

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.
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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 14 day of September, 1915.
ROBERTA HUNTLEY, Notary Public.

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

September 14
Thought for the Day
Selected by Clara Blackburn
Not what I have, but what I do is my kingdom.—Thomas Carlyle.

Should be ripe soon for the trail-hitting.

Almost time for the boy with the foot ball hair to make his debut.

My, but wouldn't the two "Billies" do great team work if they were hitched up in double harness!

The ten commandments are still good enough for "Billy" Sunday. Note that he has neither added to them nor subtracted from them.

Still, our German friends would stand better with Uncle Sam if they took care not to do the things which call for so much explaining afterwards.

When all those prize babies grow up and intermarry and have children of their own, Nebraska will defy the world as an experiment station in eugenics.

Rev. "Billy" preaches "Six days shalt thou labor," and he practices it like the rest of us by working only six days in Omaha and putting in a seventh day's work at Lincoln.

But, Governor Morehead, hadn't you heard the gossip about the split of the \$5,000 premium when you approved Treasurer Hall's official bond? If you had not, you must have stuffed your ears with cotton.

If the Sunday collections in Omaha keep the pace they have started of an average of \$1,000 a day for every day of the six weeks' engagement, they will amount to \$36,000. There's no flaw in this arithmetic.

Russia's army "jacks officers, arms and ammunition." That's all. The news comes from Berlin, couched in melancholy tones, doubtless prompted by a fear of glutting the German market with bear skins.

The man who made oath that he saw mounted guns on the Lusitania in New York before it sailed on its fateful voyage has been convicted of perjury and sentenced to prison for ninety days. The incident is a postscript to one of the greatest tragedies of war.

American bankers appear anxious to accommodate any or all foreign powers who offer the right security. Business is business. Besides, the esteemed money lenders on this side know from experience of other days the keen zest of foreign money chasers in trimming the American eagle, and feel a natural desire to reciprocate with compound interest.

Our democratic United States senator from Nebraska has achieved a place for his portrait in George Sylvester Viereck's Fatherland picture gallery of fame along with Von Tirpitz, the crown prince, Von Hindenburg, Bernstorff, and the captain of the Emden. In the language of Shakespeare, "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

The Douglas county judge has been favored favorably on the admission of James W. Carr, E. E. Clippinger and David M. Stuart to practice.

The Emmet Monument association has appointed a committee composed of E. Riley, Thomas Callan and Dennis Cunningham to confer with other Irish societies on raising funds to assist Parnell in his struggle for Irish freedom.

The management of Athletic park is trying to secure a female base ball combination to appear here in about two weeks.

Thomas McShane, a well known resident of Omaha, died at his home on Saunders street, aged 81 years. He had married Miss Alice Creighton, and five of their children are residents of this city, namely James A. McShane, John H. McShane, Felix J. McShane, Mrs. Maria Cannon and Mrs. John B. Puray.

Mrs. Andy Borden left for the east to spend about a month in Indiana and New York City.

Rev. A. K. Harzels, who was taken sick while visiting here, left for St. Louis.

New gas lamps are being put up at the Union Pacific depot. The new burners have a round globe and give a light far superior to the old style lamps.

W. O. Taylor, local manager of the Bradstreet company, has just returned from an extended trip east.

What Does Lloyd George Mean?
Lloyd George, in a most dramatic appeal to his countrymen, urges on them greater effort in the prosecution of the war. From Rome comes the announcement that the Allies have determined to change plans, and to proceed more vigorously along aggressive lines after the fashion of the Germans. What does this portend? It can scarcely add to the horror that war has inspired in the minds of all who are not actually involved in the dreadful strife. It must mean that the passive presence of the Allied forces is to be changed to activity, and that mere defense or the crawling offense that has been content with an inch or an acre of ground taken is to become a more determined exhibition of wanton destruction and devastation. It would hardly seem possible that anything more awful could be than what we have read of the battlefields, but if war should be transferred from the trenches to the open, such tales of carnage as have been told will very likely shrink to insignificance beside what may come. The possibilities for actual destruction and indefinable terror are there, and if loosed from the leash in which they have so far been held, the world will be shocked indeed. The proposition has but one side on which hope may be seen—it will be so terrible it can not last long.

