

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

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SEPTEMBER SUNDAY CIRCULATION. 44,375

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, station manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average Sunday circulation for the month of September, 1914, was 44,375.

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

This war lord business is not the attractive do-nothing occupation it used to be.

High collars are also the fad among the barbarian tribes of the South Sea Islands.

Comparatively few persons, however, really have the time to read our modern "best sellers."

The short ballot brings the quick count; the long ballot and the slow election returns go together.

Song for the defeated the day after election. "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?"

Times must be pretty bad in Houston. A Houston preacher predicts the end of the world very soon.

That Texas judge who decided money is not baggage must have been elected from the plutocrats' district.

There is one industry we would all be willing to see fail and that is the manufacture of war munitions.

Americans never had greater cause for observing their annual Thanksgiving day than they will have this year.

Some of the English seemed to fear that Prince Louis of Battenberg might try to slip some fancy work over on them.

It will not be long before Omaha will have to tackle the problem of its downtown thoroughfares being blocked by parked automobiles.

Herald From Aule—Democrats Are Hurt—Deadline in Springfield Republican.

Now, look out for the work of the voters' political steam roller on November 3.

How kind of all these big business magnates to tell us they see unprecedented prosperity ahead as soon as the war is over. It's only a question, then, of eyesight.

Before waving aside that Boer uprising, remember that twelve years ago it took Mother England eighteen months and 1,000,000 men to straighten out Oom Paul and his crowd.

King Cotton will do well to profit by this lesson and let some of the little princes and dukes, such as corn, oats, wheat and live stock, have a bigger slice of the realm of Dixie.

Any negatives to our motion that the incongruous electric signboard arch be re-located some place where it will not mar the beauty of our classic court house and its approaches.

The way to vindicate the nonpartisan judiciary law is to keep the sitting judges on the bench regardless of politics so long as they are performing efficient and satisfactory service.

Secretary Bryan is wasting his ammunition over in Iowa shooting at Senator Cummins. Iowa people, regardless of partisanship, have always insisted on being represented by big men in the United States senate, and Senator Cummins is in the front rank.

The 100-mile bicycle race from Miss Armando and William Patterson took place this afternoon. On the fifth mile the tire broke on the lady's machine, and she fell, and although another was offered she refused to use it. Frank Partridge withdrew the stakes, and declared the man the winner over the lady's objections.

W. W. Blabough, Esq., a young man from the Western Reserve in Ohio, is in the city looking for a suitable place for a location.

The wedding party this morning abated that the bride had been set for Hallowell's. Gowns were missing, signs transferred and things in general turned topsy-turvy.

The Whitehall & Sully minstrels made their debut at the Academy to a good audience. Although all local talent, the troupe is said to equal the best burlesque companies on the road.

Mrs. E. Schindler and daughter, Miss Fannie, have returned from a three-weeks' trip through the east.

C. N. Newcomb, 328 Sherman avenue, lets it be known that he is the boss carpet weaver. New carpet for sale at 5 cents per yard.

Miss Minnie will give instruction in the Delmar system of cranberry Pie factories. For information call at Room 20, High school, any day except Saturday.

Why, then, may we ask, are so many of our churches leaving the downtown districts, which are the hearts of the frontiers, and repairing to prettier, pleasanter places out as far from the "madding strife" or hot spot as they can get?

Is not the devil holder, are not the pitfalls of sin more numerous down there in the busier districts? Where do you find the Salvation Army and the Volunteers of America and similar barracks, if not in the downtown quarters? Where did Jerry Macauley go to establish his great mission for miserable men but on the Bowery of New York?

It seems difficult to understand why some of the more imposing and commodious church edifices might not be erected nearer the heart of this frontier. Wherever this is done—as it is in many cities—the church is usually the most active and influential in the community. It seems not only running away from a great need and opportunity for churches to desert their downtown stations for the poller locations, but worse still, a manifestation of indifference to the salvation of the so-called "map of the street," which is mighty hard for the man or the street to reconcile with certain noble professions.

