

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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SEPTEMBER CIRCULATION. 54,663

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: D. Wight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of September, 1915, was 54,663.

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

Thought for the Day. In the man whose childhood has known careases here is always a fibre of memory that can be touched to gentle tears.—George Eliot.

Looks as if "Billy" were getting his old-time base running speed once more.

"Crime waves" and "suicide epidemics" for some inscrutable reason seem to go together.

The prospect of escaping more war taxes in this peaceful neutral land is as elusive as rainbow chasing in midsummer.

The longer he is out of the cabinet the more Mr. Bryan has to say in criticism of the Wilson administration and less in praise of it.

The Bryan pole knocked the Lincoln post-office permit. It is reasonable to suppose, therefore, that the senator will have undisputed dominion over the Nasby job in Omaha.

American battleships off Vera Cruz signalled the recognition of Carranza by firing a salute to the Mexican flag—presumably returning the salute which Huerta neglected to give.

The new municipal judges evince at the outset a comprehensive grasp of essentials. They have looked the pay-roll in the face, and finding it responsive and healthy, now seek working quarters.

The mystery of the whereabouts of General Von Kluck is solved. He is recovering from battle wounds, and like fistic champions of old believes he has several more fights in his system. Hoch, Von Kluck!

President Wilson sounds the keynote of joy in his Thanksgiving proclamation. Governors are at liberty to follow, but their warblings, for obvious reasons, cannot reach the ragtime dignity of "something just as good."

As the American flag is being furled on the merchant marine of the Pacific, Secretary Redfield sounds an optimistic note of an early return. Some minds are so constituted as to view a commercial funeral as a political joyride.

"Why a detective force?" If that question is pertinent to Omaha, it must be equally so in every other city of any size. But if the question were asked in New York, Chicago or Kansas City, folks would think the silly season were on.

British newspapers are handing out solemn truths to their readers. The old idea that somehow the nation "will muddle through" is hopelessly shot up, and the newspapers render a good service in bringing home that disagreeable fact.

St. Louis is in the game for the two big national president-nominating conventions. It is our guess that our democratic friends, who are talking about entering Omaha, will find a much more formidable rival in St. Louis than in Dallas.

Judicial strategy marks the latest move of the government against the shoe machinery trust. The government realizes from recent knockouts that midwest courts are freer from the influences of environment than the judiciary of the Atlantic coast.

Thirty Years Ago. This Day in Omaha. Father Riggs delivered an interesting and instructive lecture at Creighton college on the subject, "Hydrogen, the Queen Element."

The Goddard Rubber Manufacturing company will open a branch establishment here, occupying one of the stores in the old Smith establishment.

The residence of G. W. Doane was the scene of a very pleasant old folks' party.

An item from the Chicago News is quoted to the effect that Mrs. Modjeska's son, Ralph Modjeska, has received dispensation to marry his cousin and the wedding will be celebrated in December. Mr. Modjeska is now in Omaha, where he will make his home.

C. C. House, a former resident of Omaha, now of Chicago, is visiting here.

Contract for what is known as grading Harney street was awarded to E. D. Callahan at 25 cents a yard. It calls for moving about 60,000 cubic yards of earth. Harney from Seventeenth to Twentieth, on Seventeenth from Harney to Howard, on Eighteenth from Farnam to Harney, on Twentieth from Farnam to Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Morse, who have been visiting Omaha friends, have returned to their home in Sioux City.

Putting Pressure on Greece.

If the Quadruple Entente carries out announced intentions, Greece is to be forced to declare for one or the other sides in the war without unnecessary delay. It is in a measure vitally important to the Allies that such a declaration be made. The progress of the war has turned another side of European diplomacy to view, and the world is now getting an opportunity to examine some of the things that were closely hidden a few months ago.

Detectives.

The eyes of the community have been focused by recent happenings in Omaha upon the police department, and particularly upon the detective service, which some of the critics suggest should be altogether abolished. Now there are detectives and detectives, smart detectives and lunk-head detectives, efficient detectives and loafers on the job, just as there doubtless are the same several kinds in other branches of the department.

