

THE OMAHA BEE

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

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press, of which The Bee is a member, is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published herein.

SEE TELEPHONES:
Private Branch Exchange, Ask for the Department or Particular Person Wanted. TYLER 1000
For Night or Sunday Service Call: TYLER 1000L

OFFICES OF THE BEE:
Home Office, Bee Building, 17th and Farnam.
Branch Office: 4119 North 24th St. Park, 2615 Leavenworth

DAILY CIRCULATION
Daily 65,830 - Sunday 63,444

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

It shouldn't be hard to get hard roads for Douglas county.

Is it going to be a case of "Tag. Ure it" in the police department?

Hope that air service promised Omaha is not merely "hot air" service.

If you see a stray bomb be careful not to cultivate its too close acquaintance.

Wanted—A goat for immediate use. Apply to head of police department, City Hall, Omaha.

France may be short of many things, but there is no shortage of pens and ink at Versailles.

Nebraska is now a great wheat state, but King Corn is not yet ready to step down off his throne.

Self-determination is a mighty fine ideal to keep in view but a mighty hard rule to apply practically.

What is wanted is a clean-up of Omaha's police department, whether Kelly appears or disappears.

The peace terms with the Turks ought to include a bath every month, at least for a fixed period of years.

It is charged that there is "a lot of vicious speculation in pork products" in this country. Some folks always want to hog it all.

Race riots between Welshmen and Hindus are reported from Cardiff. East is east and west is west and ne'er the twain shall meet.

Our amiable democratic contemporary says it has no love for Commissioner Ure and proves it by trying to wish the police department out of him.

Any other excuse or stall that Police Commissioner Ringer can ring in to side-step the charges of incompetency and corruption against his police bunch?

Those German peace delegates might as well begin to polish up their handwriting if they want their signatures to be creditably immortalized in history.

Remember no strike can be won against a public sentiment convinced the strikers are in the wrong and that resort to violence does not win public sentiment.

A tense detective story is diverting summer reading. Readers of The Bee will have a good one in "The Woman in Black," soon to start as a serial in our columns.

Over in France the police prefect in whose district the stoning of the German peace commissioners occurred was promptly canned. They do it differently over there.

Berlin went without newspapers for 48 hours. Considering events that are going on now, it seems the Germans might be happier without reading the newspapers.

Mr. Burleson guessed wrong again. His eleventh-hour prediction of conversion to the principle of collective bargaining failed to square him with the Federation of Labor.

The war, we are told, has put an end to the leisure class in Europe which used to be the patron of art, science and culture, and the responsibility for saving the situation has been passed over to America. Art follows financial supremacy. We are it and must front.

Tips for their instructors to supplement the inadequate pay of college professors is suggested by a Harvard student's paper. Wouldn't that be fine! And the boy dropping the biggest contribution in the box should be entitled to the best examination marks and the cum laude on his diploma.

English the World-Language

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
The latest editions of dictionaries of the English language published in the United States contain more words than are found in French, German, Italian and Spanish combined.

A great increase has come with the advance in applied science. Take, for example, the subject of electricity or, in a lesser degree, aviation. It would be wasteful to have in every language a separate lexicon for new terms rendered necessary by the development going forward along new lines. These changes are rapid and it would be foolish to cultivate a confusion of tongues in dealing with them.

The commerce of the world, it is clear, will be preponderantly carried on by the nations that speak English. In international financial affairs the English-speaking races will be distinctly in the lead.

English is more prominent than any other of two of what are called the Big Four in the weighty negotiations. In its dreams of world domination the German government required English to be taught universally in its public schools.

An educated German is rare who lacks a working knowledge of English.

This entire world may rest assured that the English language is worth while. It is itself a composite, but with a virile, admirable foundation of its own.

FALSE BASIS OF SYMPATHY STRIKE

In refusing to aid or countenance the proposed one-day general strike, planned as a labor demonstration in behalf of Mooney, convicted of complicity in a San Francisco bomb throwing plot, the American Federation of Labor has taken a stand which will commend it to all sober-minded people.

If there is justification at any time for a strike, it is when it is undertaken to redress the particular grievances or enforce the special demands of the workers who resort to this method of "persuading" their employers. But for men to quit their tasks and go on a strike to emphasize their opinion that a twice-convicted prisoner has not had a fair trial, is a far-fetched proposition.

Every wage controversy or labor trouble should stand or fall on its own merits. To be sure, there ought to be a better way to adjust such disputes than by stopping the wheels of industry while the workers go on a strike, but multiplying strikes as a sign of sympathy is not apt to be helpful to labor's cause.

