

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.

Reaching Out to the Infinite.

In spite of the misgivings that are so frequently given voice, this is a deeply religious age. The human spirit is reaching out for personal expression, the mind and soul of man are embarking on wider and wider voyages of discovery. Each new revelation of science or reason increases the sense of the vastness of the universe. A feeling of emptiness and sterility that almost swamps the thoughtful human being arises as the horizon broadens and a wider vision of the majesty of universal law is obtained.

In moments such as these there is need for an anchor that can be found in hard realism or cold reason. Once man could feel sure of the nature of matter and a conflict between mind and matter was waged as between something that was definite and a thing intangible and largely uncomprehended. But today it is realized that both mind and matter are in the final analysis unknown and unexplained by science.

It is now possible to feel with the philosopher, "The whole theory of the universe is directed unerringly to one single individual—namely, to you." Men and women, feeling this, are conscious of an inner light (call it what they may), which warms their existence and illuminates their path. At the center of each one's world lies the soul.

In a little book by Havelock Ellis, called "The New Spirit," recently published by Boni & Liveright, are reviewed the life and thoughts of some of the literary and philosophic figures who have left their impress on the modern world. Among them are Diderot, Heine, Imbert, Whitman and Tolstoy, and in all he finds the divine spark.

"In religion," he writes, "we are appealing not to any narrow or superficial element of the man, but to something which is more primitive than the intellectual efflorescence of the brain, the central fire of life itself. . . . If religion is not science or morals, it is the sum of the unfettered expansive impulses of our being. Life has been defined as, even physically and chemically, a tension. All our lives we are struggling against that tension, but we can truly escape from it only by escaping from life itself. Religion is the stretching forth of our hands toward the illimitable. It is an intuition of the final deliverance, a half-way house on the road to that city which we name mysteriously Death."

The names of such men as Diderot and Whitman may seem at first thought to be out of place in a list of those preaching or practicing the spirit of worship. Yet, they can truly be said not to have known "the awful deprivation of disbelief" except in the narrowest sense of artists, musicians, writers, thinkers, those who let themselves with plans for a world in which all men shall be equally fed, clothed and housed, and even those who dream the most radical of Utopian dreams, are religious. Some may call themselves atheists, agnostics or cynics, but underneath it all, more often than not, will be found lurking the spirit of democracy, of individual expansion, and of reverent harmony and unity with life that is nothing less than the pure emotion of religion. This can not be shaken off by sophistry or by criticism. Each advance of knowledge lends fresh wonder to the world, inexplicable, almost overpowering. Before this dazzling spectacle the mind falters, and only the soul remains steadfast, at once the most ephemeral and the most real attribute of man.

The Mind and Health.

The war, it is said, has led to the recognition of the mind, under certain circumstances, as an important cause of bodily as well as mental disease. The structure of man is sometimes likened to that of a motor car, which needs chemical, physical and mental equipment in order to run well. The gasoline and ignition are part of the chemical outfit, corresponding to the method of healing by drugs; the gears and motor represent the physics; or the various methods of healing by surgery of one kind and another; and the chauffeur, as the mental force, corresponds to the human mind.

At a meeting of the American Medical Psychological association in Boston, Prof. William MacDougall of the psychological department of Harvard university expressed the belief that the medical profession had too long been over-impressed with the mechanical theory of disease, which holds that illness is primarily the result of some disarrangement of the bodily mechanism. While he admitted that the many discoveries in bacterial and micro-organic diseases had strengthened this theory, he urged consideration of the fact that there are many very important diseases of an emotional and purely mental origin, that are just as fatal as those others, and that important discoveries have been made along this line in recent years.

The new interest in the study of neurosis and functional nervous diseases is due largely to the number of severe cases produced by the war, he declared. These have shown that "nerves" is not merely the fancy of idle women of weak constitution, but that it may affect even the strongest men. Another change in practice he pointed out in saying, "We have seen many war cases presenting symptoms which, if they had occurred in civilian patients, would have secured for them admission to mental hospitals with a diagnosis of grave psychosis, very many of which have nevertheless cleared up in a wonder-

fully satisfactory way, especially when they have been treated with a little psychological understanding."

