

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

You should know that Omaha jobbers in 1918 sold goods to the value of \$260,836,940. Every line is represented here.

- What The Bee Stands For: 1. Respect for the law and maintenance of order. 2. Speedy and certain punishment of crime through the regular operation of the courts.

Adam was the first man to pull it. Oh, yes; we should go crazy, too, just because Europe has. The weather man is doing his proudest to reduce worry over the coal shortage.

That "dotted line" stuff still lingers in the president's mind, but he seems to be talking to himself. Homilies addressed to the lambs lately shorn in Wall Street are but words wasted. The crop never fails.

Certain members of the "Wobbly" outfit are about to realize their ambition to die up in Washington. Well, the police have riot guns, and the shells, even if they do find it difficult to get them together.

Douglas county might also come back at the City of Omaha with a claim for damages done the court house. The principal thing is that the miners and the operators are conferring together. A settlement ought to come out of this.

The "flying parson" says faith helps an aviator. Yes, but a broken crank shaft is a thing that can not be cured by any amount of belief. A London poet bids for popularity by saying woman is at her best when 40. The average male person puts it somewhere between 1 and 100.

The government has won its suit to recover possession of large tracts of oil land gobbled by the Southern Pacific. Sometimes the court works well. A visiting violinist proposes to express his opinion of the city in his music. We sincerely hope he has not been looking up the record of the police department. Such a discord!

Protests by Great Britain against United States possession of German passenger and freight carriers are being listened to in Paris. In time this may lead to the League of Nations, where the 6-to-1 vote will count for something. If we were permitted to suggest a possible successor to Carter Glass as head of the Treasury department, we could think of no democrat better equipped for the job than Daniel C. Roper, now commissioner of internal revenue.

Working the Same Old Game The New York Stock Exchange turns solemnly from the great wreck in certain paper values to inquire innocently if the Federal reserve system is "functioning properly." It was believed, says the Wall Street Journal, that this system was inaugurated "to prevent panics, 'lamb-shearing' and 'inside manipulation.'" But, "it is alleged, the money powers are working the same old game."

POCKET VETO FOR TREATY. According to Senator Hitchcock, the president will pocket the peace treaty if it is ratified with the so-called Lodge reservations. This is the word brought from a conference between the president and the senator at the White House on Monday.

It has but one significance. Mr. Wilson is determined to have his own way at home, whether he could or not abroad. In the conference at Paris he continually gave way to the judgment of representatives of other countries. He even forebore to present his own draft of a covenant for a league of nations in deference to General Smuts of the South African Union. He permitted Sir Robert Borden of Canada to insert clauses and change wordings to make the document more acceptable to Canadians.

The senate of the United States is a co-ordinate branch of the federal government, and part of the treaty-making machinery of the United States. The president has power to negotiate treaties, but they only can be ratified with the consent of the senate. Mr. Wilson knew this when he went alone to Paris, ignoring the senate completely.

He had ample warning that part of the work he had set about did not have approval of the nation. In November last he was rebuked as no other president of the United States ever was. In the recent elections in Kentucky and Oklahoma the popular voice distinctly registered against the League of Nations. This might suggest to an ordinary man that he had mistaken his own for popular opinion.

But Woodrow Wilson is not an ordinary man. He refuses to take counsel with any, but gives orders to congress and expects to see them carried out without question. A majority of the senate is no longer subservient to his imperious will, therefore the United States shall have no treaty of peace.

And yet the war was fought to do away with autocracy in all forms! Sublimated Soviet Impudence. If conditions were only a little different, Ludwig C. A. K. Martens would readily be classified with Artemus Ward's kangaroo as an "amoosein' little cuss."

Under existing circumstances he is an irritation. Martens writes to Secretary Lansing protesting against treatment accorded certain subjects of soviet Russia, and proposing that he be permitted to pay the fare of all who wish to depart from this land of oppression and return to the freedom and opportunity offered by the bolsheviki.

Secretary Lansing will find little difficulty in permitting the passage from here to there of any of Mr. Martens' persecuted countrymen. It will not be forgotten, though, that these men and women are here as uninvited guests, avowedly come to aid in overturning our government. If they have been persecuted or abused, it is because the federal authorities have bestirred themselves to discourage the benevolent purpose of the visiting bolsheviki.

