

THE OMAHA BEE

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FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

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Subscribers leaving the city should have the Bee mailed to them.

You should know that Omaha leads all metropolitan cities in per capita value of its manufacturing output.

Some overdue resignations should come now.

Now, let us all sober up and get down to business.

Now you have a faint idea of what Louvain went through.

A little less red tape in military circles might have saved a lot of damage.

Omaha likes to see soldiers on the street, but not patrolling under arms.

"Mike" Clark and "Sherm" Clayton have nothing to apologize for.

Being in company with Washington, Boston and Chicago does not give Omaha any consolation.

The president passed a restless night Sunday, but he did not have a thing on Omaha in that respect.

The beautiful Douglas county court house may be restored, but none who watched it burn will ever forget the sight.

Paderewski sees 2,000,000 Germans ready to spring to arms. But, as in the case of Mr. Bryan, he does not say whose arms.

Soldiers showed a proper respect for the flag by taking one away from some of the rioters. Old Glory does not fly over mobs.

England is taking up airplane mail service to replace that cut off by the general strike. In time the idea will be generally applied.

The city firemen carried themselves with admirable coolness, even when discipline is in the grip of the angry mob. Their discipline is excellent.

It was not a very pretty welcome to give the early Ak-Sar-Ben visitors, but hundreds of them seemed deeply interested in the proceedings.

The governor ought to encounter little difficulty in finding a starting point for his inquiry, nor should he relax his efforts till he gets to the bottom facts.

Omaha has weathered a great many shocks, and will survive the present affliction, but finds no occasion for pride in the fact that it must lift up its head again after being put to such shame.

Fraternalizing is now permitted between American soldiers and Germans in the occupied territory. This may add a little to the social gaiety of life over there, but will not materially change things otherwise.

Mr. Wilson's condition will prevent his seeing King Albert and Queen Elizabeth until after they have made their tour of the country, but we hope he is well enough then to receive their report on America's magnificence.

No more awful example of the blind unreason of the mob could be given than its assault on Mayor Smith. That was not a blow at the man, but was aimed directly at our institutions. It was the climax of disgrace.

And somebody wanted the newspapers to "minimize" the reports of the riot! It is just that sort of pussyfooting that has brought Omaha to its present predicament. A little more publicity may smoke out the incompetents, if any of them have not yet been uncovered.

Who Pledged Us?

President Wilson says that we have pledged ourselves to support the covenant of the league of nations and that therefore we must sign it or be caught in an act of perjury.

Who pledged this nation? Who had the authority to say that the nation would accept the obligations which were conferred upon it at Paris?

By what process did the nation make known its intent to assume these responsibilities and take these risks? When and to whom did it declare that it would put its signature to the covenant? When did anybody with a mandate from the American people make a promise to any other nation or association of nations?

Who pledged this nation in such a fashion as to deprive it of the moral right to examine the covenant? Was it President Wilson? It was, and as president Mr. Wilson derives his authority from a document which specifies that the United States senate shall give advice and consent before the nation assumes any obligations under a treaty.

The nation is not pledged and Mr. Wilson knows it. Mr. Wilson particularly knows it because last year in the congressional election he asked for authority to speak, for such authority is the re-election of a democratic congress might give him, and was denied it by the voters.

Mr. Wilson, who said he needed this vote of confidence in order to speak with assurance at Paris, did not get it, but is not now restrained from saying that he not only had such assurance, but he had more than any election could give him, that he had authority to make a treaty which was morally beyond the power of the United States senate to amend.

This is not only perversion of facts but it is perversion of the essence of our government. Chicago Tribune

DISGRACE AND OPPORTUNITY

Omaha will not try to hide the shame brought upon it, but will bravely seek to recover the lost ground.

What may follow is to arouse our people to a keener sense of personal responsibility and a higher conviction of civic duty.

Conditions of police inefficiency and lawlessness that are disgraceful have been tolerated.

Ample warning was given of the approaching storm, but without awakening that element of the community whose power might have been exerted to avert the calamity.

Crying over spilt milk will do no good now, but The Bee earnestly exhorts all good citizens to devote themselves to the establishment of order.

It is not a time for the manifestation of activity by a self-chosen "committee of 500," assuming censorship of public and private morals.

It is time for sober-thinking, law-abiding citizens to assert their influence, and through proper action to put Omaha's government again on its feet, that the city may stand among its peers once more.

