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THE OMAHA BEE DAILY (MORNING) - EVENING-SUNDAY

THE BER PUBLISHING COMPANY NELSON B. UPDIKE, Publisher

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The circulation of The Omaha Bee on unday, November 6, 1921, was 72,006 copies.
THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY CHARLES S. YOUNG, Business Manager

ELMER S. ROOD. Circulation Manage worn to and subscribed before me this 6th day

(Seal) W. H. QUIVEY, Netary Public

The Bee's Platform

- New Union Passenger Station.
- Continued improvement of the Nebrasks Highways, including the pave-ment of Main Thoroughfares leading into Omaha with a Brick Surface.
- A short, low-rate Waterway from the Corn Belt to the Atlantic Ocean.
- Home Rule Charter for Omaha, with City Manager form of Government.

Long Life, or a Useful One?

Another community has been discovered in some fastness of the Caucasus, where a large proportion of the inhabitants have attained to years beyond the century mark. Their longevity is ascribed to a diet of sour cow's milk and goat's milk cheese, with coarse bread. Pushing aside the means by which they live-and a century of life purchased at such a price does not appear especially alluring-another question leaps forward. Is it worth while?

"An end is an end," says Villon in McCarthy's great play, "whether it cometh on the winged heel of a week or the dull crutch of a century." Life that is measured by days and weeks, months and years, may be pleasantly spent, yet eventually it comes to an end. Life that is counted by the test of things occomplished, if it only be one single worthy achievement, is the life that has been lived.

When the late lord mayor of Cork was slowly wasting away in self-imposed starvation, scientific men accounted for his great tenacity of life by explaining that he was using very little tissue in conscious effort, and that his involuntary functions were operating at so slow a pace that his consumption of the elements that make for physical life was reduced to the minimum, and so a very little was needed to keep his machinery going. Such is the nature of the mechanics, at least, of the physical life of the centenarians lately found in the Near East. Not only their diet, but their existence is essentially bovine. Affairs of the world do not excite them, and no shock of circumstance breaks in on the even tenor of their round of rising and eating and to bed. A few days of that sort of life is about all a normal individual might wish, and would probably satisfy the average man as well as a century of it. One of Lytton's readable novels has for its hero a man who has by ascetic practices suspended the normal processes of decay, and already has survived many generations, with a prospect of going on indefinitely. Something awakens human impulses in his soul, and he voluntarily resigns the chance of living on and on in order that he may taste the delights of love and life among his fellows as a participant and not as a detached spectator. A play now running in New York shows the Wandering Jew going gladly to be burned alive at the stake, a sacrifice for another, and welcoming death as a sign that he has been forgiven for the sin that brought the sentence: "Tarry thou until I come again."

aside the school ma'am likes to go to the movies, can get a bit of diversion from a play or a concert, and even has been known to frivol just a little bit at a dancing party, and now and then to carry on bravely at bridge. It will be well for communities and school boards to recollect these elemental facts, and always to consider that "teacher" is much like Gilbert's policeman, whose "capacity for innocent enjoyment is quite as great as any other man's."

Poems From China.

Americans may some day, as Witter Bynner fondly hopes, learn to appreciate Chinese poetry. A race that can develop a liking for chop suey quite possibly can acquire a taste for Oriental literature. Even so, few will grow as enthusiastic as Fu Tu, who prescribed his verses as a cure for malaria. That was twelve centuries ago, during the golden age of China. It was then, under the T'ang dynasty, according to a modern Chinese writer, that poetry reached perfection. Voluminous it certainly was, a complete collection of the poems of this period including 48,900 Dieces.

Some of it was really beautiful, depending on suggestion for its charm, as in this poem by Li Po, the most celebrated poet of China:

- A tortoise I see on a lotus flower resting: A bird midst the reeds and the rushes is resting;
- A light skiff propelled by some boatman's fair daughter, Whose song dies away o'er the fast flowing water.

