

THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR

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Versailles will be the hub of the universe for a time.

Too many people being hit by autos again; drivers must be more careful.

The machine gun is cutting quite a figure in civil life these days of early "peace."

Sinn Fein is issuing some notable proclamations in Ireland—and incidentally breaking into jail.

New Jersey republicans end a deadlock of seven weeks by tossing a coin. This beats either arbitration or battle.

Talk of carrying coals to Newcastle! It is now proposed to take a "wild west" show to France to entertain the soldiers.

Nebraska's legislature will begin its real business today, and if it keeps on as it has started, will show a record for efficiency.

The Omaha hen that amazed the experts at Chicago by her record for egg production is owned by a restaurant man. Is there a connection?

The price of beer serenely soars upward as the supply grows less, and the last glass may yet be a costly draught for some luxurious plutocrat.

Mr. Hines tells us Mr. McAdoo's policies are his policies. But Mr. McAdoo had several policies at different times, and all subject to change without notice.

Lots of home folks will be pleased to know that Americans attending the peace conference can get their cigars at cost. A thoughtful government provides for its people.

Whenever and however the Germans finish their row as to who is to rule or what sort of government they are to have, they will find the bill collector at the door just the same.

Chicago employers have adopted the liberal policy of putting their returned soldier employees on the pay roll first and finding work for them afterward. It is hard to beat this.

Secretary Baker says the army of clerks is to be retained at Washington for at least another year. The post office will wonder why, when the war is over and the army is fast being demobilized.

Bolshevism received a hard blow in Berlin when the Spartacus outfit was squelched. It took machine guns to do it, but that seemed the only sort of reasoning to which the madmen would pay any attention.

Nebraska, a state of small towns and rural communities, of home-loving and law-abiding people, cultured and God-fearing, needs a state constabulary about as much as a dog needs two tails. The legislature will do well to keep this in mind.

Announcement of the death of Captain Martin Van Buren Bates will bring a twinge of reminiscent regret to the boys of 40 years ago who still are living. Not to have seen the captain in those days was to have lived in outer darkness.

The city commissioners have provided an additional \$1,200 to encourage home gardening. If present prices continue through the winter, the average householder will need no stimulus to dig for himself. It will be a case of raise the grub or go hungry.

Mr. Baker's order suspending all promotions in the army is getting a lot of consideration in Washington just now, and none of it is in the way of vindication. The all-wise secretary of war may be compelled yet to admit that he "pulled another boner."

Swift and Company report a business of \$21,000,000 for the last year, with net profits of \$21,000,000 after paying \$11,000,000 taxes. This is less than 2 per cent on the gross business, and ought to answer some of the charges of extortion laid against the packers.

Cutting Down the Fire Waste.
Accustomed as we are to being told of our national shortcomings, especially in the matter of destruction of property through preventable fire loss, it is both refreshing and encouraging to learn from an authoritative voice that we are making some progress towards the end where devastation by fire will not be due to human carelessness or complicity. At the convention of fire marshals, held at New York City, the report of the president set out that more had been accomplished in this direction in the last two years than in ten previous. Figures given of annual loss of 15,000 lives and \$250,000,000 in property show we have a long way yet to go, but that headway is being made must give us hope.

President Fleming pays the public press a deserved compliment, saying:
The finest asset for a fire marshal is a friendly press. Newspapers are most eager to give facts if reliable to real conditions. Just as in the recent conflict where the rapid fire of the machine guns accounted for a great percentage of the casualties, so daily attacks in the newspapers against careless fire strike the bull's-eye of the public attention.

A New Mexican judge has been told he can not use his office to wreak his personal vengeance on an editor who had offended him, but must have recourse to due process of law. This is a great principle again vindicated.

FOR STARVING ASIATIC BABIES.
Omaha is asked to contribute \$53,000 to a fund that is intended to buy food for the destitute of the Near East.

This means for the victims of Turkish rapacity and cruelty—the unfortunate inhabitants of Palestine, Armenia and Syria, where the weight of war was increased by the hatred of religious fanaticism, and where Kalmuk and Seljuk alike went back to savagery and wrought unspeakable deeds on those who could not resist.

