

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of November, 1915, was 53,716.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

Thought for the Day: Selected by Arthur M. Dow, Director Fine Arts. I will fear no evil.—Twenty-third Psalm.

Postmaster General Burleson has got the habit. The war caused the postoffice deficit.

One of the painful tasks of the holiday season is to smother the pretense that the country possesses an elastic currency.

It is painfully evident from the one-sidedness of the Rio Grande war reports that Pancho Villa's press agents are not on the job.

Turkey puts on the cheery front and hangs on the Ylides Klook the famous apartment house sign: "Deliver peace packages at the back door."

It is up to those who insist on clamping the lid on New Year's to show that the water wagon supplies all the deficiencies in scenery and conversation.

There is yet time and some hope of having the name of the Peerless One on the Nebraska presidential primary ticket. Nebraskan's can not safely forego the felicity of habit.

The official valuation of Nebraska's crops of 1915 totals \$514,000,000. Last year's output of gold and silver in the United States amounted to \$134,000,000. As a safe and sure route to independence farming is a cinch to a gamble.

Senator Chamberlain does not expect his compulsory military measures will get beyond the debate stage. Evidently he fears congress will run short of conversational topics and give the Record an emaciated look.

The barometer of bank clearings steadily points to fair business weather and rising prospects. Last week's tabulation of bank transactions presented the rare showing of only one city marring the whiteness of the decrease column.

An Illinois patriarchy who celebrated her 104th birthday anniversary by hitting the tobacco pipe is pictured as an exponent of the simple life who never wore a corset or rode on a railroad train. The simple life may be worth the price, but makes no appeal to live ones.

If proof were needed of national self-restraint and unshaken neutrality, Washington supplies it in abundance. Suffrage and anti-suffrage conventions met at the national capital at the same time and concluded the business on hand without uttering a war cry above a lady-like whisper.

In spite of the thunderings of war and the demand for men to fill the gaps at the front, Ireland reports an excess of 9,598 births over deaths for the quarter ending September 30. This does not signify a gain in population. Ireland's contribution of "cannon fodder" is excluded from the reckoning.

Madame Schaub, the celebrated fortune-teller, is holding forth at Fourteenth and Jackson.

The new Windsor hotel at the corner of Tenth and Jackson streets, is opened with a grand banquet by Schlack & Smith, the proprietors.

Buffalo Bill and Nat Salsbury were closeted together all forenoon in the Millard for the purpose of reaching some definite agreement for next season's management of their wild west show. The chief topic was the show's proposed tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Butler celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage, at 145 California street, last night.

The annual meeting of the Masonic Grand Lodge began at Masonic hall on Fifteenth street, Captain H. E. Palmer of Plattsmouth presiding.

Jimmie Thornton, son of D. I. Thornton, residing at 1333 Dodge street, broke his leg while coasting down Dodge hill.

Johns Burmes, private secretary to Traffic Manager Trimble of the Union Pacific, has so far recovered from his recent attack of typhoid to make brief visits to his relatives.

W. H. McKeon, stationery agent for the Union Pacific, has gone on a trip east.

Hold Open Council Meetings. The Omaha city council has just tried the experiment of sitting in the open as an excise board. Its members profess to be so well satisfied with the result that they propose to continue the practice. No good reason can be advanced for the transaction of any public business by a public body behind closed doors. All sessions of the city council should be open to the public at all times, and especially those sessions which have to do with the granting of saloon licenses. Closed doors and secrecy are always suggestive of a desire to cover up something. No suspicion should be permitted to attach to the transaction of public business at any time. The city commissioners know this, and for their own protection should never sit in secret.

Remodeling the Commission. Experience has demonstrated that the Interstate Commerce commission as at present constituted is not properly adjusted to meet the requirements of its purpose. Growth of the transportation industry in the United States has been so rapid, and it has developed in so many unexpected ways, each presenting its own peculiar problems, that the complications consequent have far outstripped the scope of the Interstate Commerce commission. This fact is recognized by the commission itself, and the report now before congress asking for an enlargement of the body does not come altogether as a surprise. Students of the transportation problem were agreed that the country should be subdivided into districts, wherein the conditions were so nearly similar as to make uniformity of control comparatively easy. This plan is suggested by the commission itself. It does not comprehend any recession from the theory under which the commission was formed, or the principle upon which it has operated. By the setting up of qualified tribunals within properly defined districts, the questions arising within these districts may be much more readily adjusted than is at present possible. There need be no more conflict between these tribunals than there is at present between the several federal district and circuit courts. While final review may be left to the general commission at Washington, local matters will be adjusted within their own district. This plan should be eventually so carried out that possible conflict between national and state laws governing rights and conditions for the industry may be harmonized to a point where friction will vanish.

