

THE OMAHA BEE

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BE TELEPHONES
Office: 1211 G. Street
For Night Calls After 10 P. M.
Editorial Department: 1211 G. Street
AT lantic 1000
OFFICES OF THE BEE
Branch Office: 1211 G. Street
Branch Office: 1211 G. Street
Branch Office: 1211 G. Street

- ### The Bee's Platform
1. New Union Passenger Station.
 2. Continued improvement of the Nebraska Highways, including the payment of Main Throughfare 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.

The Coming of the King.

Ak-Sar-Ben, twenty-seventh in his line, will be crowned in his own capital city, monarch of Quivera, liege lord of the Seven Cities of Cibola, and suzerain of the transmissourian empire, this week. All the pomp and circumstance incident and proper to such an event will be most faithfully observed. Processions and pageants will course the city's broad thoroughfares; there will be riding of gayly paroled horses, the sounding of trumpets and the challenging of heralds, the multitudes will gaze in awe, in wonder, in admiration at the spectacles, will pronounce it good, say well done, and then go home and put in the next twelve months in useful endeavor, content because the royal line is unbroken and peace and content and comfort is thus assured to all.

Now, all this may seem mummy and sublimated foolishness to some. A couple of years ago a clamor was raised against continuing the orders of royalty and the ministry of a monarchy in connection with Ak-Sar-Ben. Enthusiastic citizens wanted to send the king to the limbo with others of the ilk, and to establish in his stead a president or some such representative of the democracy of the region. Better counsel prevailed, and the kingdom was saved. Ak-Sar-Ben is no real monarch; he is a better served than if he were, for he is not a blood king could hope for the loyalty that goes out to this make-believe ruler, whose scepter and crown are but the reflex of the good will of subjects whose devotion flows from faith that is realized from day to day in the fruition of hopes brought to pass.

Thus Ak-Sar-Ben persists, because the word typifies the spirit, not of Omaha alone, but of the region around embracing the states whose greatness is the pride of their people, the marvel of all newcomers, and such as warrants any prophecy, for no prediction seems extravagant when compared with what actually has been done.

Born at a time when enterprise lagged, when commerce was sluggish and courage seemingly had eozed away to its lowest limit, the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben set out on a definite crusade. It was to destroy the lethargy that enveloped the kingdom. How much of energy was put into that first year's campaign only those who expended it ever can tell, but the idea took hold, expanded, outran the original plans, and now the order is at least a familiar word throughout the continent, if, indeed, it has not in fact become a national institution. No man can foretell its future, but the twenty-six years of actual accomplishment will support almost anything that may be proposed for Ak-Sar-Ben's future. Each year sees improvement, because each year the kingdom improves. The men who have directed the affairs of the institution have vision and courage; they are not slow in pushing ahead, and they have plans that will, when completed, make the Ak-Sar-Ben exposition the greatest inland show in the world. And this is only another step in the destiny of the order. Each true knight sings with Tennyson:

Forward, forward let us range,
Let the old world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

And Ak-Sar-Ben changes only for the better. All hail the King.

Detecting the Secrets of Nature.

A community in southwestern Nebraska has lately recovered from an oil boom. The discovery was made that the oil which a farmer had been pumping from his well had its source, not in any subterranean pool of petroleum, but in the leaking tanks of fuel oil of the nearby power plant. So, instead of drawing their wealth from the interior of the earth, the farmers of Harlan county will continue to get it from the surface.

This incident, ended by the honest admission of error, brings up many old tales of salted mines in which precious metals were planted to entice investors to worthless holes in the ground. It brings up also the uses of science in locating minerals. There are certain geologic formations which indicate the possibility of oil deposits, and scientific clues likewise to various other products.

How does one know that rich beds of coal do not lie beneath Omaha? The answer is to be found in the geologist's clock, by which he tells the time in the world's history when any rock bed was formed. The science of paleontology deals with the fossil shells of the early invertebrates, or spineless creatures, which are often seen in rocks, and which indicate at what period of time the mud or sand of any region turned to stone.

Shortly after anthracite had been discovered in Pennsylvania a search for similar deposits was begun in New York. Fortunes were thrown away in this fruitless digging. Finally geologists were called in, and they showed that it was impossible for coal to exist in that state. The fossils in the New York rocks are of Devonian age, whereas the fossils of the Pennsylvania anthracite fields belong to the Carboniferous period, a much later time.

