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The Bee's Platform

- 1. New Union Passenger Station.
- Continued improvement of the No-braska Highways, including the pave-ment 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.

Cultural or Vocational Training.

Advocates of vocational training are pursuing their campaign with remarkable persistency, and are achieving notable results, not, however, to the utter rout of those who stand for the purely cultural. The Bee in times past has discussed this question, always from the point that a reasonable combination of the two is the ideal form, and that it is not unattainable. When a choice is to be made between the purely cultural and the essentially vocational, then the former should have preference. Reasons for this are obvious.

If production of wealth is the chief object of life, then vocational training deserves prominence. Unless we are ready to admit that the end of our civilization is mistaken, however, we can not subscribe to the proposal that mere production is all there is to life. Alongside it the faculty for enjoyment automatically developes, else production has no purpose. This capacity for enjoyment entails the need of culture, if only that a proper balance may be maintained in the social aspect of our civilization, which, after all, is only complex as we fail to recognize the elemental fact that enjoyment is the part of all, and not the exclusive privilege of a few. Gradations exist, and what seems to be confusion arises from the fact that many undertake to participate in what affords delight only to a few.

When these elemental facts are admitted, and a reasonable allowance is made for the divergence of individual tastes and inclinations, the problem is greatly simplified. Cultural training will not inevitably produce a capacity for full appreciation of all the beauties of art or literature, or any of the other things that embellish life, but it will enable its possessor to comprehend some of the things that might be otherwise looked upon as irritations if not actual interferences with the pursuit of happiness.

Equally, vocational training has limitations, in that it does not necessarily produce unvarying skill in the workmen trained. Unless the two are effectively combined, the tendency to demarcation of classes in our social structure will surely follow. We will have one group of cititrained to enjoy, another to pr the utter lack of sympathetic understanding between them will serve to emphasize and solidify the "class consciousness" to which the radicals inevitably appeal.

So long as life holds something beyond the mere production of wealth, and success is measured by a standard other than possession of wealth, so long will cultural training stand just above that of vocational. Boys and girls must be taught to be useful, capable of providing for themselves in the battle of life, but they must also be given a standard just a little bit higher than that found in merely material ideals."

Motor Trucks Where Ox Teams Pulled.

"The American railway system is the marvel of the age," wrote a Nebraska historian in 1880. Little did he imagine that the days of stage coaches and overland freighting would revive. After the construction of the Union Pacific railroad in 1869 the old trails had gone out of use. But now there are fifteen stage lines entering Omaha, and they are now so firmly convinced of their permanence that a central station is to be opened for travelers.

New highways have replaced those furrows across the prairie. The motor bus and the gasoline truck have taken the place of the ox trains of the freighters, the horse-drawn stage and mail coaches and the pony express. If this seems to lack picturesqueness and romance, it at least represents an improvement in speed and comfort, and it may even be questioned if travelers across the sod trails found any such delights in the incidents of early day transportation as fiction has attributed to it.

No one elected to travel by stage when the railroad came, and now with service of wellequipped trains proffered many prefer to travel or ship by automobile. All of which seems to demonstrate that the open highways have attractions now that did not exist before.

"Each of the old overland trails which crosses Nebraska from the Missouri river to the mountains has a story," Addison E. Sheldon remarks in his "History and Stories of Nebraska." "It is a story written deep in the lives of men and women, and it is the record of the westward march of the American people. The story of these overland trails was also written in broad, deep furrows across our prairies. Along these trails journey thousands of men, women and children, with ox teams, carts, wheelbarrows and on foot, to settle the great country beyond.

The Oregon trail, he denominates the first and most famous. Starting at Independence it entered Nebraska in Gage county and led off to the northwest, passing into Wyoming through Scottsbluff county. First travel by this route was by a little band of returning Astorians, in 1813. Fur traders later followed the path thus made known. In 1830 Milton Sublette led a trading expedition of ten wagons to the Wind River mountains and back, leaving the first definite track, to be followed by many long emigrant wagon trains, moving about twenty miles

Another important highway started from the Missouri river near Omaha and followed the north side of the Platte to Fort Laramie. The | firewater,

Mormons made this a wagon road in 1847, when they left Florence for Salt Lake. The Denver trail was another, with one end in Omaha and cut-off running from Nebraska City. Over this the gold seekers and their machinery for opening mines near Pike's peak were carried.

These trails lost their importance when the railroad came; for the most part their last vestige was erased by the plow of the farmer. The years roll on, the scene changes and Omaha once more becomes a center of overland traffic.