No count in all the indictment against imperial Germany is more black than this, for Germany not only unloosed the force but connived at its exertion against the Jews, Armenians and Syrians, whose only offense was that they were of a different faith living in the lands of their fathers.

Unless help is furnished without delay, starvation and exposure will complete the work of war, and the historic race will vanish. It is not only men and women who thus appeal, but innocent babes and little children, who inevitably must expire from starvation unless succor is forthcoming.

Will we save them? Watch us!

Waiting the Word from Versailles.
Lloyd George is quoted as saying, just before leaving for France, that the league of nations would be first considered at Versailles. In this may be discovered a purpose to settle between the four great powers the principles as well as the compact for the future. It is admitted that England, France and Italy have certain views that do not exactly square with those put forward by Mr. Wilson. These deal with concrete questions—England's navy, France's eastern boundary, and Italy's hold on the Adriatic. In neither of these has the United States more than collateral interest, but they do affect vitally the immediate and, perhaps, the remote future of Europe. Therefore, the British premier means that the first business of the conference will be to effect an understanding between the four leaders on these points. On the word that comes from Versailles, then, will depend how far we are to become involved in the maze of European politics. Mr. Wilson's wisdom and diplomacy alike are approaching their severest test.

Iowa Tries "Bill Drafting" Plan.
The Iowa legislature is about to adopt the "bill drafting" plan suggested by Lieutenant Governor Barrows and supported by Senator Cordor of Nebraska. Under a resolution, which is strongly endorsed in and out of the legislature, a special committee will be selected to have oversight of all measures offered. It will carefully examine these, see that they are properly framed, cut out duplicates and present to the lawmakers only such as are in correct form. This will not hamper any member in his privilege of introducing measures for any purpose, but will save much time for the legislature, because of preparation. Also, it is quite likely to assist the members who have measures to submit by reason of enabling them to find out what is already before the body, what the existing statutes provide and what the possible effect of the proposed law will be in its collateral as well as its direct application. Anything that promises to improve the legislative output is worthy of trial.

Soldiers' Mail and Soldiers' Pay.
Millions of letters, written by loving parents, relatives and friends, intended to cheer a lonely, homesick boy in the trenches, or maybe in the hospital, are going through the dead letter office, because the government's system for handling soldiers' mail broke down. It was inadequate.

The Postoffice department blames the War department; the latter blames the former, and while they "pass the buck" the soldier does not get his letters from home. According to the Postoffice authorities, several carloads of mail are now in France, awaiting distribution, in addition to the shiploads that are being returned. Congress has tried to fix the responsibility for this deplorable failure, without result because of the shiftness of the departments. A thorough inquiry may bring out the truth, but the damage has been done.

Another place where the administration failed is in the matter of pay. Soldiers passed through Omaha on their way to reconstruction hospitals recently who had no pay in seven months. Thousands of the boys who are landing now are broke, because the paymaster has not been around. The war insurance and allotment bureaus have just been reorganized, and promise to get the business systematized and in good running order soon. This will not repay the suffering and distress endured by soldiers' dependents because of the inefficiency at Washington.

Mail and money may seem minor matters, but they are quite as important to the soldier as some of the other things on which far greater stress was laid. It will require a lot more explanation to dispose of these charges than did the airplane fiasco, which was merely smothered because the war was over anyhow.

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The New Watch on the Rhine

Stars and Stripes, Published by the A. E. F.

Merchants of Germany are as up to date and canny as anyone else when it comes to inventing schemes to sell goods. That the Americans are rabid souvenir hunters was long ago a well-known fact in Germany, but not until the American army of occupation marched into the Rhineland did the German merchants have a chance to test this out.

A window on one of the main streets of Coblenz glittered with iron crosses the day after the American's came. The next morning it glittered not for every iron cross had been sold. Price, three marks each.