Without this special knowledge of the meaning of plant and animal remains and that of rock formations, a great deal more costly mistakes would be made than now is the case. Out

THE HUSKING BEE

It's Your Day — Start It With a Laugh
MEASURE OF LIFE.
Let's live by deeds and not by years.
Through our allotted span,
Mark time with smiles and not with tears,
And cheer our fellowman;
We let the figures on a dial
Tell when our work is through,
But lengthen out each day's work while
There's good that we can do.

An Almost Forgotten President.

The imagination is touched by the newspaper report of the death recently of a son-in-law of John Tyler, tenth president of the United States, and by the further information that the daughter of the president still lives, the mother of eight children. Thus two generations carry back almost to the beginnings of the republic. When Tyler was born in 1790 the Constitution had been in force only little over a year and Rhode Island had not yet voted to enter the union. George Washington was president and Jefferson and Hamilton, representing opposite parties in the cabinet, were at loggerheads.

In 1807, when at the age of 17 Tyler was graduated from William and Mary college, Aaron Burr was on trial for treason. When, at the age of 21 he entered the legislature of Virginia, the United States was on the verge of war with England, and the youthful lawyer became conspicuous as an orator, and as a militia captain took the field to protect Richmond.

The beginnings of his career are more interesting than his course in the presidency, to which he ascended in 1841 through the accident of the death of President Harrison. He had been elected vice president in the stirring campaign whose slogan was "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." Throughout his tenure of office he was in constant hostilities with congress, vetoing bills for a national bank, a tariff and good roads and holding to the theory of states' rights. Years before, when in the senate he had differed with the wishes of his constituents, he had resigned his seat, and now his foes raised a demand that he quit the presidency in the same way. Clay and many others appear to have hoped that Tyler could be harassed into resigning, and in his first year all his cabinet except Daniel Webster, the secretary of state, left office simultaneously.

There have been great presidents and small ones, and few will feel that Tyler rose out of the latter class. His position on slavery was a straddle which eventuated in his advocacy of secession in 1861 and in his election to the Confederate congress just before his death.

It is to a second marriage late in life that his living daughter is due. Shortly after entering the White House his first wife died, and within two years he was remarried. This was the culmination of a romance which began with the death of the father of Miss Julia Gardiner in the explosion of a gun on a warship on which President Tyler was entertaining. The body of his guest was taken to the White House, and Miss Gardiner, being thrown in the society of the president under these circumstances, became the object of his attention, and finally, his wife. That was 77 years ago, and the memory of his romance is no dimmer than the memory of the political achievements of President Tyler, although but a single generation separates him from the present.

Dull Boys Who Reach Fame.

Largest of all clubs is that with the motto, "I knew him when." Sometimes the words are used in disparagement, but it is only in rare instances that the recollection of the poverty, hardships and handicaps in which someone now famous, had his beginning does not cast more credit than disparagement on his achievement.

Very often in childhood no promise is seen of the splendid talents which afterward bring some man to the fore. Sir Walter Scott, when a lad, was considered by one of his teachers to have the thickest skull in school. Goldsmith likewise passed through an unpromising youth, and himself said that he never felt attached to literature until 30 years old. He records frequently surprising his friends by productions which they imagined him incapable of composing.

Milton, Sheridan, Swift and even St. Augustine are said to have shown no aptitude for learning in their early years. An incident is told, however, of Milton when a boy at school in London, that casts a different light on his case, at least. In an examination the pupils were required to write a poetical account of the first miracle, the turning of water into wine at the marriage feast. The instructor did not expect much from Milton and was not therefore surprised to find only one line on his slate: "The conscious water saw his God and blushed."

The judges, it is related, looked at each other in astonishment at the beauty of the thought and its expression, and much to the surprise of the teacher awarded this supposedly backward boy the prize.

This incident suggests that there has always been a tendency to misunderstand imaginative children who may be apt to neglect dry studies for picturings of the fancy. Not every child who seems slow to learn is really dull, and once he finds a subject fitted to his taste, many such a one will outstrip his mates who are without either special abilities or disabilities.

