

THE OMAHA BEE

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

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You should know that
The per capita wealth of the Omaha trade territory is \$2,800; elsewhere, \$1,800.

Hurrah for the "old swimming hole!"
Tat's letters to Hays were not intended for publication, but they made mighty good reading.

Air flight is far from being as safe as earthly travel yet. Maybe that is what makes it so attractive.

Omaha banks all get by the State Board of Equalization, showing that proper returns can be made.

Marriage by wireless sounds all right, but housekeeping can not be managed on that basis these days.

Singing the "kaiser hymn" on the streets of Berlin will not postpone the trial of Herr Hohenzollern.

Tuesday will be a field day for the "suffs" at Lincoln, and a republican legislature will help to make it perfect.

War-time prohibition will go over till September, but will probably hit in time to head off any "brown October ale."

It will be a great sight as well as a great feat to bridge the Big Muddy with boats. Army engineers will find here a real test for their training.

Again Los Angeles makes a bid for popularity by sanctioning the sale of "2.75." For a prohibition community, the "city of saints" is doing well.

Crude oil was used to christen the Tulsa when it floated at Hog Island, but the chances are the ship will sail as well as if it had been soused with champagne.

An Oklahoma pastor announces ice cream, jazz and a vaudeville actor to draw summer attendance. The weather down there is such that perdition has no terrors.

Two-dollar corn must remind some grey-beards of the days of the middle sixties, just as it reminds others of the late eighties, when 7 cents was standard in Nebraska.

The president denies that Mrs. Wilson was a witness to brutality inflicted on army prisoners at Paris. Maybe some of the other yarns now being peddled will be found to have no better basis.

Sixteen-cent milk means that just that much more money is needed for the babies. The real test is to come during approaching dog days. That is what The Bee Free Ice and Milk Fund is for. It is the best investment you can make for it is 100 per cent service.

The senior democratic member of the senate committee on foreign relations has at last tumbled to the fact that the reservations will be made when the treaty is ratified. He says, however, that any such reservations must be satisfactory to the president. This is understood, but they also must be satisfactory to the senate. That is where the compromise comes in.

The Lone Star

Texas is out for self-determination. Its state senate has suggested that, if the federal government is incapable of giving to citizens of that state the same protection that is accorded to other states, not so unfortunate as to border on Mexico, it ought to accord "liberty of action" to the Lone Star. Below the Rio Grande, where the "Tejanos," thanks to previous activities in the direction of liberty of action, are regarded with more respect than the federal troops, hampered as they are by considerations of policy, this may be viewed with some alarm. Nor can Washington be entirely calm over the matter.

If the rest of the country does agree to give the Texans "liberty of action," there is no telling where they will stop. Our regulars already cross the border, when necessary, for protection of American soil or punishment of raiders. But they do not settle down in permanent occupation. Unless Texas is prepared to do that she may meet with the same difficulties. And suppose that a strip south of the Rio Grande is annexed by Texas Rangers—there will still be a Mexican border on the south of that strip. If Texas once gets started, the only logical conclusion, the only one which will avert the continuing danger of border raids, will be the conquest of all Mexico.

Quite possibly Texas could do it; but if she did she would at once outweigh the rest of the Union. Already she is well on the way to being the most populous state, and power does not even wait on population, as the predominance of Texas in Washington shows. A Texas occupying and administering everything down to the Guatemalan frontier would be so much stronger than any of the other states that we might as well take the rest of the stars off the flag.

WITH OR WITHOUT RESERVATION?

The next move in connection with the ratification of the peace treaty by the United States is the president's. Whether he is ready to announce his ultimate attitude is not fully certain, although the indications are that he will very soon communicate to the senate his purpose.

Republicans have made it plain to him that under the existing circumstances the treaty will not be ratified without specific reservations as to certain of its provisions. These reservations have been outlined to him, that he may study them in detail. Not one of the fifteen republican senators who have been called to the White House for confidential consultations has indicated a readiness to vote for the treaty as it stands. Some of these have retired with a distinct impression that Mr. Wilson is alive to the apparent hopelessness of his position, and is willing to accept such reservations as will not throw the treaty back into negotiation.

