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THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY
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BE TELEPHONES
Private Branch Exchange, Ask for the
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The Bee's Platform

- 1. New Union Passenger Station.
2. Continued improvement of the Nebraska Highways, including the pavement with a Brick Surface of Main Thoroughfares leading into Omaha.
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.

Bankers Should Help.

The Bee has called attention heretofore to the great source of credit that the national administration, through the War Finance corporation, has put at the disposal of agricultural interests and the opportunity afforded to bankers to extend loans which can not be liquidated without forcing farm products on the market faster than the demand, which must come ultimately from both foreign and domestic consumption.

The liberal regulations providing for loans by the War Finance corporation make it possible for every solvent bank in Nebraska and in the Tenth federal reserve district to extend loans which can not be rediscouted under the law by the federal reserve banks, until such time as there is a revival of business and an improved demand for farm products.

In his eloquent address at the bankers' conference in Omaha Tuesday afternoon Governor Bailey, a director of the federal reserve bank of this district, called attention to the fact that Nebraska bankers have been slow to avail themselves of this source of credit, so wisely and generously afforded by the government. Governor Bailey also pointed out the necessity for a foreign demand for our surplus production, not only of farm products but manufactured articles, before the prices of our products can return to a normal basis.

Without suggesting any well-defined plan, Governor Bailey declared that the present irregularity in values will continue until means are afforded by which foreign customers can buy of us without making payments in gold. He emphasized the danger to the integrity of our currency, now based on liquid assets and self-liquidating securities, if officials of the federal reserve bank fail to follow not only the spirit but the letter of the law in making loans secured by self-liquidating paper.

Again The Bee is led to remark that the government has afforded a basis for broad agricultural credits. Now it is up to the banks to make use of it.

Thanksgiving Day.

Three hundred years ago the Pilgrim Fathers were asked by Governor Bradford to gather on a certain day and return thanks to God for the mercies and blessings He had shown the little colony during its first year in the New World. Here was the beginning of a custom that is now nation-wide, and which has spread beyond the nation. Not that the human heart had not long before swelled with gratitude, and had uttered its thankfulness to the Almighty. This is a daily duty, neglected by many, yet none the less incumbent on all. The Puritans did not select the day because of its especial significance, nor as part of the ostentatious display of religion. We will not be much amiss if we ascribe it to their desire to lift their hearts and voices in common acknowledgment of God's goodness to them. Underlying it all is the devout sense of obligation to and confidence in the Almighty.

Americans will today observe the custom set up three centuries ago, and in home and church will send up sincere thanks to the Giver of All Good for blessings enjoyed and mercies shown during the last year. Home groups will gather around boards that show forth the bounties of the land, and the material as well as the spiritual grace of the day will abound. It is in keeping with the nature of the nation that this be so; under God the land has prospered, the harvest was abundant, there is plenty. If some there be who want, or if business appears to be out of line, the fault is not with God's plan.

We have been spared from plague and pestilence, no great national calamity has brought sorrow to the people; peace has been restored, and America is now showing the nations of the world the way to permanent peace. Our land is full of opportunity and bright with the light of a glorious future. For these and many other things let us be grateful to God, and acknowledge today His loving care and tenderness for His people.

Inaccurate, as Usual.

It is with some reluctance that we intrude on the quiet of a great holiday to call attention to another of the misstatements of our excited democratic contemporary. Perhaps the savor of the World-Herald's partisanship will not affect the general atmosphere of the day; its eagerness to assail Governor McKelvie and to find fault with everything he does is its only excuse for saying:

Warrants were never registered in Nebraska that is made I. O. U.'s with interest until state solvency was restored—except as a result of two previous republican administrations.

The Bee has no intention of reviewing all the history of Nebraska, but it would like to call attention to the fact that under John M. Shayer, James E. Boyd, Lorenzo M. Crouse, Silas A.

Holcomb, William A. Poynter and John H. Mickey, warrants were registered. The state treasury was at various times depleted for the same reason that it is now, because taxes were not paid promptly. Governor McKelvie is not to blame because taxpayers can not or do not settle promptly.

When Governor Sheldon came into office he found a floating debt of \$2,800,000, the heritage of four previous administrations (two of them democratic); this he discharged through the so-called redemption act, passed by a republican legislature, and put the state on a cash basis once more.

