

THE OMAHA BEE
DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY
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PEACE TREATY AND THE SENATE.

The next chapter in the peace proceedings, so far as the United States is concerned, is the ratification of the treaty by the senate. Supporters of the president profess to believe that the necessary votes are in sight, and that the treaty, including the League of Nations covenant, will get full endorsement when the test finally comes.

Efforts of the democrats to make it a partisan affair are so ill-timed and persistent as to arouse justifiable resentment, and have had some effect in prolonging the opposition. This began with the president, who has studiously ignored the senate in all stages of the negotiation. He ostentatiously selected such counselors and associates in the great undertaking as would leave the decision wholly in his control.

Mr. Wilson's course is defended by recourse to tradition, which has it that all treaties have been formulated by the State department with the co-operation of the executive, and then sent to the senate for consideration. The record does not disclose, however, a case wherein the president of the United States has refused to consult or advise with the senate or even to permit it to know officially the tenor of the convention about to be concluded prior to its formal submission for ratification.

If there be hostility to the treaty in the senate, not a little of the cause will be found in the course pursued by the president, and which has been aggravated by the conduct of his supporters. The effort to make the war a personal triumph for Mr. Wilson found its answer at the polls last November. The people realize that all patriotism does not reside in a single political party.

North Dakota's Experiment. Voters of North Dakota have decided to venture on the experiment of class government. It is not bolshevism, exactly, for it does not look to the abolition of capital as such. On the contrary, it plainly intends to give one class of capital decided advantage over another. If the capital is represented by investment in farm lands, or is employed in carrying on agricultural industry, it takes precedence over any other form.

How will peace affect the cost of living? The public, straining to meet the war requirements, has looked with eagerness to the proclamation of peace in hope that with it would come some letup in high prices. Instead announcements are coming from all sides of advance. Food, clothing, house rent, fuel, all that enters into the home budget, show steadily mounting cost to the consumer.

General Crozier very deftly passes the buck to Secretary Baker in his testimony before the house committee, regarding the country's unpreparedness for war. He has told nothing new, however. It was well known then, and had been for some time, that the War department was not ready to arm a force of any considerable size for service in the field. The assembly of the troops on the Mexican border in 1916, in spite of the congratulatory messages exchanged between high officials, railroad men and others, was a sorry exhibition of our military unreadiness.

The "Life Less Dear" in Paris

Alfred H. Gurney, in the Providence Journal. Paris—Over here they are calling it La Vie Chere. Over home I suppose that you still speak of it as the High Cost of Living. But now it is becoming La Vie Moin Chere literally "the life less dear." The big food offensive is on. Gen. Jean Herman Middleman and his cohorts are falling back from the line of high prices in which they have been firmly entrenched since the beginning of last fall.

Economical Paris is breathing easier. Housewives are cheerier than they have been in many months. The Vilgrain baraque is the secret. M. Vilgrain is the Foch of the food offensive. One of the secretaries in the ministry of food supply, he gets most of the credit for promoting the attack whereby the middleman and the rapacious retailer are returning stubbornly but surely to the old prewar price line.

There is a lot of credit advisedly. There has been a pretty little argument as to whether M. Vilgrain or M. Clemenceau is the man behind the offensive. The newspapers have taken sides. The Vilgrain baraque is nothing more than a military hut turned into a temporary store, where staple articles are sold at cost, plus transportation charges. It is the hope of domestic Paris and the growing despair of the middleman and the small storekeeper who believes in big profits.

For months Paris prices have been a public scandal. They have occupied as much space in the newspapers as the peace conference. Next to the question of how much Germany ought to pay for the war, they have been the leading topic of conversation. The French ministry of food supply began looking into them about armistice time. It found, as everybody knew, that prices were all out of proportion to what they should be.

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People You Ask About

Information About Folks in the Public Eye Will Be Given in This Column in Answer to Readers' Questions. Your Name Will Not Be Printed. Let The Bee Tell You.

The N. E. A. School teachers: As you doubtless know, Milwaukee is the place of meeting for the National Education association this year, and June 30 to July 8 are the dates. You ask about "Patrons' Day." So far as we know, this is a day when the local people enjoy conferences and association with the visiting educators.