With fore-shortened opportunity of heaving bombs and in the presence of a somewhat indurated resolve on part of the local proletariat to rely on three meals a day and the movies at night, instead of the hunger and cold and wretchedness that goes with the world from which capital has been banished, these apostles of anarchy naturally are disappointed. Then Mr. Martens has also sustained a somewhat grievous injury. He bobbed up a little over a year ago, announcing himself as envoy from the soviet government, but failed to obtain recognition.

This formality would not have mattered so much, but it involved title to several millions dollars' worth of material purchased by the Russian government and not yet delivered. Moreover, a checking account of \$50,000,000 was at the disposal of the man who had the endorsement of Uncle Sam as the representative of Russia. Little wonder the gentleman feels hurt, and wants to get away from a country that welcomed him so coldly.

But What Will "Pussyfoot" Do? Much thanks is due to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle for having given us a heaven filled with all those things we take delight in here below, and excluding the unpleasant. His addition of rum and tobacco to the other details will go far to persuade those who have been inclined to look a little slantingly at the vision sent down from Patmos. Something is lacking, though. The Doyle hereafter makes no provision for the special reward to be achieved by austerity and piety in this life, nor does it seem to hold much for the "Pussyfoot" Johnsons, unless they will have their pleasure in the coming world as they have found it in this, through enforcing their own ideas of meat and drink on those who do not agree with them.

We trust Sir Arthur will look again, to see if this obscurity can not be removed. It would be too bad if the well-meaning who have so faithfully denied themselves in this life were to find their efforts vain, and be required to endure in the spirit land those things they have religiously eschewed in this. More information on this point is desirable. Strike Against High Prices. A movement has been inaugurated in New York that may be a practical way of meeting the high cost of food. Consumers are voluntarily abstaining from the purchase of milk on three days in the week. Dealers put up the price to an exorbitant figure, and now find their sales curtailed by the action of indignant customers.

If the plan becomes general, the end is in plain sight. The remedy is suggested by the Council of National Defense. If it works out all right in New York, other communities might try it, and it need not be confined to milk alone. As soon as the profiteers find the public is willing to get along without the articles on which unreasonable selling prices have been fixed, the quicker will be the return to a basis where the man who pays the bills will have a chance. Passing the buck has no place in this, for with everybody in it, there will be no "goat."

Nebraska soil still affords considerable attraction to investors, as witness an average of \$233 an acre paid for large tracts at auction. It will require well directed industry to make this investment pay, but the farmer who works in this state is certain of his reward. One of the anomalies of Nebraska law seems to be that a judge may in his discretion suspend sentence passed on a hardened offender, but if a boy is condemned to the reformatory, there he must go. A little reform is badly needed here.

When Patriots Sing

Frederick R. Barkhurst in St. Louis Times. American audiences are proverbially fair with orators—outside of Oklahoma. The love of free speech includes a general willingness to listen to the arguments of the other side. It does not, however, make the listeners forgetful of their love for and allegiance to the cause of truth.

That was why, when somebody started singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" at a soviet meeting in Yonkers, N. Y., Sunday night, the audience joined in so heartily that Rose Pastor Stokes was compelled to cease her attacks upon the American republic and retire to the less patriotic seclusion of her own hotel room.

What a splendid method of answering a revolutionary attack upon free government! No calling for the police, no use of bad eggs nor tar and feathers or clubs. No resort to violence of any sort. All that was required for driving the un-American speaker from the platform was the voicing of that fine old hymn which Francis S. Key penned when American liberty hung in the balance, and which has been the inspiring force of freedom ever since.

"Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light?" How beautifully the words and melody must have sounded to that audience, breaking in upon a strident-toned tirade against the country to which the song gave praise! It is easy to understand the thrill which gripped the gathering at the dramatic turn in incident and sentiment.

"Oh, where is that band who so vauntingly swore *** A home and a fireside they'd leave us no more?" Boldly, accusingly the strains ring out, scores of voices joining with every word in swelling the beautiful melody and the personal pledge of patriotism to the growing paean of praise of the republic.

