

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER... VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR... BEE BUILDING, FARM AND 17TH.

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AUGUST CIRCULATION: 50,295

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of August, 1913, was 50,295.

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

Mr. Carnegie enjoys a peaceful little joke.

Omaha will surely look good to Lincoln today.

A recall for the weather man might get some support.

Per contra, the Omaha team has now won four games in succession.

September morn would be so much worse were it not for these September nights.

Wander if he taught the snake dancers of Hopis to sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

"Figs in clover" is all right as a game, but pigs in alfalfa are what count with the farmer.

Summer tourists will hereafter plan their trips to last longer, if they are wise and have the price.

"I want British justice," said Thaw when captured in Canada. But, now that he has it, he doesn't want it.

Ex-King Manuel of Portugal has found a wife. We thought he would as soon as he quit the king business.

Those mid-summer day dreams must have been dreamed in a summer before the mid-days got as hot as they are nowadays.

Did you read the analysis of the two water reports, as made by an expert engineer? It is very illuminating on certain dark points.

"The split skirt shows a cracked brain and an empty heart," says Rev. G. L. Morrill of Minneapolis. The parson must be a close observer.

The grand old hebeus corpus is a two-edged sword that cuts before or aft, it makes no difference whether in Canada, in Great Britain or in the United States.

Omaha will be very glad to give the mail carriers a joyous welcome when they come, even if we do have to wait two years for the pleasure of entertaining them.

It is a cinch that the new election law will be "liberally" administered in Omaha now, with the judge's son drawing pay as chief clerk in the commissioner's office.

Some little consolation may be found in the fact that each passing night brings us that much nearer to Indian summer, the most glorious of all seasons in Nebraska.

Premier Aquith was attacked while playing golf by two infuriated militant suffs. That is what they get for building their golf links over there in the wild forests.

President Wattles of the street railway company says the new line to the southwest will be located where it will serve the most people, a proposition to which all might reasonably agree.

North Platte people are complaining that a 15-cent rate for water is too high. They ought to listen to Omaha's expert commissioner for a little while, and then maybe they'd be glad to have water at any price.

The Rockefeller money is going in the automobile business, reports say. The Standard Oil planning to take over three auto factories. Well, with the gasoline, the biggest factor, to begin with, it ought to be a going business.

A Lesson in it for Us.

Drawing upon the approaching Porter Charlton trial for a text, the Lincoln Star thus unburdens itself: One does not feel compassion for Charlton because he must stand trial in a land of strangers. He must entrust his life to attorneys who speak a tongue which he will be unable to understand.

The condition confronting the young Nebraska boy called to answer so far from home to the majesty of the law of Italy is indeed pitiable, but how many times has it had a counterpart in this country? Time and again, unfortunate foreigners, with no knowledge of our language or our customs, without friends or means of establishing their innocence, even where their innocence might easily be proved, bewildered, dazed, discouraged, are ground through our so-called mills of justice.

The Call for Gaynor.

Some men are born lucky. There is Mayor Gaynor of New York, for example, rejected for renomination by Tammany, the fusionists and the other organizations only to be sought out and drafted by "the people" as the people's candidate.

The mayor is seated at his desk grinding out the business of his office, when suddenly he hears shouts from without. Stepping to the window, he sees a vast crowd in the City hall park, so vast that it fills the commons. It is "the people" come to petition him to run again for the office—the office at last seeking the man. Even stouter-hearted men than Mayor Gaynor might have yielded.

No Cinch for Sulzer Now.

All William Sulzer has to do to secure the vindication he is seeking from the people is to convince them that he is right. That is what the Hon. Cole Blease of South Carolina says, and Cole ought to know, for he admits he was in much the same fix as Sulzer and carried his case to the people, who vindicated him. "Convince the people you are right and they will never forsake you," says the Hon. Cole.

The New York Herald says the plan "will not work," and offers a very good reason why. "The very moment that he began to oppose the fullest trial of the charges against him, that moment his case fell," says the Herald. "He should have resigned the moment he decided not to meet the charges at the court of impeachment."