Governor McKelvie has striven manfully to maintain the credit of the state. His "code" law has brought a better system of business administration to the affairs of Nebraska; his system of requiring administrative bodies to keep a reserve on each quarter's expenditures will prevent the traditional overlap with its accompanying request for a deficiency appropriation. That money is scarce, prices low, and the taxes unpaid is not due to the effort of the governor to prudently and wisely manage the affairs entrusted to him. Things would be a lot worse were he to follow the example of his immediate predecessors.

Nebraska: Past, Present and Future.

A hay stack may hide a mountain, provided one stands close to the stack and the mountain is on the other side.

One does well to remember this bit of homely philosophy in contemplating present economic troubles of Nebraska. Viewed by 1921 alone, one might conclude that Nebraska is going to the eternal how-woos. To judge rightly, one must look at the whole history of the state. Such a view was taken last week by J. F. Hanson of Fremont, addressing the Fremont Commercial club.

Mr. Hanson worked as a boy on a Nebraska farm in the 70s; he has lived in the state ever since and has been in close touch with agriculture. What he said is known to every Nebraska pioneer, but too much of it is forgotten in the pressure of present disaster.

Mr. Hanson recalls that it was not until 1900, after the depression of 1893 had been passed and forgotten, that Nebraska really began to stand on its own feet. Prior to 1880, the story of the state was a tale of heart-breaking struggle against natural barriers; the soil was unbroken and was not entirely suited to raising the ordinary crops to which immigrants from the east were accustomed; there was ignorance as to the crops and the varieties of crops which could best be grown here; there was inadequate transportation and a lack of marketing facilities. Little by little these difficulties were overcome. Then came the plague of drouth and that of grasshoppers. The state literally staggered under the unexpected adversity, against which it had little store of wealth to protect itself. And then followed the disastrous panic of the '90s, which still found the state with inadequate reserve strength.

Today Nebraska is its troubles. But it has the strength of full-grown manhood with which to meet them. It has reserves unthought in the decades prior to 1900. It has a soil which, by judicious cultivation, is reasonably certain to produce annually a valuable crop of one grain or another. It has dairy and stock-raising interests which contribute a steady influence. Some of its farms are mortgaged, but the relative burden is not comparable to that of the '80s and '90s. Nebraska may have suffered a setback, but it is not knocked out. Nowhere is there such pessimism as there was, with apparent justification, when men packed up their household goods and "moved back" east. That happened once, but that time is past. Times are not as good as they were a few years ago. But use the yardstick of long experience and one finds them infinitely better than they used to be.

An Invitation to Think.

Public opinion demanded the disarming conference, but its responsibility did not end there. Not a statesman, whatever his country, has his ear to the ground. Some are thus endeavoring to find out with how little of actual accomplishment their people will be content; others to ascertain how far their home folks will follow them in the junking of armament and the surrender of spheres of influence in the Orient.

The success of the peace movement that is sweeping the world depends largely on the attitude of the people themselves. Their roars of approval or disapproval, their murmurs of discontent, of suspicion of the aims of rival nations and their international hatreds and friendships all will have a bearing. If the French people, for example, did not harbor, justly or unjustly, the fear of attack from Germany, Briand would be found talking just as eloquently for a decrease of land armament as he lately did for maintenance of the present force. The lifting of the expense of troops of occupation from Germany would aid its recuperation and at the same time restore to productive effort hundreds of thousands of young Frenchmen, who are now a drag not only on France and Germany, but on the whole world. It is not fair to blame Briand for a condition which is not within his control, and the only hope of relief is from some plan for assuring peace.

Secretary Hughes has made it known that the American delegation seeks the advice and the public opinion of the country. This is a bugle call, not to action, but to thought. The people of America and all the other lands represented in the conference should give intense attention to the problems before the conference. They should make their opinions known. The importance of this aroused interest is shown by the formation of a committee of the American advisory board to ascertain public opinion on such concrete proposals as that of the Hughes plan for junking warships, the use of submarines, and of poison gas, and bombing cities from the air.

This is a time to think, to talk, to write to the newspapers, but first of all, to think.

The esteem in which President Harding is held is very pleasing, but he should not be forced to diet on turkey for the rest of his term. Why doesn't some one send him a country smoked ham? Or better still, why are not some of these gifts diverted to those who need them worse?

It is a curious commentary on human nature that the only interest in the mine controversy in Colorado seems to be whether the Rockefeller interests or the workmen are the stronger. No one rises to inquire which is right.

The nation is slowly discovering that prosperity is not equipped with a self-starter, and the argument now is over who shall get out and crank up.

