

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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AUGUST CIRCULATION. 53,993. State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of August, 1915, was 53,993.

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Thought for the Day. Selected by T. J. Fitzmorris. Alas! What are we kings? Why do you gods place us above the rest, To be served, flattered and adored, till we Believe we hold within our hands your thunder; And when we come to try the power we have There's not a leaf shakes at our threatnings. — Beaumont and Fletcher.

Mark the Ak-Sar-Ben dates down on your calendar. Now for a little of that good old Indian summer time.

And in the meantime give the Douglas county fair out at Benson a boost. Should conscription come to Great Britain, due credit requires the label, "Made in Germany."

The Dardanelles is the last ditch of the Turks in Europe. That sufficiently accounts for the desperate resistance. A crusade against crooks in Chicago furnishes a large clue to the sudden expansion of that line of business in these parts.

It is a "for-men-only" sermon when preached in the tabernacle, but for men and women alike when printed in the newspapers. A real state of preparedness will not be achieved in this country until the people are thoroughly trained to jump, when the auto horn screams.

But if Mr. Bryan is to go to Europe on a peace mission, won't he hurry home and unlimber his guns in the real fight to culminate in the Nebraska primary next April? Experts on speed records can make a contribution to the gaiety of the season by marking the time it takes to carry the "break in hog prices" down to the consumers of ham.

Political temperatures in Massachusetts are mounting to the con-curing altitude. The contest for gubernatorial nominations has reached a stage where aspirants shed their coats, vests and suspenders. Rev. Sunday must look to stripping laurels.

The coming congress is to be invited to give a proposed tax on the output of American munition plants prompt consideration. The suggestion commands general favor for two reasons: The national treasury needs the money and the foreigner pays the tax.

The convention of letter carriers in Omaha broke the record for attendance. The result is gratifying to all who worked to make the convention a success. Moreover, it emphasizes the advantages of a central location for gatherings of nation-wide bodies, a fact which makes Omaha pre-eminently attractive.

The moving finger that writes the history of progress long ago discarded Turkey as a headliner. For half a thousand years the Turks have received various inducements to move, and show less inclination now than ever before. If the Dardanelles is won, a vast number of Turks will be wholly indifferent to the moving conveyance.

The threatened split in the British cabinet on the question of conscription is not calculated to help a settlement of the issue, for the very good reason that cleavage is along party lines. The emphatic opposition voiced by the labor element, constituting the chief support of the liberal party, is not likely to be ignored at the present time.

The Anglo-French borrowing commission omits none of the fine points of the game. Observing the danger of an undignified rush to get in on the underwriting fee, the commissioners abandon the fee and put all subscribers on equal terms. Driving a sharp bargain is one thing; putting it over the "ground floor" crowd is quite different.

The marriage license list shows that Omaha is becoming quite a popular haven for matrimonial ventures of couples from nearby towns. With conditions so favorable, and our location so strategic, there is no good reason why, through proper promotion work, a large and profitable knot-tying industry should not be developed here.

Rebuilding American Merchant Marine. In his letter to the president, transmitting the report of the Pan-American Financial conference, Secretary McAdoo presages the re-issuance of the democratic shipping bill to the coming congress. Mr. McAdoo lays much stress on the desirability of immediately increasing the fleet under the American flag, that it may be available for government use as part of the general defense plan. On this necessity he predicated his argument in support of the partial ownership of such a fleet by the federal government. His contention is that private capital will not embark in shipping, because it can find more profitable employment in other lines, and therefore he urges some plan that will provide for the investment of a considerable sum of money by the government in a merchant fleet. This plan of the secretary of the treasury has not met with the enthusiastic endorsement of men who are actually concerned in maritime affairs, and is not likely to receive more support in the coming congress than it did in the last.

As an alternative plan, and one that seems for more feasible, it is proposed that the preferential duty laws be re-enacted, and that American bottoms be given the support that prevailed during that time in the last century, when 80 per cent of American commerce overseas was carried on American bottoms. That this law was effective, and that shipping did prosper under it is certain. It is equally certain that to give it another trial would cost very little. Objections that it would interfere with present treaty agreements are met by the statement that these treaties may be terminated at the will of either party. The almost assured fact that the termination of the European war will be followed by the general readjustment of treaty agreements, makes it not only opportune, but almost obligatory that the United States as far as possible anticipate post-bellum conditions. In no way may this be done more wisely than to expedite the rehabilitation of America's ocean-going commerce carriers.

