

THE OMAHA BEE
DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR
THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR

MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press, of which The Bee is a member, is authorized to use for publication all news dispatches received in its office...

DECEMBER CIRCULATION
Daily 65,219—Sunday 62,644
Average circulation for the month subscribed and owned by R. H. Nagan, Circulation Manager.

Subscribers leaving the city should have The Bee mailed to them. Address changed as often as required.

Old methods die hard in Europe.
Germans are finding out that General Pershing's orders are to be obeyed.

It's the "long, long trail" for King Alcohol, as well as a lot of other kings.

However, the first robin has not yet been sighted, so we may yet see a little winter.

What has become of the proposed memorial tablet to Omaha soldiers—has it been overlooked in the rush?

Champ Clark headed off a congressional salary grab very neatly, and thereby stopped a considerable scandal.

The difference between "self-determination" and "home rule" is that one is a phrase and the other a disappointment.

The Omaha Hyphenated is inconsolable because Governor McKelvie will not be guided by its whim. Stooabad!

Open forums are best, even when national interests are at stake. It was secret diplomacy that brought on the late war.

A course in mountain climbing will be needed at Central High school after the Dodge street grading plan has been consummated.

Millions spent to provide food for Europe's hungry may never come back, but we will always feel better for having furnished the money.

What matters it whether Nebraska was the first or the thirty-ninth state to ratify the amendment, so long as it is lined up with the dry majority?

Secretary Baker says the situation as regards soldiers' mail is "improving." Perhaps after the war has been over a few years the whole jam will have been straightened out.

Mr. Taft wants some authority to make decisions of the War Labor board effective. Moral suasion and sense of justice alike are wanting in cases where selfish interest prevails.

"Roosevelt National Park" will be the official designation of the giant redwood groves in California hereafter, the trees themselves being a tribute to the man for whom the reservation has been named.

While the United States is jubilantly voting itself dry, Canada is taking up the matter of modifying its prohibitory laws so as to make them less rigorous. This may induce considerable migration across the northern border.

The exploding tank of molasses at Boston has added a new terror to modern life. When such inert and unsuspected substances develop deadly proclivities the path of life becomes perilous indeed.

Buenos Aires reports everything quiet along the Rio Plate, but it will be some time before the damage done has been repaired, while the thousand or more dead will not know they died in vain. Even so short a course in bolshevism is instructive.

Some day a museum of considerable size will be required to house all the museum plans that have been proposed for time to time for Omaha, none of which have come to realization for lack of somebody to come forward with the money needed to establish and maintain such an institution.

Why the Red Flag Is Taboo
A great many people are doing a lot of loose thinking in this matter of the very proper decision of most authorities the country over in taboing the red flag in parades and at meetings. One does not need, perhaps, to quote the vigorous final words of Roosevelt to know that the use of the red flag is in no sense a privileged use and that it is either an open and unadvised attack on government as well as on nationality. Most Americans ought to know that flaunting the red flag has nothing to do with freedom of speech, since it has been the American habit ever since revolutionary days to assemble peacefully, under the national emblem, however, and publicly discuss all questions of social and industrial grievance and governmental relationships and changes.

This is a privilege, not a right, which has never been denied the people, even aliens among us, save in times of war. But this very free privilege should be exercised, as it has always been, even to the extent of radical differences over existing issues, under the very protection of the national emblem, and it needs no emblem of a denationalized cult to give such discussions any wider latitude or any freer use of the unrestrained tongue. The very extremists, especially among the unassimilated aliens, who sometimes seem to find it difficult to understand just why they are not permitted to gather in this manner, know all too well that their mischievous persistence in desiring to flaunt an anti-national emblem is not because they do not have free speech, but because they visibly wish to express their desire for their overthrow of all that the national flag stands for by flaunting on the forbidden banner.

Those who would give them this last privilege, therefore, in addition to a freedom of speech which amounts to license, are not unlike the fat-witted parents who let the pampered infant, that has gotten everything else, play with the open razor. No; the fact is, denying public gatherings the use of the red flag deprives no one of freedom of speech or freedom of belief, but does compel a recognition that in America freedom of speech and freedom of belief of any one cannot be allowed to infringe on the rights of others, or on the collective rights of all to orderly government and a stable society.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE VOICE FROM CHICAGO.
The voice that is heard from Chicago is not the cry of hunger, nor the moan of suffering; it is the growl of discontent. Some of it is honest, some of it is vicious, and all of it is unwise. If the entire program advanced by the so-called radicals at the present "labor" conference were put into operation, it would not ameliorate the general condition of the workers. Even Utopia rests on work. Effort to produce must be put forth, for production is essential to existence. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, until thou return unto the ground," was not lightly spoken.

