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

Safety First and Your Share.

It is easy enough to apply the mote and the beam parable to the safety first problem—there is no beam in it. At least that is what one might conclude from hearing the average man's account of any close shave from which he has emerged; the other fellow is always to blame. Think it over, and see if you were entirely without fault.

One of the greatest causes of accidents and a never failing source of confusion and delay is the mad impulse to get somewhere ahead of the other fellow. This can be noted in every public place. Getting on a street car, into an elevator, through the door of an office building, almost everywhere when more than one person is moving, signs of a scramble may be noted. The man who tries to beat the train to the road crossing with his automobile is not the only offender. "What's your hurry?" is a question to be addressed to others than the reckless drivers.

Much of the jamming and jostling, to the wreckage of nerves and the disaster of bad temper, can be avoided by simply taking a little thought of the other fellow. Chesterfieldian courtesy is not needed, but merely a show of good manners; no occasion for an exhibition of Alphonse and Gaston, but just to move in order, considering that the man who is ahead of you has as much right in that position as you have, and he has no more advantage over you than you have over him that comes behind you both. The man who dashes madly through doors, jams his way through crowds, and so on, may think he is impressing folks with his hustling ability, but the chances are that most of his victims are cursing him for being several different kinds of a strongly qualified fool. City streets present unending traffic problems, none of which is to be governed by a hard and fast rule, but safety first involves some little recognition on part of each of the rights of all.

Faults of pedestrians do not overshadow those of drivers. Veterans at the wheel have learned valuable lessons, but these are not the only ones who are piloting cars along the city streets and country roads. Each year sees a new crop of drivers, who must master all the older ones have learned. Therefore the reiteration of safety first is continually in order. The reckless driver, the careless driver, and the inexperienced driver will be with us as long as we have cars, a menace to all alike. The beginner will overcome his handicap; the others will not. Happily, they are in the minority, but too many of them exist. Their trouble lies in the fact that they have no thought of anybody else. We doubt if they can be reached by any reasonable appeal, yet hope that in time a method may be devised whereby to curb them.

It is not alone in the matters mentioned that safety first need be practiced, nor does your individual share in it end when you have become an entirely careful user of the streets. In your office, factory, store, home, wherever you are, not only your own safety but that of those about you depends in a greater or less measure on your conduct. Do not take unnecessary chances. It is as easy to make sure as it is to run a needless risk. An old adage says, "The more haste, the less speed." Safety first may delay your start a little, but it will ensure your arrival, and that is really the most important thing. Your share in the campaign is to make certain that you are doing nothing that endangers yourself or another. When each of us takes this view of it, the beam will keep us so busy the mote will get no attention at all.

Your Face Is Your Fortune.

Character reading is nothing new, although like all other branches of science, modern investigation has brought into it more exactness and codified into knowledge what formerly was mainly a mass of scattered impressions. When Caesar wanted men about him that were fat, he was attempting to weigh character, although with a different measure than is now used. In taking the face as a mirror, Grace Warner Rugg, who is writing series of articles for The Bee, is adopting the science of psychology for an eminently practical purpose.

Applicants for business or professional situations often have been required to send a photograph to prospective employers. This is nothing less than an attempt at character reading to determine vocational fitness. Today in many great industrial establishments the task of engaging employes is borne by character readers. In some plants, when one fails to fit into a certain line of work, instead of being discharged, he is given another vocational inspection in the effort to find the particular job for which he is suited. Used in this way, to direct persons into lines of endeavor for which they are best equipped, science can be of great value both to employer and employe. In a factory at Denver, the applicant for a position, whether as manager or laborer, is, after a preliminary reception, ushered into a large private room and requested to wait there for a short time. The place is fitted out with all sorts of chairs, and behind peep holes in the walls the eyes of the investigator watch the behavior of the unsuspecting candidate. This is the final and deciding test, and on what is done in the seeming privacy of this room has depended the fate of many men.