Dorothy Phillips. Interested: Dorothy Phillips is married to Allan Holubar. They have one child, a son. Victor Herbert. Grateful: Can you tell me the names of some of Victor Herbert's compositions? Is he still living?

Rear Admiral William B. Caperton. Rear Admiral William B. Caperton, who is retired on account of age, was until recently in command of the Pacific fleet of the United States navy. He was born in Tennessee and is a graduate of the Annapolis academy in the class of 1875.

Webster's Nomination. Omaha, June 28.—To the Editor of The Bee: I, too, noticed that John L. Webster's name did not appear in your list of eligible delegates to the constitutional convention.

Look Well to the Men. Omaha, June 27.—To the Editor of The Bee: In the closing days of the thirty-seventh session of the legislature I gave a brief sketch of the transactions of that never-to-be-forgotten session. There is some dissatisfaction here in Omaha at the

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE. Frank H. Myers, real estate and mortgage broker, born 1861. William C. Ramsey, attorney-at-law, born 1884. William H. Berry, physician, born 1862. Viscount Esher, for many years a prominent figure in English public life, born in London, 67 years ago.

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Little Folks' Corner
DAILY DOT PUZZLE
40 38 35 34
45 41 39 36 33 30
46 42 37 32 28 26
47 7 6 5 4 2 26
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49 8 2 1 4 5 25

DREAMLAND ADVENTURE
By DADDY.
"THE QUEST OF JOYOUSNESS."
(Peggy and Billy, guided by the fairies, Hopful Smiles and Cheer-up, set out to catch Joyousness. Frowning Phil and Wantit Myway seek to go with them.)

The Dancing Play. LINKKEY clank! Ding dong! Puff-puff-puff! Went the toy train through the tunnel. At first it was very dark—dark as one might expect a chimney to be, but after a while lights flashed into view, and they ran into a station built like a theater.

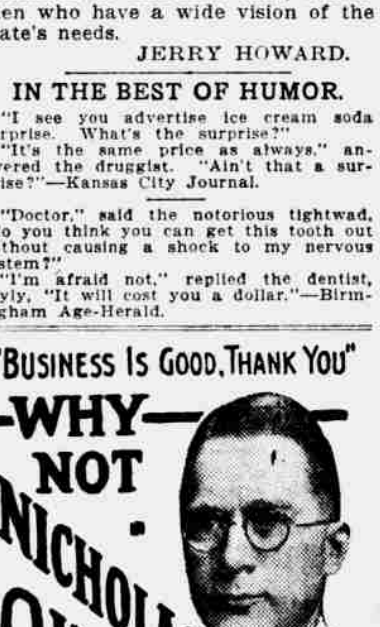
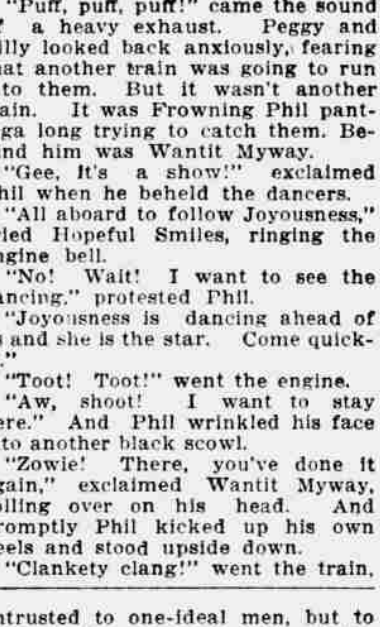
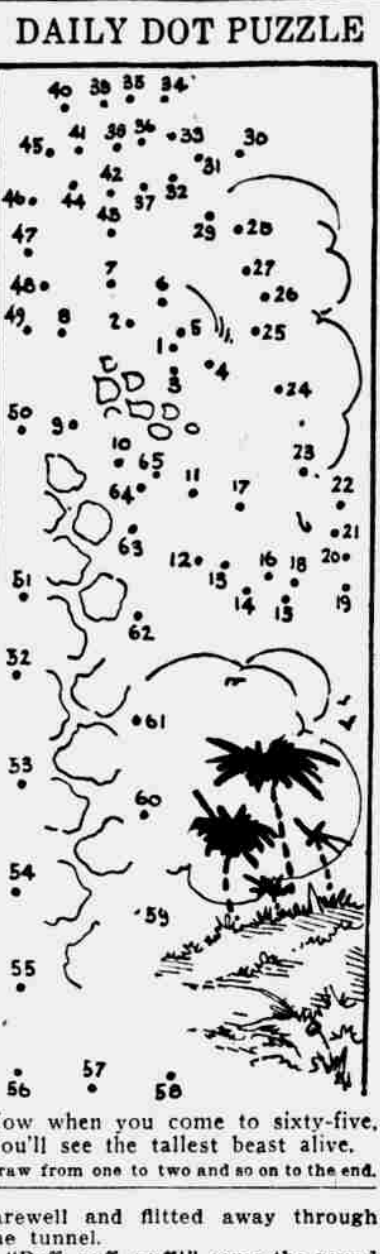
Now when you come to sixty-five, You'll see the tallest beast alive. Draw from one to two and so on to the end. Farewell and flitted away through the tunnel. "Puff, puff, puff!" came the sound of a heavy exhaust.

