

THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

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You should know that
The population of the United States is 34.8 per square mile; of the "Omaha Empire," 9.3. Plenty of room to grow.

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.

How's the old furnace working?
Accidents still mark aviation as an uncertain sport.

The "flying parson" is not wasting any time on the journey.

Do you get any satisfaction out of knowing that I. Mazeppi is premier of the Ukraine?

"Low visibility" may account for some of the random firing now being done hereabouts.

If King Albert keeps on riding in the cab, he may wind up with an engineer's card in his pocket.

Kansas is unduly extending the tornado season, which should have been closed several weeks ago.

Japan has agreed to quit "playing horse" in Siberia, but Americans are wondering how soon Uncle Sam will get out of the frozen land.

The leaders of the Lutheran church in America know what they want in the League of Nations pact, whether others do or not.

A former preacher led the flyers for the first day out, and proposes to do so till the finish. This might be worked into several logical conclusions.

Old King Corn holds his sway with modest ease, and promises the world a winter of plenty to eat. His eminence and his beneficence alike are indisputable.

Italian regulars are to occupy Fiume, relieving d'Annunzio's "volunteers," and thus ending the farce of freedom. This may be an easy way out of a bad mess for the supreme council.

Young Count von Bismarck is at the head of the list of Hun offenders for whom the French will demand extradition. Chances are he does not appreciate the distinction his alleged barbarity entitles him to.

One astute and observing local reporter discovered that Queen Elizabeth was garbed just as a woman taking a long trip. Remarkably careless of her not to have had on the coronation robe and the family jewels.

Senator Pheland is enjoying himself mightily these days, trying to balance between support of the president and meeting the expectations of his California constituents. He will very likely decide in favor of those from whom he expects to get votes.

Remodeling the Army

There is to be a general reduction in grade of army officers, such as took place after the civil war and in a much smaller degree after the war with Spain. Generals are to become colonels and colonels to become captains. When the army was expanded tremendously it was necessary to give higher commissions to the officers. With contraction of the official personnel it becomes necessary to give them lower ones. General Custer, who held the rank of major general and commanded a division of cavalry during the last year of the civil war, was reduced to a lieutenant-colonel, and only reached the grade of colonel in time to lose his life in "Custer's Last Fight" some 10 years later. Other generals of fame were demoted in like manner, while still others left the service. General Merritt, the first commander in the Philippines in 1898, had been a major general in the union army 33 years before, but had been set back at the end of the war and in all that time had but reached his former rank.

The present commissioned personnel basis is 200,000 officers. There are not that many actually in service at the present time, only a small per cent of them, but they hold the same rank they did when that number were in the service. Those at the top and in the middle must come down, while those at the bottom must remain there. The authorized commissioned strength is now 18,000. To reduce from a 200,000-basis to an 18,000 basis means a great tumble in rank for many and some decline for all but the lowest. There will be 101 generals, 693 colonels, 727 lieutenant colonels, 2,717 majors, 5,408 captains, 5,179 first lieutenants and 3,105 second lieutenants.

This is enough officers, at the rate of 30 men to an officer, to command an army of 500,000 men, which is the number the War department has recommended for our peace strength. However, should congress reduce the enlisted personnel far below that number it would be good policy to retain this number of officers, with an army of 500,000 skeletonized and ready to be filled up to full strength at short notice.—St. Globe Democrat.

THINK IT OVER SERIOUSLY.

On the morning after the burning of the court house and the lynching of the negro mob victim, blazoned forth to the world as an eternal blot upon Omaha, the committee named at the spontaneous midnight meeting of citizens in the city hall called upon The Bee, as also upon the other newspapers, to invoke our earnest support toward the restoration of law and order and the saving of Omaha from the disgrace of further disturbances. That committee consisted of John W. Gamble, president of the Chamber of Commerce, Francis A. Brogan, chairman of its executive committee, W. B. T. Belt, Everett Buckingham, George Brandeis, Randall K. Brown, Howard H. Baldrige, J. E. Davidson, Louis Nash. Each joined in the expression of the spokesman that the reassuring feature of the situation was the presence of the United States troops and the coming of General Wood to take personal control, that the police had proved wholly inadequate to cope with the lawless outbreak, that the first thing necessary would be a complete reorganization of the police department under new and competent leadership. On the same day many large business houses took out riot insurance to protect themselves against loss from possible further disturbances.

This state of mind had been reached as a result of personal observation by the clearest-headed business men of Omaha, men who had no political axes to grind, and who were looking wholly to the future safety and welfare of the city.

Why?