Preference in the matter of import duties is a constitutional way for aiding shipping; a direct subsidy is open to question. Democrats are not agreed as to what method to adopt, but the impending return of the republicans to control of national affairs assures a settlement of this question along lines that will be effective.

"Lonesome" Life on the Farm. A speaker at a California irrigation congress says the reason that our country life is breaking up is because it is too lonesome for the farmer and his wife. In part, this statement is correct. But the proposition should have been stated in the past tense. The farmer's life was lonesome, but a generation has passed since a coroner's jury in Dakota returned a verdict that a settler, dead by his own hand, had "come to his death through blue sky and bunch grass."

Whatever conditions may prevail in California, and other outlying sections of the country, nothing farther from isolation could be well conceived than the social situation of the farmer in this section of the country, where the real agricultural operations of the world are carried on. With the coming of the telephone, the automobile, the phonograph and other agents for the amelioration of a detached life, the farmer has been enabled to take the "city" home with him. Moreover, he is seldom more than a pleasant half-hour's run by machine from a moving picture show, and the neighborhood club has come to afford him plenty of opportunity to evade anything like tedium for the little time he can take away from work in a busy season.

As to the busy season, on a modern farm it lasts the year around. The difference is it doesn't take all the farmer's time. He adapts his business to a schedule that is adjusted by the application of machinery to the accomplishment of tasks that once were toilsome, and finds that he has plenty of opportunity to enjoy the good things as well as the toil of life. Success on the farm is only to be achieved by unremitting industry, the same as in other callings, this industry being no longer the drudgery of past days, but work scientifically directed and certainly rewarded. Nowhere in all the world is life more real and nowhere does it hold more of inspiration than on a modern farm. The farmer is not lonely, he's just busy.

Way for Mr. Underwood. Democratic wisecracks at Washington are busy organizing the senate committee on finance to make a place for Oscar W. Underwood, who will enter the august body as senator from Alabama when congress reconvenes in December. Just who is to retire to provide the necessary vacancy on this coveted committee has not yet been determined, but it is hinted that Shively of Indiana or Stone of Missouri will graciously step down and allow the great revenue producer from the southland to have the same prominence in the senate that he had in the house. It is now admitted by the democrats that the revenue laws will need serious attention. Even the most obtuse could see this when the deficit for the fiscal year 1915 on August 31 amounted to more than \$31,000,000, or a little more than half a million a day. This presages a final deficit close to \$180,000,000 for the year, a sum that must make even a democrat reflect and wonder if his party is on the right track. That is one reason why they want Underwood on the senate finance committee, so he may assist in devising new forms of "war" taxes to meet the current expense of running the government at peace with all the world.

The mystery of the war alarms and invasion scares so frequent in the east is now satisfactorily explained. "It is distressingly clear," says a letter writer in the New York Post, "that a large percentage of brainy people are afflicted with very defective co-ordination in the working of their psycho entities, whether from the ganglionic centers of the cerebral cortex, or from the basal ganglia." In the presence of such an affliction, sympathy muffles the scoffer.

Suggestion is a powerful factor in shaping youthful minds for good or evil. That which is evil may come from older heads, too, shrewd to commit the offense themselves, or from reading stuff unfit for impressionable minds. The two instances of youthful depravity in our neighboring city press upon parents the necessity of greater vigilance in counseling children against bad associates and dangerous reading.

Talk Across Home Plate

Literary Digest. A FAVORITE delusion of the average base ball enthusiast is that a constant warfare is kept up behind the plate at any league game, and that the players and the umpire are continually exchanging words of wrath, contempt, and mutual vituperation. There may be instances wherein this is true, in the case of particularly bad-tempered umpires and extraordinarily querulous players, but George Willson, of the New York Giants, and now pitching for the Federals in Brooklyn, insists that this is rare indeed. To prove what good-tempered people they are behind the plate, and how wrongly the fans interpret the conversations in which they indulge, he gives us a specimen of this talk in judge:

No umpire was as fond of talking with the men while play was going on as the late Tim Hurst, and here is a sample of the kind of gossip which went on at the plate and which the fans, being unable to hear it, erroneously thought was an exchange of sentiments of ill feeling: Mr. Hurst—One bawl! Catcher—Hey, Tim! Pipe the good-looker over there in box 25—the one with the blue hat? She comes here every day to see me. Batter—Get out! If she comes here to see you, it's because she's fond of dumb animals. Mr. Hurst—That's one on you, Jimmy. He certainly got you that time. One strike. Rooters—Robber, robber! Get your specs! Give us a square deal! Batter—Was you up to the menagerie on Sunday, Tim? Mr. Hurst—I were not. And why? Batter—I thought I missed you. Your cage was empty. Catcher—Ha, ha! Ho, ho, Tim! That's where you got one below the belt!

