

THE OMAHA BEE DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY... VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR...

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You should know that Omaha has nine railroad trunk lines, seven point freight rates, good terminal facilities, and other advantages for manufacturers.

Don't make the little end the biggest. It is becoming quite plain that bootlegging begets lying. King Corn has the laugh on the pessimists who predict his demise.

Nebraska's new administrative code is starting on its real test. Time will tell if it is serviceable.

New York housewives threaten to turn bolshewiki. In Omaha they are about ready to do it.

Old King Nicotine is now going to get a run for his life. He can at least lay down a smoke screen.

Omaha led the world last week as a sheep market, if you want to know what is going on hereabouts.

Omaha food dealers say they regret the present high prices. They have the majority with them in this.

The Kansas City boy who won \$500 from his father by sticking to his job in the harvest field will do well in this world of action.

If some of this government solicitude for the people had been shown a few months ago, conditions would be much different today.

Bernard Baruch says Germany can never pay the bill. Perhaps not, but we will keep them working at it for a long time to come.

The army airman who made 137 miles an hour went almost fast enough to keep track of father's weekly pay as it vanishes from view.

We do not need new laws, but strict enforcement of some of the existing statutes might reach the spot in regard to profiteering.

Booze that was bought prior to May 1, 1917, and cached for private use, is safe in Nebraska. Trouble will be to date the recent sales back far enough.

We have amongst us a lot of healthy, happy youngsters who perhaps would not be here if it were not for The Bee's Free Ice and Milk fund. Every subscriber knows this.

Corn and pork have started on the back track, but are not going down as fast as they went up. If hog and hominy can be bought cheap enough, we will starve only by choice.

Railroad men ask for increase of wages amounting to a billion; that means another increase in rates, to be followed by a further increase in selling costs, and this means to start all over again. Where is the end?

A Chicago expert says that much of the high price of food is due to waste incidental to careless handling in transportation. This is another count in the indictment against government management of the railroads.

Government reports show that the American bison is increasing in numbers, and now the count gives about an average daily run of steers at the Omaha stock yards. This may console the sentimental persons who bewail the "passing" of the buffalo.

Getting to Work Again Before the war Belgium was noted for density of population and the high standard of comfort among its inhabitants, all enjoying peaceful conditions, and looking forward to their general continuance. It was industrial efficiency and a calm, hopeful spirit that made Belgium so populous, thrifty and legitimately ambitious in business. No country was ever more industrious. Live well and contentedly, let others live likewise, was the evident motto of Belgium. But autocracy had secretly mapped it to be suddenly overrun and crushed when the most powerful army in history swept forward to conquer the world. Belgium met the first impact, and looks it today. It was indomitable through four years of calamity and captivity. But it has been saved. It is clearing away the wreckage. There will be a greater Belgium, one tried by the fire of millions of hostile soldiers and thousands of cannon. It is might, not right, that is a suppliant for terms. What Belgium represented in economics before the war is an instructive example for the rest of the world. If Missouri had as many inhabitants to the square mile as Belgium the population of this state would be over 35,000,000 instead of an eighth of that number. The fact is an index to the future of Missouri, whose natural resources are more extensive and varied. Do the legislatures and other official representatives of the state ever think of what is ahead? They are building for something inconceivably great to narrow minds and small politicians.

Belgium's old prosperity will return to it and more abundantly.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat

ONLY THE HALFWAY POST "The campaign for suffrage is now over in Nebraska," is the sage announcement of our amiable contemporary, commenting on the ratification by the legislature of the national constitutional amendment prohibiting discrimination in voting privileges on account of sex. But this is not true at all, for ratification marks only the halfway post. Nebraska's action on the federal suffrage amendment will have to be matched by 35 other states before it can be effective, and if the Democratic states of the south refuse to ratify as indications point, final adoption will be postponed longer than the enthusiasts believe. In the meanwhile, if the suffrage advocates accept the dictum that their campaign in Nebraska is over, conditions will remain exactly as they now are with the vote accorded to women only on such offices as are statutory, and denied to them on all offices created by the constitution. In other words, they will have limited suffrage in Nebraska unless they keep up the fight to reach the goal of full suffrage under the state constitution without waiting for the still indefinite ratification of the federal amendment. The inconsistency of the Democratic organ which has opposed federal amendment on the ground that suffrage should come from the states, in advising the suffrage people to lay off further activities in Nebraska until the federal amendment forces the states to make the change, is self-evident.