Schools and Hot Weather.

The experiences of some towns and cities where schools opened September 2 rather tend to vindicate, for this year at least, Omaha's policy of waiting till September 8 to resume. For if weather conditions are not materially better it can do little good to open the schools. Children cannot be expected to buckle down to study such weather as this, and if they keep out of mischief they will do mighty well. The long, uninterupted strain of the last three months is telling on grown-ups, to say nothing of the young folks, and for the sake of all it may be hoped that complete relief will come before the school bell rings. In Chicago, according to reports, 10,000 boys played hooky on the first day, and under the conditions are not to be too severely blamed.

Tabloids of Science

An Australian wood called yate is said to be the strongest known and is imported for automobile construction. The city of Los Angeles has illuminated signs indicating the names of streets which are turned on and off by clock-work mechanism. A dummy aeroplane secured to a pivot, but swayed by the wind, has been designed to get students acquainted with the sensation of flying.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

SEPTEMBER 5, 1913

Thirty Years Ago—The grand lodge of the Knights of Pythias of Nebraska is in session and elected new officers, the only ones from Omaha appearing in the roster being A. Rosenstein and Joseph Shrophire. The knights paraded in the afternoon and held a banquet at the Paxton in the evening.

Workmen are rushing on Crutchen's new store building, which Mr. Falconer says will be ready for occupancy by the tenth.

Mr. James France has resigned as superintendent of the Southwest Presbyterian Mission school.

The forthcoming marriages of Julius Nagel and Miss Mary E. Lange, which will be celebrated next Tuesday.

The asphalt pavement was completed today from Webster to Izard street.

Mrs. Hussie was agreeably surprised at her home on Twenty-fourth and Cumming by upwards of thirty couples congregating at her house who later repaired to the storeroom below for dancing.

James Chambers and Miss Jeanette Jewett were married at the bride's residence last night. Miss Woodie McCormick, Miss Grace Chambers and the bride's sisters, Misses Belle and Daisy Jewett, were the attendants.

The San Ceremonie club reorganized for the season by electing the following officers: President, Chas. Morano; vice president, Will Wilbur; secretary and treasurer, Frank Murr; additional members of the executive committee, Jack Carrier and Charles McCormick.

Twenty Years Ago—The public schools opened with fully as large an attendance as was expected by the teachers, and larger than desired by the kids.

Mayor Jenius vetoed the pet measure of the journeymen barbers closing the shops on Sunday.

R. F. Hodkin's new trade paper, the Commercial Exhibit, which made its initial appearance the day before, was the object of much favorable comment.

The report from Washington that Congressman Dave Mercer had requested the War department to remove a company of Indian soldiers from Fort Omaha, where they had become a nuisance, led Colonel Stanton at the fort to say that he thought it was right that "the Indians are a nuisance and experience has demonstrated the impracticability of trying to make soldiers of them."

Among those who obtained marriage licenses were John L. Noble and Agnesina Hanson.

Andrew Hill, a boy of 11, was fatally injured at the fair grounds and the accident was a most horrifying one. The lad with others had leaped the low rail fence into the track and just as he alighted on the track a horse driven by a sulky sped by too late for the boy or driver to avert disaster. The shaft penetrated the lad's brain above the temple.

Ten Years Ago—The democrats named a judicial ticket for the Fourth district composed of four democrats, C. E. Dickinson, Guy R. C. Read, E. C. Farn and A. N. Ferguson; and three republicans, Irving F. Baxter, Leo S. Estelle and George A. Day. Ed P. Smith was re-elected chairman of the judicial committee against his vigorous protests. He said he had piloted two such tickets to defeat and didn't care for a third dose.

A general advance in the rates of laundries was announced at the local laundries meeting to have a definite enough agreement among themselves to make such an announcement.

Miss Eileen Sweeney, who had been visiting her brother, John W. Foley, and family, 215 Grand avenue, returned to her home in Blandville, Ill.

C. W. Martin and Mrs. Martin, who landed a few days before at New York from Europe, where they had made an extensive visit, were on their way home.