Knowledge that our thoughts and nature are being read by those about us ought to stimulate the best qualities. Clearly, character shows in the face, and no good or evil trait or impulse but leaves its mark there. Cynics say that the more we know about each other the less we like each other, but surely there is enough of fineness in human nature, much of it undiscovered, to make character reading a blessing and not a curse.

Slight Hope for Human Race.

An eastern savant, admitting that none of the theories evolved by other scientists entirely met his requirements, evolved one of his own in connection with the ascent of man. He concludes, after ample reflection, and he supports his conclusion with some 650 pages of able exposition, that man broke away from the anthropoid class because of forming a taste for flesh food. This necessitated hunting, and the need for forming a pack. Therefore our sociable nature, whatever it amounts to otherwise, is the persistence of the pack impulse. Otherwise, we have spent a matter of 3,500,000 years, more or less, in attaining the meager accomplishments we boast of.

When you get that fragment well assimilated, consider another aspect of our situation, depicted by Seth K. Humphrey, who writes for the Journal of Heredity, to the general effect "that our drift toward a depreciated manhood and womanhood—toward the sort of thing that put an end to all great nations of antiquity—is undoubted, though it may be slow." He is distressed by the "half-man," and goes on:

> Who marries earliest and breeds fastest? In nine cases out of ten it is those least capable of providing their offspring with either a heritage of brains or a decent bringing up.

He chides us because we give much attention to breeding pigs, and potatoes, and such like, and none whatever to men and women. "We are up to the minute," he says, "in guarding the heredity of every other useful species, and back with the Pharaohs in protecting our own." This is because

> of all the relics from the past this superstitious notion of the inviolability of parenthood is the most expensive. The one and only way to clear the race of its burden of hereditary unfitness is to cut off its reproduction at the source.

Very well, and who is to be the judge? Just a few years, when this form of agitation was more general, a Chicago judge, to demonstrate his own fitness to determine cases of the sort presented to him, underwent the Binet test, and registered the intelligence of an 11-year-old child. If "Tom" Lincoln had been subjected to inquiry as to his ability to give his children a decent bringing up, his marriage to Nancy Hanks would have been forbidden, and we would not have had the greatest of all Americans.

As to the great nations of antiquity, which one of them could be substituted for or compared with the great nations of today? Heredity is a wonderful study, the Mendelian law a tremendous fact, yet it has not upset the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, nor does it mar the eternal process of evolution. Man is not going backward; we have the "moron," the "half-man" and the "border-liner," and probably always will, but the human race is making progress. And if you think it is slow, give a little attention to the thought that when the man-ape 3,500,000 years ago set out on his upward journey, he spent the first 1,750,000 years of the trip in learning that a broken stone would give him a sharp-edged weapon with which to kill the game he sought to appease his appetite for meat.

Find the Heart First.

Human nature is an excuse for many wrongs, and society usually operates on the theory that to suppress the functioning of human nature is to rectify matters. That there are limits to the success of repression is evident, and some schools of thought uphold the idea that when one natural instinct is held in, some other and less desirable instinct will be pushed out.

It is often said that human nature can not be changed, and yet the rise and spread of the qualities of humanity, mercy and those other practices that distinguish us from savages seem to prove otherwise. Down in Chicago is an eccentric religious leader who comes forth with the statement that reforms can not be legislated into mankind. To this melancholy conclusion many more than he have arrived.

What then? Is social and spiritual progress blocked? Not at all, is his response. Reforms must be brought about in the souls of men, not by artificial restraint, but by the natural operation of a thinking idealism. It is the heart that must be reached, and this no law can ever do, although after the natural change has come its significance may be translated from custom into law.

Where reform laws have been successful, it will always be found that they were not drawn from theory but from the actual practice of the great majority, merely recording the advance already made. In such way might war be eliminated, and not by the erecting of a complicated machine of treaties and courts. For the evils of civilization cure can only be found by the rise of the social conscience, the conviction of sin and the sincere and widespread desire for betterment.

Welcome to the New Citizens.