The brutality of the German soldier, even to his own kind, was noticed by the Americans the minute they set foot in Coblenz, where German guards were still on duty. Small boys who played around idle trucks and who gathered in flocks to inspect the rubber tires of American cars were the victims. In several cases they were beaten by the guards.

It was a happy day for the small boys of Coblenz when the American M. P.'s took charge of the town and the German guards passed over the long bridge of boats to the eastern bank of the Rhine.

"See anything of the pack I laid down at that fence a while ago?" inquired a doughboy of a muleskinner as he sauntered along the banks of the Rhine.

"No," said the muleskinner, "but it's mighty queer that these mules will eat sometimes. They're awful critters when they're hungry."

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed the doughboy. "He must have had a good meal on my two blankets and a pair of dirty socks and a razor. Come to think about it, I had a box of C. C. pills in there, too."

"What would you do if somebody entered your billet while you were out and took your razor and your clean socks and a box of cigars?" a Y. M. C. A. secretary demanded of a Red Cross captain.

The Red Cross man glared at his questioner out of the corners of his eyes and then spit accurately through the hole in the floor.

"I don't know whether you are allowed to cuss or not," he said; "but that's what I'd do. And I could sure make a good job of it, too."

An American soldier came out of a baker's shop in Trier with five apple pies in his arms. He had done but a short time when his toes met up with a stone and he pitched headlong into the street, much to the amusement of the German population.

He got up laughing, rubbed the apple pie from his face, and returned to the bake shop. A few minutes later he came out again, carrying in his arms the entire stock of the shop, which consisted of nine apple pies. "I'll learn 'em to laugh at me," he said to a comrade.

A German captain approached a stablekeeper in Gravenmacher and asked if he might put his horses in the stable over night.

"For four years no German has ever used my stable," the stablekeeper told him, "and I don't propose to break that rule now."

"What are you going to do when the Americans come?" the German asked. "If you don't let them use your stable they'll hang you."

"You lie!" said the stablekeeper. "I am an American myself, and I know something of their ways."

Born in Germany, he had left years ago, returning in 1914 just in time to be unable to get out again.

Two weeks before the Americans crossed the Moselle and entered German territory, the newspapers of Trier published an article signed by the mayor saying that if any German girl was seen with an American soldier she would be an outcast and would not be allowed to marry on German soil.

An American was walking up the streets of Trier the second night after the Americans came. The hour was late. Something—two somethings, in fact—darted across an adjoining street and made their way quietly, except for a constant feminine laugh that echoed through the quiet streets, toward the residential district of the town. At another crossing an American soldier and a rather pretty girl emerged from the side door of a restaurant and struck off up the main street, paying no heed to several pedestrians who were still abroad.

A German policeman grinned to himself and went about his duties.

Bossing the Adriatic.

The conflicting claims of Italians and Slavs in Istria and Dalmatia give rise to some very difficult but not insuperable problems. The Italian peninsula, west of a line drawn from Muggia to Pola, appears to be preponderantly Italian. Trieste, almost without dispute, is conceded to be racially Italian. But east of the Muggia-Pola line the Slavs predominate. The Istrian and Dalmatian islands and the Dalmatian coastland, with the exception of some of the cities, Fiume, more particularly, are largely Slav.

The motive behind Italy's claim to portions of this Istrian and Dalmatian territory is almost entirely based on strategic considerations. For her own safety, as has been proved by the present war, she must control the Adriatic. On the other hand, not only the Jugoslavs, but also the Czechoslovaks and the Magyars, must have Fiume, in which the railroad system of Serbo-Croatia, Hungary and Bohemia centers, as an outlet for their commerce. Here, then, is a basis for compromise. The new Jugoslav state should agree to keep its navy at a specified minimum; Italy should agree to having Fiume made a free port of exit and entry for all middle Europe.—New York Post.

TODAY

The Day We Celebrate.
Edward S. Westbrook, treasurer of the Trans-Mississippi Grand company, born 1868.
William H. Wood of the Union Stock yards, born 1866.

Elicy H. Westerfield, attorney, born 1870.
Henry L. Dillon, superintendent of Broadway street company, born 1870.

