artist, as he might have been expected to do. At one of the school meetings during the week a former High school instructor, now a successful business man, laid down the proposition that, had not the war come on, the world might have been Prussianized within a generation. Again, at the meeting of teachers and patrons of the Central High school, the question of accelerated education came in for some lively discussion, most of those quoted as taking part setting up in favor of greater stress on the cultural aspect of mental training. In all this may be noted a healthy and encouraging continuation of some of the debate that arose while yet the war was on.

Let us admit at the beginning that Art as such has little enough of appeal to the practical mind. Then, let us follow the thought suggested by Mr. Drinkwater, and try to discover what we are to do after we have made certain of accomplishment of the real end of human effort, that of satisfying the needs of humanity. If we are to exclude art entirely, then no need for it remains; when the world is fed and clothed and housed and put to bed, human effort may suspend. It has done all that is needed. But the further condition confronts us; when man has been fed and clothed and in other material ways made comfortable, he asks to be amused. How is this to be done? If he goes to the movies, to a concert, a play or a lecture, he compels the presence of art.

How far this art is to be refined will depend on another factor. If the mind of man has been opened up to where his intellectual aspirations are on a parity with his material, he not only wants some but the best of entertainment. If his standards of art are low, he will be satisfied with less, will seek or demand the cruder or perhaps the intrinsically unworthy and now and then the positively harmful. Man's moral growth is quite apt to keep pace with his intellectual, neither moving as fast as his material, the latter calling for little stimulant while the higher attributes of his nature must be carefully nurtured to bring them to full measure.

If the great desire is to produce, if success is to be measured in the things that are ponderable, then accelerated education is needed. The sooner the youngster can be put through the mill that develops and puts an edge on his faculties for production and his proclivities for the acquisition of wealth, the sooner he will be able to produce and to acquire. Beauty to him will be comprised in a bank account, a stock certificate, and his jewel casket will be a safe-deposit box. These things are needed, but are they chief end of man? If so, the Germans were on the right track, even if they did turn out what the late Price Collier called a "nation of intellectual inefficients."

However, if the ideals of our civilization are to remain on a plane higher than is contemplated or expressed by the dollar mark, then the training of our young people must comprehend something beyond what is understood by "accelerated education." Not only must they have the cultural along with the intensely practical, but they should also get something of the ethical at the same time. We may discard Greek and Latin, although to so jettison the classics is likely to work less of good than of harm; to abandon all the treasures of the past would be expensive. We still look with regret on the ruined Cathedral of Rheims, yet that spectacle is no sadder than would be the future without any of the monuments of past intellectual endeavor.

A combination of the practical with the cultural training does not seem to be beyond achievement, yet, if one side must be given weight over the other, the future of the race will be safer with those who have been trained to value something that can not be measured by the dross of the market place.

"Fair, Fat and Forty."

That delightful and effervescent fount of wisdom, Mary Garden, who resolutely refuses to sing in Omaha, tells her sisters that if they are fat after 30, they are doomed. She also tells how she keeps from incurring the dreadful fate of carrying around a few extra pounds. Her own recipe doesn't make much difference, for what will work with one does not have much effect on another. The relations between Jack Sprat and his wife exemplify a common human experience. The question is, must a woman be always svelte in order to deserve and retain a hold on things around her? Whichever way this is answered, it depends on the viewpoint. Tastes differ, and so we frequently find roly-poly women getting along quite as well as are those who keep down any tendency to avoirdupois by eschewing many of the things they like, doing a lot of stunts, and subjecting themselves to privations and inconveniences of numerous sorts, just to keep "their figure," and so hold onto what they conceive to be the lines of beauty. Opposed to Mary Garden might be set a number of soprano singers who have achieved a distinction equal to hers, and who also have come to loom mountainous in physical proportions. We might also refer to a one-time queen of Egypt, who attained much prominence in her day, who never was suspected of denying herself any of the good things of life, and yet who retained not only her girlish laughter but other physical charms to a time well beyond the 30 mark. Yet history only records one Cleopatra, fortunately for the world. Mary also excites some speculation as to who was the married man she might have linked her life with, had he been single. Suppose he had fancied another—yet how could he? In the end, the women folks will read her advice, continue to eat and drink chocolate, and when "fair, fat and forty" will look perhaps with envy at the soft, plump shoulders of 18, and maybe wish they were back there again.