A very appropriate party was that held for the 120 men who received their final citizenship papers Friday evening. In churches, lodges, almost every sort of organization, the newly elected or initiated member is the recipient of congratulations from his fellow members. The "right hand of fellowship" is extended him, and he is given to understand that all are glad to have him with them in the work they have set about. It ought to be so with the citizen who has just been crowned by order of the court with the sovereignty that attends every American. He has proven his worth, has shown his desire by his choice, and deserves to be commended for his act. His rights and his duties have all been explained to him, and what he really needs is fellowship. Those who have enjoyed the estate from birth or for years by selection should go out of their way a little at least to make the newly consecrated citizen feel at home. A word, the clasp of the hand, a sign that he is welcome to greatest social organization that ever grew up in all the world, will help him to appreciate and value his new condition. He will be better able to wear the dignity and honor because he will understand that his new relationship is valued by others as well as himself and that he has come into the full enjoyment of a social state that is the nearest man has yet attained to the perfect station he will eventually occupy.

Russia's latest revolution bids fair to attract some attention, if ever the world finds out what it is all about.

A Line O' Type or Two

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

THE UNTROUBLED MIND.

Smug as an image of pigmy Ptah
In the ancient temple at Memphis;
Of Assyrian kings, or a Persian Shah,
With curlicue beards and a Shem phiz;
Smug as a thug who has properly packed
The jury that's bound to release him;
Or the innocent hick when the cards have been stacked,
And the gang is all ready to fleece him;

Smug as the pious exponents of cults
Who cross the salt ocean to dandle us,
Word-mongers fooling our drooling adults
In a manner both sketchy and scandalous;
Smug as all these, and mayhap a bit smugger,
To ignorance totally blind,
A cheerful, complacent, benignant self-hugger,
Is the man with the untroubled mind.

He's discarded his own intellectual mess kit,
From "Nature" he gets his mixed dope;
Bland is his smile and broad as his weskit,
As he harps upon harebills and hope.
A stranger to doubt he preaches redemption
(Though you purchase it only as he says),
And leads you to think that we all get exemption
When the pillars of earth fall to pieces.

For him all is fixed, quite definite, static;
"Why be in a funk a la Schopenhauer?"—
"The world's saving grace is to be democratic"—
"Why hesitate, ponder, or grope an hour?"
He knows "it's all right"—"life is mostly like dancing"—
"Why bother to chase after wisdom?"
(The answer to this is discovered by glancing
At the spaces marked "vacant" in his dome.)

You have seen him, this oiseau, with views so specific,
Who, like Einstein, has plotted the universe;
The untroubled mind is a gift beatific—
But here I must end you this loony verse.

P. S. W.

THOUGH there has been little enough to encourage it, the world is growing kinder; at least friendliness is increasing. Every other day we read of some woman living pleasantly in a well appointed apartment, supplied with fine raiment and an automobile, the fruit of Platonism. "No," she testifies, "there was nothing between us. He was merely a friend."

"One Crowded Hour of Glorious Life."

(From the Grant County, N. D., Leader.)

Geo. E. Thomas attended the dance at Leith Friday evening, and Saturday went to Solon and danced with the Indian girls and seen a fight between a white man and an Indian and coming home he burned out a connecting rod on his jitney.

THE French are persistently polite. They express "nothing short of amazement" at the German bargain-counter proposals, although they were wholly prepared for them.

WE lamp by the announcement of the Drake's supper dances that Miss Walton "will give personal exhibitions." Kervoolyvoodeer?

WHY THE MAKE-UP FLED.

(From the Dodge Center Record.)

Mr. and Mrs. Umberhocker returned yesterday from an over Sunday visit with their son and family in Minneapolis.

They are in hopes to soon land them in jail as they did the hog thieves, who were to have a hearing but waved it and trial will be held later.

WE are for a naval holiday, and we believe it could be brought about by persuading Switzerland to police the seas. The Swiss are a wonderful little people.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE AFTERNOONS.

XXII.

