THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

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THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR

MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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OCTOBER CIRCULATION:

Daily 66,315—Sunday 63,160

Average circulation for the month subscribed and sworn to by B. Bogan, Circulation Manager.

Subscribers leaving the city should have The Bee mailed to them. Address changed as often as required.

You should know that

Omaha has 226 grocery and 155 retail dry goods stores, all equipped with modern appliances for doing business.

What The Bee Stands For:

1. Respect for the law and maintenance of order.
2. Speedy and certain punishment of crime through the regular operation of the courts.
3. Pitiless publicity and condemnation of inefficiency lawlessness and corruption in office.
4. Frank recognition and commendation of honest and efficient public service.
5. Inculcation of Americanism as the true basis of good citizenship.

No reprieve for Turkey today.

Curtailing street car service still further may save coal, but not tempers.

Spring clothes and cigarettes are going up. Heigho, and winter just started.

Better enforcement of traffic ordinances will be a boon to others than motorists.

Time and a half for over-time on the section! Hurrooi "Jerry, go ile the car-r-r!"

The "Tiger of France" is more like a comfortable old tom cat in the village where he was feared.

If the miners will please go to work, they will relieve the democrats of a deadful cause for worry.

Nebraska women will vote for president in 1920, but that carries no comfort to the democrats.

No public probe of the police department? All right, but that is no reason for deferring reorganization.

Plutocrats and proletarians will have turkey for dinner tomorrow, but the boozhwah will have to be content with a substitute.

"Bill" Carlisle also holds the record for ubiquity, and it is up to Wyoming to provide him a permanent and durable address.

Uncle Sam is going to put enforcement of the dry law into the hands of local authorities. Here's a lot of fun ahead for somebody.

D'Annunzio is reported to contemplate a raid on Spalato, the American naval base on the Adriatic. It is a good wager that he does not go very far there.

A Bombay movie theater is reported to be giving a drink of whisky with each admission ticket sold. Think what would happen here if such a plan were tried.

Chicago's crime wave subsided rapidly after the police made a few arrests. Wonder if it would have the same effect here. The plan appears to be worthy a trial.

Nineteen million Americans are eligible to service in the army under the draft law. Somebody ought to point the attention of Venustiana Carranza to these figures.

Consul Jenkins is safe in the Mexican jail, so why should the government be in any haste? Precipitancy might not be pleasing to Senor Carranza, who is yet "our great and good friend," you know.

Chairman Cummings has called the democratic sachems to council in Washington on January 8. Old Andy Jackson will probably rise up that day to tell his degenerate descendants a few things about democracy.

If the Bolsheviki Would Go

According to Santeri Nuorteva, their Finnish agent, our Russian bolsheviki would be "glad to go home. All the State department has to do is to write us a letter, and we'll all go." The desired "letter," Envoy Martens explains, would be a safe conduct into Lenine's lines. Mr. Nuorteva says there are 87 ships in Petrograd harbor ready to come for the bolsheviki who are so ready to go.

This eagerness to shake from sanctified shoes the polluting dust of a capitalistic United States may not seem consistent with the court fight which many of them have made against deportation; but Mr. Nuorteva may be right about it, and about the 87 ships. If he is, there should be no difficulty in making an arrangement.

Americans wish to get rid of unwelcome visitors. The visitors say—or Mr. Nuorteva for them—that they simply yearn to get away. Why is not this a program upon which both sides can unite with the utmost harmony, and even enthusiasm? Few things should be easier in a troubled world than an understanding between a host who would speed a parting guest and a guest who yawns to be speeded.

Of course Mr. Lansing does not wish to acknowledge Mr. Martens' ambassadorial capacity, but there is no need. The returning enthusiasts can be taken across the line somehow, even if they have to be landed from airplanes. No trouble or expense could be too great. And though they might live to repent the flitting, there would never be on this side of the sea any display of public mourning.—New York World.

WHAT "CONTEMPT OF COURT" MAY MEAN.

One or two democratic editors, venting unconcealed political partisanship, are virtuously reading The Bee a long lecture, and moralizing on our contempt of court proceedings. But they overlook the main point. It is not The Bee alone that is involved, but the entire institution of a free press. If the ruling from Judge Redick's court is the law in Nebraska, newspaper publication in this state will be under judicial censorship on the narrowest basis. Fearless and impartial dissemination of news, involving persons who may be principals or witnesses in some law suit, will be forbidden. Exposure of brazen fraud or official dishonesty will be stopped, as prejudging prosecution in the courts.

