THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING) — EVENING — SUNDAY

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR

THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press, of which The Bee is a member, is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published herein. All rights of publication of our special dispatches are also reserved.

OFFICES

Omaha—The Bee Building. Chicago—People's Gas Building.
South Omaha—2318 N. St. New York—286 Fifth Ave.
Council Bluffs—14 N. Main St. St. Louis—New B'k of Commerce.
Lincoln—Little Building. Washington—1311 G St.

JUNE CIRCULATION

Daily 69,021—Sunday 59,572

Average circulation for the month, subscribed and sworn to by Dwight Williams, Circulation Manager.

Subscribers leaving the city should have The Bee mailed to them. Address changed as often as requested.

THE BEE'S SERVICE FLAG.

If ever the "muny" ice plant will be welcome, now is the time.

At any rate, the German 1918 offensive has been "knocked into a cocked hat."

The weather man and the rain god ought to get together for a confab, their teamwork being very poor.

Perhaps the drop in cotton may be due in part to exceptional enlargement of the cottontail rabbit family.

The next round between the "Jacks" and the "Jims" will be staged at Lincoln. One guess as to the outcome.

Two pounds of sugar will be the "percap" allowance for August, but even that amount ought to keep everybody sweet during dog days.

M. Cassenave is eminently correct in his statement that "Russia needs a policeman." The patrol wagon should have been called long ago.

The crown prince seems to be willing to consider the present movement as a major action. At any rate, he found it too big for his army and called for help.

Another batch of Russian grand dukes has been kidnaped, the bolsheviki doubtless feeling the need of further inspiration in the cause of human brotherhood.

President Wilson's denunciation of mob spirit contains good advice for everybody, but just now Americans are not in the mood to be very patient with a certain class of offenders.

Unfortunately hitching an appropriation onto the army bill is not the same as constructing the water main to Fort Crook. The next thing is to get the pipe line put in and the post used to full capacity.

The "lure of lucre" is the term applied by the Chicago Tribune in condemning the frauds perpetrated in furnishing army supplies. We would call it "love of larceny" and still keep to the alliteration.

When the government takes the telegraph and the telephone, in addition to the railroads, mighty slim pickings will be left for state railway commissions. No wonder our commission protests against either federal or local control of public service utilities.

In the Case of James Fryatt.

This is the second anniversary of the death of Captain James Fryatt, executed by the Germans because he sought to defend his ship from being destroyed by a submarine. On a trip through the North Sea Captain Fryatt tried to ram a U-boat that had made an unsuccessful attempt to sink his vessel. Later he was captured, given a hearing before a summary court-martial and promptly shot as a "franc tireur." The outrageous aspect of the case lies in the assumption by the Germans that a merchant vessel has no right to undertake a defense against a warship. According to the plea of the Hun in the Fryatt case, if a merchantman resist or attempt to escape it loses all standing and becomes legitimate prey, with no recourse. The real purpose, of course, was to terrify captains of commerce carriers, so that they would risk loss of vessel rather than incur the penalty of execution for "piracy" in event of capture. Only one other outrage in the kaiser's long series of violations of all laws takes the same classification as that of the execution of Captain Fryatt. It is the murder of Edith Cavell. No blacker spots stain the record, nor will they be effaced by any sophistry or subterfuge the high criminals may hereafter present. James Fryatt's fate did not deter other captains from attacking undersea pirates and his name will long stand in England's annals as a barrier to friendship with the nation that put its trust in the terror.

PLAN FOR AN OMAHA BEAUTIFUL.

The proceedings under way to open up a close-in entrance to Carter park should carry a strong popular appeal. The value of a park depends largely upon its accessibility and the superiority of Omaha's park system grows out of the very fact that it provides nearby parks in close proximity to the population centers. The parks that have the advantage of natural water should be specially cultivated and developed, since it is the experience of all cities that they make the most desirable and best patronized public resorts.

