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DAILY (MORNING) - EVENING - SUNDAY

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The circulation of the Omaha Bee on Sunday, November 6, 1921, was 72,006 copies. The Bee Publishing Company
CHARLES S. YOUNG, Business Manager
KIMBER S. ROOD, Circulation Manager
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of November, 1921.
(Seal) W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public

The Bee's Platform

1. New Union Passenger Station.
2. Continued improvement of the Nebraska Highways, including the pavement of Main Thoroughfares leading into Omaha with a Brick Surface.
3. A short, low-rate Waterway from the Corn Belt to the Atlantic Ocean.
4. Home Rule Charter for Omaha, with City Manager form of Government.

"When War Drums Throb No Longer."

Washington today bears the hope of the world as truly as ever it was centered on a single group of men. In our national capital will formally assemble representatives of the leading powers of the world, gathered to debate, consider, weigh and decide on measures that will set the world a little further on the way to universal peace. Wisdom dwells in these men, leaders in their several countries, wisdom born of experience; they confess deep devotion to the ideals of civilization, and a high resolve to bring about better conditions for mankind. In these professions the world has faith, and it is a sorry tragedy should the conference miscarry.

Eminently fitting is it that such a conference should be assembled in such a place for such a purpose. Washington is the center of the life of a nation which for almost a century and a half has stood a great monument to righteous liberty, freedom founded on justice. One hundred and forty-five years is not a long time, when set against the centuries through which man has struggled upwards, but it measures the duration of a great thought put into practice. In 1776 the idea that underlies and supports our great Constitution, and on which rests the foundation of the Republic, was only a theory, a dream, just as a world without war is today. Is there any reason why, a century from now, men may not look back to the home of the Pan-American Union, as we do to Independence Hall, and bless the hour that called the delegates to decide that the time had come

When the war drums throb no longer and the battle flags are furled
In the brotherhood of man, the parliament of the world?

That ideal may be unattainable, but it is worth striving for. As Washington is the central element of a great nation devoted to all the things that are highest and best in life, so the building in which the sessions will be held typifies in itself the very object for which the convocation is evoked. If a group of republics, self-governing and independent, may exist in amity, composing their differences without resort to arms, submitting to the judgment of courts of arbitration rather than to the issue of battle, is it not possible to extend to all the world such a beneficent custom?

Such has been a dream for countless ages; claims resting on formulas issued in 1918 or 1917 are idle when history is considered. It is not true that history is a record of a succession of wars entirely; in the record of man's climb towards the light may be found many proofs of his yearning desire to live without war. Never in all the long account of humanity's endeavor to improve has the fire on Liberty's altar shone so brightly as it does today; never was there such reason to hope that the curse of war may be removed, that its burden will be lifted from the world, and that Justice and Mercy, attributes of God, will rule on earth.

Mystery of Food Prices.

Some changes have been made in the cost of living in the last year. The decline in the price of food, which is the main item of the average household budget, has been greater than in anything else. And yet as compared with 1913 food prices are about 50 per cent higher. There is a government bureau which compiles statistics on the cost of living in various cities, and its findings are always interesting. For instance, it announces that in the year ending October 15, there was a decrease of 23 per cent in food prices in Omaha. The same showing was made in Kansas City, but the decrease in Memphis was 26 per cent, and in St. Paul and Baltimore 24 per cent, while in Washington it reached only 20 per cent.

With 1913 food prices rated as 100, in Omaha and Philadelphia the level now is 151. This is 5 per cent greater than the rise in Memphis and 9 per cent more than Little Rock, although it is better than the showing of Washington, Richmond and Baltimore. The confusion becomes greater when figures are presented which indicate that while in a number of eastern cities a decline of from 1 to 3 per cent took place between the middle of September and the middle of October, in Omaha prices went up 2 per cent, while in Baltimore, Philadelphia and Kansas City there was no change.

Having obtained these statistics, the next undertaking should be to explain them. Why should Omaha, which lies amidst bountiful fields, in the very center of the food belt, undergo even the slightest increase in living costs while other cities which are supplied with much of their diet from these very fields and pastures, enjoy a drop in prices?

As near as can be estimated, the democrats succeeded in carrying Kentucky and Virginia in the recent election, but little else.

