

THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
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You should know that
Omaha city parks contain more than 80 varieties of trees that are native to Nebraska.

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.

Vote for the school bonds today.
Ak-Sar-Ben also looks like a winner.
It takes the Red Cross workers to stage a real drive.
Where does the "muny" coal yard stand under the fuel control?
Better schools and more of them is the slogan for growing Omaha.
Voters will dispose of slates today very much as they have in other elections.

Omaha needs a new jail, and while we are cleaning house, we might as well make the job complete.
Women are going to take a hand in the bond vote today, which means the schools will get the boost they need.

The president is reported able to sit up and do a little work. Well, some one connected with the government ought to.
One of those big Farnam street cars ought to make considerable runaway down the long Tenth street hill, and it apparently did.

Administration leaders are moving to secure a vote on the Versailles treaty this week. Most are interested in the vanishing vacation.
Sunday auto speeders made a fine array in police court Monday, but enough got away to make life on the road interesting for the sedate.

The Federal Reserve board says commodity prices show a recession from August, but the change is scarcely noticeable to the naked eye as yet.
If some of these remedies for the strike had taken the form of preventives a week or two ago, the whole trouble might have been avoided.

It will be hard to attribute the latest turn-down of the superintendent of police to the influence exerted by the "criminal element" at the city hall.
England seems to be waking up to the fact that something is wrong in the Shantung deal. It may turn out after all that Japan's unselfishness in the matter is not entirely without alloy.

Police men of Nashville, who formed the first union, have returned their charter to the American Federation of Labor, having found they could not serve two masters. The lesson is plain.
The milk of the whale is now commended as a revivifying elixir. It will have a hard time in supplanting that of the wild cow, and you know the formula: "The blinder the pig, the wilder the cow."

The engineers are asking for another industrial conference at Washington, forgetting that one just broke up in a row. Until both sides reach a point where they are willing to give and take in settlement, no amount of discussion in conference or anywhere else will help.

TODAY

The Day We Celebrate.
Col. Lloyd C. Griscom, former United States ambassador to Italy, and American liaison officer at the British war office during the war, born at Riverton, N. J., 47 years ago.
Rear Admiral Harold P. M. Morton, U. S. N., who has reached the age for statutory retirement, born in New York 64 years ago.
Rt. Rev. Alexander C. Garrett, Episcopal bishop of Dallas, born in County Sligo, Ireland, 87 years ago.
Eden Phillips, popular English novelist, born at Mount Abon, India, 57 years ago.
Thomas S. Butler, representative in congress of the Seventh Pennsylvania district, born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, 64 years ago.
Thirty Years Ago in Omaha.
C. C. Spotswood transferred lots 14 to 18 in Wright Place to E. B. Bartlett, the consideration being \$21,000.
Miss C. J. Schulze has gone to New York.
Mr. and Mrs. George W. Holbrook gave a very pleasant euchre party at their home, 1404 Madison avenue, in honor of Miss Carrie Sears of St. Albans, Vt. The players were the Misses Nellie Corby, Lizzie Corby, Nellie Campion, Lizzie Campion, Lottie Metz, Betty Mount, Messrs. Searle, Sears, Abbott, Frost, Schockery, Corrie and De Hayes.
Mrs. Jewett has returned from Chicago.
At the competitive drill of the Omaha Guards Sergeant Ebban won the medal for the third time and is now its possessor.

BRING OUT ALL THE FACTS.

The case taken to the grand jury by the local machinists' union, in which the rights of a young man are said to have been ignored, first by a policeman, second by the police judge, and finally by an attorney, deserves fullest investigation. On the surface it looks like one of the most remarkable outrages ever committed.

That a boy, a stranger in the city, should be arrested at the door of a hotel where he was about to apply for lodging, is remarkable in itself. That he should be charged with vagrancy, in spite of the fact that he was possessed of \$130 in cash, a paid-up working card in a great international labor union, and other documents that would easily prove his character, is a sign of malicious stupidity on part of the officer who made the arrest.

When arraigned in police court, the judge should have given the case at least sufficient attention to determine if the story told by the victim had any merit. Instead, the perfunctory process of listening to what the arresting officer had to say and then inflicting a sentence of fifteen days in jail was gone through, and the lad was hurried without ceremony to the county jail.