The disgrace and shame can only be wiped out by measuring up to the opportunity and snatching what of good the situation still holds out.

When the Mob Goes Wild.

No force of nature exceeds in its potential destructiveness the insensate fury of a mob.

This is pathetically shown in the damage done at the Douglas county court house.

By no stretch of imagination, sober or inflamed, could the way through the county treasurer's office, or that of the register of deeds lead to the county jail.

Nor could the priceless records contained therein, compiled by painstaking labor for years, aid in any way the mob in its attempt to get at its human victim.

Wantonly is the chief characteristic of such a gathering, and was so manifest in these great offices of public records and service.

Deliberately the vandals rifled filing cases, emptied the contents on the floor, devoted books, records and indices, whatever could be destroyed, to the holocaust.

The loss entailed in this does not cease with the actual money value, which is beyond estimate, but continues through the delay that will result to the public business.

Taxes due or coming due are needed for the carrying on of the business of the city and county. Collection of these will be indefinitely put off, till the records can be restored sufficiently to enable the officials to proceed.

How long this will take can not even be guessed at. That it will add tremendously to the other damage wrought by the vandals is plain.

This does not take into account the irreparable private losses endured by the judges, whose libraries were burned, or by the societies who had headquarters in the building and lost all.

If the persons who took part in this vandalism will quietly reflect on this, it may aid them to achieve better behavior for the future.

Fiume and the Future.

"Fiume or fight!" is the slogan in Italy now. The Italian Chamber of Deputies has adopted a resolution recognizing Fiume as an Italian city.

This is even more of a direct challenge to the conference at Paris than was the raid of d'Annunzio, which now receives official and perhaps complete endorsement at Rome.

Just how the matter will be taken at Paris may only be conjectured. In Italy the sentiment among the people is all in favor of d'Annunzio, and it has been flatly stated the army will not move to expel him from the city he captured.

No government can survive in Italy that seeks to turn the city back to the Yugoslavs. The settlement is squarely and finally up to the powers who, with Italy, composed the conference.

France and England, it has been reported, are not inclined to go to extremes in the matter of coercion, and if moral suasion fails will content themselves with the situation, just as they have allowed Shantung to go to Japan over China's protest.

Several days ago dispatches from Paris said the settlement had again been left with President Wilson. No intimation has yet come as to what he has in mind, other than that he might possibly suggest a boycott of Italy until it is willing to abide by the original decision.

A Yugoslavian representative in New York on Saturday prophesied war between his country and Italy for not later than March, with Greece siding with the Balkan people.

Any way the situation is viewed, it presents an interesting aspect, and one that does not argue very strongly for a league that would involve America any deeper in European quarrels.

Now for the World's Series.

It is permitted, even under the stress of excitement that surrounds us, to turn for a moment to contemplation of the premier sporting event of the season.

The Olympic games have been preserved to us in classic annals, and who shall say that dwellers beneath the moons in ages yet unborn will not pay similar respect to the World's Series, in the course of which the honorable title of World's Champion Base Ball Team will be determined?

Greece did not breed a finer lot of athletes, nor more of them, that come forth from America's fecundity. They did not know base ball in those days, or the games between Troy and Athens might have afforded means to evade the war and so have lost immortality for "the face that launched a thousand ships and burned the topless towers of Ilium."

The annual event is enlivened this year by the presence of a stranger. Not in the history of the National League has Cincinnati's team emerged on top until this time.

That the victory of the Reds is indisputable. Of course the White Sox stand high in the estimation of the public, and many a fan finds himself torn between two loves in an endeavor to determine which team he wants to see come out on top in the big struggle.

More eyes will be turned to the score board for the next few days than ever were riveted on the doings of congress. We may occasionally view with indifference the proceedings of law-givers, or anybody else of ordinary importance, but no business is too absorbing entirely to distract us from the World's Series.

Home-made wine is said to be the cause of a doctor lighting out from home in his night clothes. Must have been something like the sort they used to sell in the "bad lands."

Lloyd George will quit politics, according to a report from London. He may have distinguished company in the course of about eighteen months.

The Show-Down at Hand

From the Minneapolis Tribune.

President Wilson said in his Cheyenne speech that he would interpret any reservation by the senate on Article X of the covenant of nations as a rejection of the peace treaty, if such reservation were made a part of the ratification resolution.