Twice Told Tales

The Wrong Idea. W. Gooden Low, the brilliant raconteur, said at a dinner in Newport: "Too many people regard society much as Lotta Golde did."

"Lotta Golde, pouring tea for her father, Gobas, and her brother, Scattergood, said the other afternoon: "I'd like to give a Venetian fete next week, papa."

"But you gave a Roman revel only yesterday, my dear," said Gobas. "How often do you wish to entertain your friends?"

"This," the young girl replied, "is not to entertain my friends—it is to snub my enemies."

A Bit Thicker. A wealthy philanthropist said of an unwise charity: "Such a charity, sustaining the shiftless at the expense of the thrifty, reminds me of Farmer Brown's hired man, John."

"John's a good feller," said Farmer Brown, "but a bit thick—a bit thick."

"I'll tell you what John's like. I sent him out one morning to thin out the onion patch. It was a fine patch, but overcrowded. He worked a day or two on the job, and then I went to see what he'd been doing."

"Well, sir, I found that he'd pulled out all the biggest onions and heaved them away, leaving only the smallest, meanest plants in each row. I asked him what in tarnation he meant by such work, and he said he wanted to give the little fellers a chance—the big ones had crowded them out, and they couldn't grow."

"Yes John's a bit thick—a bit thick,"—Washington Star.

No Danger at All. Senator Vardaman said of a certain trust's defense: "The defense is worse than the offense. It takes 'em back to Bath Beach."

"A young lady at Bath Beach had occasion to complain about one of the bathhouse attendants, an old fellow, who, in the hurry of cleaning up, would sometimes burst in upon her in her bathhouse without knocking."

"One morning after this had happened for the sixth or seventh time the young lady took the old fellow to task on the spot. "See here, Peters," she said, "there's no lock on my bathroom, as you know, and I must insist on your knocking before you enter. It hasn't happened yet, but it might very well happen that you'd come in on me when I was all undressed."

"Peters" with a chuckle, hastened to reassure the young lady on this point: "No fear of that, miss," he said. "No fear of that. There's a knothole in the door that I always look through before I venture in."—New York Tribune.

Editorial Snapshots

Boston Transcript: The proof of a joy ride is not in starting, but in getting back.

Washington Post: The late Joseph Pulitzer has justified all eulogies on his business ability by leaving an estate that grows faster than the lawyers can divide it.

St. Louis Republic: Senator Hitchcock does not seem to see the difference between the saying that there is a time for all things and the assertion that this is the time for everything.

Brooklyn Eagle: The Panama canal, deep enough to bury something like \$300,000,000, is declared "too shallow" by Engineer Elmer L. Corbell. "Forget it!" is the slangy but condonable exclamation of most American taxpayers.

Springfield Republican: The dedication of the palace of peace at The Hague may fairly be called the most notable event of its kind since the building of the temple of Janus, which was a temple of peace whenever there did not happen to be a war.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: The appointment of Henry Morgenthau as ambassador to Turkey in place of Mr. Rockhill, leaves little doubt that the diplomatic service is to be restored to the category of political spoils. The president's academic support of civil service reform is not effective against the practical politics of the senate and state department.

The Bees Letter Box

Mr. Wooster and the Bible. OMAHA, Sept. 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: Like Satan, Mr. Wooster can quote the Bible glibly enough; but like Satan, he invariably misinterprets it. A little while ago I had occasion to call him, for quoting St. Paul to prove that the latter held that it was right to lie to glorify God. Mr. Wooster wrenched a text from its contents to make St. Paul say what he did not say. Yet when brought to book for his blunder, to speak gently, he did not have the saving grace, either to defend his interpretation of St. Paul, or to admit and apologize for his mistake, if I mistake it was, rather than conscious dishonesty.