Finally, the course of the attorney who secured his release, with the incidental sequestration of \$100 in cash, as an earnest that the fee of the freeholder who qualified on the bail bond would be paid, also invites inspection.

All in all, the case is so remarkable in its outward aspect that for the good of Omaha the facts should be completely sifted. The action of the machinists in moving to secure a full inquiry is commendable. It may bring out the truth, and possibly suggest that further reforms are needed in the police system, or lack of system.

Palmer and the Profiteers.
Bristling with fierce, righteous indignation, the attorney general of the United States launches a broadside against the coal merchants who propose to be allowed to gain an excess profit from the strike. If they attempt any such thing, Mr. Palmer tells them, he will do something so dreadful as to hold them ever after. It is so consoling to think we have at the head of the Department of Justice a man so resolute. Yet, as the first rush of enthusiasm passes, and a cold, reasoning glance is taken at results, the citizen must come to the conclusion that the cartoonist was right; Mr. Palmer went hunting, equipped with a mighty arsenal of legal and moral weapons, and came home with a miserable bag of game from a woods filled with the biggest and ripest sort.

We realize that he is placed in a peculiar position. Parading himself just now in a try-out as an aspirant for the honor of succeeding his chief as leader of the democratic party, Mr. Palmer wants to do the right thing, and at the same time doesn't want to lose a vote. He recalls how a few years ago his revered and respected leader proclaimed that the man who sought to make money out of the panicky conditions created by democratic monkeying with business conditions would be hanged at least as high as Haaman—and let it go at that. A resounding declaration at the critical moment has well served the democratic chieftains in lieu of action ever since they were in power.

Just as the government was looted on war contracts, and as private consumers have been held up by conscienceless price boosters before, during and after the war, so it will probably continue until people may relieve themselves by turning out the administration under which profiteering has come to be an almost exact science. Mr. Palmer might give the country great service, but he, probably will not.

Making Cotton Crop Pay.

With cotton quoted at New York around 35 cents a pound, a Louisiana planter is reported to have sold his season's crop at 75 cents, at which rate 800 bales brought him \$360,000. Good cotton land, producing normal yield, will bring forth around a bale to the acre. Assuming for safety's sake that the crop in question was the total yield of 1,000 acres, it stands a gross return of \$360 an acre, or rather more than is possible even for sugar beets, the most remunerative of northern grown crops. It is extremely probable that some exceptional circumstances attended the sale in question, for no other similar case is yet reported. The ugly fact is, however, that the cotton yield for the current year is only a little over half the normal. Voluntary restrictions of acreage and an unfavorable season is responsible for this. Cotton planters, looking to their own interests, solely, agreed to reduce the area seeded to cotton for 1919. Their avowed aim was to reduce the yield and keep up the price. Through the unexpected assistance of an unfavorable season the scheme succeeded better than its projectors planned, and the world will be held up on account of the short crop. When some short sighted middle western farmers proposed to restrict the area sown to wheat they were roundly denounced; the miners have been called immoral for going on strike in face of winter, creating an artificial scarcity of coal. What will be said of the cotton planter who deliberately took such means to keep up the price of his product, which is so badly needed for the welfare of the world?

Strikes That Settle Themselves.

The law of compensation still operates, despite the clamor of the reformers who would do away with it. At least two annoying and vexatious strikes have been settled in accord with the everlasting rule that requires a balance. For many weeks shipping has been tied up in New York harbor by the contumacy of the longshoremen. These went on an unauthorized strike, defying the officers of their international union and refusing to listen to anyone who did not coincide with their demands. It was the beginning of the "revolution" which so many of the "advanced" are talking about. Slowly the fires that kept the passions of the men heated to the point of unreason have died away, and the strike has collapsed for want of vitality. The same is true of the steel strike. It was as ill-advised as that of the longshoremen, or the coal miners, and is coming to an inglorious end for the same reason. "Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just," but any cause that rests on "a basis of naked power" is doomed in advance. Strikes to be won must contain a promise of good to all and not merely an advantage to a few.

