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OFFICES OF THE BEE Main Office: 710 and 712 South 15th St. Omaha, Neb. 68102. Telephone: 1000. For Night Calls After 10 P. M. AT lantic 1000

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.

More Grief for Inconsoles.

"Ossa on Pelion piled" is nothing to what is happening to that devoted band of super-patriots who have seen no light since the senate of the United States refused to accept the Wilson plan for a League of Nations.

Right on top of this comes the peace with Germany. Instead of Uncle Sam approaching the Reichstag, hat in hand, humbly craving an audience, as had been depicted by the die-hards, negotiations were carried on as between great nations conscious of their strength and earnest in a desire to establish friendly relations.

The acceptance by Germany of the terms specified in the resolution of congress declaring the state of war at an end indicates the sincerity of our late foe in the effort to re-establish friendly intercourse. If that spirit prevails, the communication between the two countries will be even better than it was before the war.

Commercial rivalry is bound to exist, and the spirited competition certain to follow on efforts to extend foreign trade may engender some friction, but the political distrust that existed between an absolute monarchy and a republic will disappear when the dealings are between two republics where the governments are directly responsible to the people.

Dublin's Reply to London.

The letter addressed by Eamonn de Valera to Lloyd George, on behalf of Dail Eirann, contains encouragement, in that it indicates a willingness to continue negotiations. So long as the interchange of views may be carried on by correspondence, or in consultation, a renewal of the disorder that has prevailed is unlikely.

More Than Food Necessary.

As the famine situation in Russia develops, the fact becomes apparent that the American commission will have something to do beyond feeding the starving natives. Its greatest task will be to restore the morale of a simple, primitive people, broken by misrule and cruel treatment to a point where self-help is all but out of the question.

At present great areas of the Volga region are wholly abandoned, the population having fled in terror to the centers, and now have converted invaded communities into great concentration camps, where despair reigns. To break up these and get the people back to their homes will require the co-operation of the soviet government, which realizes the importance of the project and is willing to aid, although it retains its distrust of the American relief commission.

The sad phase of the whole affair is, however, that unless some change is made in the Russian political situation, the economic condition of the populace can not be improved materially, and therefore a repetition of the present famine is always to be reckoned with. Indeed, the inefficiency of the present government

is exhibited by the fact that a partial cause for the present shortage of food and a very good reason for expecting a shortage next year is that the government has taken all the grain in sight and left nothing for seed. Lack of seed led to crop failure this year, and surely will bring the same result next. Americans have a big job on their hands in "redeemed Russia" right now.

Murder of Mathias Erzberger.

An assassin has removed one of the figures of prominence in Germany, Mathias Erzberger, whose contribution to history is not as yet assayed and may not be computed for some time. He first loomed up in July, four years ago, when the revolt in the Reichstag resulted in the overthrow of von Bethmann-Hollweg and the elevation of Dr. Georg Michaelis to the position of imperial chancellor.

The significance of this could not be lost on the outside world. Not only was Michaelis the first commoner to fill the exalted position to which he was called, but his elevation was due to a coalition of forces as unexpected as it was singular, the union of the "left" and the "center" (the socialists and the Catholics) in the Reichstag. Erzberger, who had been elected as a Catholic, really had strong leanings to socialism. It was his resolution declaring for peace without annexations that provided the ground on which the coalition was to make its stand, and against which the imperialists, led by von Bethmann-Hollweg dashed themselves impotently. Even the imperial intervention of the kaiser was without avail; Germany had broken from his hand, and his only chance lay in success in the field, which could not be had.

Erzberger was selected to confer with Foch as to terms for the armistice, and was afterward instrumental in forming the republican government. He was denounced very roundly by the extreme socialists, and was severely wounded by a young cadet who represented the military party. Perhaps he deserves the charge made by von Helfferich, that it was his peace-without-annexations resolution that broke the morale of the German people. If that be true, his service to his country was greater than is understood. Very certain it is that Erzberger longed for a cessation of the war, which had made so tremendous a drain on the resources of his country. He also devoutly sought to end the Hohenzollern dynasty, and he assisted materially in bringing about both results.

Watermelon or a Boy's Life.

Pilfering of watermelons, the looting of orchards, and various other forms of depredation, often accompanied by devastation, are among the annoyances that keep a farmer's life from becoming wholly stagnant. He finds little comfort in observing the wreckage of a season's work in lieu of the fruit he had expected to enjoy himself or to sell at a price that would bring him something he needs or wants. That is the farmer's side of the melon stealing problem, and it is a just view, deserving serious consideration.

