

THE MORNING BEE

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HATE AND THE THIRD INTERNATIONALE.

Senator Wheeler, democrat, journeys homeward from Washington to Montana, so full of the Christmas spirit that he announces that the United States must quit hating the soviet government of Russia. Bless his good heart, nobody in this country hates Russia.

When "Citizen" Genet approached America as the representative of the French government in 1793, he was clamorously welcomed at Charleston, where he landed, and at Philadelphia he was feted. Washington, who was then president, declined to receive him, and later forbade him to continue to carry on active war against England while domiciled in this country.

Was America ever accused of hating France, because Washington did not see his way clear to joining the Girondists in their war against England? He might as well have been as to now accuse Coolidge of hating Russia, merely because he asks the government at Moscow to assume the responsibilities of civilized government, and to meet its obligations in an honorable fashion.

The plea that the Lenin government is not connected in any way with the Third Internationale is absurd. Communists have boasted of the connection, and have pointed to Russia as an example. Trotsky, Lenin, Zinoviev, Tchitcherine, all the leaders or figureheads, have talked of extending the soviet principle to include the world.

EARLY SETTLERS IN BOTNA VALLEY.

Shenandoah comes to the front with a claim that Iowa may yet put forth a brand of fossil that will contest with the tall corn as a cause for tooting the trumpet of fame. In other sections of the state the fossil has long been known, under the locally inclusive name of mossback, but this is the first time the Nishabotna valley has put in any sort of claim to be counted as playing.

However, the Shenandoah find is that of part of a jawbone that may have belonged to some antediluvian monster. No reason why this should not be so can be cited. Iowa has a geological history almost as interesting as its political annals. Strata of limestone, sandstone, blue and white fire clay, soapstone, coal measures, and even the primeval granite testify to the mutations undergone by the Hawkeye state while in the making.

Why, then, should there be no trace left of the animals who made their homes in the lush savannas or on the verdant hills in that far away time, before even the bison had come to browse there? Certainly there were such animals. The other shores of that great sea that once was Nebraska bear ample proof of their existence, and this in itself may sustain the thought that some of them might have lain down under the reeds on a hillside and have been covered out of sight by the dust that now is known as loess.

Science is not dogmatic on these points. Further inquiry will be awaited with interest. At any rate, the description of the jawbone removes it from any suspicion that it is even remotely akin to the Cardiff giant, whose origin was in a gypsum quarry not far from Fort Dodge.

WE'LL DO ANYTHING ONCE.

Within a fortnight, it is promised, we are to know which plan for establishing universal peace is favored by the jury of award for the Bok prize. Elihu Root says he thinks that by January 7 the choice will be given to the public.

Next thing is to put it into operation. Orders have been sent in to the general committee in charge, asking for unlimited numbers of copies of the document. For example, the Y. W. C. A. general board has entered a requisition for 500,000, and other concerns have put in requests that total up into the millions. This general circulation ought to give the widest notice to the successful plan.

After all this is done, a vote is to be taken, some 15 states already having organizations to carry on the referendum, in order that an expression on the merits of the proposal may be had. This ought to provide some basis for working. Not many folks actually want war, and even fewer will object to the presence of permanent peace. Yet one of the greatest causes of war is difference of opinion as to the terms on which peace can be kept.

If the jury selects from the more than 26,000 manuscripts submitted for its examination one that holds a workable plan for creating peace in the world, and that plan is endorsed by a substantial number of thinking people as worthy of a trial, it ought to have a chance. Men ordinarily will do anything once, and if that thing is for the good of all mankind, most will make a little sacrifice to set it into motion. So, Messrs. Bok Jurymen, come on with your verdict.

Some day a jury will convict a wife who has killed her husband, but the prospect seems remote.

HARMONY IN THE DEMOCRATIC CAMP.

What tidings is this from Washington, that John Henry Morehead is not willing to resign to Charles W. Bryan entire right-of-way at the democratic national convention? Does it presage a new alignment of the hosts of the unfrightened in Nebraska? We do not think so. If the portent be read aright by local political astrologers, it will be found to contain only the renewal of the old-time antagonism, locally known as that between the Jacks and the Jims. Those lines have been somewhat dimmed, but not entirely effaced, by the passage of time.