Speculative Dealings Endanger Industry. Behind all other causes contributing to the sky-rocketing of commodity prices is the element of speculation. This is not confined to a single line, but permeates all, and is being indulged to such an extent as to threaten the country with financial disaster. High prices are the inevitable accompaniment of a condition of unusual demand and great expansion of currency. But all the trouble can not be ascribed primarily to the diminished purchasing power of the dollar. The real cause lies deeper.

Out of the conduct of the war came a monster in the form of enormously expanded public credits. It is not only desirable but imperative that the great bond issues be supported, and they can be maintained in proximity to par only by such operations as necessarily involve similar treatment of private credits. This induces inflation, and that in turn encourages speculation, and the present riot of gambling in stocks and commodities in general follows as naturally as night comes after day.

The deplorable fact is that this gambling mania interferes with legitimate industrial operations. Investors are not content to wait for the slow process of moderate earnings, but seek inordinate gains by the shortest route. Those who lose, for there must be a loser wherever there is a winner in a game of any kind, endeavor to recoup themselves by further plunging, and business stability is further disturbed thereby.

How to apply the brakes to the whirling wheels of the stock market and the grain and provision pit without jolting legitimate enterprise is the big question. Same way must be found, for present tendency is in the direction of disaster. Prices can not go up forever. Europe is as deeply concerned as America, and its statesmen, as well as ours, are looking for a way out. Public credit rests on a solid foundation, and is not supported by balloons or bubbles. These are present, however and unless carefully deflated may bring calamity.

Potash and Protection. The potash industry in America is threatened with extermination by removal of the embargo on German potash. State department officials are said to be negotiating with American manufacturers of fertilizers to secure from them an agreement to use a certain proportion of the domestic product along with the imported. The situation is further complicated by the entrance into the competitive field of a French company, which is marketing the Alsatian potash, the former chief source of German supply. Large sums of capital have been invested in the potash industry in Nebraska, the effort being to meet a demand created by the war. Prices on the raw material went sky-high, but have materially receded, and still further declines are anticipated. Fertilizer manufacturers turn with expectancy to a renewal of trade relations with Germany in hope of beating down the price on the American article. Here is the problem in a nut shell: Must the home industry, only partially developed, be choked off in order that the fertilizer makers may have larger profits through cheaper raw material? Nebraska, California, Pennsylvania and other states where potash deposits are being worked, are deeply concerned in this. Protection of the home market has always been a republican tenet, and congress should take some action to meet the present situation.

King Ak and the Editors. Tonight at the "Den" King Ak-Sar-Ben and the Nebraska and Iowa editors will pledge again those pleasant relations that have subsisted between them for so many years. It is well recognized that through the cordial cooperation of these agents of enlightenment, the empire over whose destiny the jovial monarch presides has received such extensive and favorable publicity as has made known its advantages and attractions throughout the world. Ak-Sar-Ben, splendid as its purpose is, can not exist without the assistance of the editors, and these in turn have full appreciation of the benefits that come directly and indirectly through the success of the great institution which represents this region as nothing else can. For twenty-five years this understanding has been developing, until the mutual determination between the editors and the king is such as amounts to a most efficient working agreement. Proceedings at the Den this evening will, therefore, be but a celebration and a renewal of pledges to work still harder for the good of the kingdom.

The session of the legislature was just beginning to get interesting when adjournment came. If the members had shown as much vim during the regular session, more might have been accomplished.

Chicago proposes to try the experiment of luring blacks from certain employment. This looks like a poor way to settle race troubles. Why not try the experiment of treating all alike, whether they behave or misbehave?

Duel in the Jungles From Answers, London. All day the herd of oryx antelope—thick necked, slender legged, deep shouldered, and colored above with yellow, black banded between and on the face—had hung about in sight of the drinking place in South Africa. I do not know how long the herd had gone without water—days perhaps—but they could go without no longer. The nearest other drink was forty miles away. They could not all make that and live. Not the calves; not the mothers; not the heavy cows.

Then why not go to the drinking place—no more than holes, truly, dug by the beasts themselves in the sandy bed of a dried up river—and have done with it? Why? Why, lions, my friends—lions. Their played, round footprints, the pungent stench of their royal presence in the bushes all around the water holes. None had seen them. None needed to bring oryx and wild antelope; their noses and their eyes were their Marconi receivers and good enough.