Eve and the Tree of Knowledge.

No one is paying much attention to the men folks these days, but the women are receiving more and more advice. It is as if all hope had been given up for Adam, but that the world has concluded that a great deal could be made of Eve. Not only from the opposite sex are women receiving advice, but between themselves they are discussing and agitating their rights, privileges and duties. Nowhere is agreement, one set of feminists calling, "Come out of the kitchen" and another placing its reliance on the adaptation of science to lighten and make more pleasant the old domestic tasks. A woman novelist, with a canary cage instead of a cradle, occupies a flat across the hall from her husband and lets him hire some one to do his cooking, mending and housekeeping. She says that this is the way for all wives to live their own life, and no doubt is finding some believers.

But on the woman's page of a farm magazine has been set down a list of twenty-five accomplishments necessary before a young woman can be said to be educated. There are some modern innovations, such as the implied criticism of the clinging vine type by the requirement of self-reliance, but if this test is to be accepted as a whole, it is as difficult as ever to be a woman. To be properly educated, according to this standard, a woman must know how—

To sew.
To cook.
To mend.
To be gentle.
To value time.
To dress neatly.
To keep a secret.
To avoid idleness.
To be self-reliant.
To respect old age.
To darn stockings.
To make good bread.
To keep a home tidy.
To control her temper.
To make home happy.
To be above gossiping.
To take care of the sick.
To take care of the baby.
To sweep down the cobwebs.
To marry a man for his worth.
To read the very best of books.
To be a helpmate to her husband.
To take plenty of active exercise.
To keep clear of trashy literature.
To be a womanly woman under all circumstances.

It is claimed that the editor of this magazine page is herself a woman. We wish we really knew. Somehow, the suspicion will not down that some man is trying to get up an argument.

Spendthrifts No More.

A million dollars a day is the estimate of the saving that can be accomplished by a reorganization of the executive machinery of the federal government. Such is the figure set by Congressman Reavis and Senator Smoot as the object of their movement for co-ordinating the various bureaus and departments in Washington.

It is heartening to find that Mr. Harding contemplates calling in a number of able administrators to plan for this reorganization, and it is to be expected that the congressional committee will work in harmony with this commission. Exclusive of the army and navy, there are 800,000 persons in the government employ. The duties of some overlap, and simplification of a system which allows eight different departments to carry on engineering work, navigation, irrigation and drainage, twelve in road building and forty-two in public health work clearly would be a step toward efficiency as well as economy.

Indications pile up that the coming administration is to be one in which expenses are pared to the bone. Mr. Harding's veto of an extravagant display at the inauguration did not bring disappointment to any one but the good people of Washington who awaited a harvest of tourists and a few politicians and office seekers eager for an opportunity to extend the glad hand. The taxpayers back home are in the saddle now, and the next four years may be expected to establish thrift as a public policy.

A Letter That Never Came.

No one who has waited long and in vain for a letter from some absent friend will waste any sympathy on the soldier who returned only the other day and found his wife married to another, his gravestone in the cemetery and his insurance collected. Leaving home in 1917, he soon was in active service in France and shortly after was reported killed in the government casuality list. The report, it is plain now, was exaggerated, but the War department even shipped a body home to fill his grave.

There are husbands who leave their families for a week or for a year, and who write back home every day, but this veteran was gone for four years and never once sent so much as a postcard to say "Wish you were here" or "Wish I was there." No doubt he was very busy at times, but it must have occurred to him now and then that he had a wife back in Georgia who hoped and wondered over his fate. Merely as a precaution he might have dropped a few lines, even if for no other motive than to maintain his attachments.