A Word for Rain-in-the-Face.

The Bee today reproduces an editorial from the Boston Transcript, dealing with Rain-in-the-Face, and some denials of the widely published account of his escape from custody at Fort Abraham Lincoln and his run of 300 miles on snowshoes through a blizzard following. Dakota people who are familiar with the facts and conditions, from residence in the state and acquaintance with the Indian, furnish ample verification of the charge that the old chief was drawing the long bow when he told the tale.

This, however, does not entirely justify the Transcript in characterizing him as a Munchausen. In order to understand Rain-in-the-Face one must keep in mind that he belonged to that time when chieftainship among the Sioux tribes carried with it certain prestige, to sustain which the possessor must ever be ready with deeds to boast of. Not infrequently these deeds were born of a fervid imagination, excited by a generous desire to at least equal the exploit recounted by the preceding speaker at the dance or council fire, and yet restrained by a prudence that took cognizance of possibility as well as of credibility. Nor were the Indians alone in this friendly rivalry of fictitious exploits. White men gained eminence by pursuing similar methods. Western annals are loaded down with tales as fanciful and with no more of foundation than the account of the marvellous exploit of the Indian chief, which had for its basis the fact that he did escape from the guard house of Fort Abraham Lincoln.

Long ago the incident on which Longfellow's poem was based was disproved by testimony of officers who served under Custer, but who were with Benteen or Reno that dreadful June day when the Sioux warriors reached apogee on the Little Big Horn. Neither General George A. Custer, nor his brother, Captain "Tom" Custer, suffered the indignity of having his heart eaten. Many apocryphal yarns are afloat concerning that battle, and even yet from time to time a "survivor" crops up. The actual facts are matters of official record, having been brought out by careful inquiry before courts-martial, and the only living thing that went into the fight with Custer and later emerged was the horse, "Commanche," whose days were ended in luxurious idleness as the protege of the Seventh cavalry, and whose preserved remains stand in the canteen at Fort Riley today.

Rain-in-the-Face was not the only man to let his fancy play with facts concerning the Custer affair, nor does his imagination in its freest flight notably excel that of some palefaces who have dealt with this and other episodes in the winning of the west. A common motive inspired them all-a desire to shine heroically. They may not measure up to the exact standards set for historical verity in New England, but they have not greatly exceeded the bounds set by tradition that come down from there.

Britain Offers Up a Sacrifice.

As the Prince of Wales set forth on his voy age to India, his sister, Princess Mary, wept, Tremendous crowds of loyal subjects gave him an enthusiastic send-off, some, of course with no thought of the perils of his tour, and others realizing the bravery of his act and admiring him the more for it. The king and queen appeared deeply moved.

Mysterious, unfathomable India is teeming with unrest. British troops and native rebels have clashed in several localities. Assassination has been resorted to, for, though the movement for independence is organized on the basis of nonresistance and nonco-operation, yet it has stirred some to resort to violence.

The visit of the young prince to this part of the empire was announced long ago. To have abandoned it now would have been to confess weakness and give encouragement to those of rebellious tendencies. For the sake of the empire it became necessary for the Prince of Wales to tread this dangerous soil, the incarnation of British supremacy, King George, standing with his arm about the prince's shoulder, brings to mind the picture of Abraham who stood ready to offer up his beloved son for the glory of the Lord, if need be.

No one can know what faces the Prince of Wales. He goes forth perhaps as a sacrifice to the spirit of empire. By his display of spirit he may win the plaudits of the masses of India. If imperial splendor appeals to the English people, it may well hope to mesmerize this more primitive race. What reason and military force have failed to do, the summoning up of the emotions and reverence which traditionally respond to royal pomp and splendor now are relied upon to accomplish. If Great Britain were an elective republic instead of a hereditary one, with a president instead of a royal line, no such stroke for empire would be possible. The Prince of Wales is a pawn in the international game, entitled both to admiration and pity.

Now that a baby's cries saved its parents from death in fire, some of those new-fangled mothers and fathers who never got up to walk the floor but sleep right through all outcries, may wonder if they are being as good to themselves as they might.

The excellent folk who now announce that Darwinism is dead are interesting only through the fact that they have been twenty years finding it out. If they are looking for an argument, let them attack neo-Darwinism or neo-Lamarckism.

Lord Northeliffe, with his speech in Manila in which he promised Great Britain would side with America rather than with Japan, has not done his utmost to make the visit of the Prince of Wales to Tokio a success.

The government is selling off gas masks, but no one but a humorist could imagine any use for them.