Here's a How-dy-do. For the English to question their first sea lord of the admiralty because of his Austrian nativity seems like straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel when we consider the ties of blood kin existing between the king of England and the kaiser, also between the kaiser and the czar, as well as the king and the czar. To be sure, the Prince of Battenberg, who has just resigned from the British admiralty under stress of this criticism, also bears relation to both the German emperor and Russian czar, which recalls a very interesting interview with him on the occasion of his visit to the United States a few years ago, when a New York reporter asked him the question, "What do you think of the possibility of war eventually with England and Russia as allies against Germany?" Eying his questioner for a second, the prince replied:

"Young man, I am an admiral in the British navy, brother-in-law to the czar of Russia and cousin to the emperor of Germany. You are on very thin ice and I refuse to skate."

But if England or any of the other principals in this war stop to untangle the skeins of blood relationship between the various antagonists, they may not get as much fighting done as they had planned. Surely there must have been some more substantial reason for the popular displeasure with the head of the British navy than merely his Austrian birth and Teutonic relationship.

Raising the Cotton Embargo. Denmark goes about the business of buying cotton in the United States in a way calculated not only to get what it is after, but to open the way to the resumption of the cotton trade, resulting greatly in the relief of the situation in this country. The Danish government has passed an act, which the king has signed, prohibiting the reshipment of any cotton or cotton goods imported into that country; all such must be retained for Denmark's own use. This should meet England's objections to cotton shipments from the United States on the ground that, though the exports were intended for neutral countries, they might find their way into Germany or Austria. This position on the part of England has amounted to a virtual embargo on cotton, which, it should be remembered, has at no time been listed as contraband of war.

But the key to the problem lies not so much in an available market as in the ships for transport. That much is admitted by foreign trade experts, who are now engaged in an effort to find vessels for safe shipment. England has specifically stated that its sea patrols will not interfere with American cotton as contraband, and this assurance is taken as a sufficient guaranty that American cotton may safely seek foreign markets wherever possible. Such immunity would not, however, extend to vessels of a hostile flag, no more for cotton than any other cargo. It comes down, then, simply to a matter of finding the right ships for the exportation, and that means that they must be ships flying the American, or some other, neutral, colors.

If the situation has been so far cleared, surely the remaining obstacle to a healthy cotton export trade will speedily be removed. If so, then the case of the south and, indeed, our entire country, is not as bad as might otherwise be. For it will pay such foreign nations as can do so under existing conditions to lay in great stores of cotton at prevailing prices.

The New Frontier.

Go in and possess the land which the Lord swears unto your fathers—to give unto them and their seed after them.—Deuteronomy 1:3.

With this as his text, the Rev. J. S. Lyons, D. D., a noted Atlanta minister, recently preached a forceful sermon on the city as the new frontier of our American life. He said: The great battlefield of the new conquest of America will be in the American city. For thirty years the majority of the people of America have lived in the cities. The dominating influence of the city is ever being made more plain. The problem of the country church is sore and pressing and surely must not be neglected while we attend to the needs of the city.

But the great conquering effort, it is urged, must be spent on the city. The view is a commonly accepted one. In the vortex of city life the many streams of population converge. There the missionary finds the men of other lands come to his very door for help. All that is confusing, complex, conglomerate in our twentieth century life is found here in the busy, bustling, cosmopolitan city. And to do its best work, the church, it would naturally seem, must get as close to the very heart of this frontier as possible.

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Recording Telephone.

Not long ago The Bee adverted to the possibility of the ornamental telephone with the remark that no good reason existed why the telephone set should not develop along artistic lines the same as had the electric lamp, nor why the telephone should not be made to harmonize in design with the other equipment of the room.

The telephone has proved to be such a wonder-worker that the perfection of a recording device will be accepted without surprise, for the announcement now comes of an invention, credited to Edison, by which the conversation that comes over the wire may be inscribed automatically on a phonograph and reproduced at will, and more than once if desired. As yet the "telescribe," as it is called, requires considerable personal manipulation, or, in other words, is in its experimental stage. The practicability of the idea, however, certainly looks inviting—its finality would permit your telephone to work continuously even in your absence, and enable you on your return to pick up all the accumulated messages. It is hinted that the same device may record both sides of a telephonic talk so that it may be verified at any time just the same as if the conversation were carried on in the presence of a stenographer taking it down. So prepare for the time when you will have to be as careful of what you say over the 'phone as of what you put down in black and white on paper.