The Unknown--and the Forgotten

(From the Putnam, Conn. Patriot)

On November 11, 1916, a young man by the name of William White, consequently more popularly dubbed "Bill" in the circle of his intimates, was recklessly serving pineapple sundaes in the corner drug store of a small Connecticut town. It was a busy day. The election returns were still in the air, the presidency still in the balance. Whether or not there was to be a change of tenants in the White House was yet a debatable problem.

"He kept us out of war, Woodrow did," said old Fred Turner, as he gulped down a third glass of that popular beverage known as "coke." "Aw, some of 'em," said someone else, the trouble with the country is that it hasn't gone into the war soon enough. If Hughes gets in we'll go all right, and a darned good thing it'll be, too." And so it went on as William White turned on siphons and ladled out creams and kidded the flappers who strolled in after the pictures. And along about 10 o'clock Bill cleaned up the fountain and put out the lights and stopped for a word with Rosie Smith before he turned in for the night in Mrs. Logan's rooming house.

On November 11, 1917, Corporal Bill White of the United States army sat on the edge of his cot at Camp Devens and darned a hole in a pair of shapeless socks that Rosie Smith had sent him with the last shipment of fudge and fags. Bill had changed. He was bigger and broader and wider and huskier. Five months' drilling and army routine had made a first-class soldier of him.

Over on the other side of the barracks someone called out, "Hey, Shrimp, how'd you get in here? Lawdy, how'd ever thought a year ago this time I'd be in here now 'Merican army and about to sail the briny! Gosh, who'd a-thought it, boy, who'd a-thought it!"

Bill picked his finger with the needle, rolled the sock into his shoe and slid between his blankets just as the sergeant growled out: "Can the talk, you guys, and shut up!"

On November 11, 1918, Corporal Bill White, minus a leg and for two months on the hospital reports as a "serious gas case," lay white and silent in the ward of a Paris hospital that had been a public school. There were white screens around his bed and the ward was quiet except for the low-sopned directions of doctors or the calm voices of nurses. This was the "critical" ward.

Across the room, through a space between the screens, Bill saw a doorway in black and white. He saw a woman with auburn hair and Gothic spires, his one and only view of a world outside. His thoughts were sluggish and slow and he coughed a good deal, and it hurt him. Somehow, even when the nurse came around, he didn't feel like talking.

Suddenly into his dim consciousness there came a sound of bells and cannon and cheering and singing. It was the armistice. In the old school yard the convalescents were singing, "There's a Long, Long Trail a-Winding," and a band somewhere was playing the "Madelon," and a nurse was laughing in the corridor outside.

Bill heard someone whisper, "War's over! Gosh, kid, hear that? 'War's over!" And Bill looked weakly at the twin spires of Sainte Clothilde and wondered what it was all about.

On November 11, 1919, Bill White, discharged soldier, stumped his way down the main street of the Connecticut town in which he lived. The new legs were as comfortable as his two high Gothic spires, his one and only view of a world outside. He had gone over had lost their girls to some guy or another.

"Sit down," he said to Bill, and then when he had asked a lot of questions about the war, he said, "Sorry, White, you know our policy of doing everything we can for you chaps who fought so nobly over there, but business is slackening up and I haven't a thing in the place you can do."

On November 11, 1920, there was a parade, and Bill tried to march, although Hank Fulton offered to take him along in his new Cadillac. But Bill wanted to march. Four of the old squad were back, and the citizens were giving the veterans the freedom of the town. The parade was in the morning, and then there was a lunch in Old Edgington, heralded by a band of brass instruments that got together around the stove in the club and smoked and talked it over.

"Pike" Sheridan was talking about business in Michigan. He was making a pile and passing around pictures of the wife and the kids. Pike had married a French "Jane."

Bill had looked at kind pictures, but he shifted his wooden leg over the chair and grunted, "Nice kids."

"Running the elevator at Simmons," said Bill. "Don't have to stand up."

And suddenly he started coughing, and blood tickled his lips, and they called an ambulance and took him to the hospital. The doctor said it was "T. B."

On November 10, 1921, Bill White, ex-corporal United States army, died in the hopeless ward of a great hospital. For weeks he had lain there, now fevered and racked with paroxysms of coughing, now silent and eyes a fixed stare on the ceiling, living in the past. For instance, Henderson, who could still walk about, told him that Foch had arrived in America, and for a whole day Bill thought over and over the time the little marshal had passed through the ward of the hospital in Paris, and they had all tried to sit at attention, and the commander-in-chief had said kindly: "Bon jour, mes enfants!"

Last night Cohan was talking. Cohan always talked a lot. He talked too much, and the only thing that silenced him was another fit of coughing. But Bill didn't mind. It was something to hear.