On the boy's side may be placed a natural propensity for mischief, looked upon by the vigorous growing lad as adventure. His moral sense is not in proportion to his bodily stature nor even his years or expansion in other ways. Perceptions that may be potent in later life are not yet fully awakened, and what to others may be a crime, such as the stealing of a melon, is to him but an act following an impulse, and not a matter for deep concern on part of anybody.

Admitting that the one does not balance the other, and that right and justice are with the owner of the melon patch, it still remains debatable whether the use of a shotgun at short range is permissible as a protective measure. The life of a boy is of far more value than many melons, and it is always possible to evoke the law through its ordinary process to secure either protection or recovery when a melon patch or fruit orchard is threatened or looted. A boy lies in a local hospital in a dangerous condition, because a farmer fired at him with a shotgun. No one questions the provocation, nor is it fair to assume that the farmer intended to grievously wound or to more than frighten the lads he was pursuing. What happened, however, is not uncommon when a gun is discharged at and close to a victim. The plain lesson in this incident is that while boys need better training, some less dangerous method for guarding melon patches should be adopted.

Clearing Up the County Paving Muddle.

County Attorney Shotwell gives his opinion that the state engineer is in charge of the work of paving country roads. This is at least in line with what has been conceived to be the spirit of the state highway laws. The purpose is to not only fix responsibility but to centralize authority as well. The next question to be settled is whether the work being done in Douglas county is a good job, and the taxpayers are getting the worth of their money. State Engineer Johnson is reported to have said that certain portions of the work are defective and must be done over. The point as to whether the compression test is or is not mentioned in the contract is not so material or vital as is the point whether the base on certain designated stretches is as strong as required. The county authorities are as deeply concerned in this as is any other group of citizens, and the commissioners and engineers should not hesitate in any movement that is for the protection of the taxpayers. Douglas county is paying a big price for a good job, and wants only what is right.

If those Iowa mobs ever allow that much-dreaded woman socialist to speak her piece instead of kidnapping her or breaking up the meetings, both parties may find that she has nothing much for anyone to get all excited about.

Judge Baldwin's presence in the South Side police court augurs no good for speeders. He should be permitted to preside uptown for a time.

What woman would not like to have her portrait painted by Howard Chandler Christy? His brush is kinder than any photographic lens yet invented.

The intimation that freight rates will be reduced if rail wages are given a further cut is a mixture of bitter with sweet.

Eamonn de Valera is again president of the Irish republic, but wait until they begin to hold regular elections over there.

If hot weather was needed to ripen the corn crop, all is well.

Still too many auto wrecks are recorded.

Liberals and Radicals How to Keep Well

Unable to Construct, But Willing to Destroy Anytime (Samuel Spring, in The North American Review) The High Sierras. A donkey and two men—thus the sacred trilogy of conservative, liberal and radical. My friend, M., though a tumultuous radical, was a rare companion for a hike. At times he had aspired to be a poet, but finally compromised on art criticism. If one could not create art, one could, at least, criticize it. Today he is a photographer in the Zion of Mormonism, growing wealthy on the income derived from his skill in taking children's pictures in nursery style, with bits of original, apt verse at the bottom. He is as radical as ever; only now that socialism has ceased to be an accused starting-line, he has become an anarchist, a bolshevik. Over six feet two inches tall, stout in proportion, an awkward blonde giant, he is nevertheless unable to carry more than forty pounds on his back, and would rather join the conservatives than walk faster than three miles an hour. Hence his fondness for donkeys.

That memorable afternoon, just before sunset, we were toiling up a ridge, wrangling as usual. Indeed our travels could well be called "Wrangle With a Donkey." Suddenly below us appeared one of the magnificent vistas of the Sierras. The serene glory of the great wilderness, coming across our weary path so abruptly, made us forget our bickering. For miles, between forested walls, the valley stretched straight into the sinking sun and the soaring, austere Sierras. A volcano had covered one side of the valley with great boulders, masses of twisted rock appeared here and there; between the boulders stood great pines, killed and whitened by some weird blight. On the other side above the masses of colored underbrush rose lofty, serene redwoods, half green, half grey. Far away, emerging from the mists of the horizon, gleamed a faint, quicksilver stream with argent bursts of color where the water dashed against the rocks.

It was one of those rare times when the naked beauty of nature moves one as does the climax of a Shakespearean tragedy when a great actor stands before eternity. Being human, I am never speechless; but wrath seized me when M. began to speak. His face was flushed, his eyes strained. He moved his hands grandiloquently, evidently under the stress of overwhelming emotion. Impassioned lover of beauty that he is, I was startled to find him breaking the spell in jarring, futile speech.