JERRY HOWARD. IN THE BEST OF HUMOR. "I see you advertise ice cream soda surprise. What's the surprise?" "It's the same price as always," answered the druggist. "Ain't that a surprise?"—Kansas City Journal.

"BUSINESS IS GOOD, THANK YOU" — WHY NOT NICHOLAS OILS? L.V. NICHOLAS OIL COMPANY

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rolling off through the tunnel. And "Blink!" out went the lights on the stage, leaving Phil and Wantit Myway in darkness. "Hey, wait for us," howled Phil, after the train, but it had already gathered full speed. Joyousness led the way through the tunnel and out into the sunshine of a beautiful valley set amid towering mountains. There her frolic became a mad scamper, a leaping across rushing streams, a scrambling up steep rocks, a flitting across the faces of dizzy precipices.

"We're after you!" cried Hopful Smiles. "We're after you!" laughed Cheer-up. "We're after you!" echoed Peggy and Billy happily. "We're after you!" faintly hailed Frowning Phil and Wantit Myway from the depths of the tunnel. Joyousness turned and waved her hand beckoningly, then danced away toward the mountain peaks. "Toot, toot!" The train started to follow, when Frowning Phil, with Wantit Myway hanging to his coat tails, staggered out of the tunnel and caught hold of the last car.

(Tomorrow will be told of the trip up the mountain.)

THE BANK OF PERSONAL ATTENTION
Progress and Saving
Omaha's bank clearings showed a 50% increase in 1918, the greatest gain made by any large city in the United States.

U.S. NATIONAL BANK (SAVINGS DEPARTMENT) N.W. CORNER 16th & Farnam

You should know that Omaha's bank clearings increased more last year than those of any other financial center.

How does the "new world" look to you now? Twenty-five dollars for a pair of shoes means a lot of business for the cobber.

Now is the time for all good men to get down to brass tacks and do business. The president has no word of cheer for the brewers, but the bootlegger smiles aloud.

Washington took the news calmly enough, as did the whole country. The actual fact had been well discounted by the American people.

Edison says the square deal must be carried into all the walks of life, but especially into the relations between capital and labor. This sentiment will be endorsed by all, and practiced by most.

Woodrow Wilson is about to revisit the United States. He will get a cordial welcome and may find many changes since last he was in our midst. Notably in the complexion of dress.

Potato-Sack Clothes. About clothes—high-art clothes, if you please—clothes that have the distinguished look to them—it doesn't seem to be so much a matter of textiles as of touched-up imagination or of psychic call. As, in illustration, the woman editor of the fashion department of a Paris newspaper in a recent issue says that a dressmaker recently showed her a little gown of "toile de jute," the finished price of which was \$140.

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DAILY CARTOONETTE. I'LL TAKE A NAP UNDER THIS OLD TREE WHERE IT IS SHADY. AND HE DID.