This picture is enough to convey the fact that the Chinese poets did not dot their "i's" or cross every "t," but left a great deal to the imagination that they summoned up. Many of them were like Wang Po, who had to get drunk before he could write. Li Po himself, who lived from A. D. 705 to 762, was a lover of wine as well as song, and was known as one of the "Six Idlers of the Bamboo Grove," early day aesthetes who retired to a mountain to bibble in peace. After gaining the favor of the emperor, he was accused of sedition and drowned himself to escape persecution. One version gives it that he was intoxicated and fell into the sea from leaning too far over the edge of a boat. His last words might indicate either this, or a fine poetic frenzy, for they were: "I'm going to catch the moon in the midst of the sea."

Tu Fu, sometimes called the "Chatterton of China," died of dissipation. One might have guessed as much from the mere reading of one of his poems which is thus translated:

- From the court every eve to the pawnshop
- I pass, To come back from the river the drunkest of men:
- As often as not I'm in debt for my glass; Well, few of us live to be three score and ten.

The butterfly flutters from flower to flower; The dragon fly sips and springs lightly away;

Each creature is merry its brief little hour, So let us enjoy our short life while we may.

These two poems, more than a thousand years old, are representative, each in its way, of Oriental literature. The one graceful, the other disgraceful, neither has anything about it that can not be found in Occidental literature. Mr. Bynner, who bespeaks "reasoned reverence" for the poetry of China may regard it as seasoning for our own literary dishes. Such it may be, interesting, but scarcely vital except as it shows the similarity of the ancient east to the modern

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

YOUNG HEARTS AND WARM,

What odds if winter's drawing near And summer flowers long since dead, That it's a dreary time of year With gray skies lowering overhead? Should we then be devoid of cheer And wait for clouds to drift apart? No winter's cold need we to fear While it is springtime in the heart.

What odds if we are growing old And life at times seems chill and dark, Though silver threads among the gold Shows Time leaves its external mark? Time cannot make a heart grow cold, Though it brings winter from the north, No gray clouds can a life enfold While sunlight from the soul shines forth.

So let the inner fires burn To conjure up a gladsome wraith, Cold winds can give us no concern While we have cheer and hope and faith; Though hoary Winter has its turn, And hoary locks the gold among There's one glad lesson we should learn-The heart may be forever young.

> * * * PHLO-SOPHY.

A little song in a storm is worth more than whole concert while the sun is shining. . . .

If you've got a job to do, jump in and do it. Don't waste valuable time looking for someone to help you. Remember it takes as long to sing a duct as to sing a solo.

. . . Necessity is truly the mother of invention. Never heard of a married man inventing an excuse unless he needed it.

. . . Never could see the use of those saws and axes in the glass cases in the railroad coaches. Can't get at 'em to use in opening the windows. . . .

A boy always imagines he will do just as he pleases as soon as he is 21. Then he gets married.

. . . See that Doug Fairbanks is making quite a success in one of Alex Dumas' stories adapted to the screen, but scenario writers need not fear that Mr. Dumas will write exclusively for the cinema.

. . . WARNING. The winter days are drawing near, And we can see each morning Jack Frost is in the atmosphere And brings to us a warning: Though we the beauty of the scroll Upon the pane admire, We'll have to hustle in some coal And build a little fire, . . .

DEPRECIATION.

Nice large basket of luscious looking red grapes in grocery store window. Marked 65 cents for Saturday sale. Customer picks off sample. Tastes good. Picks off another. Clerk approaches, so customer walks away. Clerk inspects basket, rearranges contents and picks off grape. Tastes good. Picks off another. Two girl clerks stop in front of window for conference. Exchange compliments and powder puffs. One picks off grape. Other ditto. Both ditto. Basket now lop-sided, so they pick some off other side.

Basket too large for contents. Contents too small for 65 cents. No buyers. Monday morning, Proprietor rearranges

grapes. Marks down to 49 cents. Proprietor finishes and clerks inspect job. Pick off a few samples.

How to Keep Well Conference and

By DR. W. A. EVANS

THE BEE: OMAHA, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1921.