That corn-eating dog at Central City suggests one method of utilizing the surplus.

Corn, apparently has two uses-for fire and

THE HUSKING BEE —It's Your Day— Start It With a Laugh

HALLOWE'EN. The soapy windows will attest The roaming schoolboy's errant zest, Where he to spirits high gives vent In crowds on harmless mischief bent;

And leaves a path both wide and plain To drive mature minds most insane. Perchance the Ford car on the roof

Will give a glimpse of Satan's hoof, The tick-tack on the window pane, dripping, open water main The old tin cans upon the porch Will bring vain words that sear and scorch

But who philosophy employs
Will merely say "Boys will be boys!"
Girls, too, these modern times may run
A race with Life in search of fun— Let's not condemn youth's prank or game, When we were young we did the same.

PHILO-SOPHY. Childish pranks at least please the children, even if they do annoy the neighbors.

When a woman misses the street car she al vays blames the conductor for not waiting.

It must be aggravating for a girl to have so rare a complexion that people think she is

made up. See where it cost a man \$5,000 for breaking died in early youth under the old his engagement after courting a girl for two order.

Fined for contempt of court, as it were.

It is a moving spectacle to see a tenant whose place of abode has been sold.

"The bride swept up the aisle of church-" From an account of a wedding. What we are wondering is, why they didn't have the janitor do it .

CUCKOO. Ouch: I think your wife's new fall hat is a Grouch: I thought so too, when I saw the

HANDICAPS OF THE HOT STOVE LEAGUE.

How can we tell a winter's tale, Heroic deeds now past and gone, When there no longer is a rail To rest the foot upon?

NO BEER, NO VOTE.

And now we have the "National Association gainst the Prohibition Amendment," whose fight is, they say, to curb fanaticism and restore liberty, prosperity, and self-respect to America. But what's the use of reviving booze? No sense in dying twice.

And now they tell us that sauerkraut makes a good home brew. Sapp ought to get some kind of a head on cabbage.

And now they tell us that sauerkraut makes my spine is deformed and nothing can be done for it. Do you think an electric vibrator would help any?

De you think the spinal defect will

The fruit season is about over, and yet winter is the season when the plumber picks his

Diogenes solved the high rent problem in his day by living in a tub. He had the original kitchenette, bedroom and bath.

Gooks are looking for apartments with elevator service. Think perhaps if the flat is too crowded some of 'em can sleep in the elevator.

Faith will move mountains, but it won't hire a van to move the furniture,

Costs as much to keep the furniture moving from place to place as it does to keep up the installments on it. Collectors and census-takers have to check 'em with a chalk mark to keep from counting the same nose twice.

Suicide will cut down the living, but the cost rattles on like a Ford car. After all, one of the greatest struggles of the poor working girl is to keep her hair on straight.

A TIP. That waiter must be Rather strange, Who does not hope to Keep the change.

HAPPY HOUSEHOLD HINTS. To keep apron pockets from catching on the

door knobs, carefully remove the doors and place them in a secluded spot in the basement. Unless you have umbrellas enough to go round, wieners should be punctured before serv-

Never use gasoline to start the furnace fire unless you have another place in view. Houses are scarce these days.

If your gas jet shows a yellow flame, your carburetor is feeding too much air. Gas meter clicks just as fast on air as it does on gas.

Always order your coal at least three days before you shoot the last lump. Remember it takes almost as long to get a load of coal as it

Economy is a good buy-word for the one who does the family shopping.

Local movie house is showing in its advertis-

ing slides a bottle of dandruff cure, It is said to be a hair-raising picture. He: If you turn your face this way I prom-

se not to kiss you. She: Then what's the use? SPOT-LIGHT CLUB.

There is a swell dancer To emulate him others strive—
The girls think him sweet,
He's so light on his feet,
Though he weighs, two seventy-five;
And he's hale and hearty,
The life of the paster. The life of the party, His humor has never a flaw-

He's popular, very, His name is Bill Carey-

A booster for our Omaha! Creighton intoxicated with victory. 'Sright, foot ball is about the only thing left with a

UNIMPORTANT ITEM. If all the energy wasted by gum chewers could be properly harnessed it would be suf-ficient to roll all the cigarets consumed in the United States.

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH? A man's idea of heaven Is a place where quiet reigns,
Where peace and plenty given
As reward for earthly pains;
Where angels sing in subdued tone—
A land of milk and honey,
Where women do not talk or phone
Nor set a men for more. Nor ask a man for money.