Arrived now at the port of New York, his distrust of the postal service still persists, but he sends a ten-word message saying that he is on his way home. Perhaps he will read the newspapers and find that he has no home, but only a nicely carved grave monument, but whatever he does, he can not repair the wrong that his thoughtlessness and neglect have done his wife. His grief and surprise at finding his wife with another husband can never equal hers at discovering that he is still alive. Whether she loves him or whether her love has gone, the pain is equally great and the wrong done by his neglect irreparable.

Friends have bought the cabinet chair occupied by Secretary of the Navy Daniels and presented it to him. Such are the advantages of peaceful America; quite different from some of those European countries where retiring officeholders had to leave their thrones behind them.

The Argentine senator who has been arrested for sedition after advocating international socialism could get the same amount of publicity by urging a monarchy, equally impossible, and perhaps get away with it.

What a relief the advent of Mr. Harding must be to those democratic papers who chafed for so long at having to "stand by the president."

A Line O' Type or Two

How to the Line, let the quips fall where they may

ADD NURSERY JINGLES.

When good King Woodrow ruled this land
He was a goodly king;
He kept us out of war and peace
And beer and everything. J. M.

OUR interest in Mr. Wells' "Outline of History" has been practically ruined by learning from a geologist that Mr. Wells' story of creation is frightfully out of date. Should he not have given another twenty-four hours to so large an opus?

Giddap.

Sir: Reason, says the author of The Intellectual Life, is powerless against the prejudices of association. However, at the risk of being written minnock by the ordinary parterre of the day, with discreet animation let me share with you Messrs. Spurr and Swift, of Ryder St., London, E. C. 1, who deal in poetry. Will you drink with me at the well of Pirene? P. D. S.

"I WISH," sighs Doc Evans, "that somebody would put the toothpick into good society." Patience, Doc! First let us get accustomed to saying "it don't" and "those kind."

THE TOONERVILLE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

(From the Michigan State Journal.)

The Ann Arbor depot was burned to the ground Sunday. The mocking bird whistle at the milk plant was sounded at 12 o'clock. The depot might have been saved if the fire laddies could have responded to the call, but the Chemical fire engine, purchased a few months ago, was locked up for safe keeping, and the key couldn't be found.

APROPOS of a phrase in a bill in the Minnesota senate, the Moorhead News asks, "How nude is 'substantially nude?'" You tell 'em, Chrysis.

Ain't It?

Down the street clumped two fair froshes,
In their jangling loose galoshes,
And men turned to look as those two tinkled by.
They wore heavy woolen hosen,
But they were not really frozen.
For the day was balmy and the walks were dry.

Two weeks later it was snowing
And an icy wind was blowing
When these same fair froshes tripped along the street.
This time they were really frozen—
Satin pumps asd silken hosen—
Aintitel how froshes treat their dainty feet!
LARRY.

THERE is a new movement in poetry, reports the Iowa State Student, and mentions such new ones as Rachel Lindsay, Sarl Sandburg, John T. Rinehart, Robert Cross, Robert Haven Shorter and Sarah Teasley.

YOURS, ETC.

Sir: The height of efficiency is attained by Mervin L. Lane, Insurance Service, New York, who prints on his letterhead, "Unnecessary terms of politeness as well as assurances of self-evident esteem are omitted from our letters."
E. A. D.

IF, as D. F. T. complains, he never received credit for the roller-curtain wheeze, we assure him that it was an oversight. Ladies and gentlemen, may we not introduce D. F. T., author of the incomparable roller-curtain wheeze!

THE THOUSAND AND ONE AFTERNOONS.

XV.