Some day we hope the plan once suggested by Park Commissioner Cornish for a river front boulevard, joining north and south parks, will be taken up and pushed through. He advised acquiring the bottom lands along the Missouri, from Riverview to Carter lake, for the purpose of a driveway and connecting breathing spots overlooking water all the way. The embellishment of the river front, furthermore, would do away with the disfiguring junk heaps, coal piles and lumber yards which at the present time make the view at the main entrance to Omaha look like an unkempt backyard and give the visiting stranger a bad first impression that has to be removed by later inspection of the city.

We can have an Omaha beautiful in time, and a not very long distant time, by merely utilizing our natural advantages if we will only look far enough ahead and work steadily toward that end.

Cotton on the Way Back.

King Cotton is coming down from the lofty perch that was almost beyond reach, and his retirement is somewhat disorderly. Principally this is due to the collapse of a "bull" movement in New York, where prices had been boosted beyond reason, and against which the crop report sent a series of high explosives. In a single day the price dropped $8.50 a bale, and the total recession for the first four days of the current week is put at $16.50 a bale.

Cotton is the one great staple of the country that has so far escaped governmental regulation. Southern representatives in congress were able to secure the exclusion of cotton from laws that gave the president power to fix prices, and thus the speculators were left free to work their will. One result of this has been that on none of the necessaries has the selling price advanced to the degree noted of cotton and cotton products. Less than four years ago the whole country was urged to contribute to the support of the southern planters. "Buy a bale of cotton," wear cotton garments, do everything to assist the cotton planter to stave off ruin. Then, when it became necessary to head off the grain gamblers, who were sending the price of foodstuffs high above the reach of the public, cotton was especially excluded, and the price of 9 cents in 1914 went to 45 cents, and even 50 cents, in 1917.

For the present, losses fall chiefly on speculators, for whom little sympathy will be felt, as their open attempt at profiteering removes them from any consideration on this score. The incident, though, should force Washington to realize that cotton is as proper a subject for price fixation treatment as is wheat, corn, beef, pork, steel or coal.

True War Spirit Among Workingmen.

A ring of real victory sounds through the message sent by the Woolwich munition workers to their disturbed and ill-tempered brothers and sisters at Coventry: "Strike, and you may go to hell. Woolwich will remain at work and earn the right to shake the hand of the soldier when he returns." So far the merits of the matter in dispute at the Coventry works are not fully understood on this side, but it has to do with an order of the British war council the workers are dissatisfied with. Whatever it is, it can contain nothing to give it such paramount importance as to warrant interference with the war by a cessation of work. Absolute proof is furnished in plenty that the worker has more at stake in the great war than any other class. His status in all free countries, built up by ages of hard effort, is threatened by the German idea, and if the war is lost through his defection he will be responsible for riveting the shackles on his own limbs. This is not a figment of fancy, for the condition of the workingmen in Germany before the war and now is the best evidence of how government from the top deals with the masses. Workers at the Woolwich arsenal have caught the spirit, and give the creed forcible expression. It should be adopted by all American workers. "Strike, and you can go to hell; stay on the job, and you can shake hands with the soldier when he returns."

George Sylvester Viereck admits having spent $100,000, received from Bernstorff and Dumba for German propaganda, but he did not say how much of it went to circulating copies of "The Fatherland" embellished with that famous front page portrait of our United States Senator Hitchcock.

Epizootic and malaria are said to be epidemic among the Huns, but the most serious ailment of that army just now is due to the presence of a lot of husky Yankee lads, who are putting real fear into the hearts of soldiers who had been told they were invincible and who believed it.

About the New Style Policemen

What Public Expects and Receives From the Guardians of the Law

New York Post.