Against this, democrats assert that the treaty must be taken as it is presented. Concerning this attitude of the party, Harvey's Weekly says:

The guarantees of American sovereignty must be rock-ribbed and copper-fastened. They must constitute a part of the treaty itself and be accepted as such by the other powers. When poor Senator Hitchcock truculently declares that the president will not permit an i to be dotted or a t to be crossed, he talks like an ass, but not a whit more childishly than the New York Times when it admits that Mr. Wilson "might accept explanatory reservations, but none of vital effect." Men are not mice. Neither are the winners of this fight for the nation fools.

Within a day or two the decision must be reached at the White House. Congress expects to adjourn at the end of this week for a recess to last until September. If the president has made up his mind to risk rejection of the treaty by opposing the senate, he will soon so signify. If, on the other hand, he is ready to meet the majority of that body in its efforts to preserve American sovereignty and to clarify the obscure places in the covenant of the League of Nations, he may quickly put an end to what otherwise may be a long and bitter fight.

George Washington's Warning

President Washington, in his farewell address, warned the American people of the danger of despotism involved in abuses of power by administrators of the government. He pointed out that if the Constitution be changed by any method except that provided for in its amendment, the act is one of usurpation and a step in the direction of free government. The warning ought to be read, in this hour, by every American. It follows:

The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power and proneness to abuse it which predominate in the human heart is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories and constituting each the guardian of the public weal against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern, some of them in our country and under our own eyes. To serve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If in the opinion of the people the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for though this is one instance of usurpation, it is the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield.

It is impossible to read these words of Washington without feeling that the attempt to call the attempt to substitute the covenant of the League of Nations for the Constitution a usurpation, and the attempt to embark the United States upon a policy of foreign alliances without previous consultation with the senate, an abuse of power tending to the creation of despotism.

Why Not a Few Americans?

Conductor Stransky of New York has made a few suggestions as to how the Juilliard millions might be invested to promote music in America. He calls for a great graduate school of music to be established in New York. So far so good. Like other suggestions made as to how the Juilliard will be carried out, it is in harmony with what a great many people are doing in musical life in America. He had in mind for years. But the astonishing thing about Mr. Stransky's suggestion is that, although he named a number of men who should figure in the school, with great abnegation doubtless he was unable to mention a single American who might be of use in the building up of such an institution. Five years ago, in an article on the part of Mr. Stransky would have been accepted as what might be expected, but five years ago happens to be a very long time. A great many things have happened since then which do not seem to have made much impression on Mr. Stransky. If, however, he should push his Juilliard suggestion he will find very quickly that American musicians are not going to sit silent while casual aliens are boomed as prodigies of learning and valuable positions are assumed to be but the proper prerequisites to any who may come over here imbued with the idea that America is the foreign musician's oyster and he need not be too nice in appropriating it. The Juilliard gift was not made to give the chance stranger under any gates another lease of life on musical opportunity, and it is to be hoped that it will give the American musician by birth and adoption that recognition and support that he deserves, no matter what the method or the manner of its use may be.—Philadelphia Ledger.

TODAY

The Day We Celebrate.
T. H. Weirich, superintendent welfare board, born in England, founder and head of the Volunteers of America, born at Brighouse, England, 60 years ago.
Mary Anderson de Navarro, formerly one of the foremost actresses of the American stage, born at Sacramento, Cal., 60 years ago.
Dr. Kenneth G. Matheson, president of Georgia School of Technology, born at Newark, N. J., 55 years ago.
Rear Admiral John M. Hawley, U. S. N., retired, born at Northampton, Mass., 73 years ago.
H. Garland Dupre, representative in congress of the Second Louisiana district, born at Opelousas, La., 46 years ago.

Battleships Go Upstairs.