Armistice Day: 1918-1921.

Three years ago today such a shout of joy went up from earth to heaven as never before had stirred the echoes. It was the universal acclaim of the close of the most terrible war that ever involved mankind in its destruction. All lands and all peoples united in it, for it brought to victor and vanquished alike the relief that follows passing of a dreadful scourge. No time was taken then to reckon up the accounts or to strike a balance; indeed, it is yet too soon to do that accurately. Unrestrained the long repressed feelings of the world found vent as the stress and strain of the campaigning fell away from all, and the day was marked with such rejoicings as never before swept around the globe with that electric thrill that marks all men as one family.

Today, the nation stands at the bier of an Unknown Warrior, one who paid in the last full measure for Liberty. Beside America we find the greatest nations of the earth, vying with us and with each other in expressing their honorable sense of obligation to this soldier who symbolizes to all the devotion that won the battle for free men. Humbly and devoutly the nation joins with them in acknowledging the service of that valiant group of which he was one; they valor the proven buckler behind which the future lies safe for mankind. His tomb in the magnificent cemetery at Arlington Heights, where sleep the honored dead whose lives were pledged for Freedom, will always be a sacred spot.

When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping heritage.

All the things hoped-for as a result of that war have not yet come to pass; but the passions that surged so high are surely being stilled, the fires of hatred are slowly dying down, and obligations forgotten for a moment are being resumed. Injustices remain, wrongs have not been righted, and many hideous evils still lurk to vex the world. Yet none of these is sufficient to daunt a race that could face and conquer the awful monster that threatened to read and destroy all our ideals and our institutions.

Marching today behind the bier of that silent soldier, the people of America will resolve as highly as they have in other days that the sacrifice of the men who are represented by the Unknown shall not have been in vain. Armistice Day, 1921, sees us nearer to the fulfillment of our hopes, a realization of our aspirations, just because we are true to our ideals. Our destiny is that of mankind, our hope the hope of the world. To all the world the message goes out again today, that America may be depended upon, and that silent tomb in Arlington will ever stand a symbol of that pledge.

Make Omaha a Great Airport.

The only important air route in the United States passes through Omaha. This trail, blazed by the air mail, promises to become the main highway for mail, passengers and light freight, with branches radiating north and south. Starting in New York and passing through Cleveland, Chicago, Cheyenne and Salt Lake City to San Francisco, this 2,650-mile path through the skies is considered by experts to be as definitely established as though it were paved with brick.

Before it can come into general use, however, thoroughly modern air terminals must be provided. Omaha must look forward to the time when it will become a real airport, into which airships will sail as seacraft into a harbor. The small landing field which has been maintained by the Chamber of Commerce near the Ak-Sar-Ben grounds, is admittedly inadequate, and in addition its lease is about to expire. The chamber has endorsed the new location on the north side which was used in the recent air meet.

A permanent choice must soon be made. Aviators and aeronautical engineers say that the new field is well adapted to the purpose. It will be necessary to raise the center, install tile drainage and cover the surface with grass. The straightaway of a mile and a half is considerably more than the minimum standard of a 1,000-yard runway. Planes may take off in any direction from which the wind may blow and still land safely in the event of engine trouble. There are no high obstacles, and there is room to expand. The location near the Missouri river will be an aid to night flying, since the gleam of the river provides a clear trail.

In good time each city along the airplane routes must establish a municipal airport. Omaha's new charter permits the voting of bonds for this purpose, but it is hardly to be believed that the public is yet ready to approve this expenditure, beset as it is by so many pressing needs. Until the right moment comes, private support of a landing field will be imperative.

In all senses of the term, Omaha's future is in the air. A well planned airport will add immensely to its importance. As new air routes are established and air transport services are operated between the centers of population, the presence or absence of suitable terminals will decide their course. Omaha now has the advantage, but to hold it is not a matter of chance, but of planning ahead.

Youngstown Shows the Way.