On a Peace Basis.

"I presume you're mighty glad the war is over?"
"Well, I don't jes' know about dat," answered Mandy. "Co'se I'es glad to have my Sam back home an' all dat, but I jes' know I ain't never gwine t' get money from him so regular as I did while he was in de army an' de government wuz handlin' his financial affairs."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

France is fighting the high cost of living with American army supplies bought by the government. Pity something like that could not have been brought about at home

Terrible Tragedy of Kieff

Something of the terrible conditions in Russia under the bolshevik control may be gained from the following account of conditions found at Kieff after that city was evacuated by the "reds" before the approach of the anti-bolshevik army. It is written by a correspondent of the London Times, under date of September 17, two days after he had entered the city with its deliverers:

I have reached Kieff by air, having flown from Lutsk in one of the two aeroplanes of the French squadron stationed there, which established the first contact between the Polish forces and the Russian volunteer army, passing over some 250 miles of country occupied partly by the bolsheviks and partly by the Ukrainian troops.

When we started from Lutsk the situation in Kieff was unknown, and it was rumored that the anti-bolshevik troops which had occupied it had again withdrawn. A preliminary reconnaissance over the city showed that life there was apparently normal. There was plenty of people in the streets, the trains were running, there was activity in the railway station, and movement among the motor transport vehicles was also discernible. It was, however, with somewhat an anxious feeling that we planned down towards the aerodrome. We were ready by the sight of the aerodrome in British uniform running out from a hangar to meet us—a sure sign that the volunteer army was in occupation, since a considerable portion of it is now clothed in khaki, and even wears the familiar buttons of the British royal army.

Kieff today is a city of horrors. I do not know whether in any other town in which they have ruled the bolsheviks have left such ghoulish traces of their fiendish work as they have here. The Ukrainian government, driven out of Lutsk, and for roughly 200 miles around them, the bolsheviks were in occupation. On every one of these 200 days executions took place by order of the "chrezvechaikas" (commissions for combating the counter revolution).

No one knows how many persons perished. Popular gossip puts the number at 30,000. This is obviously an exaggeration, but bullets and splashed with red stains, here were found (buried or unburied) at different points about the city, there must have been at least 2,000 victims.

There were few men of any education among the Kieff commissaries. This, and a characteristic disrespect for any humane feelings, may account for the horrible way in which they treated the bodies of their victims, partially or entirely unburied. The anatomical theater of the university was used as a mortuary for the executed dead, and the volunteer army when they entered the city found about 200 corpses lying there in a state of horrible putrefaction. In a room in a private house 140 more were found, locked up and left to rot.

Even today, a fortnight after the delivery, a terrible odor, which chloride only partially stifles, invades one's nostrils continually in certain parts of the town. Among the "sights" of Kieff are the houses where the two chrezvechaikas, the one for Kieff the other for the Ukraine, held their sittings and tortured their victims, either to writing information from them, or, as it appears in many cases, simply from a fiendish pleasure in inflicting pain. There is an old building, the houses of which were built by having pieces of skin in the shape of papulettes cut from their shoulders and strips from the thighs in imitation of the stripes on an officer's trousers.

At one side of the garden is a garage or coach-house. This was used as the place of execution. The walls are pitted with revolver bullets and splashed with red stains. The floor is still glutinous; the smell makes one turn away sickened after a very short inspection. An English governess, Miss Billingsley, who lives in this street, has told me of the awful shrieks which could be heard coming from this house night after night. The house itself is littered with an almost complete collection of objects, apparently looted by members of the committee from private houses. There is furniture of all kinds, clocks, toys, a bird-cage, photographs, gramophones, books, heaped together anyhow. The first volume picked at hazard from a big pile proved to be a Tauchnitz copy of Mark Twain's "The Innocents Abroad."

The house of the Ukraine committee has a similar slaughter house, also a garage. This, if anything, was worse than the other. There is an incineration pit, which was used as a drain; from it there comes up the horrible reek of blood. A common chopping block beside it is soaked in it. An old bayonet lies on the floor near by. Twelve bodies were found in the garden here, stuffed anyhow into a pit and barely covered with earth.