Eighty-five feet above sea level one of the biggest war ships ever built swings at anchor in Gatun lake. Around it float vessels of a mighty armada. And the Panama canal has demonstrated all its projectors and builders claimed for it as an adjunct to the naval strategy of the United States. No longer will the people of America hold in suspense a feeling of apprehension, while their fleet racks around the continent of South America. The flight of the Oregon will never be repeated. Watch will be kept on either coast, and danger can be swiftly countered, for the journey the fleet must accomplish has been cut in two, and the canal is become an integral part of the national defense. As sublime as was its conception, the canal is, if anything, exceeding expectations. It has bound the west and the east by water as the railways united them by land, and we are now one country so far as proper defense may be made safe through human agency. Our battleships can go upstairs.

Our Own Subject Race

From the New York World.
One of the most brutal forms of oppression is the punishment of a whole race for the crimes of individuals. For many years the negroes have been the victims of this practice in America. States that do not recognize the citizenship of the negro. To accuse a black man is to condemn him to torture and death, and resentment on the part of kindred is held to justify massacres that are complacently dignified as race wars.

What we see now in Washington is more properly to be thus classified than any other disturbance that has ever had, and there is reason for it worthy of serious consideration. Negroes are taking part in the hostilities. If they are assaulted or shot, they are assaulting and shooting in return. In defense of life, limb and liberty they are meeting mobs with mobs. Deplorable as all this lawlessness is, the response of the black man to the white man was bound to come some time. The negro has long been free. He has acquired some education and property. He has made a place for himself in industry. The laws under which he lives guarantee him equality. He escapes no responsibility that rests upon the white man. Yet in large sections of the Union when riot is afoot he is stripped of every right and driven either into hiding or violence.

Is there anybody at the south or elsewhere who imagines that the compulsory service of 360,000 negroes in the United States army, in many instances so creditably as to win high commendation, has had no influence upon them or the mass of their people at home? Who is foolish enough to assume that with 239,000 colored men in uniform from the southern states alone, as against 270,000 white men, the blaws whose manhood and patriotism were thus recognized and tested are forever to be flogged, lynched, burned at the stake or chased into concealment whenever Caucasian desperadoes are moved to engage in these infamous pastimes?

We grieve over the hardships of many subject peoples a long way off and on occasion forget something resembling indignation, but in all the world there is hardly a population so God-forsaken and law-forsaken as our own blacks. Whether it is agreeable or not, therefore, the Washington outbreak is a warning to all Americans that their race was hereafter going to be race wars. The negro citizen is going to have his day in court. It ought not to be necessary for him to fight for it.

Major General Dickman.

Will you give a few facts about Major General Dickman's military service?
R. C. Joseph T. Dickman, U. S. A., who has been ordered to assume command of the Southern department upon his arrival home from a tour of duty in the command of the 4th army corps, a part of the American Army of Occupation in Germany. Dickman is one of the American officers who have made splendid records in the war. Five years ago, at the commencement of the great conflict in Europe, he was colonel of the Second United States Cavalry, one of the best of the cavalry regiments of the regular army, and at that time stationed at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt. He is 61 years old, an Oklahoma native, and a graduate of the United States military academy at West Point. He saw active service in the war with Spain and in the suppression of the insurrection in the Philippines.

The Best of Humor.

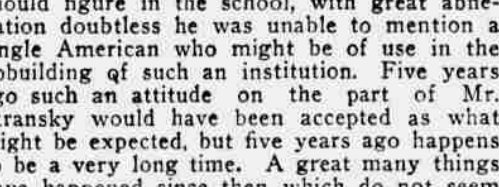
"Brew?" said the colonel. "Brew." "She can bake and she can brew." "That's worth looking into."—Kansas City Journal.
First Farmer—How do you find your new hired man, Eary?
Second Farmer—Look in the shade of the tree nearest his work.—Buffalo Express.
"Young man, you are satisfied with your present position?"
Ester—Yes, sir, fifty. The boss ain't satisfied with the way I fill it, either.—Detroit Free Press.

GRAND CANYON.

