THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

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THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR

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You should know that

Omaha has nine railroad trunk lines, river point freight rates and other advantages for manufacturers.

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. Inculcation of Americanism as the true basis of good citizenship.

Why is the constitution, anyhow?

Omaha is waiting for word from the commissioners.

The grand jury ought to be able to get at the real cause of the riot.

Sounds like old times to hear the city commissioners arguing about street lights.

The public is not looking for anybody's "goat," but does want real police protection.

Paderewski says he has forgotten the piano. It might be nice if he recall it for one more tour.

Mr. Wilson is on the way to recovery, greatly to the relief of Thomas Riley Marshall.

Dressmakers are going to change the girls' gait again. What is wrong with their walk at present?

Fourteen new stars flash on the police force, but a system needs a head before its members can co-ordinate efficiently.

Mr. Wilson is not a "good" patient, according to the doctor's way of thinking, but he seems to be recovering, just the same.

Conserve sugar to bring the shortage to an end is the advice now handed out to consumers. What do they mean, "conserve?" Who is wasting any?

Iowa students who came to Omaha to get first hand information on economic conditions picked the right spot. They will find as wide a variety here as they could wish for.

Vienna editors are worried over the president's illness, but are giving themselves needless trouble. Austria might as well get down to business and prepare to pay the piper.

King Emanuel is about to issue a decree ratifying the Versailles treaty, but it is not certain whether he has the consent of Captain d'Annunzio, who already has mussed up quite a bit of the agreement.

Signs of anarchy in England may comfort some who are willing to look a long way for trouble, but some things at home really deserve attention. And they are not all located in Omaha, either.

The British railroad strike has been brought to an end by a simple agreement to investigate and adjust differences. This might have been reached without a strike, had either side felt like making a concession.

Lincoln citizens got twisted in their calendar, and will have to hold another "fire prevention day" celebration. For the matter of that, it would be a good thing if the day were celebrated 365 times a year.

Demobilized

A mighty fact was emphasized by the War department's announcement that demobilization is at an end. Wonderful as were the mobilization and transportation of the United States forces to France, a triumph which the military experts of Germany pronounced impossible, the return has been quite as noteworthy.

During our 19 months of war we sent more than 2,000,000 troops overseas. Of these, 500,000 went in the first 13 months and 1,500,000 in the last six months. The armistice was proclaimed on November 11, last, almost 11 months ago, but the troop movement homeward did not begin in large numbers until December. In July, 1918, 306,000 men were landed in Europe. In May this year 330,000 returned, these being the banner months. While British transports carried nearly one-half of our soldiers eastward the transfer westward was accomplished by our own ships or those taken over from the enemy. In addition to the millions who served abroad, considerably more than a million of men were under arms in this country when the fighting ended.

Besides rejoicing in this record, Americans have reason to congratulate themselves upon the fact that the United States is the only great power among those arrayed against Germany that has effected demobilization. The men who only a year ago were in a death-grapple with autocracy are today engaged in industry. Their transition from war to peace, about which there were many forebodings, was brought about with as little disturbance as attended the absorption into civil life of the veterans of the Civil war. Now as then the true soldier of the republic is first of all a true citizen.—New York World.

A HEART-TO-HEART TALK WITH MR. URE.

Mr. Ure, you surely realize that by force of circumstances wholly beyond your control you are as acting mayor confronted with a heavy responsibility and duty no one else can discharge.

It is up to you more than anyone else, because you alone can be the determining factor to reinstate the city government of Omaha in public esteem by promptly reorganizing the police department on a basis of efficiency and intelligent direction instead of helpless inefficiency and humiliating incompetency.

You have said you could not yourself take the position of police commissioner by your own vote, thus admitting that there should be a new man at the head of that department. It may be that you are reluctant to take the position at all, but some one of the seven commissioners must perform that work, and it is certain that no one of them could have made a sorrier mess of it than the present incumbent.

You are too intelligent, Mr. Ure, to take any stock in the silly pretense that such a change might restore the "gang" to control of the police. You know that there is no danger whatever of any reversion to "gang" so long as the council majority remains as it is. You know also that the only possible way the control of the police could be lost by the "reform forces" is by impeachment or recall that would change the composition of the present council.

It is your vote, therefore, Mr. Ure, that is the deciding one; if you refuse to take the police department by your own vote, and refuse to vote for another commissioner, you in reality vote to retain the discredited failure and to endorse a record of incompetency and inefficiency, to use no stronger terms.