Mr. Hurst—Fow-ull bawl—two strikes! Jimmy, was you at the banquet at the Horstuff club last night? I couldn't get around. Rooters—Horstheif! Doornat grabber! Soak him! Catcher—No, but he talked a lot. As one of those Chauncey Dewey fellers he's a shine. Mr. Hurst—Fow-ull! Ah, too bad! Rafferty is so fond of talking, but nobody wants to listen to him. Batter—You ought to hear me tell a few little after-dinner jokes, Tim. I make 'em laugh so they can't eat. Mr. Hurst—Three bawls! Yes, I'll bet you're a good speech-maker. About as good, I guess, as you are a hitter. Rooters—Look out for him, Bill! He's related to Jesse James! Catcher—Let's see you connect with this one, you poor fish! Bat—Bamm! Mr. Hurst—Fair hawl! Rooters—Good thing for you, you horstheif, that he hit that one! About one more rotten decision and there'd be something doing around here!

Twice Told Tales

A Soft Answer. A tramp approached a certain Downs home the other morning, rapped on the back door, and when the woman of the house appeared he began to clear his throat, preparatory to telling his hard-luck story. "Get away from here," said the woman. "I never feed professional bums." "But, madam, I am not a professional bum," said the tramp. "I am a psychologist traveling in the interests of science. I read character at a glance. In looking into the soulful depths of your beautiful eyes, I read there that you are by nature a kind-hearted, gentle, generous woman. It is these noble impulses and the contemplation of charitable deeds that keep you looking so young and handsome." "You poor, tired, hungry man," said the woman. "Come inside and I will give you some breakfast." — Downs (Kan.) Times.

An Old Man's Fate. A confederate veteran's wife, whose shrewish temper was well known throughout the state, demanded that an old servant, who had served with her husband in the civil war, be dismissed. "Sam," said the old man, "go to your room and pack your things and leave—go away." The old retainer clasped his hands to his heart with dramatic joy. "He—I can see!" he said, in an ecstasy of gratitude. Then suddenly his manner changed, as with the utmost compassion he added: "But you, my poor old friend, you must stay!" — New York Times.

So Considerate. It had been their first separation, and during one week the young husband had sent his dear little wife ten letters, fifteen picture post cards and four telegrams. Why, then, this touch of coldness in her welcome on his return? "Dearest," he whispered, as he drew her to his manly bosom, "what is wrong? What have I done to upset my little ducky-wopsy?" "Oh, George," she replied in broken tones, "you didn't send me a kiss in your seventh letter!" George thought like lightning for a moment before he replied: "I know I didn't, pet, but I had steak and onions that night for supper, and you wouldn't like me to kiss you after eating onions, would you?" — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

People and Events

One item of news from New York may be accepted without question. It is to the effect that a "father was dazed at the news of the arrival of girl triplets in the family." Involuntary change from retailing to wholesaling is some shock. Repeating the utmost confidence in his mother's taste in the matter of wife-choosing, Rev. W. H. McCracken, Presbyterian pastor at Washington, Pa., went to his old home in Ireland and married the hampicked bride on the spot. What do you know about this? Down in Boston the president of the Woman's Homestead association, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, advocates the passage of a law requiring stenographers in offices be placed in wire cages. "I know," says Mrs. Smith, and this is what she knows: "Just as soon as the stenographer enters the office the employer orders her, draws out a box of candy and draws nearer. A young girl can't do anything but bear it. Many a girl is afraid to resent it on account of her position. The old sinners take advantage of it. It's got to stop!"



