

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD S. ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

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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.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 13th day of September, 1915.

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

Thought for the Day

"Miss Helen, I've asked the dear Lord to make it pleasant tomorrow, and mamma's going to ask Him, too, and as she knows Him pretty well, I think He'll do it for her."

Every warm September day adds millions to King Corn's crib.

Only two weeks now till our Ak-Sar-Ben festivities will be in full blast.

Let your light shine brightly for ten more days, Oh Sol, and the bakery is yours.

Comparatively speaking, Uncle Sam lives on easy street, but is not an easy member.

During his Omaha engagement, "Billy" Sunday will have to play against the world series. We bet on "Billy!"

Even if "Billy" Thompson is too old for the job, there are other avenues of activity wherein the Oiler treatment may be dodged.

Should the British courts persist in locking the safe on the packers' \$15,000,000, the great American consumer may be relied on to make good.

The talent exercised by Rock Island directors in diverting millions from the corporation treasury will be put to a far greater test by the judicial task of restoring the money.

For the Sunday campaign the first ten days' collections in Omaha exceeded the first sixteen days' collections in Des Moines, and are only \$250 less than in Paterson. Not such "tight-wads" as some would believe.

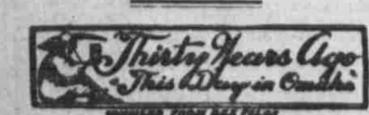
New consignments of "atrocity" stories are again coming from the European war areas. The whole conflict is such an atrocity that it will take something exceptionally lurid now to make anyone sit up and take special notice.

It develops, as suspected, that the fight is not so much to keep the allies from getting the loan, but to keep the flotation profits from being gobbled up by one group of Wall street bankers without letting the others in on a share.

Even neutrals will feel a throb of pity for the Fatherland, now that Russia has called millions of territorials to the colors. Germany is already feeding a million Russian prisoners. The prospect of doubling the number imperils the home supply of food.

In former times Indians were unfortunately too eager to imitate the worst habits of the worst white men. Changes for the better are developing steadily. The exhibits at the Thurston county fair are gratifying evidence of progress in agriculture, industry and the useful domestic arts.

The wait this long would indicate that our federal judgeship vacancy is to remain unfilled until congress meets in December. Still, the president has been making recess judicial appointments—for example, in Illinois, although presumably only where all the powers-that-be are agreed on the selection.



The board of examiners, composed of John Rush, W. W. Keyser and Mrs. Sudborough, have engaged two days examining Miss Sheldon and several other teachers for certificates to teach in the city schools. In the case of Miss Sheldon, they are insisting on their own examination as necessary, notwithstanding the possession of a state certificate.

The monthly social of the Arion society was held at Germania hall with a large attendance, including guests from abroad: The Misses Ida Ebbelrock and Carrie Rock of St. Joseph, Miss Ritter of Springfield, Ill., Mr. Redick of Kansas City, Miss Maggie Epeneter and Osa and John Epeneter of Council Bluffs.

The Seward Street Methodist Episcopal church gave a reception to its pastor, Rev. C. W. Savidge, which was attended by many of his old friends during his previous years with the First Methodist Episcopal church.

Mr. Thomas B. McCullough and Miss Maggie Riddell were married by Rev. Mr. Williamson at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Engle, 64 North Sixteenth Street. The groom is the efficient ticket seller at the Council Bluffs transfer, and the bride is a sister of Mrs. Engle. They will make their home at the river.

Alfred Adams for the past few months a stenographer in the Union Pacific law department, returned to his home in Sibleia, N. Y.

Money in the Middle West.

The answer of the reserve banks of the middle west to Secretary McAdoo's offer to place government money with them for the moving of the crops, is a fair indication of the general conditions in this part of the country. The managers of the reserve banks replied to the secretary of the treasury that plenty of money is on hand in this region for all purposes.

What's the Constitution Between Friends?

What's the constitution between friends anyway? The democratic guardians of this sacred ark of the covenant down at the state house have each taken a solemn oath to obey and enforce the constitution of Nebraska, but are nowadays busy finding ways to violate it. One section of the constitution says expressly:

No money shall be drawn from the treasury except in pursuance to a specific appropriation made by law.