Out of Ohio has come much that is interesting, some instructive, some worthy of emulation, and not a little that "just makes 'em laff." After Artemas Ward, perhaps the utmost in the latter direction is the result attained in Youngstown at the municipal election held on Tuesday. A man who had been a resident of the city less than six months was chosen mayor, because the voters did not know him and did not know his opponents, presumably. His platform promises to oust the street cars, install motor buses, abolish the police force and permit spooning in the parks. Which of these planks attracted the support of the women, who are accused of responsibility for his success, may be left to conjecture. The world outside, however, will watch Youngstown a little more closely hereafter. It has gained some unenviable notoriety because of its industrial conditions, but may redeem this by showing a new and higher type of municipal government.

The worst luck one could wish for the French "Bluebeard" is that he might be allowed to marry one or two of the hysterical women who are writing him love notes.

The rest of the country still has its doubts whether the people of New York City know enough to govern themselves.

Two Great Works of Art

Where Ceremonies Will Be Held Today at Washington.

(From the Washington Star.)

The ceremonies at Arlington on Friday will direct national attention to the structure that has lately been added to the national capital—though located in Virginia. This vast amphitheater of purest white stone has no counterpart in America for architectural perfection and proportion. Its location is unsurpassed, on the heights overlooking the city of Washington, with the Potomac in the near foreground and the buildings and monuments of the federal city stretching back with the Maryland hills as a horizon. Outwardly, especially when viewed from the front, the amphitheater is not as striking as when it is entered. Then it wonderful appeal is felt. Its proportions are perfect, and its dimensions appropriate to the use for which it was designed. In the clear sunlight it shines jewel-like. Empty, it is eloquent of possibilities. Filled on ceremonial occasions, it is an inspiration.

In this structure will gather today notable from foreign lands and representative American officials and citizens to participate in a ceremony of unusual import, the reburial in American soil of an unknown soldier who went to France under the Stars and Stripes to fight in the world war. Those who planned the amphitheater had no conception of the possibility of such a use, such an occasion. For years there has been an amphitheater at Arlington, but compared with the new it is a tiny place, not much larger than the rostrum alone of the new creation. But the lack of size does not lessen the significance of that old place of gathering. It has been the scene of many stirring assemblages. Some of the nation's most eloquent men have spoken there. And it should be preserved always as a souvenir of the first work of national commemoration of sacrificial patriotism.

Across the river from the new amphitheater rises the latest of the national capital memorials, that to Abraham Lincoln. Though not formally dedicated, it is now open to the public, and it proves one of the most remarkable of architectural successes in this country. From its portico through colonnade are gained vistas of Washington, even now, in the incomplete state of its approaches, thrilling in their peculiar vividness and effective composition. The massive statue of the war president dominates the interior and gives all beholders a deep sense of the great personality of Lincoln. At night bright lights shining upon this classic pile cause it to stand out in the darkness of the park and river beyond. To the east gleams the dome of the Capitol, that structure of unequalled beauty, shining like a beacon. The memorial, lower and of different form, bounds the great park on the west. In no other city in the world is such a scene presented.

Building Ships for Junk

Recently we were moved to lay some emphasis on the fact that the nations are doing something more than talk about reducing armament. The news that a number of high class vessels, none of them a dozen years old, and stationed at Mare Island navy yard, had been ordered into retirement preparatory to being junked, offered the text for a short pointing out of the folly of expending millions in building ships which in the course of a very few years, will be declared obsolete and unfit for "action," although still seaworthy in every respect.

The other nations which will be represented in the approaching conference called to consider the limitation of armaments, are now, and have been for years, as we have, pursuing this plan of retiring and junking, after a few years of service, vessels which cost vast sums of money to build. The plan has been instigated in the race between maritime powers to keep "up to the minute" in new equipment, as a preparation for war. A warship, in this century, is called old in a half dozen years or less, lacking one or more new devices for firing the greatest number of shots at the longest range. It has been a mad race, but because we led in it and out of it, it has fallen out that in a lucid interval, a consultant has been called to consider ways and means of at least reducing the most acute symptoms of the mania, if a complete restoration to sanity is not as yet hopeless.