Doing Tolerably Well.
Rev. "Billy" Sunday is roasting his Omaha audiences as "tight-wads," and exhorting them daily to dig up and make good the expense account advances faster. But the truth is that Omaha is doing tolerably well by the Sunday revival, and the Rev. "Billy" must know it, for he knows better than anyone else what has been done in other cities. We are able to make comparisons of only three cities in approximately the same class, where for the first seven days of the Sunday engagement the returns were as follows:
First 7 Days Attendance Collections.
Omaha 129,999 \$4,964.45
Paterson 115,999 2,142.70
Des Moines 112,500 2,246.29

So we repeat that Omaha is doing tolerably well, except possibly for the discrepancy that estimates the expense account here at \$27,000, whereas in Des Moines it was only \$18,000, which would indicate that Omaha has half again as much money to raise for this purpose than did our friends in Des Moines.

Silence at the State House.
The thunder of the typewriter has died away, and the rattle of the fountain pen no longer disturbs the peaceful aspect of the Nebraska capitol. This silence is ominous, and the people wait in dread for the storm that will burst forth when Governor Morehead thinks of something to say that may serve to excuse his action in connection with the bond for the state treasurer. Treasurer Hall holds the fort, and awaits serenely the next onslaught. The governor's anxiety has apparently subsided since it was pointed out that he is in some way responsible for his own failure to enforce the law, as well as for the inexcusable neglect of the legislature to make necessary provisions for running the state. No amount of explanation can set aside the facts that establish the present administration at Lincoln as a monumental blunder.

Science and War.
Secretary Daniels, in pursuance of his policy with regard to the upbuilding of the American navy, has announced a list of eminent inventors and investigators, who are to form the naval staff for experimental inquiry. This may insure the United States the services of men who are of the first rank in their respective fields, in an advisory capacity, but will it provide proficiency in the actual service of what must be our greatest arm in the event of our becoming involved in war?

The army and navy of the United States have not been without the benefit of scientific inquiry and deep research, despite the apparent effort of Mr. Daniels to create a contrary impression. Few outside the service can possibly be familiar with all the changes for better results in means and methods wrought in the last few years. It is doubtful if Mr. Daniels himself is fully aware of what has actually gone on. Officers of all branches of the service have made many discoveries and improvements, and have worked continually for betterment, keeping fully advised of the progress made in other countries, and lagging in nothing that would enhance their efficiency. For one thing, the United States has a secret explosive, the most powerful and best behaved known, discovered by a colonel of the line. It is far ahead of any form of explosive now used by other nations. The rifle used by the American infantry has the highest power known to military men. Our big guns have attained results that so far have not been excelled in modern practice. An American submarine boat recently made a non-stop run in open sea and under stressful conditions that is not surpassed, even by the Germans. Innumerable devices for improving the service have been invented by officers in the service of the United States, men who know what is needed, and whose imagination sweeps the whole range of war's possibilities.

The new board of scientists may help by their presence, but a little more faith in the men who have actually done things in the way of preparing for war would not be amiss.

The outside world gets an inside glimpse of the mainpring of Mexican revolutions from the news story of the vast pile of loot gathered by Villa's retired lieutenant, General Urbina. In two years this industrious robber looted the inhabitants of five towns out of millions and stored the plunder on his ranch. Giving up the plunder to superior force does not help the victims, but it shows how quickly Pancho Villa's guns are muffled when a rival robber "comes across with the goods."

The enterprising boosters of Des Moines show surprising lack of good judgment in choosing the present time to hook a Methodist bishopric. Omaha just now is the one genuine center of religious fervor in the United States. Here is the throbbing atmosphere of sanctity, the plain, broad trail to salvation. It is the atmosphere in which Methodism thrives and rejoices. The notion that a live one can be drawn away from live surroundings emanates from many-fattled brains.

The Courteous Customer
A Vassar Graduate in the Outlook

I HAD just finished my shopping when I saw my friend, the "big" buyer in a large department store. She is the kind you read about. On this day she was standing in the department, a frown on her face, as she looked after a customer who was going down the aisle. "I wish I could write," she said when she saw me.