At last night came swiftly walking over the burning plains. Then the leader of the oryx made up his mind, apparently, and gave the order to march. And the herd—all the herd, bulls, cows and calves—fell in behind, silent, springy and alert, as well they might be, for they were heading straight for the drinking place—the water holes of evil repute.

Having once started, that grand old bull oryx never looked back, but his orders, though silent, must have been conveyed to the others somehow. Else how was it, as they neared the twisted trees lining the banks of the river—dried up—the herd closed up behind him—cows and calves somehow in the middle—so that he could hear them press in on his flanks, breathing hard in the stillness all about, a serried phalanx of long, glinting, straight horns?

And how was it, when they reached the river's bank, after a minute's statuesque pause, all came with him, in one solid, unbroken rush, to the drinking holes, at the gallop, and in a fashion unlike the drinking approach of any other antelope. And how, too, sticking together close, shoulder to shoulder, they retreated, paused, and came back to drink again, always in packed formation with their leader? Surely no lion, even, could face that.

But the lion did. He was as famished for food as were the antelopes for water. He, too, had waited for days. So he came, out of the scrub and bushes, coughing, with great bounds, and out of course, swift as thought, and without warning.

he old bull took the charge, thrusting forward to cover a cow over anxious and reckless for her calf, and dropping to his knees, the better to throw all his power into the blow. The shock of the impact was terrific. So was the choking dust that rose up, the rattling, crashing roars of the lion writing to disengage himself from those terrible 30-inch horns, that had gone clear through him; the furious plunging of the oryx bull to free himself and get away.

But it was all to no purpose—or, rather, it was. Before the moon went down the herd drank, and lay away up the bank, with the hyenas and the jackals fought audibly over that bull oryx antelope and the lion, lying face to face—dead!

Taft's Rebuke of Wilson President Wilson should receive the rebuke of former President Taft in the spirit of the adage, "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." No president has ever experienced such loyal and furthering support from a leader of the party of the opposition as has been given the democratic president by his predecessor of the republican persuasion. Throughout the war and during the tortuous and anxious times of concluding peace Mr. Taft refrained from criticism and has been ever ready with support even though this was looked upon at first with suspicion and accepted upon grounds of expediency.

Yet in his letter to the republican national chairman Mr. Taft with the honesty of the need recites the facts and for the first time makes known his own deep sympathy with the criticisms that have been passed upon Mr. Wilson for his partisan conduct of the war, for his partisan appeal to the country during the last campaign and for his amazing ignorance of the statesmen of the nation in the makeup of his peace commission. Such conduct cannot escape the censure of history. It has received abundant censure from contemporary opinion. But the words of Mr. Taft should be most felt by Mr. Wilson. With entire self-effacement the former president points out that it was the obvious act of broadmindedness for Mr. Wilson to invite Mr. Root and two members of the senate committee on foreign relations to be of the peace party. His failure so to do lead to all his subsequent difficulties.—Baltimore American.

Soft Drinks With Hard Names The person who drops in at a soda fountain these days may be in danger at times of losing his mental poise, so to speak, and a timely note of warning is given him from any sudden shock. If some one slips up behind you while you are contentedly munching a ham sandwich or "strawing" a malted milk and begins to utter unintelligible jargon, don't be panic-stricken in the belief that some one has escaped from a careless keeper. It was merely a person as sane and sober as yourself who is placing an order for one of the latest, drink.

"After us the deluge," was the favorite expression of a French king which might well have been appreciated by the late King Alcohol. With the official demise of the high ball and the chaser, has been ushered in a soft drink era which makes the 57 varieties look like a solo part. Each day finds a new one on the market with a name more intricate or "jazzy" than its predecessor. In numerous instances the makers have discounted American dislike for hyphenated articles and have thoughtfully divided the complicated moniker into several syllables, thus making much lighter the attempt to master its uncertain pronunciation.—Indianapolis Star.