The World's Power to Absorb Gold.

That there will never be a limit to the world's power to absorb gold, is quite evident from the unceasing flow of the stream without any back-flow, regardless of its ups and downs. According to a recent statement, coming from a British source, the total annual increase of the world's supply of gold is in round figures \$450,000,000, of which \$300,000,000, or two-thirds of it, is produced within the British empire.

The Mistake of Le Cateau.

Lord French avoids any detailed description of battles, and the chief interest of his chapters on the retreat from Mons is his severe criticism of General Smith-Dorrien for fighting the battle of Le Cateau against his instructions, which were to retreat. These instructions were carried out by Haig, whose conduct of the retreat was masterly, and Smith-Dorrien was not in any appreciably worse position, indeed, had greater inducement to avoid delay because he was on the exposed left flank.

The Army as a School.

As was naturally to be expected, the drive to recruit an overseas peace army of 50,000 volunteers for post-war duty, is not going as fast as it would have gone under the stimulus of a prospect of actual fighting, but good progress is being made and there is no reason why the object should not be attained within the two weeks set as the time limit.

While our war experience may not have popularized military service as a permanent occupation, it has demonstrated the benefits of two or three years in the army for physical development, salutary discipline, broadening effects of travel, and opportunity for valuable training along special lines. The new military service is a short college course in practical work at the expense of Uncle Sam, which would otherwise be secured only at considerable cost in time and money.

Taxes That Should Be Repealed.

Congress is still sticking at the repeal of the so-called luxuries taxes, the chief argument against repeal being that these taxes are not burdensome and the people from whom they are collected can well afford to pay them. It goes without saying that what constitutes a luxury is wholly a matter of definition depending on viewpoint for what are now commonplace were the rare possessions of the fortunate few only a few years ago.

One of the axioms of political economy is that a tax is a bad tax when it imposes unnecessary inconvenience or annoyance on those who pay or is excessively costly to collect. The worst feature of the luxury tax inflicted by the last revenue law is the multiplicity of bookkeeping and billing it saddles upon the merchant, which is merely accentuated in the little articles, like soft drinks and ice cream cones, on which the tax scarcely equals the cost of accounting.

The California raisin crop is reported the largest in history. Great news for believers in the potency of that concoction in which one raisin is supposed to supply the "kick."

Descriptions of Willard and Dempsey lead to the conclusion that they are composites of Chevalier Gerard, Hercules, d'Artagnan, George Washington and Teddy Roosevelt.

Six French fencers were defeated by an American lieutenant before the Paris Fencing society. Is there no limit to what these Americans may get away with?

General French's Memoirs

London Times' Synopsis of British Commander's Review of War Experiences—In Three Parts.

Lord French is a man of strong personal likes and dislikes, and he reveals them in his narrative with extraordinary freedom. Joffre he admired and got on well with; to French he is "one of the supremely great leaders" of the war.

Of the late General Grierson and of Sir Henry Wilson he speaks in the warmest terms, that shows that if he can blame he also knows how to praise, and has sympathies as strong as his dislikes. General Sordet, about whom the latest rumors were current in this country on the strength of a single passage in the official report on the retreat from Mons, is the subject of the warmest eulogy.

Lord French's account of the hopes with which he went to bed on the 21st, and of his motor ride on the morning of the next day, in which he discovered that Lanrezac was already in full retreat. As though that shock were not enough French received another in the form of a most dramatic passage in the narrative is Lord French's account of the hopes with which he went to bed on the 21st, and of his motor ride on the morning of the next day, in which he discovered that Lanrezac was already in full retreat.

Single Track Minds.

Potter, Neb. June 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: One of the most silly attacks on our president in connection with his noble task of having a league of nations established was made in The Bee's Letter Box by one George Henry Calkie. In the first paragraph this worthy critic accuses the president of being "characteristic" in defending his "theories," but is not able to give something better.

Making Friends

We like people instinctively, rather than by deliberate choice, and we like them because they help fill out our own natures. Sometimes we look over our list of friends and wonder why there is such diversity among the members, and it is because we are many-sided ourselves, and two persons who fit well into our own lives may not have any points of contact with each other.

If we give thought to our friends, one by one, we can often discover why we like them. We can isolate the quality that attracts us. When we have found that we will also find our friend has this quality without being so aware of it that he makes a boast of it.