The house which George Barrington Wild had chosen for his first significant exploit stood in a narrow street running off the Drive. The porch was of good size and dressed with an exuberant growth of vines, so that the ascent of it was nigh as simple a matter as climbing a ladder. No street light was nearer than fifty yards, and the thoroughfare was comparatively free of pedestrians. The housebreaker merged with the shadows of an occupied residence across the street, and waited. At eight o'clock, he considered, dinner would be at its height, and he noted with satisfaction the arrival of several motor cars, the which indicated a dinner party. These cars, when the guests stepped out, were driven away, but the last one, an electric, from which a woman descended, was left standing before the house. A light burned in the upper room giving on the porch, and it was towards this apartment, a few minutes after eight, that Mr. Wild made his way through the vines, as agilely and much more quietly than a cat. At this point I may note that the enthusiasm of the elder Wild for the picturesque scoundrels of the eighteenth century was shared by his son, who had pored delightfully over the books narrating their exploits. His special hero was Jack Sheppard, whose skill in breaking out of prisons set his imagination aglow. Like the immortal Jack he was slender and small of bone, and he esteemed himself to be as lithe and cat-like; and like Sheppard, too, he felicitated himself that though he was an undutiful son he had never damned his mother's eyes.

When the housebreaker achieved the roof of the porch he found that the window, like most, was unlatched, and raising the sash he drew the draperies aside and glanced within. The bed chamber was unoccupied. On the bed were sundry feminine wraps and bonnets and purses, and through the partly open door came from below stairs the chatter and laughter of the guests. Without further reconnaissance Mr. Wild slipped into the room and closed the window after him. His next thought was of the door, and he crossed to close this, but before he could place a hand on the knob the door was thrust open, and he had just time to step behind it when a woman carrying a candle came hurriedly in. Peeping around, Mr. Wild observed the lady at the mirror of a dressing table between the windows, and the candle raised high in hand. He saw his own reflection in the glass, and the lady saw it at the same instant. She gave a little cry and turned, dropping the candle.

"MEN singers," Mr. Rollin Pease advises us, "are impervious to insult." Therefore he does not resent the sign announcing, "Basso & Company. Cheese."

It Would Put 'Em on the Stage.

Why does not some pianist give us a really popular recital programme? Frezzample:

Moonlight Sonata.
The Harmonious Blacksmith.
Mendelssohn's Spring Song.

Old Favorites:

Recollections of Home.
Silvery Waves.
Monastery Bells.
Etincelles.
Waves of the Ocean.
Gottschalk's Last Hope.
Clayton's Grand March.
The Battle of Prague.
The Awakening of the Lion.

WHEN we turned to "The Magician," by Somerset Maugham, sent to us by Comrade Doran, the title was vaguely familiar, and eventually we recalled that we read it two summers ago, in a rented house in New England. It's a good yarn, worth the reprint.

SONG FOR ITALICS.

Sing a reckless song just of traveling along,
Carefree of whence or whither;
While the merry chimes ring of happy-go-lucky times,
Racing and chasing hither and thither!
For the moon floats up and the moon floats down,
And life is short in Frisco and shorter in Hong-Kong town;
So here's to the flying fast mail, and here's to my ship at sea—
Singing along a careless song of tra-ha-ha-velling!
RIQ.

A CARBONDALE youth was arrested for hunting out of season, and the possession of a gun and a dog is considered, by the Free Press, "facsimile evidence."

Waiting on the Corner.

(From the Des Moines Register.)

Will the elderly gentleman, owner of the Cadillac sedan, who left young widow on Sixth Ave., a week before Christmas, let me hear from him through this paper. Strictly confidential.

AS to the divorce suit of Hazel Nutt vs John P. Nutt, M. M. C. offers, "Shucks!"

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned debate over the League of Nations? B. L. T.

But She Did.

A lady once said she wouldn't marry a certain man for worlds, but she afterwards married him for 80 acres.—Mountainair Independent.

Gets There Just the Same.