In his last letter to The Bee he appears again, quoting Christ, and misinterpreting him: "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and his brethren, and sisters, and his own soul, he cannot be my disciple." Mr. Wooster chooses to interpret these words of Christ so as to make him say what he does not say. If Mr. Wooster will turn to any English dictionary which he may happen to have, he will find that the word hate is used in the sense of loving less, as well as in the more active sense of bearing malignant ill will. The Standard calls that sense archaic. Let that be granted. But archaic or not, that is the sense in which the passage quoted by Mr. Wooster. It is the sense it bears in Proverbs, 13:24: "He that spareth his rod hateth his son."

The passage quoted by Mr. Wooster is exactly paralleled by that Christ says in Matthew, 10:37: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me. He that loveth his wife or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me."

Of course, Mr. Wooster cannot comprehend this demand of Christ for the supreme allegiance of the soul of a disciple. How can he? So long as Charles Wooster feels himself to be morally and otherwise superior to Christ, of course, he will think Christ's demand of the human soul foolish and immoral. But then neither the world at large, nor yet Mr. Wooster's own neighbors will agree as to his comparative judgment of himself or of Christ.

The world's six quarters today with Christians is that we do not begin to measure up to the stature of Christ's disciples. And the world is altogether right. It is just because we do not love Christ more than we love father, or mother, or wife, or children, or houses, or land, or wealth, or pleasure, that the world despises us. It would not love us, if we did. But it scorns and despises us because we do not, so many of us, even try to meet Christ's demand upon our supreme allegiance.

But now, after all, Christ's demand upon the soul of a disciple is exactly paralleled by the demand which every patriot makes upon the soul of a citizen. Fifty years ago when the nation called its sons to arms it made exactly that call. Hundreds of thousands of our young men heard and obeyed that call. They left all and followed the flag, as Christians should follow the cross, to the death, or to victory. In the sense in which Christ used the word, they hated father, and mother, and wife, and children, and life itself, that this nation might live as a beacon light to the world.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the other passage quoted by Mr. Wooster in his weak attempt to make the religion of Christ odious.

Think not that I am also come to send peace on earth; I am not come to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man against his father, and a son against his mother, and a daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law, and a man's foes shall be those of his own household.

Assuredly so! It would not be otherwise. There is an eternal conflict between truth and falsehood. That conflict existed in the world before Christ came. His coming intensified that conflict, by making right and wrong more clearly defined, truth and falsehood also. The word was, is, the symbol of that conflict, which will go on until "Christ shall have put down all enemies under his feet."

Mr. Wooster loves to dwell upon the crimes of Christians against one another through the ages to prove his charges against Christianity itself. Well, there is liberty then, a principle also sacred and holy. Doubtless sacred and holy in his eyes. Will Mr. Wooster be willing to apply his rule of judgment to it as he applies that rule to Christianity. Is the sacred principle of human liberty to be judged by the crimes of the reign of terror in France, by the crimes of Robespierre, Danton and Marat, when they enthroned a prostitute and worshipped her as the Goddess of Reason, in ritual mockery. These were atheists all, and supreme devotees of reason. Would Mr. Wooster like to be held responsible for them, or to have his conception of reason and liberty judged by theirs. If not, why not? JOHN WILLIAMS, St. Barnabas Rectory.

Proof of Prayer Efficiency. BEATRICE, Neb., Sept. 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: The words of Christ are recently quoted, "These signs shall follow them that believe," were a promise to God's people of His protection and care in case of accident or disease. For one to produce a condition of willful poison, accident or disease, to test God's power, or His promise, would show lack of any faith in Him, and also be tempting Him. It is written, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord, thy God."

The promise given by Jesus to His disciples have been and are being fulfilled many times, both in the apostles time and ever since, when the right condition was met; but it never has been done and never will be to satisfy the idle curiosity of a sign hunting people or to test God's power.

I am no Scientist, but have seen many cases of healing and curing out an evil spirit. There is an aged lady in this city who was paralyzed until she could move neither upper or lower limbs. She was instantly and completely healed and moved while they were praying. She immediately got up, dressed and walked. She is still alive, well and hearty, and though 80 years of age, is able to go out nursing and ever ready to testify to God's power in healing. Unbelief is a hindrance, sometimes. I might say at all times. "And He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief," Matt. 13:58.