Mistreatment of Jurors.

The office of juror is, theoretically, at least a solemn one, but the juror is also a badly mistreated person. In the very selection of jurors the intent of the law is often reversed in the placing of a premium on stupidity and credulity. This is done by the court excusing the busy men, and, as most people know, by lawyers holding out for venemous who either have not, or are willing to swear they have not, "formed an opinion."

Another way is by trying to force verdicts, by holding jurors as prisoners under lock and key for days at a time after they have frankly declared their inability to arrive at a verdict. Such an incident is reported from Scranton, Pa., where a jury in a murder case was imprisoned for seven days though its members had told the court they could not agree. Such a proceeding tends to make jury service something to be avoided as a pest. Suppose, after a thorough deliberation upon all the evidence, twelve men, finding it absolutely impossible to reach a verdict, are starved into agreement, what possible relation could such a verdict bear to the principles of justice in the case? Where a human life is at stake it is at least defensible and yet most common. This is one thing that destroys public confidence in the courts.

De Luxe Passengers Below Decks.

One of the marooned American tourists relating his experience in beating it back home, cites with satisfaction the many instances where the idle rich were compelled to accept second class, and even the steerage, as "tending to humble somewhat the arrogant pride of our aristocracy, thus traveling the great common way." The pith and point of his observation is that the distance between the steerage and the cabin de luxe has been greatly shortened for a large number of people who were forced against their will to learn that it is quite possible to travel comfortably, if not luxuriously, as second class passengers and at correspondingly lessened cost. In fact, the masses of the rich and the near-rich for the top deck and the captain's quarters is more for show purposes than anything else—to put on airs of exclusiveness, because the cabins de luxe are usually few, and the below-deck staterooms much more numerous. It is of common notoriety that abroad none but Americans with more money than they know what to do with, insist on first class railway tickets, while the natives prefer second class, and even third class, and not necessarily for financial reasons. Come to think of it, we do not believe it did any harm whatever to compel our home-coming plutocrats to enjoy the beauties of the voyage second cabin and steerage.

Cowardice in Cities.

Mayor Harrison of Chicago takes a very superficial view of the situation, in our judgment, when he says that if the newspapers of that city would "stop advertising the municipal lodging houses and general relief work," Chicago might not become the mecca every winter for thousands of men without visible means of support. The Chicago Herald, we feel sure, gets much closer to the meat of the question when it says that enforcement of the "move on" order in most of the middle west cities has far more to do with it than all the publicity given to such things by the newspapers.

As with the hobo or idle man, so it has si-

ways been with the victims of the so-called social evil, the cowardly and foolish custom of one city passing them on to the next is at the bottom of much of the trouble. Each city has its own responsibility, which, if it would meet instead of shirk, would help greatly toward the best regulation of the situation. And we use the word "regulation" instead of "solution" advisedly. If your neighbor cleaned up his own back yard by dumping the rubbish over into yours, you would have recourse against the imposition and would not hesitate to take it. But when one city runs all the flotsam and jetsam of human society it can from its own back yard into that of its neighbor, its neighbor has very little recourse, except to pass on the undesirable to the next city. This process is continued indefinitely and each city in turn smugly flatters itself that it has solved its social evil or unemployed problem, when it has solved nothing, but only helped to complicate the general problem by a mean and cowardly evasion of its own duty and part in the effort at solution.

The Chicago Herald is right, if we may be permitted to go by experience. If every other city in the middle west would accept this view and do what it can in the matter, Chicago, as well as the unfortunate men, would be much better off.

MUSINGS OF A CYNIC.

Nailing a lie won't always keep it down. Many a fellow wears out his welcome before he gets it. High ideals are sometimes almost as unmanageable as acropines. When a clock is all run down it simply stops working, but a man is different. A successful man is merely one who can make more money than his wife can spend. A bank account isn't always the best yardstick with which to measure a man's value. When a fellow begins tawling his own praise down him out by blowing his own horn. It really doesn't make much difference what a man thinks, so long as he doesn't think out loud. Many a man complains that things are not coming his way when it is really the fault of his way. Don't believe the fellow that boasts that he never tells the truth. He is probably an infernal liar. It's a question whether the quarrelsome people all get married, or the married people all get quarrelsome. A man should always keep his trouble to himself, or at least until he meets some fellow who is looking for it. It isn't every man who can roll in wealth and preserve sufficient equilibrium to keep from rolling out of it. The fellow who says the world owes him a living will find that he has stacked up against a mighty poor paymaster. Good goods come in small packages, in spite of the fact that people who are all wrapped up in themselves may be pretty small.—New York Times.

