THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND SEVENTEENTH.

Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

	By carrier per month.	By mail per year.
Daily and Sunday	65c	$6.00
Daily without Sunday	45c	4.00
Evening and Sunday	40c	6.00
Evening without Sunday	35c	4.00
Sunday Bee only	20c	2.00

Send notice of change of address or complaints of irregularity in delivery to Omaha Bee, Circulation Department.

REMITTANCE.

Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only two-cent stamps received in payment of small accounts. Personal checks, except on Omaha and eastern exchange, not accepted.

OFFICES.

Omaha—The Bee Building.
South Omaha—2318 N street.
Council Bluffs—14 North Main street.
Lincoln—26 Little Building.
Chicago—901 Hearst Building.
New York—Room 1106, 286 Fifth avenue.
St. Louis—503 New Bank of Commerce.
Washington—735 Fourteenth St., N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Address communications relating to news and editorial matter to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

OCTOBER CIRCULATION

54,744

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 October, 1915, was 54,744.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 3d day of November, 1915.

ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

November 24

Thought for the Day

Selected by Anna Anderson

No duty done or light attained in any most obscure corner of life, but helps to perfect duty, and perfect life, that are to be. — *Phillips Brooks.*

The speedway of the air is not concerned with good roads. Its pressing need is smooth landings.

It is up to the "welcome arch" to feature the new spirit of the city hall. 'Pay up or get off the payroll."

Nebraska's alfalfa crop is valued at $24,000,000. The huskiest youngster in King Corn's family is a comer, all right.

The gospel of preparedness expounded by Prof. Taft carries an increased store of ginger, since Yale's eleven went down and out.

City employes must pay their bills. Why shouldn't they when the tradesmen whom they owe help by their taxes to pay their salaries?

Secretary of State Pool evidently wants it distinctly understood that he is running his office himself without any outside assistance.

Mr. Turkey Gobbler may walk with head erect in Omaha. He commands as high a price here as the average in the big market cities of the country.

Anyone can see what is going to happen to that Missouri congressman, who says a theater ticket is the price of a woman's vote, whenever women vote in Missouri.

The phenomena of an elder "sowing wild oats," as interpreted by a professed scientist, lacks an essential detail. Are his conclusions based on experience or observation?

No good reasons exist for a British lord grieving over the preparedness plans of the United States. Besides, the home demand seems fully equal to the supply of lordly grief.

Talk about "invisible government by Lincoln's mayor takes on the color of ground floor information. What "Brother Charley" does not know on that subject is not worth seeking.

One of the suppressed London papers is allowed to resume publication. Two weeks' experience with a muzzle produced the humbleness of spirit which evolves the apologetic tone.

The teller in the office of the Chicago city treasurer, who, lured by the speculation fever, got away with $1,500, is to be prosecuted, notwithstanding the fact that his relatives have paid the money back. It's different in Chicago.

Must be some mistake about the discovery of crooked work at the recent primaries in Pittsburgh. It is almost unbelievable that the habitat of Bill Flinn, consecrated to the bull moose uplift three years ago, has already backslided.

Note the advertisements offering imperial German government bonds to American buyers. The German financiers, no more than the British and French financiers, on the other side of the water put no stock in the charge that loaning money to a belligerent government is a breach of neutrality.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

GLEANED FROM BEE FILES

The Society of Nebraska Railroad Surgeons met in the office of Dr. Bryant, 1304 Farnam street, with Dr. Mansfeld of Ashland presiding. The other Omaha names are Dr. W. J. Galbraith and Dr. G. B. Ayers.

The Omaha Boat club is preparing to give a grand minstrel entertainment to replenish the exchequer.

Charles Potter has been appointed official stenographer for the district, vice John T. Bell, resigned. Mr. Bell is going to give his entire attention to his real estate business.

Articles of incorporation are filed for the Rock Creek Land & Live Stock company, with a capital of $250,000, to operate in Cheyenne county, with these incorporators: J. T. Clarke, J. B. McMillan, W. B. Lasere, W. H. Burns, C. H. McCauley.