Now, it is not The Bee or its editor that is on trial here, but the right of free speech and free press, which is finally as vital to the liberty of the people and the perpetuity of popular government as is its equal but not superior companion, the unbought, even-guided, even-tempered and independent judiciary.

Let it not be overlooked that if making public the defense of a man accused of crime tends to impede justice, the converse must hold good, that condemnation of a man in advance of the judicial finding of his guilt must be quite as culpable. Those who rush forward to denounce one who has perpetrated a crime may as well be mulcted for contempt as those who permit the individual under disfavor of the court to try to set himself right before the public.

Regardless of political bias, or friendliness or unfriendliness to us, we urge editors to study what is involved in this case, for it may be anyone's turn next.

Operators' Profits and Miners' Wages.

The astonishing statement made by the former secretary of the treasury with regard to the profits of the soft coal operators must have come as a shock to a great many. It remains something of a shock, because of its generality. Dr. Garfield tells us, and he is correct in this, that any increase in wages now given the miners must be paid by the public or by the operators.

Very naturally, the public will agree with Dr. Garfield that the price of coal is high enough. Extraordinary profits were permitted when the government fixed prices on coal, in order that production might be artifically stimulated. War conditions no longer control, although the demand for coal is but slightly lessened by reason of that fact. Europe, South America and even Asia are asking for coal from America, while the domestic requirements are but slightly curtailed under peace. That these conditions should be made the basis of abnormal profits is unreasonable, though.

It is not easy to understand the motive of Mr. McAdoo in coming forward with his remarkable statement, no more than are its contents comprehensible without more details. To say that profits have ranged from 15 to 2,000 per cent is too sweeping a statement to permit formation of conclusive judgment. Between the two points is so wide a range that even the casual will wish for more specific information. The statement may be of service in one way. While the government is to assume the responsibility for the new wage scale, it has the right to avail itself of all avenues of information.

The public is willing that the miners get fair wages, that the operators recover a proper return on their venture, but it has a right to insist that neither of these, nor a combination of them, be permitted to exploit coal consumers for inordinate gains.

City as an Employer.

A new definition has been given to the relations between the city and its employes by the decision of Judge Troup, in extending the provisions of the workmen's compensation law to cover policemen who lose their lives in line of duty. This naturally will include firemen and all others who work for the city in any capacity. Careful reflection leads to endorsement of the judge's views. It is not enough that relief is provided for the dependents of policemen from a quasi-public source. The benefit fund is something quite apart from the insurance provided for under the compensation act, just as no account is made of the accident or other protection carried by a workman employed by a private concern. That city employes should be deprived of compensation under the law for no better reason than because they are working for the public does not accord with good morals. Within the last few weeks much has been said to emphasize the peculiar relations existing between these and the public, particularly the responsibility policemen and firemen owe the community they serve. Accepting this as the correct view, it must be true also that something is due these men, and the least of this obligation from the public to its servants is expressed in the meager indemnity allowed under the compensation law. The city's appeal to determine the point will be watched with care, for if the point is not upheld in the supreme court, we may be certain some other way will be looked for to properly relieve the situation.

Italy and the Red Program.

The House of Savoy is seriously threatened in Italy by the socialists, who hope to overturn the government. It does not matter that the royal family is among the most democratic in Europe; that the king, the crown prince, and most of the male members of the line took active part in the war. The wave of anarchy is rising higher each day, and the late elections, which gave the socialists their greatest representation in the Italian parliament, indicate the dissatisfaction of the masses with conditions.

Industrial as well as political affairs in Italy contribute to this. In fact the one is responsible for the other. The country passed almost directly from a costly war with Turkey into the world war, having no time to reorganize or recuperate. Much of the Caporetti disaster can be traced to this fact, as it was weariness of fighting that laid Cadorna's soldiers easy prey to the socialist and clerical tempters, whose treachery almost wrecked the campaign for the Allies. This has simply been continued into the early time of peace, and promises great trouble for the government.