'Upon my word,' said the Police Captain, 'this is a singular chain of happenings, and promises to be less dull than the usual.' And he instructed that George Barrington Wild be brought into his office, where my brother and Mr. Weatherwax were already seated. It transpired that the young man had been apprehended in the act of picking a pocket, and when the charge was recited his face flushed with mortification. 'I believe, Captain,' said he, 'that I had graduated from so low an occupation, the artistic possibilities of which I had exhausted, but the old impulse overcame me, as a craving for liquor attacks one who has solemnly forsworn it. I have no other defense to offer, and I promise you that when next I am taken the accusation will concern a nobler misdemeanor.' 'I hope your next offense will be a hanging matter,' said the Captain cordially, 'although I am not deeply interested in your criminous career. What concerns me at present is the disposition you made of a pink shirt which you took from this gentleman'—indicating Mr. Weatherwax—'on the night of December the twenty-sixth, for I see you are not wearing it.' At these words the housebreaker's eyes lighted with sudden interest. 'That,' said he, looking about for a chair, 'is a story worth hearing.' 'Be seated, then, and let us have it,' said the Captain, producing a box of cigars from a drawer of his desk.

'With your permission,' began the housebreaker, disposing himself for the recital, 'I will say a few words about my youth and education, since I may not have a better audience, and since it will throw some light on my character, unworthy though you may esteem that to be.' Whereupon he indicated, substantially as I have done (said the fair Saidee), the influences that had determined his career as a law-breaker. Chief of these influences, he said, was books; not the books in his father's library to which I have referred, but books which he had been compelled to read, in which virtue was so flagrantly and insistently extolled as to become odious to him. 'I think you may skip all that,' said the Police Captain, 'and come to the point where you jumped from the automobile on the Rush Street bridge.' 'As you please,' replied Mr. Wild, shrugging his disappointment in his audience. 'Well, gentlemen, what immediately followed my leap from the electric is as little known to me as to yourselves. I fell into the river, which was full of pack ice, and as I afterwards learned I landed on a floe large enough to sustain my weight, but the impact must have submerged the raft, as I was under water long enough to become thoroughly wetted.'

SEN. POINDEXTER warns that the Japanese are building many warships in secret, and our guess is that the work is being done in Magdalena Bay, one of their favorite haunts.

Making It Perfectly Clear.

(From the Kenosha Herald.)

Mrs. George A. Mowrey can boast ancestry that dates directly back to George Washington. Mrs. Mowrey is one of the very few descendants of this great American, as George Washington himself did not have any children.

THE drawn-work decanter, prize for the best headline for the Nutt vs. Nutt divorce case, is awarded to G. C. H. for his inspiration, "Nutts for the Lawyers."

AN advertisement of ladies' cotton hose promises "form fitting, while they last, for three hours only." But at 19 cents a pair, what do you expect?

BRINGING UP FATHER.

(From the Courtenay, N. D., Gazette.)

A. Swanson is leaving for the cities to recuperate. We wish to warn those who have been in the habit of carrying liquor and drinking "hootch" in his shop, that if this practice is continued upon his return to Courtenay that we shall fine and prosecute to the limit the parties making and furnishing father with home-brewed or other booze.—W. F. Swanson, J. G. Swanson, Mrs. A. Swanson.

"EGGS Weakened at Week End."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The one we opened yesterday morning was strong at both ends.

IT appears that Theodore Roosevelt is not a southpaw. The Evanston News-Index mentions him as "Denby's right-handed man."

CHANCE FOR SOME GOLD COASTER.

(From Huntington, W. Va., Herald-Dispatch.)

Full dress suit, complete; also dress shoes to match, one set 8-ounce boxing gloves; all this in good condition.

"WHAT is the age of Mrs. Orthwein?" wonders a head-writer. Answer: L'age dangereux.

ONE hopes that Mr. Harding's cabinet will hold together, otherwise we shall certainly be afflicted with remarks about the President dropping his H's. B. L. T.

Pertinent Question.