"Behold!" he babbled brokenly, "behold the philosophy of anarchy, the credo, the hymn of the social revolution! I worship at the shrine—" "Anarchy and asses," I retorted, "I see no dynamite, no sabotage, no red flags, or boiling orations—" "Look! See the marks of the glacier down this side of the valley, the shallow blue, the protruding finger sweeps the mud and ugliness out of the valley, and now we have serenity and eternal beauty. What a glorious revolt; its history is written—" "Thousands," I interrupted.

"If you pull that old saw about the changes of nature taking thousands of years, while we radicals want perfection over night, I'll push you and the donkey over the edge of this precipice. We don't want perfection; we simply want to sweep away ugliness, poverty, disease. Beauty is the name to fill the void. I'm sick of this rickety civilization. It has the hook-worm. This glacier swept down the country over night. Let us choke and shoot you reactionaries and sweep away the mud over night, then—" "Then, more mud," said I. "We were wrangling again. Late the same day we were passing by a mountain meadow where the timid, delicate-faced mountain flowers had edged up in prodigious abundance as the snow slowly melted away. Here and there, though it was July, patches of snow and ice still remained. A great redwood had fallen along the trail, forming a matless Juliet balcony. Suddenly, like one of Ovid's metamorphoses, a tawny-coated, frightened deer leaped sheer out of the redwood balcony, lighted with unbelieveable grace and ease near us, and fled across our path into the meadow. The primitive man within me spoke and I reached for my gun. M. blocked me.

"I would gladly shoot conservatives or their liberal step-sisters," he said savagely, "but why murder beauty, even if it is only a deer?" Where M. is today; I don't know. He is one of the great types of the radical mind. Beauty is his religion; yet he denied him all creative power. Like old Kraft in Romain Rolland's Jean Christophe, he can feel beauty supremely, but he lacks all power of expression. He is allowed to gaze into the celestial gardens, but enter he cannot. Embittered, revolting against his fate, what is more natural for him than to revolt against the world? Gray's "mute, inglorious Milton" was probably the village atheist or cynic. The surge within could not be suppressed; even futile opposition was a relief. M. reads his politics, his economics, his philosophy in terms of beauty. Ugliness is to him infinitely worse than chaos. He can revolt against society; he can form a perpetual minority; but he cannot construct. Why fear him?

Getting Rid of Laggards. President Goodnow sounded a new note several months ago when he said that what Hopkins needed was better students and not merely more students. At the time his statement met with some criticism, but when it was understood it was approved. A northern college announces the dropping of a number of students because of poor marks. They will make way for others who have better appreciation of their opportunities. Doubts, therefore, will be considerable as to the future of the laggards. Possibly the Hopkins needs less of it than other institutions, but the frank preaching of its ideas of quality is bound to have a profound influence. This is a very good time for the colleges to take action. Only a few years ago the average college was drumming for trade; now most of them have more applicants than they can accept. They are being selected and eliminated by a judicious selection and elimination they kill two birds with the same stone; they accommodate more worth-while students and they relieve the student body of dead wood that impedes progress. Putting a thousand-dollar education on a ten-dollar boy may not be the worst waste of money, but it becomes a problem when the boy is allowed to start in the way of his betters.—Baltimore American.

Peace is a State of Mind. Here is the really strong point in President Harding's note of invitation to the disarmament conference: "There can be no final assurance of the peace of the world in the absence of the desire for peace, and the prospect of reduced armaments is not a hopeful one unless this desire finds expression in a practical effort to remove causes of misunderstanding and to seek grounds for agreement as to principles and their application." No matter to what extent the nations disarm, they cannot by that means make it any more safe to quarrel with one another than it has been. The road to peace does not lie in simply not knowing how and not being prepared to fight. Peace requires a state of mind which is ready at all times to disclose all its motives, which seeks only the clear principles of justice, rather than domination and which can substitute honest, well-informed reasoning for fanatical emotionalism.—Buffalo Express.

All Quiet Along the Potomac. Affairs seem to be in a fairly promising condition since Director Dawes has made no pungent remarks recently.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Express.