Judge and Mrs. P. O. Hawes left for Louisville, Ky., to join a large number of their relatives in a Thanksgiving reunion.

Rev. Dean Hart of Denver is the guest of Dean Millspaugh.

The marriage of Mr. Zera Snow of Portland and Miss Woodie McCormick of this city, occurred at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Lacy, aunt and uncle of the bride.

Specious Comparisons.

Comparing the amount spent on preparedness with the amount spent on agriculture, as Mr. Bryan does, is referred to the class in logic. Agriculture richly pays for itself, so the government has a relatively small function. Preparedness is outlay for insurance. You might as well use the amount spent by the Department of Commerce on promoting business as a comparison.—Harper's Weekly.

Mr. Bryan has a bent for specious comparisons when he wants to make a point for which he is short of convincing argument. If he needs a striking contrast he might as well compare the amount spent out of the national treasury on preparedness with the amount spent for the children's bureau, for there are many more children in the country than there are farms, and the disproportion would show up much bigger. Mr. Bryan knows, however, as does every one else who does any thinking at all, that the amount spent on preparedness is spent as much for the benefit of agriculture and to protect the children from the ravages of war as is the money appropriated for the Department of Agriculture or for the children's bureau. Where war stalks there is no agriculture and the children quickly become orphans. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and preparedness that prevents war is what permits the normal pursuit of peaceful industries and avocations.

The South Learning a Lesson.

The November summary of crop yields shows that the production of cotton in the south has decreased, both through a lessened yield per acre and through a decreased acreage, as compared with last year, and that corn production has correspondingly increased until now the south produces 27 per cent of the total corn yield. If the distress of last year, which had a reflex influence upon the entire country, has really taught the south the lesson of diversified agriculture it will have been well worth the price. Long ago the agricultural north learned this lesson and in consequence has been the most consistently prosperous section of the United States, but in the meantime the south has clung to tradition and king cotton, with the result of alternate fat and lean years, some of the latter bordering on actual distress, as was the case last year. The north need have no fear that the corn production of the south will lessen the prosperity of the great corn belt, for there is market enough in sight for all the corn and incidental products of the grain that both can produce, and the north, as well as the south, will profit by the steadying influence which diversified agriculture will have upon the latter section. Cotton will doubtless always be the staple of the south, just as corn is of this section, but putting all the eggs in one basket generally proves poor policy.

Resting on the Seventh Day.

Our dispatches tell of Rev. "Billy" Sunday's expedition from Syracuse to Toronto and his enthusiastic reception there on Monday, which recalls the fact that when he was engaged in his Omaha campaign he put in his Mondays in a similar fashion, making runs to Lincoln, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs. When he contracts for a revival "Billy" stipulates particularly that he shall work only six days a week, leaving him the seventh day for rest, although he is to take his rest day on Monday instead of Sunday. Yet, the only difference between the rest day and the other days is that he devotes the time to some neighboring town as a side line. If the seventh day for rest is the right rule, why doesn't "Billy" observe it himself?

Juggled Treasury Statement.

As truth of the charge that democratic fiscal policies have placed the United States Treasury in an embarrassing position the fact is adduced that it has been found necessary to juggle the figures to conceal the real condition of affairs. The October treasury statement shows a balance in the treasury and in banks of $117,635,947, while the statement of August 4, 1913, showed a balance of $105,793,571, which would indicate that the available funds of the government for meeting its obligations had increased in a little more than two years of democratic control to the extent of $11,842,376, whereas, according to an analysis made by former Senator Bourne, the available cash has, in fact, decreased during that period, $102,276,444.

This difference is a big one, even for financing on the scale of the federal government. The figures in both instances check perfectly, but comparison of the items, which compose the two statements disclose the discrepancy.