Readers of Brand Whitlock's reminiscences will recall his strong conviction, like that of "Golden Rule" Jones, of the weakness of the police and the injustice of the police system. The two for a time paid the expenses of trial of all Toledo citizens arrested for petty offences, believing that, "for instance, if some poor girl were arrested, and a jury were demanded for her, and her case given all the care and attention it would have received had she been wealthy, the police were . . . . apt to be a little more careful of the liberties of individuals." They halted the practice of arresting people on suspicion, simply by showing juries that "there is nothing more absurd than that the policemen should make criminals of people by merely suspecting them, and sending them to prison on that sole account." As Whitlock summarized the results of the crusade, "the policemen of Toledo had their clubs taken away from them, and learned to help people, and not to hurt them if they could avoid it." The reform spread to Cleveland, and has reached one American city after another. People no longer say "Call the police" merely when they want an arrest, but often when they want help; social workers regard the police as humane allies; and innovations like the employment of policewomen are common. How the movement manifested itself in New York in the last administration, ex-Commissioner Woods describes with intimate detail in his recent Princeton lecture, now published in book form.

The attitude of too many policemen towards criminals was once that of the deputy commissioner who, asked by Woods what he should say in a speech to Sing Sing convicts, replied: "That's all right, go and tell them you are glad to see them all there!" Policemen are not sentimentalists, and are men of simple rather than complex ideas upon their work. They have a professional pride, and since the days of Peel they have been told that the prime aim of their profession is the punishment of crime. It has been the task of reformers to teach them that repression is the aim, and that prevention is nine parts of repression. With the confirmed criminal the only way of dealing is to make detection as overwhelmingly probable as possible, arrest as prompt as possible, and trial much more speedy than it now is. But the natural criminal, as the scientists who have destructively criticised Lombroso, and laymen like Josiah Flynt, agree, is rare. With Flynt, who denied Lombroso's typemarks, asserting them either the marks of bodily and mental suffering in prison, or of no significance, Woods partly aligns himself, saying that he found too many in his own face! And beyond certain limits of effectiveness the repression of crime by punishment cannot go. Patrols may be multiplied; signal service perfected; the detective force kept unceasingly alert; the record system scientifically ordered, and the administration improved—crime will go on, and, says Mr. Woods, "we shall never go far towards ridding the community of criminals until we get at the breeding places." One inspector here has estimated the amount of crime that might be stopped by the mechanical perfection of conventional police methods at 50 per cent of the whole, and another at 1 per cent. But the casual criminal or man forced into crime can be prevented from falling into wrongdoing if society can surround him as well as itself with certain safeguards.

The citizen who leaves a door unlocked, or his window open within reach of valuables, or sticks his wallet loosely in his pocket, is a humble accessory to crime. So is the business house that tolerates the suspected employe without precaution. When in recent seasons the hotels have been greatly crowded, managers as well as police have been expected to take measures against pickpockets and confidence men. But this is apart from dealing with poverty. O. Henry's story of the tramp who shattered a plate-glass window to find a warm haven on the Island is paralleled by Mr. Woods' of the man who, in 1915, his family starving, sent a paving stone through a showcase because something had to be done, and he could think of nothing else. When that winter the city and the charity societies did all they could to keep men "on their feet," the police assisted, furnishing coupons exchangeable for provisions and hunting work. Feeblemindedness must be faced, and it is becoming a backward city that has no psychiatric bureau to advise the police and judges as to this problem. Mr. Woods estimates the number of the mentally defective arrested daily here at 25, and admits that too many are sent surely and unnecessarily into avenues of crime. The drug habit, estimated to hold 200,000 persons in New York, is being fought with the assistance of new federal and state laws, but the battle must be long. Nothing but drink makes more or more hopeless criminals. Juvenile delinquency must be handled as tactfully as the children's court is beginning to do it; and released convicts must be helped to a fresh start. One of them told Woods that "the only stuff we can't stand is the Prodigal Son stuff;" they know it is the manly as distinguished from the mawkish attitude that means the square deal.

Mr. Woods concludes that we are bound to have a preventive police because "the public will demand it and will reward success;" a rather courageous statement after the last election. It will not be easy, largely because a "preventive police" implies not only an internal reorganization of the police forces of our cities, but a new relationship between them and other city departments. Expert methods of co-operation with the agencies administering education, health, recreation, employment bureaus, and so on must be learned before prevention will amount to much. The old police department was usually partly bad in itself, and partly bad in its aloofness; it must change in both respects.—New York Post.