Kieff somehow manages to bear all this horror lightly; the people seem to have thrown it from their minds like a nightmare. The streets are full; pretty girls walk about bareheaded in summer white; the picturesque figures of the Cossack officers catch the eye at every turn. As one walks in the gardens above the Dnieper and looks on the beauty of the moonlit stream, and listens to laughter and the tinkle of pianos from houses hidden by the trees, it is hard to believe that the whole story is not a dream.

Prof. Florinski, professor of Slav philology at Kieff university, was shot by a woman called Rosa Schwartz, while the chrezvechaika was still sitting, as he was in the middle of a philippic against bolshevist rule. This woman, Rosa Schwartz, is commonly spoken of as a member of the committee, and is credited with having executed people regularly herself. Whether this was so seems doubtful. She was tried, condemned to death, and shot a few days after the capture of the city. At her trial evidence was produced to show that she was a prostitute, a favorite of several members of the committee, who was used by them as a decoy to entrap and denounce persons who professed views unfavorable to the government. This much, and the fact of her murder of Prof. Florinski, seems to be established. I say this because the figure of a Jewess as a prominent member of chrezvechaika committee is becoming legendary. There was a Jewess at Vinnitza who shot persons with her own revolver; there was another at Minsk who signed death warrants. Did they all exist? So much that is terrible is true that much more that is simply hearsay is readily believed.

All chrezvechaikas seem to have equaled the tribunals of the French revolution in ferocious cruelty. The methods used at Kieff seem to have surpassed the rest. Of many of the tortures used it is impossible to speak. Latsis, a Lett who was latterly president of the Ukraine committee, wrote an article in the Red Knife, the official organ of the bolshevik government, published at Moscow, in which he discussed the question of torture, reasoning, for instance, as to whether nails driven under the finger nails were as effective as the slow extraction of teeth.

It is difficult to believe that there are persons in the world who are opposed to the suppression by every means available of a regime which gives full play to the bestial passions of the fiends in human form who do these things.

On a Peace Basis.
"I presume you're mighty glad the war is over?"
"Well, I don't jes' know about dat," answered Mandy. "Co'se I'es glad to have my Sam back home an' all dat, but I jes' know I ain't never gwine t' get money from him so regular as I did while he was in de army an' de government wuz handlin' his financial affairs."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Bee's Letter Box

What is a Politician?
Omaha, Nov. 2.—To the Editor of The Bee: In your column, "Who is Who?" among the candidates you mention me as a "politician." Thanks for the application. The meaning of the word, according to the dictionary, is "one versed in the science of government."

I believe, however, that the proper definition for politician is one who knows what he is doing on election day. JERRY HOWARD.

Where Was the Chief?

Omaha, Nov. 3.—To the Editor of The Bee: Much has been said in the Omaha and other papers regarding the burning of our million-dollar court house September 25. I will ask if it is not a fact that the chief of the Omaha police at 11 a. m. on that day was advised that a mob was forming for the purpose of lynching the negro? This being so, he had ample time to have called on 100 or more men to assist him in the discharge of his duty. He protected the building and fought against any outside mob of 5,000 men or more. During the civil war in 1862 myself and a party of other union soldiers were detailed to guard a passage through the mountains, with orders from our captain to hold same at all hazard against 600 southern cavalry soldiers, which we did. Had we not done so we would have been called cowards and would have disgraced the union army. Why should much less protection than the Omaha police force would have had. It does seem to me and others so silly to think that an unorganized and unarmed lot of boys should have been allowed to have taken and burned the court house as against the old organized armed force of police if they had a leader. Where was the chief of police all this time that he did not have his force fully organized? If he was in the United States army he would have been promoted and allowed his pocket or fort to be taken when he had 100 or more men under his command, he would have been court-martialed, convicted and drummed out of camp.

Will also ask why girls and boys from 11 to 18 years old are allowed to run automobiles while alone in the car or with other children through our streets at a high rate of speed, often after dark, without lights on either end of the car, and without number? They are seen by the police department and know the ordinance is being violated. Per-sons are not yet fully organized to handle this duty.

Same as on night of September 25, 1919. A. TRAYNOR, 3915 California Street.