An unholy alliance was maintained in 1922, with the admitted hope of capturing some more of the pie; Brother Charlie got away with his plan, but the other fellows were not so well pleased at the outcome. Nineteen-twenty-four holds something more, and requires a rearrangement of the pawns, if not the principal pieces on the chess board. Far away in Florida, Brother Will is steaming around, telling the world what sort of democrat he wants to run for president. Not that it makes any particular difference to anybody, but he has not as yet outlined the man closely enough to make the description fit any of those who are avowedly seeking the nomination. Mr. Bryan will probably be at the next democratic convention, and it would be mighty convenient for him if he had the sixteen votes up from Nebraska as a nucleus around which to set up a bloc of his own.

Hoping against hope that the candidate to be named by the convention may slip into the White House, certain other notable democrats of the state are unwilling to longer forego their seat in the sun to meet the Bryan program. Florida is a long way off, and these can see no good reason why they should continue to be obscured by a shadow that begins at Miami. If a democrat is to be nominated, they want to have a hand in the proceedings, and aspire to be permitted to enter the presence of the exalted without passing through the anteroom of an expatriate.

So there will be a contest for the Nebraska delegation. John H. Morehead is a fairly good figurehead for the group that has long been weary of a dictatorship that has not always been gentle. Behind him will rally forces that are not to be sneezed at by those who seek the favor of the democratic schemers, such as it is, and the forthcoming scramble for control will be interesting, even though it may be futile in the end. Let the battle proceed.

DINTY MOORE A REAL MAN.

More than usual sorrow will attach to the news of the death of James (Dinty) Moore of the air mail service. Partly because he is the first flyer to lose his life on the Omaha division, which stretches from Chicago to Cheyenne, over 1,000 miles, but chiefly because he was so well known and esteemed in the community. Moore was noted for being a careful flyer. He knew his machine well, he knew the air well, and he was resourceful to such a degree as had won him highest praise. Devoted to the service, he was the first man to fly from Cheyenne to Salt Lake City and back in one day, in order that there might be no interruption in the flight of the air mail. On this trip he crossed the Rocky mountains twice, carrying 400 pounds of mail each way. All the stories told of him but exemplify his prudence, skill and judgment in handling an air plane. Even the manner of his taking off, as described by those who witnessed the fatal dive of the ship, indicates that he was proceeding against difficulties with due caution, but carrying on that the mail might be delivered. Moore was one of the men who have made the name of American a proud badge for any man to wear.

Our old friend Edgar Howard got away big in his first speech in congress. He told some truth, too, especially when he said the only victories the democrats have won in the last 80 years was when the republican party was divided.

Mr. Bryan did not announce that Mr. Ford is a liability until after mature reflection. Still there is a suspicion that had Henry put up a similar hoorah for a deserving democrat, the verdict would have been different.

Somehow we can't help feeling that the appointment of General Dawes to head the German reparations inquiry means that all parties are anxious to get at the bedrock facts.

Lloyd George is reported to be on the way to recovery. He ought to get well enough to realize that in defeating Baldwin he elevated Ramsay McDonald.

Still certain she does not care to live in the White House, Mrs. Ford says \$1,241.50 railroad fare for the privilege of shopping in New York.

Another bootlegger has been caught with a long list of places to call. Why don't they use the city directory and play safe?

Naples reports having received a snow storm. Maybe that is the one that was directed to Omaha.

Raisuli has just been buried, but whatever became of Pericardius?

Why should John H. Morehead dip his flag to Charles W. Bryan?

Also, it is a darn mean prisoner who will betray the sheriff.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—

Robert Worthington Davie

FORSAKEN LOVE NESTS.

How often we ponder the promises true—
Fond words of a day that is dead—
Crisp change that has fashioned those love nests anew,
And left them as memories to dread.
Sweet pictures and visions and all that they were
When hearts were a-throbbing in tune—
The fervor of him and the ardor of her,
And life as romantic as June.
We think of them and we pray they go
To some far-off land where they dwell,
And we wish they had kept to the trail,
And shared the enjoyment of others who know
The quiet that follows the gale;
And oft we are touched by the depth of their plight
'Till words to expression are vain—
But, oh, the desire to lead them aright
Where virtues forsaken remain!