This investigator's contention that it is through mental influences that many functional disorders are brought about is not new, but coming from such a source, it shows that conservatism is not standing in the way of science. There is no encouragement here for charlatanism or unskilled handling of medical cases, but there is evidence of a notice to the medical profession that some of those things which have been disregarded as unreal or imaginary may be found to have the highest importance.

Spreading Seeds of Kindness.

What is the reward of service for one's fellow man?

Edward Bok, who won fame and fortune as editor of The Ladies' Home Journal, has set aside securities worth \$200,000 to establish an annual award of \$10,000 to be given to "that resident, man or woman, of the metropolitan district of Philadelphia who during the preceding year shall have done an act or rendered a service best calculated to advance the largest interests of Philadelphia." Mr. Bok declares his purpose to be to arouse in young men and women the idea of helping others.

The project is much to the credit of one of the country's great idealists, a man who has furnished inspiration to hundreds of thousands of people. Yet it does not typify the true reward of public or social service. That is not a prize. It is self-respect, the highest reward, the surest, the truest, that man or woman can achieve.

There are several great prizes in art, literature and science, for which worthy men and women compete. They are really valuable not because they attract this competition, but because they focus general public attention upon such service. Few indeed are the worth while artists, authors, scientists or public servants who labor primarily to win a financial reward. With most the work is a work of love; it is their passion; they live through it rather than by it.

Awards such as the Bok award may ease the days of some men and women whose life is spent in serving their fellow men, but such relief is scattered and at best haphazard. The big value of these awards is that it stirs a new thought, perhaps inspires a new sacrifice, in hundreds of thousands of people, young and old, who may never think of competing for the prize, who may never be in a position to approach it, but who without it might forget that every individual, in every day life, has his chance to serve some little mite.

Big Armament Plans Falter.

Pressure of public opinion is demonstrating its power in the reluctance of congress to appropriate the immense sums urged by some members for a greater army and navy. The issue is a moral one and financial as well. The race of armament that continues after the war to end war offends the fondest hopes and ideals of those who fought and sacrificed through those bloody years, touching also with greedy fingers at the wealth and prosperity of America as well as every other nation.

There is some talk of the danger of lowering the morale of the army and navy by any limitation of numbers or equipment, but a matter of equally great moment is the maintenance of the morale of the taxpayers.

So now the senate and house conferees are reported to be at deadlock over the increase of \$98,000,000 voted for the navy program by the senate. The house of representatives is insisting on a force of 100,000 men, this being 20,000 less than that favored by the other chamber.

A yielding attitude has been shown on the army budget by the senate, which has rejected the extravagant committee recommendation and has voted in favor of cutting the appropriation to \$334,000,000, setting the strength of the army at not less than 150,000 men. Only the day before the senate had accepted the greater figure of 170,000, but a reversal of opinion brought the final draft in harmony with the house estimate as to personnel, and within \$14,000,000 in appropriations.

Ever since the St. Louis speech in which President Wilson outlined the hope of making the American navy the greatest in the world, this grandiose idea has had the backing of a number of influential and no doubt sincere men. Secretary of the Navy Daniels, despite his previous reputation for pacifism, fell into its support, and now his successor, Secretary Denby, has adopted the same program.

"And when you ask why, I think I can best answer that as a Yankee should, by another question: 'Why not?' These were his words shortly after assuming office. Vague though this defense may be, yet no more definite statement of the reasons for continuing the construction of warships at \$40,000,000 each has been given the American people. Before the world war, when the American navy was not only smaller than that of England, but ranked beneath the German fleets as well, there was none of this uneasiness. Theodore Roosevelt, while in the navy department, important as he held the need of preparedness, did not urge any such program as is now being defended.

With the aspirations of mankind so extensively directed toward the ending of wars, toward settlement of disputes by arbitration, and toward establishment of international principles of justice, and with President Harding conferring with Japan and England over the project for decreasing naval construction, the plea for immense increases in sea power appears to many good citizens as the height of folly. Setting aside the controversy over the question of the usefulness of big battleships in view of airplane and submarine developments, until some clear reason for spending so freely on naval construction is given, there will be every reason for congress to hesitate over calling on the people for increases.