MUFFLED KNOCKS.

Hush money does more talking than any other kind. A woman doesn't begin to show her age until she begins to try to hide it. A lot of women think it is wicked to play poker. And it is—the way they play it. A single man thinks there are only ten commandments. But a married man knows there are about 10,000 of them. When you see an overdressed woman escorting a man who looks like a door mat, you know who is boss in that house. The old-fashioned man who used to paddie his own canoe now has a son who owns a motor boat named "Ishkabibble."

There was a time when a fool was born every minute. But since the automobile was invented the ratio has increased to four every second.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who used to hoist her overskirt so she could get something out of the pocket in her underskirt? It is funny how little a fellow and a girl learn about each other when they are engaged for five years and how much they learn about each other when they are married for five weeks.

When an erroneous statement gets into a newspaper the Hammer club gets mighty busy. But if you are always as careful what you say as the newspapers are you won't get into much trouble.

The reason why daughter doesn't help mother with the cooking is because daughter is so tender-hearted that she can't bear to peel potatoes because she would have to gouge their eyes out.

It is funny what a difference a few years makes. The girl who used to chew your "wax" in school while you took a whiff at her "all-day sucker" now has a daughter who carries her individual drinking cup so she won't get any germs in her mouth.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SIGNPOSTS OF PROGRESS.

For the last five years this country has used from 85 to 87 per cent of the copper it produced.

The manufacture of fuel briquets from sawdust, shavings and naphthalene is a new Colorado industry.

Two London chauffeurs have patented a brush to be suspended on the outside of an automobile wheel to prevent it splashing mud.

A Connecticut man has patented an ash can on wheels, the handles of which can be locked to hold it stationary when not needed to move it.

Seventy-five per cent of the work of manufacturing rifle ammunition for the United States army and navy is done by women.

Save horses from slipping on icy streets there has been invented a shoe with grooves in which may be slipped and fastened a plate with cables on its under side.

Successful frog farms are in operation in several parts of the country, notable ones being found in California, near San Francisco, and in Missouri, near St. Louis.

The United States now has nearly 1,900 miles of steam railroads that have been electrified and plans are under way for changing the power on 1,443 miles more in the near future.

The largest known phosphate bearing field is in the Rocky Mountain region through the states of Wyoming, Utah, Montana and Idaho. It is at least 420 miles long and 250 miles wide.

A remarkable capacity was demonstrated recently at the first performance of a new locomotive bought by a western road. It hauled at a rate of fourteen miles an hour fully loaded fifty-ton gondola cars to a length of one and six-tenths miles. The train had to be started with the help of other locomotives to avoid pulling out the drawheads.

ODD BITS OF LIFE.

George Mahalo of Hallowell, Pa., has sued William Hurra for damages for hitting him in the face with a large, juicy wad of chewing tobacco.

A San Francisco undertaker has built a funeral automobile that carries thirty-seven persons in addition to a casket and ample space for flowers.

In a Paris tram car a wounded French soldier, vainly endeavoring to bring his bandaged right arm up for a salute to an officer. "Today, my friend," the officer said, "I salute you," and he did.

In 1885 one of the employees of Nelson Negus of Marquette, Mich., lost a watch on the latter's farm. While drawing sand from a hill a few days ago Negus found the watch, which is still able to keep time.

At a meeting of the Doughnut Club of Worcester, Mass., a six-inch doughnut was presented to one of the members of the club who had reached his sixty-third birthday. The club was formed thirty-eight years ago, when the charter members used to meet for doughnuts and coffee at one of the Worcester restaurants.

Mrs. Mary Lease, now living in opulence on her Long Island estate, picks out "Bill" Sulzer as one of the few great and good men of the times, which ought to give "Bill" a new lease on popularity.

People and Events

The assertion of political opponents that "the south is in the saddle in Washington" is a shade misleading. The saddle is a cotton bale.