D'Annunzio's rebellion has been made the easier because of its appeal to the popular mind. Analysis of the situation is not easy at this distance, but the fact is clear that in none of the allied countries have the socialists made greater headway than in Italy, where they are pushing with great energy to establish their control and set their program into motion.

Bringing Home the Castaways

From the Kansas City Star.

They are rolling up the rugs at the Hotel de Crillon and sending the chairs back to the upholsterers, for the American peace mission is coming home without any peace. (And speaking of the chairs, they are, we believe, what the upholsterers call overstuffed, there being 80 of these peaceless peace delegates sitting in them.)

The overstuffed peace mission—there we go again! We mean the peace mission from the overstuffed chairs—has been functioning under a low boiler pressure lately, for several shiploads of delegates already have come home, and the Crillon of late months has been a mere cave of echoes compared to what it was in the height of the season. Whole suites are now deserted, whole floors empty, so that a fourth assistant cartographer, who should now sing out for a third assistant messenger, would hear his voice reverberate through 40,000 square yards of marble corridors, and leaping from Henri Quatre drawing room to Louis Quinze breakfast room, be flung back from shower bath to shower bath and shatter at last against the onyx walls of 200 tenantless chambres a coucher.

The 80 refugees thus left marooned by the rising tide of peace will be welcomed home. We have begun to think we would have to send a relief expedition to rescue them. Eighty experts on boundary liness could easily be lost in the Hotel de Crillon, where we might have forgotten all about them until the next rent bill came in. But now that they have been recalled to our attention we'll be glad to see them and hope they'll like America. They may find us a little provincial at first, with our foreign accent and narrow nationalism, but those impressions will wear off in time if they survive the first shock.

We do not know what the returned mission will find to do in America, but something may turn up. The commission on economic resources of Austria, which has been studying the economic resources of that country from the upper windows of the Crillon, might be set to work figuring out how America is going to pay the bill for its European fling. But the commission on the boundaries of Czecho-Slovakia looks like a dead loss. Still, when we pick up a band of castaways flying their last shirt from the broken mast and reduced to French breakfasts and several acres of marble bath rooms, we don't stop to figure the cost of rescue. We take them aboard from their tossing life raft and nurse them back to health and usefulness.

So here's to the returning peace mission. We hope they'll soon be strong and well again and be able to tell the story of their terrible privations in Paris, providing they can pick up our language.

Getting a Job

Much is heard these days of men searching for employment and finding none. It is sometimes difficult to understand how this can be, in view of the fact that employers all over the land are searching for competent employes. The man and the job do not seem to find each other easily.

Finding a good job is an art, one that many have not mastered. One needs but make inquiries to discover that few employers have a completely satisfactory list of employes. There are commonplace men holding good places because employers are unable to find better men for the job. There are excellent men holding inferior places because they lack the ability to bring their claims before employers who have better places to be filled. One city may have more men than jobs, but the country, taken as a whole, has jobs waiting to be filled. There is employment if the man out of a job will only get to the right place.

It does not follow that a man hunting a job is a poor employe, although many employers take that stand. It may mean the individual is well equipped but a poor hunter when he seeks a job for himself. Some soldiers are able to walk into fine employment, find it even waiting for them, while others, equally willing to work, are forced to hunt and keep on hunting before they connect with satisfactory employment.—Ohio State Journal.

The VELVET HAMMER

By Arthur Brooks Baker

JERRY HOWARD.

He's as Irish as the city hall in Dublin by the sea. His language is as Irish as a brogue could ever be. He lances Mother England with diversions keen and sharp. He always boosts the flag of green that bears the gilded harp. He makes excited speeches on St. Patrick's natal day. He says the Irish nation should rise up and break away.

Like many of his countrymen, he leads in politics. He lands on Brother Capital with frequent verbal bricks. He boosts for Brother Labor with orations warm and strong. The great parade of progress, if he leads, will move along. (This is the trend and inference of speeches that he speaks and frequently they land him in the office that he seeks.)

In letters to the papers he assaults upon the slats our sacred oligarchy of annointed plutocrats. He holds that we, the public, could more easily dispense with those who gain their livelihood by profits and per cents, than with the toiling multitude, who gratify their likes through labor freely interspersed with riots and with strikes.

