

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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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 31 day of September, 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.

October 1

Thought for the Day

"A good-by kiss is a little thing With your hand on the door to go; But it takes the venom out of the sting Or a thoughtless word or a cruel thing That you made an hour ago."

No signs yet of the supply of sawdust running short.

The cyclone belt cheerily yields the championship to the gulf hurricane.

All right, Ak-Sar-Ben! Hit 'em up! And if in trouble, just phone Mayor "Jim."

No question of frost, hail or flood ever interfering with the debates of the Farmers' National congress.

But King Ak-Sar-Ben's showers of "aerial bombs," made in Omaha, are joy makers, not joy killers.

Protection as a democratic policy is moving to the front. Brethren, palm-clip your ears and list to the shifting of the political winds.

Members of the Council Bluffs School board must feel all puffed up over it, and members of the Omaha School board duly depressed. Eh!

The Gulf of Mexico is a fine body of water, but an inland harbor fronting on the Missouri river is a much safer and more comfortable site for a city.

A city like Omaha, no more than an individual, can be too careful about maintaining a presentable appearance all the time. Omaha is entertaining strangers every day, and every minute of the day.

The accidental death of a Kansas City man carrying \$425,000 in life insurance must be a painful shock to the insurance companies. A fraction of the amount now due would serve all needful ends of publicity.

The governor of Nepal, India, turned down the request of Doc Cook for permission to climb Mount Everest. The governor must have been posted on the inability of the doctor to place Nepal on the publicity map.

It is predicted that Americans may soon be able to talk across the ocean with our European cousins. It's a cinch, though, that "Theodore" will not say "Hello, Bill" in the same sweet dulcet tone he formerly would have used.

The financial end of the war needs severer body blows before American bankers reach the strangle hold which foreign bankers imposed on the United States during the civil war. The Anglo-French commission is getting off cheap.

The striking longshoremen of New York merely desire a more "equitable division of war profits." Why not? The claims of the workers are more righteous than the claims of speculators who are diligently skimming the cream.

Publication of the names of the bankers participating in the promotion syndicate for that \$50,000,000 loan affords proof conclusive that no nationality lines have been drawn, and that high finance is strictly neutral in sentiment when driving a bargain.

Superintendent James reports between 40 and 50 more pupils in the public schools this year than last. Goodwin left Omaha with little of the receipts of his performance to show for his visit here, but he can show the satisfaction of having played the stiffest game of razz this city has seen in the last few weeks. He first made a winning of a few hundred on the issue of the Chicago-New York base ball game, and then after the show started out to clip the ticker's tail. When he finished he was \$1,200 loser.

The proposed site of the exchange building at South Omaha assumed a lively aspect with the work in brick progress. The estimated cost when complete is \$40,000. The new postal special delivery system began in Omaha today, and up to 3 o'clock seven letters, one a drop note, had been received and delivered by special messenger.

Leontine Guy Howard completed his three years' service on the staff of his father, General O. O. Howard, and left for Fort Niagara to join his company.

Rev. J. A. Steinhilber has returned from an Illinois trip.

Mrs. Harriet N. Simpson of Mount Clair, N. J., is guest at the residence of N. J. Burnham.

Long Distance Wireless Telephony. Another wonder has been transferred from the laboratory to the busy world of affairs, the wireless telephone being the latest addition to the list of accomplished facts. A test talk across the wide continent has demonstrated the feasibility of the device, and its adaptability is now only a question of detail. The possibility of this achievement has long been known to electrical engineers, who have patiently studied and finally mastered the problems involved, till the wonder is now complete. Man is still mystified by the mechanism of the telephone in daily use, but the wizardry of the wires is now surpassed by the magic of the wireless, and the voice is carried over limitless space by waves of energy in obedience to laws simple in their statement, but majestic beyond comprehension in their application. It is another step forward in man's subjugation of nature's forces. The light of the electric age is becoming brighter, and as the imagination leaps forward under its influence, the ambition toils to achieve, newer uses being found for this primal energy, until no dream of its service seems unreasonable. America will have quite a list of useful things to offer Europe when the savants of the old world turn their attention from destruction to construction, and not the least will be the wireless telephone.