Little wonder the invective of disloyals died in their throats, or that the wicked schemes they had thought to disclose to supposedly sympathetic listeners remain locked in the perfidious hearts of un-American citizens. "The conquer we must, when cause it is just. And this be our motto, in God is our trust. And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave. O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Listen to the sweeping climax of the great song! A multitude has taken it up. The passion of American patriots—that love of country which filled the souls of men who died at Bunker Hill, at Valley Forge and at Yorktown; the joy and pride of serving the nation which called the flower of the manhood of the republic to arms in 1812 and in 1848 and in 1861 and in 1898 and in 1917; the wonderful spirit of citizenship which brings instantly forward the American of mind and heart to cope with any crisis in which his government's integrity and honor are at stake—is pouring itself forth in the hymn! It is reverent homage to earth's noblest nation; it is stern warning to any who would seek to attack the homeland of a great people.

No wonder they sink away—those political malefactors who thought to embitter their fellow-citizens against peace and order and justice and right! The sins of anarchy—hatred of honest rule, unconcern for the sacredness of home, disrespect for every law of God and conscience-led men cannot stand against the truths of a liberty-begotten sentiment. A free people sing their national hymn with joy and pride and as the triumphal music floats Heavenward, would be destroyers of the institutions of our free government seek the outer darkness and the unsavory isolation which eventually must be the refuge of traitors in all times.

"Straight from the Shoulder"

We commend the resolutions of the American Legion on conscientious objectors to the secretary of war as interesting literature for his perusal under his evening lamp. Whether Mr. Baker knows it or not, the sentiment expressed by the men of the Legion on the performance of the War department in dealing with conscientious objectors, especially those at Fort Leavenworth, is exactly in line with the feeling of the public on this matter, so far as we have been able to sense it.

They probably do not intend to be unfair to the few real conscientious objectors who, while unwilling to carry arms and fight, were willing to render other service of value in the prosecution of the war. It is the miserable slackers who tried to hide behind religious claims, conscientious objections that have so provoked the indignation of the "first class fighting men" and brought out from them an indictment of the secretary of war which is as deserved as it is terrific.

When a slacker can get out of prison, where he has resisted every requirement of military discipline and done his utmost to show his contempt for his country and the government, with an honorable discharge, the men from the trenches have a right to feel, as they express it, "shamed and discredited" by this elevation of the slacker to the plane of an honorably discharged soldier.

There is no doubt in our opinion that the conduct of the War department in pardoning and honorably discharging these pusillanimous scoundrels with back pay and allowance and other favors has had an appreciable effect in encouraging disloyalty, and we are glad that the young men of the Legion told the War department in plain English what they think about it and how keenly they feel the infernal slight which it has put upon them.—Minneapolis Tribune.

For This Relief, Much Thanks

The world moves—occasionally. A girl in Philadelphia, the daughter of a wealthy railroad man, in sending out invitations for her marriage, makes this request: "Please send no gifts." The pleasant custom of holding up the friends of the "contracting parties" goes along with Christmas presents and the tipping system, as something everybody submits to and nobody likes. It's simply been overdone. Goodness knows it's a vast help to the young couple, when father doesn't happen to have the wherewithal; and bits of cut glass and pieces of hammered silver are gratefully accepted as the visible tokens of spontaneous joy. But the merry habit does occasionally have a tendency to crowd the mourners.

It won't be abolished. You can't abolish a good thing. But it might be modified. And brides who really don't need to hold up their friends to furnish a flat might follow this Philadelphia example and buy their own silverware and salad bowls.—Binghampton Press.

TODAY

The Day We Celebrate. F. W. Fitch, attorney-at-law, born 1860. Russell Harris, civil engineer, born 1880. H. F. Pillsbury, Brandeis stores, born in Sheridan, Mont., in 1872. Amelia Galli-Curci, famous coloratura soprano, born in Milan, Italy, 30 years ago. Rt. Rev. Michael J. Gallagher, Catholic bishop of Detroit, born at Albion, Mich., 53 years ago. Leslie Mann, well known National league outfielder, born at Lincoln, Neb., 28 years ago. Thirty Years Ago in Omaha. The Art association held its second annual fall exhibition in the Bee building. Among the pictures shown were some clever flower studies by Mrs. T. W. Miss McKenna gave a tea in honor of Miss Forepaugh. The affair was a "combined chrysanthemum and beauty show."