When we are unpolished in those bits of character that help us to like them, when we are unattractive in those elements they lose their attraction. The people who are friends to so many others are those who can't account for it—they are unpolished in their possession of good qualities; and they are fortunate, indeed, if they continue to be natural.

We like people we can trust, we make friends with those who fill out our own characters, and we trust those who are natural. If you find that you are losing your friends look into your own mind and see if you are not losing some of the naturalness that brought those friends to you—Toledo Blade.

The Day We Celebrate.

Francis E. Warren, United States senator from Wyoming, born at Hinsdale, Mass., 75 years ago.

Mrs. Finley J. Shepard, (formerly Miss Helen M. Gould), born in New York City 51 years ago.

Sir Adam Beck, chairman of the Ontario Hydro-Electric commission, born at Baden, Ontario, 62 years ago.

Prince Juan, third son of the king and queen of Spain, born in Madrid 6 years ago.

Rt. Rev. Nathaniel S. Thomas, Episcopal bishop of Wyoming, born at Faribault, Minn., 52 years ago.

Thirty Years Ago in Omaha.
The Masonic grand lodge of Nebraska in its election made J. J. Mercer, grand master; Christian Hartman, grand treasurer, and William R. Bowen, grand secretary.

About 50 people left for Cincinnati as witnesses and participants at the national Turnfest athletic contest.

Winn Megeath has returned from the east. Governor John M. Thayer was in the city to attend the banquet tendered the press by Mr. E. Rosewater on the occasion of the opening of the new Bee building.

The Bee's Letter Box

Ringer's Claims as a Republican.

Omaha, June 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: It is not only your editorial of today that you mention the fact that City Commissioner Ringer had "called you down" for criticizing his administration on the ground that he was a republican.

That might be all right if Mr. Ringer had always "toted fair" in politics himself.

I strongly supported Mr. Ringer for city commissioner and in the face of the fact that he used the so-called "open primary" to break my back in the race for police judge of South Omaha a number of years ago.

Mr. Ringer brought out a democrat as a stool pigeon candidate for the nomination and he got just enough votes to beat me for the nomination.

For a change of about 20 votes would have nominated me. I did not consider that I was under any earthly obligations to support Mr. Ringer for city commissioner, but did so in the hope that he might make on success of the office that he was seeking for. I am not now criticizing his administration, nor am I upholding it. I am simply on the fence waiting for the final outcome.

I did not consider it fair to the republicans of South Omaha that Mr. Ringer brought out a democrat for police judge and by that means forced the nomination of a man who was doomed to defeat from the day he was nominated for police judge on the republican ticket.

Ringer secured about 100 votes for his democratic candidacy from the republicans, of whom more than two-thirds would have voted for me. I am not such a hide-bound partisan that I do not at times vote for candidates on the democratic ticket for office, but I do think that no democrat has any business running on the republican ticket, nor has a republican any business running on the democratic ticket.

For that reason I oppose any open primary. There is one thing I do object to besides I do not think it is right or just to hold down city jobs from other cities. There are plenty of capable men in our own city to hold the offices, and they are the ones who should be considered.

It would not be right for us to import a president from Paris, for we have one there now; nor is it right to import residents for city jobs for a city of 200,000 inhabitants from Chicago or any other city of the country.

Mr. Ringer ought show a little political consistency before making criticism of others in that line. FRANK A. AGNEW.

Evangelical Lutheran Pastor.

III Breeding to Criticize.

Omaha, June 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: I notice the editorial signed George Henry Calkie, referring to the intercession of President Wilson at Suresnes cemetery on Memorial day. Is it possible that Mr. Calkie does not understand the English language?

President Wilson's state papers have been read throughout the civilized world for the last four years and are generally said to be the best delivered since Lincoln, if not superior to any that Lincoln issued. This is not my opinion, but the opinion of the most learned men in all the more enlightened nations of the world. If Mr. Calkie doubts this, let him ask the editors of World's Work, Literary Digest, Review of Reviews or any other high class magazine.

It is too bad that Lodge, Borah or Mr. Calkie are not present in the place of Mr. Wilson.

No man gets so large he cannot be criticized, but it is the utmost in ill breeding for us common punks to say things about really big men, of whom I think Mr. Wilson ranks very high among them.

EDWARD EVERETT.

Drat!—You say this tooth has never been worked on before? That's queer, for I find small flakes of gold on my instrument.

Victim—You have struck my back collar button, I guess.—London Opinion.

Little Folks' Corner

DREAMLAND ADVENTURE

By DADDY.



There He Was Stuck, Hands, Feet and Seat.