Mental Capacity of Savages

THE DIFFERENCE between the savage and the civilized man is not one of mental capacity, but of the objects upon which that capacity is exerted. One may display as much intelligence in tracking a kangaroo through the bush as in solving a problem in algebra. The trouble with the savage is that he is a slave to his own imagination. He lives in a world of ancient customs, omens, and portents, to which he is a slave; and his knowledge is concerned largely with these, differing from ours in kind, rather than in breadth and depth.

The Hidden Purpose.

Some of the wild statements in circulation about our foreign-born population ought to be checked up, and either proved or disproved by official authority. One of the palpable exaggerations that is being passed around is to the effect that "by far the larger portion of the foreign residents of this country have retained their allegiance to the sovereignty of their birth," and that they hold themselves subject to orders from their former country, to which "large numbers have responded during the present European war, leaving the ties, personal, family and industrial, for a stronger bond of fealty to a foreign land."

Of course, we all know that the United States has been a temporary abiding place for considerable groups of aliens coming here for seasonal work, or to stay a few years, with the express purpose of returning. But they are comparatively few, for the great bulk of the immigration to this country is of men and women who come here to cast their lot with us for good. Of the foreign-born element in this country more than a third are women and children who do not take out naturalization papers, but who nonetheless renounce their allegiance to all other governments. The number of men returning as reservists to take up arms since the outbreak of the war ought to be accurately ascertainable, and while we have no definite figures, we are strong in the belief that they are ridiculously small as against the guesses of the alarmists.

Farming the Farmer Again.

It must strike the observer as a little incongruous that a congress of farmers, gathered for the purpose of considering matters of economic importance, should devote the greater part of a day to a debate purely political and partisan in its nature. While the purport of the resolution offered contains nothing any one could particularly object to, the obstruction of an acrimonious discussion indicates that the convention is apt to swerve from its prime purpose. Interested politicians are not likely to give over their practice of farming the farmer, and so it is up to those here assembled, who are seriously intent on doing something of service to agriculture, to assert themselves and put an end to the antics of chronic objectors and interested disturbers. It will not be hard for the convention to fill all its time with debates of topics vitally important to the farmer, and on which definite action should be taken here. For example, the subject of rural credits might be given a great deal of attention without being finally disposed of, and other easily suggested subjects are of much greater importance to the farmer right now than mere political pyrotechnics.

Democracy and Protection.

President Wilson and his advisers are considering methods whereby they may chloroform the fundamental doctrine of the democratic party that they may revivify a cardinal principle of republicanism. The necessity of giving protection to American industries has been forced upon them by the logic of events. The ruin wrought by free trade, though disguised as for revenue only, present and prospective, is too plain to be ignored by theorists, who can plan but not carry out those plans. It is not alone the newer industries established as an exigency of the war that must be taken care of, but the whole list of American activities must have support against the later efforts of Europeans to capture the markets of the United States.

Twice Told Tales

A Chinaman was asked if there were good doctors in China.

"Good doctors?" he exclaimed. "China has best doctors in world. Hang Chang one good doctor; he great; save life, to me."

"You don't say so! How was that?"

"Me velly bad," he said. "Me callee Dr. Han Kon. Give some medicine. Get velly, velly ill. Me callee Dr. San Sing. Give more medicine. Me glow worse-to die. Blessedly callee Dr. Hang Chang. He got no time; no come. Save life."—London Tid-Bits.

The Way He Put It.

Two friends were talking over the good fortune of a mutual acquaintance who had succeeded in gaining the hand of a rich girl.

"I didn't think Edward had it in him," said one friend. "It must have taken a lot of diplomacy on his part to win out in that venture."

"Oh, I don't know," said the other. "As a matter of fact I happen to know that he told her the simple truth."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, he told her he couldn't live without her."—New York Times.

People and Events

The famous Bethlehem steel plant keeps on the merry side of its arm of 11,000 men by paying wages every day to all who want it. The payroll amounts to \$50,000 a day.

A thrifty Jerseyman at Bloomfield made a bonfire of his condemned shack rather than pay \$5 for tearing it down. The building department is satisfied with the manner of executing his orders.

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The heirs of Mrs. Polly Anne Weed Prodes, known as "Marrying Polly" of Evansville, Ind., have gone into court to discover why mother's estate shrank from \$25,000 to \$5,000. Polly died at the age of 4 with a record of thirteen husbands, but the heirs seem to think that husbands are assets instead of liabilities.

GRINS AND GROANS.