Young womanhood that wears wrist bottles and checks corsets is not typical of the best. Do their mothers know their route? — Portland Oregonian.

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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"WHITE MAN HEAP BIG FOOL."

When the pioneers moved into the wild and woolly west they found the Indian had a sovereign remedy. It was echinacia or niggerhead or black Sampson—a wild plant found in a territory extending from Michigan to the Rockies and from Texas to the Saskatchewan.

So great was the Indian belief in it as a cure that they soon sold the faith to the white man and Lloyd says it is used in larger quantity than any other American drug introduced during the last 30 years. Many of the patent medicines contain it and many physicians use it. A doctor told me his sister, the wife of a doctor, thinks it the finest medicine in the world and whenever she does not feel well regardless of what ails her she takes a teaspoonful of it. A doctor who treats chronic bone infection "just pours it down his patients."

It is almost boundless in its geographical distribution as a plant, almost boundless in the number who use it, almost boundless in the faith it inspires and almost boundless in the range of diseases for which it is used. In fact it is this last quality which threatens to be its undoing.

Here are some of the diseases of man and beeast in which it is used. For some of them it is claimed to be a specific: Infectious processes, blood fever, poisoning, puerperal fever, uremia, pernicious malaria, septic fever, typhoid fever, goiter, pyemia, smallpox, anthrax, stomatitis, ulcer of the stomach, hydrophobia, lockjaw, erysipelas, bed sores, fever sores, chronic ulcers, syphilitic nodules, burns, gangrene, carbuncles, tuberculosis, rattlesnake bite, bites of tarantulas, spiders, scorpions, and equine influenza and canine distemper.

Potter says it is anaesthetic, antiseptic, alterative, improves the appetite and digestion, it's a stimulant and is nutritive to the nervous system and is specifically antagonistic to all organic infections of the blood such as acute sepsis, pyemia, and serpent venom. There are extraordinary accounts of its efficacy in cases of poisoning by rattlesnake venom. It is antagonistic to the toxin in the blood in diptheria, it is not poisonous and it is used internally and externally. All this sounds like an old fashioned almanac or an Indian yarb doctor's spiel as he sells his wares at a street show.

The spiel caused Crouch and Gittner of the United States department of agriculture to experiment. They tried echinacea in lockjaw. Verdict—no good. Next they tried it as a remedy for botulism. Verdict—no good. The next effort was in blood poisoning, or septicemia or pyemia. Verdict—no good. Next came anthrax—again N. G. Rattlesnake venom was next on the list. Verdict the same. Then came tuberculosis. The verdict was that the remedy had no effect on the disease. They next tried it in dourine, a disease of horses. Verdict—no curative value.

The final conclusion was that echinacia had no organic effects. In other words, the man who wants to take it or rub it on can do so with safety just as he could take or rub on spring water. The remedy would have no curative effect and the man would have his trouble and expense for nothing.

And yet I am sure many million people have taken echinacia, have gotten well of their ills and have thanked the peerless remedy for the cure. Great is faith in producing content! Great is nature in the cure of diseases.

Many Are Self-Supporting.

J. M. writes: "Are mental defectives confined to asylums or are they left to shift for themselves? Are such persons employed in our factories? Is a mental defective whose physical age is 35 years and his mental age limited to 10 or 12 years capable of operating a power driven machine? What is the proper name for such unfortunates?"

REPLY.

An adult with the mind of a child 10 to 12 years of age is a moron. Very few morons who are otherwise healthy mentally are confined in state or other institutions. As a rule morons with that grade of intelligence are able to make a living and to deport themselves as peaceable citizens. This is as it should be. In fact, society will some time provide educational facilities through which morons will be made self-supporting citizens getting as much out of life and contributing as much to society as they are capable of.

May Be Slight Trouble.

"A Reader" writes: "I had the flu and pneumonia in January, 1920, and was told by our family physician that I had palpitation of the heart.

"1. Is that anything serious

"2. Can it be cured by medicine, and how?

"3. How long will it take to disappear?

"4. Is it dangerous to pregnancy?