TODAY The Day We Celebrate. E. E. Howell, insurance and coal man, born 1867. Princess Marie Jose, daughter of the king and queen of the Belgians, born in Brussels, 19 years ago. Sir Harry Lauder, Scotch comedian, born at Portobello, Scotland, 49 years ago. Charles James McCarthy, governor of the territory of Hawaii, born in Boston, 58 years ago. Jesse W. Reno, inventor of the moving stairway, born at Fort Leavenworth, Kas., 58 years ago.

Thirty Years Ago in Omaha. The Musical Union band gave a sacred concert at Hanscom park under the direction of Prof. H. P. Irvine. The marriage of Rev. George H. Schnur, pastor of St. Marks, Lutheran church to Miss Nina Charles, was one of the interesting events of the week. The tennis tournament to be held at the Y. M. C. A. athletic park, Twenty-third and Harney streets, has brought some of the finest players in the west to this city. H. C. McKibbin, general passenger agent of the Union Pacific, returned from New York with his wife and family. A testimonial benefit has been arranged for Frank Selee, manager of Omaha's base ball team which continues to head the Western association.

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. Are Omaha Mothers Designing Creatures? I read the recent article in "People You Ask About" relating to the Prince of Wales' right to marry an American woman. Is there any precedent for such a marriage? My daughter's picture was among those which appeared in The Bee as examples of what the prince would see were he to visit Omaha, but I do not anticipate that he will, or that if he should, we would see more of him than the paper headlines, so there is nothing personal in my question—only a matter of general interest on which I would appreciate being informed. READER.

That America is not the only land of opportunity, or the only land where a man can rise to fortune, is illustrated in the case of Leonard J. Martin, the man who has just paid the British government \$20,000,000 for its war stock of 40,000,000 yards of linen. In London Mr. Martin is known as "the lightning millionaire." His career provides a romance of "push and pull" for the multi-millionaire, while only a few years ago he was a mechanic in a tiny shop making motor boat machinery. His success is attributed to his foresight and his readiness to adapt himself to the changing conditions of the times. With a comparatively small amount of \$20,000 he had made out of his little shop he bought up old London motor buses which wartime conditions had put out of business. His purchases he shipped to remote parts of the world, at profits which laid the foundation for his present vast fortune.

Lafayette Day. When is Lafayette day and where can I get information about it?—J. M. Lafayette day will be celebrated September 6—the date of that distinguished Frenchman's birth. Charles Stewart Davison of 60 Wall street, is honorary secretary of the Lafayette Day National Committee.

Leader of the Liberals in Canada. William Neville Martin, who is looked upon as the foremost candidate for the leadership of the liberal party in Canada, the choice to be made at the great party convention meeting in Ottawa tomorrow, has been premier of the province of Saskatchewan since 1917. He is a son of a Presbyterian minister, is a native of Norwich, Ont., and was brought up in the manse at Exeter, in the same province. After a preparatory schooling he went to Toronto university, where he was graduated with honors in the classics. After graduation he taught for a while, and in 1903, removed to Regina, where he studied and later practiced law. In 1911 he was sent to the national legislature as member for Regina, and was returned in 1911. His ability and force of character early attracted attention, and insured prominence in provincial and federal politics as a Liberal leader.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA. By the graves of our hero dead. By the sight of our flag entwined; By the flash of our bayoneted blade. Of the war that has passed, we are glad. We have found what was good to find. We look back on the days of our strife. When we gave all we had to give; And it makes us friends For our common ends. That the best in us both should live.

War has killed many age-old lies. Fed with hatred and purpose dire. Even friends we know Are but half-way true. All the faith that was in our hands. May it burn with a white hot flame. To destroy what would come between— All the faith that was in our hands. And the truth long dead— Keep the trust in us strong and clean. If we stand as we stood in war. Through the strain of the coming years. Then the threatened blows Of a world of foes Cannot touch us nor wake our fears. As the blood in our veins is drawn From an ancient and honored source, We should live always As in war's sad days— Friends and comrades through Life's whole course.

When Mother passes into the next world it seems as though there is no way to go on, yet it must be done. Then it is that the soothing business help of our service does much to lighten your burden, and lift the clouds which hang so heavily. Part of our service consists of taking from the shoulders bowed down with grief, the many details to be arranged for the last sad rites. We make your burden lighter.

