

Today

Armistice Day. Things in Europe. Lloyd George Triumphs Mrs. McFeeley. By ARTHUR BRISBANE

On Armistice day, 30,000 clergymen preached three-minute sermons on peace. In the eleventh hour of the eleventh day in the eleventh month, the United States was silent for two minutes to think it over.

A few probably will think what a good joke it was to talk about "the last war" and "world peace" based on the league of nations.

Woodrow Wilson, former president, talked about Armistice day over the radio, broadcasting on a wave length of 493 metres. For all we know that message reached Mars and other planets. They may ask, "Why don't those earth children stop fighting instead of talking about peace so much?"

The crown prince, taking his chances, which are numerous, has crossed the border from Holland to Germany, going to his estate in upper Silesia. Perhaps he thinks it's a kind of "Elba" whence he will come marching back like Napoleon.

There's considerable difference between Elba and Silesia, still more between Napoleon and the crown prince.

Before the Bavarian revolution blew up in the air, the French were summoning more men to their army. They may go on with the summons, now that the crown prince is loose. Heaven only knows what Russia has been doing in the way of secretly providing money and arms to Germans, or the exact meaning of Russian massing of troops on the Polish border.

Lloyd George, home, is received as a conquering hero.

When he left the English had tired of him. He had only supplied money, ammunition and brains for the war, which he won more than any other living man. It was something like the case of Aristides and the Athenian who voted to expel him, saying "I am tired of hearing him called 'the just.'" But America says to England, "If you don't want him, I want him." So now England wants him.

The big question that Lloyd George sees facing Britain is free trade or protection. Baldwin wants protection. Lloyd George is against it.

England can no longer compete with Europe in manufacturing. Germans can sell at a profit for less than half what the labor on an article would cost in England. That makes it hard for England in the world's market. England on the other hand, cannot feed itself, it must have food come in without duty. They must fight it out.

What we want here is good protection for our workmen and manufacturing sense enough to mind our own business.

Mrs. Carrie McFeeley worked as laundress and charwoman. That's her real business. The doctor noticed unnatural thinness and pallor in that mother of five consumptive children.

As a "sideline" Mrs. McFeeley was selling her blood for \$25 a pint for transfusion in hospitals. The money thus earned she used to feed the tubercular children. You will wait a long time to hear about a "Mister" McFeeley.

The female scorpion with her young fastened to her back, patiently crawls about in the sunlight, while they slowly devour her body. When the shell is empty they go off. The scorpion is the Mrs. McFeeley of the insect world.

Over this fair land the season for killing things is now open. Millions of gentlemen wander through burs, briars, mud, swamps, carrying guns and praying that providence will allow them to blow the lungs and fur out of some poor rabbit.

Each will walk miles and miles in the day. And in the evening when the wife says, "Could you bring in an armful of wood?" each will ask: "My God, woman, can't you see how tired I am?"

Nicholas Murray Butler, head of Columbia university, says that liberalism is in eclipse all over the world, and hooded mobs are destroying American liberties.

Many would tell Dr. Butler that his "liberalism" is really extremely old-fashioned torism, and the "hooded mob" perhaps would say to him, "Better a hooded mob than no action."

Old parties and methods have lost their power; until something better is found you will have the "hooded mobs" or "fascismo" or some other private enterprise seeking to exercise powers that old parties have lost.

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\$12,500,000 for Air Service. Washington, Nov. 12.—Estimates approved by the budget director for the army air service during the next fiscal year call for an appropriation of \$12,500,000, the same amount appropriated for the present year.

By its decision the budget bureau overrules a plan for an appropriation of \$25,000,000 annually for a period of years, worked out by a special army board. Secretary Weeks, however, hopes for a modification of the 12-year plan, perhaps linking with it a navy air program, can be drawn up in a way that will enable it to reach congress.

Bluffs Marriage Licenses

- The following persons obtained marriage licenses in Council Bluffs yesterday: Nathaniel Barton, Council Bluffs; Myrtle Williams, Council Bluffs; Lyle Martin, Wayne, Neb.; Elizabeth Shriver, Omaha; Henry Collins, Leitch, Neb.; Lillian Malack, Leitch, Neb.; Charles Reed, Lincoln, Neb.; Carl Brock, Lincoln, Neb.; Fred Scott, Fullerton, Neb.; Eva Buckley, Central City, Neb.; Fred Wilson, Omaha; Elizabeth Johnson, Omaha; C. X. Beard, Omaha; Marjorie Jackson, Omaha.

Team Play Secret of Rearing Boys

Father Is Quarterback and Must Teach Son to Carry Ball Says V. B. Smith.