But when the state treasurer refused to honor warrants drawn in favor of the fire warden for moneys which the legislature had failed to appropriate, the attorney general advised that the requisitions be nonetheless honored because the fire warden's office collected fees in sufficiency to cover the amount.

Each legislature shall make appropriation for the expenses of the government until the expiration of the first fiscal quarter after the adjournment of the next regular session, and all appropriations shall end with such fiscal quarter.

It usually has been assumed that the appropriations of each legislature lapsed not later than July of each biennial year. The purpose is to prevent continuing appropriations and make each administration stand financially on its own bottom. If this provision of the constitution, therefore, means anything, it is hard to see how the appropriation referred to remains available to the first of September without lapsing, except by stretching the plain letter of the law.

Incidence and Coincidence.

A somewhat remarkable illustration of the working of the law of probabilities comes from Washington just now. The fortuitous presence at the nation's capital at the same time of the Little Giant and the former secretary of state made it possible for them to call together on the attorney general, on whose recommendation primarily rests the filling of a vacancy on the federal bench. It is not to be thought that this meeting and call was prearranged; far be it from such. It just happened that Mr. Thompson had some business at Washington in connection with an irrigation project that could be put off no longer; Mr. Bryan remembered that something he had overlooked till then required his attention at the capital, and, most remarkable of all, Mr. Gregory had just ended his little vacation trip. Altogether, it seems a wonderful working out of the proposition that everything will happen that ought to, but it isn't very encouraging to other aspirants for the ermine, when they reflect on what occurred when Brother-in-Law Tommy Allen shed his hat into the ring.

Word from Stefansson.

Out of the icy vastness of the north polar region comes a message that will make the world turn from the war for a moment, while it gives its tribute of regard to the personality of a rugged man. The word is from Vilhjalmur Stefansson, and announces his safety and that of his two companions, who were last seen by the party under his leadership, drifting to the north on an ice floe that had been broken away from the main body by an arctic gale. When Stefansson last came back to civilization from the north, he brought with him the story of a race of blonde Eskimauz, and for months the scientific world was agog over this and other discoveries he had made. What additional information he will have of his adventures and investigation since he drifted from sight of land in March of last year may not even now be conjectured, but it is some gratification to know that this hardy explorer has conquered the adversities of that forbidding land, and may yet come back to astonish us with further information, curious if not useful, of men and beasts under the very top of the world.

Because "St. Paul day" put it over "Minneapolis day" at the state fair, the Minneapolis Journal knocks on the whole system of so-called "special" days for different cities at such public shows. It calls the awarding of days to cities "a silly custom" without any compensating benefit. We fear, however, Minneapolis would not have discovered how "silly" it all is, had "Minneapolis day" only scored bigger than "St. Paul day."

It took thirty days to raise the Sunday campaign expense money in Paterson, and twenty-six days to raise it in Des Moines, where, however, the budget was much smaller than in either Paterson or Omaha. The impression given out that in this respect Omaha is proving a "tight-wad" is entirely unwarranted.

The attentions paid by foreigners to Miss Columbia are too precipitate to command cousinly favor. The danger of kidnappings, however, is remote. The great American heiress is sufficiently experienced to wink the other eye and whisper: "Gentlemen, this is too sudden."

Now for the New Dances

UNTIL the other day many persons in New York and other eastern cities were thought to be pretty well posted on the latest dance steps. This created a certain amount of amateur competition for the dancing masters. The dancing masters of the Second District, which includes a number of eastern states, have just developed a plan of campaign, however, which they calculate would put the teaching of the very latest steps under their control for a few months, and at the end of that period they will meet again to create more new fashions in dancing. This step was taken in an effort to outflank what many of them have termed their greatest enemy, the New York cabaret, which, they say, was creating new dance steps faster than the dancing masters themselves could learn them.

The flanking movement was decided upon at a meeting of the Second District masters held in Duryea's Dancing Academy following the Congress of American Dancing Masters held last week in this city. As a consequence New York has now at least ten new dances to learn. All were demonstrated by Oscar Duryea, and after looking on awhile the gathered male and female dancing masters from this and other cities, the former in shirtwaives and the latter looking as wilted from the heat as ever did suffering dance pupils in any of their schools, took lessons in the new steps until they felt that they were letter-per-foot perfect.