In the first place, following a custom in vogue for years, the statement of two years ago did not include as available funds $30,000,000 of subsidiary silver, silver bullion, minor coins and similar items. Again the democrats have added to available funds $80,000,000 national bank redemption funds which before had been included in the liabilities. The first item might be legitimate as the money in question is the property of the government, but for all that its inclusion makes the comparison between the two statements unfair. Just what warrant, however, there is for adding to "Available surplus" a trust fund such as the bank note redemption fund, is difficult to discern, and it is suggested that should any national bank juggle its bookkeeping in that manner the bank officals would find themselves in serious trouble. The unescapable deduction from the actual facts is that democratic management of the nation's finances has been a failure.

The Great Northern ranges itself beside all well managed railroads with a satisfactory showing on the profit side of the ledger. Despite a loss of $10,000,000 in the year's gross income the company overcame the loss and $1,000,000 over by efficient adjustment of operating expenses to earnings. Thrift and efficient management rarely have occasion to borrow an umbrella from a bankruptcy court.

Belated comfort for trouble past is offered hay fever victims by a doctor of some distinction at Atlantic City. Ordinary nostrils, he asserts, are immune to the disease. The pollen of the ragweed invariably seek high-class olfactory recesses, and its presence is an infallible sign of good breeding. In view of this assurance it behooves possessors of the sign tenaciously to cling to their exclusive eminence.

Germany applauds President Wilson's note to Great Britain as enthusiastically as Great Britain cheered certain bygone notes to Germany. Herein lies the advantage of defending neutral rights. No matter in what direction a note is thrown, applause is sure to come from the opposite quarter.

Thanksgiving's Changes

Philadelphia North American.

IF YOU look at Thanksgiving day fairly, it furnishes its own best reason for existence in the way we observe it nowadays, for there was a time—when Thanksgivings were young and in their vacillating infancy, so to speak—when you couldn't have told whether you'd have turkey, with lashings of stuffing, or would have to go hungry and pray most of the twenty-four hours besides.

Back in 1631, when Thanksgiving was starting on its ultimately triumphant march across a country many times broader than the colonists held then, it was just as likely to be a day of fasting and prayer as of feasting and decorous rejoicing. It depended on which way the cat of colonial fortune happened to jump, and there wasn't any particular day for it, either. The good—almost too good—people of Massachusetts hadn't quite got their grip as yet on the new soil, and they still depended largely on food supplies that came from Europe. That year they were on the verge of starvation, and so a day of fasting—February 22—was appropriately set apart.

Perhaps fate considered that fasting proposal as an evidence of sporting blood too genuine to be further afflicted; anyway, it sent favoring winds to a ship from Ireland that was laden with provisions, and it arrived before February 22 could give those lean bodies their foretaste of full starvation instead of mere hunger. With their sense of the appropriate as active as ever, and with infinitely more good will, the colonists promptly switched off the connection with their fast-day plans and converted them into a pious thanksgiving.

Benjamin Franklin's sense of humor sometimes let him flip history rather irreverently, but he has left this account of the way the colonists finally came to be sure of enjoying a square meal instead of going hungry:

"At length, when it was proposed in the assembly to proclaim another fast, a farmer of plain sense rose and remarked that the inconveniences they suffered, and concerning which they had so often wearied heaven with their complaints, were not so great as they might have expected, and were diminishing every day as the colony strengthened; that the earth began to reward their labor and to furnish liberally for their substance; that the seas and rivers were found full of fish, the air sweet, the climate healthy and, above all, they were in the full enjoyment of liberty, civil and religious; he therefore thought that reflecting and conversing on these subjects would be more comfortable as tending to make them contented with their situation, and that it would be more becoming the gratitude they owed the Divine Being if, instead of a fast, they should proclaim a thanksgiving.

"His advice was taken, and from that day to this they have, in every year, observed circumstances of felicity sufficient to furnish employment for a Thanksgiving day, which is, therefore, constantly ordered and religiously observed."

The truth was—even if Franklin's farmer was nothing more than an invention to emphasize the sound philosophy of optimism versus pessimism—that the Pilgrim Fathers had become hungrily human when left to themselves in the presence of an apparently limitless game supply and with no oppressors to make them feel life wasn't worth living. In spite of their dour faces and sour looks, they felt swelling within their narrowed souls the eminently human instinct for having a good time some time or other.