Think the situation over seriously as then presented, and the answer will not be difficult to find. The inability of the police to maintain order and safeguard life and property had been certified to the governor of the state, and by him, because we no longer have any national guard, to the government of the United States, and upon this showing the federal government had sent us soldiers and had taken over the policing of the city. But the troops can not remain here indefinitely; they can stay only until the shattered forces of civil government are re-habilitated and they must then be withdrawn. Furthermore, the withdrawal of the troops, whenever it may come, will leave us again to our own resources.

While we all confidently trust the era of outlawry has passed, we must not delude ourselves that there are no longer inflammables about, nor that there is no danger of a rekindling in some unforeseen place. What the citizens of Omaha must ask themselves, and ask regardless of politics or personalities, is whether they want to take the risk of going through the critical period following the withdrawal of the troops with the same old police force, under the same old officers, supplemented only by a few raw recruits, as their only protection.

"The burnt child dreads the fire." Is Omaha disposed to take the chance?

Critics and Criticism.

Anyone with a small sense of humor and a slight knowledge of Omaha history for the last twenty years can get something very near to a smile out of the demand from certain sources that the city officials be not criticized. When you read a set of resolutions adopted by some one or another of the societies that deplore the tendency to point out the shortcomings or mistakes of the police or any other department of the city government, recall if you can what happened to Frank E. Moores while he was mayor. Then go over in review the experience James C. Dahlman had after he had succeeded Mr. Moores. Add to this the steady stream of abuse heaped on Martin White, on John J. Donahue and on Henry Dunn. Remember that Donahue was tried on impeachment charges that fell ridiculously flat, after the accusers had brought forward all the evidence they could muster, presenting disreputables as witnesses against the chief of police. Do not overlook John J. Ryder's unfortunate career, nor forget that A. C. Kugel came in for a steady round of exhortation more or less deserved. From 1897 to 1917 not a mayor, police commissioner or chief of police has escaped the continual fire from the sources that now ask that only praise and commendation be bestowed on the city officials, regardless of what they do. Smile? Most old time Omahans will guffaw!

Poetry of the Corn Crop.

We hardly look for poetry in the Department of Agriculture, least of all in the bureau of crop statistics. Yet the report just made for the crop conditions of October 1 show that steady association with dull and routine duty can not entirely extinguish the divine spark even in a bureau slave. Under the inspiration of the magnificent return for the corn yield, the statistician bursts forth: "The country's enormous corn crop has run unharmed the gauntlets of dangers that faced it during the doubtful days and nights of September, and lays in the lap of mellowed October 43,000,000 bushels more of ripened ears than it could promise at the beginning of the month."

Very nice. Then the man of figures returns to his wonted habit, and tells us the yield will be 2,900,511,000 bushels, 318,000,000 more than for 1918 and on an acreage 5 per cent less. This is 150,000,000 bushels more than the five-year average. So perfectly has the crop ripened that it is practically all of highest quality, promising much more food in proportion than last season's yield, or that of any recent year. More and better meat at lower cost is contained in this. Any way you view it the corn crop looks good, and it is not to be wondered at that the solemn dignitary who makes up the dope down at Washington felt like singing when he surveyed the situation.

Ukraine is now at war with Russia again, making the muddle so much deeper. Instead of becoming a nation, the ruined empire is dividing into groups, following chieftains whose pretensions are as little understood over here as their motives are among their people. If these are the blessings liberty has brought to the people there, the order enforced under the czar was an incomparable boon.

The governor has decided to call a special session of the legislature that authority may be given Douglas county to secure money to repair the court house. The move may be wise enough, but it shows how completely the county is tied up in the state.

A time clock may be a startling innovation at the state house, but no good reason is known why public employes should not be as faithful as those on private payrolls.

Private War at Public Cost

From the New York World.

In the words of the president, the industrial conference which opened Monday in Washington was called to "discuss fundamental means of bettering the whole relationship of capital and labor and putting the whole question of wages upon another footing."

The fundamental question to be considered with relation to industry is the same as that which came before the peace conference at Versailles. In the treaty as drawn, politics and diplomacy of the old schools have shattered many illusions, but in the covenant of the league of nations there is something more than a promise of a better day. Unless we shall have at Washington a manifestation of the same spirit to do away with industrial war the conference will be in vain.

Peace between capital and labor is no more possible without compromise than was the agreement at the peace table to do away with needless wars. The question at Versailles was how to prevent small groups of men exercising political and military power from plunging the world into wholesale slaughter and devastation. The fundamental question at Washington must be how to prevent small groups of irresponsible men acting temporarily for capital or labor from inflicting upon the public the loss and suffering inseparable from industrial warfare.