"5. How long can one live with it?"

REPLY.

1. Not necessarily.
4. Same answer as 1.
5. In some cases for 40 to 50 years. Palpitation of the heart is nothing more than a symptom. It may be due to simple nervousness, to a nervous heart, or to organic heart disease, mild or severe. An examination will show to which class this case belongs and that will decide the proper answer to each of your questions. Nervous heart may be due to unimportant conditions of the heart, nerves and muscles. It may be due to conditions of great importance. There are instruments of precision which differentiate between the various types of nervous heart. Organic heart diseases which are complicated by fast or irregular pulse are made more serious by such complications.

See a Doctor Soon.

Grateful Reader writes: "1. What food contains iodine? 2. I have a goiter. My heart pounds most of the time. What is the best thing that can be done?"

REPLY.

1. Sea foods, oysters, clams, salt water fish.
2. A cold water bag to your heart or throat will give temporary relief. But by all means see a physician without delay. Goiter with pounding heart is not to be treated lightly.

A Call to Duty

(From the Washington Star.)

Said Mr. Hughes at St. Augustine Saturday:

"Of course, I appreciate as a very high privilege to be invited by Senator Harding to serve in his administration, and also I regard it as an imperative obligation to accept. . . . I think it a call to duty which no one could refuse in justice to the nation which we all desire to serve."

America expects every man to do his duty. She has need of the support of all her sons at this time of supreme need. Those called to official station must apply themselves with all diligence and courage to their tasks, while those in private station must follow all that is done with intelligence and patriotic interest. There is no room in the country now for men or women who are indifferent about results, and under the influence of the loaferish spirit to "let George do it." All, in one station or another, must lend a hand.

There will be room for politics, and politics will, as usual, be played. But not small politics. Parties are not going to be disbanded. The country would lose rather than gain by such a procedure. Ours is a government by parties: and its affairs are never so well administered as when parties are well organized, and led by men of character and ability who have made a study of the science of government.

For America to become, and remain, the hope of the world, America must continue to be herself, functioning on the lines laid down by her founders and followed by their descendants with unparalleled success for more than a hundred years.

What Do You Owe

Think It Over

DR. P. E. ZARTMANN

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Race and Culture

(From the New York Times.)

It may be freely granted that few issues are as important in American life as that between heredity and environment, but it must be added that few have suffered as severely from prejudice and illogic. Scientists of the highest authority express opinions diametrically opposed, and are not always above the old pastime of calling names.

Says Frank Boas, Professor of anthropology at Columbia: "Modern anthropologists, almost without exception, consider themselves justified in disregarding racial, innate inequalities as almost entirely irrelevant in the development of cultural history." He accuses Madison Grant (and by implication Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, who sponsored "The Passing of the Great Race") of being "unsound" and of "stimulating race prejudice." Whatever may be the case with anthropologists, however, a long and distinguished line of biologists, from the time of Darwin, have studied the working of heredity with an ever-strengthening sense of its power in the process of civilization. Frederick Adams Wood, lecturer on biology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Harvard Medical school, not only proclaims the sovereign might of heredity, but expresses it in percentages. Admitting that conduct is more amenable to influence than ability, he still finds that heredity "explains" more than 50 per cent of moral differences. Of intellectual differences it explains 90 per cent.

One must admit that this expression of character in set terms, this reduction of the infinitely complex and indeterminable phenomena of life to arithmetic, rather staggers credulity. Let us state the problem in its simplest form. Agricultural experiment stations have developed a great variety of seeds of the same species—Indian corn, for example, that thrives in sandy soil or in black loam, that produces high percentages of sugar or of starch. They have found means of enriching the soil and of adapting it to this crop or that. Other experimenters have found similar means of improving the breed and the feed of animals. But none of them has ventured to state that in producing a desired result the seed represents a greater or less important element of value than the soil. One might as well question whether food is more important to human life than air. Both are essential, each performing functions without which the other would be powerless. The warring schools of biologists and anthropologists are not very far removed in logic from the high school girl who maintained in debate that the moon is a more serviceable orb than the sun, because the moon shines by night, when it is dark, whereas the sun only shines by day, when every one can see.