The names of the new dances as made public include the pericon, the globe trot, the national fox trot, the exposition waltz, the march militaire and the syncopated waltz. The other four new dances are those "standardized" by the Dancing Masters' congress. The pericon, it is explained, is intended primarily for exhibition purposes. The globe trot is a rollicking, barn-dance sort of thing intended for the youngest of the younger generation. The march militaire is a product of the dance psychology produced by the war. The others are new forms of old dances.

According to Robert C. Campbell, an Albany dance teacher, who presided, the tendency of dancers is to return to some of the graceful features of the waltz, and the aim of the dancing masters is to invent new and graceful steps to take the place of some of the "horror" that the cabaret has produced. "We want to purge present day dancing," he said. "Variations of the old waltz steps have been introduced in a number of the new dances that are being brought out. Last year was a comparatively poor year for the dancing instructor despite the number of dancing schools that sprang up everywhere, for the way depression seemed to take people's minds from the art, but we expect a boom in dancing this season. It can be sensed already, and coupled with it will be a return to common-sense ideas in dancing. The hesitation steps will not be so popular this year, as they have been; the syncopated waltz will continue popular."

How Doth the Busy Bee?

Collected by the New York World. Why the Mule's Ear Was Sore. C. E. Edgemoor of Hastings Centre, Oswego, County, New York, recently took one of his mules from the pasture where it had been for several weeks and while hitching it up noticed several bees flying around the animal's head. Fearing that their presence would bring an attack of nerves to the mule he shooed them off, but they promptly returned and disappeared in the animal's right ear. Mr. Edgemoor investigated and says he found the bees had swarmed in the lower part of the ear and had deposited a considerable amount of honey in a comb. The swarm was dislodged, the honey cleaned out and it was found that the interior of the ear was inflamed from stings. Mr. Edgemoor lost a hive of bees a few weeks ago.

Bees Fought Off With Water.

Wildam Scherm, a farmer, is in the Beaver (Pa.) hospital in a critical condition from a thousand bee stings. Scherm climbed a tree and started to saw off a limb on which the bees had swarmed. The limb broke unexpectedly and the bees attacked Scherm, literally covering his head. Scherm lost consciousness from pain and fell to the ground, breaking three ribs.

Bees Tried to Reach the Injured Man, but were Driven Back by the Bees. Finally, with a hose, the bees were fought off.

Velled Copper Hunts Bees.

Wearing ear muffs, a veil and long gloves, Police-William Simms, on a motorcycle, has been cruising around Weston in a vain hunt for a beehive full of bees and the man who stole it from the estate of Philip Coburn in Wellesley street. The authorities of all the surrounding Massachusetts towns, in response to urgent pleas from Weston, are also on the watch, but up to a late hour Tuesday night neither the bees nor the burglar had been traced.

Twice Told Tales

Too Much is Too Much.

Mary Jane's master is a slightly eccentric bachelor. He has one most irritating habit. Instead of telling her what he wants done by word of mouth he leaves on his desk, or on the kitchen table, or anywhere else where she is likely to see it, a note curtly directing her to "Dust the dining room," or "Turn out my cupboard," and so on.

The other day he bought some note paper, with the usual die-sunk address imprinted upon it, from the stationer, and ordered it to be sent home. Mary Jane took it in, and the first thing that caught her eye was a note attached to the package. She read it open-eyed.

"Well," she said, "he's asked me to do a few things in his blessed note, but this is the limit. I won't stand it no longer."

For the note read:

"Die inside this package."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Slight Exception.

The lady who sat in the physician's consulting room was certainly stout. Her reason for seeing him was that he might prescribe some course of treatment which would reduce her too solid flesh, and after some consideration the doctor drew up a dietary for her, ordering her strictly to follow it and report to him in a month. At the end of that time she came back looking stouter than ever. The physician was abashed.

"Are you quite sure you ate what I ordered?" he asked.

"Everything," answered the patient.

His brow wrinkled in perplexity. "And nothing else?"

"Nothing whatever, doctor, except, of course, my regular meals."—Chicago Herald.