If there are no inspired scriptures, what caused Jeremiah to say 57 years before the destruction of Jerusalem, "I will make void the counsel of Judah and Jerusalem in this place and I will cause them to fall by the hands of their enemies and by the hands of their own people that shall give to their carcasses will be given to be meat for the fowls of heaven and for the beasts of the earth; and I will make this city desolate and

and hissing. Every one that passeth thereby shall be astonished and hiss because of all the plagues thereof, and I will cause them to eat the flesh of their sons and the flesh of their daughters, and they shall eat every one the flesh of his friend, in the siege and in the straits, when their enemies shall straiten them; and they that seek their lives shall straiten them; and they shall eat of the flesh of their brethren." Jeremiah 19:7, 8, 9. This prophecy was fulfilled A. D. 70. See Josephus "Wars of the Jews."

And what caused Jesus to prophesy of the persecution and slaughter to be poured out on the Christian from His day to this, caused not by Him or His true people, but by those in whom dwelt the demon of "My will, not thine?" And the martyrs, rather than lose that crown of everlasting life awaiting, save their lives willingly to benefit all mankind. All so-called Christian nations are the prosperous nations of today.

MRS. L. Q. P. S.—There seems to be such a misunderstanding of scripture, I can't help sending the enclosed. I will send the name of lady cured of paralysis if any one desires it, so they can write to her and witness.

The Better Way. SILVER CREEK, Neb., Sept. 3.—To the Editor of The Bee: If "Hastings" does not like to read "That Charley Wooster 'dope'" then let him read some pious screed. That holds out shameless hope.

That when we die, we need not fry in hell's fierce, fiery flood, if only we, on benediced knee, accept the price of blood.

O, Hastings! city of the plain! Fair queens without a crown! Why don't you paint your rhyming saint As 'tis a circus clown?

Then writing his neck, if he don't trek To some far distant town, Where saintly smoke may eat and smoke, Nor fear old Wisdom's frown?

It is a shame (we I to blame) That in these modern days, Of whole-a-sort, disarming things That shade no tear.

That men would lie supinely by As on some darksome day, And scorn the light all burning bright To lead them on their way.

Come, Hastings, let us sisters be, And always love the sister; With a few of dogmas drear, That quench the light in night! SILVER CREEK.

GENIAL JABS. "So you lost your money in the stock market?" "No," replied Mr. Lambkin; "I didn't even have the fun of losing it myself. I took another man's tip and let a broker play it for me."—Washington Star.

Vacationist (at summer town)—What do you do here in support? Native—Loaf and fish, stranger. Vacationist—And in the winter? Native—Went out the fishin'—Boston Transcript.

"That poor fellow can't find anything to do. He can't make people believe him and he has no friends." "I took another man's tip and let a broker play it for me."—Washington Star.

"You used to say," she complained, "that you had enduring love for me." "With some of bird and breath of oyster No payments to its passing bring The dying year. No shout of triumph fills the ear. No cry of sorrow, even to lend A note of change—but dull and drear Our summer's end!"

And autumn comes with whispering So softly that we can not hear The voice of spring she seems to sing By summer's bier. And if she leaves today are dear, Were yesterday's much greener? Men! Your phrase! When have you seen a pear?

Our summer's end! And autumn comes, not with the sting Of sharp regret; no sudden veer Of whole-a-sort, disarming things That shade no tear. She's finished half of her career. That she has come, and brought us here Our summer's end! And autumn comes! But we, my dear, Care not, for she has been our friend, And taught us we must never fear Our summer's end!

THE END OF A HOLIDAY. Ted Robinson in Cleveland Plain Dealer. And autumn comes—not as the spring. With songs of bird and breath of oyster No payments to its passing bring The dying year. No shout of triumph fills the ear. No cry of sorrow, even to lend A note of change—but dull and drear Our summer's end!

And autumn comes with whispering So softly that we can not hear The voice of spring she seems to sing By summer's bier. And if she leaves today are dear, Were yesterday's much greener? Men! Your phrase! When have you seen a pear?

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