If the government ever finds those 60,000 slackers, it will have to build several new prisons to hold them, and in addition, as some rapid calculator has shown, it will cost about \$600 each to try, convict and feed them while serving a year's sentence.

News that Germany has restored beer to 12 per cent efficiency may tempt a lot of thirsty souls to become pro-Germans rather than prohibitionists.

The physician that advises the world to cut out meat and be happy certainly was not subsidized by the packers or the live stock raisers.

Rear Admiral Sims, who advises Americans and Britons to beware of propagandists, probably would except himself from the list.

THE HUSKING BEE

It's Your Day — Start It With a Laugh

MIDSUMMER DREAMS.

I love the green clad summer with its dew-shot, misty morn.
When the glancing sunbeams shimmer on the green blades of the corn—
When the throbbing notes of song birds steal upon the languid air,
And the fragrance of the roses seems to greet one everywhere.

I even love the noonday with its glowing, sultry heat.
When the birds have ceased their singing and have sought the shade's retreat—
When the world at large is tranquil and all Nature peaceful seems,
And the lonesome mind takes refuge in the castle of its dreams.

The summer time brings memories of my boyhood days long past.
Those dreams that never seem to come with winter's chilling blast
The woods and fields—the swimming hole—
though boyhood joys depart,
Return in dreams and always find a warm spot in my heart.

PHILO-SOPHY.

Hard work is the best antidote for hard luck.
* * * * *

'Jever notice when you order coffee at the cafeteria, they always stick a spoon in the mug? Somebody is going to put an eye out yet.

There are lots of men who boast of being economical when in truth they are only stingy.

CHEER UP.

Your sins are bound to find you out—
Is this a warning, men?
For if they do, there is no doubt
That they will call again.

Down at Chicago they think Lake Michigan is the finest of the great lakes, but over at Duluth the folks claim that their is Superior. (Don't throw that ink well, Perc—I'll take it back.)

No, Myrtle, a woman doesn't have to quarrel in order to make up.

"I like," mused the corner philosopher, as he selected a magazine, "to spend an hour or so a day in the reading room at the public library. There is such a quiet atmosphere."
"It ought to be quiet," returned the rather cynical business man, "there isn't even an electric fan to stir it up."

ANOTHER QUIET SPOT.

Miller Park is a beauty spot,
Delightful, green and cool,
But how we wish when days are hot,
It had a swimming pool.

Doesn't matter how much you suffer when you are having your teeth worked on—you have no grounds on which to deny that your inventor is, as advertised, a "painless dentist." It doesn't hurt him.

GOING DOWN.

Prices on some of our daily necessities are declining so rapidly that the ultimate powder-puffer finds it difficult to keep step.
Fruit tins Omaha drug store window parked full of talcum powder at the pre-war prices of two bits the box. She lays in a supply, but before she can get home with it she passes another window decorated with the same brand going rapidly at 19 cents.
"Don't cheer, girls. Old Man H. C. L. may be dying."

DUST.

Man is made of dust, I ween,
Which strikes us rather funny,
Yet we suppose that doesn't mean
A man is made of money.

Poetical youth: You shall dwell in my memory forever.
Practical maid: Has it a kitchenette and bath?

WHY IS GARBAGE?

Garbage, like the fleas on a dog, seems to be an institution designed to give the city dads something to worry about and keep their minds off their other troubles.

From the time of the plague in ancient Rome down to modern (except incinerator) Omaha, cities have struggled with the problem of garbage disposal, like a fly on tanglefoot.

Unlike a street paving job, a garbage contract seems to be a losing proposition to the middle man, chiefly, we take it, because the hogs grab the works and net nothing in return. One case where the retailer can't tack the freight rates onto the ultimate consumer.

Now, a paving contractor will grab a street, tear it up and hang out a few red lanterns to warn traffic that it is impossible, and make money all summer—but the bird who accepts a garbage contract is like a bear looking for honey, who grabs a hornet's nest by mistake. He can't get away from it even though he gets stung.