The California grape that used to go into wine has become the raisin that goes into home-brew.—Columbus Dispatch.

Passing of the Juvenile Court

(From The Survey for February.)

The juvenile court is an anomaly. That the correction of juvenile delinquents was ever entrusted to a court at all can be accounted for only through the fact that the need of more intelligent treatment of children was brought to the attention of the public largely through the incongruous and disproportionate punishments frequently meted out to children under the law as it stood a quarter of a century ago. The fact that the laws were often ridiculous in their application to youthful offenders was keenly felt by jurists, with the result that definite effort to remodel them was undertaken by lawyers who naturally, though illogically, turned to the courts for relief.

Juvenile judges are fast coming to the conclusion that the dual duties of adjudicating delinquency and pervising the delinquent are conflicting, far exceeding any proper power of a court, even under its much vaunted "chancery jurisdiction as perens patriae." Duties of investigation, complaint, obtaining evidence, trial, adjudication, sentence, supervision, punishment and probation, are too inconsistent with each other to be placed in any one agency. Very few children are even complained against until, in the opinion of the court or its officers, sentence is necessary. Thus a child is prejudiced before indictment and sentenced before trial, a condition repugnant to every idea of justice. Even now courts attempt to place the duties of investigation and probation in different officers, so that the bias of the investigator will not influence the probation officer; but no way has been found to remove this prejudice from the mind of the juvenile judge.

Moreover, the correction and reformation of incorrigible children is an enducational function not a judical one. It is just as much the province of education to teach a child good manners as it is to teach him grammar or arithmetic. A court is a tribunal for the judicial determination of facts at issue. One is administrative; the other, judicial. It would take more than human ingenuity to harmonize them in one institution. No court should be burdened by administrative duties. These should be assumed by other agencies. In 1914, Prof. Thomas D. Eliot advocated the consolidation of the juvenile court with a "family" or "domestic relations" court. Personally, I believe that the proper institution to supervise the correction and reformation of children is the school.

The criticism of Prof. Eliot's contention is that administrative powers in a family court are just as harmful as they are in a juvenile court. Nevertheless, there is a decided tendency either to expand juvenile courts into domestic relations courts or for the domestic relations courts to absorb the juvenile courts. This is partly because juvenile judges have found that they need wider jurisdiction in order to make their courts effective. Parents should often be disciplined; frequently the child is more sinned against than sinning, and in order to prevent further delinquency, it is necessary to punish adults responsible for it. Disease, poverty, vice, crime, unpropitious neighborhood and home conditions, and a thousand and one other things enter as factors of delinquency.

It is but human that judges should aspire to gain control over all these factors in order to reform their wards. Consequently the juvenile courts tend to acquire powers out of all proportion to their dignity, jeopardizing every ideal of individual and social justice. The more sincere the judge, the more likely he is to reach for more authority.

Lawyers dislike the multiplication of courts, and opposition to new ones is developing everywhere among them. The tendency of the bar is to consolidate courts in order to avoid vexing questions of jurisdiction and unnecessary expense of litigation. As a matter of fact, if the administrative duties of domestic relations courts and juvenile courts were placed in official bureaus, properly officered and equipped, there would be no need of this duplication. The purely judicial function of determining whether or not a child is delinquent could just as well be discharged by the courts formerly in existence as they are now by the juvenile or family courts. If the child should be found to be delinquent, he should be remanded to the proper authorities for treatment. In this way, the courts would be left to their legitimate field, and the very necessary correctional work would be undertaken by those who by experience and training would be in a position to do it well. As it is, so far as I know, not a single court is doing this work well, and in my opinion, no court constituted as juvenile courts are constituted, can do it well.

It is therefore inevitable that the administrative work of the juvenile court will be transferred to other more adequate agencies and there then being no further need of a separate court, the juvenile court will die a natural death. But it will not have lived in vain. Through it, the public has become educated to the need of scientific treatment of children guilty of anti-social conduct, and the very deficiencies of the court have pointed the way to a more intelligent and efficient system.