People and Events

Life is bound to brighten up in China. Fifty-six automatic pianos, each with twenty-five rolls of the kind of music played on Broadway, are on the way from New York to China. The instruments are the Chinese commission's contribution to the anxiety of the baby republic.

An enterprising farmer near Wilmington, Del., proposes to turn his 60-acre farm into a pasture exclusively for goats, use the milk to make Swiss cheese and import Swiss milkmaids to do the work in old country style. The enterprise will be a helpful tip for those whose goats are lost.

Up on the coast of Maine where the surf carresses the rocks Miss Victoria C. Bazier of New York, a college professor, was teased about by a rude pounding sea and stripped of her bathing suit. Two daring fishermen, with eyeline closed, dashed in and brought Victoria to dry land and clothes.

A professor in Missouri's university comes to the defense of the toothbrush. So long as the implement is operated by the owner only, the professor says, there is no danger, because the germs, if any, are home grown and used to the surroundings. When foreign germs are introduced then trouble begins.



Preparedness. OMAHA, Sept. 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: It was a pleasure to read your editorial of yesterday, entitled, "Setting Nebraska Right." In it you say, "Nebraska will support a sane and sensible preparedness policy—one that provides for adequate military and naval equipment," etc.

There is no doubt that your editorial will meet with a favorable opinion throughout the state. Expressions of popular sentiment coming to me from friends in various parts of our state, convince me that Nebraskans stand for a policy of adequate naval defense.

During my absence on summer vacation, some of my friends took it upon themselves to elect me to the office of president of the Nebraska section of the Navy League of the United States, and upon my return, they urged me to accept the office. This I have done because of the conviction held that Uncle Sam must maintain a strong navy for national defense, and to promote our commerce throughout the world. My convictions along this line have been more than confirmed by the utterances of some of the best men of the nation, and the Navy League of the United States has issued a number of pamphlets on the subject, which throw a strong light upon the nation's condition of unpreparedness. These I have read carefully, and wish, with your permission, to commend them to the attention of all thoughtful Nebraskans who wish to receive full information on the subject. The league has provided me with a supply, and I will mail copies to any one who may request them of me.

ARTHUR C. SMITH, President Nebraska Section.

Nebraska's Total Vote. PILGER, Neb., Sept. 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: To settle an argument please answer in The Bee how many votes were cast in Nebraska at the last presidential election and what was the largest vote ever polled in the state.

W. C. MONTGOMERY.

Note: Total number of votes in Nebraska in 1912, was 229,124.

Back to the Dark Ages.

NORTH PLATTE, Sept. 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: I have been a subscriber to The Bee for the last year and I am always intensely interested in the column headed "The Bee's Letter Box." Of late, however, there have appeared a number of articles from one Lucien Stebbins, and from his attacks on the Christian religion, a right thinking man is forced to believe him a product of the "dark ages."

I say, if this religion is so obnoxious to Mr. Stebbins, perhaps the civilized world would not miss him greatly should he betake himself to some pagan country where the religion would better fit his ideas.

The church of Jesus Christ is the most broadening and catholic organization among men, since its vision is to the ends of the world whither the gospel is being carried and since its citizenship is in heaven as well as in the earth.

I earnestly request that Mr. Stebbins not make us blush with shame again by such unmanly utterances. I live in the same town.

CHARLES O. TROY.

A Sailor, Not a Soldier.

HEADQUARTERS, Neb., Sept. 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: Is a man who belongs to the United States navy a soldier? A. C. THOMPSON.

Note: No. He's a sailor or a marine or a naval officer.

Boost and Don't Knock.

WISNER, Neb., Sept. 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: As a Methodist church-goer myself and my family, I wish to put this up especially to John W. Henderson "Judge not, lest you be judged," in reference to "Billy" Sunday, as a traveling blasphemer. Do you think God on his throne would have allowed Mr. Sunday to have lived this long if he were that? I don't think so.

I have never heard Mr. Sunday, but I fully believe he is doing a great work. An uncle, the Rev. Fletcher Homan, now Methodist minister of First church of Erie, Pa., but formerly president of the Methodist Wilkes-Barre university at Salem, Ore., said he had had grave doubts until he heard him himself and had met him face to face; then he stated, although he did not care to use his methods in preaching, yet he (Mr. Sunday) reached people the ministers would never reach in the churches.