Qui

By DR. W. A. EVANS usations concerning hygiene, sanita-tion and prevention of disease, sub-mitted to Dr. Evans by readers of The Bee, will be answered personally, subject to proper limitation, where stamped, addressed envelope is on-closed. Dr. Evans will not make diseases. Address latters in care of The Bee. that posterity will be more interdiseases. Address latters in care of The Bee. Copyright, 1921, by Dr. W. A. Evans.

WHY WE BREATHE.

Is there such an animal as a lazy breathing man?

breathing man? The answer is yes. The slowly moving, thoroughly inactive man is a lazy breather. He may not breathe as seldom as does a snake in win-ter, but he breathes slow enough and shallow enough to entitle him to be called a lazy breather. Can a man train himself to breathe deeply? Suppose we an-Can a man stand up and breathe

deep and full as the result of a contures are, but they remember scious effort? Sure! If he is an ordinary man he can do this for a minute or two. Of if he is a very determined man he can keep it up for twice as long. But then, alas, he lapses into the

long, in the second he will loaf on the breathing job twice as long. And here is how it is. Our tisless if he were younger, we might even have Anatole France sitting at sues use up oxygen and produce car-bonic acid and acid wastes. To neuthe reporters' table; and is it too late to look for D'Annunzio? At all tralize the acidity of the wastes, certain tissues are drawn on for events, and even without the two last named, we may say that an occasion which is graced by the atalkali. The alkali combines with the acid of the waste to make neu-

tral waste products, which are elimi-nated by the kidneys and other or-Ins. This action draws on certain al-li reserves and produces a certain thor." Whether he is that or not gans. kall reserves and produces a certain will depend upon the verdict of posdegree of alkali starvation. The effect of the oxidation of tis-The effect of the oxidation of tis-sue then is to exhaust the supply of such a matter is not worth a straw. Contemporary opinion in oxygen in the blood, to draw on the Posterity's selection of the greatest author of the third decade of the twentieth century may fall upon reserve of alkali in the tissues, to make carbonic acid and to increase the tendency of the body to acidity. some man or woman who is as yet totally unknown to fame. But those The increased tendency toward acidity, but especially the increase who put Mr. Wells in the highest place among living authors have eviand trappers. Here once was a thriving, settled life-farms, homes, of carbonic acid in the blood, stimumarkets, churches, schools, and, by dently forgotten that Thomas Hardy

lates the breathing center in the brain. The result of this stimulastill lives; and perhaps they have never heard of Anatole France, or tion is breathing. If there is no stimulation, autoof D'Annunzio, or of Maxim Gorky. We may all agree, however, that Mr. natic, unconscious breathing stops. If the stimulation is what we call Wells is one of the foremost figures in the literature of the day, and all normal, breathing is likewise what we call normal. If the stimulation may muse expectantly upon the na-ture of the contribution to future letters in which his observations at is very great, breathing is deep or fast, or both deep and fast.

Washington will result. In contemplating the pleasing Suppose we gave a man pure oxy-gen to breathe. Would he burn up? No. In the first place, his blood prospect of a masterplece from his hands, may we not hope that Mr. could only pick up a certain amount, placing a limit on the effect. In Wells will recede a little from the pontifical tone which he has as-sumed in his "Outline of History?" the second place, the increase in oxygen would lessen the amount of The judgment of the time may be carbonic acid carried, since the red blood can carry so much gas, and if we increase the amount of oxygen blurred a little from extreme neerness to this work of Mr. Wells' undoubted genius, but there is a prevadecrease the amount of carbonic acid to the same degree about.

lent impression that in this gigantic pamphlet he has, in the expressive language of the land to which he But if we decrease the proportion of carbonic acid present in the blood, now comes, bitten off rather more than he can chew. If a Milton did we decrease the stimulation of the breathing center in the brain, and breathing becomes shallow and slow. not altogether succeed, in "Paradise Lost," in justifying the ways of God In other words, the supply of to man, it is quite possible that a Wells may have fallen somewhat oxygen to the tissues regulates itself automatically. Nothing we can do at the nose end of the breathing short in overruling the decrees of God and substituting a new and parchain materially changes the amount of oxygen absorbed by the tissues. tial judgment, as well as a new and Is there anything we can do at lesser God, in the place of the old the other end of the line? That is judgments and the Ancient of Days. Mr. Wells' world has become egoanother story. Work, exercise, effort-all these centric, and his assumption too vast