FROM HERE AND THERE.

Much of the family washing in Japan is done by getting into a moving boat and while along in the car or with other children through our streets at a high rate of speed, often after dark, without lights on either end of the car, and without number? They are seen by the police department and know the ordinance is being violated. Per-sons are not yet fully organized to handle this duty.

Children in India have to learn the alphabet in the alphabets of the world vary from 12 to 40 characters. The Hawaiian alphabet has the smallest number, the Tartarian the largest.

When a Russian family removes from one house to another it is customary to rake all the fire from the hearth of the old domicile and carry it in a closed pot to the new residence.

The "holy stone" used in cleaning the decks of ships was so called from being originally used for Sunday cleaning and the fact that the seamen have to go on their knees to use it.

Orphan asylums are unknown in Australia. Every destitute orphan child is sent to a private family, which takes care of it until it is 14 years of age, and is remunerated by the government.

A large number of Japanese obtain a livelihood by catching fireflies. These insects are used as ornaments at social festivities, sometimes they are kept caged, sometimes released in swarms in the presence of the guests.

In the 16th century there was a curious law in England whereby street peddlers were forbidden to sell plums and apples, for the reason that servants and apprentices were unable to resist the sight of them, and were constantly tempted to steal their employers' money in order to enjoy the delectables.

Others Have Deported.

Ex-crown prince, who believes that he will be recalled, may learn that some things have depreciated more than the mark.—Wall Street Journal.

DAILY CARTOONETTE.

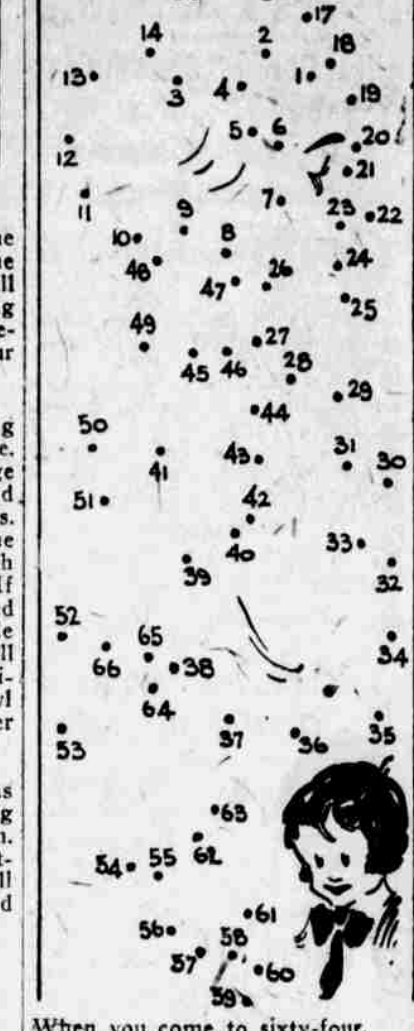


"BUSINESS IS GOOD. THANK YOU"
-WHY NOT NICHOLAS OILS?
L.V. NICHOLAS OIL COMPANY

Little Folks' Corner



DOT PUZZLE



Rigging a Telegraph Line.

To rig up a telegraph line and learn to talk over it by Morse code is not beyond an average boy's ability and is a fascinating pastime. Here are some shortcuts:

1. Instruments.

The necessary sending key and sounder for each station may be home-made, but now that they can be bought cheaply at almost any electric shop, it is better to buy them ready-made. They are usually fastened to a board and will work best if left on the board.

2. Line.

Only one wire is needed, since the ground may always be used to complete the circuit. Use insulated magnet wire; the electric shop will advise you as to the size demanded by the length and by the use indoors or out. Don't try to run top far outdoors, because you will have continual line trouble, and don't stretch your line near any other wire. To ground an outdoor line fasten the ground wire to a heavy spike and stick it to the ground. To ground indoors fasten the ground wire to water or gas pipes; if there are none, use a two-wire circuit without a grounded wire.