Only on some such basis can the transportation industry of the country be given the proper protection without in any degree abandoning the control which the public should have over it.

History Repeating Itself. Our one war with France grew out of a situation exactly similar to that which now confronts the two nations. In the earliest years of the United States' existence, the French undertook to assert a right to overhaul and search American vessels and to impress seamen found thereon, to remove passengers, and to otherwise outrage American rights. This was promptly and properly resented, and a war of short duration resulted, followed by a peace which restored the friendship that has since continually subsisted between the two nations. It is surprising that at this time the French would again undertake a practice that they must know will be vigorously resented by this government. Our history is full of incidents in which the United States has gone to the limit in asserting its right to protect any who may properly be under its flag. In thus asserting its own right, it has cheerfully recognized the same right in other nations. The Trent affair is cited again as an illustration of this. Without knowledge of the text of the note dispatched by Secretary Lansing to Paris, it may be assumed that it firmly states the position of the United States on this question. It is due to our standing as the foremost among neutral nations to insist that this neutrality be respected by all, and no exception can be made in the case of France.

Ten Billions in Crops. Figures just made public by the Department of Agriculture place the farm value of the principal crops for the year at more than \$6,250,000,000. To this must be added the value of the minor yields and the live stock output, which brings the total up to more than \$10,000,000,000. This enormous sum is four times the total amount of the foreign trade of the United States, concerning which so great a fuss is made. The total is the most eloquent tribute that could possibly be paid to the agricultural industry of the country. It is so emphatic in its nature that it seems to impress even the democrats, who have hitherto shown a determination to treat the farmer as a negligible factor in the affairs of the nation. Some new records have been made, the value of corn, wheat, oats and hay exceeding that of any previous year, while cotton failed to establish a new record. It has a value of more than \$15,000,000 above last year's crop. King Cotton, however, has been set back to fourth place, corn, wheat and hay, all coming ahead of the southern staple in the order of value. Even winter wheat alone is priced at figures \$20,000,000 above the cotton yield for the year. Nebraska's share in this tremendous total is such as not only establishes the importance of this state as an agricultural producer, but means the continued prosperity of its people. It has indeed been a bumper year for crops, and the future for the farmer is consequently correspondingly bright.

Striking evidence of British war temper is furnished by the parliamentary election for a successor to the late Kier Hardy. Both candidates were laborites and supporters of the government. One urged a peace compromise, the other a fight to a conclusive finish. The latter won by a majority of 4,000.

The Germans have an adage applying to the man who feigns anger. "He rolls his fist in his pocket." That is the senator's attitude toward the Bryanites who have gathered in Nebraska's latest federal job, and whose appointments will be confirmed in due course with senatorial acquiescence.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

The Outlook. Three weeks ago, under the title "Free Speech in Paterson," The Outlook told the story of the second expulsion from Paterson, without any legal process, of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. Later she was put on trial on a charge of exciting riot and lawlessness by a speech made long ago. She was acquitted, and her followers, and many also who do not at all agree with the propaganda of the Industrial Workers of the World, of which she is an exponent, regarded her acquittal as a victory for free speech.

What is she—this Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, who was tried again in Paterson last week and quickly acquitted? A strange sort of woman, so hated that a city's lawful authorities frankly break the law to keep her out, so championed that society women, factory girls, teachers, writers, lawyers, poor students, and folks who never saw her "chipped in" to raise her a defense fund—what is she? To silk-mill owners and capitalists generally she is "that Flynn woman, loud-mouthed agitator, grafter, seditious criminal, who ought to be run out of town or hanged." All they know is that when she comes their factories fall idle and empty and their workers, thronging about a woman, swear they won't go back until the woman tells them to. So the factory owners refuse to talk over her with this woman, and her soon she is arrested and tried, sometimes for one thing, sometimes another. She's a little woman, is Gurley Flynn, and Irish all over. The Celt is in her gray-blue eyes and almost black hair, in the way she clenches her small hands into fists when she's speaking. On her mother's side her great-grandfather Ryan was killed in battle with the English, and her grandfather Flynn fled to America with a price on his head for sabotage against the British government. "Sabotage in Fenian days" one asks, and Miss Flynn smiles as she explains that when forbidden their immortal right of fishing in certain rivers he and his associates poisoned the streams, saying, "If we can't have our own, neither shall the English."