Major General Schofield, commanding the army division, with headquarters at Chicago, came in and stopped over on his way to Rock Springs. He was accompanied by General Tompkins and Major Sanger of his staff, and was met at the Bluffs by General Howard and Lieutenant Guy Howard. Rev. Willard Scott inaugurated services again at the St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church, preaching for the first time since his return from his vacation. Augustus Soares, an evangelist from London, conducted the Young Men's Christian Association services at the jail, where the prisoners listened to him with closest attention. Oliver F. Morton, Jr., son of Indiana's great war governor, arrived in this city to meet his mother returning from San Francisco, and called during the day upon Mrs. Elmer D. Frank, to whom he is distantly related. Mr. M. O. Lewis and bride of Bay City, Mich., who have been visiting Mr. Lewis' father, Chaplain Lewis of Fort Omaha, have returned home. Frank Meyer left for Reading, Pa., in response to a telegram notifying him of the death of his sister.

The Bee's Letter Box

Easter Lilies in the Fall. OMAHA, Sept. 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: In your paper recently appeared a short notice concerning an Easter lily that a lady in this city had in bloom, having set out the bulb and cared for it, to learn the result and was thus awarded.

A lady in Denver recently wrote of a similar experience. When we left here for that place a few days ago there was a lily plant in the garden full of buds that promised blossoms. On return I found one large bud that had since developed into a beautiful lily.

So people can have Easter lilies at other times of the year than at Easter time if they will take pains to set out the bulbs and care for them while they are growing.

CHARLOTTE E. GRAVES, 422 Seward Street.

The France Professor's Innocence. SIDNEY, Neb., Sept. 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: Referring to your Lincoln story entitled "Light is Thrown on Bonding Deal," permit me to say that I, to qualify as state accountant, procured bond through Judge W. H. England.

At the time I made application to Judge England for this bond I was not aware that he had supported Governor Morehead, or that he had flirted with the bull moosers. The knowledge of these facts at the time would have made no difference to me one way or the other. I have known Judge England many years and regard him as a friend.

No man can truthfully accuse me of lobbying. At no time during the last session was I in either legislative chamber to exceed half an hour at a stretch, and I had nothing to do whatever with any other insurance measure. The efforts of your Lincoln correspondent to discover a conspiracy for purchasing bonds from Judge England are rather amusing; but I must decline the honor of being classed as one of the conspirators.

CHARLES Q. DE FRANCE, State Accountant, 278 California Street.

Verdict of a Traveling Man. EN ROUTE, BEATRICE, Neb., Sept. 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: I was an admirer of "Billy" Sunday for a number of years; in fact, I would drive overland or ride on the cars many miles to hear him preach and for the opportunity to do personal work among the hundreds seeking God.

But the time came when Mr. Sunday went too far in abuse, slang and vulgarity and I could not listen to Mr. Sunday without leaving disgusted, and being driven further away from God, rather than drawn closer.

Why the preachers of Omaha will permit the pulpit to become a vaudeville stage, with "Billy" Sunday the featured act I can't understand, and I am only one of thousands that is asking the same question. As an actor, he is great; as a preacher, a failure, for he preaches "Billy" Sunday and not Jesus Christ. If any vaudeville performer on any stage would use the language—such slang, such abuse, such vulgarity and expressions with double meanings—they would be booted off the stage, arrested and fined by the board of censorship. Yet the ministers of Omaha, the finest board of censorship that can be gotten together, permit Mr. Sunday to have full swing, to say what he pleases, and to sit in their seats, laugh at his show and say "amen." It's a disgrace to what they profess.

Every God-fearing christian reads with shame the remarks Mr. Sunday made on Christian Science and Mary Baker Eddy. "Every knock is a boost," and this is another boost for Christian Science.

As a traveling man I have traveled from New York to San Francisco, and have heard of (and seen many) the healing of every known disease through the understanding of Christian Science. I have never heard of anyone being healed at a "Billy" Sunday revival or by reading any of his sermons. The command of Jesus to his disciples was: "As ye go, preach, saying the kingdom of heaven is at hand; heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils; freely ye have received; freely give." Matt. x:7-8.

I have traveled many miles since reading last Monday's Bee and talked to hundreds on this subject, and the proof of it is that the public at large is growing disgusted with the uncalculated abuse, vulgarity and slang of "Billy" Sunday.

WILLIAM B. BROOKS, 228 West Adams Street, Chicago.