In the meantime, pending the lunatic inquiry, our recent junk sale at Mare Island is being thrown into the shade by the announcement of a coming event at the Philadelphia navy yard. There the battleships Maine, Missouri and Wisconsin, the cruiser Columbia and the monitors Ozark and Tonopah are soon to be junked. Their aggregate tonnage is 53,000, and their total cost was above \$30,000,000. The battleships and monitors carry main batteries of 12-inch guns and now are declared obsolete, though all were on active duty during the late war as station or training ships. The cruiser Columbia, one of the fastest warships engaged in the Spanish-American war, also served against Germany. Replacing these ships, should the high joint commission in lunacy proceedings disagree on diagnosis and curative treatment, would cost many millions more than at first. They would come high, but we would have to get them back, remade "up to the minute," for junking again in a few years. All the great naval powers have been reducing armaments in this costly way for two decades past.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Steady Grind

The fellow who knows how to grind gets there in the end. Some people are always looking for sky-rockets. They believe human affairs are guided by the genius of luck. They believe in a Santa Claus for adults. They expect to wake up some morning and find themselves wealthy, famous and powerful. But the chariots of fire never appear. The golden rule of life is that the rainbow is never reached. Across their firmament the meteors of great success never flash.

If there is anything that a well-balanced man over 30 ought to know it is that genius is generally nothing but hard work disguised in fancy clothes. It's the steady grind day after day in the face of ups and downs that makes a fellow's dreams come true. Constant application, persistency and dogged determination are the qualities that win at last. Shaking dice with fate is a fool's game. History records the victories of no man who was not a day laborer in his harvest field of life. Good luck is the rarest flower that blows, and it blossoms mostly in the gardens of imagination.

If your rival is a steady grinder, look out for him.—Thrill Magazine.

Civilization's Primal Basis.

They are burning corn for fuel in the western states. And in Russia hundreds of thousands of people are dying for the lack of it. Truly transportation and distribution are the primal bases of civilization. Without them we would live—and die—like the savage tribes of Africa.—Chicago Evening Post.

What Public Really Needs.

A spokesman for the National Coal association says that the public should have a better understanding of the coal problem, but what the public needs more is a better understanding of how to get the money with which to pay the bills.—Boston Transcript.

He Also Said: "Shoot to Kill."

"The mails will be moved," says Postmaster General Hayes. President Grover Cleveland made a similar remark on a certain memorable occasion—and the mails were moved.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

How to Keep Well

By DR. W. A. EVANS

Questions concerning hygiene, sanitation and prevention of disease, submitted to Dr. Evans by readers of the Bee, will be answered personally, subject to proper limitation, where a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Evans will not make a diagnosis nor prescribe for individual diseases. Address letters in care of the Bee.

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ABOUT SKIN CANCERS.

The Connecticut department of health says cancer is not a germ disease, that it is not contagious, and that there should be no disgrace in talking or discussing it or in going to a physician for a diagnosis or treatment.

Every persistent lump beneath the skin is a warning sign. All such lumps are by no means cancer, but innocent growths may occasionally be neglected. Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, lips or tongue, is a danger signal. Picking and irritating such cracks or ulcerations or treating these skin conditions by home remedies, pastes, poultices and caustics is playing with fire.

Warts, moles, warts or other birthmarks, especially those subject to constant irritation, should be attended to immediately if they change in color or appearance or start to grow.

Avoidance of chronic irritation and removal of just such seemingly insignificant danger spots may prevent cancer.

All of this is taken word for word as it was sent out to the public for use during cancer week.

I hope they will follow it up by still other bulletins on the same general subject, going into more detail on the subject of cancer in other parts of the body.

Let us stick, for a few words, with skin cancers, but discuss some other things that may be of interest.

Nearly every man more than 60 years of age and every woman beyond 70 has some kind of a rough place on the skin somewhere. The greater the exposure to sun and wind has been, the greater the prevalence of such rough places.

These rough places are not cancers, but they are a warning sign. They are due partly to age, partly to lack of grease in the integument, and partly to exposure to sun, wind and drying generally.

They do not look well and they sometimes change into a very mild form of cancer. When that has happened, the treatment against these rough places has been concluded.

As a rule they call for no treatment. It may be well to keep them greasy. Sometimes capable physicians remove them with X-rays, radium or carbonic snow.

As a rule they should not be tampered with. Scratching them, picking of the scales and all such procedures are unjustified. If, however, such a patch changes its character, if it becomes red or hard or oozes or ulcerates until a hole is formed, or becomes sore or painful, the chance is very strong that it has changed or is changing into a skin cancer.

