

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor. BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND SEVENTEENTH.

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53,993 AUGUST CIRCULATION. 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.

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

Even the world series is having a tough time of it this season.

Official communiques from Salt Creek show that the typewriter batteries are doing great execution in the Harmony trenches.

Viewed from any point of the compass, September weather is the most energetic booster of optimism that ever struck the corn belt.

Italy has placed cotton on the contraband list. The American cotton grower need not worry so long as Uncle Sam banks the crop.

Is it possible Mayor "Jim" and "Billy" Sunday could have been the infants sung about by "Little Buttercup" who "mixes those babies up?"

If our mail service does not improve after the cordial hospitality Omaha has been extending the letter carriers, we will think our efforts unappreciated.

Get it straight. The Friends of Peace will be loyal to the United States so long as the United States is loyal to the tenets of the Friends of Peace.

Chas. Nicholas goes to the front to direct his armies in person. Kaiser Wilhelm, King Emmanuel and King Albert are similarly engaged. A royal flush painted red.

Nothing that the republicans have ever said about the democrats in the state house was ever so grilling as what these distinguished democrats are saying about one another.

What the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina was altogether different from what the governor of Nebraska is saying to the treasurer of Nebraska.

The shocking charge is publicly made that the prohibition candidate for governor of Massachusetts "drank beer out of a bottle." It is not the offense that shocks, but the manner of doing it. A Bay state thirst which surrounds the neck of a bottle constitutes a mortal sin against good taste.

The Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle drops a semi-official intimation that Secretary Lansing would be an admirable senator from New York. The reasons suggesting a change are that Senator O'Gorman "is not in complete harmony with the administration." Nebraska patriots, do you get that?

A New York magistrate falls against women operating automobiles. "In the first place," he says, "she hasn't the strength, and in the second place, she is very apt to lose her head." Even so, she will not exert the strength, she has or lose her head sufficiently to knock down a pedestrian and dash away to escape the penalty of misconduct.

According to the Wall Street Daily Journal, there are 1,500,000 registered automobiles in the United States. The latest estimate of the Department of Agriculture says there are 1,900,000 horses and 4,000,000 mules in the United States, despite the shipment of 420,000 animals to the war zones of Europe. The horseless age may be approaching, but, like the millenium, it is still in the distance.

Thirteen Years Ago This Day in Omaha: The day cleared up for the fair and a good crowd was on the grounds to look at the exhibits and witness the races. Henry Pundt, with a record of twenty-seven years, is out for the prize box of coffee offered to the oldest grocer in Omaha.

A black veil, a most delicate good for twenty cents at the Gate City restaurant, and a boy's felt hat may be recovered by the owner by applying at police headquarters on the grounds.

A social was given at the Metropolitan hall for the benefit of Miss Mollie Fogan, the young woman recently injured in a runaway, with prospects of substantial proceeds, over 100 tickets having been sold. The gentlemen interested in the affair included T. E. Jones, J. A. Booth, G. F. Burnett, H. J. Fuller, A. J. Eaton, John Miner, George Sternsford, Alva B. Cook, F. V. Whetstone and G. W. Crandell.

A. Whetstone at the office of W. R. Shriver undertook arrangements for a grand electric parade and carnival for Friday night.

The Bee acknowledges a reminder by the Parlin & Orendorff Presses that the issue of the Bee for Friday night, Sept. 11, is the guest of the brother.

Go to It, Governor.

If the tone of his public statement fairly indicates the state of his mind, Governor Morehead is somewhat perturbed because of the consummation of State Treasurer Hall, in refusing to pay out money on warrants drawn to meet expenditures for which no appropriation was made by the legislature. The governor admits that the Gerdes law is a good one, but finds no good in the treasurer because he obeys it. But the governor countercharges that the state treasurer has not been so scrupulous in observing other laws, and cites instances of specific wrong-doing. Moreover, he announces his intention to present the treasurer to the courts, not to be dealt with as a renegade in his official duty, not to enforce restitution of public money illegally diverted, but, if possible, to compel him to disregard the plain letter of the law the governor himself helped to put on the statute books.