At the outset of this discussion the conference will come upon the uncompromising attitude of our Judge Garys who refuse to meet representatives of their employes if they happen to be "outsiders," and the equally uncompromising attitude of our Sam Gomperses with relation to labor employed in public service that, law or no law, it never will surrender its right to strike. So said the delegates from Germany to The Hague conferences in 1899 and 1907 when disarmament and arbitration were proposed, and thus, seven years before the catastrophe of 1914, final notice was served upon the world as to what was coming.

Here is the fundamental problem. Until that is solved there can be no progress. It will do no good for the men in council to skirt the edges of it. If there is not prepared to grapple with it they may as well adjourn. They will settle nothing else unless they lay the foundations of their policy solidly upon public rights as defined by law administered not for the particular benefit of a class but for the good of all.

What we are doing now is legalizing private warfare at public cost. The history of self-governing freemen abounds in national and international wars of just such baronial privileges as now are pronounced inalienable by some of our war lords of capital and labor. They seek feelingly of enslavement, but nobody is going to enslave them. Every constitution, every contract, every law, every police regulation, involves the relinquishing of some right once enjoyed. If that is servitude, then we are all in bondage, but it is bondage only to law and order.

Employers and employes who take these lessons most profoundly to heart and recognize the rights of the public as well as of one another are the only ones who can contribute to the reasonable adjustment of present difficulties. If by their obstinacy and violence they force the people to act in self-defense their position will not again be so favorable as it is today.

Running Gamut of Absurdity

Probably because they are making history and do not believe in reading it or in profiting by it, the bolshevik government of Russia is running the whole gamut of folly in deciding to abolish Christian names, each child to be tagged by a number. For if the leaders of the bolshevik world but read the record of the French revolution they would find inescapable precedents which would prove to them that all the things that they set up which are against the natural inclinations of mankind, against the fundamental relationships of peoples as developed by centuries of civilization, will be overturned sooner or later when what is called common sense, or ordinary psychology, comes to the rescue of the unfortunates for whom they are legislating.

Curiously enough, a French writer, Gustave Le Bon, in a recent work has just discussed the faulty psychology of the French revolutionary leaders that brought them to grief. His book ought to be interesting reading for the Lenines and Trotskys, and, for that matter, for our own bolshevik William Z. Foster, of steel-strike fame, since they are men who think that you can make over human nature by the mere say-so and destroy the most useful and sacred customs that have made the words "home," "the family" and "religion" stand surcharged with overtones of all the finest things that humanity at its best has ever evolved.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The August Surplus

The railroads of the country earned a surplus of about \$16,000,000 above guaranteed rentals during the month of August, according to the computations of the railroad administration. This is the second month in this year that the roads have shown a surplus, the margin for July having been \$2,000,000.

But a counter charge has been added to operating expenses in the form of increased pay granted the shompen, amounting to about \$4,000,000 a month and made retroactive to May 1. This, of course, will wipe out the surplus for July and will make a big reduction in the handsome surplus shown for August.

During the first eight months of 1919 the operation has sustained a loss of \$274,557,854 in the operation of the railroads. Adding the back pay due the shompen, the deficit is increased to about \$290,000,000. How much this total will be cut down during the remainder of the calendar year is problematical. Under normal conditions, with increased freight shipments usual at this period, the net earnings would continue to increase materially, but the steel strike injects an element of uncertainty into the situation.—Washington Post.

TODAY

The Day We Celebrate.

W. W. Bingham, wholesale fruit and produce merchant, born 1833.

Harry S. Weller, vice president of the Richardson Drug company, born 1868.

Isaac W. Carpenter, president of the Carpenter Paper company, born 1856.

Prince Charles, second son of the king of the Belgians, born in Brussels, 16 years ago.

Lord Reading, lord chief justice of England and late high commissioner to the United States, born in London, 59 years ago.

Maj. Gen. George B. Duncan, U. S. A., recently assigned to the command of Camp Merritt, N. J., born at Lexington, Ky., 58 years ago.

Maj. Gen. John W. Ruckman, U. S. A., coast artillery commander of the department of the northeast, born in Illinois, 61 years ago.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, famous Arctic explorer, born near Christiania, Norway, 58 years ago.

Thirty Years Ago in Omaha.