A great and indescribable surprise—A matchless poem of the wild and crude Freedom by Nature in a lone moon mood. On rocks of alien shape and mighty size. A hundred miles in length, the mountains rise. Stupendous cliffs and fissures, multitudes to dizzy distances in solitude. That mingles with the silence of the skies. The colors are a mass of harmony. Of cinematic lights that burst and stream. And change to shadows of a purple sea. Like apparitions in a happy dream. In music on the mountain's identity. Among sublimities that only seem. WILLIS HUDSPETH.

DAILY CARTOONETTE.

IT SAYS HERE THAT ALCOHOL IS A FINE GERM KILLER. I'LL TRY IT!



AND HE DID.

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

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.

War Poets.

If it is not asking too much, will you give the names of some of the best war poets with the names of some of their poems. Reader. We assume you mean the late war poets, the "warriors." John McCrae stands out conspicuously with "In Flanders Fields." He wrote another short poem "The Anxious Road," frequently quoted. John Galsworthy has given us "The Soldier Speaks," and "Valley of the Shadow." From the pen of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow we have "The Peaceful Warrior." "Wisconsin's" are "The Vindictive" by Alfred Noyes; John Masefield, "The Choice"; Alan Seeger, Rupert Brooke, Vachel Lindsay, Josephine Preston Peabody, Robert Bridges, Richard Le Gallienne, Hillaire Belloc, and Lord Dunsany are a few more of the long list of poets who have written credibly on the war. This list is by no means complete; if you will write us enclosing a stamped envelope we will give you further names and titles.

Once Famous Actress.

Is Mary Anderson, old-time actress still alive? One-time admirer. Mary Anderson (Mrs. Antonia) died yesterday at the age of 70. She was very much alive, and resides in the old world village of Broadway, Worcester, where she has a delightful home. Her husband, a colony of literature and artistic celebrities. Her latest photograph shows that she still retains most of the good looks which long procured for her the highest honors of those of any other actress. It is now more than a quarter of a century since she retired from the stage, but her artistic triumphs are still fresh in the memory of the older generations of American playgoers. From the beginning of her professional career to the end of it she has been in the command of a veritable chorus of adulation. The purity of her private character helped to make her a popular heroine. Her husband was a man of common and her youthful triumphs were particularly unmarred by a single note of hostile criticism.

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The Bee's Letter Box

Bathing Suits and Society.
Omaha, July 25.—To the Editor of The Bee: The papers report that the superintendent of the water board is alarmed about the scarcity of women's bathing costumes at Krup park, and is determined to see what can be done about it.

The subject is one to arouse more amusement than thought, but even this man's shocked modesty offers an opportunity for philosophy.

I am not especially interested in how many square inches of gauzy material shall or shall not be worn in forms of beautiful young ladies from desecrating male eyes when the ladies go out to swim, but I cannot help but comment upon the amazing spectacle of a big grown man thinking it necessary to make a special investigation into a matter so trivial. Of course it is good at all times to maintain a high standard of what is decent and respectable and desirable, but for heaven's sake, let such a standard take in more than the naughtiness of fair persons paddling around in a pool of water in order to keep cool.

Some day it will not be immoral for women to have legs, and—to close with my hobby—it will be deemed neither decent nor respectable for women to wear bathing suits. We need a social vision great enough to see not only the moral mosquitoes that pester us occasionally, but also the giants of depravity that are running amuck over the nations from committing upon the senses and the happiness of our people. EDWARD RUTLEDGE.

"Daylight Losing."
Blair, Neb., July 25.—To the Editor of The Bee: I think the daylight saving law could better be called daylight losing law.

It not only works a hardship, but I think it is a sin against the child. People should be ambitious enough to get up if they have something to do, without letting the hands of the clock make them believe it is getting late. If one hour is good then two or three would be better. Turn the clock another hour ahead, suppose the wise guys at Washington will soon conceive an idea to change the rising and setting of the sun. God's time is good enough for me and I cheerfully sign the petition for its repeal. J. L. PETERSON.

