

THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

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THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR

MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

BE TELEPHONES: Tyler 1000

OFFICES OF THE BEE

Daily 66,000—Sunday 63,505

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

You should know that

Factories in Omaha employ more than 25,000 hands and pay over \$3,000,000 a month in wages.

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. 3. Pitiless publicity and condemnation of inefficiency lawlessness and corruption in office. 4. Frank recognition and commendation of honest and efficient public service. 5. Incultation of Americanism as the true basis of good citizenship.

Are you just watching Omaha grow?

Citizenship classes are locally popular, but not enough are held.

Dodge street property is moving, but the graders are not yet started.

"Mayor Jim" also tried to step from the city hall to the governor's office.

The way starters are lining up we may have a regular race in good old Nebraska yet.

A procession of "arks" eastbound will be a pleasant sight for real Americans to view.

Wood alcohol is carrying the blame for a lot of effects produced by other agencies.

It costs an average of \$157 a year to dress an Omaha high school girl. In all reason that seems to be enough.

A Chicago uplift worker sees the return of the \$7-a-week "hired girl." Perhaps, but she is a long way ahead of us.

The "revolution" did not go very fast in America, but it went quickly enough when Uncle Sam got after the "revolvers."

British are teaching one-legged veterans to dance in order to improve their usefulness. But the legs are not employed in the "shimmy."

Mr. Wilson will, it is reported, call the first meeting of the League of Nations, but it is probable that he will be represented by proxy, if at all.

Farmers are coming to the Omaha conventions with a full program, but we hope they will find time to resolve to keep right on raising big crops.

Nebraska and Kansas lead both Iowa and Missouri in the matter of highway improvement. This is a real distinction, and should be maintained.

Congress starts today with a pretty full docket, but with some things irrevocably settled, among them the question of the treaty without reservations.

Correspondents of Berlin newspapers find a great change in Herr Hohenzollern. Did they expect he would be the same at Amerongen as he was at Berlin in 1914?

Organizing to combat the high cost of living will be of effect just to the extent it teaches the individual to do without things not needed or on which the price is too high.

Jess Willard has been freed of a charge of profiteering. It turned out he was giving the wood away instead of asking an exorbitant price. Maybe that is what excited the ire against him.

Alliance is to establish a packing plant, stock growers out that way having concluded it will be as profitable to send dressed as live meat to market. It means growth for the community and the industry.

Anarchists and Government Secrets.

As the happy time comes when a few of the anarchists, who for many years have defied the laws as well as the decencies of American life while availing themselves of every quibble and privilege of the law and the customs of the country, are about to be deported, it would not be a bad idea if President Wilson should live up to his own philosophy and "open the doors" to all the facts about the Department of Labor's relationship to the reds who have found Ellis Island such a haven of refuge and a heaven of enlarged opportunities for mischief. The president is convinced that "government doors should be thrown open and kept open henceforth since "free government must live by understanding." And he sees a new day dawning when "only those governments that have no secrets from their people" will endure. But while this sounds well, in the face of it all the scandal of the immigration commissioner-ship at New York, which has been accentuated by the refusal of the Department of Labor to tell congress why the government has been so tender to anarchists ordered deported, it looks very much as if government by secrecy was viewed as a privileged matter so far as the present administration goes, and that the country will never really get the truth about a partnership with extremists which has had many discreditable chapters. — Philadelphia Ledger.

AMERICA'S SUGAR BOWL.

For the first time in his course as president of the United States, Mr. Wilson has declined to exercise extraordinary powers conferred upon him by congress. He will not, according to his announcement, undertake to control the price of sugar, because it appears that the supply in sight is ample for American needs, "even on the present unnecessarily large basis of consumption." Under possible contingencies, the power of control may be exercised, but for the present the sale of sugar will be in the hands of those who produce and refine it.

The raid on the American sugar bowl began some months ago, and has been persistent and annoying ever since. Profiteering has been open, in spite of the ostentatious arrest and prosecution of a too-greedy dealer here and there throughout the country. For weeks in Omaha the supply has been short and the price high, while in adjacent towns plenty of sugar has been available and at a moderate rate. For example, within a fortnight Denver grocers were selling the best grade of refined sugar at 12 1/2 cents per pound, and not limiting a customer, while in Omaha consumers paid 22 and 23 cents a pound for unrefined, and were able to get but a pound at a time, and that from their regular dealer.

Supply and demand may be responsible for such a situation. It was admitted by certain brokers during a hearing in Omaha a few months ago that large shipments of sugar had been diverted from this market that a better price might be obtained elsewhere. All through the proceedings a mystery has prevailed that is not cleared up by the perfunctory examinations made by the federal officers here.