Assuming that all demands made by the visionary agitators were to be granted, would the social inequalities now existing vanish? Would we be relieved from poverty and distress on the one hand, and inordinate and arrogant wealth on the other? One answer to this may be discovered by comparing men who work side by side, similarly employed at a uniform scale of wages and purchasing for their needs in the same market. Often one of these will be found walking to his place of employment that he may save the car fare for some more urgent need, while another will ride in case. One will own his home, comfortably furnished, with even some luxuries of life, while the other will pay tribute to the landlord as long as he lives. Economic conditions are not responsible for this, nor can the disparity be removed by legislative enactment. Thrift will have its reward, and unthrift its penalty under any form of government.

Russia is starving today because the peasants neglected to till the lands given them by the bolsheviks, this failure induced by the knowledge that they knew not who would reap the harvest. Is the industrious American workman ready to divide the fruit of his endeavor that the indolent may live without exertion? For some must work or all will starve.

When Home Rule is Needed.
Complications arising from the pressure of freemen and policemen upon the legislature for wage increases must bring home forcibly again the dilemma in which Omaha has put itself by failing to qualify for a home rule charter. Pay of members of police and fire departments was fixed by lawmakers years ago, in prewar times, and they are unquestionably entitled to increased compensation, in some proportion to what they would have if they were in private employment. But to let them determine their own earnings, or to have it done for us by a lawmaking body at Lincoln, three-fourths of whose members live on the farm or in small towns, and who know nothing personally and care less about the government of the state's metropolis, is unfair to all concerned.

What the legislature should do in these cases is to grant power to the municipal authorities to fix the pay of policemen and firemen, the same as they have to fix the pay of inspectors, clerks, or draughtsmen, subject, of course, to a tenure protected from arbitrary treatment. The city commissioners could then make necessary classifications and service gradations, ascertain what other cities of Omaha's size pay for similar service, and put us and keep us on a par with other progressive cities.

Nation Votes Itself "Dry."
An epoch in human experience was marked when Nebraska swung into line as the thirty-sixth state to ratify the constitution to the federal amendment providing for prohibition, thus completing the three-fourths majority needed to make the amendment effective. While the Koran forbids strong drink to the faithful, it is other nations has by law entirely excluded the use of alcoholic beverages. Therefore the action of the United States is unique in history. Naturally, the advocates of prohibition are much elated at the victory, which has come easier than many had looked for. On the other hand, those who are opposed to ultra-prohibition have not yet abandoned hope of stemming the tide. Various expedients for delaying the operation of the amendment, which is to become effective in one year after its final ratification, are being considered, and resort to the courts or opposition in other ways may postpone the ultimate disappearance of the liquor traffic. The event is illuminating as to the change that has taken place in the public attitude within the last quarter of a century. Whether the pendulum has swung to the full length of its stroke and will now recede only time can determine. To the coming days also must be referred the query that is uppermost in most minds, as to how the new rule will operate when the time comes to enforce it.

Secrecy at the Peace Conference.
Americans will be prompt to join with the British public in protest against the policy of secrecy adopted for the peace conference. It had been the thought that the proceedings would be open, that discussions would be frank, and that the public would be fully informed as to each step taken. It appears, however, that the old practice of discussing state affairs in camera is too strong to be immediately overturned, in Europe, at least. Until the curtain is raised on the drama now being rehearsed at Versailles, suspicion will attach to all its doings. When President Wilson declared for open covenants of peace openly arrived at, he was applauded, and when he supplemented this with the statement that peace should be made on a basis of justice to all without regard to the selfish interest of any, he was accorded approval by the world. How these principles can be adapted to the processes of a secret conclave is not plain. Peace is to be made for the good of the people, and the people rightly insist on being present while its foundations are laid.

The new schedule of taxes on amusement tickets will require the presence of a lightning calculator in the box office to figure the rate to be levied and paid by the purchaser. However, the government needs the money, and this is one way of extracting it from the public.

Governor McKelvie will not be obliged to move into the "manion," but the state will have an idle house to look after during his term of office, unless some lawmaker can relieve the situation by suggesting a plan to permit the building to be used for purposes other than to shelter the governor.

Big league base ball players are threatened with a salary cut, but not a word is said about letting the public through the gates at any lower rates.

Franklin and War Stamps

Richard G. Conover in New York Times.