Farce of "Daylight Saving."
Grand Island, Neb., July 25.—To the Editor of The Bee: The changing of the time, or rather the changing of the clock by turning it ahead an hour in order to make ourselves believe that it is an hour earlier than it really is by sun time, seems to me to be nothing but a farce, and why the people of the United States and the government should be quarreling with each other about such a matter seems ridiculous.

If the people of the cities and manufacturing centers etc. wish to go to work an hour sooner that can very easily be done by their employees.

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

Little Folks' Corner

DREAMLAND ADVENTURE

By DADDY.
(Peggy, Billy and bird friends go seeking for the gold and the end of the rainbow. Judge Owl warns them of danger.)

"RAINBOW GOLD."

The airplane sped along so fast, even General Swallow could scarcely keep up with it, yet they came no nearer the rainbow. Judge Owl puffed along far behind. Every once in a while he'd get enough wing stored up to hoot out a warning: "Hoot! Hoot! You'd better go home! There's danger in rainbow gold!" Then he'd run all out of breath, and he'd have to pant and gasp until he could find wind enough for another warning.

"We will never catch that rainbow," cried Peggy to Billy. "See, it is beginning to fade already."

What she said was true—the brilliant, many-hued arch was growing fainter and fainter.

"Goody, pot of gold," cried Billy. "We can't find you now."

"How silly!" shrilled General Swallow. "There's the end of the rainbow right before your eyes!"

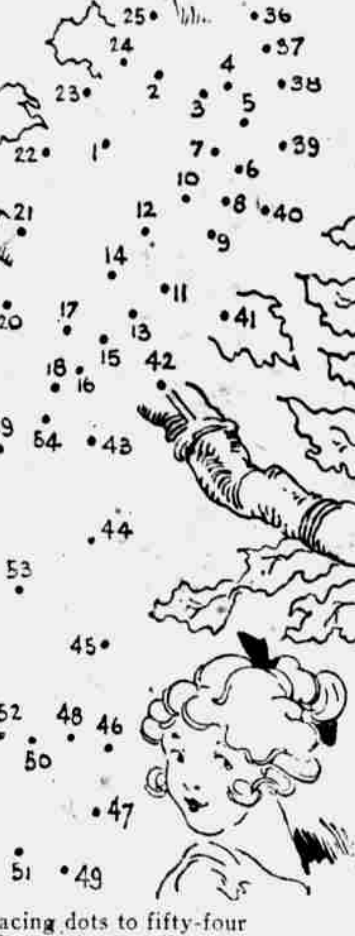
It surely did seem like a hazy, misty resting on the top of a little hill half a mile away, but then it had seemed near all the time, only to prove deceptive when they drew close to where it appeared to be.

"The rainbow's going, going, gone!" cried Peggy, as the last bit of color vanished.

Mark the spot where the end rested—right beside that tall pine tree on the little hill," cried Billy. "I'm going to look there for the pot of gold!"

"Whir-r-r-r!" sang the airplane as they dashed through the air straight to the tall pine tree. General Swallow and Carrier and Homer Pigeons were the only birds swift enough to keep up with them, but the others arrived soon after they landed. Judge Owl was last of all, and he was so out of breath that he

DAILY DOT PUZZLE



Tracing dots to fifty-four. Brings a — we all adore. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

couldn't hoot a hoot. He did manage, however, to get in front of Billy and warn him with his mouth open: "Danger! Danger in rainbow gold!"

But Billy was so intent upon finding the pot of gold that he didn't heed the warning, and Judge Owl flapped disgustedly to a perch on the tall pine tree.

"If I only had a spade, I'd find that pot of gold in a hurry," said Billy. "It must be buried under the ground somewhere around here."

"If it's under the ground I can locate it," declared Mr. Robin, confidently. "There isn't a worm can hide from me, for I can hear him no matter how deep down he is."

When Mr. Robin went around listening with one ear to the ground as if he thought he could hear the pot of gold as he heard moving angle worms. The other birds laughed at Mr. Robin, but he listened and listened, being rewarded by hearing several fat worms, which he promptly pulled out and gobbled up.