Life, so far as father and son are concerned, is like a football game, with father snapping the ball to his son to carry, Victor B. Smith said at the father and son celebration at Miller Park Presbyterian church last night.

"Companionship is like the line of a football team," he said. "Unless the football team's line holds firm, the opposing players break through a stop the offense of the backfield, or make the runs and passes on their own account which result in touchdowns for them. So with companionship. Unless father and son are companions, there is little chance for the father to teach or advise his son; there is every chance for other influences to creep in and counteract the father's wish."

"As a teacher, the father is a bit like the quarterback of the football team. He runs the team. His intelligence is depended upon to tell the boy what to do, what play to try and when. As a teacher, the father may be handicapped by lack of book learning, but he—and he better than anyone else—can become the boy's teacher in the greater fields of citizenship, patriotism, clean living."

"The advisory relationship may be likened to the backfield of the football team. When the line of companionship holds firm and the quarterback of instruction does his part, then the backfield of advice carries the fall forward. Being able to give advice and having a boy willing to accept it is a highly important feature of true father and son relationship. When this relationship is functioning properly, the boy develops confidence, powers of judgment and moral strength."

"The inspiration of the father's life is like the team spirit—the will to win—that spurs a football team on to victory. It counts more than all the rest. It depends first upon the life which the father leads; second upon his ability to impress the value of that example upon his son. How many fathers can ask themselves the question, 'Would I be ashamed if my son knew every act and every thought of my life?'

"As President Harding said only a few days before he died: 'I want boys who can look their dads in the face and tell them everything without being ashamed; dads who will not be ashamed to own up everything to their sons. I want no goody-goody boys, but the real boy, the American boy, the boy who loves life and sports and all the things that go to make real boyhood. A boy can be all those things and be absolutely square with his dad, provided his dad is equally square with him.'"

C. O. Haeblich was toastmaster and Ralph A. Newell led the singing. Donald Seltzer spoke for the boys and W. W. Kinzie for the dads.

Bryan Boosted for Senate. Special Dispatch to The Omaha Bee. Grand Island, Neb., Nov. 12.—Local democrats have organized a Bryan-for-senate club, with Deputy Sheriff Gus Stevers as president and Representative John Thompson as secretary. The organization thus favoring Governor Bryan for the Norris toga is to be made county-wide.

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She Sassed a Cop



Because she dislikes traffic cops and tore up summons, Miss Vera Holbrook, Burbank, Cal., high school girl, found herself on wrong side of city jail bars.

Army Humorist to Speak Here

Herbert Leon Cope to Address Meeting of Omaha Ad-Sell League.

Herbert Leon Cope, the man who brought sunshine into the lives of more than a million doughboys in cantonments in this country, is in Omaha. He spoke Monday evening before members of the Ad-Sell league on "Family Remedies."

Cope is said to have talked to more soldiers and sailors than any other speaker during the war. In the 53 camps where he was called, Cope, the humorist, spoke from two to five times. Mr. Cope originated and was the president of the "Army and Navy Players." The organization was designed to keep up morale among service men. Amateur theatricals were staged under his direction.

Mr. Cope came to his work in the army from an uphill climb from a low level he had reached in a fight with John Barleycorn. After becoming a speaker of great promise Cope disappeared in the downward path. Then came the war and he came back. The doughboys call him "Kill the Blues Cope."

Hitler Caught in South Bavaria

Offers No Resistance—Von Kahr Orders Communist Party Dissolved.

By Associated Press. Berlin, Nov. 12.—Adolph Hitler, leader of the recent Munich revolt, was arrested today near Lake Staffel, South Bavaria. He offered no resistance.

By Associated Press. London, Nov. 12.—A central News dispatch from Berlin today says it is generally expected that General Von Seeckt, commander-in-chief of the reichswehr, will be appointed dictator of Germany. Meanwhile, adds the message, trouble is brewing in Nuremberg, where communists and Hitler troops are gathering in large numbers, the watchword being "red" against "white."

By Associated Press. Berlin, Nov. 12.—According to advices from Munich today, Dr. Von Kahr, Bavarian dictator, has issued an order dissolving the communist party in Bavaria and forbidding publication of socialist newspapers. The dissolution of putsch organizations by the reichswehr is in full swing, it is said.

By Associated Press. Munich, Bavaria, Nov. 12.—Demonstrative crowds jammed the streets of the city Sunday morning and afternoon but while attempts to break through the police cordons were frequent, there were no clashes of any importance. Much pro-Hitler sentiment was in evidence despite the fact that his immediate followers have been dispersed.