How London Wakes to War

George R. Sims in London Chronicle.

It is 5 o'clock in the morning by act of Parliament when I leave the shelter of the roof beneath which my household still slumbers and step out into the waking world of London. As the green of turf and tree, a little grey in the early morning light, meets my gaze, I think of the song of Claribel that was so popular in the drawing-rooms of my boyhood.

"And the old, old story was told again
At 5 o'clock in the morning."

"The old, old story" was an idyll of pastoral peace. Today the great world of London is waking to the grim realities of the toil and toll of war. Because of the toll of war the women who toil are as early afoot as the men. At 3 o'clock the young women who have the lights o' London in their care are on their way to extinguish the lamps. Soon after 5 I meet brave little Waacs in parties of twos and threes making their way to the Tubes and the Metropolitan stations.

There are no motor-buses in Baker street yet, and very little traffic. A railway van rumbles by, a party of officers flash past me in a motor car, and a couple of milk carts clang out their "songs before sunrise."

At a quarter to 6 Moorgate street is just rousing itself with a yawn, but outside the station a pretty railway girl in uniform, with roses in her cheeks and forget-me-nots in her eyes, is lying in wait for early comers to sell them a flag for the Railway Benevolent institution. At 5:50 my buttonhole has been benevolently beflagged by the comely conductorette, and her brght smile haunts me still.

By Moorgate street and Finsbury square I make my way to Liverpool street. There is plenty of work going on in the railway yards as I pass, but the streets are deserted except for a few laborers sauntering workward with their midday meal wrapped in the conventional red handkerchief, and little groups of charwomen bound for the buildings and houses in the neighborhood and gossiping as they go, but with the langor of early morn.

Towards 6 o'clock a rivulet of humanity begins to trickle into the city. It is made up mainly of elderly and middle-aged men of the laboring and artisan class.

At 6:30 I am in the spacious coffee room of a big railway hotel. At over a dozen tables groups of officers are already breakfasting.

At 7 o'clock the great terminus is a scene of intense animation. The departure platforms are crowded with khaki. The arrival platforms are filled again and aagin by the inflowing tide of humanity. Train after train arrives from the suburbs and environs of London and discharges its freight, and from a dozen platforms a broad stream flows out into the world of work. The war has made a marked difference in the character of these mighty streams of humanity that converge upon London in the early hours of the morning. The few young men in them seem to be tossed to and fro like derelict spars by the surging seas of femininity.

Soon after 7 there are hundreds of young girls in the incoming crowds. Some of them are not going direct to their work. Their offices and places of business will not be open yet, and so the station waiting rooms are packed with them, and many of them find resting places in such of the city churches as open early for their accommodation.

These girls are compelled to come to their work with time to spare. If they left it till the last train they might fail to find room in it, then they would be late at business. This fear of being late has a marked effect on the attitude of the crowds that are now beginning to wait for tramcars and motor 'buses. Everywhere you see anxious faces and eyes peering eagerly into the distance.

There is a notable change in the character of the morning invasion as the hour advances. The majority of the girls in the 7 o'clock crowd are young and pale and poorly dressed. Their skirts are skimpy and there is little attempt at finery. They carry their midday meal in a brown paper parcel, and many of them have a well-worn paper-covered sixpenny novel under their arm.

At 8 o'clock there is an appreciable difference in the type of inflowing femininity. The girls are older. Many of them are young women and women who are not so young. They are fairly well dressed, and they carry their provisions for the day in an attache case. Many of them have a novel in volume form under their arm, and some have brought flowers from the garden, it may be to adorn their office desk, or it may be as friendship's offering to a fellow employe of the other sex.

At 9 o'clock the young women who flow in graceful streams along the city ways are quite daintily and fashionably dressed. They wear silk blouses and carry vanity bags. They do not carry brown paper parcels or camouflage their food in attache cases. Their salaries permit them to lunch at a restaurant.