Dean Gardiner of Omaha is attending the Episcopal convention in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert M. Hitchcock chaperoned a riding party over the western hills, returning by moonlight, to Mrs. Henry Yates' for supper. The riders were Miss Yost, Miss Rustin, Miss Bessie Yates, Miss Grace Chambers, Mr. Voss, Mr. John Patrick, Mr. Pierre Garneau and Mr. Wilbur.

The real estate men met in furtherance of a movement to reorganize the Omaha Real Estate Exchange. The organization was very successful last year.

Miss Rustin's class in literature, numbering some 20 young women, has been christened the Tuesday Afternoon club.

The Bee's Letter Box

America's Interest.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: That American government must be by party has become a time-honored conclusion. That the conduct of an American war, or the conduct of a victorious peace, should not be by party is a common sense conclusion.

Therein has the president made his most grievous mistake, undertaking to conduct both of the latter propositions not only personally, which is partisan, but without employing the best and most fitted brains of whatever affiliations, to do the work. From those fundamental errors have come the results which he evidently thinks must be accepted in toto, or be returned to the peace table for a new trial entirely. To do the former, if the pact is not what it should be, would be to acknowledge that the representative power and conclusion. To do the latter, even if it disrupts what ever may have been gained, would be simply to revert to the status quo of Armistice day, as far as the United States' conclusions would be concerned, its case to be presented in a representative manner, as should have been done in the first place, to have been a strictly republican transaction.

To deal with the case and situation in any other than upon these fundamental bases would be not according to the intents and purposes of our republican form of government, and any threats, open or implied, would not influence any senator or citizen with honest desire for American just interests to yield to an emergency, which, even if it were necessary to consider from any standpoint, would but be deferring the real peace America seeks, and which can never be gained by a compromise entered into because such an emergency exists by virtue of lack of consideration of the minds and will of all the people of the United States and the United States only, and not by a limited body of men which the honest and conscientious of both great parties cannot but help admit was not strictly representative of the thought and wish of the majority of our people.

What we need is a man who should be embodied in the international contract before us—the history of all documents in our history would but be deferring the real peace America seeks, and which can never be gained by a compromise entered into because such an emergency exists by virtue of lack of consideration of the minds and will of all the people of the United States and the United States only, and not by a limited body of men which the honest and conscientious of both great parties cannot but help admit was not strictly representative of the thought and wish of the majority of our people.

JOSEPH MEINRATH.

FROM HERE AND THERE.

Proportionately ants have larger brains than any other living creature.

Forty years ago Japan had only one newspaper; now it has several thousand.

Seventy feet is the longest distance known to have been leaped by a kangaroo.

The Belgian city of Ghent stands on 26 islands connected by 80 bridges.

Some of the mountains on the moon are estimated to be 36,000 feet high.

Dogs in Mongolia and Manchuria are reared for their skins, in which there is a large trade.

In former times Sandwich Island widows had their husbands' names tattooed on their tongues.

Mercury, the swiftest traveller among the planets, moves through space at a rate of 30 miles a second.

Matured champagne goes through about 200 revolutions of the earth, extending over two and a half years.

The hour was divided into 60 minutes because the number 60 can be evenly divided by 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 12, 15, 20 and 30.

SAID TO BE FUNNY.

"'Twill be the least to celebrate in deathless verse the Feast of Nations' is an exchange. Why not adopt Tennessee and why can't you have had a league onward?"—Rochester Post-Express.

"Is our friend a great orator?" "A great orator," repeated Senator Sorobon, "and why he can convince of something without taking the trouble to understand it himself!"—Washington Star.

"What was he plucked for?" "His father let him use the auto for an hour."

"He tried to ride an hour in 15 minutes."—Houston Post.

Two cats were about to have a duel. "Let us have an understanding before we begin," said one.

"About what?" asked the other.

"He to be killed to the death or shall we make it the best three lives out of five?"—Boys' Life.

"I'm in doubt about the wisdom of arresting the food-producers." "Published."

"If you want to succeed in this world you must keep straight. Now, do you understand?" "Well, not quite," said the prisoner; "but if your lordship will tell me how a man is to keep straight when he is trying to make both ends meet, I might."—London Tit-Bits.

Observant Youngster—Oh, look at that funny man, mother! He's sitting on the pavement, talking to a banana skin!—London Tit-Bits.

DOT PUZZLE

21 22 23 24 25
19 18 26 27
2 16 17 28
3 15 30 29
4 5 14 31
7 6 13 32
8 12 33 34
9 11 35 36
10 37 38
45 41 40 42
46 44 43
47 48
49 50
52
54 51
56 55 53

Trace to fifty six and see who is in this space with me.

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

Little Folks' Corner

DREAMLAND ADVENTURE

By DADDY.