Figures supplied by Mr. Wilson have been exhibited before. They indicate a large quantity of sugar available for American consumption. It is not a question, though, of how much sugar is used in the homes of the land, but how much tribute is to be exacted from those homes by the sugar planters and refiners. The American sugar bowl may not be a "paradise," but it is a live issue just now.

Pershing and the Four Stars.

A local paper, describing General Pershing's appearance at the Omaha meeting on Saturday, emphasizes the fact that the only decorations on his uniform were the red, white and blue ribbon of the Congressional Medal and the four stars. And what greater honor could he have? Among all the decorations awarded him by foreign governments, and he has them all, there is none that equals in significance the simple Congressional Medal. Foreign orders have their origin in the fancy of monarchs; they represent fundamentally the favor of a ruler. Some of this may not attach to the war crosses given by France and England, yet at the base they are all the same. The Congressional Medal is a gift from a free and independent people, quick enough to pay honor to a popular hero and lavish in its recognition of valor, but giving the high place only to those who deserve that distinction by the intrinsic merit of service. And very few American soldiers have been privileged to wear the four stars on their shoulder, emblematic of supreme command under the president. It is little wonder that a modest, sincere gentleman like John J. Pershing should appear with only the insignia of his rank, which army regulations require him to wear, and the one great emblem of a mighty people's gratitude and pride in a noble soldier. He unquestionably appreciates the honors conferred on him by foreign governments, but he also knows their value in relation to the dignity of his American distinctions.

Fixing Railroad Rates.

Agreement by the conferees on the provision of the coming railroad law which puts supreme control of rates in the hands of the Interstate Commerce commission will tend to establish confidence in the law. If it eventually does away with the interference of state boards or commissions with the business of inland commerce, a boon will be conferred on the nation at large. However sound may be the theory that undertakes to set a definite division between the federal and state supervision of transportation rates, its benefits are more than offset by the resultant confusion. Experience has taught that the centralized authority is far more apt to stabilize commerce, not only between but within states. What is most needed is a simplification of the methods of fixing and applying rates. When the Interstate Commerce commission can revise its practice, and adopt a system that may be more generally applied, instead of handling each case as a unit, and thereby complicating the whole fabric of rates, the business of hauling goods and passengers will be placed on a much more satisfactory basis than it has ever been. A little well-directed effort towards this end will do much to reconcile the shippers to the absence of state regulation.

Cutting Out the "Cuss Words."

Encouraged, perhaps, by the experience of Josephus Daniels in the matter of reforming naval terminology, the moguls of the Pennsylvania are now engaged in a crusade against profanity on part of their employees. The first move is directed at the language brakemen employ, and these are not only adjured but required to limit their obligatory armament to such innocuous expletives as "gosh," or "darn," "fudge," and when especially exasperated, they may be permitted to say "shucks."

If the "Pennsy" does succeed in putting it over, it will have the "road of anthracite" beaten many paragon in the direction of novel advertising. A practice as old as humanity is not likely to be seriously disturbed by a single executive order, even if it does come from the head of as big a corporation as the "P. R. R." No one who has ever lingered long around a switch shanty or yard telegraph office can fail to have noted and consequently have been impressed by the quality of profanity used. All the way down the line the art of "cussing" is practiced, improving as it descends, until the brakeman has established himself supreme in the matter of unique, sulphurous conversation. The occasional exchange of compliments between the engineer and conductor, or either of them and the yardmaster is a treat to a student of expression, the corrosive quality of such verbal erosives being beyond the comprehension of any not of the elect. But these are state events, and have little in common with the parade the brakeman makes of his astonishing vocabulary.

When the man who wrote the order for the suppression of the time-honored habit of loose, and variegated "cussing" gets his reports on the success of his crusade, a summary will interest a curious public.

All Wrong, Aristotle

From the Baltimore American.

When the eminent Aristotle evolved his theory of a common sense—a sense held by every one in common—a sense that would bring the other senses into accord, a clearing-house, seeing and the rest, he made what was a wonderful contribution to the ages and the ages. He made clear that there is something in the human system by which there can be such a thing as understanding. At least so he thought, and so have philosophers thought ever since.