Finding a Job for "Met."

When our old friend Richard L. Metcalf was made civil governor of the Panama Canal Zone, we all thought he had landed in his niche and wished him well, but unfortunately the berth was not long lasting. Now comes the Lincoln Star proposing to solve the problem by finding "Met" a job as ambassador to Mexico, which he certainly could fill—at least as well as some others who have held down that assignment.

Just as a Matter of History.

Rev. William Ashley Sunday, D. D., says when Jesus began his ministry, Rome ruled the world; Editor George Horace Lorimer points out that at that time Rome had a standing army of but 300,000, and with that force held in check the populous old empires on the east, and the barbarous hordes on the west.

Of No Particular Interest.

A student at a California university lays claim to the distinction, if such there be, of having established a record for the voluntary suspension of respiration. Just what honor should attach to this feat is not easily determined, but perhaps it should be accorded him as a pioneer in a little traveled field of, shall we say athletic, endeavor.

Twice Told Tales.

No Longer Responsible. The dangers of travel by sea at this time have played havoc with the nerves of timid passengers. Early one morning recently there was considerable commotion on the decks of a coastwise vessel plying between Savannah and Baltimore, when a scantily-clad man hurried from his stateroom and dashed toward the upper deck.

Very Realistic.

Governor James F. Fielder of New Jersey smiled when reference was made to realism. He said he recalled an incident that happened in a little country church. One Sunday night the good parson of the aforesaid church chose "Hades" for his theme, and even as he eloquently discoursed an absent-minded member of the congregation began to toy with a nickel-plated match safe.

His by Right.

An Irish chauffeur in San Francisco who had been having trouble with numerous small boys in the neighborhood of his stand discovered one day on examining his car that there was a dead cat on one of the seats. In his anger he was about to throw the carcass into the street, when he espied a policeman.

Making the "Movies"

THE whole universe, or as much of it as he can reach, is enlisted by the latter-day "movie" director in his invasion if he sets out to find the necessary and proper background for his story. When a town does not exist he builds it for himself, as we see by the description of Inceville, in California, written by Henry MacMahon for the New York Evening Post.

Inceville has everything," declares Mr. MacMahon; "palaces and cottages; an enormous transportation department; a farm, a navy, a wild west ranch, a commissary, an electric plant and sea-water pumping station, Ecole des Beaux Arts for oil and water-color, a dreammaking establishment, a department of military engineering, sappers, miners and pioneers for the battle pieces; a library and a museum, aids of the official historian, and antiquarians; a candy and cabinet shop for the large indoor construction—these are just a few of the establishments I noticed in a rapid survey of the ground."

"This village lies in a canon that debouches down to the Pacific ocean about four miles north of Santa Monica. It has no connection with the outside world except a very bad and dusty coast road over which automobiles and horse vehicles travel all day long. There is a saying you can get anything you want at Inceville, for its activities are as complete as the modern city, despite the fact that it possesses only a few hundred inhabitants. The overhead expense of running Inceville is about the same as that of running a great daily newspaper. A dozen productions are under way at once."

"While I was walking on the beach in front of the canon, I noticed several pirates stealing one of Mr. Tom Ince's beautiful heroines who had unwisely gone to take a dip in the surf. They loaded her into a life boat, and half-a-dozen pairs of arms showed it into the Pacific while the rattle of musketry played around from the shore up on the cliff who was trying to stop them without killing his unfortunate bride. Going to the hilltop, I saw great cavalcades of cowboys headed by the redoubtable W. S. Hart, whom some folk will remember as the erstwhile hero of 'Ben Hur' of the legitimate stage, and then as Cash Hawkin in 'The Squaw Man.'"