Duke of Aosta, first cousin of King Victor Emmanuel and one of the prominent Italian commanders in the late war, born in Genoa, 50 years ago.

Prince Arthur of Connaught, son of the Duke of Connaught and first cousin of King George, born 36 years ago.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh, celebrated English statesman and scholar, born 70 years ago.
Sir Alfred Yarrow, head of one of England's greatest shipbuilding concerns, born 77 years ago.

Maj. Gen. William P. Duvall, U. S. A., retired, born in St. Marys county, Md., 72 years ago.

In Omaha 30 Years Ago.
Knapp won the six-day bicycle race in an exciting finish at the Coliseum, beating Reading, "the unknown," by only six laps. Of course there is a demand already for another race right away.

H. N. McGrew issues a challenge to all who think they are whippersnappers to try to outdo himself and partner, Dr. E. F. Crummer, for either five, seven, ten or 15-point games.

D. H. Wheeler was elected to be a director of the Board of Trade over E. E. Bruce, by a close vote.

Rumor has it that Charles Francis Adams will soon resign as president of the Union Pacific.

Tickets for the select party to be given by the Young Married Folks club are to be had of the charter members, J. H. Schmidt, G. B. Hengen, G. J. Sternsdorff, W. S. Shriver, A. M. Kitchen, F. V. Wasserman, C. F. Canan, W. B. Taylor, Bruce McCulloch, J. J. Gibson, G. A. Deitrom and J. P. Guth.

In the Wake of War

Monte Gianicolo, the highest of the seven hills of Rome, from the great of which President Wilson and party viewed the Eternal City, has an elevation of 600 feet above sea level. It is crowned with a heroic equestrian statue of Garibaldi, who shares with King Victor Emmanuel the honors of "liberator of Italy."

The view from the hilltop embraces the whole city, ancient and modern, with the winding Tiber forming a silver band through its western confines. The two most conspicuous objects fronting the figure of Garibaldi are the dome of St. Peter's, on the left, and the gigantic memorial and museum of Victor Emmanuel, a dazzling structure of white marble facing Emmanuel square, a short distance from the capitol and the Forum. Monte Gianicolo forms part of the city's park and boulevard system. On a rocky shelf just below the crest stands a modern lighthouse with a rock parapet. The lighthouse is more ornamental than useful, as navigation is far aided, but serves as an attractive background for a birdseye view of Rome.

Stars and Stripes, published on the spot, says that the guards on duty day and night around the Mural palace in Paris, President Wilson's temporary home, are noncoms exclusively—sergeants in the majority. "But what has the sergeant done?" inquires the military correspondent. "Why is he walking post?" The guard of honor was chosen from the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth infantry.

Members of the cult reveal the occasion, every button buttoned and their shoes shining as though they had just come from the Q. M.'s issue room, the guards are as quick as lightning to the night council should you search the world over.

Bolshevism in practical operation seems to be another name for trouble. If none comes within range of their guns voluntarily, scouts out loose and bring in some. A growing scout on the ordinary front lifting the lid on vodka and giving free flow to the fiery fluid banned by the late czar. According to the Red Cross, the night council will pick husbands for them. If that order doesn't brew enough trouble, history must be revised.

EDITORIAL SNAPSHOTS.
Detroit Free Press: "Even honor is lost" wails a German newspaper. One Hun has learned the truth.

Minneapolis Tribune: The man who has to go down in his pocket is the one who has to go down in the income tax.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Mr. McAdoo seems to be laboring under the delusion that the country was not so good as it used to be, which it endured only because of war necessity.

New York Herald: In presenting an unsolicited gift of \$50,000 to the Salvation Army on behalf of the Pennsylvania John K. Tener said the Salvation Army had commanded the respect and admiration of all.

New York World: President Wilson said recently that when he did a perfectly natural thing he usually found that he was interfering with some precedent of George Washington.

SMILING LINES.
"Sam has certainly cut loose with his trousers."

"Why, what's the matter with him?"