In the ordinary course of the year's events that would have been Christmas, the cheery old English Yuletide. But they had rejected all Yule festivities as savoring of the "mummery" against which they were so many living protests, and many a time their divine souls forced them to forego the beef and goose and big plum puddings of the mother country, whose dust they had washed off with 3,000 miles of salt water. A Thanksgiving day, with plenty to eat as the oblation, hit those hearty old settlers just where they lived. Once started, they went to it with the appetites of wolves. So Thanksgiving, honestly interpreted in the light of its history, is really a sort of substitute Christmas.

Between thirty and forty years ago, and probably for a good many years further back, New York most conspicuously, and other communities in less pronounced fashion, held Thanksgiving observances which were remarkably close to the Yuletide pleasures of England in the days when the Pilgrim Fathers quit that land for a better one. The "fantasticals," composed of men who arrayed themselves in motley imitation of kings and nobles and famous personages of history, roamed the streets as the wassailers did in old England. But the fantasticals of those Thanksgiving days were far from being the simple, humble glee singers and modest maskers of the English Christmas. It was notorious that they used their disguise to practice the modern art of the hold-up, where the Christmas wassailers merely accepted gifts that were willingly offered. It was conceded that the American methods, if not so orthodox, were immensely more enterprising and vastly more profitable for the fantasticals. Writers of the period traced their origin as mummers directly to the Christmas waits of England.

Meanwhile, the old Puritan Thanksgiving had suffered so many other jolts in its extension throughout the country that for the mass of the people, if not for the direct descendants of the pilgrims of New England, there remained only the Thanksgiving dinner to represent the original observance of the day. However, readily the straitlaced old colonists fell in with the plan to rejoice instead of grouching, it had been impossible for people of their immediate history and strict temperament to make anything but a sedate and pious observance of the day.

It was in 1891, when the Thanksgiving congregations had dwindled near to nothingness and the theaters were beginning to reap the holiday harvest which soon ranked as the biggest of the year, that foot ball collided with Thanksgiving. That was about the last of the old-fashioned, grave, full-fed and more or less comfortably pious Thanksgiving. Everybody went to the game who could afford to; the rest thronged the streets to share the ensuing riot of excitement.

It has been that way ever since, but with some marked modifications in popular amusement, none of them more edifying than foot ball, although all of them carry greater dignity than the forsaken mummery of the fantasticals. There are many golf matches where weather permits; much promenading, pending the final score on the most important gridiron; a good deal of matinee, a number of trips "back home in the country"—anything and everything except the solemn and formal Thanksgiving that endured until the civil war as an institution nearly as pious as it was popular.

As it stands now, the only feature of the old Thanksgiving that remains to us is the turkey, and there are neither too many of them nor too many observers of the turkey tradition to dine on them.

People and Events

Removing the marriage bar from the teaching profession in New York public schools resulted in the marriage of 275 women teachers this year. At the present time seventy-eight teachers are on maternity leaves of absence.

A San Francisco woman invested $62.50 in a set of "genuine fox furs," offered at a bargain, because "smuggled." On her first parade with the bargain goods a downpour of rain converted the coloring into a smear, revealing the skins of coyotes, rabbit and plain tomcat. Then came tears to fade the bloom of her pride.

San Francisco courts are perking up and growing chesty. One of the judges recently took a day off looking up authorities to determine what punishment was due a policeman who actually snored while the court was awake and doing business. What conclusion was arrived at is not known, but the cop was alive at last accounts.

The cabaret fox-trotter, Al Davis, has hooked up with the New York heiress, Miss Eugenia Kelly, whose capers commanded dubious publicity for two years past. The marriage took place in Wilmington, Del., twenty-four hours after Davis obtained a divorce in New York. Al is quite as speedy of Eugenia. According to the family, if Davis gets next to the money it will be at the end of a lawsuit.