When such changes are evident and the man with them can recognize them, the appearance of the feel of the thing, treatment is called for. Fortunately such skin cancers are

The Bee's Letter Box

(The Bee offers its columns freely to its readers who care to contribute to the public question. It requests that letters be reasonably brief and over 100 words. It also insists that the name of the writer for publication, but that the editor may know with whom he is dealing. The Bee does not print names of correspondents in its columns.)

Farmers and the Unions.

Greely, Neb., Nov. 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: There was a time long ago when unionized labor openly despised the farmer as being several notches below the cheery craftsmen in the social scale and general intelligence; they were more than willing to line up with the funny paragon and take a shot at the bewildered farmer. But apparently times have changed, for now labor shows a disposition to make love to the farmer—to pat him on the back and assure him that their grievances are identical, in that they both are underpaid for their labor.

But why, one is tempted to ask, this sudden love and affection for the rude and uncouth farmer? Is it real or assumed, or merely prompted by self interest and selfishness?

The railroad workers try to convince us that high operating costs have no connection with high freight rates. Perhaps that is true, but to the average farmer such an assertion doesn't seem very convincing, for there surely must be some little connection between the two. Now the farmer is practically barred from the markets by prohibitively high freight rates.

Here is a case in point: A Greely grain dealer has a car of corn to Lewiston, Idaho; he got \$350 for the corn, and he, or somebody else, paid \$326.54 freight. Isn't that a weighty charge? It is, and it is dangerous near a "holdup?" But the holdup in this case is done in the name of the law and with the approval of the law's interpreters.

Who is to blame for this, the railroads for holding up the farmer, or the farmer for holding up the railroads or the Interstate Commerce commission for permitting the robbery?

Mr. Daily assures us that the bollweaver has a hard time living on \$150 a month. But he probably doesn't know that that is \$150 a month more than the farmer gets for his labor this year, and he has to provide a home, food and clothing for his family "just the same" as the bollweaver, for even in the country one has to wear some clothes to satisfy the conventions and ward off the elements and eat enough food to preserve life.

How long this can be kept up is a problem to some people, but not to a great many farmers. For them the problem is already solved, for they are "deflated" or squeezed out of existence, as farmers, with the result that the urbanite will pay more for his living next year than this year for overproduction will not be a factor in his favor.

MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

Where Uncle Sam is Weak.

We are tired of seeing weak or wicked state governments wink at lynching and entirely in favor of letting the federal government try its hand. But if the United States doesn't try harder than it tries to enforce the provisions of the constitution conferring the suffrage on negroes, conditions will not be improved very much.—Buffalo Express.

Weakness of the Flesh.

Dan Baker, the court house cynic, remarked to us the other day that he bet the average man kept an eye on the temptations from which he prays to be delivered.—Maryville (Mo.) Democrat-Forum.

A Thing of Duty.

The tariff is a thing of duty and toy forever.—Fitchburg Sentinel.

Artists' Materials

Make Your own Xmas Gifts NOW and Use the Following Materials:

ENAMELAC, in all colors and black and white; at 40¢ per can. For use on wood, glass, china, beads, ivory; fine for candy boxes, shoe trees and book ends.

BATEKO DYES, in all shades for designs on silk blouses, scarves and pillow covers; each package, 25¢; or complete set of colors, wax, brushes, etc., \$3.50.

PERMOLELO, the clay for making basins, hat pins, pendants, etc. and decorated with enamel, cats, etc.

PARCHMENT shades for boudoir lamps and candles. Ready stamped with a design to be colored, at 25¢ each.

Oil Colors and Water Colors, in sets and in tubes. The former from 50¢ to \$7.50, and the tubes from 15¢ to 80¢.

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How Much Does Lubricating Oil Cost You Each Year?

Automotive engineers say that oil of the wrong body, failure to replace old oil with fresh oil and neglecting to keep oil up to the proper level cause fully 90 percent of all automobile engine repair bills. So the real cost of lubricating oil is determined by your repair bills.

Oil of the highest quality and correct body is the truest economy. It protects moving parts against wear and prevents bearings burning out. It keeps compression tight and assures maximum power and mileage from every gallon of fuel.

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