AFTER-THOUGHT: Don't forget to take Ford car and PHILO, How to Keep Well the Past

by DR. W. A. EVARS

continue concerning hygiene, conitation and prevention of disease, submitted to Dr. Evans by readers of
The See, will be answered personnly,
subject to proper limitation, where a
stamped, addressed gavelage is esciocod. Dr. Evans will not make
diagnosis or prescribe for individual
diseases. Address letters in care of
The See. diseases. Address letters in care of The Bee. Copyright, 1921, by Dr. W. A. Evans.

THIS IS CANCER WEEK.

This is Cancer week. The American Society for the Control of Cancer has set aside this week as a time in which all those interested will try to advertise cancer to the people of the United States and Canada.

This deadly enemy is working all the time. The harm it does is of the greatest importance. As an en-emy it is secret and subtle as well as deadly. It is as insidious and underhanded as are the spies and propaganda agents from unfriendly

It cannot work to good advantage except in the dark. It is at its best when people are unsuspecting, care-less, indifferent or ignorant. When the corners are flooded with light, it loses much of its power for harm. Spies and propaganda agents make little headway when everybody is

In recent years, when consumption, typhoid fever, smallpox and other diseases have been dwindling away, cancer has been increasing its toil. It may be that the average of human life has been so much extended that millions are now reach-ing the cancer age who would have

It may be that people are more honest about it now and call a spade a spade—call a cancer by its right name instead of saying they have a "tumor," a "persisting ulcer," or some other term used to gloss over. The fact remains that cancer

over. The fact remains that cancer is on the increase, let the explanation be what it may.

Now, what are we going to do about it? We might say—nothing. Why think about disagreeable things? That is an easy way for a selfish fellow to slink out of his duty to himself, his family and his fel-low man. The people behind Cancer week do not belong to that group. They know the disease can be prevented and they propose that other people shall have a chance to learn w. They know many of the causes and they propose that the men on the street shall know enough to avoid all the known causes. They know that every person with cancer in the early stages has a chance for his life and they propose that the people shall know what signs suggest cancer in a curable stage. The way they are going about interesting and informing the public is that which proved to be right in the control of onsumption.

Needs Orthopedic Care.

"Shoulder" writes: "I am a girl of 19 and one of my shoulders is larger than the other. I went to a hospital and the doctor told me that an electric vibrator would help any?
Do you think the spinal defect will Rain-in-the-Face had no personal grow worse?" grow worse?"

REPLY. If you have a spinal curvature that would throw one shoulder up and the other down, you should be carefully examined to determine what your trouble is. It may be that you would be spinal. Wontana." And again: "Rain-in-the-law arins." And again: "Rain-in-the-law arins." And again: "Rain-in-the-law arins." your trouble is. It may be that you among the Sloux in North Dakota or have tubercular disease of the spinal Montana." And again: "Rain-in-thecolumn. If so, you need treatment Face was a true and loyal friend of by an orthopedic surgeon. It may mine and was not so cruel as some be that you have a posture defect due to occupation, or carrying heavy school books or other heavy loads, or sitting at a school desk that is too high or too low. If so, exercise can do much for you.

Can you go to an orthopedic hospital for examination and counsel?

For Infected Fingers.

mine and was not so cruel as some think. He was of a kindly disposition and often spoke of Mrs. Custer. Whenever I wrote to her, I would mention this and he seemed year year pleased." Colonel Portello, by describing the conditions of travel in the territory covered by the Indian's alleged run, reduces it to a seemingly impossibility; and Mr. Robinson, as historian of the state, fur-

G. P. H. writes: "In your column I saw a request for something for infected finger nails. I have had the same trouble. I am a little over 30, and my mother, who is 59, has had trouble with her fingers for "commonplace Indian."

It seems likely that Rain-in-theFace was an aboriginal Munchausen.
What historically is more to the
point, it seems demonstrated that
General Custer's attitude, and the
accommodations afforded by his
guardhouse, were not such as to justify any sympathy whatever with
Rain-in-the-Face's revenge motive;
in fact, it appears that there was no
such motive. But this after all years. Recently a doctor told me to use yellow oxide of mercury, 5 per cent. I have used it for three weeks and my fingers are better than they have been for years. I apply it with a toothpick under the nail and all around it every night. It has been such a relief to me that I would like to pass it on."

Some Just Talk; Others Listen. E. A. G. writes: "Attending a lecture recently in dietetics I was astounded to hear the lecturer assert that milk and eggs at the same ment had sinister possibilities. If so, why?" REPLY.