Work, exercise, effort—all these increase the amount of tissue turned to waste, the amount of oxygen used by the tissues, the amount of car-bonic acid absorbed by the blood, the amount of alkall reserve taken the the tissues. the amound of acid waste produced, the amount of alkali reserve taken from the tissues. The increase of carbonic acid in the blood causes the breathing to become rapid and in some cases velop the back, neck and trunk mus-cles. It is fine for cold feet. But ference which will put upon this



(From the Chicago News.)

There is at least a strong chance

ested in the reporters of the Washcountry in which the inhabited ington conference than in its principals. Prime ministers come and go. The great Palmerston is now in

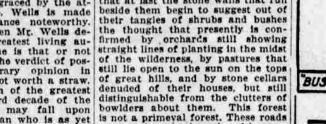
Literature

(From the Beston Transcript.)

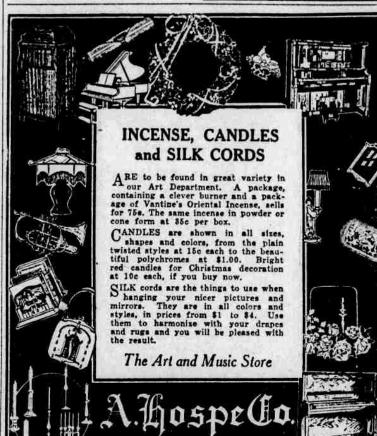
go. The great raimerston is now in process of being forgotten, and his-tory begins to have its doubts even of the greatness of Gladstone. Few remember an Evarts or a Campbellremember an Evarts or a Campbell-Bannerman. Lloyd George looms large today, but where will his name be in 50 years? Letters outlive poli-tics, and books are our nearest earthly thing to eternity. Men are coming to report the conference who have written great books. In the natives. Yet the fact is, of course, that in this new country of ours there is a certain region containing a larger area of outright surrender to the past and of outright desola-tion in the present than could hardly be pointed out anywhere in Europe. A foreign observer might walk eye of posterity, it may be with the statesmen of this day even as it was with the great portraits of past cen-turies. People have mostly forgotten who the subjects of those plc-

well that they were painted by Velasquez or Rembrandt or Rubens. From the other side of the ocean cultivated fields and crops. No-

where in any European country within the range of familiar travel there came to us reporters such men as H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, "Pertinox" the irrepressible and is there any scene of former activihibernating type regardless of his determination, and if, in the first in-stance, he breathed deeply twice as Stephen Lansaune, while among Americans even a Wilson will dip his pen in ink as one of the histor-lographers of the occasion. Doubtties and of present mere reminiscences comparable in extent to the one that stretches through middle New England, and that comes to its closing note of neglect in overgrown woodland roads as lonely as the Roman forum is populous. Through forests seemingly untouched, these roads run often, in such a network of circles and crisscrosses that at last the stone walls that run beside them begin to suggest out of their tangles of shrubs and bushes the thought that presently is contendance of H. G. Wells is made by that circumstance noteworthy. Lately we have seen Mr. Wells de-



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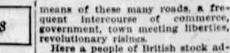
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vanced mile after mile in a fight won inch by inch against the forest. One of our new foreign visitors in the vanguard of a delegation to the Washington conference on the limitation of armaments has remark-lived in it, produced in it the philed on the strangeness he feels in a osophy that produced the battle line country in which the inhabited at Lexington, and then, when the country in which the seldom en-ited and in which he seldom en-Mississippi valley made their rocky counters a community that seems to fields untenable, moved on into the

consist principally of reminiscences west, not British any longer, but of some former and departed population. Such a thought is almost certain to strike a foreigner, and is often found even in the minds of out of them came, the spirit that natives. Yet the fact is, of course, saved the west for the union, and so saved the union for the world.

be pointed out anywhere in Europe. In Europe there are ruins-of cities, castles, temples, roads and many other sorts of human struct-ural work; but about them and even the newness of this country is that on top of them one usually finds it holds vaster spaces than have been ontemporary structures for a liv- noted in any of its mother countries ing population or else very actively of cultivated, populated land wrung from the wilderness and returned to country the wilderness."