Wants Far-Side Stop. OMAHA, Sept. 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: Speaking of the far side stop, I'm for it, and strong, believe me. I think Mr. Getten deserves a great deal of praise. I am told Mr. Getten is getting this petition up solely for the people. I for one believe it, for upon investigating it I find he has a cigar store on Fourteenth and Farnam, where the cars stop right in front of the door. So you see he loses in one place more than he can gain in the other.

Mr. Getten seems to have been the only man with nerve enough to buck up against the Auto club, thereby probably making many enemies. And the beauty of it is he has the tenacity to stick to it regardless of what a few people may think.

Why can't the commissioners help the people by repealing the near side stop? Remember, it's the people and not the autists alone who elect the commissioners, and we are the ones to be considered. FOR THE FAR STOP.

Interest in the Sunday Campaign. GERING, Neb., Sept. 19.—To the Editor of The Bee: Criticisms appearing in The Bee about Billy Sunday pro and con have not aroused me until I note the remarks of one who endorses the newspapers for the amount of space devoted to the Sunday meetings. I want to commend The Bee, as well as the other Omaha papers and the State Journal for knowing what the people want and giving it to them. Although about 50 miles from Omaha, I am in a position to know absolutely that there is an absorbing and widespread interest in the Sunday campaign. It is evident that many representatives of commercialized wickedness whose toes are being pinched are slipping into print with abuse and insinuations, while few of the great majority who wish Sunday godspeed in his work do so.

But the people of the state have their eyes on Omaha to no small degree, and you are right in going the limit in space. I hear dozens out here daily talking about the Sunday meeting. I know that dozens of homes in this community are devoted to the Sunday reports in The Bee as a regularity. And these are they whom the ordinary sermon would not reach.

Personally, I believe in Billy Sunday. I believe in him as a man. I believe in his methods as a means to the end, although I don't agree that he preaches the full gospel. And I detest the biotered and begowned class which criticizes him because their Christianity isn't even skin deep, and whose churches are merely social organizations which countenance frumpy and laxity to the limit. And I despise such superficial old blatherskittes as Lucien Stebbins, who is so small and sour and so socialistic that he couldn't detect good in a saint from heaven. And I am not ashamed or afraid to sign my name to these sentiments. The Bee is right. Give the Sunday campaign every inch of space you can afford, and the public will appreciate it. A. B. WOOD.

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Invite to Training School Students. OMAHA, Sept. 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: Well, well, so the cat is out of the bag, the grave where our training school is laid to rest is still fresh, and the flowers strewn on the mound have not withered yet, when the announcement appeared that the University of Omaha opened night classes for girls who wish to obtain state certificates to be eligible to become teachers in our public schools.

But why night classes? Is the day light glare shedding too strong a light on the reason for closing our own training school? The reason for abolishing the training classes, while masked with high phrases and lofty ideals—"the best interests of the schools, the children, etc."—is too palpable and visible now.

I was present at the meeting when the death blow was administered to our training school, asked permission to say a few words as a father and taxpayer in defense of the training class, but was as rudely shut out as the class itself. FRANCIS GOODALL, 278 California Street.

MONDAY MIRTH. "Can't you persuade your husband to work?" "I 'pose I could," replied the weary-looking woman. "But he couldn't work to suit anybody. I might as well keep him at home and find fault with him myself as turn him over to strangers."—Washington Star.

"I hear that Hitler's daughter eloped with his chauffeur." "Yes, and Hitler wired his forgiveness." "What did he do that for?" "He said he thought now there might be a chance for him to use his car."—New York Times.

"Is this a first class postoffice?" inquired the stranger. "It's as good as you'll find in these parts," retorted the native with justifiable local pride.—Buffalo Express.

"You seem to enjoy the heavy Wagnerian numbers on the program?" "I don't." "Then why do you applaud so strongly?" "I want to hear the pretty little pieces they always play for encores."—Washington Star.

"Yes, we went to California." "Did your wife enjoy the scenery in her trip across the continent?" "I don't think she looked at much scenery. But she enjoyed herself, all right. She looked at hats in eleven different states."—Chicago Post.

KABIBBLE KABARET. DEM MR. KABIBBLE, MY FIANCE SAID I AM THE ONLY MAN HE EVER KISSED DO YOU BELIEVE IT? YES, I DO BELIEVE HE SAID IT

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