The finishing touches of the fight for the governorship and the senatorship in Pennsylvania have grown so fierce, as to rival the battle of the Alms for front page honors in Philadelphia papers.

One of the candidates chasing an office in New York City has an interesting and voluminous past. His published record shows two indictments for arson, one named in a bribe scandal and once an inmate of the Elmira reformatory. The name of his nerve tonic is not mentioned.

Political strategists of some experience estimate that the dead, wounded and missing on November 3 will number three out of every four combatants. As the strategists calculate an average of four persons are fighting for each office, the estimate of casualties will come pretty close to the mark.

Party prodigals are trotting back to the old homesteads, some boldly entering at the front door, others scaling the back fences. The latest desertions from the bull moons include Dick Quay of Pennsylvania, son of the late Boss Quay, and W. Bourke Cockran of New York, one of the most accomplished political gymnasts of the time.

The greatest blow dealt the pie counter in recent years was delivered in New York City last week. A \$5,000 a year job was given to a man who never turned a hand for party success and was not asked to give his party affiliations. Can you believe it? Sure thing. Moreover, the man is qualified for the job, and was picked out of 30 applicants who answered the want-ad inserted in newspapers by the authorities. The new officer will have charge of the purchase and distribution of supplies under the direction of the charities commissioner.

WOMEN'S ACTIVITIES.

The Woman's Civic Center is the name of an organization in San Diego, Cal., the object of which is to make the city a better place in which to live.

Miss Hattie Story has been appointed postmistress of Bokchite, Okl. Miss Story is the daughter of the editor of the Bokchite News and has had several years' experience with him in the newspaper business.

The girls in one of the fashionable schools near New York will wear a uniform costume this winter, and the dealer who makes the dresses is bound not to sell them to anyone else, so that exclusiveness is still maintained.

John D. Rockefeller advises women who are beginning to get old to take up golf. He thinks that it will do old women as much good as it does old men. And for young women he thinks it an excellent game as it will prevent their ever getting old.

Anna Vaughn Hyatt has been engaged to make the equestrian statue of Joan of Arc to be placed in one of the public parks of New York. It will represent the Maid of Orleans at the head of her soldiers. The pediment will be of the same stone that formed her dungeon at Rouen.

Miss Augusta McCrellis of North Berwick, Me., is still working at the loom, having been continuously at the work for almost fifty-three years. She is said to be still as alert as in her girlhood days and her intellect is unimpaired. She is interested in everything that is taking place in her world.

Every Belgian woman in America whose husband is in the army of that country will be paid 15 cents a day, and if she has children, 5 cents a day for each child. Unless they are able to earn a little more these women will no doubt be a charge upon the community in which they live this winter.

California has a woman forest fire lookout who, when the fire season begins, establishes herself at Kiamath peak, in Siskiyou county, 5,444 feet above sea level. The only human being seen by the lookout from one week's end to the other—unless, indeed, some gallant adventurer undertakes to seek her out—is her sister, who brings the mail from home once a week, and needed supplies.

Three women, one in Texas, one in Colorado and one in California, have recently entered public life in various capacities, and have attracted much attention among suffragists and anti-suffragists. Mrs. Annetta Abbott Adams of San Francisco has been appointed assistant United States attorney, Mrs. Eula Lowe of Dallas has taken the oath of assistant county attorney and Mrs. Agnes Riddle is candidate for secretary of the state of Colorado.

God bless the old United States. Where Freedom's banner flies, Where joyously the mother waits With bright and smiling eyes, The father, coming home at night, His day of toiling done, And where to meet him with delight His happy children run.

Here all the tears are honest tears And pain is honest pain, And here secure throughout the years The toilers' homes remain. Here fireflies are not desolate By needless shot and shell, But honor to the soldier wait The men who labor well.

God bless the old United States, God bless her people, too; God keep forever at her gates The old and sturdy and true, And may its beauties never die, But every year increase; God grant that flag shall ever fly Above a land at peace.

E. A. Guest in Detroit Free Press. God bless the old United States, God keep her people strong; God guard the peace within her gates And fill her lands with song. Teach us who dwell beneath her flag To cherish peaceful ways; To cease of cannon's strength to brag And uniforms to praise.

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