From the scroiled center of the newly designed war savings stamps the face of Benjamin Franklin greets you—serenely wise, benignly quaint, quizzically perceptive. On January 17, which is the 213th return of the natal day of the sage of Philadelphia, the United States treasury will launch a \$2,000,000,000 issue of these \$5 aids toward the payment of war costs. That's why the eyes of America's greatest diplomat and philosopher radiate a mutedly eloquent appeal for loyal sacrifice and support of the government. Only a stony indifference could resist the appeal, for the full impact of that questioning, compelling glance, and refusal to reach toward the wallet ceases.

It was the inspiration of genius that prompted the selection of Franklin, that wonderful blend of the intellectual and practical, to be the pictured adjunct to governmental fund raising. The dead Franklin was industry and patriotism incarnate. His middle name was thrift. Whenever he undertook a thing he saw it through—finished the job. The issue of the new \$5 war savings stamp is in conformity with the act approved September 24, 1918. The certificates of the \$2,000,000,000 issue will mature January 1, 1924. The new stamp is about 1 1/2 inches long and 1 1/4 inches wide, blue in color. It is designed to be attached to war savings certificates holding place for 20 stamps.

Were Benjamin Franklin alive at this moment of keen government appeal he might well be imagined setting forth the following good reasons for his countrymen buying the stamps that bear his likeness: "The United States has always paid its bills and never yet smirched its credit. What investment can you make with greater surety than can you better help to preserve your country's financial good name?"

Franklin had to pay all the bills of the revolution pertaining to the governmental expense abroad. At his headquarters in Paris he had to negotiate at the command of congress loans reaching into the millions. He sustained the national credit with the French government from 1777 to 1783. He religiously insisted upon paying back at the time promised every dollar due, remarking often that the honor of his country was too precious a thing to run the risk of tarnish.

Just before starting for home from the American naval station somewhere near Cork, Ireland, Pete Maguire, sailor boy from San Francisco, was included in a party of his patriotic duty to kiss the bienny stones. Pete did his job, all right, and some over. In fact, he lost his balance and tumbled from the bow, landing on his head on the ground 100 feet below. Pete didn't bother about his minor bruises, but cordially thanked the keeper for the tree which broke the fall.

EDITORIAL SNAPSHOTS.
St. Louis Globe-Democrat: It will be long before the President will be hailed as the Baltimore American: There would not be half the fun in life were there no struggle to make both ends meet!

Kansas City Star: After the civic honors conferred on President Wilson by the city of St. Louis, it is probably well to be informed that Washington is the only capital he is not a citizen of.

Minneapolis Journal: It is reported by way of the Naval Observatory that Saturn and Jupiter are stirring up a disturbance in celestial circles by being in opposition.

Washington Post: If you see a man with a long, unwholesome nose, shiny eyes, flat-backed head, heavy paunch, peculiar gait, powerful garments and gaudy jewelry, you will know he is former King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, pal of Bill Hohenzollern, and wanted for several crooked deals. When last seen he was believed to be headed for the United States.

New York World: Mr. McCadoo's fear that the railroads, their money, their power and their activities will get into politics would be amusing if it were not already a fact. There is hardly anything in regard to the "Square Deal" in our birthright that we can be sure of, but one everlasting certainty is that we have made it political, and by politics, for good or evil, it must be settled.

LAUGHING GAS.
"Before consenting to my marrying my daughter I want to warn you that I have been accustomed to give her everything she wanted." "That's all right, sir. I wouldn't have you change your habits for the world."

Shapleigh—I can't stand your extravagance any longer. "You're most unreasonable, my dear. No one could get along with your clothes than I wear.—Tom's Topics.

"My boy! He is well prepared against all eventualities!" "Yes; he's even removed some of the coal bins to enlarge his wine cellar.—Lilo.

"The manager of that suit trust said they would have to keep their eyes open and look ahead." "He had better be careful. That's the way the fire place was made.—Baltimore American.

"Better suit laughing at that fellow." "It's a poor shot at all." "Maybe so, but that's Pisen Pele, and an as fine a good shot with a gun.—Kansas City Globe.

"Give your commands more clearly!" said the colonel to the young lieutenant. "Yes, sir." "The other day one of your officers cleared his throat and sent entire company about faced."—Detroit Free Press.

THE OLD PLATOON
Soft the night on the bleak field's face, And under the lonely moon The white cross marks your resting place, Mate of the old platoon.

Hazards many we both have shared, Enduring as men endure— With faith and fire all ends we dared, And knowing the end was sure.