L.V. NICHOLAS OIL COMPANY

BUSINESS IS GOOD THANK YOU

Sir Moses Montefiore still was useful at 90, and so have been many others, who gave themselves always to the service of mankind. Others have sounded the depths and reached their zenith in a much shorter flight, yet who is to say they did not accomplish their destiny? "The days of our years are three-score years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for we are soon cut off and fly away."

Man will still cling to life with all his faculties, and will employ himself in finding ways for avoiding sickness and distress and to postpone the end as long as possible. Each will measure success by his own standard, regarding himself as victor or vanquished as he gains or loses his desire. Ever the enigma will challenge him, doubts will beset and perplex him, but if he can hold fast to the substance of things hoped for, nothing will "make calamity of too long life," nor will its early decline become a calamity.

Our Friend, the School Ma'am. Permitted to speak for one side only, The Bee would like to say that Omaha appreciates the school ma'am. Maybe the feeling is mutual; we trust it is, and that it rests on such substantial foundation that it will endure forever, growing firmer as years go by. Be that as it mayand will-our admiration for the troops of teachers who come once a year to hold their convention here is unbounded.

One week in November is given over to the gathering of the teachers, and programs that appear formidable to the ordinary mortal are arranged for the edification of those who are engaged in educational work. That is as it should be, but just now we want to approach the teacher from another angle. With no thought of taking her from the pedestal on which she is traditionally set, let us just this once think of her as a regular honest-to-goodness human being, a good fellow, who understands and enjoys things that are not included in professional pedagogics. She has interests and tastes of her own, just as do

her sisters who order their lives along lines independent of schools. Her aspirations for her profession are not the less because she knows the value of a becoming gown or a new hat, and the lure of a downtown window display is not lost on her because her duty deals with soberer things.

When text books and lectures may be laid

west and leads to some better understanding be tween the two hemispheres.

Superstition Outdoes Science.

Mark Twain's "Yankee in King Arthur's Court" proved himself more than a match for the enchanter Merlin. Unless memory of boyhood reading is mistaken, a lasso played a prominent part in the contest between the magic of the sixth century and the common sense of the nineteenth. Brought thus into contrast, there can be no denial that the wonders of the past are as nothing compared with the achievements of modern times.

Yet primitive people are not as deeply impressed with the progress of their civilized brothers as might be imagined. Vilhjalmur Stefansson. in his exploration of the Arctic, found striking proof of this. The Eskimo of Union straits had never before seen a white man; they gathered their food with the weapons of men of the Stone age; and were about 10,000 years behind in development and intelligence. The explorer prevailed upon them to do some shooting with their bows and arrows, and then showed them that with his rifle he could hit a target twice as far away. They didn't seem to marvel at this in the least.

"When I explained to them that I could kill a polar bear or a caribou at even twice the distance the stick had been from me," he wrote in his book, "My Life With the Eskimo," "they exhibited no surprise, but asked me if I could with my rifle kill a caribou on the other side of a mountain. When I said that I could not, they told me that a great shaman in the neighboring tribe had a magic arrow by which he could kill caribou on the other side of no matter how big a mountain."

When he allowed them to look through his binoculars, they were much interested to find bands of caribou that were invisible to the naked eye. Still, they were disappointed when they found that the glasses would not enable one to look into the future and see the animals that were coming the next day, so that they might lie in ambush. Their own medicine men, they said, had charms that enabled them to see things before they happened.

Stefansson explains this attitude by saying that the Eskimo did not judge his wonders by ordinary standards, but by that of the supernatural. A bow that would send an arrow fifty yards farther than their own would have been more remarkable, because it would have been judged by natural tests. One has only to compare the incidents of "Arabian Nights" or any fairy tale or ancient mythology from Cinderella and Hop-o'-My-Thumb to Zeus, to realize how far short modern science has fallen. Man has always lived in a world filled with wonders-but it is fair to say that there are really fewer now than at any time since the beginning of things.