"When Josh got home from his education," said Farmer Corntassel, "he started right in instructin' me about agriculture. So I didn't lose no time to try him out."

"What did you do?"

"Sent him out to round up a swarm of bees."

"Was the experiment successful?"

"Some. It didn't hurt the bees none. The king Josh from gettin' in the way for most two weeks."—Washington Star.

"Mr. Wanglelor refuses to recognize the intellectual superiority of women."

"But he does recognize it," rejoined Miss Cavens. "Yesterday he insisted on doing all the talking and letting me do all the thinking."—Washington Star.

"I want a man who doesn't smoke or drink."

"What are the wages?"

"Six dollars a week."

"Guess you want a man who doesn't eat, either."—Boston Transcript.

"That newspaper man got the best of me," complained the restaurant proprietor.

"As to how?"

"It takes such a lot to fill him up. And I agreed to feed him at space rates."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Starlets (as clock strikes twelve)—"Tis now the witching hour of night when Starlets yawn."

The girl (suppressing one)—"Can you blame them?"—Boston Transcript.

Visitor—What are the boys around the store talking about nowadays?

Village Storekeeper—Politics and the next campaign.

Visitor—Already discussing the chances of the native sons, eh?

Village Storekeeper—Not Much. This heaped crowd here don't dare. They are discussing the chances of the native daughters.—Judge.

Mrs. Flatbush—So she told you that piece of gossip, did she?

Mrs. Bensonhurst—She certainly did.

Agent—Um-y-e-a; that's the new kind of spring floor for dancing, you know.

House Hunter—And these stairs creak terribly.

Agent—Y-e-a. We furnish this new patent burglar-alarm shtynace without extra charge.—New York Times.

"I liked the refunda of the capitol at Washington," said the fat man.

"As to why in particular?"

"It was several hundred feet in diameter, one of the few apartments I was ever in where I didn't feel that I was taking up too much room."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Hold Traveling Men Below Par.

NORTH PLATTE, Neb., Sept. 30.—To the Editor of The Bee: In looking over The Bee's letter box contributions from different individuals, it is rather amusing to hear what they have to say for and against the Rev. "Billy" Sunday campaign in Omaha. Every knock is a boost to "Billy." He fearlessly preaching the word of God and the effect reaches far and wide.

I note quite a few letters are signed by "Traveling Men" (applause). Corral the majority of these traveling men, and what have you got? I know, so do you, gentle reader. Taken as a whole they stand about 56 per cent pure sinners, unadulterated, too. That's giving them a large margin to go on to that. When you locate one who is right with God, you'll find a fine fellow, but they are few and far between. This 56 per cent congregation have their own Bible, which is made up of fifty-two pieces of polished card board. They are so wrapped up in sin of the most vilest kind that they would probably rather be excited than to have to divulge. Let Jesus in to ferret out that devil whom you have been entertaining so long, brothers, and you will all see the bright side of "Billy" Sunday's campaign against evil and sin.

V. A. BRADSHAW.

Spread of Revival Influence.

COZA, Neb., Sept. 30.—To the Editor of The Bee: We are rather curious to know if that correspondent who wanted to bet an automobile against an old pair of socks, paid on that bet. We would advise him to skip Mr. Sunday's work as published by The Bee. The majority of the people who take The Bee enjoy reading of Mr. Sunday and his work, and we hope the influence of the Omaha revival will spread throughout the state.

MRS. J. B. MEIDRUM.

A busy farmer's wife.

Merely Lending Goods.

NORTH LOUP, Neb., Sept. 30.—To the Editor of The Bee: There is a general discussion of the allied powers borrowing \$1,000,000,000 from the people of the United States. Will the loan cause a financial stringency, and will there be an economic disturbance because of making that loan? I will say no.

France is good for a loan of \$5,000,000,000.

Great Britain is good for \$5,000,000,000, and Russia is good for \$10,000,000,000. They do not want gold. They want goods.

Suppose we would deny the credit to them. They would be compelled to unlock their gold reserves and ship the gold to the western world in huge quantities. That influx of gold to the United States would very soon cause an inflation of prices in every commodity. Houses would soon sell for twice their present value. All other commercial conditions would follow the upward trend of prices. When the war would close, those prices would fall to their former level, causing a panic for years to come. Should we unbalance our economic conditions? Better, by far, give them the credit than undo the present range of prices.