If we can not say a good word, let's keep silent about this campaign. MRS. IVAR C. JENSEN.

P. S.—As to the party writing the "Socialism's Disent," he must be poor financially or he would not be a socialist. We are, but we are not a socialist. I consider them quitters, for as a usual rule they sit on dry goods boxes howling about the government. Of course, there are a few exceptions, but they are few.

Peace and Politics.

OMAHA, Sept. 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: According to your paper the Lutheran church refuses to join other denominations in an appeal for peace to the governments of Europe on the ground that it is a political move. The report says it is not the policy of the Lutheran church to participate in politics or to take action looking toward the influencing of governments. I can see nothing political about any church trying to bring about peace. The Lutheran church in America has been trying to influence the government to place an embargo on arms and ammunition to the allies. At nearly every church council or meeting throughout the United States they have sent protests. President Wilson in regard to this, which is more of a political move? B. P.

Just Jealousy Born of the Devil.

OMAHA, Sept. 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: Since the Christians of the city are all too busy working for God and enjoying the feast of their lives to pay any attention to what the sinners are saying against this religious movement I will venture a word. If this "bunch" would only use their energy against the vices of our land as strongly as they are using that energy against one who is out tooth and nail for the Bible, they might accomplish something. If Mr. Sunday delivered a speech without hitting the vices you'd never hear a word out of these knoockers. He's a cur and he always yells. A man doesn't set up a howl. I've paid more to churches and preachers than I will give to "Billy" Sunday. I won't have to, because "Billy" Sunday is reaching out and getting everybody interested. Most preachers have no interest in you unless you belong to their church or have the money. In the churches the expenses all fall on a few, and that's why we each pay more to

preachers than any of us do to "Billy" Sunday. He gets only a little from each. Too many preachers have such a cold, formal way of shaking hands that they repel people from the church. Any belief is all right for some people. There's a bunch that's always sick or always imagine they are insulted. Such a bunch needs Christian Science, because it's the only science on earth that can find anything the matter with them, and it finds it and sends them on their way rejoicing. In any reform it is a fact that just as quick as one fellow forges ahead of the rest and accomplishes things extraordinary, then half the bunch jumps onto him and they would kill him if they could. It is all jealousy born of the devil and nothing else. The "likes of you" cannot hurt "Billy" Sunday, and it only does people good to know he hit you. MRS. A. F. W.

SUNNY GEMS.

Will the party who signed a communication to The Bee "U. B. James" kindly send address.

Mrs. Peck—I suppose if we should have war you'd remain at home like a coward. Peck—No one who knows you, my love, would call me a coward if I remained at your side.—Boston Transcript.

"Why was Gladys making inquiries as to which of the young men she was going to meet over automobiles?" "I suppose she indulges this new science of preparedness."—Baltimore American.

"There is one thing you cannot deny here," growled the first native. "I should say so," agreed the second. "There ain't been anybody hit by an ambulance in a week or more."—Buffalo Express.

His Wife—Never mind if you have lost everything. You still have me. Mr. Husband—But you're not an asset. You're a running expense.—Judge.

Eminent South Boston Judge—And the court hereby adjudge that you be fined \$75. Dilapidated-Looking Prisoner—Sivinty-folve hades! What'd y' think Ol am-Belgium?—Boston Advertiser.

"Who's the man with no raincoat, umbrella or rubbers?" "That's Snooks, the celebrated writer on preparedness."—New York Mail.

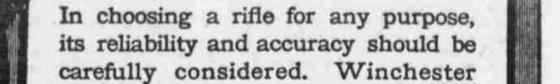
"Your daughter seems to be an accomplished musician." "Yes, indeed; she can play any sort of a one-step her friends want to dance."—Detroit Free Press.



DEAR MR. KABIBBLE, NO MEN WITH BLACK EYES MAKE GOOD HUSBANDS? YES, BUT WHY GET ONE THAT IS BEAT UP?



WINCHESTER

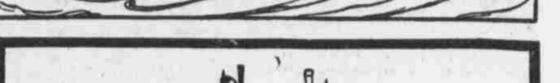


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