It mattered not, he said, how mild the reservation might be. He reserves to himself the privilege of saying, when the senate shall have acted, whether its action is an acceptance or a rejection.

If this is not General Order No. 1 (or some other number) by the executive branch of the government upon the treaty-making part of the legislative branch to do as it is bid, what else is it? The whole burden of all the president's speeches during his tour has been that the treaty with Germany, including the covenant, must be ratified without change.

He has stated it as his view that any opposition to this plan makes out the opponent a "pygmy mind," a "contemptible quitter" or an adherent of the pro-German sentiment of the country—or all three.

Senator Lenroot, one of the so-called "mild reservationists," has in turn served on the president a notice that without a reservation on Article X the treaty will not be ratified. He doubts it is morally certain of his ground. At any rate he has had an advantage over the president in getting at the exact status of sentiment in the senate.

It appears now that the reservation to Article X which was vociferously applauded at Salt Lake City when Mr. Wilson read it, was a mild draft upon which opponents of the covenant precisely as it stands seemed likely to come to an agreement.

The spontaneous cheers which greeted it and plainly settled the press indicate something as to what the American people are thinking about in connection with this Article X, but the president is now giving up his tour and is going back to Washington, according to newspapermen on his train, with the assurance that he carries a mandate from the people for ratification of the treaty without change.

The president's virtual ultimatum to the senate that it either accept or reject the treaty as it stands comes at a time when that body seems most insistent on its dignity and prerogatives as a constitutional part of the treaty-making power and when the president appears to have become peculiarly impatient with the trend of things in Washington.

The challenge to a "knock-out" fight has been sent forth and has been accepted. The senate has felt ever since last December that it has been unduly ignored and flouted. At no time has it been taken into the confidence of the executive department sufficiently to give it the light it needs for the most intelligent possible performance of the duties that devolve upon it.

The White House conference was the nearest approach to it up to that time, but the president "regretted" that he had not at hand certain important data that the senators asked for. That information has not yet reached them, and the senate has not been helped a whit to a better understanding of the treaty by what Mr. Wilson has said during his tour.

Mr. Wilson, says a friendly correspondent with him, admits his pride has been hurt by the course he has taken in raising the document he helped formulate and signed. That might be expected as quite natural in the case of one so sure of himself, but are the injured feelings of any man to tip the scales against the collective judgment of many men—some of them equally able—in a matter of such great moment?

The senate is quite right in asserting its majesty at this time of all times. The issue is fast becoming—if it did not long ago become—one of executive monopolization of treaty-making power against the wise division of that power set up in the fundamental law of the land by the statesmen of vision who drafted the American constitution.

The Two Hundred-Egg Hen

Poultrymen have long been looking for the 200-egg hen and the quest seems about finished.

There have been individual hens which have laid more than 200 eggs a year, but what breeders have sought for and produced is a bird that would do that much as regular business.

In these days of high poultry prices 200 eggs from one hen, at an average price of 40 cents a dozen, amount to \$6.67, not at all a bad contribution by a single fowl, to which must be added the market value of the hen herself.

The higher the cost of laying the eggs, the more important it becomes to have a flock of hens that actually lay eggs and are not merely supposed to do so.

There has for a number of years been conducted at Mountain Grove, Mo., at the State Poultry Experiment station, an annual egg-laying contest, one of the laying strains of each year being a coop of five hens of one breed is a unit in the contest.

Most of the well known strains of chickens are represented each year and the same breed is not always a winner of first place. The leading coop at the end of 10 months has an average of 208 eggs, the next 206, and the 203, each with 200 eggs to go on.

The first and third are Rhode Island Whites and the second is composed of White Leghorns. These are two radically different types of fowls. The Leghorn is a small breed, valuable for its laying qualities and the size of its eggs.

The Rhode Island breed, both white and red, as well as the Plymouth Rocks, both white and red, are known as the American combination fowls, large and good layers, valuable both for eggs and the table.

These contests show two things. First, they prove that the pure breeds of fowls lay more eggs than mongrels, or "just hens," as one farmer recently designated his variety. They also show that the best of each breed of each year may be largely developed by a process of selection for the purpose of perpetuating special qualities discovered in individuals.

This process of selection is rapidly giving us the 200-egg hen as a regular thing instead of an occasional show fowl. It means millions more of dollars in the pockets of our farmers if they will but avail themselves of the knowledge these experiments are producing.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

TO DAY

The Day We Celebrate.