The great Greek was wrong, too. He would hear the dirge sound from temple to sanctuary, from shop to ship; all wrong, Aristotle, there is no longer any common sense. Madness, stark and silly boushousism are rampant throughout the world of mankind. Dabblers in common-sense through the ages making believe that human beings are rational, when they do not have even certification to their own existence upon which to base a scheme of rationality, copied the word consensus. By this was meant that it was possible for common-sense to be manifested even among groups of beings, in matters considered in common. Again, Aristotle is found to be all wrong. Peace conference delegates, labor unions, labor unions and ecclesiastical bodies, along with women's suffrage conventions and the senate group, all illustrate the fallacy of believing any longer in a consensus of opinion. In the absence of a common sense among the other senses, how can there be any certification to their own views among groups of humans, all suffering from dementia, the universal malady of mankind? Art literature and industry all reveal the lack of the quantum in common. And now comes the Swiss discoverer Einstein, who says that Copernicus and Galileo and Newton, who appears to have had a consensus of scientific opinion, that enabled them to create a scheme of the universe, were all wrong. All is wrong, and the upsetting of all things mundane is reflected in the total upsetting of all the theories of the universe upon which all the facts, acts and utterances of human beings are based.

At the astral body, the fourth dimension and the sixth sense, the common-sense of man, to the consensus of views of groups of men and of the race, and to the conclusions of scientists? Once again, let it be exclaimed with a sigh, Aristotle, you are all wrong!

Tammany's Doom

Einstein knocks a streak of light crooked. Old-fashioned winter is no more. Europe's map is writ in water. Bolshevism is the bogey of the property-holder. We just escaped the end of the world the other day. It must be at hand. Is proof needed that we are spinning down the toboggan slide of degeneracy? None, surely, beyond the newspaper headline, "Eighteen Tammany Men Held Up by Bandits." After that—anything!

Eighteen members of the Eugene R. Duffy association were playing good old Tammany games at the favorite Tammany hour of 1:30 p. m. when three armed men, with felonious intent. Before they could say "Hands up," they were seized, frisked of guns and money and flung downstairs? As the shatter of glass signalled their impact with the street door the sergeant at arms, re-seated, was suavely inquiring, "Whose deal?"

No gentle reader! That is not what happened! It is what should have happened. It is what would have happened in the dear dead days that are no more. What did happen was that the 18 Tammany men—or so described—meekly stood by the wall with hands upraised while the uninvited guests gathered in \$2,000 in cash and their jewelry.

It is the end of Tammany can stand defeat; has thriven on a hundred tumultuous years. It can stand reforms. It can stand imputations of respectability. It can survive deals with Hearst. It has many faces, phases, colors, moods. It is adaptable, fluid, sinuous, instinct with life force. But this it cannot stand. When three bandits hold up 18 Tammany men in their own home, "Ichabod" is written. Now the pall and bier, the keening of the stricken! Tammany is doomed!—New York World.



JAMES E. DAVIDSON. He manages the company whose chaste and brilliant light presents our city's beauty to observers out at night, a boon which timid citizens no doubt appreciate, which burglars do not love and one which loving sweethearts hate, but which returns a revenue a private prince would prize and proves him an executive of quality and size.

He came from Portland, Ore. He left the western slope to find on the Missouri shore a brighter beam of hope. For though there's joy and pleasure where the salmon salad grows, and those who know it love the smelt and the speck of Portland's rose, there's merit quite as honest in the staid Nebraska spud and in the catfish lifted from his home among the mud.

His intellect is testified by scarcity of hair; the combination of the two is possible, but rare. He saw our sundry ladders here, illustrious and all, and with superb agility began to climb them all. In clubs and in society he's made himself a place. The town has given him the keys with promptitude and grace. For while others scale the heights by long and grilling toil, he greases the declivity with simple social oil, defying the tradition which relates by sliding to the top of nearly everything in town, for some achieve success by grace of what they hold and have, while others rapidly arrive through skillful use of salve.

Next Subject—Charles L. Saunders.

TODAY

The Day We Celebrate. Rev. Olympia Brown, pioneer reformer and equal suffrage advocate, born at Prairie Ronde, Mich., 85 years ago. Maj. Gen. Albert Cronkhite, U. S. A., who commanded the 18th division in France, born in New York, 59 years ago. Rudolph Eucken, world-famous writer and philosopher, born in Ostriesland, 74 years ago. Isaac Bacharach, representative in congress of the Second New Jersey district, born in Philadelphia, 50 years ago. William K. Wood, representative in congress of the Tenth Indiana district, born at Oxford, Ind., 59 years ago. Bennie Kauff, outfielder of the New York National league base ball team, born at Middleport, O., 30 years ago.

Thirty Years Ago in Omaha. Judge Berka finished his term as police judge with a record behind him of faithful service and fair and just dealings in every detail of the court.