The War Finance corporation is evolving a plan for financing stocks of corn which the farmer stores, with the purpose of relieving the grower of dumping his product on the market. But why is it always the case that there are no preparations made in advance to meet any of the contingencies which arise so frequently? Are governments always to be without foresight?

Monday afternoon. Contents of tailed by pound bring 30 cents. . * * * WOULD SAVE ALIMONY.

Love at first sight often wishes it had been endowed with second sight. . . .

Often where the spirit is willing, the purse weak. . . .

See where a young couple down at K. C. went up in an airplane to be married. As if they couldn't fall out quick enough on earth. YOU KNOW 'EM.

There's one pest we know Who will always annoy, He's the chappie who greets us With "How's the old boy?"

There's another guy, too, Who fills us with woe-He's the fellow who meets us With "Whadda yuh know?"

She: I say you were sound asleep. He: How do you know? She: I heard the sound.

Ambition, historians tell us, was Caesar's undoing. Couldn't however expect Caesar to be a very modest gent when he spent the greater part of his life in acquiring Gaul.

* * * Speaking of ambition, a girl will come to the city with a dream of a \$50,000 position as a screen star, but she is usually willing to accept temporary employment at \$9 a week.

> . . . BACKWARDS. Most girls tell a joke the same as they get off

vous or excited?

"3. Is this curable?"

REPLY.

CENTER SHOTS.

street car. . . . Two birds on the South Side were arrested for sticking a \$20 bill in a policeman's pocket. The officer happened to be awake and caught

'em at it. **HUNDRED AND COSTS!** Judge Foster is fair, He believes in just dues-Bootleggers beware, He is hard on the booze.

Wasn't it our old friend Bill Spooksheere who quoth "Beauty unadorned is adorned the Indicating that a few Stratford damsels may

have rolled 'em, too. . . .

"Ahoy!" cried the lookout on Columbus' flag-ship. "I see dry land," It proved to be America. Japanese envoys seem to be agreeable to dis-

armament on the Atlantic, but not in the Pacific.

HURRAH AND A COUPLA YAWNS. Willard is champing for another fight with Champ Dempsey. But it doesn't promise the fight fans much. They say a pug is somewhat like a postage stamp. Not much good after he has once been licked.

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH? The time, the place and the girl Is a happy combination, To set man's heart a-whirl And fill him with elation But such a combination's rare, We are here to state, The time and the place are always there But the girl's most always late. . . .

AFTER-THOUGHT: A rum joke usually has a ounch in it. PHILO.

ference which will put upon this wonderful and hopeful assembly of beyond these limits it does not avail.

the nations the eternally descriptive For Baby 8 Months Old. touch of the master of characteri-Mrs. J. S. K. writes: "1. What temperature should the house be zation As for Mr. Arnold Bennett, why

for a baby? "2. What temperature should the should we not hope for something from him in the realistic vein of "The Old Wives' Tale," which rebathroom be for a baby's bath? "3. Is it all right for babies to sit mains his masterplece? Is the genius of a great writer to be exon the floor in winter? "4. Does it matter if a baby gets off the rugs on the bare floor?" pended wholly on Mr. Peavys, while in a Lloyd George, a Briand and a REPLY. Hughes sit at a table settling the destinies of the world? At all events, the distinguished men of let-Much depends on the age of the Much baby. I will and 8 months old. 1. Night, 55; day, 68. 2. About 72 degrees. 74 is better not to dust and I will answer for a ters who are coming to the confer-ence have the chance of their lives.

Let us hope that they will rise to it. 3. It is better not to permit this ecause of the dust and the drafts. 4. The bare floor generally is cold.