There is, of course, a reason why we all think quite clearly with regard to animals and vegetables, whereas even trained scientists lose their bearings when human beings are concerned. The study of mankind is the most difficult for man, and, in spite of the poet, it is frequently the most improper. Many of our noblest impulses persuade us that all men are created equal, and that all are equally precious in the sight of their Creator. In "Democracy and the Human Equation," Alleyne Ireland states the question as it appears to our traditional sense of things. "Can the affection, the care, the guidance, the education, the training given to a human being determine the character, the ability and the action of that human being?" Age-old beliefs, both religious and political, clamor that it can. Yet we all know that five children, born of the same parents and enjoying identical advantages, may become, and generally do become, five very different persons. Therein lies the delight and the despair of parenthood. It is equally evident to those who can divest themselves of dogma that the different races of mankind, though they may have sprung originally from the same parent stock, have divergent characters and capacities. It is true that, in races which the ethnologist ranks lowest, individuals are often found who are far superior to the average of any race. Yet, given a soil that is compounded with the utmost skill and resources, the result will not be uniformly good if the general run of seed is defective.

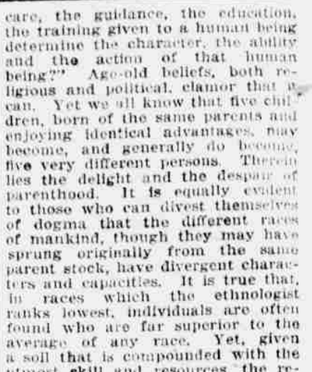
It is only ostensibly, of course, that we have been discussing anthropology and biology. The fable teaches that we have need of a deal of clear thinking with regard to immigration and Americanization.

Nothing Alarming.

Manufacturers say that alarm clocks are selling well and that they expect business to continue brisk. It's a good sign that we're beginning to get up and hustle.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Oil and Friction.

Considering the fact that oil is supposed to be a lubricant, it certainly does cause an awful lot of friction in international affairs.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



Why Shovel Coal?

Shaking the furnace night and morning, carrying out ashes, cleaning out soot, having uneven heat—all are

Unnecessary

Let us put in the

Nokol Automatic Heater

The Automatic Janitor

Burns less oil than any oil burner on the market and has complete combustion. Requires no attention—regulated by a thermostat in your living room.

There are almost a hundred installations in Omaha.

See the one we have in our office.

— L. V. Nicholas —

L.V. NICHOLAS OIL COMPANY

VOTE FOR HENRY S. PAYNE LAWYER 302 Neville Block For City Commissioner

Spring Housecleaning

Sale of Pianos

We have started our Spring Housecleaning and have found that we have just 10 Used Players and Pianos in our store. These we want to dispose of at once. To do this we will hold

6 Days Special Reduction Sale Starting Monday A. M.

Every instrument has been completely rebuilt and refinished as good as new. Every instrument has our own guarantee. It behooves you to act quickly, as this sale is only for this week.

A small payment brings a Piano or Player Piano Into Your Home.

Most Desirable Terms: 24 Equal Monthly Payments.

Here Are the Big Values

In Pianos		*In Players*	
Kranich & Bach, slightly used; walnut case, only.....	$350.00	Kimball, mahogany case and wonderful movement, only ...	$465.00
Bailey, mahogany case; refinished like new, only....	$198.00	Angelus, mahogany case, beautiful tone—only	$485.00
Boudoir, mahogany case; a real bargain, only	$175.00	Hospe, walnut case—practically new, only	$500.00
Geo. Steck, ebony case, in excellent condition, only.....	$175.00	Apollo, mahogany case, a master of players, only	$485.00
Auerbach, oak case—worth $100 more, only	$235.00		

A. Hospe Co.

"Everything in Art and Music"

1513 Douglas St.

"The Art and Music Store"