With the extension of the street railway to Fort Omaha, the following: "The Omaha Bee's longest single line of electric road in the west. It covered a distance of eight miles.

A movement was made to organize a state bankers' association. A convention of state bankers was called to be held January 22.

In the Washington Post (Washington, D. C.) appeared the following: "The Omaha Bee's annual review issued on New Year's day is a beauty and a wonder. Forty of its great pages are devoted to illustrations of the city and its fine business houses and public buildings, prominent among which is the splendid structure erected by Mr. Edward Rosewater, the editor of The Bee, as a monument to his success in the newspaper business."

The Bee's Letter Box

One Metcalfe—Republican. Omaha, Jan. 2.—To the Editor of The Bee: In reporting the filing at Lincoln of Leonard Wood's petitions for president, your correspondent referred to me as a democrat. Reading that circumstance might lead some to suspect me guilty of the charge, I want to enter a general denial and proudly proclaim myself a republican.

Because I am a republican, I am interested in Leonard Wood's candidacy, for I believe it offers the best chance of success for my party at the general election in November.

But more than that, because I am an American I believe that the welfare of our nation depends upon the nomination of such a man as Leonard Wood. The success of a political party does not alone depend on the election of its candidates, but is generally conceded, even by the democrats themselves, that the poor, old democrat, Leonard Wood, is the best man for the Christmas turkey. Their chances of again feeding at the "public patronage trough" are indeed slim and for that reason I am a republican. The party should exercise exceeding care in selecting their candidates for public office. The republicans must put their backs to the wall and make their nominations on merit without regard for political favor. The nomination of Leonard Wood would be a standing rebuke to the party which would be followed throughout the nation.

My hope is that the younger generation of republicans can play a prominent part in the coming campaign, and that the political war-horses may be relegated to the non-essential class so far as party management is concerned. I am a republican and I will support the republican nominee whoever he might be. Very truly yours, TED METCALFE.

Behind the H. C. of L. Omaha, Jan. 2.—To the Editor of The Bee: What is the principal cause of the party in the coming campaign, and the answer reverberated through the distant hills, extravagance. An 18-per-cent young man wearing \$15-per-pair shoes, \$15-per-pair shoes and \$1.50 per both silk socks, probably wears a good many lunchless and carefree days. But who cares so long as he is making an impression? Lucile, sitting at her desk or standing behind the counter, looks perfectly stunning in her \$30-bouse, \$45-skirt and \$15-shoes and she knows it. And anyway, the other girls are just green with envy. The hall bedroom and crackers and milk twice daily do get a little monotonous though.

Poor old Bill His salary is \$150 per month, but friend wife must keep up with the Joneses, consequently he gets further into debt every month. What cares wife if her gowns cost \$125 per, so long as she is (supposedly) fooling her friends?

Hark's a fine fellow. He sports circus stripes, silk shirts, knitted silk ties, has a tuxedo and distributes cigars to the crowd among his friends. He can also sit in a little poker game and lose \$30 or \$40 without "bating an eye." Some boy, Hark, but say, do you care more than a nickel for the unpaid bills? How you going to square yourself with the loan shark?

That's where the joke comes in. These people are fooling nobody but children and themselves. OBSERVER.

Tribute to Dr. Connell.

Beatrice, Neb., Jan. 2.—To the Editor of The Bee: To all who knew Doctor Connell, I am sure, the thoughts of all the young and old in Omaha—especially the little folks—that in the passing of Dr. E. W. Connell, one of our best and truest friends, for now they know the call to him—for their relief in the medical world—will not be answered. The writer has personally known his skill has saved and brought relief when others in his profession had given up hope.

To all in Omaha: You have lost in your midst, one of the most gifted men in the medical profession and his record as your city physician must always stand out as a memorial to him. WILLIAM A. WOLFE.

Samuel Jones Tilden. "No American citizen could afford to decline a nomination for presidency," says Mr. McAdoo. Well, who ever did?—Arkansas Gazette.



Business is good thank you! L.V. NICHOLAS OIL COMPANY

Little Folks' Corner



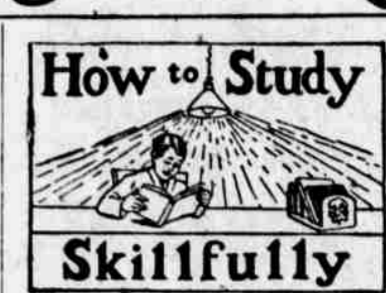
Hunting Eye Meets Mayor. BY B. S. ALEXANDER.