Of them was a large building. On the side of it they could see a big sign: "Sticky Flypaper Factory."

"We must get inside," gasped the Genie. "I can't run another block."

Into the entrance they darted, slamming the door in the faces of the leading Turks. The Genie quickly barred it, and then they turned to see if their place of refuge was secure.

"They found themselves in a large storeroom. It had a concrete floor and around the sides were hundreds of cans and casks filled with sticky flypaper, 'stickum stuff.'"

"At the opposite end were high windows. 'Bang! Bang! Bang!' came thunderous blows upon the door. The Genie looked anxiously at the wooden panels. They were shaking under the attack upon them."

"Those Turks will break through in a minute," muttered the Genie. Peggy thought the same thing and she quickly began to figure out a way to escape.

"They'll catch us like rats in a trap," declared Billy, then he exclaimed, "Unless we catch them,"

Then she explained a scheme that had popped into her head. Acting upon Billy and the Genie broke open cans and caskets, spreading the sticky flypaper 'stickum' on the concrete floor. They worked fast, being urged on by the blows that were rapidly breaking down the door. Soon they had a large space covered with the 'stickum,' and they retreated to the window at the opposite end to see what would happen.

"Crash!" the door broke in. Clank! Whish! went Red Beard's 70-foot boots and he bounded out into the middle of the floor. Squash! went the Genie's feet and he landed in the 'stickum.' Again he bounded up while the second boot remained behind, then down he came in his sticking feet and the stickum. The shock was so great that Red Beard lost his balance and sat down. And he stuck fast. He put his hands behind him to life himself and they stuck, too. There he was stuck, hands, feet and legs, just like a fly on sticky flypaper.

And the other Turks and the bandits, rushing in, were caught the same way.

"The harder they struggled to get loose the more they got stuck. 'Ho, ho, ho!' There you are and that's a good place to leave you!" roared the Genie, lifting Peggy high above his head. Looking down Peggy saw where the tears of laughter

had washed furrows in his cheeks. There was a twinkle in his eye, a twinkle that all in a flash she recognized.

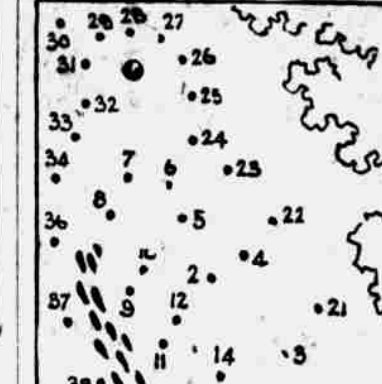
"Bronze Genie! You're an old fraud!" she cried delightfully. "You're my own Giant of the Woods!"

The Genie winked at her, then to Peggy's intense astonishment he drew her back and hurled her with all his strength at the white wall of the factory. But instead of being smashed flat, she went right through the wall as though it were paper. There was a blinding flash of light that made her shut her eyes, and when she opened them, there she was back in her seat in the movie theater.

"My, but that was a funny and thrilly picture," declared Peggy's mother. "And Peggy, her nerves still tingling over the exciting chase, fully agreed with her."

(In the next story Peggy again meets Cinderella.)

DAILY DOT PUZZLE



Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

had washed furrows in his cheeks. There was a twinkle in his eye, a twinkle that all in a flash she recognized.

"Bronze Genie! You're an old fraud!" she cried delightfully. "You're my own Giant of the Woods!"

The Genie winked at her, then to Peggy's intense astonishment he drew her back and hurled her with all his strength at the white wall of the factory. But instead of being smashed flat, she went right through the wall as though it were paper. There was a blinding flash of light that made her shut her eyes, and when she opened them, there she was back in her seat in the movie theater.

"My, but that was a funny and thrilly picture," declared Peggy's mother. "And Peggy, her nerves still tingling over the exciting chase, fully agreed with her."

(In the next story Peggy again meets Cinderella.)

Advertisement for the United States Railroad Administration, Illinois Central Railroad, featuring a change of schedule effective Sunday, June 22nd. Includes contact information for tickets and reservations.

Advertisement for The Omaha National Bank, highlighting its security and services. Includes the bank's name, address (Farnam at Seventeenth), and capital/surplus of \$2,000,000.

Advertisement for 'English the World-Language' by St. Louis Globe-Democrat, discussing the benefits of learning English for international communication.

Advertisement for 'Making Friends' and 'DAILY CARTOONETTE' sections, featuring a cartoon about buying a new straw hat.