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Little Folks' Corner DREAMLAND ADVENTURE By DADDY. "THE CIRCUS BIRD." (In this story Judge Owl turns into the biggest bird in the world, and Judge Billy exhibits him in a circus where strange things happen.) Biggest Bird in the World. HE circus was in town. Peggy had watched the parade in the morning and was now resting comfortably in her hammock at home. She was resting because her busy father was going to take her to the performance that night and had insisted that she have an afternoon snooze so that she would not be too tired.

As she rested, Peggy amused herself blowing up two rubber squaker balloons her mother had bought for her while waiting for the morning parade. One of the bits of rubber when blown up became a bulging green watermelon and the other became an elephant. Down the street walked another squawker and along came Billy Beglum with a balloon in the shape of a pig.

"Let's see who can blow the biggest balloon," suggested Billy. "You sure you want to be a very funny freak?" demanded the Judge. "Then blow me up," ordered the Judge. And with that he swallowed the melon balloon, all except the squawker end. This surprised Peggy and Billy greatly, but it seemed a clever idea, so Billy blew and blew and Judge Owl swelled and swelled. He was well on the way toward becoming a freak, when suddenly, he began to wiggle and then to jiggle, and finally he jerked the squawker out of Billy's mouth.

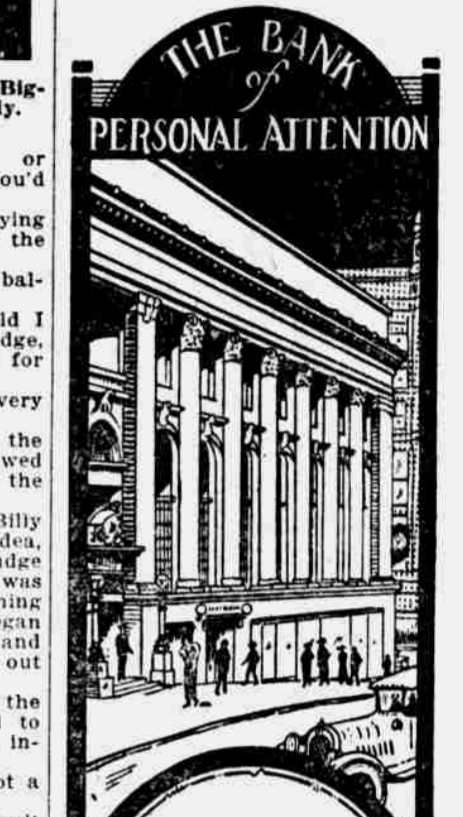
"Here, come back. You're not a freak yet," cried Billy. "If that's being a freak, I don't want to be one," gasped Judge Owl, tearing the balloon out of his throat. "I nearly burst!" "Sweet! Sweet! You look funny!" laughed Mrs. Robin, who had been watching them from the lawn. "What are you trying to do?" "Judge Owl wants to be the biggest owl in the world so he can join the circus," said Peggy. "Sweet! That's easy. Plant him in Gardener Phil's hothouse. Everything grows big in there." "A good idea," cried Peggy and Billy, and away they raced to Gardener Phil's hothouse with Judge Owl.

"We will plant you in this sunny corner," said Billy, leading the way to a spot where tall tomato vines grew to the roof. "Just plant my feet," hooted Judge Owl, when they dug a hole big enough to hold all of him. And so they set him in the ground like a young tree, and Peggy sprinkled him with the sprinkling can.

"Hoo! Hoo! It's hot in here," hooted Judge Owl. Peggy and Billy thought so, too, and they ran out for a breath of fresh air. "Hoo! Hoo! It's hot! Let me out!" screeched Judge Owl, but Peggy...

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and Billy only laughed "Hoo! Hoo! for me here," hooted the Judge. I'm growing so fast there isn't room again Peggy and Billy laughed. "Hoo! Hoo!" screamed a terrific voice, "if you don't let me out quick I'll smash the whole hothouse. Alarmed at the loudness of the voice, Peggy and Billy looked inside. Where they had left Judge Owl was a mass of feathers—the biggest bird Peggy or Billy had ever seen. It was Judge Owl, but Judge Owl grown until he was larger than an elephant.



Rising Costs Just now the one important problem of the people is just how to meet the rising cost of living. The question of lowering the cost of commodities is occupying the minds of the federal, state and city governments.

Wise spending is a dominant factor in the situation. Maintaining a checking account to record expenditures, and a systematic saving of even the smallest fraction of your income will undoubtedly aid in bringing you safely through this period.

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