The Bee's Letter Box

A Recrudescence of Piety.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., Nov. 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: After reading the war summary, that which carried the greatest appeal in The Bee, to my notion, is the second and third columns of the editorial page, the fourth column adds spice from the fact that one does not know what is coming next, on the order of a one-price package sale, and a dry goods or a jewelry store.

As the reading lately has been of a rather serious nature, I venture to ask if you will endorse the sentiment in the following effusion, as one of the bunch of traveling men who push out from Omaha, would pay a modest tribute to the crusted, frosted and polished brow of a condiment which sticketh closer than a brother, and as a friend in need—indeed—has no equal

THE PIE WITH THE VARNISHED TOP

The drummer sat in the hotel chair and
fell in a musing strain,
And, as far as I could get it, this was the
gist of his refrain:
"I have one great consolation as I travel
o'er the line,
That keeps me still a-plugging, and why
I can't resign.
For, wherever I drop my traveling grips,
where'er I sign to stop—
I'm sure to meet my old standby—the pie
with the varnished top.

It doesn't make much difference, as I
travel from coast to coast,
Whether they have pigs' feet and onions,
or a blooming hard boiled roast;
Whether they have cold storage chicken,
or eggs that Noah did store,
For my heart just fills with gladness, as
I walk past the dining door,
To hear the waiters whisper softly in a
voice quite low and shy,
'We have something special for you today
—a beautiful hand-rubbed p.e.'

As I fly across the country, and stretch
out my frame once more,
A sense of peace steals o'er me, and I
calmly sleep and snore.
For I know that just behind me, in the
Pullman dining car,
That the dough is up and doing, in a
great, big stoneware jar.
And I know that what'er may happen,
whether we go right through or stop—
There is one who will never forsake me—
the pie with the hand-rubbed top.

As sure as the world's a-turning, I cannot
escape my fate,
For it's all the same on the express train,
or the heavy local freight.
For there are no eating houses, and no
restaurants complete,
Without the pies a-shining, and stacked
some three feet deep,
So why should I fret and worry, if we're
in for a long-time stop,
For I know just close, within a block at
most—there's the pie with the varnished top.

And you may well believe me, that the
hardest thing to beat,
Is the friend I have just mentioned, when
you want something to eat;
When you've just got fifteen minutes,
and the con. yells 'All aboard!'
To know that somewhere in you, a piece
of pie is stored.
You may talk of all your banquets, and
the extract from the hop,
But the big thing in creation—is the pie
with the glossy top.

And when this traveling life is done with,
and life at last is o'er,
I hope to meet this friend again, upon
the other shore,
Eternal bliss would not be mine, unless I
had a taste
Of that marvelous concoction, of fruit
and flour and paste,
And I know that every drummer would
not even think to stop
Unless he had at least one whack at the
pie with the varnished top."

2029 Ave. D. W. H. LUNN.

Organizing Business Nationally.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 22.—To the Editor of The Bee: Three years ago the Chamber of Commerce of the United States was organized. It had no membership and it hadn't a dollar.

Today it stands as the spokesman of 680 commercial organizations representing nearly 300,000 business men, firms and corporations throughout the United States.

In three years it has become a great constructive force in the business life of this nation. It has helped vital commercial legislation at Washington. It suggested important amendments to the federal reserve act, assisted in the readjustment of the Department of Commerce and influenced important modifications that appear in the final form of the trust bills.

As the time of the fourth annual meeting approaches the great business convention to be held in Washington in February, the national chamber stands committed through referenda to the proposition of the upbuilding of a merchant marine, a national budget and a permanent non-partisan tariff commission.

Agriculture and Labor have long been organized. Now the Chamber of Commerce of the United States is organizing business nationally. It has nothing to conceal. It is the mouthpiece of no clique or group. The New York banker and the San Francisco merchant may be found in its membership. Its voice is the voice of American business. It speaks for all.

Let me say to businessmen everywhere, the national chamber is your organization. It is fighting your battle. It is doing what you could never hope to do single-handed or through local organization. It is contending for just what you want to see in this whole country—business stability, integrity, sanity, understanding. And it wants and needs and indeed must have the encouragement and support of every live, patriotic business man in the United States.