Corn for the Starving Russians.

Governor Kendall of Iowa has called on the farmers of his state to contribute corn for the starving in Russia. Governor McKelvie of Nebraska will probably do the same thing, and so will other governors. The question is, will the Russians eat the corn after it is sent them? One of the most inexplicable of all the prejudices of Central Europe is the aversion of the people to corn as food. About this time last year the workmen on the Styria section of the Austrian government railways struck for bread made without commerial mixed with the flour. It is alleged that the continued eating of corn provokes a disease that is painful and difficult to cure. Long ago the Italians and Swiss learned to eat corn meal prepared much the same way as is customary in the United States, and a considerable amount of corn is still shipped to them. But the Central Europeans will not have it. Much effort has been expended to teach the people how to cook the meal to make it palatable and nourishing, but seemingly all has been wasted. In the form of meat they will take it, but that is the most costly way of exporting the grain. One of the experts states the problem in these terms:

The farmer who feeds breadstuffs to his stock is burning up 75 to 97 per cent of them in order to produce for us a small residue of roast pig.

The same number of calories costs nearly six times as much in the form of wheat flour as in the form of corn meal or flour. Every argument is in favor of corn meal, but, if the stricken Europeans will not eat it, what can we do to overcome their stubbornness born of ignorance?

How to Keep Well

By DR. W. A. EVANS
Questions concerning hygiene, sanitation, preventive medicine, etc., submitted to Dr. Evans by readers of The Bee, will be answered personally, subject to space limitations, in a stamped, addressed envelope to be enclosed. Dr. Evans will not make a social call. Address letters in care of The Bee, Copyright, 1921, by Dr. W. A. Evans.

WHOM SHALL WE EDUCATE?

The great English authority, Tredgold, thinks we waste a lot of money trying to educate people who cannot be educated. Furthermore, we waste money educating some people unnecessarily. Finally, we do some harm educating some people who should not be educated. Many people cannot be educated because they have not the necessary mentality. Tredgold says the degree of education varies in different individuals and in the main this difference is inborn. A marked lack of educability is pathological. A tendency in that direction tends to be born in families.

Of course, there are children who cannot be educated because of physical defects. Tredgold has not thought of these children, because a moderate amount of attention makes them educable. He has in mind morons and dullards, most of whom are not educable because one or both of their parents were born that way. To educate children of this group up to the limit of their mentality, and to prepare them for the work which they have the mentality to do is one of the best investments a state can make. To try to educate them up to the eighth grade or through high school or until of a certain age as fixed standards is wasteful.

In spite of Tredgold's firm conviction that educability is in the main a matter of inheritance, he holds that people of some capacity may increase their educability by exercise of mind, and that such exercise of mind through generations will eventually stamp the strain of greater mental ability in the line of educability. In other words, while inheritance is the greater factor in educability, environment has some influence, and that environment kept up for a few generations has considerable influence.

And how for certain rather radical educational ideas will make teachers think. He holds that compulsory education should stop at a much lower level than it now does, that even the higher elementary studies should be open only to those who have proved their ability to profit by them.

Many individuals reach the limits of their educability long before they stop school. He would have examinations by which individuals would be stopped when they had reached that limit.

To determine fitness to be educated in the higher subjects, passing scholastic examinations and gaining scholarships is not enough. The examination should take into consideration medical and psychologic aspects as well. An inquiry into the mental rating of the family should be made.

HOME BREWED ATHLETICS.

I do not need a bag of clubs
Like many golfing guys,
When I go out among the shrubs
To take my exercise—
No caddy waits my every shot,
No lost ball makes him scoff,
As out upon my own back lot
I'm pitching barnyard golf.

When the impending horseless age has enveloped the country, we suppose non-skid tires will take the place of old Dobbin's footwear for pitching purposes.

REASSURING.

One day last week we dropped into a local restaurant and found the cook dishing up and eating food he had prepared himself.

That slogan of the postal clerks, "The early mail makes the early sale," brings to mind another one that should be brought out and dusted off about this time of the year. It is "Do your Christmas mailing early."

YEA, VERILY.

Equal rights for women, bo,
Have come—tip off your wife
That she may see the Den Show
For the first time in her life.