"Out over the crest of the ridge was Billie Burke riding a pony straight-saddle and accompanied by Thomas H. Ince, William H. Thompson, and others on their way to a mountain cabin supposed to be placed in the highlands of Scotland. In another part of the grounds was Katherine Kaerled bustly 'vamping' House Peters, who was slipping from the grasp of Clara Williams. In his studio-enclosures proper, actors were making up for expeditions in 'India,' 'China,' the 'European War-Front,' and the 'Days of Chivalry.'"

Only Self-Discipline

NOT enough attention has been given to the extension of military training not as a war measure but as a domestic reform.

With an adequate navy we do not greatly have to fear what any other nation can do to us. But, navy or no navy, we do have to fear what we can do to ourselves.

The World certainly yields to none in its support of the personal liberty of our citizens. But we believe that a certain amount of personal liberty must go hand in hand with personal discipline; that when it falls to do this it immediately tends to degenerate into irresponsible license.

The chief test of individual freedom is its capacity for voluntary self-discipline. It is the display of that capacity which makes republican France so glorious today. It is the absence of that capacity which makes men shake their heads over England's future.

But surely no clear-sighted American can delude himself into imagining that self-discipline is an American virtue of today.

When that capacity which makes republican France so glorious today. It is the absence of that capacity which makes men shake their heads over England's future.

We are unquestionably still patriots, but we are becoming slightly paunchy patriots who need a course of stiff training to tone up our systems.

We wish that the 400,000 continental that Secretary Giffen's plan contemplates could be 4,000,000. Four million men from Duke to dock hands, reached into our daily life, who had learned that prompt bodily and mental obedience to orders does not constitute humiliation and that self-discipline is compatible with self-respect, would be a splendid army for use not primarily against foreign forces, but against American weaknesses.

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"What's the matter, captain?" he managed to gasp. "Have we been torpedoed?"

"Calm yourself, my dear sir, and be prepared for the worst," answered the official.

"Oh, don't tell me we're going down!" moaned the other. "Quick, where are the life preservers?"

"They wouldn't be of any service at this stage!" explained the captain.

"Too late!" quavered the despairing passenger.

"Yes," said the captain, very solemnly. "We've done all we can for you. You'll have to look out for yourself from now on. You see, we've just tied up to the dock."—New York Times.

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Governor James F. Fielder of New Jersey smiled when reference was made to realism. He said he recalled an incident that happened in a little country church.

One Sunday night the good parson of the aforesaid church chose "Hades" for his theme, and even as he eloquently discoursed an absent-minded member of the congregation began to toy with a nickel-plated match safe.

"It is wonderful," Mary, whispered an elderly woman to a friend in the seat ahead of the match-playing paragon. "It is simply wonderful!"

"I suppose you mean the pastor's remarks, Sarah," responded the other in a subdued voice.

"Yes," answered the first, gently sniffing the sulphur-scented air. "I have heard Brother White preach many a sermon, but none so realistic as this."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

His by Right.

An Irish chauffeur in San Francisco who had been having trouble with numerous small boys in the neighborhood of his stand discovered one day on examining his car that there was a dead cat on one of the seats. In his anger he was about to throw the carcass into the street, when he espied a policeman.

"Hold up, my friend," he exclaimed. "This is how I am in the West. What am I to do with it?"

"Well, don't you know? Take it to headquarters and if it is not claimed within a month it becomes your property."—Harper's Magazine.

The Bee's Letter Box

Editor of The Bee: After an absence from the city of almost six years I now return to Omaha (my home) and find the city looking larger, snappier and more metropolitan in the downtown section than many cities twice its size in the east.

It is an air of prosperity about the city and the people's dress. But anywhere within ten minutes ride from the postoffice I can easily forget that I am in a metropolitan city of the first class. In fact it is hard to imagine that I am in a city at all. It appears more like the outskirts of a small country town than the very heart of a big city.

The lighting system in Omaha is so grossly inadequate that a comparison with other cities of its class is almost a foolishness. The lurking shadows are enough to scare a man of the strongest heart and iron nerve. To permit such a condition to exist is without reason or logic. The lighting system in this city has not been improved to keep pace with the growth of Omaha.