It is hardly necessary to remind you, Mr. Ure, that The Bee has supported you for every office to which you have been elected in this community. It feels a responsibility for your being where you are in this crisis. You can not afford, for your own sake, for the faithful fulfillment of your official oath, for the good of the city and the safety of life and property, to block the complete reorganization of the police department, which the people are insistently demanding and expecting.

Riot Conditions in Omaha.

Several points in General Wood's diagnosis of the Omaha situation are worthy of more careful scrutiny. His assumption that the mob was a manifestation of organized revolutionary forces is not seen in surface indications. Admitting that some sort of method might have been noted, once the demonstration was under headway, it is also true that the element of organization was wholly lacking at the outset, unless the band said to have started from a school house on the south side of town may be set down as such.

If the I. W. W. or any similar agency directed the operations of the crowd, it is hardly likely that its attention would have been centered entirely on the court house and jails. Such a mob would have turned to looting in other parts of the city, which was wholly at its mercy. Men bent on destruction could easily have worked havoc far in excess of the damage actually sustained. This significant fact must be given full weight in reaching a conclusion.

Another and even more important fact is that the mob showed a definite object. It was after a victim locked up in the county jail, and did not desist until it had secured him. When the negro had been secured and put to death, the mob disbanded.

By no effort of the police force was order restored, and for several hours the city was at the mercy of any evilly-disposed persons who might have turned their attention to plunder without hindrance from authority. Yet the only places looted were stores from which only guns and ammunition were taken. Arrests made since the disturbance have been of men and boys who are well known in the city, many of them long resident here and not known to be attached to the I. W. W. or other anarchistic bodies.

General Wood's warning against anarchy may well be taken home by all, but those who watched the gathering, progress and dispersal of the mob that wrecked the court house and lynched the negro were not impressed that it was done by an "organized" band of terrorists.

In the Matter of Presents.

An invoice of presents received from foreign rulers by the president and his wife while abroad has been prepared by Secretary Tumulty. The average observer will be struck by the apparent insignificance of the objects. No mention is made of other gifts than those received from royalty. It is unthinkable that a president of the United States should be swayed in his judgment or acts by a memento from the head of another state. Yet the framers of the constitution, having in mind the possibility rather than the probability, did forbid the acceptance of any gifts of the sort, except with consent of congress. This may touch the point squarely. Mr. Wilson has been very loath to request the consent of congress to anything he felt he might do without it, and the accumulation of souvenirs perhaps comes under this head.

High Cost of Living.

A report just issued by the national council of defense tells us the high cost of living is due to the fact that we do not produce enough and waste too much. It also sets out that "there has been and is considerable profiteering, intentional and unintentional." All of this will be of immense value to the salaried man who is trying to make one dollar do the work of two in getting ready for the long hard winter. His heart, of course, will go out to the unintentional profiteer, poor man, who is skinning somebody else and doesn't realize it! The remedy suggested may have been copied from any one of a thousand newspaper editorials. It is produce more, consume less, and wait till the tide goes down. The report may or may not be in redemption of the Baltimore patform of 1912, but it reads like the promises and pledges then made.

Senator Lodge also got a welcome from his constituents such as might convince an unprejudiced beholder that his course in the senate has not cost him the confidence of the Massachusetts voters.

King Albert and Queen Elizabeth are asked to attend the opera in Omaha, after they have made the rounds of the packing houses and hospitals. It will be a relaxation for them and give them a better idea of the versatility of the country.

Some Bloods Won't Mix

From the New York Sun.

Professional blood donors, willing for a consideration to part with a pint or even more of their blood every three months for transfusion to the veins of another, are likely to become a recognized economic class in consequence of the improved technique and wider knowledge concerning the operation which have resulted from study and experiment by American surgeons during the war. Only five years ago the transfusion of blood was a rare operation resorted to only as a last resort. At the army hospitals in France, in spite of the difficulties inherent in the conditions under which they worked, it became almost commonplace.

Two discoveries, both made by Americans, have served to overcome the difficulties formerly encountered in the transfer of blood from one person to another, and to explain the failures which sometimes marked the attempt in the earlier years of its history.

The first discovery was that mixing the blood with a suitable solution of citrate of sodium prevented the tendency of the blood to clot immediately on being exposed to the atmosphere, and did not prevent the recipient from obtaining all the benefits of the transfusion. This clotting tendency of the blood had been previously overcome to some extent by using a vessel coated with paraffine, a method which at least delayed the clotting, but is not absolutely certain and presents technical difficulties even in practiced hands.

