

THE OMAHA BEE
DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
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You should know that
Almost all of the Omaha balloon observers in the great war were trained at Fort Omaha.

Well, why was Paul Sutton reapportioned?
The president is already assured a full house for his Omaha speech.

Why the president was so anxious last year to have a democratic congress is now becoming clear.

Backers of the recall movement at least have learned where to start and how to proceed the next time.

The grammar of the Omaha "morals" squad could be excused, if its conduct otherwise were commendable, which it is not.

Sir Edward Carson may speak for Ulster, but he is getting a long way from home when he includes the United States.

Omaha used to have an ordinance dealing with fortune tellers and the like, but that was before we had a "morals" squad.

The district attorney over at Chicago has found that sugar can be obtained "for a price," but the profiteers will have to put it back.

One whistle, east and west; two whistles, north and south; three whistles, fire department. What is the signal for the "morals" squad?

The president says he is glad to shake off the confinement of Washington. If he will be patient a little longer, the people will help him get away from there for good.

Senator Capper points out that there are twenty million fewer wearers of shoes than five years ago, and asks if that fact should not have some effect on the market for leather.

When the socialists get through splitting up into new "parties" it will be found they have about as many as they have voters. Still, it will never make much difference in a national campaign.

The American "communists" are consistent enough in ruling out of the party all "boozeh," and interpreting this to mean anybody who has anything. It's tough on the parlor coal diggers, though.

Leasing public domain to stimulate oil and mineral production, first proposed as a war measure, is now passed to meet peace requirements, for it seems that more oil and gas are needed now than ever.

State fair attendance records are being piled up to a point somewhere near the importance of the event. Nebraskans should recognize that this really is a state institution and deserves the hearty support of all.

Canada has unearthed a new Golconda, from which is to flow such a stream of gold as will soon afford backing for all the credit currency now in circulation. It may also be a "flivver," as such finds usually are.

The constitutional convention question is now up to the supreme court, where the validity of the present act will be determined. Failure does not mean the convention will not be called off, but merely that it will be postponed until the legislature can cure the defects, if any be found in the law.

Formation of a general wage commission to deal with the entire proposition throughout the United States is the latest of vagarious suggestions for settling all our troubles. It might not be a bad idea at that, for most of the difficulties would resolve themselves while waiting for the board to get around to action.

Mexico Not 'Our Belgium'
One can easily see the cunning slant of the Latin mind involved in the suggestion from Mexico City that the United States can hardly hope to reassure public opinion anywhere if it proceeds to treat Mexico as Germany treated Belgium by right of its military superiority and the helplessness of Belgium before its great and autocratic neighbor. Of course, there is not the slightest analogy between the hideous and unprovoked dragonnade of hapless Belgium by Germany and the necessity that has forced the United States from time to time to exercise its police power south of the Rio Grande in order to protect its own citizens and to secure some semblance of civilization in a country otherwise given over to factional anarchy under rival banditti, with the central government tarred with the same stick. However, the ingenious but not ingenious person who has invented the phrase that Mexico is the Belgium of America in the presence of the colossus of the north does not care for facts or for the exactness or inexactness of the analogy. He simply wants a slogan to stir the pacific and the anti-American heart to bleed for Mexico at a time that the senate is about to reveal the humbug that has stood for government down there all too long. That any considerable number of people here, or in Europe, or in South America, who are endowed with horse sense will accept the pathetic picture of shrinking Mexico posing as the innocent Belgium of the western world is hardly thinkable.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS.
The inquest over the body of Eugene Scott, murdered Sunday night as the result of the activities of the "morals" squad of the Omaha police force, did not end with the verdict holding the Union Pacific watchman as the man who fired the fatal shot. Several questions remain to be answered.

Chief among these is, what was Paul Sutton and his crew doing prowling around the hotel at that hour of the night without a warrant or any other shadow of law?

The law of Nebraska dealing with disorderly houses, whether they be hotels or otherwise, is ample and prescribes a plain course of procedure. This was not observed, nor was the further provision of the law that premises can not be invaded for purposes of search and seizure without a warrant authorizing such action.

This is not the first instance of this willful violation of law by the terror gang that masquerades as a "morals" squad, and perhaps will not be the last one, although it easily might be made such if the city commissioners would seriously act to give peaceful citizens proper protection.