Is it any wonder that men of vicious character come to Omaha to perpetrate their atrocities? The dark poorly lighted streets and sidewalks and boulevards afford every opportunity to hide their features, successfully and thus escape identification. Holdups and similar crimes are committed in other cities as well, but the perpetrators are more easily and definitely identified when captured. The dark streets must be a continual invitation to the holdup man to attempt his victimhood.

What's to be done when such a condition exists? The plan the city fathers hit upon is this: To create the position of "city forester" and pray what would his duties be? To trim the trees in his backyard? In Washington, D. C., the streets are lined with trees, there are no dark places as in Omaha. The city is properly and adequately lighted. There is no necessity for a city forester. What we want is more lights and street lamps. Take the money that a city forester would get annually; add to that the cost of his equipment, assistants, and materials, etc. and install more lights with that money.

Don't blame the police department for not apprehending the criminals who perpetrate holdups and smaller crimes. How can you expect the police to do anything if they haven't even a reasonably definite description of the criminal?

J. J. FRIEDMAN.

For Him That Not Union Member

OMAHA, Oct. 21.—To the Editor of The Bee: In reply to "Anxious Enquirer" and other who are worried about the standing of Max Desettel in the Omaha labor movement, I wish to state that the "card men" are uneasy simply because Max Desettel is doing things for the Omaha labor movement. The real union men of Omaha are not for Max Desettel and the Omaha Unionist.

Omaha Unionist. Omaha will soon be a real union town in spite of the opposition of certain "card men." As for myself, I am glad that a union man like Max Desettel is here in Omaha. I wish we had more like him.

KARL A. KRUMM, President of Molders' Union No. 10.

Peace for Nebraska's Capital.

KEARNEY, Neb., Oct. 21.—To the Editor of The Bee: The German American Alliance in session at Omaha declaring the state capital at Lincoln a disgrace to Nebraska, it is just as W. F. Bailey says: It has settled two and a half inches, and is partly rotten from the roof to the foundation, and I believe it was built partly by prison labor. The stone in the building is cracked from top to bottom.

When this state was opened up for settlement those moneyed men got it into their heads that this state would never be broken up except along the Platte river, and they might as well have the capital located in Lancaster county, and hold it there. But now the state is broken up from east to west and is getting pretty well settled. In my travels from Omaha to Cheyenne, in viewing the different counties along the Platte river, there are three in the location of the capital. If it should come to a vote for capital removal, I would say to the people along the Union Pacific to locate it on the heights of Buffalo county, where all the people can view it as they pass from east to west. The rising young generation will get a chance to view the capital if they should travel through the state. This is the second nearest the center of the state. Broken Bow is about the center of the state and Buffalo county will come next to it.

I am getting to be quite old, but that is where it ought to be. If I were a young man I would vote for it along the Union Pacific. Mr. Editor, you will please print this for the benefit of the people of this state, so I can read it in The Bee. I am a reader of The Bee and an old republican, too. X. Y.

Curtail This Catastrophe.

OMAHA, Oct. 21.—To the Editor of The Bee: As the "Billy" Sunday campaign draws to a fitting close, we are growing concerned up here on Sherman avenue for the "hug" that grips the trail-follower will fall in drawing the members of our city commission along the blessed sawdust path of righteousness. We have watched with strained eyes and wildly palpitating hearts for nearly seven long weeks for this consummation. It seemed our last, lingering hope for Omaha's redemption. For few of us have any doubts that if Mayor "Jim" and the rest hit the trail it will be a certain sign that the millennium is close at hand. And it is, as "Billy" says, Christ is likely to appear at any hour and bodily snatch the righteous up through the regions of space into eternal glory, what a joy it will be for Omaha about the time of the next city election, to see the mayor and all his satellites suddenly rise up and float away from our care forever, either to heaven—or to Sheridan, Wyo.?