"The People's Voice"

Editorials from readers of The Morning Bee. Readers of The Morning Bee are invited to write freely for expression on matters of public interest.

Push River Navigation.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The public mind seems to be filled with the idea that the Missouri river is a very crooked stream and if straightened that the distance between any two given points would be about halved.

By the river it is 128 miles from Omaha to Sioux City. By the railroad on the east side it is 101 miles in almost a direct line. Taking the most direct inland route on the west side of the river it is 107 miles between these two points. So even if the river ran by the most direct route possible the saving in mileage would be very slight. The cost for digging the canal would be tremendous and prohibitive.

The talk about straightening the channel comes most from those who wish to defeat all improvement of the Missouri, and especially from those who wish to block every step towards making it a line of successful transportation. The river is capable of a very large carrying capacity, and could very easily be put in condition to do this work. All that is required is a system of locks to hold the current in the middle of the channel. To do this without delay, the locks to supervise and maintain it after it is put in would be a simple matter and at a comparatively small cost.

Now that President Coolidge has released the bill of the Missouri riverways in his message to congress, the big idea is to get an appropriation in the rivers and harbors bill at the session of congress for work to commence this spring in earnest, the current of the Missouri from Omaha north.

Every voter interested in cheap transportation and river improvement should take about this subject, and either representative in congress and to his or her United States senator few drops of ink artistically scattered the requests are scattered it will defeat all improvement of the Missouri. Every citizen of Nebraska, Iowa and Dakota is interested. Send your men in congress a Christmas present of a very nice white piece of note paper, of the funds available for improvement of the river, and step in asking action. But keep to the point. Ask for work to control the current S. J. WOODRUFF.

Not a Leader of Coxey's Revolutionary Army.

Herman, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: In answer to an article out at Detroit, Mich., by my friend, Roy M. Harrop, Omaha president of the National Ford-for-Front page of the Omaha Daily News, I Roy M. Harrop has picked me to lead Coxey's army or an army of 10,000 farmers to march on Washington in any revolutionary manner he got me to go to Washington. I have picked me to lead an army of not 10,000 but 500,000 farmers of Nebraska, Colorado, Kansas and the Dakotas to the banks of the Mississippi to act as actionaries of either in either party and to vote for any progressive regardless of party, then he has not placed me wrong and will find me at the front with the progressive banner.

Now I do not believe Mr. Harrop had any revolutionary thought in mind, and he made that statement, but those who read the article will immediately take it for granted that I am at the head of an army of 10,000 men which I am not.

However, there should be a new alignment of parties. Either those progressives in the republican party should control the destinies of that party and the progressives of that country should support them, or they should join the progressive forces of the democratic party and help make it more responsive to the needs of the people and whether the so-called political wise see it or not, the people are thoroughly awake to the situation.

There is no difference between the reactionary democrats and the reactionary republicans. The only difference would seem that the progressive elements should prove sufficiently strong to form a third party that could win in the elections next fall. But party lines have proved too strong in the east and south in the past. It is doubtful, therefore, that the unorganized majority of the people could win against the organized minority in reaction.

The only hope of the country is for the progressive forces of the south to the progressive forces of the west and make of the whole a united front. Absentee landlords that dwell in New York. JOHN OBERST, JR.

The Blotch on the Stars and Stripes. Springfield, S. D.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The time has come when the American public should call a halt on this one issue, which has been used by lowbrow politicians as vote-getting bait ever since the boys came back. Yes, we are talking about the use of the subject of Soldier Bonuses.