One of the absurdities of the inquest is furnished by the reported testimony of Policeman Crandall. "Detective" Paul Sutton, who first accosted the murdered boy, says he saw no sign of his having whisky, nor was any bottle found with or near the body. Yet Policeman Crandall solemnly testifies: "I seen the bottle. I seen the neck of it as he run by me; that was after he started to run away from Sutton."

Curiously enough, this observant policeman "seen" nothing else. He might have added material evidence if he had noted what became of the bottle he "seen," and which no one else saw.

The county attorney has a plain duty to go a little deeper into this deplorable affair, while the city commissioners would not be wasting time if they also delved into some of its admitted as well as its undisclosed details.

Mr. Wilson's Keynote.
The president's first speech on his tour, accepted as the "keynote" of his campaign, contains nothing new. His appeal is for the acceptance of the Versailles treaty in its entirety. League of Nations and all. Generalities and specious promises are substituted for arguments, broad assertions taking place of the particular explanations the people had hoped to hear. The league, and only the league, will end war, he says, and not to adopt it will be "unfaithful to those who died." Very able and sincerely patriotic men do not agree with Mr. Wilson in this conclusion. These "astorish" but do not dismay him, for they are mainly those who "have not read or do not comprehend the document."

There is the real source of trouble. Most of us do not comprehend the document, and the president has never set himself about to explain it in such a way that we can grasp its meaning. He and his supporters have busied themselves with making extravagant claims for it as a panacea for all the political and social, and most of the economic, ills of humanity, but they never get close enough to the ground to give an ordinary mortal a real chance to find out what they are driving at. As a matter of fact, whenever the treaty has been subjected to careful inspection, some new and serious flaw has been found.

It has been to correct these that the effort has been made, which so exasperates the president, and has driven him from home again, that he may carry his case to the people. He is staking his success on the present venture, hoping to arouse public sentiment to such a pitch that the senate will be overawed and forced to give in to the executive will. His political craft is obvious. He will assume that whatever of regard exists for the president of the United States in his proper person is extended to everything the president does or proposes to do. In this he may be disappointed, for Americans are not deceived by the surface aspects of the treaty. They have gone deeper, have found Shantung, Article X and several other things that are not to be disposed of by pleasant words or pretty phrases. The people want to know.

Japan's "Overtures" to China.
"I do not say that these will be our exact terms," says Yosuke Matsuoka, "but I am prepared to declare that our overtures to China will be along these lines." Mr. Matsuoka is a member of the Japanese foreign department, and was one of that country's peace delegates to the Paris conference.

He is presumably familiar with the history of the dealings between Japan and China, and therefore may readily recall the last "overture" of his government to the Chinese on the point. It was that if China did not return within twenty-four hours a satisfactory answer to the twenty-one demands, the imperial government would take such steps as it deemed advisable. One of these demands was that Japan be permitted to succeed to the territory grabbed by Germany.

What dependence can be put on the word of the government that has so deliberately set about to rob another? And if Japan intends to restore Kiaochow and Shantung to China within a year, why cease the territory at all? The assurances of Yosuke Matsuoka ring as false as any of the other evasive and noncommittal utterances heard on behalf of Tokio.

Give the Courts a Chance.
Governor McKelvie is justified from every standpoint in his refusal to grant special protection to the organizers of the Nonpartisan League in Nebraska. These gentlemen are under the general protection of the laws of the state, and must look to them for security. So long as they carry on their mission of proselyting within the law, and with due regard for the properties, they deserve all the liberty and rights guaranteed any citizen, but no more. It is peculiarly unfortunate that not all of them have shown at all times the due regard for law they would exact from others. This has served to exasperate the communities in which they have operated, and has brought about proceedings that are discreditable, to say the very least. Law officers should see to it that order is maintained, but missionaries of the new political order are under some obligation to carry on their campaign along lines that will give the least offense and will not tend to incite people to riotous conduct. Nebraska is progressive in all ways, but is not fruitless ground for disloyalty.

A Missouri aviator has been fined for flying too low over a farmer's chicken yard. The fowls can not comprehend that sort of hawk.