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 space limitations. Answers are enclosed in addressed envelopes. Dr. Evans will not make diagnosis or prescribe for individual diseases. Address letters in care of The Bee. Copyright, 1921, by Dr. W. A. Evans

SENSIBILITIES VS. HEALTH. Mr. Bok once told me of the very large number of people who cancelled their subscriptions to his publication when he began publishing plain, sensible, helpful articles on the subject of menstrual troubles. When anything on this subject appears in this column I always get one or more letters from indulgent ladies who have refined sensibilities have been disturbed. Perhaps some of them go so far as to cancel their subscriptions, and yet I do not get more than five letters from women who suffer from the trouble. They do not, necessarily, with their monthly periods. A superficial inquiry once showed that almost every woman employed in a certain large office building had her box of medicine or bottle of gin, to be used to carry her over this period. Employers tell me that the chief drawback to employing women is their heavy periodic sickness absentee rate. Employers have told me that they could not put women in any of their paid positions of responsibility because of this disposition toward periodic absenteeism due to sickness.

Women are due to come into their own. But to do so this drawback or the reputation of having this drawback must be removed. The subject is a delicate one and unpleasant, and these ladies of tender sensibilities do not doubt are disturbed but there is nothing to do but to face the situation frankly and get information to the women who need it in every way possible. Comparatively few women need to suffer at this time, and fewer still need to stay away from work. Tense nerves, nervousness, strain and with efficiency during that period. They have established beyond doubt that, with the exception of the small group of women who suffer through this period in relative comfort. There are thousands of high-grade business women who have perfect control of their nerves. In the first place, the woman or girl must get out of her head the idea that it is a sickness. She must not use the word "sick time" or "monthly sickness." If she is dis-

posed to be uncomfortable at that time, the free use of warm baths, general baths or sitting baths, will overcome the discomforts. Such baths could be taken once or twice a day, or may be taken much more frequently if possible. If proper attention is paid to the bowel habits, a good deal of the discomforts will be overcome. Much of the discomfort which some women suffer periodically results from an overloaded lower bowel.

Information on these subjects has been put into a booklet, entitled "Personal Hygiene for Women," which we will send to those who in close stamped, addressed envelope with request for it. Yes, That's Possible. Snatch writes: "The heart and lungs being so vitally dependent on one another, is it possible to have good lungs and a bad heart?" "2. What is heartburn?" REPLY. 1. Yes. 2. Heartburn is an unpleasant acid sensation felt in the stomach. It is a symptom of indigestion, chronic appendicitis, constipation, gall bladder trouble or other trouble located in the abdomen. Yes, X-Ray Helps. R. R. writes: "1. What is sciatica? 2. Is it dangerous? 3. What is the cause of it? 4. Is there any permanent cure for it? If so, what? Can an X-ray show if the diagnosis is correct?" REPLY. 1. Neuralgia or neuritis of the sciatic nerve—the great nerve of the leg. 2. No. 3. An infection located in the leg, but absorbing from other parts of the body, or pressure on the nerve, or pain referred to the nerve from some other part of the body. 4. Yes. Find the cause and treat it as well as the nerve. In the leg, infection of the pelvic organs probably is the most frequent cause of genuine sciatica. 5. Many cases of so-called sciatica are due to hip joint disease or spinal column disease. X-Ray pictures help to find these cases.

Drink More Water. Miss S. M. H. writes: "Will you kindly tell what causes a very strong acid condition in the urine, which makes the body very itchy? What is the remedy for same? I am 19 years and apparently otherwise in good health." REPLY. To overcome acid drink water abundantly, eat potatoes and other vegetables, and fruit. But that may not make your body less itchy. The Banging of Screen Doors. J. W. W. writes: "Throughout the long summer days thousands of screen doors are banging from morning till night with a noise disturbing to the nerves of sensitive people. Especially victimized are the people who live above small shops. In department stores there is no sale for about 25 cents a device consisting chiefly of a solid rubber ball that quite effectively abolishes this nuisance. These appliances well deserve to be in general use; every owner of a screen door owes it to his neighbors to attach one, and where the owner will not pay for one he will surely allow the sufferer to put one on. I have just had this experience after prolonged suffering of millions of dollars in the head of the inventor."

American Atmosphere

(From the New York Evening Post.) What we live in that impressive Mme. Curie most in this section of American life with which her short and crowded stay brought her into closest contact? Its vibrancy and zest. "In several women's colleges," she now tells the French public, "I was struck by the capacity for creative living which animated the young women and by the spontaneity of the youth and earnestness manifested in their songs and expressions." America as a whole she describes as a nation of enthusiasts. So much, then, for the drab monotony of life which makes impossible to America the realization of a true art and literature. So much for the inhibitions internal and repressions external which sit on the lid of the creative impulses. So much for those shackles on the joy of living which were clamped on by the passengers of the Mayflower and are constantly being riveted anew. The latter time presumably by Yale. It is not, after all, a nation devoted to money-grubbing but to wide-flung and infectious enthusiasm.