Looks to an innocent bystander that any city with garbage to burn ought to have an incinerating plant. Ashes to ashes and dust to dust—don't shoot your garbage to the packing trust. Let this pernicious practice of feeding garbage to the hogs fall into innocuous desuetude, whatever that is, and save us from vegetarianism. You can't get corn-fed bacon from a garbage ranch.

Like the postal system, the primary object of garbage collection should be a service to the people, not a venture in frenzied finance.

Have other cities successfully solved the problem of garbage disposal? You tell 'em, fence. You go around a lot.

APPROVED.

Hubby: Where did you get the beautiful new lamp shade, dear?
Wife: That isn't a lamp shade. That's a new hat I brought home for your approval.

LAST WEEK

I wandered into many places
Looking for familiar faces,
But of them I could find no traces
Because they'd all gone to the races.

Most people's idea of a successful man is one who has everything they would like to have.

AT THE POLICE STATION.
"Officer, what is the man charged with?"
"Wood alcohol, I think, sergeant."

MODERN METHODS.
Time was when a man used to take his pen in hand. Now he takes his typewriter in his arms.

When a good provider marries a good cook the divorce courts never get a look in.

Every man has his price, they say, and whatever it is, the chances are he is a proffiter.

Some fellows will ask and receive and then kick about the quality.

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH?
The greatest secret of success,
So say successful men,
Is to be right at the proper where
At just the proper when.

AFTER-THOUGHT: Money talks—and sometimes stops talk. PHILO.

What Is a Rainstorm?

Mighty Exhibition of the Power Nature Employs in Her Work

Few people realize just what mighty forces are involved in a rainstorm. They watch or listen to the water as it comes pattering down, commenting on the comforting shower, the timely rain, or the fearful deluge, and when the sun comes forth, go about their business without thought of the magnificent exhibition they have just witnessed. A rainstorm is one of the most stupendous facts in our existence. Knowledge of its birth and growth only serves to increase the wonder the thoughtful mind experiences in contemplation of nature, and adds to the marvel of creation.

Under the terms of the sun tiny particles of vapor are lifted from the surface of exposed bodies of water. These in time come together and form the clouds, and, when condensation has proceeded far enough, the mass of vapor becomes too heavy for the atmosphere to support, and precipitation ensues. The process is simple, nothing in mechanics being more readily understood, and it is continuous. But there is something more than this, and that is the magnitude of the operation.

An inch of rainfall means the deposit of water amounting to 227,000 pounds on an acre of ground (about one city block), or a weight of 144 tons. In Omaha the annual rainfall is about 32 inches; therefore, each 12 months the rain and snow that fall in Omaha amounts to the stupendous weight of 3,648 tons to the acre. This water, if collected, would fill a reservoir six miles long, one mile wide and more than 21 feet deep. Study these figures a little, and you will not only be better able to comprehend what happened at Pueblo, but will have a higher reverence for the simple methods by which Dame Nature goes about to accomplish her wonders. A rainstorm is a mighty demonstration of elemental power.

Omaha is not at all unfamiliar with the uncertain and devastating effects of the "June freshet," although it has never had as onerous so terrible an experience as under-taken Kansas City, for example, or Pueblo, or even Lincoln, where the insignificant little creek that meanders across lots through the city occasionally whoops things up and makes the peaceful villagers think they are located in the middle of the Pacific ocean. The Missouri river is a cantankerous institution at its ordinary stage, and when it reaches flood it is likely to do almost anything. Omaha, being for the most part well above even the danger mark, suffers very little from the "benders" on which the great stream goes each June time, yet it has had some very unpleasant dealings with the Big Muddy when on the rampage.