Mr. Bryan's Latest Panacea

From the Brooklyn Eagle.
If we are to have centralized control of the carriers, Mr. Bryan would remove it from Wall Street to Washington. But he would seek to diminish the dangers of public ownership by having the government become the possessor of the trunk lines and by having the states own and operate the branches. He has, he says, devoted his attention to the railroad problem for 15 years and he is convinced that the question for the future to determine is whether the public shall own the railroads or the railroads own the public. What he believes to be beyond the peradventure of a doubt is that "some time" public ownership will come.

To the extent that nobody else has prescribed such a "remedy," the plan has the charm of novelty. Nor, should it be patented, would there be any danger of infringement. It will not address an appeal even to Postmaster General Burleson, who, though he be an exponent of state rights, is in favor of federal government ownership subject to no qualification whatever. It will not commend itself to the president, who takes no socialistic view of the problem and the disposition to dismiss it as a "Bryanism" will be general.

This would be sufficient to say of the "panacea," but for the fact that the witness went into other matters. One of his questions became personal, asking him whether he intended to be a candidate for another presidential nomination; also, whether he regarded it as possible or likely that in the next platform of his party a plank would be devoted to government ownership. His answer to the inquiry as to another nomination was that he had "heard nothing of this." His reply regarding the plank was that it "is ripe for consideration."

It is, therefore, obvious that the witness has concluded to reserve his rights and to provide himself with an issue—government and state ownership. He also rendered it obvious that he did not propose to alienate any of the votes of the four brotherhoods and all who affiliate with them may be supposed to influence or to control. He not only protested that none should be alarmed by the proposition to concede to them five out of 15 controllers, but saw no reason why the railroads themselves, through their officials, should have an equal representation, or, for that matter, any at all. What he refrained from suggesting was that the five he would like to see taken from them should be added to the proposed representation of the brotherhoods, making two-thirds in all.

The customary alternative to public ownership was paraded by the witness. Amplifying his statement that the question as to whether the railroads shall own the public or the public own the railroads, he wanted to know whether the "predatory interests" were to be permitted to wield the carriers into one vast system, with all the banking power behind them and all the big newspapers controlled by them. But he did not want to know what would happen should the "predatory interests" run wholly and solely in the interest of the employees. Possible candidates must be circumspect.

Carnegie Rival of Franklin
Andrew Carnegie, like Benjamin Franklin, could turn an epigram neatly. Some of the more famous ones follow:

Wealth lessens rather than increases human happiness.
Millionaires who laugh are rare.
Dealing with petty affairs tends to make small men; dealing with larger affairs broadens and strengthens character.

A chaplain's duties are often most successfully performed by a wise and salutary neglect.
A great man settles things; a small one nibbles away at petty forms.
Two women, my mother and my wife, made me all that I am.

Put all your eggs in one basket and then watch that basket.
Jewels are to woman what wine is to man—not recommended till after 40, and a poor help at any age.

You cannot push any one up a ladder unless he is willing to climb a little himself.
It seems to me it is not God but men who are disposed to make the path so very thorny.

I always pity the sons and daughters of rich men, who are attended by servants and have governesses at a later age, but am glad to remember that they do not know what they have.

It is the stagnant pool of contentment, not the running streams of ambition, that breeds disease in the body social and political.
No man is a true gentleman who does not inspire the affection and devotion of his servants.

If a man would eat, he must work. A life of elegant leisure is the life of an unworthy citizen.
The republic does not owe him a living; it is he who owes the republic a life of usefulness. Such is the republican ideal.

Settling It—Just Like That
Off-hand, deftly, no-trouble-to-show-goods. William Jennings Bryan says the president should have granted the railway shopmen's demands for increased wages to meet the higher cost of living and that, if the cost of living is reduced, the scale of wages could be reduced accordingly.

For a free-hand-and-fancy settler of things the Nebraska is as adept as ever—on paper. Great problems solved while you wait is one of his specialties. There's nothing much that isn't tackled light-heartedly in the Bryan tinker shop.

The philosophy seems to be that two plus two is five if you only think it so. If you have had time to think and keep your mind off everything else that might but in and spoil the "figgering."

So far as we know, Mr. Bryan is the one living human being on the soil of the free and in the home of the brave who seems to think that wages can be reduced—just like that—everybody willing, everybody happy, fingers crossed, easiest thing in the world, watch the professor, the hand deceives the noodle, bring on the next little old puzzle.