"GRASSHOPPER HOP."

(Peggy and Billy seek to save Farmer Dalton's corn fields from a grasshopper army. Having become small through the magic of a Fairy Humming Bird, they lure the army toward an oil-covered lake, but find themselves caught in the rush toward this trap.)

CHAPTER VI.

The Oil-Covered Lake.

FASTER and faster hopped the grasshopper army toward the fair fields told of in the song sung by Billy and Peggy. From the top of the hill they could see Farmer Dalton's bean patch beyond the oil-covered lake, and its green beauty made it look wonderfully tempting to their greedy eyes.

He Flapped Into the Air.

"There's a turtle," gasped Billy. Just as they gave themselves up for lost. "Land on his back!" Down they came on the shining shell of the turtle, which showed a trifle above the water. The turtle stuck out his long neck and snapped at them, but away they hopped to the safety of the Blue Heron's back.

"DAYS THAT USED TO BE."

Often I close my eyes and dream of days that used to be. There seemed to be no turmoil. No waves of trouble life's sea. It might have been in younger years. Care and worry did not annoy. But now each day there brings to me more sorrow and less of joy.

Why this strife and this unrest that taps the blood of life? Is it a lack of brotherly love. On good citizenship have we put a ban? Or to our country failed to prove we're a loyal American?—BELLVIEW.

DAILY CARTOONETTE.

HEY-MISTER! GIMME R DRINK, WILL YA?

AND HE DID!

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We beg to announce that our Fall and Winter materials are now ready for your inspection. We would suggest an early selection.

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It's a good time to order Your Evening Clothes, Your Cutaway Frock and Fall and Winter Overcoats

NICOLL The Tailor W. Jerrems' Sons

209-211 South 15th St., Karbach Block.

few birds who hadn't grown fat eating the pests.

"Our only chance to escape being drowned or smothered is by leaping to Blue Heron's back," gasped Peggy.

"We can do it easily," replied Billy. "Let's sing our charm song again, so the hoppers will not try to stop themselves." So Billy and Peggy sang once more:

Hasten, hasten, oats await; Hurry, hurry, don't be late.

Every hopper in the army seemed to go wild when he heard this song, racing madly toward the lake so as not to miss the expected feast. There was no stopping that stream of rushing hoppers and no turning it aside.

Peggy and Billy leaped and whirred frantically to keep ahead, and when they reached the shore they were so tired they could scarcely move their legs and wings.

"Hop with all your might," cried Billy, and out over the water they called toward Blue Heron's back. But just then Blue Heron saw a fish ahead of him and darted forward. He liked fish better than he did grasshoppers, and so he was one of the water.

"There's a turtle," gasped Billy. Just as they gave themselves up for lost. "Land on his back!" Down they came on the shining shell of the turtle, which showed a trifle above the water. The turtle stuck out his long neck and snapped at them, but away they hopped to the safety of the Blue Heron's back.

And the grasshoppers—they went right into the oil and water and that was the finish of them, for grasshoppers can't bear to touch oil.

Among them was Hoppity Hop, who had managed in some way to escape from inside the shirt of the Giant of the Woods.

"We have been betrayed by spies," rasped Hoppity Hop, and just then he caught sight of Peggy and Billy. "And here are the spies now. Into the lake with them!"

Hoppity Hop rushed toward Billy, but Billy met him with a thump on the nose just like the thump that had sent him down the back of the Giant of the Woods. Hoppity Hop went tumbling off Blue Heron's shoulder, and quick as a flash Blue Heron grabbed him and gobbled him up.

The other hoppers faced Billy.

"This is Princess Peggy. Fly away home with us, Blue Heron."

Blue Heron knew Peggy's voice and didn't want to ask questions. He flapped into the air, and toward Peggy's summer home.

"The corn field is safe," shouted Billy. "See the whole hopper army is gone."

Peggy looked down, grew dizzy, and fell from Blue Heron's back. Over and over she turned, then her wings opened, and like an airplane she straightened out, and sailed swiftly to her home. And as soon as she touched the ground, there she was her own size again, all safe and sound.

(Next will be told the story of the Wandering Monkey.)

but thump, thump, went his fists, knocking two of them into the lake, and the others leaped away in fear, only to fall into the deadly oil.

Blue Heron's beak came back toward Peggy and Billy, and he was just going to grab at them, when Peggy cried to him:

"This is Princess Peggy. Fly away home with us, Blue Heron."

Blue Heron knew Peggy's voice and didn't want to ask questions. He flapped into the air, and toward Peggy's summer home.

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Money