Peggy and Billy got sticks and used them as spades, while the birds dug with their bills. They were a

busy bunch, and if they had been making a garden they would have done a lot of useful work, but as it was they gained nothing by their efforts.

"What are you doing?" rapped Blue Heron, fopping down on the mound. Behind him were Sand Hill Crane and Thunder Pump Bittern.

"Digging for the rainbows' pot of gold," answered Peggy. "I'll find it for you," volunteered Blue Heron, sticking his long bill into the ground.

"No, I will," rattled Sand Hill Crane. "No, I will," echoed Bittern in his queer pumpy voice. At once they dug their bills into the soft earth.

"Clank!" went Sand Hill Crane's bill against something.

"I hear it! I hear it! the pot of gold," cried Mr. Robin. Peggy and Billy ran to the spot and dug like mad, finally bringing up something round and metallic.

"An old tin can filled with mud," grunted Billy in disappointment.

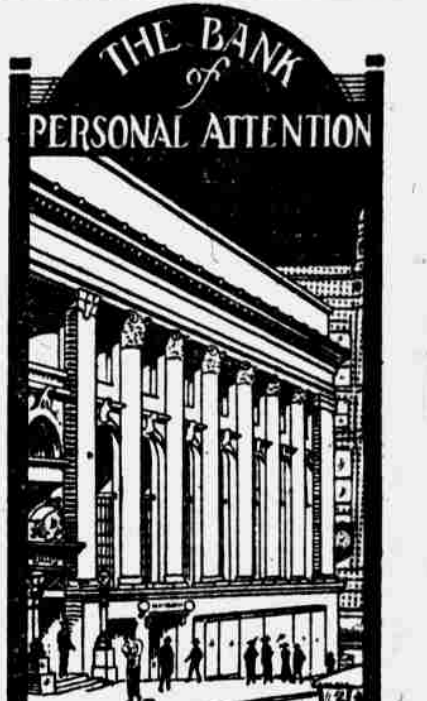
"Chunk!" Bittern's bill hit metal. Again Billy and Peggy dug like mad and brought up an old piece of stove pipe.

"Clank!" went Blue Heron's bill. For a third time Billy and Peggy dug like mad, and this time as the birds clustered around they dug up something that caused every one to shout with joy. It was a round brass pot, and when Billy pried off the heavy lid, there was the treasure they sought—rainbow gold, hundreds and hundreds of pieces of it.

"Hoot! Hoot! There's danger in rainbow gold. I see it coming now. Hoot! Hoot! Fee as fast as you can."

Judge Owl hooted frantically, but the others were so busy looking at the rainbow gold they did not heed his warning.

(Tomorrow appears the danger against which Judge Owl tries to warn Peggy and Billy.)



THE BANK OF PERSONAL ATTENTION

Nation's Resources Based On Savings

The resources of a nation are based upon the savings of its individuals. You cannot do better by yourself, by your community or by your country, than by building up a savings account.

This bank, the oldest in Nebraska, pays 3% interest, compounded twice a year, on all savings accounts. One dollar is enough to start with—the important thing is to start at once—and to keep it up.

The world's sheep-shearing record is 2,334 animals in nine hours. Certain varieties of the lark are believed to be the only birds that sing as they fly.

The world's principal jade mine is in Burma, where the privilege of mining the stone has been in the possession of one tribe for many generations.

The Cuban secretary of public works placed before the congress some time ago a plan for a general system of macadam roads throughout the island, which would enable motor cars to go from Pinar del Rio in the west to Santiago de Cuba in the east.

Europe's first Chinese newspaper was established in Paris during the war, under the editorship of Mr. Y. C. Yen. It was designed particularly for the benefit of the Chinese labor corps enlisted by the allies. It sold for 1 penny and is said to have contained a daily budget of special cable dispatches from the Orient.

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

Advertisement for Bradley & Dorrance, featuring a portrait of a man and the slogan "Thoughtful service always".