The sentiments he speaks and writes in such impressive notes have gathered him a following with multitudes of votes; have sent him to the legislature, where he never shirks his labor for the welfare of the gentleman who works. The man who wins the labor vote for many years on end is apt to be, and so is he, the workers' honest friend.

Next Subject—William A. Redick.

TODAY

The Day We Celebrate.

Richard Croker, former leader of Tammany Hall, born at Black Rock, Ireland, 76 years ago.

Sir Andrew Macphail of Montreal, one of the leading writers and thinkers in the Dominion, born in Prince Edward Island 55 years ago.

Prof. Adam Shortt, former civil service commissioner for Canada, born at Kilworth, Ont., 60 years ago.

Walter George Smith, Philadelphia lawyer, former president of the American Bar association, born in Logan county, Ohio, 65 years ago.

Cass Gilbert, eminent New York architect, president of the National Institute of Art and Letters, born at Zanesville, O., 60 years ago.

Alben W. Barkley, representative in congress of the First Kentucky district, born in Graves county, Kentucky, 42 years ago.

Thirty Years Ago in Omaha.

The Union National bank moved into its new quarters at the southwest corner of Sixteenth and Dodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Swobe celebrated the 21st anniversary of their marriage by entertaining a few intimate friends.

Capt. George O. Baker of New Bedford, Conn., was in the city visiting his brother, the superintendent of The Bee building. The captain had been in command of a whaling ship since 1863 and had not spent more than a year on land during that time.

A bazar was held at Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Millard's for the sale of fancy articles in the interest of the Children's hospital.

Mrs. Walter C. Wyman sang at the meeting of the Ladies' Musicale. "The happy handful of women who attended had the felicity of being carried out of themselves by the witchery of a magnificent contralto voice." Mrs. Wyman studied several years under Murchisi.

Mrs. Monell and Mr. and Mrs. John Monell gave a brilliant reception at Mrs. J. J. Monell's.

The Bee's Letter Box

Two Questions Answered.

Shelton, Neb., Nov. 19.—To the Editor of The Bee: Two questions that I would like answered are the following:

1. What is the name of the ruling house of England? (Queen Victoria was the last of the house of Hanover, I believe).
2. What is the status of women in Nebraska politically—full suffrage or partial—and when will full suffrage be given them?

Also if you will please give your authority for the answers to these questions. H. A. V.

Answer—Early in the war the reigning house in England took the family name of Windsor, discarding the former names because of their Teutonic origin. This fact was generally published at the time, being accomplished by a royal proclamation.

Women in Nebraska have as yet only part suffrage. They may, under a recent ruling of the attorney general, vote for president and vice president of the United States, and then must jump down the ticket to offices below those created by the constitution of the state. The suffrage amendment to the federal constitution has not yet been entirely ratified by the states, and so we can not tell you when universal suffrage will go into effect.

Touching On and Appertaining To.

Omaha, Nov. 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: I will avail myself of the U. S. P. O. to state that the W.-H. crows over a rival before it has cleaned its own record of filth.

You don't see any adverse criticism on the article of their friend, Ludendorff, now running in their columns, though his "niba" (me) would have bought several extra copies for the privilege of clipping his sage contributions, but now those same excellent compositions are as extinct as the dodo. They are with the lost books of Livy and the lost plays of Aeschylus. Oh, why did I trust them out of my hands?

Get out of my sight you stupid,
Cried the angriest of crows;
How good and fair the children are,
There's none but a parent knows.

I don't like to shed tears in public, but the W.-H. forces me to make a spectacle of myself. If I read the stuff to some people I know of they would die from laughing. JUNIUS NO. 11?.

Note on Notes.

The average American doesn't care much for notes, especially notes to Mexico and more especially notes to Mexico in which a wealth of faultless rhetoric, perfect spelling and splendid punctuation is wasted. Indeed, there are many Americans who would enjoy our government's notes to Mexico more if there were a "neither" and a split infinitive in them occasionally.—Kansas City Star.

DAILY CARTOONETTE.

Little Folks' Corner

Written on a Tree Stump.

By ADELIA BELLE BEARD.

When you are on a hike through the woods, stop and examine the stumps of newly felled trees or the ends of new logs. There is something written on them, something of interest that every outdoor boy or girl should be able to read. It is

written in cipher, but is easily read once you master the signs.