Sixty years later Miss Flynn finds the wrongs of the proletariat more moving than the cause of Irish nationalism, but her antagonism to constituted authority seems inbred. She was reared without a girlhood, with almost no father for at the time her first speech as a "materialistic socialist" before her father's club. At 17 she and he were arrested for cart-talk speaking in New York City. Here is her own curt schedule from that time: "I have been arrested once in New York, once in Missoula, Mont., once in Spokane, Wash., twice in Philadelphia, twice in Paterson—never convicted."

Elizabeth Flynn in the last four years has led three big strikes: the struggle of the textile workers in the mills of Lawrence, Mass.; then a short but bitter winter strike in New York City; and in 1913, eight months of war between the silk-mill owners and their employes in Paterson, N. J. In each struggle, she says, she has made herself hated and feared by those she calls "masters," while those she derides as "exploited" love and trust her. In Lawrence they trusted her even with their little ones. Like the Pied Piper, she left the city followed by the children of the workers, whom she carried off to New York to be fed and cared for until the strike was won. "Labor's Joan of Arc," they call her, and one, an Italian, said of her: "Women and children, and any man that likes mother and sister, like Miss Flynn and listen."

In Paterson she has left the authorities still afraid. Since the strike "Gurley" has been forbidden to speak to the working people. When she persisted, an old indictment was revived against her. Although the judge before whom she was tried was the same who watched the police bar her from a meeting, and these same police were witnesses against her, a jury from another county promptly acquitted her. Her defense had been undertaken by a committee of women, none of whom was identified with industrial disputes. Their support could not be explained only by their belief in the sincerity of their labor leader whom they called friend. Now that she is free they seek an injunction to make the legal authorities of Paterson obey their law.

Wallops at Omaha

Beatrice Express: Omaha's police department, tired of the wave of crime which has resulted in a murder or two daily for some time, now proposes a general shakeup on the police force. What appears to be needed in the Nebraska metropolis is more police and a general cleaning up of the criminal classes that are making that city their headquarters.

Newman Grove Reporter: Omaha police authorities say the parole law is responsible for lots of crime. Nowadays a man hardly gets settled down in the penitentiary until he is paroled and turned loose to fix up a fresh batch of cussedness. No one wants a man confined in the pen any longer than it is absolutely necessary, but it does look like the parole officials could get along without being in quite such a big hurry. At least, the prisoners ought to be held until they show substantial evidence of being worthy of their liberty.

Beatrice Express: A recent report by the Omaha Water board emphatically disputes the stereotyped claim that municipal ownership is a failure. The report shows, according to The Omaha Bee, that for the three years of municipal ownership ending June 30, 1915, patrons paid \$60,000 less for water, in addition to having to their credit a fund of nearly \$1,000,000 set aside for depreciation, sinking fund and surplus. Figures of that kind seem to be conclusive evidence of the ability of a municipality to run a water plant.

York News-Times: If the Omaha newspapers become finicky about criticism from the outside press, they had better head a movement for a cleaning up of their city so that the criticisms are not justified. Omaha is a big city and it requires a great deal of supervision to keep it straight. It cannot be conducted on the same lines that a village is, but it can be made a safe place for any one to go and transact business in without constant fear of being held up and robbed. It can detect a few of these criminals and meet out proper punishment to them. When a disposition of this kind is shown they can rest assured that the outside press is with them and will not be looking for an opportunity to criticize them for doing it.

People and Events

Oscar S. Straus of New York City has been appointed chairman of the Public Service commission, in place of Edward E. McCall, removed.

An English correspondent of London papers describes New York as "blind, staggering drunk with money." Must have caught the scenery during the honeymoon with "war brides."

An epidemic of the grip grips St. Paul and Minneapolis. Snuffles and kerchiefs fill the air, and liquid eyes and red noses give a touch of realism to the melancholy days in the Twin Cities.

Miguel A. Gonzales, a wealthy cattleman of New Mexico, saw the photo of a Pennsylvania girl at a friend's home at Chama and was attacked with heart palpitation. The original of the photo was appreciated of the trouble and became sufficiently interested personally to inspect Miguel and his range. The wedding climaxed the cure.