"The cause is worthy," you often said— "We'll give our lives out to win." As we looked to the great new day ahead That ushered freedom in.

There's a weapon less on the rifle rack And gone from the parapet, All we have left is the mottled track The mate we can't forget.

To the hour ahead our way we wend, Let it come late or soon, We know you're with us to the end, Mate of the old platoon.

Rifeman Patrick MacGill in Montreal Star.

Daily Cartoonette.
DON'T WORRY WHEN CROSSING THE STREET THAT A MACHINE WILL RUN YOU DOWN. THEY WOULDN'T HAVE THE NERVE! LET ME SHOW YOU!

AND HE DID

Under Government Ownership.
Schuyler, Neb., Jan. 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: It has been argued that government ownership and control of railroads would work largely in favor of the people—less friction, better pay, and reduced rates. The fact that this is to be the state question for the state debates for high schools this year interests me, for we shall have the solution to the problem.

Our service at present is not comparable to the system as it was under the old system but it is doubted. Wages have been raised but it is hard to find a railroad man that is not anxious to go back where his individuality may find vent.

At Schuyler last week effort was made to have a fast train stopped with the following success: Schuyler was to have a basket ball game with her rival at Columbus. The agent was guaranteed \$5, and he bought at least \$0 worth of tickets to Columbus at 6 o'clock and come

In the Wake of War

A suit of clothes costs \$400 in Vienna. Still there are growls at a \$40 price tag hereabouts.

Janitors in Warsaw demand a mark from every one who comes in after 7 p. m. No wonder the war sticks around in Warsaw.

The War department has 2,700 tons of poison gas on hand and no use for it. Bolsheviki agitators will not buy, being already overstocked.

It is said Premier Clemenceau of France kissed a stenographer the day the armistice was signed. Some speculation, that. But then, a man of 73 years rarely escapes training in that line, which comes in handy in an emergency.

Marshal Joffre says: "It was the weight of America, her moral and material forces thrown into the balance at the crucial hour that turned the scales against the victors. And the Americans showed themselves true soldiers and a military power that counted tremendously in the decisive conflict." The statement is both comprehensive and accurate, and is brief enough to blazon on future monuments.

Britain's venerable institution, the coroner's jury, solemnly upholds the ancient dictum: "Dull is preferable to stupid." More recently have indicted the Kaiser for bombing raids on London, the officials responsible for the death of Edith Cavell and Captain Fryatt. More recently Fulham jury indicted German prison officials for manslaughter in causing the death of a British prisoner of war. The next task is bringing the indicted to trial.

Just before starting for home from the American naval station somewhere near Cork, Ireland, Pete Maguire, sailor boy from San Francisco, was included in a party of his patriotic duty to kiss the bienny stones. Pete did his job, all right, and some over. In fact, he lost his balance and tumbled from the bow, landing on his head on the ground 100 feet below. Pete didn't bother about his minor bruises, but cordially thanked the keeper for the tree which broke the fall.

EDITORIAL SNAPSHOTS.
St. Louis Globe-Democrat: It will be long before the President will be hailed as the Baltimore American: There would not be half the fun in life were there no struggle to make both ends meet!

Kansas City Star: After the civic honors conferred on President Wilson by the city of St. Louis, it is probably well to be informed that Washington is the only capital he is not a citizen of.

Minneapolis Journal: It is reported by way of the Naval Observatory that Saturn and Jupiter are stirring up a disturbance in celestial circles by being in opposition.

Washington Post: If you see a man with a long, unwholesome nose, shiny eyes, flat-backed head, heavy paunch, peculiar gait, powerful garments and gaudy jewelry, you will know he is former King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, pal of Bill Hohenzollern, and wanted for several crooked deals. When last seen he was believed to be headed for the United States.

New York World: Mr. McCadoo's fear that the railroads, their money, their power and their activities will get into politics would be amusing if it were not already a fact. There is hardly anything in regard to the "Square Deal" in our birthright that we can be sure of, but one everlasting certainty is that we have made it political, and by politics, for good or evil, it must be settled.

LAUGHING GAS.
"Before consenting to my marrying my daughter I want to warn you that I have been accustomed to give her everything she wanted." "That's all right, sir. I wouldn't have you change your habits for the world."

Shapleigh—I can't stand your extravagance any longer. "You're most unreasonable, my dear. No one could get along with your clothes than I wear.—Tom's Topics.

"My boy! He is well prepared against all eventualities!" "Yes; he's even removed some of the coal bins to enlarge his wine cellar.—Lilo.