We don't remember a word from the brotherhood chiefs, or the railway shopmen's spokesmen, or from any other source—save the lips of the handy runner-up for the presidency—suggesting that wages can be reduced under any given circumstances and that everybody concerned would feel that a lovely time had been had.

Has the ken of all the wise men of the land been overlooking a bet? Can this strange thing, forsooth, be wrought in the tinker shop? Well, we have the forsoothsayer for it.—Minneapolis Tribune.

The Day We Celebrate.
William Newton, president Haskins Bros. & Company, manufacturers, born 1859.
Tobias Crawford Norris, premier of Manitoba, born at Brampton, Ont., 58 years ago.
Sir John Newell Jordan, British minister at Peking since 1906, born 67 years ago.

Rt. Rev. Danancy B. Brewster, Episcopal bishop of Connecticut, born at Windham, Conn., 71 years ago.
Thomas H. Birch, United States minister to Portugal, born at Burlington, N. J., 44 years ago.

Napoleon Lajoie, for many years a star player in the American base ball league, born at Woonsocket, R. I., 44 years ago.

Thirty Years Ago in Omaha.
Fifty thousand people witnessed Merchants' week parade, a record which has never been equalled in the west.
A grand pyrotechnic display added to the glories of Merchants' week.
Racing at the fair grounds is attracting big crowds.
It is estimated that 30,000 people visited the fair grounds during the day.

Friend of the Soldier

Replies will be given in this column to questions relating to the soldier and his problems, in and out of the army. Names will not be printed. Ask The Bee to Answer.

Travel Pay for Discharged Soldiers.
E. R. S.—The law passed in February of this year fixed the travel pay for discharged soldiers at 5 cents per mile. This applies to all soldiers released from service since November 11, 1918. At first the rule was to pay the rate only to the place of enlistment; this has been changed to provide for payment of fare bona fide place of residence.

No One-Year Enlistments.
Father—There were no one-year enlistments in the army. If your son volunteered in the regular army, he took on for the regular term, which is three years' active and four years' reserve service.

Lump Sum Payments.
Soldier—The war risk insurance law provides for the payment of insurance in lump sum to the beneficiary. However, a bill to amend this and provide for payment in a lump sum is pending.

Many Questions Answered.
A Sister—Motor transport company No. 310 has been demobilized. We have no record of any other motor company of that number.

WRote BURROUGHS' THEME.
Jay Gould Collected 70 Cents From Boy Naturalist.
More than 70 years ago two boys attended the village school of Roxbury, among the Catskills, together.

Flat Dwellers.
Mrs. Pester—Oh dear, I haven't a thing to wear. I wish you could afford the money to buy me a new suit for this season.

THE WORLD OF SHIPS.
I want to go back to the world of ships. To the kicking seas where the salt steel ships...

DAILY CARTOONETTE.
NOW, HIRAM, WHILE YER IN THE CITY, I WISH YER'D FIND OUT WHAT THIS HERE 'THIRD RAIL' IS, WE'VE READ SO MUCH ABOUT!

AND THE END.

Little Folks' Corner

DREAMLAND ADVENTURE
By DADDY.

"RACING FOR A THRONE."
(Peggy, Billy, Balty Sam, General Croaker and the birds race for the throne of Birdland, one-third of the race being by air, one-third by water and one-third by land. Peggy and Billy are ahead when they reach the end and stop when they see a cottage affire.)

A Surprise at the End.
"Peggy! Fire! Fire!" shouted toward the burning cottage. Smoke was now pouring out of the window in a cloud. "Fire! Fire!" they shouted again, but no one answered.

On the roof of the cottage was a dinner bell. Peggy grasped the rope, and the bell clanged out an alarm. "Dang! Dang! Fire! Fire!"

Billy threw open the cottage door and there found the floor ablaze. Billy grabbed up a water pail and emptied it on the fire. Then he ran to the lake for another pailful. Peggy seized a blanket from a bed

and got rid of them Balty Sam plined through the bushes, brushing off a lot that way. But Judge Owl, Mr. Robin, Reddy Woodpecker and Blue Jay clung tightly to his back, so he could not jump off, and he was the first when the mill was reached.