WALTER JOHNSON.

Editorial Siftings

Detroit Free Press: Gum chewing is reported to be a favorite pastime with the soldiers in the trenches. If we make gum chewing seem a pastime it's worse than it has been pictured.

Louisville Courier-Journal: The Washington woman who says "no gentleman will smoke," puts herself in a class with estimable Jane Addams, who says no soldier will fight unless he is drunk.

Philadelphia Ledger: Since learning that a Flatsburg military dinner consists of Russian caviar, Irish stew, French fried potatoes, German pancakes and Hungarian goulash, we've begun to doubt whether General Sherman knew anything about war.

Springfield Republican: Prejudice against horseflesh as food is doubtless largely conventional. Its use gradually extends and it has lately gained a considerable market in England and Scotland, partly with the help of Belgian refugees. But it must also have been making more vegetarians.

Brooklyn Eagle: Sixty years ago, when John G. Saxe was one of our most popular humorists, one of his hits was some verses called "Where the Money Goes." Today a poem of that title would fall flat. The answer is too simple. If the money is in dollars, it goes for motor cars, and if it is in nickels, it is gathered in by the "movies."

Springfield Republican: The strength of the United States is largely in the fact that its naturalized citizens are for the most part Americans whose loyalty is beyond question. Their loyalty should, of course, be unquestionable, for they have deliberately chosen what flag they would follow. There are, on the other hand, native-born Americans who not only haven't chosen their country but don't seem to like the choice made for them. But old-fashioned patriotism is coming into style again.

THE BEE'S Letter Box

Dr. Alfred G. Mayer in Popular Science Monthly—

THE DIFFERENCE between the savage and the civilized man is not one of mental capacity, but of the objects upon which that capacity is exerted. One may display as much intelligence in tracking a kangaroo through the bush as in solving a problem in algebra. The trouble with the savage is that he is a slave to his own imagination. He lives in a world of ancient customs, omens, and portents, to which he is a slave; and his knowledge is concerned largely with these, differing from ours in kind, rather than in breadth and depth.

The Pjilans of today are more orderly and sober than and quite as contented as are any people of European ancestry, and literacy is rarer in Pjil than in Massachusetts. You were safer even fifteen years ago in any part of Pjil, although you host know how you listed, that you could be in the streets of any civilized city. It is clear that in disposition the Pjilans are not unlike ourselves, and only in their time-honored customs were they barbarous. Indeed the lowest human beings are not in the far-off wilds of Africa, Australia or New Guinea, but among the degenerates of our own great cities. Nor are there any characteristics of the savage, be he ever so low, which are not retained in an appreciable degree by the most cultured among us.

Yet in one important respect the savage of today appears to differ from civilized man. Civilized races are progressive and their systems of thought and life are changing, but the savage prefers to remain fixed in the culture of a long-past age, which, conserved by the inertia of custom and sanctified by religion, holds him helpless in its inexorable grasp. Imagination rules the world, and the world to the savage is dominated by a nightmare of tradition.

Given with us every effort of progress engenders a counteracting force in the community. Whether the race be savage or civilized depends chiefly upon the nature of the customs that are handed down as patterns upon which to mold life and thought. The more ancient the triumph of the conservatives the more primitive the culture which is conserved, and the more likely it is to be crude and barbarous.

"Among all races religion is the most potent power to maintain tradition, and for the savage religion enters into every act and thought. Yet it is probable that no savage has ever been under the dominion of a world of omens and portents than was Louis XI, and even today the breaking of a mirror, or the number thirteen or a stumble while crossing a threshold remains of significance to many of us. All matters of sentiment and credulity are closely wrapped up in this entanglement of superstition; it is hard to divorce ourselves from the idea that moving machines have life and disposition.

The savage may know nothing of our classics and little of that which we call science, yet go with him into the deep woods and his knowledge of the uses of every plant and tree and rock around him and his acquaintance with the habits of the animals are a subject for constant wonder to his civilized companion. In other words, his knowledge differs from ours in kind rather than in breadth or depth. His children are carefully and laboriously trained in the arts of war and the chase, and above all in the complex ceremonial of the manners of the tribe, and few among us can excel in memory the priests of old Samoa, who could sing of the ancestors of Malietoa, passing never a name among the hundreds back to the far-off god Savae, whence this kindy race came down.