We are aware of the Mellon type of calamity howlers, who claim a bonus at this time would ruin this nation and the world for the next four generations! We are aware of the opposing faction of vets known as the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League, whose motto is: "For the disabled, everything for the able-bodied, nothing." We are also aware of the six main points that the Ex-Service Men's Pro-Bonus League put forth in the American Legion Weekly on pages 11 and 12 in the December 31, 1923, issue, their arguments supporting immediate enactment of the Compensator bill, viz:—A debt is owing the, sweet

Daily Prayer

I have loved with an everlasting love.
Our Father in Heaven, we should praise and magnify Thy Holy Name. Thy love watches over us, protecting us from every kind of danger, and providing for us every need we have. Thou dost never fail us. We trust in Thee. We have sinned against Thee in thought and word and deed, but we come with contrite hearts, confessing our unrighteousness, and pleading Thy forgiveness, through the merits of the shed blood of our Savior Jesus Christ.
We thank Thee for all Thy good gifts unto us, and we pray Thee to accept us and to use us as Thou canst. Bless each of us as we need Thy blessing. And with us, bless all the ill that surrounds us, which has discouraged, the sinning, and all Thy needy ones. We would pray also for all those engaged in lowly or great tasks for the extension of Thy Kingdom in the hearts of men everywhere.
And now do Thou be with us in our daily task of hand or mind. May we be workmen in things material and spiritual of whom Thou needest not to be ashamed. Give us grace to help us after while, without one missing. We ask it in Jesus' name. Amen.
NEV. STEWART WINFIELD HERMAN,
HARTSFORD, Pa.

Where the Tall Corn Grows

The Council Bluffs Nonparell suggests that cotton, like corn, has had the season is over, might serve a great public need by training Christian shopppers.

The Ottumwa Courier sarcastically remarks that the main trouble with government baby clinics is that many of the authorities presiding over them haven't enough actual knowledge of child life to distinguish between a baby's chatter and the howl of a hungry wolf.

The Waterloo Tribune, noting that Magnus Johnson has crossed his trousers and buttons with Henry Cabot Lodge, expresses the fear that Senator Brookhart will insist that the social bloc has seduced Magnus.

The Marshalltown Times-Republican seems to know ex-service men. It says that they will admire the president's attitude toward the bonus, just like they admired the enemy who hopped over the top and met them half way to cross bayonets. Nobody loves a coward, not even the God who made him," sagely observes the Times-Republican.

The Webster City Freeman-Journal wonders if corn would ever go to 30 cents a bushel if presidential and congressional salaries were paid in corn, one bushel for each dollar now received.

The Cedar Rapids Republican wonders if the Federal Reserve of Labor not to flatter itself that its reputation of the I. W. W. has put that organization down and out. "On the contrary," says the Republican, "they are working as hard as ever and have their representatives in some of the high places in the national house and senate."

and its five arguments supporting same; 2—This debt has been acknowledged by the country and payment has been promised to the veteran citizen even the late president's attitude was still a candidate; 3—The country wants this debt paid (this argument backed by nine undisputable arguments among them this fact that 200,000,000 dollars of military and naval bills were passed in favor of the bill was \$33 to 70; 4—The country can afford to pay this debt, but the country as a whole; 6—The United States is not in the habit of repudiating its war obligations. It is an established American custom to consider the cases of Prosper Charles, French Communist; of Jean and Philibert Gobelins, fifteenth century dyers in the Faubourg St. Marcel, Paris; of Louis XIV, once king of France, and of Charles Le Brun, a person skilful and intelligent in the art of painting, hired by Louis 26 years ago "to make designs for tapestry, sculpture and other works, to see that they were correctly rendered, and to direct and overlook all the workmen employed in the manufacture." Jean and Philibert Gobelins, worthy, ambitious brothers, having made money in the cloth dyeing business, gave it up as not quite respectable and turned into banking. Thus they passed from the story at the beginning, leaving only a name, which subsequently attached itself to the finest French tapestries.

Romance of a Tapestry.

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King Louis, with a vanity proper to monarchs, believed that the designers, painters and weavers of France would be highly honored if they were allowed to execute fourteen pieces of tapestry showing the glorious achievements of his reign, from his consecration in the Church of Our Lady at Rheims to his capture of the city of Lille from the Spanish. So Louis "purchased" the hotel of the Gobelins, with several adjacent houses, and sought out artists of the highest reputation, tapestriers, sculptors, goldsmiths, cabinet makers and other most able workmen in all sorts of arts and crafts." And he employed Le Brun, who created, among other tapestries, two showing respectively the entry of Louis into Dunkirk at the heels of the departing English and the same intrepid monarch risking his royal skin in the trenches before Douai.