How to Keep Well

By DR. W. A. EVANS
Questions concerning hygiene, sanitation and prevention of disease, submitted to Dr. Evans by readers of The Bee, will be answered personally, subject to proper limitation, where a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Evans will not accept correspondence nor prescribe for individual diseases. Address letters in care of The Bee.

CONSUMPTION DECLINE

So rapid has been the fall in the consumption rate all over America, and possibly all over northwestern Europe, since 1913 that there are those who think the great influenza wave of that year has had something to do with it.

Dr. Gerald Webb, discussing this decline in the United States, quotes the fall in the consumption rate that there were many empty beds in eastern sanitariums. Dr. Webb said that in the west the sanitariums were not empty, but on the other hand, they were not crowded, and there were not the long waiting lists which had previously been so disturbing.

The fall in the consumption rate began before the great October influenza wave in 1918. The rate of 149, prevailing prior to 1918, fell to 130 in 1919. In 1920 it was 121.5. In 1921 it was lower still. The Chicago health department reports that the rate for the year ending in 1921 was 73, much lower than Chicago or any other large city has ever had before.

Should the present rate of decline continue for 10 years, the prevalence of the disease would be lowered to the point when it would be good judgment to make a determined drive to end it in this country. Such a drive to end yellow fever in Ecuador has just proven successful.

There came a series of reports from French sanitariums that the patients with consumption had been in some degree immune to influenza. Next came reports that the racial judgment of influenza must be of consumption had suffered least from influenza.

Time went on, and every section reported a decline in its consumption rate. Three years have passed and the decline keeps up.

Whatever the reason may be, the decline keeps up.

Genoa, Neb., Nov. 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: Permit me to say a few words bearing on the subject of the ex-tank soldier who returned to his certificate to our legislature conferred on the ex-soldiers. McMahon did exactly what every ex-A. E. P. should do. We have our honorable discharge papers, with our war records on same, issued by government, over the signature of our old commanders, and any other certificate would be superfluous. Governor McKelvie, in most of our positions here, the Nebraska boys as great men in the late war and yet, when it comes to the bonus that all of our adjoining states have given their defenders, he evades the issue, by keeping mum.

Like McMahon stated, what credit is it to any man to spend \$25,000 for a bunch of pretty paper for the taxpayers to dig down to pay for, when in reality these certificates are nothing more than an honorable discharge, which adorns my wall, is something of an very proud of and always will be. To Governor McKelvie, our state legislative representatives: You have stated in some of your remarks on the bonus that you did not like Nebraska. Nebraska is like North Dakota. You cited the failure of banks as the chief objection to the state bonus. Yet we see about as many banks in Nebraska as in North Dakota, and, as a reminder, North Dakota has given its defenders a \$25 per service month bonus, not certificate.

An honest obligation is no discredit for any man to meet, and the bonus for Nebraska ex-soldiers is honorable and just, and our state solons have no excuse to shrink from it. I am not saying that the bonus to its ex-soldiers, who have records in history as great as any other state for their gallantry and heroic deeds. A. BRADSHAW.

Lost Domestic Arts

(From the San Francisco Chronicle)
The expectation that the art of sweeping is said to have increased 100 per cent in recent years and naturally the broom makers and the growers of broom corn don't like it. The quicker brooms wear out the better is business in their line.

But aren't they a little disingenuous in charging the decay of the art of sweeping to the movies and the automobile? We are inclined to think the blame of the broom is due to no increase of housewife slatternness but rather to the vacuum cleaner and the carpet sweeper.

The lost art of sweeping is only one of a long list of lost arts reduced by modern invention. Home bread baking is one of them. Reaping with the sickle is another. Horseshoeing is rapidly approaching that class. Rocking the cradle was once a lost art, too. So was spinning and churning, and the writing of longhand. In many of these instances we observe that the makers of the old-time implements saved themselves by turning over to the modern inventors. The range manufacturer got busy making gas stoves, the churn maker began turning out separators. What the broom maker should have done was to have reached out to the vacuum cleaner and carpet sweeper patents.

However, we will give them a free suggestion: Home brewing was one of the lost arts, but the eighteenth amendment revived it. Let the broom maker put through a constitutional amendment forbidding the broom as pernicious to the home and brooms will be bootlegged on every corner.

Mr. Holt says a decision had been reached for Mr. Hughes to deliver an address of generalizations, and he implied that this decision was changed on the evening of Armistice day, after Mr. Hughes had talked with Mr. Balfour for two hours.