The truth is virtually admitted by the very people who find life in America so inimical to the rise of great art. It is a favorite argument that the artist is cheered or intimidated by the national passion for witch-hunting. But, after all, what is witch-hunting but a vast enthusiasm, a capacity for extraordinary emotion, misdirected perhaps, but constituting the raw material of artistic creation? There would be real reason for despair in America if we had no crusades, no witch-hunts, no confagration mass movements. If this were a people made up of men and women stolidly bent upon their own business instead of passionately interested in each other's business, there would indeed be little hope for the future of the highest art in America.

Perhaps the trouble with those so unhappy in the American atmosphere is that they look for American emotion to dress itself in the accepted European forms. There is the familiar regret that the children of the native American will not exorcise themselves the folk dances which come so easily to the children of the foreign-born on the lawns of Central park. But what of native art-expression on the base ball fields and in the hot ball games? An ancient Greek might have found something almost bacchantic in the American cheer leader with the ball on the five-yard line and a minute to play. The energy now expended in deploping the absence of the joy of living in these United States might be profitably employed in guiding the native zest and optimism into the desired channels.

CENTER SHOTS. Then, too, there's the possibility of putting a luxury tax on hobbled hats.—Fort Wayne News-Sentinel. Japan has a secret feeling that, as far as she is concerned, the open door may merely indicate this way out.—Philadelphia North American. Dr. Harding doesn't seem to care what his son's position is toward secret treaties.—Detroit News. Once in a while the wise legislators at Washington do something that warrants a commendation from the government pay roll. One of them has made it a misdemeanor to hold a beauty contest.—Buffalo Express.

A Voluminous "Institute." A Boston publisher, as it happens to know, has gone out to Williams town, Mass., to obtain the right to bring out in book form the papers read and discussions held at the remarkable Institute of Politics now going on at Williams college, in which, thus far, Lord Bryce and Signor Tittoni of Italy have borne a leading part. But this publisher was a little staggered when he found out that in order to print all these lectures, orations and discussions he would have to bring out at least six different books. He is, however, a good sport, and he is all ready to get out all six of the books.—Boston Correspondence of the New York Mail. Who's Who in Europe? When the League returns baffling problems to the supreme council, and the council refers others equally baffling to the league, who's who in Europe, anyhow? and which of the two is Dr. Jekyll and which is Mr. Hyde?—Manchester Union.

The Bee's Letter Box Pleads for Profit on Ice. Omaha, Aug. 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: Your editorial in this morning's Bee commenting on the enlargement of storage facilities for ice is timely, but why always follow up with the old precedent of The Bee with a knock when the Metropolitan Water district or Utilities district is concerned. In this instance, that the ice plant should not be operated for profit, but why not when the commodity is already sold for a little more than one-half a private corporation sells the same. Why not encourage the management of the Utilities district and especially R. B. Howell to make more money for retirement of bonds, and make Omaha a debt-free city and thirdly, a legacy will be left to the now children of Omaha, not a to-the-limit mortgaged city. P. H. SUBSCHER, 3307 Q Street.

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Intimate Inventory, or Taking Stock of One's Self BEFORE business and professional work begin to speed up in the fall, after the summer lull and general easing up compelled by hot weather, forward-looking men might profitably take account of themselves physically, morally and intellectually with particular reference to bodily health, moral strength and mental trend and attitude.

Men dislike to face unpleasant truths about themselves, to give themselves impartial once-overs, to confess their hurtful habits, moral lapses and wrong ways of thinking. They postpone such inventories, as a rule, until a kidney, a gall bladder, a muscle, an intestine or a heart goes wrong in their physical organization, or until some sin finds them out and gives them bad repute, or until some insidious mental trend exposes them to loss and disappointing results in wrong decisions on important matters.

A man must, of course, keep himself physically fit to do the best work. Indulgence means deterioration, gormandizing clogs the brain, irregularities disturb proper functioning. A day's honest checking up of habits may be worth life itself during the coming winter. The mind needs attention as well. Its thinking is influenced largely by the reading and thinking it does. What book should be read before October? What business or professional publications should be mastered before frost? What line of thinking and reasoning should be covered before the action of fall sets in? Well begun may not always be half done, but a good well-thought-out start is an advantage worth while.

Enthusiastic praise has been given the editorial printed here through the courtesy of the Chicago Journal of Commerce. We reprint it in our advertisement as a means of emphasizing the excellent doctrine which is preached in it. THINK IT OVER L. V. NICHOLAS OIL COMPANY BUSINESS IS GOOD, THANK YOU! Burn Oil "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle Should Never Shovel Coal"