The second and even more important discovery made about the same time, also by American research students, was that the blood of certain individuals will not mix with that of others, but instead that the fluid part of the one type of blood attacks and destroys the corpuscles of the other. The usual effect of this reaction was simply the destruction of the corpucles of the transfused blood, but occasionally the effect was so violent that the small amount of blood given was enough to destroy the corpuscles of the recipient, with fatal consequences.

It was found possible to classify individuals into four groups which exist in constant proportions. Of these, the smallest group, comprising about 1 per cent, cannot give blood to any except persons of their own group, although they may safely be given any blood. The second and largest group, comprising 44 per cent, possess blood which may be given to anyone without bad effects. The other two groups, of 15 and 40 per cent respectively, are mutually antagonistic; that is, their blood can only be given safely to the members of their own group or of the first group.

The immediate effect of blood transfusion on a patient dying from loss of blood is most startling. Within 10 minutes of beginning of the transfusion the patient shows signs of returning to life, his breathing from a series of deep sighs becomes normal, his pulse strengthens and his gray face regains its natural color. In the hospitals back of the battle lines in France a transfusion was likely to be a real race with death, the margin of time being sometimes as narrow as 15 minutes.

There was never any difficulty in obtaining volunteers for the office of blood donor, for any man took a genuine pleasure in helping to save a comrade, especially when the rescue was carried out under his very eyes. The strength of the popular feeling of individuality in the blood was shown by the tacit assumption that no one would care to have his life saved by an infusion of German blood, and prisoners of war were accordingly seldom used.

The Man Who Saved His Soul

There was a cartoon in London Punch early in the war, than which none more truthful or impressive has been produced during all the great struggle. It pictured the king of the Belgians standing amid his ravished and desolated country, confronted by the insolent and triumphant German kaiser, who reproached him for his folly in not breaking his faith and letting the Huns use his land as a base of attack upon France and England:

"So, you see, you've lost everything!"

"BUT NOT MY SOUL!"

It was only the fancy of a facile artist; but it was the very truth of everlasting history. By his refusal of the German demand, King Albert brought upon himself and upon his country such woe and tragedy as no other sovereign and nation have ever known. But he saved his integrity, his self-respect, his honor; in a word, his soul. Saving his own soul, he saved the soul of Belgium. Saving the soul of Belgium, he saved the soul of Europe, of the world. It is an old story, though because of its truth it must never grow outworn, that through the stubborn self-sacrifice of Liege the Huns were checked just long enough to give France time to meet them; that the first levies of France and England's "contemptible little army" in turn checked them just long enough to give both those countries time to rally all their strength; and that finally those countries at awful cost held the line of civilization against barbarism just long enough to give slothful and dilatory America time to awake to her duty and to hurl her determinig weight into the scale. But it all began with Belgium. And it is commensurately true that the ineffable moral and spiritual uplift which roused humanity against the beast, had its initial impulse in King Albert's heroic decision to save his soul, though he should lose all the world.

We have welcomed home our own returning heroes and their gallant chief. We have welcomed the princely priest who proved to the world that the spirit of Elijah at Carmel and of Paul at Ephesus still lived and triumphed. And they were worthy of all that an appreciative people could offer them. But no warmth of welcome, no splendor of pageantry, no blaze of banners and blaring of massed bands, no noisy acclaim of multitudinous tongues nor silent tribute of grateful hearts, can be too great for the desserts of this later guest who now revisits these shores. Not only a King, but also a Man, the sternest democrat will honor himself by honoring him; and the Red, White and Blue of America will win new lustre through being entwined with the Brabanters' Black, Gold and Red.—Harvey's Weekly.

TODAY

The Day We Celebrate.

Dr. Millard Langfeld, physician, born 1877.

Leon James Millard, president Independent Lumber company, born 1881.

Dr. H. C. Parker, dentist, born 1884.

Anthony F. Leermaker, with Remington & Kessler, tailoring establishment, born 1871.

Rear Admiral Clarence S. Williams, recently assigned as chief of staff at the Naval War college at Newport, born at Springfield, O., 56 years ago.

Joseph E. Ransdell, United States senator from Louisiana, born at Alexandria, La., 61 years ago.

Frederick Hale, United States senator from Maine, born at Detroit, Mich., 45 years ago.