The Bee's Letter Box

Lawyers as Lawmakers. Greeley, Neb., Nov. 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: The Bee's Letter Box column is undoubtedly one of its most interesting features. The issue of November 8, which contains a letter from Central City on "A Test for Lawyers" brings this rather forcibly to mind.

The writer of that letter would make a valuable member of a law-making body, were he supported by enough of his kind, but unfortunately we are yet too far from the millennium for that to happen.

The letter suggests a simplification of the laws, which, of course, is only common sense. But would not that be its chief defect in the eyes of the lawmakers? We all know that the laws on our statute books, both state and national, have been put there by lawyers. To them we are indebted for our present jumble of unintelligible, contradictory laws "that sometimes the most able lawyer cannot correctly interpret."

What is the reason for this admittedly poor work? We can hardly ascribe it to ignorance, for the lawyer is supposed to be educated and skilled in his profession. Can it be that his remarkable success in making laws obscure and contradictory is motivated by a desire to look out for No. 1, for it is very evident that the fewer and simpler the laws the less need there would be for professional interpreters?

Is it not too much to expect that the lawyers, who constitute or dominate the lawmaking bodies, will strive for a condition that would close the lawyer factories of the country? Obviously it is not and will not as long as they consider it their duty or business, the Bellini, to make the worse appear the better reason. Until the lawyer looks at his profession from a different viewpoint it will, I fear, be a waste of time for "the Bee" to suggest much needed reforms. MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

Pleased With Vote in Senate

Omaha, Nov. 15.—To the Editor of The Bee: "Without the dotting of an 'i' or the crossing of a 't'" the league of nations will be ratified. Our little senator has several guesses correct when he measures up the patriotism of the American people by his own limited amount. All hail to Georgia, to Missouri, to Massachusetts and the other loyal states that had Americans on the senate floor, that refused by their votes to take instructions from the future guidance of American affairs from the British House of Parliament. This is not a one-man's country nor does it need a league of foreign tongues to direct its future. We were born alone, grew to our present greatness alone and fully capable of managing our own affairs. Greetings to all those American senators that honored themselves by casting their votes to maintain the precedents of their country by refusing to form any entangling alliances. GEORGE W. SMITH, 2422 N. 22d St., City.

JUST IN JEST.

"Why doesn't your wife sing to the babe when it cries?" "Hush! Don't do it, but the people in the flat above sent their maid down to catch her if they preferred to hear the baby cry."—Straits Stories. "Doctor Green—Your father invited me. Said he wouldn't have me attend a cat for him." "Miss Keen—The ideal I don't see. Your charge—a cat has nine lives."—Boston Transcript. "Mrs. Nextdoor—How do you manage to keep your cook so long? You've had her two weeks." "Mr. Skeamer—I gave her some of those 'hush' pills to wear in the kitchen and she won't be able to walk a block from the house till they're worn out."—Dallas News.

"WE ARE AMERICANS."

This is the answer we looked for from men! Hear it and fear it, ye red-banned scoundrels! Ye, who would plunge us in home strife again! That is the tocsin—the call of the drum! Long have we waited and suffered your phantasies. Borne with grim patience the madness of your language. Heard you blaspheming our country's fair name. Mocking the freedom our best blood had bought.

Thought ye that men who had lived "neath a flag" Woven from threads made of honor and truth Ever could choose your foul symbol of red. Stained with the life-blood of innocent youth? Thought ye Americans born — or of choice? Stormed by your lies, at their stronghold would fall? Listen! Ye hear, as they cry with one voice, "We are Americans!"—patriots all!

Now ye have roused us—the battle's begun! Hear ye the tramp of our men falling in! Note ye the signs that the waiting is o'er! Feel ye the fear that we surely must win? We, whom it pleased ye to scorn and deride; Fight on the Right that must ever prevail. This is our battle-cry, slung far and fall: "We are Americans!" We shall not fall! —Harry Varley in the New York Times.

DOT PUZZLE.