3. Battery.

In commercial wires, to enable one operator to call another, the circuit is always complete or "closed" with a battery in it. This requires a special kind of battery. You will use dry cells, and a "closed" circuit would soon exhaust them. Therefore, rig the wires according to this diagram with two dry cells at each station and switches to "cut them in." When the line is not in use both switches should be set at A and keys closed so that there is no current, or battery, in the circuit. To call from one station the operator first moves his switch to B, so as to put his battery into the circuit, then opens his key and begins to call. Station 2, in answering, also switches to B to put in his batteries and strengthen the current. After talking keys and put the switches back to A, so that the batteries are again idle. The switches may be made of tin and screws.

(Next week, "Indoor Flower Box.")

Subject for a Clinic.

It seems to be established that a broker, thinking he was dealing by telephone with a speculator, offered Food Commissioner Williams 10,000,000 pounds of sugar at a high price, but, strange as it may appear, as soon as the commissioner revealed his identity the man who made the proposition and all his banker and broker associates forgot the name and address of the owner of the hoard. Possibly loss of memory so unusual might be treated successfully at a clinic presided over by the United States grand jury.—New York World.

The Veto Power.

"You may not!" firmly says Dr. Grayson.—Boston Globe.

Box Craft for Your Room.

By CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY. Don't throw away one of the strong cardboard boxes that the shops send to you. Each one will give you a great deal of fun in using your hands, and will make something useful and attractive for your room.

Home-Made Week-End Bag.

This is made from the strong box in which your new suit came. Lay the box and the cover on large pieces of brown linen or denim and trim to fit, cutting out the corners. Stretch the cloth tightly over the edges, gluing it in place so that both box and cover are neatly covered. If you like, you may make scented pads of cretonne to fit the inside and tuck them in place. This will hold your week-end things beautifully if you fasten it with a shawl strap, and it will serve for a longer trip too.

Dainty Clothes-Press Boxes.

Cover strong shoe boxes, just as you did the week-end bag, using chintz in a small flowered pattern. Pieces of wall paper in a pretty pattern may be used also. These will hold your ties and slippers and keep your clothes-press looking neat as well. It will be a good plan to stand these on the shelves. They will keep fresh longer.

Wall paper makes a most attractive covering for a hat box too. A pattern of roses, violets, or bunches of wild flowers, is the best to use. Lay the cover on the wall paper, cutting it to fit, and then paste it neatly in place. Cut a broad and a narrow strip to paste around the box and the edge of the cover.

For Your Bureau. A small, round cardboard box makes a charming pin cushion. It may be already covered, and it is usually strong so that you have a foundation to sew to. Use only the box itself and stuff it with wool. Cover the wool with pink or blue silk. Then cover the outside with silk to match, tacking it to the edge of the box.

A few of the tiny silk flowers that you now buy by the yard in the shops may be glued to the edge of the box, or a ruffle of lace will cover your stitches.

(Next week, "Gardening in Frosty Weather.")

IN THE BEST OF HUMOR.

"You always have that same weakness in the restaurant," don't you?" said the business man. "Always," replied his friend. "She's very careful to bring me clean food."

"How do you know?" "Why, today I saw her brushing the dust off my piece of custard pie with her apron."—Yonkers Stateman.

"My uncle is very fond of the works of Aristotle." "Likes that form of humor, eh?" "He doesn't know it's humor." "Take a serious interest. Think it's a fine example of simplified spelling."—Pittsburgh Post.

"I claim that man Blump is a born diplomat." "His wife objected to his spilling cigar."—Boston Globe.

How Much are you Paying for Oil?

The gallon price is the smallest item of oil cost. Engine wear and tear, the cost of overhauling and repairs, the smaller mileage you get from each gallon of gasoline—these are the hidden costs in cheap, inferior, unsuitable oil.

Polarine Oil is made to meet every engine need and service condition. It protects bearings and engaging parts with a cushion of pure lubricant that safeguards against wear and keeps the engine running quietly, with a minimum of vibration and strain. Polarine maintains a gas-tight seal between piston rings and cylinder walls that gets maximum mileage and power out of every drop of gasoline. It keeps fuel bills down.

Let Polarine keep your motoring costs down. Buy it where you buy clean-burning power-packed Red Crown Gasoline—where you see this sign—at first class garages and service stations everywhere.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (NEBRASKA) Omaha