The constitution of Nebraska makes it the first duty of the governor to see that the laws are upheld and enforced. He is not clothed with any royal prerogative of suspension or dispensation. The governor admits cognizance of alleged malfeasance by the state treasurer. If he has known of this for so many months, why has he waited all this time to bring it to public notice, and why does he now disclose it only to support a threat? And, right here it might be well to direct the attention of the governor to a provision of law he seems to have overlooked. He says he would have been willing to approve a bond for the treasurer in the sum of \$500,000, although the law of Nebraska, section 5735 of the Revised Code says the bond shall not be less than \$600,000, and not less than double the sum that may come into the treasurer's hands, as fixed by the governor. Did not the governor, as charged by the treasurer, thus advise him to do an illegal act, in calling for a bond for only \$500,000, when the law makes \$600,000 the minimum?

Other little points in this delightful demagogic family row will later be brought before the public, but enough is already out to make sure that the constitution cuts little figure between the democrats except when they disagree among themselves.

No More Teachers' Training School.

By decisive vote the school board has affirmed the decree registered in star chamber session by three members of the teachers' committee abolishing the teachers' training course, but the debate has brought out nothing to disclose adequate reasons for the move. It is not perhaps so much the abolition of the training school as the peculiar method by which it has been done—without any previous public discussion of the subject, without any unbiased investigation and report upon the workings of the school, and the efficiency of its graduates, and without even the excuse of necessary financial retrenchment, for the board, with its padded budget and 25-mill tax, has more money to spend than ever, and actually included the cost of continuing the training school in the school levy already imposed for next year.

But more than that, we believe the school board, as pointed out by Member Foster, is doing a grave injustice to the young women who graduated from the high school last year and qualified by competitive examination to enter the training class, only to find the doors shut in their faces at the eleventh hour when, had they been notified of the board's intention last June, they might have made other arrangements or have gone to work (as some of them will now have to do) without wasting three months' valuable time. In our judgment, a school board has no business to set such an example of shabby dealing with helpless girls.

The Bee has no interest in the training school, different from the average taxpayer concerned with the maintenance of high standard schools. We feel sure, however, we voice the sentiment of a majority of our people in entering this protest.

Funston on the Right Trail.

General Funston is meeting a condition on the Mexican border that requires vigorous treatment with decision and promptness. The Bee some time ago called attention to the existence of forces for fomenting disorder along the Rio Grande, and now that the general in command has full proof of the conspiracy, he is going after the trouble breeders in a fashion that will have general approval. It is not a question of political rights, but one of sedition against the government of the United States, Mexican residents of the United States must be made to understand that they are secure in all their rights, either of person or property, so long as they respect our government, but they must also fully comprehend that conspiracy against our government will get them in bad. American citizens who join with Mexican residents in such movements must also understand that their conduct will equally invite punishment. Much patience has been shown by our government so far, in its efforts to preserve its neutrality and to show the utmost hospitality to foreigners confided here, but there are limits to the obligations of hospitality.

Chivalry Still Survives.

All of the finer sentiment that made for the glory of war, the recognition of valor, and the homage paid true courage, has not been snuffed out by the mechanics of the modern battlefield. A touch of generous chivalry will be found in the action of the German aviator who sent a wreath to lay on the grave of his adversary, Pegoud, who lost his life in a mid-air duel. The airship, with all its novelty as a means of carrying on warfare, has apparently brought back something of the day when men rejoiced in.

"The secret joy that swordsmen feel in foemen worthy of their steel."

It is comforting to think that man has not been entirely brutalized by the daily presence of war's horrors, and this survival of chivalrous recognition of an opponent's courage robs the conflict of some of its sudden bestiality and throws a flitting halo over the grim business of killing. It is not shared to any great extent by other branches of the service, which are too busily employed in mere butchery, but the world will appreciate the little bit of old-time courtesy that still persists.

Homesick at the Front

London Daily Mail. MOST often it is the little things that make men at the front homesick. In the case of a big Irishman who is recovering from a bayonet thrust in the shoulder it was coal smoke from a Mackenzie's forge. The Irishman was having a good time in France until he smelt that smoke. And then: "It came over me as smelt, also homesickness did, that only for fear of being loughed at I would have left that down in the road and a little road in a cart drawn by a skinny brown horse. They rarely speak. The man says "Cluck-cluck" occasionally and he boy sings and whistles. When they have passed the old road formation by the roadside at which the least imaginative horse is apt to "rearse," the boy lays his hand on his father's hand. "Let me drive," he says. On these rare trips that is the varying formula. Unless the roads are very bad father lets him drive. And so about 8 o'clock he came to the town. While yet a long way off the boy begins to sniff. By detaching his nostrils wide and heaving hard he can smell coal smoke. It comes from a Mackenzie's shop outside the town. A little farther on, from the top of a hill, they see the shop. It stands in a hollow. The town is beyond, round a bend in the road. The boy and his father stop at the Mackenzie's shop, for Old Charlie needs to be shod. While the shoes go on the boy peeps into the shop and the yard. He breathes the fire of coal smoke. The Mackenzie almost choke him, but the boy comes to suffocation the happier he gets. They do not burn coal at his house or at any of the neighbors' houses. He smells coal smoke only when he comes to town. It is a magical odor. Under its influence his blood bounds, his imagination kindles. It is the essence of the town, the herald of joys to come. It typifies gaiety, change, life, and that is what the boy wants.