Henry B. Liggett, treasurer of the Pan-torium, born 1844.

Max Rosenthal, proprietor Palace Clothing company, born 1869.

Dr. Cyrus Northrop, president emeritus of the University of Minnesota, born at Rodgfield, Conn., 8 years ago.

Pierre B. Mignault, judge of the supreme court of Canada, born at Worcester, Mass., 65 years ago.

Thomas W. Lamont, eminent New York banker who served as financial adviser to the United States peace delegation, born at Claverack, N. Y., 49 years ago.

Wilton Lackaye, one of the well-known actors of the American stage, born in Loudon county, Va., 55 years ago.

Dr. John Henry MacCracken, president of Lafayette college, born at Rochester, Vt., 44 years ago.

Rt. Rev. Joseph G. Anderson, Catholic bishop of Boston, born in Boston, 54 years ago.

Thirty Years Ago in Omaha.

Omaha Medical college opened at the college building, Twelfth and Pacific streets.

E. Rosewater, editor of The Bee, left for Milwaukee and Chicago.

General D. B. McKibben, father of General Purchasing Agent McKibben of the Union Pacific railroad, is visiting in Omaha.

"A Midnight Bell" was presented to a large audience at Boyd's opera house.

Falling Foreign Exchanges and Upsets in American Markets

From the Literary Digest.

Unsteadiness and alarm in our own markets followed the recent fall of foreign exchange rates to record low levels.

How long can the outside world continue to buy the goods of the United States at the prevailing rates of exchange, and how long can the outside world continue to buy the goods of the United States at the prevailing rates of exchange, and how long can the outside world continue to buy the goods of the United States at the prevailing rates of exchange?

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Little Folks' Corner

DREAMLAND ADVENTURE

By DADDY.

"THE WANDERING MONKEY."

(Peggy and Billy, searching for Mrs. Holt's diamond brooch, which has been stolen from a locked room, find a monkey in the woods.)

CHAPTER III. The Black Robber's Roost.

THE monkey hopped along so fast that Peggy and Billy had to run to keep up with him.

"How far is it to the robber's roost?" asked Peggy, as they plunged deeper and deeper into the woods.

"You don't know, and I don't know," chattered the monkey. "Any way, I am taking you to the black robber's roost, and if there is a trap there you'll find it."

That answer didn't please Peggy and Billy a bit, and they stopped short in their tracks.

"Who are you anyway, and how did you come to the woods?" asked Billy, suspiciously.

"I am a black robber," answered the monkey, "and I came to this woods when I escaped from a circus that was here two moons ago," answered the monkey.

"Maybe you are a bad monkey," said Peggy.

"I'm a bad monkey when folks are bad to me. I'm a good monkey when folks are good. What are you going to be, bad or good?"

"Good, of course," declared Peggy indignantly.

"Then I am good," chattered the monkey, and he put on such an impishly innocent look that Peggy and Billy had to laugh. They went on with him, and after a time, came to a tall, tall tree. Away up near the top of the tree was a nest as large as that in which they had found the monkey.

"That's the black robber's roost," whispered Rollo, the monkey. "Climb up there and see if he is home."

Billy looked up the tree, then he shook his head.

"No, thank you," he said. "Maybe I'd find the black robber in."

"But maybe he is out, and maybe the diamond brooch is in his nest," suggested Peggy. "If it is, we can just get it and take it back to Nora, and everything will be all right."

Billy walked around the tree and looked up at the nest from all directions, even climbing part way up another tree to get a better view.

"I don't believe the robber is there. I'm going to climb up," he declared.

"So am I," chattered Rollo, the monkey, and he sprang nimbly into the branches.

"Caw! Caw! Caw!" a warning cry suddenly rang through the silence of the woods. Billy and the monkey stopped in startled surprise. Was it the robber, or one of his clan?

"Caw! Caw! Caw!" again came the cry, and Peggy gave a nervous laugh.

"It's only a crow sentinel left to guard the nests while the flock is away looking for food," she cried.

"Caw! Caw! Caw!" cried the sentinel, and Billy and the monkey went on with their climbing. Now they were sure the black robber wasn't home, for they thought if he had been, he would surely have climbed out when aroused by the crow's loud warning cries.

Rollo, growing bolder, raced on ahead, and popped his head up over the side of the nest. He started to call back: "He isn't here," when suddenly he gave a loud scream, and something hidden in the nest seized him by the nose.