By 10 o'clock the city and the West-end are wide-awake. Londoners are up and out, and the great world of London is at work to win the war. You have only to watch the awakening of London to understand how great and glorious a part women are playing in the world's fight for freedom. From east and west and north and south since the earliest hours of the new-born day a noble army of women has been spreading itself over the capital to be the working bees in the great hives of industry connected with the war and the munitions of war, to take the place of men in all the industrial, commercial and clerical occupations.

Here and There

The British war cabinet has held 300 meetings within a year.

Scotland has a mill capable of turning out 200 tons of paper a week from sawdust.

Ten thousand firms, employing 2,500,000 men and women, are making munitions in Great Britain.

The United club, with 600 members, all self-supporting girls, has opened a fine, big club house in New York.

Girl workers in German factories are getting $1.20 in cash out of their wages weekly and are compelled to use the rest to buy war bonds.

England has an organization called the Zetetical society, the members of which believe the world to be flat like a pancake, instead of round like an orange.

Two odd and brief epitaphs are to be found in Belfast cemetery. On one of them, erected to the memory of a lazy fellow by one who evidently knew him well, are the words, "Asleep (as usual)." On the other, "Left Till Called For."

Bread is now baked on board some of the British warships, where a special set of bakeries has recently been constructed. Thus the fleet is supplied by parent ships with the day's bake and the old "hard tack" has been supplemented by good bread, freshly baked.

Daniel Webster referred to England's morning drum-beat keeping company with the sun and stars and encircling the globe with one continual and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England. Neither does the sun set on the Stars and Stripes, for when it is 6 p. m. at Attu Island, Alaska, it is 9:36 a. m. next day in eastern Maine.

THE REVEILLE.

Bret Harte.

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum—
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the
quick alarming drum.

Let me of my heart take counsel:
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?
But the drum
Echoed "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said
the solemn sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it," said the
Yankee-answering drum.

"What if, 'mid cannon's thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
Better there in death united, than in life
a recreant—Come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting, some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum
Lo! was dumb.
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered, "Lord, we come!"

SAID IN FUN.

Medley (enthusiastically)—What a change a baby makes about a house.

Hedley—Well, I don't know about that. There's been very little change about our house since the baby's advent.—Houston Post.

"Been making a cruise in a houseboat, eh? That's a good way to avoid agents, peddlers and the like."

"I thought so, too. But the second day of our trip we were hailed by a man in a skiff who was taking orders for a patent can opener."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Science says that we can easily wear paper clothing."

"We might obtain some artistic results with wallpaper."

"Yes, and the girls could keep happy getting up nice sleeves and yoke effects with tissue paper."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Father—My dear, if I should die penniless, are you well prepared to fight your way in the battle of life?

Daughter—I think so, father. I've been through three engagements already.—Baltimore American.

"What's Flubdub grinning about?"

"He bought some war stamps, gets good interest on his investment, got a kiss from a pretty actress for buying them, and his wife can't say a word for fear of appearing unpatriotic."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

TODAY

One Year Ago Today in the War.

Russians evacuated Czernowitz, capital of Bukowina.

German aircraft raided Paris, doing slight damage.

Second contingent of American troops arrived at a European port.

The Day We Celebrate.

Frank C. Best, real estate man, born 1873.

Ollie M. James, United States senator from Kentucky, born in Crittenden county, Kentucky, 47 years ago.

Harrison Fisher, artist and illustrator, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., 43 years ago.

This Day in History.

1775—Congress resolved to establish an army hospital and appointed Benjamin Church physician general.

1864—General O. O. Howard succeeded General McPherson in the command of the federal army of Tennessee.

1891—A French fleet visited Cronstadt, Russia, and was received with enthusiastic demonstrations.

1905—Orville Wright made a new world's record for the aeroplane, being in the air one hour one minute 40 seconds and carrying a passenger.

1916—Austrian airmen dropped bombs on the Italian city of Verona.