Then there was another man who confessed to homesickness. His confession, however, was caused by the ticking of a clock. The clock was in the kitchen of a French farmhouse where soldiers went for eggs. It was a big clock with a portentous, steadily tick more suggestive of eternity than time. They had a clock at home in London that ticked like that. The London clock reserved its highest moral and physical forces for the hours between midnight and 1 a. m. It was superhuman in its fastidiousness. Let a fellow slip in ever so quiet a tick, the clock knew and fell on him with agonizing and reproach. The later the hour the blunter the racket, as if it were bent on sharing its discoveries with all.

Usually mother heard first. When the boy was half way up the stairs her door opened a few inches and her head appeared. "Ruddy, is that you?" she whispered. "Yes," Ruddy whispered back. Mother said no more, but some one inside the room grunted. That was father. Sometimes the clock kept at it as loud and strong. That one could hear it in one's own room with the door shut. It said harshly, ugly things, all of which were repeated by father the next morning at breakfast time. A regular nuisance that clock made of itself. It was partly to get away from it that Ruddy went into the army. And here in France was another clock just like it. Under the spell of the French clock France and the conflict that ravaged her were momentarily forgotten. The boy was climbing the stairs at home. He strained his ears for mother's "Ruddy, is that you?" and father's grunt. They did not come. It would be rather nice to hear them for a change.

Two French boys sharpening knives on a grindstone had a more depressing effect on a well-settled Lancashire man than all the German artillery. There was a grindstone in the back garden of the Lancashire man's home. He had had many a turn at it. Sometimes people paid him for turning, more often not. They said it was a muscle-developing exercise and developed muscles were sufficient reward for any ambitious boy. Knives and axes without number were sharpened through the development of that boy's aching arms and back. He never would have believed, if he had not helped to sharpen them, that there could be so many knives and axes in the world. He wondered then, and he wonders now, who ever used them all. There was one man who had the biggest knives of anybody; he sharpened them oftenest and he paid the most money. He had a soothing, musical voice, which he employed in the evening when the boy's interest in muscular development ebbed lowest. "Just she there him, my lad, one more turn," he chanted encouragingly. Relieved by that gracious stimulant, the boy turned again, and yet again and again, until the knives acquired the desired edge. The French boys knew no such urban folkmaster. They seemed to grind knives for the fun of it. They had only two knives of moderate size, and they sharpened them over and over. Yet their knives never looked very sharp. Once in a homely moment the Lancashire man took a turn at the grindstone. When he had finished the French boys were frustrated by him and of the knives. They thought he must be a German to fashion such murderous-looking implements. The soldier wished that the man of many knives could have been there to see.

One night a party of soldiers billeted in a barn heard the neighing of a horse outside. The soldiers were tired, and very soon those who had been awakened by the neighing went to sleep again. But one young man could not sleep. Presently he discovered that the man beside him could not sleep, either. Queer, straggling sounds came from the second man. The first soldier put out his hand and touched the second man. He was quivering all over and the straggling sounds continued. He thought the second man was afraid. "It's all right, old chap," he said. "There's nothing wrong. It was only an officer's horse." "It sounded like Ned," the second man said. The soldier held his hand and after a little the quivering stopped. The next morning the second man, looking rather shame-faced, referred to the incident. "I could have sworn it was Ned out there last night," he said. I wouldn't have believed there was another horse in the world that could neigh just like that. Ned is father's horse. We drove him to the station when I came away in enlistment. I've got there a good half hour before train time. Father did not wait. Homesickness is a rotten disease."

People and Events

A fourteen-foot shark weighing 80 pounds has been captured and hauled out of the water at Coney Island. This one far outweighs any shark captured on shore.

The memory of Carrie Nation and her hatched will be perpetuated by a portrait and her famous weapon in the Kansas State Historical Society's museum at Topeka.