Judge: How did you come to pick this man's pocket?
Culprit: I just did it in a moment of abstraction, your honor.

WHO WON THE WAR?

Sam Gompers: Labor won the war.
General Pershing: Soldiers won the war.
Herb Hoover: Food won the war.
The Profiteers: Is the war over?

How does the man who doesn't believe in ghosts get around the fact that after the square meal comes hash?

SPOT LIGHT CLUB.

In days of old
Bright thoughts of gold
Were bred of poets' fancy—
In Rome and Greece
The Golden Fleece
Was plainly necromancy;
The gods' abodes
Were sung in odes
By Sophocles and Horace.
You say these things
Show us such rimes—
Well—what about Sam Morris?

HELLO.

Statistical gen reports that 35,485,908 adults of opposite sexes in the United States, habitually addicted to the use of the telephone, hear better with the left ear than with the right.

No wonder. Every time busy gent sticks receiver up to ear, left ear-drum gets homeopathic treatment—spoonful of service every half hour.

Sense of hearing grows acute listening for the busy signal. Sapp calls up wife to explain why he won't be home to dinner. Left ear gets all the exercise in one-sided conversation. All right ear gets is burn suggestions on what to tell wife, from bird who is putting on party.

Friend wife gets equal amount of exercise with both ears. Excuses go in one ear and out the other. Woman addict takes overwhelming dose of neighborhood gossip over telephone every morning. Calls up bosom friend. Friend unbosoms self. Left ear gets all glad tidings. Doesn't let right ear know what left ear hears.

Home made recipe calls for spoonful of patience to gallon of service. Housewife blames telephone girl for letting someone else use party line while she gets hubby's lunch.

Frail sex grabs endurance test for wrestling two-piece telephone. Six-day bike race like sleeping on leather bed compared to Jen calling Myrt on phone.

Water (returning after 15 minutes): How would you like your eggs, sir?
Patient Guest: Very much indeed.

See where a number of men have given up cigars. The habit is getting too darned ef-feminate.

SAPIENT PERSPICACITY.

My wife is keen, I grant you that
She has some brains beneath her hat.
She has no bats within her dome.
One cannot say "There's no one home!"
Her cerebrum is packed with wit
And she makes daily use of it.
Good sense enthroned within her pate
Gives her the skill to cogitate.
I'll tell you why I love her respect
For my wife's brilliant intellect.
And let you judge right from the fact—
(Though you may say it's merely tact)
But I'm convinced my wife is bright,
She says she likes the stuff I write.

A rich man may be eccentric—a poor man who acts that way is a crank.

Sometimes the man with one foot in the grave does a lot of kicking.

If time is money, why isn't the hobo rich?

If love is blind, how is it that a pretty face and a dimple captures the husband that intellect couldn't attract?

ADVICE.

Don't seek the bright lights after dark.
Nor gather moths about one's
If you would get up with the lark
Then go to bed without one.

AFTER-THOUGHT: Some husbands are house broke and some are flat broke.

PHILO.

Rewriting History

(From the New York Times)
The great historian, Edward A. Freeman, used to define history as "past politics" and politics as "present history." This is a very neat definition, unless the word "politics" has a wider and loftier meaning than is generally associated with it in the public mind. But with it in the public mind, the fact, brought out in Freeman's definition, that history is but "current events," written in the past tense, suggests that the scope of the work of the historian who makes the transcription. How hard it is to make an absolute accurate record of even that which is contemporaneous, while living witnesses are within reach; how infinitely greater the difficulty becomes when memory is dimmed or that memory entirely "rewrites" the view. Plutarch himself, in his chapter on Pericles, remarks, apropos of some scandalous statement about the hero, that it is difficult to trace or to find out the truth by history.