Look closely at the top of a stump, which shows clearly the inside growth of the tree, and you will see that it resembles the drawing given here. There will be its rings, one inside the other, its radiating lines, its band of sapwood and its outer bark, and each of these has its own story to tell.

The rings announce the age of the tree. For every year there is a ring, and all you have to do to know how long the tree has been growing is to count the rings. We are told that we may even find written there which years were damp and rainy, and which were dry, because damp years make a wide ring and dry ones a narrow one.

The rings have something to say about the points of the compass, too, for they are usually wider on the north side. That makes the meeting point of the radiating lines nearer the south side than the north side of the tree, so, as a rule, we may read the longest of these lines as saying, "We are pointing to the north." As with the moss on the trees, however, it is not well to trust entirely to the writing on one single stump; read all you can find, then accept the evidence of the greatest number.

The story the bark tells also has to do with the question, the very important question when you happen to be lost in the woods, of where to look for the north. It answers this by usually growing thicker on the north side of the tree.

When a tree has been sawed off, leaving a level top on the stump, the signs can be more easily read.

(Next week, "Winter Tree Buds.")

Boys and Girls' Newspaper Service. Copyright, 1919, by J. H. Millar.

An Unlucky House.

The house which the ex-kaiser has purchased at Doorn is reported to be unlucky for its male occupants. However that may be, the house is certainly very unlucky in having its present owner.—Detroit Free Press.

A Back Number.

Since the coal strike came on the stage the steel strike seems to have retired behind the scenes. Is it possible that a strike fostered by the "reds" cannot flourish without the full glare of publicity?—Morning Oregonian.

Hunting Eye Hears the Story of the First Thanksgiving.

By R. S. ALEXANDER.

"Come in and have dinner. It's Thanksgiving, you know," invited a farmer as Hunting Eye was going by.

So the Little Indian Boy went into the kind farmer's home and was fed on turkey, mince pies, cranberry sauce and many other wonderful things of which he had never dreamed in the Great North Woods.

"What is Thanksgiving?" he asked his host.

"It is a holiday when everybody eats all sorts of good things."

"How did it come to be called Thanksgiving?"

"Once upon a time all of this country belonged to your people. There were no white people in it. But finally a band of white men and women sailing in a huge canoe came

over the Great Water to build new homes here. Their voyage took many days. Many of them were sick, all were discouraged, for the Great Water was between them and their homes. It was winter when they landed. They had not even skins with which to build wigwams. They had to go into the forest and cut trees from which to build rough cabins.

"Many of them died from disease during the winter. Some of them starved. Within three months after they landed more than half of them were in their graves beneath the snow.

"When spring came they plowed the ground and planted it. All the summer they cared for the growing grain and in the autumn they were rewarded by a rich harvest. There was enough for everyone. No danger of starvation during the winter to come. So they set aside a day upon which to give thanks to the Great Spirit of the white men for His kindness in thus providing for them.

"From them grew the great people who now live in all this country. And even now they keep this custom. Every autumn after the harvest is gathered the ruler of the nation sets aside a day upon which all the people feast of the good things given by the land and give thanks to their Great Spirit for His kindness to them."

(Next week, "Hunting Eye Deposits His Money in the Bank.")

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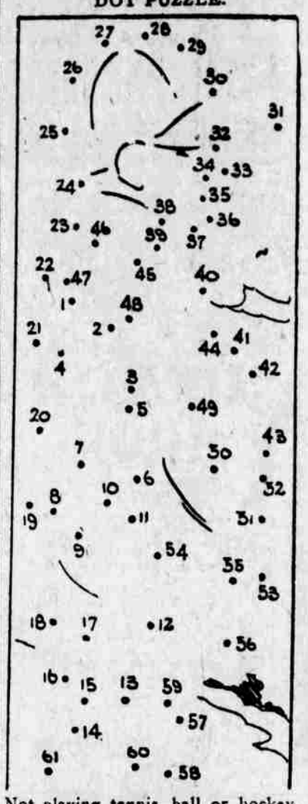
DOT PUZZLE.



Not playing tennis, ball or hockey,
Some people think I'm a great ——
Draw from one to two and so on to the end.