A grid for a dot puzzle with numbers 1-38 in various positions for a logic puzzle.

To Those Who Would Be Physically Fit:

To those who realize the tremendous importance of keeping themselves physically in the best of condition, and to those who already are ill, THE SOLAR SANITARIUM offers a service unexcelled. All baths and electrical equipment useful in the treatment of the sick.

Little Folks' Corner



For Girls to Make

Making Thanksgiving Favors. BY CAROLYN SHERRIN BAILEY. Your busy fingers may make these just before it is time to help stuff the turkey and bake the pumpkin pies. The Thanksgiving table needs to be full, but it also needs to be decorated. So here are some favors that any girl can begin planning today.



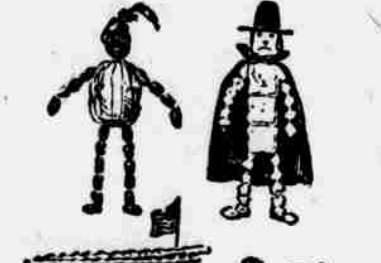
For Boys to Make

A Pea Croquet Set. BY GRANT M. HYDE. "Tell us a new rainy day game, Uncle Bob, that we can make all ourselves." "Well, let's see. How about a game of croquet to play on the dining table? I saw one once in a toy shop, but I think we can make our own."



Candy Pumpkins. Wrap some sugar almonds in tissue paper and then bunch them in cotton batting so that this package of sweets is pumpkin shape. Cover the whole with orange crepe paper, winding it at the top with green sewing silk to make the pumpkin stem. Cut a leaf from green crepe paper and paste it near the stem. Stand one at each guest's place.

A Thanksgiving Indian. His body is a fig and his head is a prune fastened to the fig with a toothpick. His legs and arms are made of raisins on toothpicks thrust into his body. Fringe a bit of bright



The Pilgrim Pale-Face.

This Pilgrim may stand beside the Indian at each Thanksgiving place. His head is a marshmallow fastened by a toothpick to two or three other marshmallows that make his body. Pop some corn and string the kernels on fine wire to make his arms and legs. Drops of melted chocolate will do for his features. Make him a tall hat and a long cape of black crepe paper.

Making Log Cabins. The very small candy sticks are used for this, or if you can not find them use short, straight twigs. Beside each plate build the sticks of candy up in log cabin fashion and stick a little American flag in the top. If you use the twigs, tie a bonbon to the flag before you stick it in the cabin or fill the entire cabin with small candies.

Last Minute Favors. Cover candy boxes, snappers, or ice cups with orange crepe paper. The ice cups may hold raisins and shelled nuts. Hollow rose apples and fill with raisins, almonds and dates. Even a bow of orange ribbon laid on the napkin, with a pin to fasten it to the guest's frock, will add to the table's beauty. (Next week: "For Your Thanksgiving Fun.")

Crepe paper to make a feather that you stick in his head with a pin. His face is carved in the wrinkled prune with a sharp pen knife.

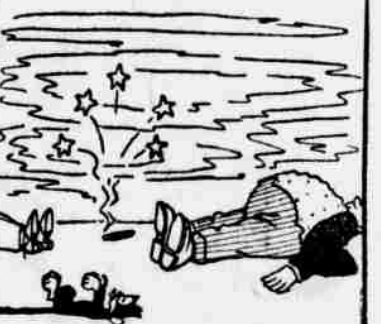
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DAILY CARTOONETTE.

TOM, DEAR, I BOUGHT YOU THIS LOVELY CIGAR TO SMOKE AT HOME THIS EVENING!



AND HE DID.



"BUSINESS IS GOOD, THANK YOU" - WHY NOT NICHOLAS OILS? L.V. NICHOLAS OIL COMPANY. This advertisement features a portrait of a man and text discussing business and oil products.

MEDITATION Cigar After a bully-good dinner. HARLE-HAAS COMPANY, Council Bluffs, Iowa. This advertisement features a large illustration of a cigar and text promoting meditation cigars.

Save for Pleasure First National Bank of Omaha. Are you looking forward to a long planned visit, or to some other pleasure you hope to enjoy? It may be a new car or a motor boat, perhaps, that you feel that you cannot yet afford.