Seeing that he couldn't get rid of the birds that way, Balty Sam tried another plan. On the path to the mill was the mill dam, over which a stream was flowing in a pretty waterfall. Quick as a cat Balty Sam jumped under the waterfall, and in a flash the birds were washed off his back. Then Balty Sam raved up the bank and dashed toward the mill.

"I win! I win!" he brayed. "I'm president of Birdland."
But Balty Sam was mistaken, and as he rushed forward to the front of the mill, he got the surprise of his life, for there, sitting on his mill platform as though they had been waiting all day, were Peggy and Billy.

"Ah, at last you're here," chuckled Billy. "Peggy and I have won in a tie, so we will both be Birdland's president. I will rule one day, and you will rule the next day."
"Hurrah! Hurrah for President Billy! Hurrah for the Republic of Birdland!" cheered all the birds, looking up by the air route.

How had Billy and Peggy managed to get there ahead of Balty Sam? Why, it really was very simple. The boys at the cottage had

and soaked it in the rain barrel. When it was wet she beat the fire with it. Billy poured more water on the fire, and in quick time the blaze was out. Just as the last ember gave a dying sizzle two boys dashed up on bicycles. "What's the matter?" the boys told Balty Sam. "It seemed that the boys had left a fire in the stove when they went to pick berries. In some way the stove door had come open and falling brands had set fire to the floor."

"If you hadn't come along just when we wouldn't have had any cottage left," said the boys gratefully.

"Well, I guess we have lost the race, but it was worth it," said Billy. He and Peggy ran to the door, only to see the other racers far, far ahead of them. Balty Sam, with the birds still on his back, was just entering the woods that stretched from the beach to the old mill where the race was to end.

"We can't catch them now," cried Peggy, and then she and Billy told the boys about the race for the throne of Birdland.

The birds were still on Balty Sam's back, because, after he had ferried them across the lake, they wouldn't let go. They knew he could run over land faster than they could, and so they stuck right to him. Balty Sam fussed and fumed, but Judge Owl just hooted at him: "Hoo! Hoo! That's our little trick on you!"

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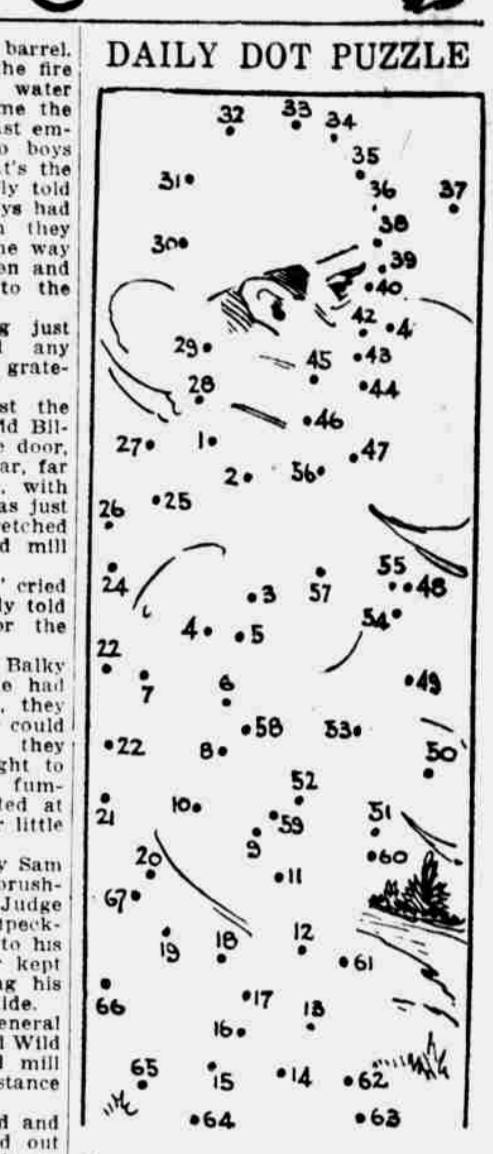
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DAILY DOT PUZZLE



Can you finish this picture? Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

loaned them their bicycles and shown them a smoother, easier and shorter path than the rough, woody way by which Balty Sam had come. And so they had won the race, the race for the throne of Birdland!

(In the next installment another jolly Birdland story will be told.)



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