"You come along with me, youngster," said the policeman to the boy from the North Woods. "You look mighty cold and hungry. I'll take you to the mayor of this town and he will see that you are fed and get some clothes."

"Hunting Eye was not altogether sure he wanted to be taken anywhere by the big policeman, but he was interested in the mayor and wanted to find out who he was. "What does the mayor do?" he asked.

"But I thought the council made laws for the town." "Sure, but the mayor has to see that the laws are carried out. Ask him about it, he'll tell you."

So after they came to the mayor's office and the little Indian boy was fitted out with warm clothes he began to ask questions. "Yes," said the mayor, "the council makes ordinances. But I have to sign them before they are really ordinances. If I don't sign an ordinance, two-thirds of the council must vote for it before it can be-



Your Five Senses. BY ADELIA BELLE BAIRD.

If you want to excel in wood-craft, train your five senses by using them. That is what the early pioneers did and that is what the woodsmen in the great forests do today. Start in now and give all—sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch—the exercise they need to become as strong and vigorous as the muscles in your active body.

Do you want to have eyes keen enough to see the eagle's nest high up on the cliff a mile, perhaps, away, or the deer grazing on the far off mountain side, or Alcor—the little star not easily seen—that is close to and above the middle star in the



handle of the Big Dipper? Then give your sense of sight a chance to develop by training your eyes to see far away things.

Begin with the sense of sight and send your eyes racing a long distance to a certain landmark, making a game of it and announcing what you see between you and the goal. Then push your sight beyond the first goal to a second one still further away and tell what you see. You will have to practice, for this game of sight as for any other you hope to win. Practice every day and several times a day until you can see clearly what, at first, was almost invisible.

Exercise your ears in the same way. Notice and try to identify every noise you hear, then go into the woods and listen. Try to hear more and more of the outdoor sounds, the faintest and farthest away. The gurgling of water under the snapping of the wind, or the klop of snow falling from the trees, in summer the hum of insects and song of a distant bird.

Take the sense of smell next and give it vigorous exercise also. Identify every odor that comes to you as you identify the sounds, and

DAILY CARTOONETTE.

WELL AS LONG AS I'VE GOT TO PLAY SANTA CLAUS FOR THE KIDS—I MAY AS WELL DO IT RIGHT AND GO DOWN THE CHIMNEY!



so go through the whole list of your five senses. (Next week: "Wind Breaks.") Boys' and Girls' Newspaper Service. Copyright, 1919, by J. H. Miller.

Another Unessential Industry. Authorities are now investigating the delicate question of when cifer ceases to be a soft drink and becomes a hard character among beverages.—Washington Star.

May Take It Himself. Mr. Bryan is trying to find the logical democratic candidate for president, but hasn't settled on anybody yet.—Toledo Blade.

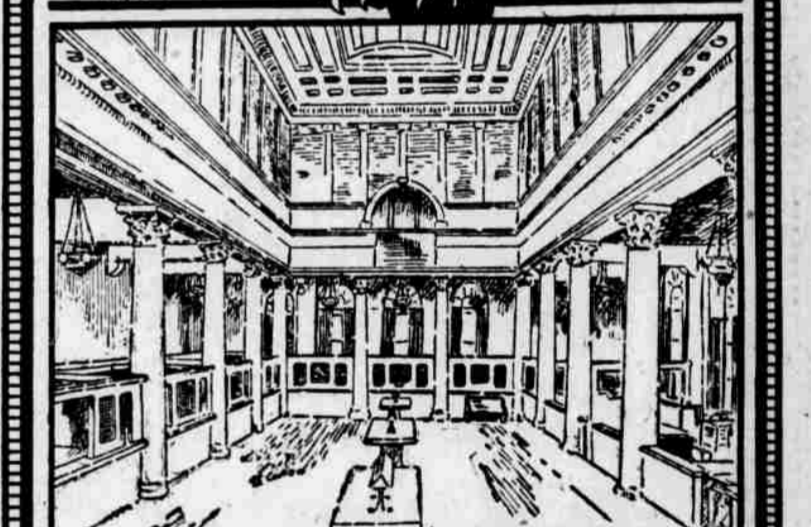
ASPIRIN FOR HEADACHE

Name "Bayer" is on Genuine Aspirin—say Bayer



Insist on "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in a "Bayer package," containing proper directions for Headache, Cold, Pain, Neuralgia, Lumbago, and Rheumatism. Name "Bayer" means genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for nineteen years. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost a few cents. Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing of Monocetate of Salicylic acid.

To Cure A Cold in One Day Take "Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets" Be sure you get the Genuine Look for this signature E. W. Grove on the box. 30c



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