In the popular mind the fascist leader is viewed as a victim of Dr. Von Kahr's "treachery." This sentiment is widespread, but it does not as yet constitute a menace to Von Kahr, as the Hitlerites are without a leader or a chance of reassembling their scattered units.

By Associated Press. Berlin, Nov. 12.—With the exception of Vorwarts and an obscure pan-German organ, all the Berlin newspapers are tied up by a strike.

By Associated Press. Berlin, Nov. 12.—Messages received here from Munich say that General Ludendorff is still on parole, but is being strictly watched. He has been allowed to choose his own place of residence.

(The above apparently disposes of rumors that Ludendorff had committed suicide.)

Read Household Goods on the Classified Page.

Henry Ford Collects Farm Machinery

Shenandoah, Ia., Nov. 12.—An old mower, 54 years old, and an old wood corn planter which has been in use 40 years, were recently shipped from Bedford, Ia., to Henry Ford at Dearborn, Mich.

W. H. McManus, factory representative of the Ford Motor company, has made several trips to Bedford and purchased the machinery from the Marr Brothers. Mr. McManus was looking for a Triumph reaper which records show was sold in the Bedford community about 1870 or 1880.

Mr. Ford has recently been conducting a search throughout the United States for some of these particularly old machines and is having them shipped to his farm at Dearborn.

Wilson's Speech is Most Dramatic of Day

(Continued from Page One.) If it never occurred to him that the sort of ceremonial this occasion called for should be varied one iota in deference to his physical limitations. In the beginning and until certain episodes and passages in the speeches summoned a different emotion, the distinct expression of Mr. Wilson's countenance was that of an elderly man, who in his old age has arrived at a philosophy of life in which great wisdom is lightened by whimsical humor. This whimsicality was clearly the dominant characteristic.

As Senator Glass began to read his speech Mr. Wilson seemed to summon a deliberate gravity in order to give it close attention. He took his eyes from the crowd and kept them on Senator Glass' hands. At each of Senator Glass' sentences Mr. Wilson's features registered a corresponding emotion and repeatedly he emphasized his approval by a slight nod.

Wilson's Character Appearing. Throughout Senator Glass' speech Mr. Wilson's features went rapidly through subtle changes of appropriate emotion. He had the air of listening closely in order to make his own subsequent speech one of comment on Senator Glass' speech. In fact, that is what he did. His own speech was impromptu and based on what Senator Glass had said. Throughout all this earlier part of the ceremony, Mr. Wilson's dominant expression was one of whimsical and mellow humor, almost of geniality. You had the feeling that here was a wise, mellow old man, whom you would like to talk to for long hours in his library.

Presently came a sentence in Senator Glass' speech which caused the first of three or four occasions when a more somber emotion leaped quickly across Mr. Wilson's features. When Senator Glass said that "a conspiracy of racial animosities and selfish politics cheated this nation of honorable participation in the permanent guaranty of peace," Mr. Wilson's eyes and lips for a fleeting second seemed not far from tears. It was as if he was moved to think: "Oh, what a pity!" and was grieved to the depth of his heart to think what a pity it was.

Two or three times more both Senator Glass' speech and during his own, this deeper and more somber mood displaced for a second the expression of mellow wisdom.

The opening words of his own speech were actually humorous and brought laughter from a most serious crowd. With a gesture and manner that was meant to wave aside the

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too much honor that had been given to him personally, he said: "Our late enemies, the Germans, call an armistice 'battenstandallan'—an armed standstill, and it was the boys that made them stay still." After the laughter and applause, Mr. Wilson continued: "I am proud to remember that I had the honor of being the commander-in-chief—"

At this point someone in the crowd cried out: "The best one on earth!" Mr. Wilson smiled at the interruption and then went on: "—of the most ideal army that was ever thrown together."

Here again, as his memory and imagination summoned up the picture of that army, emotion again thrust itself into the speaker's features. He was conscious of it and said: "Pardon my emotion."

Then he went on with a few words about the laurels of victory belonging not to himself, but to "my honored friend, Pershing," and concluded by saying:

"Thank you with all my heart for your kindness." This apparently was meant to be the end of his speech and the band began "How Firm a Foundation."

Then, as if moved by the spirit of this hymn and moved also by the determined exultant confidence that had been in evidence in every line of Senator Glass' speech, Mr. Wilson

Not in all the world could one have found a more dramatic or more impressive ceremony of lofty dignity and melting feeling. It was in the lowering sun of a gentle late autumn afternoon. Throughout it all, the maple leaves kept dropping in the windless air. The suggestion of a somber and pathetic fate attaches itself to Mr. Wilson, to the soldiers in whose honor the ceremony was held, and to the present state of the world that refused to listen to Mr. Wilson's appeal for peace.

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