One may display as much intelligence in tracking a kangaroo through the Australian bush as in solving a problem in algebra, and among ourselves it is often a matter of surprise to discover that men laboring in our factories are often as gifted as are the leaders of abstract thought within our universities. In fact, the more we know of any class or race of men the deeper our sympathy, the less our antagonism, and the higher our respect for their endeavors. When we say we "cannot understand" the Japanese we signify that we have not taken the trouble to study their tradition.

"It is a common belief that the savage is more cruel than we, and indeed we commonly think of him as savage and of ourselves in passive mood. Childlike he surely is, and his cruelties when incensed are as inexcusable as the destruction of Louvain or the firing of Sepoys from the guns, but they are more shocking than the lynching or burning of negroes at the stake, events so common in America that even the sensational newspapers regard them as subjects of minor interest.

"Clearly, despite our mighty institutions of freedom, efficient systems of public education, and the devotion of thousands of our leaders to ideals of highest culture, there remain savages among us. Mere centuries of civilization combat the sons of the brute. Within each and every one of us, suppressed perhaps but always seeking to stalk forth, there lurk the dark lusts of the animal, the haunting spirit of our gortilla ancestry. The impetuosity of our whole temple of culture are smitten deep in the mire of barbarism. It is this fundamental fact which deceives us into the impression that a few decades of contact with men of our own race will suffice to civilize the savage. True they soon learn to simulate the manners and customs of their masters, but the imitation is a hollow counterfeit, no more indicative of enlightenment than is the good behavior of caged convicts a guaranty of high-mindedness. To achieve civilization, a race must conquer itself, each individual must master the savage within him. Cultured man has never yet civilized a primitive race. Under our domination the savage dies, or becomes a parasite or peon."

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BILL-BOARD TOWN.

Alas! There are no fields, no vacant lots, Where we may rest our eyes on verdant spots. For mother nature with her trees and grass No more confronts us as we daily pass From home to office. No, we feast our minds Upon more thrifty subjects, those designed By artists of the brush, on wide expanse Of imitation canvas, and our glance Is caught by gents in nether garments scant.

Or ladies with their headgear on ablant. Or we are told what it is best to eat: The kind of shoes to suit our tender feet; They tell us where to buy our auto tires; The kind of coal to build our furnace fires;

The four that makes the lightest kind of bread; The springs that make the softest kind of bed;

Where to buy clothes if we would be well dressed; And where to have them cleaned and dyed and pressed;

We're peated on the latest breakfast food; The fads that suit our ever-changing mood; The brick that makes the snugest kind of home;

The seeds that always grow in sand or loam; The milk that makes the babies grow and fatten;

The noblest suits to wear for style and grace; The soap that makes complexions soft and clear;

The smoke that coats the least and gives miles cheer. They tell us where to go if we would rest; The road to take that would be much the best;

They tell us where to find the smartest show; Direct us gladly where we ought to go; And which we all expect and all attend For that proverbial, ever-present day.

When clouds will gather and the rain will fall— That day that comes so frequently to all— And which we all expect and all attend For that proverbial, ever-present day.

Now, is it not enough that dollars melt Away like ice within the torrid belt. But we must place before all strangers' eyes

Great plans to make us rich and these more wise, And high billboards all the scenery hide.

And in its place on their expansive side To blazon out in fearful, strange device The things that may be there—if they've the price?

We're educating strangers, don't you know, As they go galli' riding to and fro, And thus we'll gain a great world-wide renown.

As "GREATER OMAHA, THE BILL-BOARD TOWN."

DAVID RITCHIE.

TOILET & BATH 10¢ KIRK'S JAPANESE SOAP DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING

Look! They're made with CALUMET. "If you've ever tasted goodies made with Calumet Baking Powder you won't blame a kid for being tempted! G-r-e-a-t, b-i-g, tender, tasty biscuits, cakes, doughnuts, muffins and everything I can think of—all so good I can't keep away from them!" Mother wouldn't think of using any Baking Powder except Calumet! She's tried all others—she knows which is best—she knows Calumet means positive uniform results—purity in the can and purity in the baking—great economy and wholesome things to eat. "You want bakings like mother's—then use Calumet Baking Powder." Received Highest Awards. New Cook Book Free—See Slip in Pound Can. Swap Anything in the "Swapper's Column"