The Old Theater Restore "Raven Locks." J. M. M. writes: "An eastern (From the New York Post.) medical authority states that 5,000 The bullet fired at Serajevo de people die annually in America from stroyed whole cycles of ideas, whole libraries of books, whole systems of pyrogallio acid poison contracted through a hair 'colorine' advertised custom and culture. We look back tion is very vital to me, as I am only 28 and very gray-haired and have been contemplating using this hair 'colorine.'" on the pre-war period as finished and ticketed. Much that seemed only yesterday sparklingly fresh now appears quaintly archaic. For example, New Yorkers are noting with a little surprise that Granville Barker's "Madras House" withered REPLY. I am not very strong for hair dyes, but this story about 5,000 fa-talities is a dream. Baron Munchau-

during the war. Brilliantly written, neatly constructed, full of shrewd characterization, to quote our own critic, its scenes are nevertheless ob-trusively Victorian, and "the social sen has been walking out your way. Usually Called Goiter. upheavals of the last decade give them the appearance of the antedi-E. A. H. writes: "1. What is an over-active thyroid?

luvian." Another satirical comedy was pro-"2. Can this condition cause my heart to beat very fast when nerduced two nights later. It dates from a period since which the earth has shaken with the drums and tramplings of a dozen great wars. Its wit was expended on nothing so 1. One that secretes too much. Goiter is the usual name for it. modern as the white slave traffic, but upon the exaggerations of Puri-tanism. There is nothing neces-2 and 3. Yes. Can be cured by operation, X-rays or radium. Some tanism.

cases are cured by medical treatsarily permanent in that theme. Critics might say that only one speech about cakes and ale is a real epigram. Yet every one who goes to see Sothern and Marlowe's

"Write as you feel," advises Con-stance Talmadge, talking to scenario writers. Many do-hence the board of censorship.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. It has been decided that the moon It has been decided mathematic the poetry, the romance, and the melodrama of a play which is ap-parently inexhaustible and peren-

It has been decided that the moon is not inhabited. That's good news for the earth. It means one less country to send relief expeditions to this winter.—Tulsa Tribune. A newspaper item says Admiral Sims has declined to make a speech, but those who know the admiral are almost postive he has been mis-quoted.—Detroit News. ent renditions; that they care less for Viola than for noting how Julia THE HUNTRESS. Marlowe's presentation of it differs from Adelaide Neilson's or Ellen Terry's, less for Malvolio than for We follow meekly in her tracks, Our guns neglected at our backs, And hang upon each word that silps So sweetly from her rosy lips. The dogs all wag delighted tails The while she taiks of hares and quails, Of woodcock, squirrels, deer and grouse, And yet she never kills a mouse. comparing Sothern with Henry Irv-ing. Could Sothern and Marlowe, Hampden and Greet, Mantell and Faversham come again and again to crowded theaters if these theories She wears a naity suit of tweed The hus of grasses gone to seed A little cap on purpose made For showing siken curl and braid, A gauni'st geve, a mannish shu (Ah! what a foot to tread the dew). The breast that with her skirt coquett Is odorous with violets. were not absurd? People go to see Shakespeare. He is not an institu-

duty, but the warmest and highest pleasure—a pleasure that no lapse of time can make less popularly appreciated.

Best Band of All.

The equirrel with a saucy air Sits up nor fears at her to stare. The woodcork lifts a flurried wing. She cries. "Please let him go, pour thing!" She will not shoot the gentle doe. She hids the startied pigeon go. And takes the timid rabbit's part--But wars a shield upon your heart! --Minna Irving in the New York Times. There are brass bands and silver cornet bands and even angel bands, but the sweetest music is the snan of the rubber band on the old bank roll .- Seattle Post Intelligencer.



when he drew his Will, did so for the purpose of distributing his property. But your object in drawing a Will may be greater than this. You may wish to assure an income for your beneficiaries long after your death.

This can be accomplished by naming this Trust Company in your Will as Executor and Trustee.

> A confidential talk with one of our Officers and a copy of our latest Estate booklet, "When a Man Lets Go," will help you when planning your Will.

United States Trust Company Affiliated With

The United States National Bank

1612 Farnam Street

Omaha, Nebraska

tion, an intellectual exercise, or a