Thirty Years Ago in Omaha.

Rose Coghlan opened her engagement at Boyd's Opera house in "Jocelyn" to an audience of more than average size. She is pronounced an artist of extraordinary talents, ranks as the queen tragedienne of the American stage.

A fire broke out in the building occupied by Churchill Parker, successor to Parker & Robinson, dealers in implements, in the rear of Paxton-Gallagher's wholesale house. The structure and contents were entirely destroyed.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Joslyn and Mrs. A. D. Van Court went to St. Louis to attend the Veiled Prophet's carnival.

A birthday party was held at Miss Annie Riley's residence on Sixteenth, between Farnam and Harney, in honor of Miss Riley and Mr. F. Birch.

J. F. Knapp of The Bee is in Seward in interest of the paper. Arrangements have been made so that the Seward people can get a Sunday paper 11 a. m. Sundey.

The Bee's Letter Box

Was Obeying Orders.

Omaha, Oct. 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: This morning while walking down Farnam street I met an acquaintance, a lady, on the sidewalk in front of the city hall building. I paused for a few moments' conversation with this young lady. During the conversation a soldier, whom I decided was on guard duty, detached himself from a soldier group near by, came up and told me I would have to step aside. Naturally I did not question his order, but merely "stepped aside."

In thinking the matter over later I wondered (as other men subjected to an occurrence of that kind undoubtedly would), if this young soldier was merely placating a personal desire to be important—showing off, or whether it was a case of "orders are orders."

Will The Bee satisfy my curiosity on this point? A CITIZEN.

Answer—The soldier was acting under orders. It was deemed necessary to keep traffic on the streets bounding the court house square in motion at all times. The lieutenant governor of Nebraska found this out in the same fashion you did, and the acting mayor of Omaha was refused permission to enter the court house without a pass. "Orders is orders" to a young man wearing Uncle Sam's uniform, and he generally does what he is told without argument.—Editor Bee.

Apply to the Quartermaster.

Discharged Soldier, South Side—If you will apply to the quartermaster, Army building, Omaha, he will supply you with whatever portions of your equipment you are entitled to receive, and which were not given you at the time you were discharged from the service.

ODD AND INTERESTING.

The great majority of the national flags are tricolors, but a few, like Japan and Switzerland, are content with two colors.

In Russia certain peasant costumes are trimmed with the skins of the turbot, and in Egypt men wear sandals made from the skins of fish caught in the Red sea.

During their ceremonial dances the natives of Papua, New Guinea, wear probably the tallest hats in the world—a headdress varying from six to eight feet in height and most gorgeous in coloring.

Because eels migrate only in the dark, the Danish government prevents them from leaving the Baltic sea for the ocean by suspending a line of electric lamps from a cable in the strait they frequent.

Queer uses are made of the intestines of the walrus and the sea lion. The Eskimos make the former into sails for their boats, and the latter they slit and stitch together to form hooded coats that are far superior to rubber as waterproof garments.

Pearl fishers on the coast of Ceylon find the X-rays of great service. By their application it is possible to distinguish, without opening the shells, the valuable oysters from those that are without pearls. The latter are thrown back into the sea.

THE NEWEST MUSIC.

"If music be the food of love, play on,"
But not with pokers, cowbells and mandolins.
Let barrage hardened warriors dote upon
The devastating efforts of the coons,
Let others jazz, if such be their delight;
My soul the brown skinned minstrels shall beguile
With strains that breathe the magic of the night
In some Pacific isle.

Yea, as the soft Hawaiian melody
Floats dreamily across the polished floor,
As in some tropic Eden I shall see
The long, slow combers break upon the shore,
And, mastered by such magic, I shall frame
The vision of a dusky maid and fair
Threading the languorous dance with flowers of flame
Twined in her unbobbed hair.

And when the craze is over and the wave
Irks me by breaking on the coral strand,
Yet other stunts my restless soul shall crave
And I may jiggle to a Balkan band,
With stolid Eskimos I yet may prance,
Or foot it with the Patagonian deft,
Or even try a British "native dance"
When nothing else is left!
—"Touchstone" in the London Mail.

Little Folks' Corner

DREAMLAND ADVENTURE

By DADDY.

"GRASSHOPPER HOP."

(Grasshoppers threaten the field of Farmer Dalton. Peggy and Billy plan to save the crops by leading the grasshoppers into a lake covered with oil. Darter, a fairy humming bird, makes them grasshopper size and gives them grasshopper wings and legs.)