But the facts are that the address and program presented by Mr. Hughes with their carefully prepared consideration of warship tonnage quotas, on the ways and projected in three countries, and the references not only to fighting craft but to classes but by name or number, were not hurriedly compiled documents, the fruit of inspiration derived from a two-hour talk with Mr. Balfour. The explicit, succinct, exhaustive proposal laid before the statesmen in Washington by the secretary of state of the United States is not a masterpiece of elaborate and painstaking preparation, which is apparent to everybody who can read.

Moreover, one detail of the opening session of the conference refutes Mr. Holt's implication that Mr. Hughes' plans were reversed at the last moment. It is sufficient to characterize it as rot. An examination of the facts of record discloses the folly Mr. Holt has embodied in his other statements. Mr. Holt says a decision had been reached for Mr. Hughes to deliver an address of generalizations, and he implied that this decision was changed on the evening of Armistice day, after Mr. Hughes had talked with Mr. Balfour for two hours.

Friendship of France

(From the Boston Transcript)
Foremost among the heartening features of the first six days of the conference of Washington is the substantial and spontaneous evidence, both at the public plenary sessions and at all of the executive sessions of the several committees, of the friendship of France for America.

At every step to date the French delegation, under the leadership of Premier Briand, has kept in perfect step with the American delegation under the leadership of Secretary Hughes. The American proposal for the limitation of naval armaments accepted the quick and complete acceptance of the French. "We are back of you, Mr. Secretary," said Mr. Briand in his eloquent speech last Tuesday, and the earnestness with which he said it brought applause from the galleries before the official interpreter had rendered the French reply into English.

The proposed amendment in regard to submarines, which Mr. Briand with great skill threw out "merely as a suggestion," and which now appears in its true light as a serious British reservation, is the only one which the French have not with more favor among the French than among the American experts. Doubtless it had been by both anticipated. The same well-proposed from the same source appeared at the conference of Paris. It met there, as it is meeting here, in the opposition of the Americans and the French. To eliminate the submarine entirely as an engine of naval warfare would be to reduce France to a second-rate power and bring French ports under the domination of the British fleet; for the submarine is even more essential to the defense of France than it is to the defense of the United States.

The argument of the British that because the submarine is capable of offense in warfare it might well be banished altogether, the French, in company with the Americans, reply that with equal logic any other arm of national defense, including even the rifle, in which soft-nosed bullets have been used, might also be abolished—reductio ad absurdum, alike to French and American minds.

But the accord that has developed between our own delegation and the French is not limited to the sea. It stretches across the Pacific and supports in general the 10 principles submitted by China as a guide for agreement among all the Pacific powers upon far eastern questions. Speaking for his delegation, M. Sarraut, the French colonial minister, was quick to declare the earnest desire of France to aid China in realizing her legitimate commercial, political and territorial aspirations, and as an evidence of good faith France has offered to give up the Kouang Tchou, which she leased from China in 1898, provided Great Britain will give up Wei-Hai-Wei and Japan Shantung, which the Germans leased at the same time, and also the Port Arthur peninsula. In addition, France is willing to surrender to the Americans all the privileges, if said when the other powers do likewise. And, best of all, France has taken a firm stand for open dealing with the powers with China and against any secret negotiation. America has no leases in China to give up. The French offer for the

most part squares with American practice, and China must look to America and France and to the power of their joint example to secure for the Chinese delegation from Great Britain and Japan the square deal for which the Chinese delegation has appealed.

It is too early to estimate the excellent effect upon international relations the world over which the rapprochement revealed in the early days of the conference between France and America will exercise. But the experience in concert and the example in cooperation which the French and the American delegation are enjoying provides new ground for hope that Great Britain and Japan may soon be brought to see that this voluntary association points the way to permanent peace in the Pacific alone which the other nations with interest in the Pacific must travel. It runs at right angles to the rough road of offensive and defensive military alliances and secret agreements which, while they may have been formed against Russia and employed against Germany, can only be continued against France, America and China.

The French are practical idealists. They say bluntly that to scrap naval armaments without scrapping military alliances would not make for peace or justice; that the one is a symptom of the disease and the French way to deal with a symptom and ignore the cause. Whether this is the position of the American delegation or not, it is, we venture to say, the position of the average American, and it marks another and stronger tie of friendship between France and America in international relationships.

How Else Could He Find Her?
Audrey Munson, embarrassed, had fled to a farm to escape the "perfect man" who would marry her, but she published her new address.—Pittsburgh Gazette Times.

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