Most memorable of these was that of June, 1881, when the high water set a record the old timers still look upon with respect. From Ninth and Douglas to almost Main and Broadway in Council Bluffs, the yellow flood stretched. It was the one grand effort of the Missouri. Never since has the stream reached such a height. All along the river front in Omaha things were moving. Union Pacific shops, the smelter, the lumber yards, the cat tracks, Willow Springs distillery, the Boyd packing house, the squatters' homes, everything between Ninth street and the river was under way. One of the sights that will always be recalled by those who saw it was the steamer John C. Benton marking its way up Eighth street, taking its coal at the Union Pacific coal shed as it went by. I spent several days riding with my old friend, Ben Estes, who was engineer in charge of a dinky B. & M. switch engine engaged in pulling cars out of the water to safety on higher ground. We made one trip over the Union Pacific bridge as far as the transfer, but long before the flood reached its height. The transfer was under water and the swift current east of that depot made navigation very uncertain. A row of box cars was run out west of the transfer depot and many incoming passengers made their way over them to higher ground and were brought into Omaha across the bridge.

Council Bluffs newspapers announced that Omaha was entirely under water, and advised all who arrived at the city to remain there. At the \$5 per person fee charged by boatmen for ferrying people across the big break, had the effect of holding hundreds on the Iowa side who might have reached Omaha in good shape.

Soon after the Missouri passed the danger point, the Elkhorn and the Platte got into their stride, and the Union Pacific was cut off at Valley and the B. & M. at Oreadopolis, so that Omaha was shut off on three sides, the only road moving trains being the Omaha line to the north, and it could not get very far, because of conditions at Missouri Valley and Sioux City. The embargo lasted for two weeks, and several more were required to clean up the mess occasioned by the rushing waters.

That was Omaha's worst recorded experience with a flood. On several later occasions torrential rains have done great damage. One, in the early summer of 1889 was a tragic thing for a lot of people living south of Leavenworth and east of Twentieth. It came during the night, and, as grading operations then in progress had partly surrounded these homes with embankments, the gathering water engulfed the little houses and families were routed from bed and saved from drowning by firemen, policemen and reporters for the Omaha newspapers. The following year many cellars were inundated and great damage done in the wholesale district by a rain that exceeded the then carrying capacity of the sewer system. One Saturday night in June, 1892, rain fell for four hours at a rate that stopped not only the trolley lines but the cable cars. Old timers will remember this as the "night of the Shiverick fire." The Shiverick furniture store on Farnam street having been struck by lightning while the storm was at its utmost fury, and burned in spite of all the water the firemen poured in supplement to the torrents that fell as rain. Many will recall a rain that washed out the wooden block pavement on Harney

street, and floated it downtown, to block catchbasins and so flood stores.

In the spring of 1897 the Missouri made its boldest bid to "cut off" East Omaha and set it on the east bank of the river. Overflowing its banks just below Florence, the river rushed through North Omaha, a stream more than 100 yards wide and at least four feet deep pouring into Carter lake at what was then Larsen's boat house, where the "muny" bathing beach is now located. It was this filling up of the lake that lapped off its piles the bridge that led to "Creighton beach," a resort now swallowed up in the Carter Lake club. The lake was filled to the point of overflow, and only the subsidence of the waters averted what looked like the establishment of a new route for the Missouri river on its way past Omaha. The chief point of danger in this was the East Omaha bridge, then lately completed, and which was threatened with being left some distance east of the channel it was supposed to span.

The Missouri river is subject to freshets, because it drains an immense area, and the runoff of water

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following the rainy season in the spring is enormous. Some idea of the surplus water that is carried from the ocean to the plains of the upper valley may be gained by strolling down to the river bank and taking a look at the "creek." Remember that all is rainwater you see rushing by, and you will probably have more awe for a rainstorm in the future. McC.

Worth the Price to Lose Him.
If Haywood's Russian trip cost the I. W. W. \$80,000 they have spent more money to worse ends.—Wall Street Journal.

In Season If Not Seasonable.
Just to change the subject—do your Christmas shopping early.—Albany Journal.

One Thing to His Credit.
It is to be noticed however that nobody has been obliged to ask what Ambassador Harvey meant.—Detroit Free Press.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE.

Miss Stevens—Albert, will you please run up that curtain?
Albert—I'm not in very good training, but I'll try.—Warwick Life.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown was the scene of a beautiful wedding last evening when their youngest daughter, Margaret, was joined in holy matrimony to Mr. David Preston. Quoted from a western paper by the Boston Transcript.



TRADE MARK
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