The summary of a canvass made by The Bee of the records of 200,000 students in public and private schools and colleges, as to their acquaintance with certain events and personages, even in the period of "present history," warrants the inference that for many it does not so much matter with what accuracy they write, since what they remember so imperfectly by so large a percentage of students. The testimony of an editor of a widely circulated magazine for boys is that boys should not be taught history, because it "sounds like history." And yet, despite such intimations of the seeming want of youthful interest in history, and of the woeful lack of memory of his torical facts, amounting almost to amnesia, there is a passionate demand, especially that history which is put before the eyes of the young. This demand, whatever the motive, has, at any rate, the same value of coming to the people of a democracy the importance of history, both of present history, which Freeman calls "politics," and of that history which goes back, at Mr. Wells' alluring and industrious call, to primeval times, beyond the period even of "past history." The corollary is that history should be made as interesting as Mr. Wells has made it, so that even youth may see its dramatic progress, but also as accurately as the most conscientious and disinterested scholars who write the footnotes for Mr. Wells' texts have sought to make it.

During the war text-books in history were searched, in some states by legislative enactment, for German propaganda. Then came from certain quarters the demand for certain tempering revision of the accounts of the American revolution and the war of 1912. A few days ago the American Federation of Labor recorded its purpose to see that the makers of text-books on industrial history and economics were "deprived" of certain truths in these fields; and now there is announced the launching of a million-dollar movement "to result in a cyclopaedia of pamphlets on American history," to be supplied to schools, public and private, and colleges, as well as to newspapers, magazines and legislatures.

However commendable these efforts to find and set forth the historical truth may be, and however honorable and sincere the motive of such endeavor, it must be admitted by all that this is not the best way to do it. Perhaps too much of the work of original writing has been left to New England; perhaps Nathan Hale has had too little recognition; perhaps Benedict Arnold's service should have been altogether belittled out by his treason; and, unquestionably, Mr. Wells' characterization of Washington as a "conspicuously indolent man" should be refuted; but could not all this and other necessary revising be done by scholarship independent of any school system that would put it under the suspicion of partisan motives? If the funds proposed for such prices, expert and publication could, for instance, be put at the command of our New York state historian and other works of office, equipped as these state officials carrying on their work with pitifully small, beggarly appropriations—the history within the range of our school curriculum, at least, could not only be rewritten in such particulars as the most dependable scholarship might suggest, but the interest of children in it could be increased, and to make it vitally necessary that history should be accurate.

Bull's Eyes

(From the Philadelphia Ledger.)
The world's record for marksmanship made at Camp Perry, O., by Sergeant Andrew C. Grawley, of the Marine Corps, deserves more than passing notice. On the 500-yard range at slow fire he made 177 consecutive bull's eyes, which is seventy-one better than the best marksmen's record. The second man, Sergeant John Adkins, and the third, Captain H. C. Griswold, also better the record with 133 and 118 bull's eyes respectively. The bull's eye, as some laymen may not understand, is not the small black disk of ordinary target practice, but the size silhouette of the head and shoulders of a man. That may seem an easy mark to hit; but 800 yards is nearly half a mile, and at that distance it dwindles to inconspicuous proportions.

Shooting of such an extraordinary quality implies a co-ordination of mind and muscle such as makes a peerless soldier. A record like that is not a happy accident. It comes, by incessant practice, by habits of sobriety, by physical fitness and carefully regulated training. Of course, there are "dead shots" who have been condemned the laws of the simple life; but these are the rule proving exceptions. If a man wants to ascertain whether he has his nerves under control and his wits about him, let him betake himself to a government rifle range and there strive to qualify for one of the three established grades of marksman, sharpshooter, expert. He will come away from the ordeal with enhanced appreciation of the feat which the men at Camp Perry performed, and very probably with the sorest shoulder he ever knew.

Great Unconquerable Sacrifices.
Eight thousand acres of meadowland and several square miles of woodland in Maine have just been burned over, another illustration of our defective methods of escaping such property losses. It ought to be practicable to prevent these unconquerable sacrifices.—Providence Journal.

Ignorance of Bible in Colleges.
Undergraduate ignorance of the Bible has long been a byword. For a whole generation it has been the favorite theme of professors of English who write for publication.—Saturday Evening Post.

Big Salaries and Big Results.
Salaries are never too big if the recipients produce results. A million-dollar salary that produces the goods is economically beneficial.—Sturdy Evening Post.

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Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 17.—As proof of the intelligence of the boll weevil, Frank M. Farley has on exhibition in his office, occupying an otherwise empty bottle, a sound specimen of the bug which flew into the open window of his office in the Grant building here, which window bears the painted sign: A. A. Smith Company, Cotton Products.



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