Mr. Editor, if I thought it would n' any way tend to hasten this halcyon event in our midst, I would gladly present Miss Saxe with the furry fiend in feline form—I mean the cacophonous, cat-barrings and canticles alleviate the long and tedious hours of night in this vicinity. In spite of brick-bats and other missiles, at least seven of his nine lives are still intact, and I feel that his caltheistic capers would r.v.i. those of the evangelist himself at the Tabernacle and entrance the audience to the verge of catalepsy. Miss Saxe would delight in his cataleptic rendition of "Brighten the Corner," and the inmates of that great hotel—the Loyal Inn—would surely "rise up" (in the middle of the night) and call him blessed. If I send him down there to fill a 100-foot need, I must insist that Miss Saxe leave him away with her when she leaves Omaha. I should decidedly object to being awakened some night next week,

by a voice on the kitchen roof catrally wailing mournfully and Tennysonianly: "Oh, the tender grace of a day that is dead."

"Will never come back to me!" Anyway, he is fitted to be the mascot of the Sunday party wherever they may pitch their tabernacle in this wilderness of sin. By mental and prophetic catalepsy, I foresee that this particular tomcat is destined, through the processes of evolution and unfoldment, to be an even eldier after "Billy's" own special brand, in some far-off manvantara. Thanks to the immutable workings of the great law that the time is still some cycles hence. Two of them in the present manvantara would tend to disrupt the whole universe and cause those who believe in the universal brotherhood of man in d to sigh for Prayaya to come quickly. My cardiac nerves are untrung at the very conception of such a disaster. I hasten to lay the cat as a free-will offering at the feet of Miss Saxe, the cat-lover, to be used in filling the Billy Sunday propaganda in other sink-holes of iniquity like Omaha. He is of the most fashionable and fascinating burnt-orange color with terra-cotta stripes, and if fed assiduously on catfish with copious draughts of catnip tea and a dose of catechu after every meal, I can assure her he will be perfectly normal, except for an occasional epileptic fit caused from a brick-bat thrown with unusual skill and precision. "Rody" will find him a vocal acquisition. VERITAS.

GRINS AND GROANS.

"It would be better for you if you quit eating so much," remarked the whole-some adviser.

"Look here," rejoined the dyspeptic; "these futuristic ideas may be all right for pictures and poetry, but don't try to stir any few-chestnut notions about my bills of fare."—Washington Star.

"Wife, tell daughter she positively must cut out those short skirts." "Get from any drug store 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex, (50 cents worth), pour it into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Full directions with Pinex. Keeps perfectly and tastes good."

You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. It quickly loosens the dry, hoarse or painful cough, and heals the inflamed membranes. It also has a remarkable effect in overcoming the persistent loose cough by stopping the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes.

The effect of Pine on the membranes is known by almost every one. Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract combined with guaiaacul and other natural healing pine elements.

There are many worthless imitations of this famous mixture. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex," and do not accept anything else.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, with each bottle. Write for Catalog No. 100, Pinex, Inc., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

An Old, Family-Cough Remedy, Home-Made

Easily Prepared—Costs Very Little, but is Prompt, Sure and Effective

By making this pint of old-time cough syrup at home you not only save about \$1.00, but you will also have a much more prompt and positive remedy in every way. It overcomes the usual cough, throat and chest troubles in 24 hours—relieves even whooping cough quickly—and is excellent, too, for bronchitis, bronchial asthma, hoarseness and spasmodic croup.

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Help Digestion

To keep your digestive organs in good working order—to stimulate your liver, tone your stomach and regulate your bowels, take—

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

DERMOT ASTORE.

Oh! Dermot Astore! between waking and sleeping, I heard thy dear voice, and I wept to its lay; Every pulse of my heart, the sweet thrill Killarney's wild echoes had borne it away.

Oh! Dermot Astore! how this fond heart would flutter When I met thee by night in the shady breen, And heard thine own voice in a soft measure words of endearment, "My youreen Colleen!"

I know we must part, but O' say not forever, That it may be for years, adds enough to my pain; But I'll cling to the hope that though now we must sever, In some blessed hour I shall meet thee again.

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