HERBERT M. BAKER,
Until recently, judge of the juvenile court, Greeley, Colo.

Lucky and Doesn't Know It.

Little Christine Marie Soper of Lewiston, Me., is a lucky tot, though she isn't old enough to appreciate it. She has three great-grandmothers, three great-grandfathers, two grandmothers, one grandfather, seven great aunts, eight great uncles, three great-great-aunts, three aunts, three uncles, two cousins and 27 second cousins.

Experience a Dear Teacher.

Casual study of the world's indebtedness almost persuades one to believe in the saying that experience is a dear tacher.—Molin Dispatch.

INDICATIONS.

I gasolened my Oliver
And cleaned my fountain pen
The other day because I felt
'Twas almost spring again;
I felt an embryo rhymelet stir
Within my sun-warmed soul—
And then the wind veered to the north
And the muse crept back in his hole.

I saw a dandelion sprout
In a sunny sheltered nook;
"'Tis spring, 'tis spring," I did enthuse,
My writing pad I took
And grabbed my pen to immortalize
This small persistent hero;
Then down blew a gale from out the north
And my rhymes congealed at zero.

I saw a bee crawl from a crack
To give his musty wings an airing
One day upon my sun-warmed roof;
And thought spring hereward must be faring;
And so the muse his cramped wings spread
And poised his soul for rhythmic flight—
But down swept a blizzard from the north
And vanquished muse and bee that night.

The tad-pole in his sheltered pool
Has four small lumps inside his skin;
When these four lumps are changed to legs
The glad spring chorus will begin;
The ice and snow will disappear
Coincident with taddy's tail;
Then will the poet gush forth rhymes
And birdies sing o'er hill and dale.
—DEWEY TORBUST.

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.

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IT'S NOT "SLEEPING SICKNESS."

"Please advise me," G. W. M. writes, "as to the etiology, pathology and communicability in a general way of this malady known as 'sleeping sickness,' which is becoming more and more prevalent."

The common name for this disease among physicians is lethargic encephalitis. It is in no way related to the disease long known as "sleeping sickness" and which is due to a spiral parasite conveyed by the tsetse fly, a South African insect.

The etiology is decidely obscure. It follows in the wake of influenza, but no one has proved that it is due to the so-called influenza bacillus. The common statement is that it is due to a filterable virus. That opinion leaves open the question of its exact cause. Drs. Dunn and Heagy of Omaha found a green streptococcus in many of their cases, but they do no more than suggest that that may be the cause.

Let us, then, answer your first question by saying the disease is due to some form of microscopic organism which infects in the wake of influenza, but that the exact cause is unknown.

The pathology is better known. It is an inflammation of the central part of the brain, what is known as the brain stem. The location of the trouble in relation to the other parts of the nervous system corresponds to the exchange and its leading trunk lines in a telephone system. It may involve other parts of the brain, but the standard pathology is inflammation of the stem area of the brain.

It is not communicable in the sense that smallpox is communicable. Those in contact with cases seldom develop the disease. Dr. H. Roger reports in the Journal of the American Medical association that since 1917 it is estimated there have been 10,000 cases in France, yet nowhere has there been a true epidemic. The cases occur in distant quarters without its being possible usually to distinguish any link between them. In only 174 cases could direct contagion be determined.

It is a long-drawn out disease. It is not a new disease. Dr. Crookshank, who wrote about it in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, says it is the same as the sweating sickness of the 17th and 18th centuries.

If this is correct it is well to remember that this old epidemic was sometimes known as the Picardy sweat and that what was supposed to be its natural habitat was a province of France occupied in 1917 by the fighting armies, and that sleeping sickness began to spread over the world in that year.

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Cash and Due from Banks	5,198,721.47
	$18,381,942.82

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Condensed Statement, Close of Business, February 21, 1921.

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