"He has shooting pains and a lumping toothache."

"Pat—When my wife came to the station she was from my final leave she brought with her a dozen handkerchiefs to dry the tears with."

"That's nothing! My wife had to bring a lifebelt with her to save her from drowning."—Pearson's Weekly.

Mistress—I want a maid who will be faithful and not a time-waster. Can you provide?

Bridget—indeed I can. I'm that scrupulous, ma'am, about wastin' time that I make one job of prayin' and scrubbin'—Life.

"I want to apply for a position as an expert amusements."

"Well, what's stopping you?"

"I'm afraid you speak the wrong word."—Lovelace's Courier-Journal.

THE DOCTORS.

We're wounded doughboys just returned from fighting overseas. And mighty glad we are once more in the land of Liberty.

And while we're talking of the war we want to say to you, George: A debt too big to reckon to The good old medic.

Oh, gee! those doctors at the front! They just check full of sand; They joggled other bandages. And while we're talking of the war, when bleeding blazes filled the wards, And omelets began to sputter, Those M. D.'s stuck it out.

My leg was shot to carpet rags. My ribs were all a-trove in; I had a bullet in my chest, And while we're talking of the war, But gee! the doctor stitched me up And fixed me over new.

We want to say to you, George: This war was a little fun to buy A laurel wreath for Doc.

The nurses nobly did their part To ease our bitter pain, But 'twas the doctor made us whole And while we're talking of the war, My Sunday shirt in hock To buy a little fun to buy A laurel wreath for Doc.

—MINNA IRVING in New York Herald.

Daily Cartoons.

I'M GOING TO TELL OLD MILLIONBUCKS TONIGHT THAT I AM GOING TO MARRY HIS DAUGHTER!

THE SLEEP GNOMES.
(In this story Peggy and Billy Belgium meet with thrilling experiences high up on a mountain.)

CHAPTER I.
The Raggedy Lad.
"Yo-ho, Peggy! Come coasting with me on my new bobs!"

"Peggy, her lessons all finished, jumped up in quick delight. It was Billy Belgium calling her to crisp-out-door fun in the wintry twilight."

"I'll be there in a minute," she cried through the window, hurrying into her warmest wraps.

Billy Belgium waited on the sidewalk. Beside him was a shiny set of bobs, with graceful sleds, a long red top board, and a stunning looking steering wheel.

"My, what beauties!" Peggy exclaimed. "Did you make 'em yourself?"

"Every bit," answered Billy proudly. "And they are flyers, too. We'll pass anything on High Hill."

"Let's hurry and see," cried Peggy, taking hold of the sled rope with Billy.

Then your wishes shall be granted," said the raggedy chap.

Little Folks Corner

DREAMLAND ADVENTURE

By DADDY.

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(In this story Peggy and Billy Belgium meet with thrilling experiences high up on a mountain.)

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"Anybody else want a ride," shouted Billy.

"Not with those raggedy chaps," chattered the children.

"All ready, go!" cried Charlie, giving his bobs a start before Billy was ready. By the time Billy got fairly going, the others were far away.

But faster and faster went Billy's new bobs, and then still faster. The raggedy chap shrieked with delight.

"Would you like to ride, but nobody did."

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Daily Dot Puzzle

On High Hill they found dozens of children shouting with glee as they sped down the icy coasting path.

"Ho, ho! Look at the home-made 'bobs'!" jeered one fur-coated boy, glancing from his own 'store bobs' to those of Billy Belgium. Peggy flushed with swift indignation.

"They are as nice as your own, Charley," she retorted. "And Billy was clever enough to make them himself. He didn't have to buy them at the store."

"The other boys and girls laughed at this for they didn't like Charlie Cheesty's overbearing ways."

"I can beat you all hollow," boasted Charlie.

"Don't!" answered Billy, swinging his bobs into position.

"Everybody pile on," shouted Charlie, as he lined up his own bobs. Half a dozen children accepted the invitation. The last to run forward was a little raggedy chap who had stood shivering aside as he watched the others at their fun.