"What would you write about?" I asked. "To write about shoppers," she said. "The way women shop. We do all we can to get fine merchandise, we train our girls to be courteous and to know their goods so that they can give intelligent service, and then some women come in here that—"

"What would you call a courteous shopper?" I asked. "Well," said the buyer, "there are really lots of them, and it's so easy to be one. In the first place, a good shopper has her shopping all planned—size, amount, and all, as nearly as she can tell. Five minutes with the store directory saves her lots of steps. She finds out where she wants to go before she goes to the wrong place. All our good customers seem to know the store so well. They have their shopping coins for identification and their printed address books—you know, little slips to paste on the schedule so they won't have to wait for the salesgirl to write it all out. They take a transfer if they are going to buy several things, and have everything sent together."

"Then a nice customer always keeps her temper. If her change is delayed or the floor manager wants identification, she'll be reasonable, because she knows it's part of the system to protect her."

"I think it's courtesy for a shopper to stop early in the day, and not come running in at the last minute for something unless she has to. We hear a lot about employees keeping the girls overtime, but did you ever hear about customers keeping girls after closing? Well, they do."

"Then our courteous customer makes friends of the salesgirl. Do you know, if I had much shopping to do, I'd rather have friends behind the counter than anywhere—they'd help me more. They can watch the new merchandise for you, and let you know when something comes in that you'll like. You get a clever salesgirl and she enjoys keeping track of things for her regular customers. Here is just an instance. We have a customer from out of town who knows many of the girls in the store. The other day she wrote in to the salesgirl she knows in the suits. She said she wanted to get a suit, waist, hat, and petticoat on a Saturday morning, and wear the whole outfit to the theater that night. She mentioned the name of the girl she goes to in the millinery department, and told the suit department girl to go to her. The girls got interested in it, and when the woman came in they were ready for her. They had several complete outfits planned, and the woman had selected the whole thing in less than an hour. The friend who was with her said she had never seen such luxurious shopping! Now, if that woman hadn't made a friend of the salesgirl, the girls would never have known her tastes and—"

"It's like the house that Jack built," I said. "Indeed it is," said the buyer. "Only it's better than a house—the interest of the people with whom you shop. Why, many of our girls are friends in need to the poor men whose wives always want them to stop in on the way to the office and match a sample or get a pair of gloves. One of the girls told me the other day that she shops for several men whose wives think they have such remarkable taste!"

"But about being friends with the girls, they appreciate it so. Just this morning I found one of my girls all smiles. She had filled a glove order for a customer and the woman had written to thank her. Of course the girl was only doing what she is here for, but I guess every one likes appreciation every now and then."

As I went out I stopped for a moment at the waist sale. A woman was there with fire in her eye. She was giving a floor manager her opinion of the store. "What do you mean," she demanded in a loud tone, "by advertising a sale of shirtwaists—all sizes, and then when I get here there is not one that will fit me? I have had a charge account for years in this store, and my mother before me, but I'm going up right now to stop it. I simply will not trade at a store where I get such treatment."

The courteous salesman started to explain. The sale had been a popular one, and the large assortment of waists had gone quickly. There were still plenty left in large sizes, and an order for any size could be got in a few days.

The customer did not want to order. She had had enough of ordering. The store never ordered anything right.

The salesman looked at his watch. "You see, madam, it is really quite late," he said. "and the sale has been on all day. It is five minutes to six, and we close at six promptly."

"Six!" exclaimed the customer. "Six! and I've got to have dinner for company by seven. I'll not wait to stop that account tonight, but if I ever get such service again I'll never come here to trade any more." And the invited guest of the store flounced out.

The salesman sighed and turned to the girl at the waiting counter. "Women like that," he said, "are the kind that make me cranky at night to the kids."

"I got her first," said the girl; "and the queer part of it was, this waist here fitted her exactly, only it's marked size 35 and she said she's always worn 34, and she hasn't got any fatter, either. I tried to tell her this make runs small, but nothing doing. I saw her going for you—I know her kind. Thank goodness, there goes the bell!" And the girl began to fold away her stock.

I looked from the harassed floor manager to the tired salesgirl.

"The courteous customer!" I thought, and I hurried home.

Twice Told Tales

Getting Back at His Reverence.
An Irishman was reproved by his priest for eating sausages on Friday. "Sure, Father Tim, ye don't call sausages meat," he protested.

"Certainly they are meat," said his reverence. "The day the Irishman appeared at the priest's house with a load of sawdust. "But, Michael, I did not order any sawdust; it was wood I ordered."