The lecturer was talking to kill time. How about eating ice creams and puddings, not to mention other foods composed of milk and eggs? Of course, a milk and eggs mixture is rich and eating rich food can be

Get Doctor's Advice. M. O. T. writes: "1. Is fever running from 100 to 102 degrees in a t. b. patient dangerous? 2. What is good to take in such cases and what is a good builder?" REPLY.

1. Is is, very.
2. Take to your bed. Get a physician and take his advice. After getting his advice how to live, follow it.

Have Careful Examination. L. R. C. writes: "Can you give me some suggestions as to my 4-year-old boy? He is so deaf that he can only hear the loudest noises, he can only hear the loudest noises, and as a result does not talk. He is very bright, in fact, exceptionally bright. Doctors have said he is a perfect specimen of health. He is an instrument baby. His ears were injured externally at birth, causing a sort on one ear, which did not heal for almost four months. Of course, we think this injury caused his deafness, as both parents are perfectly healthy."

REPLY.

REPLY.

This child should be examined without delay by an experienced ear specialist. It is possible that he can be made to hear, though it is improbable. The probability is that he can be taught to speak and to lip read. Instructions in talking and lip reading should be begun now. My guess is that examination will show that the instrumental delivery was not the cause of the boy's trouble.

EARTHLY BLISS.

hope some day to go to heaven? Where every hour is filled with sweet repose.
Where these annoyances which swarm in legions
A loftier atmosphere will not disclose.
Yet when October gives autumnal greeting.

greeting, And skies appear to wear a kindly Above the trees where gorgeous tints are meeting-rd like to linger here a little while.

I long for robes of white and golden highways.

And harps that bid celestial music sound.

And yet there is a charm in earthly byways where failing leaves are carpeting the ground.

A charm which thrills with gentle recollection

That swiftly reaches to my very heart. My aims all have a heavenly direction—And yet I'm in no hurry to depart.—Philander Johnson in the Washington Stav.

A Great Fictionist of The Sin of Religion

(From the Boston Transcript.)

ran 300 miles in three days on snow sboes as Rain-in-the-Face had told i

But according to Mr. D. F. Berry,

murdering two white men and boast-ing afterward of the murder, and the

guardhouse in which he was confined

hatred for General Custer, and did not cut out his heart after the mas-

son, as historian of the state, fur-

ther demolishes the large tale of the "commonplace Indian."

such motive. But this, after all, was no commonplace Indian. If he had been given a course in short story writing, Rain-in-the-Face

might perhaps have made a name

for himself in the popular maga-

zines.

(From the Philadelphia Ledger.) A communist council in Russia differs in some particulars from a council in Philadelphia. It has Whether Rain-in-the-Face, Sloux chieftain, was a great runner in his more members. The council to youth or a great liar in his advanc- Nijni-Novgorod has just expelled 985 councilmen. Most of these were ing years is not a question of such vital importance that it is ever likely

985 councilmen. Most of these were disqualified by the fact of their education. It does not do to know too much in Bolshevist Russia.

But the specific charges were various. Of the 985, drunkenness was the cause of the downfall of 125, and 87 were thrown out for the specific compared with to divide families or seriously influ-ence human thought. Colonel Shields, in his recent book, "Blan-ket Indians of the Northwest," told Rain-in-the-Face's story of how he being religious, as compared with 114 stigmatized as cowards and 225 to him. It is a good story, and exalts the fame of Rain-in-the-Face higher then that of any runner of ancient Greece, but the telling thereof em-bodies various details more essential

evicted for "indifference to party." Augusta Chronicle.

Of course, religion is a grave offense to the guiding minds of a reJapan's position seems to be that gime one of whose central pillars is she is willing to give back Shanatheism. Religion, if it is worth tung to China, diplomatically, but anything, inculcates unselfishness insists on keeping it, actually.—Tuland self-centrol. The philosophy of sa Tribune.

to get while the getting is good and to live high at the expense of the lowly. Their tenets are antithetic to the teachings of the awakened and partly regenerated churches; and it is not surprising that they find themselves in conflict with the devout temper still surviving even amid the famine-ridden, plague-stricken population of Russia.

CENTER SHOTS.

The real Chinese puzzle is China. Arkansas Gazette

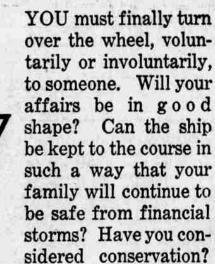
Volive of Zion City says there is no such force as gravitation. He can demonstrate by stepping from the top of a 20-story building.—



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