"The manager of that suit trust said they would have to keep their eyes open and look ahead." "He had better be careful. That's the way the fire place was made.—Baltimore American.

"Better suit laughing at that fellow." "It's a poor shot at all." "Maybe so, but that's Pisen Pele, and an as fine a good shot with a gun.—Kansas City Globe.

"Give your commands more clearly!" said the colonel to the young lieutenant. "Yes, sir." "The other day one of your officers cleared his throat and sent entire company about faced."—Detroit Free Press.

THE OLD PLATOON
Soft the night on the bleak field's face, And under the lonely moon The white cross marks your resting place, Mate of the old platoon.

Hazards many we both have shared, Enduring as men endure— With faith and fire all ends we dared, And knowing the end was sure.

"The cause is worthy," you often said— "We'll give our lives out to win." As we looked to the great new day ahead That ushered freedom in.

There's a weapon less on the rifle rack And gone from the parapet, All we have left is the mottled track The mate we can't forget.

To the hour ahead our way we wend, Let it come late or soon, We know you're with us to the end, Mate of the old platoon.

Rifeman Patrick MacGill in Montreal Star.

Daily Cartoonette.
DON'T WORRY WHEN CROSSING THE STREET THAT A MACHINE WILL RUN YOU DOWN. THEY WOULDN'T HAVE THE NERVE! LET ME SHOW YOU!

AND HE DID

Little Folks' Corner

DREAMLAND ADVENTURE
By DADDY.

"THE SLEEPY GNOMES."
(Peggy and Billy Belgium are taken by Prince Bonnie Blue Bell on a mountain climbing trip. They are pursued by Sleepy Gnomes. Their beds overturn and they are buried deep in the snow. A great dog helps dig Peggy out.)

CHAPTER V.
In the St. Bernard's Flisk.

"Woof! Woof!" barked the huge dog, digging away the snow from around Peggy's head. "Woof! Woof! Woof!" he barked again, and his bark seemed to say: "Take hold of my collar!"

Peggy looked at his neck and saw, half buried in his heavy fur, a large collar to which was fastened a small flask. Reaching up she seized the collar. The St. Bernard pulled back with all his strength and drew her quickly out.

"Help! Help!" came a muffled voice from beneath the snow. "It's Billy Belgium!" cried Peggy. "We must get him out before he smothered."

"Woof! Woof!" answered the St. Bernard, and the snow flying in all directions as he dug after Billy Belgium. Soon he had a great

whole line of shadowy, grinning faces. The Sleepy Gnomes thought they had her in their power. "Under her breath she whispered: 'Don't drink! Just pretend! Sleep Gnomes!'"

Billy understood. He tilted the bottle up, but none of the tea ran down his throat. On the contrary, it spilled on the ground, as the St. Bernard suddenly changed into a grinning Gnome and a whole band of Gnomes swept exultantly down upon them.

(In tomorrow's chapter Peggy and Billy visit the house of the Gnomes.)

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

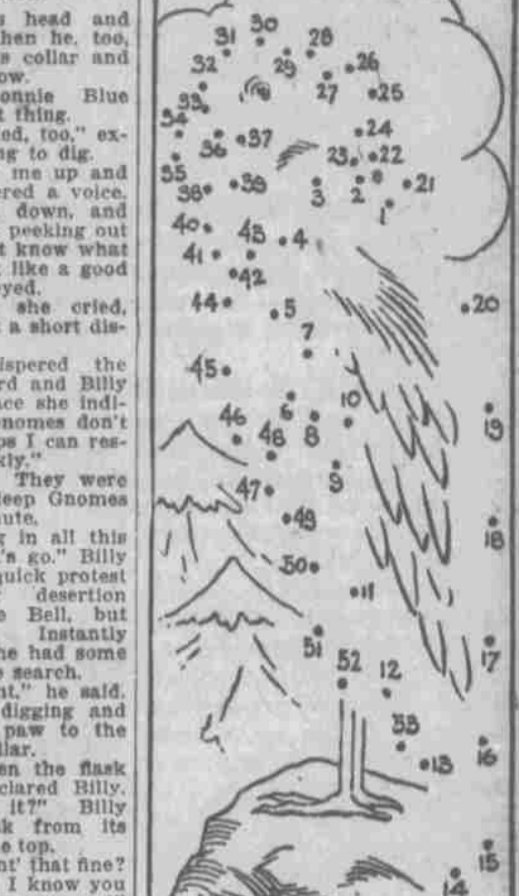
Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Little Folks' Corner

Daily Dot Puzzle



Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!

Don't drink! Remember the Sleepy Gnomes!