"And isn't it wood I've brought ye?" "No, it isn't; it's sawdust."

"But, Father Tim, if sausage is meat, sure isn't sawdust wood?"—Boston Transcript.

The Bees Letter Box

Letter Carriers Thank The Bee.
OMAHA, Sept. 13.—To the Editor of The Bee: Dear Sir: On behalf of our local committee, permit me to thank you most sincerely for the very efficient manner in which The Bee has reported our recent national convention of the National Association of Letter Carriers, a paper which has ever espoused the cause of the letter carriers in general.

Our convention was a success in every particular, and the universal comment that it was the best convention they have ever attended, if the expressions made to the members of the local committee may be taken as any criterion to go by, is sufficient in itself to repay us for the many months of hard labor put forth to make it a success in every particular.

Again thanking you for the past courtesies extended, I am, W. C. BOUK, Secretary Convention Committee, Branch No. 5, N. A. L. C., Omaha, Neb.

Good Thing—Push It Along.
OMAHA, Sept. 11.—To the Editor of The Bee: Please send The Bee, daily and Sunday, to the following named person, beginning today and continuing until November, and charge to my account.

I am sending the paper on account of your excellent reports of the "Sunday meetings." CHARLES E. ADY.

Too Many Notices.
OMAHA, Sept. 13.—To the Editor of The Bee: Of the numerous letters printed in your paper, those of the most importance as to pleasure and comfort of the citizens of Omaha are on the subject of "noises."

The trains before their arrival at the station startle the entire neighborhood with their loud screeching, non-musical tones, when there is absolutely no occasion for this nuisance.

Some automobiles cause considerable noise when being cranked, which might be due either to an imperfect engine or an operator deaf to noise, failing to appreciate the feeling of others. The constant sounding of horns while the automobiles are passing through the streets is unnecessary and is the cause of many accidents to people on the crossing, due to the sudden fright. Many times one may notice an occasion of a car sending forth a screeching noise to attract the attention of a party on the top floor of a building to inform him that his car is in waiting.

Newboys and men, particularly during the quietness of the Sunday morning, are busy informing the partially awakened people of their desire to sell their papers. All day and part of the night you can hear "name your city, I've got your home town popper." The loud and harsh tones of their voices is anything but pleasing. ANTI-NOISE.

Science and Religion.
SOMEWHERE, Sept. 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: What matter it where this is written? We all admit that "Billy" Sunday is a great worker and let us hope his efforts are fully rewarded. However, in reading his sermons wherein he mentions beautiful churches and great sums to be spent on them, and states he does not believe in worship in a "chicken coop," it naturally causes one to think.

Few object to a clean, well ventilated and properly heated place of worship, but as to adornment. Do expensive fittings and costly paintings prove the religious zeal of the congregation? The night you can hear "name your city, I've got your home town popper." The loud and harsh tones of their voices is anything but pleasing. ANTI-NOISE.

Now, to again speak of Rev. Sunday. Does he still peddle that "stale stuff," that "stone axe" dope of hell fire and of eternal punishment? Surely he must know the churches deny that. Does he still call science a liar and put Charles Darwin in hell?

Thousands are with Sunday in his fight for the right—for his fight against liquor and to better conditions. But when the church or "Billy" Sunday or anyone in a similar position starts to lie for the glory of God and to deny proven facts of science, then thousands of good people laugh heartily and pity them for their ignorance.

A READER OF THE BEE.
Against Retirement Pensions.
OMAHA, Sept. 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: I see the letter carriers want a pension when they are worn out. This pension business is getting to be a loathsome burden. Who furnishes the money for pensions? Isn't it the public? Why is a policeman or a fireman or a letter carrier any more entitled to a pension than a teamster or a bricklayer or a carpenter or a painter or thousands of others?

When a letter carrier gets tired working and wants to quit, these are the lots who want his place who are just as good as he was. Then why have to pension a letter carrier. I work in the packing house at 20 cents per hour. If I am efficient enough to provide the policeman or fireman or letter carrier with a juicy steak or roast, my pension is that I hold my job, otherwise I get fired.

Yesterday the dailies contained pictures of a group of women, wives of letter carriers, who were about as healthy and well-fed a bunch as was ever got together. They did not look the need of pensions. JOHN LARKIN.