Another ancient institution, condemned as a vile thing to be looked up, New York's Board of Health orders the family wash rag to the incinerator as the only sure means of destroying the germs it holds.

To say that we are not prepared for emergencies is to ignore mighty truths. The mayor of St. Cloud, Minn., convinced that a grave emergency existed, pardoned a wicked slinger so he could umpire a baseball game. The town team won in a walk.

Nebraska Editors

The Alnoworth Democrat is installing a linotype. J. W. Tamplin, editor of the Tekamah Journal, celebrated his tenth anniversary as owner of the paper last week. W. K. Stredie, who has been connected with various papers in Blair for the last nineteen years, is the new business manager of the Blair Democrat.

Joseph Helm, proprietor of the Vedette-Citizen, was married last week to Miss Helma Hansen of Creighton. They visited Omaha and Chicago on their wedding tour.

Ray Kellenburger of Anselmo has purchased the Seward Tribune from M. B. Russell, one of the founders. The Tribune, which is a semi-weekly, was started a few months ago by Mr. Russell and H. O. Craigie.

Rev. Clark S. Powell, pastor of the Lutheran church at Oakeshok, has filed a suit against F. J. Benz and W. C. Benz, publishers of the Oakeshok Herald and Levelette Times, alleging libel. He asks \$5,000 damages.

J. W. Bursleigh, who recently sold the Loup City Times-Independent, has purchased the Crawford Courier. H. E. Willie, who purchased the Times-Independent, has concluded the name is too long and last week the paper appeared as the "Times."

Adam Breede, proprietor of the Hastings Tribune, Saturday purchased the Hastings Republican from F. A. Watkins and consolidated it with the Tribune and the Republican, which was democratic in politics, was established in 1880. Mr. Watkins retains the job plant and bindery and will add new stock and equipment. The consolidation puts Hastings in the "one daily class," along with Fremont, Grand Island and Norfolk.

The Gering Courier, A. B. Wood, editor and proprietor, last week got out its annual property edition. It is the largest under the auspices of the Scott's Bluff County Exhibit association and is devoted to showing the progress made by the city and county. So marvelous has been the development of this section of the "Great American Desert" that it takes forty pages of reading matter and pictures to tell the story. Editor Wood is one of the pioneers of the upper North Platte and his energy and enterprise have been a large factor in making the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Woman's Activities

The suffragists of Waltham, Mass., were told that they could not have a float in a park procession, because the city laws forbid political processions in the parks.

O. L. Cross, superintendent of the schools of Macomb, Mo., says that all teachers are beautiful. "It is a theory of mine," he says, "that no woman who loves her work is homely very long. Intelligent mental effort always imparts graceful expression to the features."

The Texas Council of Mothers has sent a series of opinions, in the form of questions, to the National Board of Governors, as they want better picture shows for their children. Scenario writers are said to be working on fairy stories and nursery classics in the hope of making films that will meet the approval of mothers.

The landladies of Columbia, Mo., are said to be so partial to the young men students of the university that the university may be compelled to build dormitories for the girls. The general statement is that the boys are easier to keep. They do not wash handkerchiefs and stockings in the bathrooms, nor do they cause much annoyance by "having company" too late at night.

Miss Janet Gilder, well known as a writer, has come out in a long statement opposing the ballot for women. "It seems to me," she says, "that it is a bigger feather in a woman's cap, a brighter jewel in her crown, to be the mother of George Washington than to be a member of congress from the Thirty-second district." She says with the ballot there will be "girls of the Fourth ward in New York" as well as "boys."

Jennie Watkins of New York City is said to be the only woman who has ever received the \$20,000 check in her insurance company, which means that during the year she must sell that amount. Mrs. Watkins found herself left with nothing to support herself and baby after the death of her husband, and took up this work, which she thinks is splendid for women who have the industry and perseverance required to make a success of it.

Here and There

A little round ball of paper which Mrs. Charles B. Vincent of Philadelphia dug out of the pocket of an old sweater she was washing made her heir to real estate valued at \$500. The paper proved to be her husband's will.

The Hohensolter fortune, which totaled \$5,000,000 when the great-grandfather of the present kaiser died, is now estimated at seven times that figure. Eighteen months ago the kaiser paid a military tax of \$95,000.

The loser of an election bet in Baltimore had to wear the winner several miles in a wheelbarrow, with the provision that every time the man stopped to rest five inches were to be cut off the legs of his trousers. He stopped four times.