CHAPTER III.

One of the Hoppers.

PEGGY and Billy had been hopping along having such a gay time trying their new grasshopper legs and wings that they hadn't noticed where their jollyo long leaps wert taking them. So they were much surprised when an extra big hop landed them right in the midst of the grasshopper army.

"Stay close to me," whispered Billy to Peggy, bravely setting himself to defend her from the hoppers, which now looked to them as ferocious as big lions.

But the grasshoppers didn't attack them. Indeed they were so greedily gnawing, gnawing, gnawing at all the grass and growing things in sight that they didn't pay the slightest attention to the children.

But there was a danger in this greed of the grasshoppers, as Billy quickly learned. He was just whispering to Peggy that if they just pretended to be grasshoppers they would be perfectly safe, when he felt a sharp nip on his leg. Jerking around, he saw that a hungry hopper was gnawing at him.

"Hey, let go my leg," he cried.

"Oh, crickety. I thought it was a grass stem. Keep your leg out of the way if you don't want to get it eaten up," rasped the grasshopper impolitely, and he went on eating more greedily than ever to make up for lost time.

"Let's go hopping," said Peggy, who saw that Billy was beginning to get his dander up to the fighting point. The grasshopper had nipped him pretty hard and had been rude instead of saying he was sorry. There might have been a row if the greedy hopper hadn't leaped away to a more inviting grass patch. Billy leaped after him, but there were so many hoppers that looked just exactly alike that he couldn't possibly find the one that had nipped him.

Peggy followed quickly, and they went hopping across the field amid the hopper army. But they found it wasn't nearly so much fun hopping in the crowd as it had been hopping all alone. There were so many hoppers that they were jostled even in the air, while when they landed they were liable to have some other hopper land kerplunk on top of them instead of upon the grass.

"Here's a tree," said Billy. "We will climb it and see where we are." He leaped upon a tall trunk that stood before them and Peggy followed. To their astonishment they found that the ree was shaking as though tossed by a violent storm—and yet the wind wasn't blowing a bit.

"Is it an earthquake?' 'exclaimed Peggy.

Billy shook his head in a puzzled way and then as he glanced upward he gave a queer giggle.

"It's a man-quake," he gasped. "The tree is the Giant of the Woods."

And so it was. Peggy, glancing far aloft, could see his bushy head towering away, away up—almost to the sky it looked to her grasshopper-size eyes. The shaking was caused by the thrashing about of the Giant's arms as he tried to drive the grasshoppers into the lake.

"We will get on his head. We will be safer there," said Billy. Each gave a big hop and landed with a "plunk" on the Giant's hat. There they found an important looking grasshopper, cheekily using the giant as a lookout tower from which he was looking over the field and giving orders like a general.

"Tell the right wing of my army to eat faster," he said to three messenger hoppers. "The left wing and center are nearly to the corn field, and we want to sweep through it together. Hurry 'em up and we will lay the whole crop low by sunset. Eat, eat, eat the corn; eat until every blade is shorn."

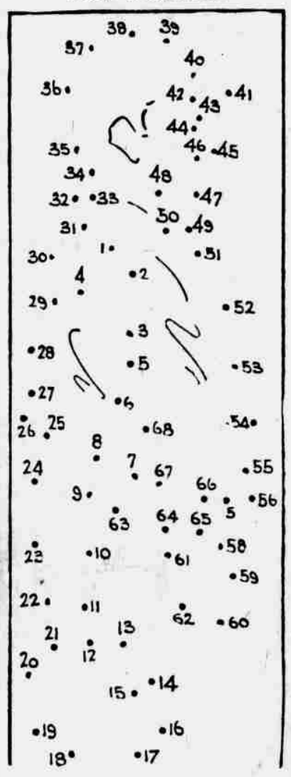
"Eat, eat, eat. It shall be as you say, Chief Hoppity-hop," rasped the other grasshoppers, and away they sped to carry the message.

"We will make him change his tune in a hurry," exclaimed Billy, leaping before the big grasshopper. "See here, Chief Hoppity-hop, you're not going to ruin that corn field before sunset. Turn your army toward the lake or I'll send you hoppity-hopping faster than you ever hopped before."

(Tomorrow will be told how Peggy and Billy try to fool the hopper army.)

He Leaped Upon a Tall Trunk that Stood Before Them.

DOT PUZZLE



Can you finish this picture?

Draw from one to two and so on to the end.