Here's a Zealous Convert.
OMAHA, Sept. 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: A few days ago I informed you and the readers of the letter box that I intended to investigate Esperanto. Well, Mr. Editor, I have done so, and wish to tell you that the resultant knowledge which I have derived from this personally conducted investigation is highly favorable toward Esperanto.

Where can we turn to find a neutral language? Will it be to Italy, Spain, the Netherlands? Here is a fitting opportunity for the use of Esperanto. It is neutral. It fulfills every condition for a contract between diverse nations.

Thus says a wise man of England. What say you, Mr. Editor? Cannot you let us hear from you in person in an editorial by yourself? I am sure that all your readers would be glad to hear from you. DIEGO C. COLLIS.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS.
Tipping has at last achieved the honor of official sanction from Uncle Sam. The comptroller of the treasury O. K.'d a touch of \$5 for servants on an ocean-going steamship.

Safety first comes pretty close to perfection on a Kansas railroad, whose far-sighted managers provide conductors with safety pins for use of passengers in emergencies.

Salt Lake City's Commercial club is about to start a campaign to land a federal military academy. One or more branches of West Point are considered a likely outcome of the agitation for larger army, and Salt Lake City is making an early start for a branch.

SUNNY GEMS.
"Do you believe that there is really something which can invariably tell when a man is lying?" "I know it." "Ah, perhaps, you have seen one of the instruments?" "Seen one? I married one."—Houston Post.
Centenarian—Waal, I smoke and chew purry regular and ain't never been to a doctor and—
Specialist—There's a big mistake here some place. You should have been dead forty years ago.—Life.
"KILLALOO."
Minneapolis Journal.
The famous song, "Killaloo," brings up old memories. The best singing comedian England ever sent to this country was Fred Leslie, and with him came incomparable Nellie Farrer and those wonderful dancers, Sylvia Gerrish and Lettie Lind. Lettie lacked the theaters with enthusiastic crowds when he sang "Killaloo." Here are parts of the stanzas:
Now I happened to be born.
At the time they cut the corn.
Quite contagious to the town of Killaloo.
Where to teach us they'd a scheme.
And a Frinch musso he came.
To instruct us in the game of par-lay-oo.
I've one father, that I swear.
But he said I had a fair.
"Non, no, I know," cried he with much surprise.
When a boy right up from Clare
Heard his mother called a mare.
Shure he gave musso his flat bechane
To his eyes.
Cried musso in much alarm.
"Go and call for John and Sam."
"Ther's no such man," set I, "about the place."

KABIBBLE KABARET
DEAR MR. KABIBBLE,
HOW MUCH MONEY SHOULD A MAN HAVE TO GET MARRIED ON?
AT LEAST SIX DOLLARS—ONE FOR THE LICENSE AND FIVE FOR THE MINISTER.

Ten are Free
This ad is good for ten trademarks toward this perfect Quaker Cooker. You don't need many more.

Cut this ad out and keep it. Then buy a package of Quaker Oats and see our offer in it. But only one of these ads can apply on a Cooker.

This Cooker is for Quaker Oats users. It is to help them bring out all the flavor and aroma of these extra-luscious flakes. Many grocers in this city now have it on display.

Quaker Oats is made of queen grains only. Two-thirds of the oats as they come to us are discarded in this brand. The result is rare richness and flavor. No other oat food can compare with it. If you use this quality let us help you cook it rightly.

Quaker Oats
10c and 25c
In Round Packages with Top

The Great Western
Is First
Into St. Paul
and Minneapolis

Through steel trains every morning and evening connecting Union Depots with popular through trains for the north, northwest and Canada.
Lv. Omaha 8:30 p.m. 7:29 a.m.
Lv. Co. Buffs 8:50 p.m. 7:50 a.m.
Ar. St. Paul 7:30 a.m. 7:40 p.m.
Ar. Minneapolis 8:05 a.m. 8:15 p.m.

Glistening new steel club cars, and coaches besides steel sleepers, through on night train.
Day trains carry through Buffet Parlor cars and coaches.

P. F. BONORDEN, C. P. & T. A.,
1522 Farnam St., Omaha.
Phone Dong. 260.

Chicago Great Western
(Emphasize the "Great")

Persistence is the cardinal virtue in advertising; no matter how good advertising may be in other respects, it must be run frequently and constantly to be really successful.