A motor which fell recently in front of the home of Charles Solmon, who lives near Prescott, Mich., went in an unknown depth and water came up to the surface in the hole it made, although Solmon had been unable to strike water at a depth of eighty feet.

An automobile plant in Detroit turned his ground into a wheelbarrow, with the provision that every time the man stopped to rest five inches were to be cut off the legs of his trousers. He stopped four times.

The Harvard graduates of St. Paul, Minn., went on a river excursion the other day, and one of them, leaving his clothes aboard, went swimming. But when the boat started off, clothes and all, setting in the world could have saved him but his college fell. An education may help in unexpected ways.

Editorial Siftings

Indianapolis News: There is no doubt that the men who have been in the hospital service of this war show a good deal more brightness in the eyes of civilized folk than the men who made it.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: If an alleged army officer is right, that militia gathering at Plattsburg is nothing more nor less than a pink tea. Well, it might be worse. It might be a fox trot.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: France, Italy, Great Britain and the other allies are doing little to aid the unfortunate Russians. But another ally, traditional and ever faithful, is marching to their aid. The forces of King Winter will begin to show their outposts in Courland before many more weeks have elapsed.

Springfield Republican: There has been some grief in Scotland at the appearance in the German army of General von Mackensen, who is believed to be a Highlander gone wrong. The Manchester Guardian sets the troubled folks right with the assurance that "von Mackensen is no sort of a Mackenzie," but a member of a very old German family deriving its name from the villages of Mackensen, in Hanover. The numerous Mackes may be reassured or disappointed, as their sympathies lie.

Philadelphia Record: Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska is quoted as saying that at the coming session of congress he expects "to reintroduce my bill to prohibit exportation of arms and ammunition and advocate its passage." Why not save the time of congress by reading Secretary Lansing's note in answer to the protest of Austria-Hungary and recognizing the strong legal and patriotic stand there taken? If, through any mischance, the views of persons like Senator Hitchcock should prevail in congress, President Wilson would be under the imperative necessity of vetoing such a proposed embargo.

When I went home the other night, said Mr. Meekton, Henrietta mistook me for a burglar. "It must have been an unpleasant experience," I rather enjoyed it. It was the first time in my life that I was ever afraid of me.—Washington Star.

Condemned Murderer (to lawyer)—You said you could get me off with a life sentence and here I am to be electrocuted in two weeks.

Lawyer—That's all right. You will be imprisoned for life, won't you? And only a month, instead of long weary years. Be reasonable, man.—Boston Transcript.

"We glad to have you here," murmured the hostess, who had noticed him before. "You have certainly been the life of the party all the evening."

"I can hardly believe that."

"That is due to your modesty."

"No, it is due to the fact that I have but this minute arrived."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mr. Styles—When I married you I had a fine head of hair and money.

What do you think Nellie calls the album with her admirer's photographs in it?

"What?"

"Her 'him' book."—Baltimore American.

"Yes, I am receiving attentions from a young scientist."

"Don't you find his love making rather?"

The bridegroom (just before the ceremony)—I must take a breather, but I don't want to create it. How much ought I to take, old fellow?

Best Man—Well, I should keep on taking 'em till I didn't care whether I was married or not.—Lala.

GOOD-BYE, SUMMER!

John K. Baner in New York Times. Farewell, summer, cold and bleak. With thy heaving apron ask: Gone for aye thy warty days. With thy rigid arctic ways—Back into thy polar nest. With thy roar, and sleet, and frost. And thy spirit tempt-tost!

Who designed thee none may know. With thy January glow. Whence was born thy antic scheme. Only winter may dream: Wherefore thy December touch. Wherefore all thy flood and hail. No mere mortal may unveil.

Positively thou wast a jest. Of some power that never fades. Sent to thrill us with earth. With a ruddy Homer's birth—But a sad joke, if it all. Summer abiding winter's fall. In a bit of empty chaff. Quite unworthy of the laugh.

Or, perhaps, some Cuban wight. Hath conceived thee on some night. When the gods were occupied. With Bellona's crimson tide. Changed the from the silly thing. All true poets used to sing. And for sunshine, suphry sweet. Give us but storm and sleet.

Whence and wherefore all thy stress. "Faint mind can never fade." But thy curls, high or low. Find are we to see thee go. And we hope that thou art sane. Thou wilt not visit again. Changing child of film and flum.

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