JOHN H. FAHEY,
President Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

Nebraska Editors

Karl L. Spence, editor of the Franklin County News will be a candidate for state senator.

Editor A. L. Brande of the Pierce Call celebrated the thirty-eighth anniversary of the founding of his paper last week. The Call is one of the best papers in this section of the state. It is now housed in a new building of its own and has a three-magazine linotype and other modern equipment in proportion.

Hildreth Telescope: Editor Robinson, of the Upland Eeagle, is not only a good man with the lead pencil but is a fluent talker as well. The Upland Gospel team pressed John into service last Sunday night when they visited Hildreth and assigned him the subject, "Charity," which he handled in a manner that led us to believe that possibly he had missed his calling.

The libel suit brought by M. S. McInnich, a former Nemaha county attorney, against Editor J. C. Volline of the Auburn Herald, asking $15,000, was dismissed last week by Judge Begley. Since the suit was filed several months ago the plaintiff has removed to Kansas City and a motion of the defense to require bond for the costs was sustained by the court. The suit grew out of an article printed by the Herald several months ago referring to the connection of Mr. McInnich with another suit.

CHEERY CHAFF.

Crawford—I hear he met with a most humiliating accident.

Crabshaw—Yes. After dodging expensive limousines for years he was run over by a jitney.—New York Times.

"How are your sons getting on?"

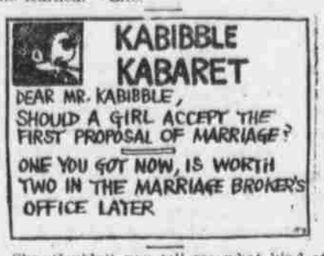
"Fine. One has a soft job—he makes feather beds. And the other has a snap—he makes steel traps."—Baltimore American.

"Why all these toots as you pass that village," inquired the fireman.

"Toots is my wife's pet name," explained the engineer.—Kansas City Journal.

"What has he been doing since he graduated from college?"

"He has been trying to find out what he learned."—Life.



She—Couldn't you tell me what kind of work my brother is suited for?

He—He'd make a good stage hand at a moving picture theater!—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Married One—Raycer says he has a 2-year-old that can do a mile in 2:10.

The Bachelor—I've heard all kinds of stories about precocious babies, but that one is the limit.—Puck.

"Odd how one's clothes react on one's mentality. Now when I'm wearing a business suit I'm all business; when I'm in evening dress social matters occupy my attention, and when I'm out in golf togs I don't think of anything but the game."

"And I suppose when you take a bath your mind's an utter blank."—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Sharp—These two women don't speak any more. Each said that she had the smartest child in town.

Mrs. Carp—Which was right?

Mrs. Sharp—Neither. I have.—Baltimore American.

SOW! SEW! SO!

Christian Science Monitor.

This is the way my father sows,
As up and down the field he goes,
Walking fast, or walking slow,
Right and left the grain to throw.
Father knows,
While he goes,
That the grain thrown here and there
By-and-by good crops will bear.
All he loves will have a share
If the grain he throws with care,
So he throws,
So he goes,
Sow! Sow! Sow!

This is the way my mother sews
As up and down the seam she goes,
Working, singing, soft and low,
While she's sitting there to sew.
Mother knows,
As she sews,
Jackets, trousers, aprons, too,
Johnnie's hat and baby's shoe,
Patching old, or making new,
Love runs all the stitches through.
This she knows,
So she sews,
Sew! Sew! Sew!

I can neither sow nor sew.
When I'm big, I'll learn then, though,
But while little as I grow,
Little bits of love I'll show,
For I know,
As I go
Tending baby, calling Nan,
Running errands like a man,
Helping mother all I can,
Love will grow where it began,
Ah, I know,
See, 'tis so.
Little bits of love count up,
Like drops of water in a cup,
Fill it—so!
Twill overflow!
So! So! So!