The late Andrew Freedman, New York millionaire, was a sporting politician in his day, once owner of the Giants and a chum of Dick Coker. Most of his fortune goes to found a home for the aged poor who were once well-to-do. The broad spirit of the man is shown in a list of twenty-four persons of various races and religions named to supervise the home and prevent discrimination.

The Bee's Letter Box

Jerry Howard on Labor.

OMAHA, Dec. 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: I perceive where the captains of industry on the ninth of this month left their headquarters in this city to make a pilgrimage to the stock yards and packing houses. Possibly it was a coincidence that twenty-one of Mr. Armour's superintendents, under the command of the beef trust's political field marshal, John O'Hern, was there to receive them. These eminent men gave timely notice through the press and otherwise of their proarranged visit, probably to forewarn the management to have everything in order so that an elaborate report could be made to spread broadcast to a credulous public, notwithstanding that the report was more than likely written before the tour was undertaken.

What was the object of these nabobs' mission?—selfishness and commercialism. Commercialism is as ruinous to America as militarism is to Europe. I cannot perceive nor comprehend wherein society was benefited by these noted men lending the dignity of their presence at the stock yards and packing houses.

The industrial unrest, not commercialism, is the greatest problem that confronts the nation nowadays, notwithstanding that the president and his kitchen cabinet, the politicians and the munition manufacturers say preparedness and the hyphenated Americans is the issue. Every friend of freedom knows that the labor question is the paramount issue and the captains of industry and their servile tools whether located in the city hall or elsewhere, cannot evade the question.

Frank P. Walsh, chairman of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations, and Commissioners John B. Lennon, James O'Connell and Austin B. Garrettson, as a result of their two-year investigation into the subject say low wages was found to be the fundamental cause of industrial unrest.

The shame of West Virginia, the horror of Colorado, the outrages of Michigan, the war in Europe and the massacre at Homestead is insignificant in comparison to the "serfdom" of the oppressed and persecuted employes in the institutions that the benevolent nabobs of our city visited last Thursday. I wonder did any one of these highly distinguished visitors inquire or question the management of the establishments about the rate of wages they were paying their unfortunate employes? There are men and women working, ay, slaving in these degrading industries whose pay does not average \$5 per week, and I know whereof I speak.

If there is any person who doubts my statement, let him procure a copy of the Home Journal of the 1913 season, of the legislature, and read the horrible report of the Louey investigation.

What is society doing towards the uplift of the producers of the wealth of the nation who are through compulsory and oppressive methods, both legal and illegal, denied the full product of their toil. The Four Hundred of swellidom will give charity balls and enjoy themselves dancing in the name of sweet Christian charity. Likewise the Woman's club will give a play written by Oscar Wilde to raise money for soup.

The labor class are opposed to charity in any shape or form. They believe if their hired men, the government, can appropriate money to increase the army and navy, why not appropriate money to reclaim the idle lands, thereby giving employment to the unemployed.

The only salvation of the labor class is through education, agitation, organization and an upright intelligent use of that great weapon, the ballot. The newspaper publishers, the school teachers, the labor unions and the woman's suffrage movement has advanced the labor cause considerably. JERRY HOWARD.

How to Abolish War. ST. MARY, Neb., Dec. 11.—To the Editor of The Bee: Preparedness and war being the topic of the day, various opinions are expressed, but all agree on one thing and that is that the laboring and producing class (those whose homes are supposed to be left to bleach on the battlefields) are all tired and disgusted with the destruction and suffering caused by war, and that only those who are profiting in dollars or hoping thereby to gain notoriety and fame and who never expect to get within smelling distance of gunpowder are in favor of war.

This being the sentiment of the people, why not abolish war? But you are immediately asked: How are we going to do it? I would suggest to let the people say whether or not to engage in aggressive war: There must be an aggressive before there can possibly be a defensive.

If it were left to a vote of the people now I doubt that 49 per cent would be in favor of an aggressive war on any nation, and yet we are in daily fear that war will be declared against some foreign nation. Why? Because we have delegated the war-making power to a few, a handful of congressmen, a power we should have retained ourselves.

The people being in favor of peace, why not make other nations a fair proposition for peace. It is certainly worth the effort. Many say they would be in favor of disarmament, which would insure peace, but that they are afraid of the other fellows lest they attack us if they saw a favorable chance. How do we know that those other fellows don't feel just as we do, and are in favor of preparedness for the same reason. We have not asked them, have we?