1916—Captain James Fryatt of the British steamship Brussels, after trial by court-martial for attempting to ram a German submarine, was executed at Bruges.

Just 30 Years Ago Today

George W. Cook has been appointed general western freight and passenger agent of the Missouri Pacific in immediate charge of freight and passenger traffic in Colorado, Utah and northern New Mexico.

A number of soldiers arrived in Omaha from Forts Sidney, Robinson

and Laramie, enroute for the Bellevue rifle range.

The county commissioners are spending today at Lincoln laboring with the state board of equalization to secure a reduction of Douglas county taxes.

County Commissioner O'Keefe is in Chicago visiting a niece.

Hindsight.

"I can't afford an automobile."

"But I thought you had one."

"I have. That's how I discovered that I can't afford one."—Boston Transcript.

State Press Comment

Norfolk Press: Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog some bread. She fed him a slab of this substitute stuff and now the poor dog is dead.

Norfolk News: They say dogs are bringing $5 apiece in German meat markets. A cheerful thought—maybe they'll get all the dachshunds eaten up before the war's over.

Gothenburg Independent: We'd like to see it rain, you bet, we'd like to see it pour. We'd like to see you get so wet that you could kick no more. We'd like to see the corn grow tall—three feet above your head. You'd kick and say the ears are small, and kick when you are dead.

Howells Journal: The Lincoln Journal, which has been a defender of every citizen whose patriotism has been on crooked ever since America got into the war, never loses an opportunity to take a shot at the State Council of Defense. The publication is doing a distinct service for the kaiser, as much so as a masked battery on the western front. Hiding behind the cloak of Americanism its editors are stabbing in the back the very men who are behind the various war activities that are so important to the success of the great war. The people of the state are becoming wise to the situation and to be denounced by the Journal is an honor and marks a man with a special badge of patriotism.

Whittled to a Point

Milwaukee Sentinel: Anyway this man Von Hintze took his job without any highly colored advance announcements.

Minneapolis Tribune: And they're lassoing American regiments from allied airplanes to keep them from getting to Berlin ahead of schedule.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Traveling war heroes may have to carry credentials with them or submit to an investigation before being permitted to speak.

Baltimore American: The proposed tax on the household will cause even a more faithful and diligent reading of department store advertising, for the bargain will assume new importance.

Atlanta Constitution: In point of troop movement overseas we are six months ahead of the original program, says Secretary Baker. Which brings the end of the war at least six months nearer than most of us calculated on.

Stars and Stripes: The difference between American and French automobile driving is this: In America when your tire blows up you say, "Good heavens! There goes our tire!" and in France you say, "Hooray! That was only the tire."

Louisville Courier-Journal: The Boston Globe finds it "very difficult to get drunk on two and three-fourths per cent beer." Why not try a proprietary tonic, or one of those medicines for women which are sold in all of the drug stores if you earnestly desire to have a high-lonesome?

Twice Told Tales

Out and In.

Representative Kinkaid of Nebraska was talking about Russia's repudiation of her national debt.

"France is hit the hardest by this repudiation," he said. "France has I forget how many billions of francs invested in the Russian loan.

"It's a good thing for us Americans that we never went in for Russian securities. We are like the banker. The banker said of a man of the Russian bolshevik type:

"'When he called I was out, but I'd been out more if I'd been in.'"

Lawbreaker.

Representative Foss of Ohio was talking about the latest submarine atrocity.

"Such an act," he said, "is, of course, against international law, but what difference does that make to Germany?

"Germany! Pah!

"If the allies may be said to rule the waves, Germany may with equal truth be said to waive the rules."

He Couldn't Say.

"See here, Rastus," said the new arrival at the hotel, "do you mean to tell me that this egg is fresh?"

"It was when it was laid, suh," replied the waiter.

"And when was that, pray?" demanded the guest.

"Ah dunno, boss," replied Rastus. "Dis yere is mah first season at dis yere hotel, suh."—Dallas News.