Le Brun and his associates did their work with an enthusiasm which was at least worthy of their employer, and their productions, hung in the galleries of Versailles, preserve to this day an almost incomparable richness and variety. The visitor to Versailles sees the Grand Monarch posturing off his high horse and the French troopers whooping down the hill into Dunkirk more vividly than modern painters have cared to show the heroes of Gettysburg, the Marne or San Juan Hill.

But here enters the villain Charles. What Charles' motives were unless a

"From State and Nation"

—Editorials from Other Newspapers—

Putting Tax Revision First.

From the Kansas City Times.
The attempt of the bonus lobby in Washington, aided by certain members of congress, to rush a bonus bill through before acting on the tax reduction proposal of Secretary Mellon, has failed. At least, the ways and means committee of the house has voted to defer consideration of the bonus.

To have given precedence to the bonus question would have been to treat with contempt the chief recommendation of President Coolidge, who is opposed to the bonus, but favors, instead, a substantial reduction in taxes, of which he said in his message.

"Of all the service which the congress can render to the country, I have no hesitation in declaring that the president's proposal of a tax reduction is the paramount. To neglect it, to postpone it, to obstruct it by unusual proposals, is to become unworthy of public confidence and untrue to public trust. The country wants this measure to have the right of way over all others."

A presidential instruction is not a law, of course. But the president was right about the demand for tax reduction. If there was any doubt, this position when first declared, there was none when the response came from the people and from the newspapers that reflect public opinion. It has been years since a presidential message struck such a responsive note as did Coolidge's demand for relief from tax burdens.

But the bonus lobby would have substituted the bonus measure, which the president opposes, for the measure he declared should have the right of way over all others. Indeed, an attempt yet will be made to put congress in the attitude of declaring for a bonus under pain of no tax reduction. The truth is, of course, that there can be no tax reduction and a bonus, too, whatever the misperceptions to the contrary may be. Only \$100,000,000 a year need be paid for the bonus," says the bonus lobby, as if \$100,000,000 a year were a bagatelle. But the bonus would cost hundreds of millions a year, to be followed later by billions for service pensions, such as have followed every war sooner or later. There can be no relief from tax burdens for years to come if the bonus lobby prevails.

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Abe Martin



Nobody ever got any satisfaction that complained that they wuzn' appreciated. We wouldn't be surprised if Santy Claus got picked up for bootleggin' this year. (Copyright, 1923.)

cost of planting, cultivating and harvesting. Left to stumps and brush, the land does not produce another crop of merchant timber. Taxes must be paid on it, and usually this land causes annual loss to the owner. The assessment valuation goes down and the tax which the state can collect from the owner decreases. Many thousands of acres of this kind of land may be seen in the Potomac, Patuxent and Rappahannock valleys and other parts of the country not far from Washington.

His Pursuit.

The man who wanted to see everybody getting on entered his friend's office.

"What is your pursuit in life?"

"That," said the clerk, "depends upon whether I am coming or going. It's the \$30 in the morning and the \$20 train in the evening."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Handy Place to Eat

Hotel Conant

14th and Harney—Omaha
The Center of Convenience



The Bubble Broke!

"Blowing Bubbles" is a great game, but many a bubble breaks in mid-air. Business "Bubbles"—plans for future profits—likewise fail occasionally. A TRUST FUND—a fixed amount set aside in sound investments—will guarantee an income for family—for old age—no matter what the ups and downs of business.

It's as simple as A, B, C—and as certain as 2x2=4. Ask our Trust Officer.

The Omaha Trust Company

Omaha National Bank Building

Advertisement for Christmas Savings Club. Includes text: 'Join our Christmas Savings Club', 'NET AVERAGE CIRCULATION for November, 1923, of THE OMAHA BEE Daily 73,950 Sunday 79,265', and 'U.S. National Bank Farnam at 16th St.' with a large illustration of a Christmas tree.