This government is in a position now to make the proposition for universal peace. Suppose we were to say to the other nations, "We are ready to extend to you our hand of brotherly love and fellowship; we will gradually reduce our army and navy and our war-making efficiency if you will do the same." How do we know they would not halt the offer with delight and be ever thankful to us for having given them the opportunity to show their good will toward us. Why not make the proposal? If they refuse to accept our offer to beat the swords into plowshares and speak into pruning hooks, there will yet be ample time for us to take care of ourselves. One thing is sufficient: there will never be lasting peace so long as there is preparation for war. So as we saw, so shall we reap.

Field Marshal General von Hindenburg recently said: "The German people are tired of war and its destruction and would be glad to return to their homes." Can there be any doubt that the people of the other belligerent nations don't feel just as the Germans do? I see no reason for doubt. And yet they cannot have peace. In short they all want peace, yet they all want fight. Why? Because they have delegated the war-making power to a few crowned heads and officials. What the few say the many must do, and the welfare of the people and the nation is not taken into consideration.

The immortal Lincoln said: "Leave it

to the people, for the people are always right." Thomas Jefferson said "I am not among those that fear the people, for upon them depends the stability of the nation." H. SCHUMANN.

LINES TO A LAUGH.

"Willie, you haven't said whether you thanked Mr. Carr for taking you out for a ride." "Yes, mother, I thanked him, but I didn't tell you because he said, 'Don't mention it.'"—Boston Transcript.

"My dear child, you should not spend so much time in vain indulgence at your mirror." "Why, ma, how can you say so? I am sure it is time spent in serious reflection."—Baltimore American.

"Why this long line of men at the express office?" "They are apostles of preparedness." "What do you mean?" "These men are waiting to get their Christmas supply of liquor."—Birmingham Age Herald.

"How did you know that man is married?" "Because," replied the other, "as soon as he came into the room he shied at the rubber tree."—Washington Star.

He was reading the "Home Hints for Handy Helpmates." "You can get some nice presents from discarded boxes and old tin cans, honey." "Yes, and you can get some nicer ones from a \$20 bill," she retorted. "This with a firmness that discouraged him from continuing the conversation."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cholly—I think I'll pick out a good sensible woman and get married. Miss Keen—if you pick out a good sensible woman you'll get snubbed.—Boston Transcript.

"Does your boy believe in Santa Claus?" "I'm not sure whether he does or not. Sometimes I suspect he thinks I believe in Santa and he hates to deceive me."—Washington Star.

He—Mustn't it have been terrible times when candles furnished the only light? She (wearily)—I don't know. Candles do know enough when to go out.—Baltimore American.

Freddie—How is it you're not going to have any Christmas tree this year? Willie—Mamma says there is hardly room to dance as it is.—Judge.

NATURE'S PARADOX.

(Efficiency in Waste.) A bog, a cedar-swamp there was, A waste of land that never was platted. Wherein fire-blackened ghosts of trees Stood guard o'er graves where long had rotted

The corpses of their fellows brave, Slain in fierce battles with the gale And here and there a single tree That had survived to tell the tale. And lo, from out this wilderness, Where revealed waste and sad decay All silently a little brook Through gloomy shadows found its way. This little brook had seeped and seeped: Neath money logs that long had rotted And at last emerged on a sun-lit shore With its banks all blue-for-get-me-notted. Back in the bog whence it emerged The brook had spread and spread and spread

So well defined had its course— It followed where its fancy led; But where'er its sprines had welled There blossomed orchids wondrous fair And many a fast-decaying log Thrived in profuse abundance there.

Men marvelled at its beauty then Such beauty elsewhere never seen Unhappily stumps all rich festooned With partridge vine and wintergreen; And many a fast-decaying log Upholstered in green velvet moss, Or sodden in the silent stream.

All shimmering with sun-dew gloss, And this sluggish brook that seemed inert That seemed to refuse to concentrate Was the one that nature had employed Her rarest beauties to create; And I marvelled long at these wonders here.

Till the happy thought came to me That what seems waste in our lives after all May prove to be real efficiency. And we may struggle thro' doubt and gloom And waste and decay may ever flout us; But it may be some spark divine within May cause rare flowers to blossom about us.

And tho' our aim be obscured for a time And ignoble the part to us allotted We too may emerge on a sun-lit shore With our days all blue-for-get-me-notted. OMAHA. RAYOLU NE TRELE.

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