

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.
The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
By carrier By mail
Daily and Sunday \$5.00 per year
Daily without Sunday \$4.00 per year

REMITTANCE
Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only two-cent postage stamps received in payment of small accounts.

OFFICES
Omaha—The Bee Building, South Omaha—218 N. Street, Council Bluffs—14 North Main street.

SEPTEMBER SUNDAY CIRCULATION
44,375

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

Efficiency means happiness, so be efficient.
Time to begin doing your early Christmas shopping.

Looks as if that German war machine were self-propelling.
Miss Indian Summer is invited to stay as long as she will.

That short, sharp, quickly finished war is only in the story books.
Przemysl ought to be sufficiently well fortified with its name alone.

But, of course, levying war indemnities is not always the same as collecting them.
Mary Garden may be depended on to hoe her own row as a Red Cross nurse at the front.

It is not every country with a seat of government that can be moved about as easily as Belgium's.
Mr. McGinty has come to light at last—holding down a clerical job in a government bureau at Washington.

Sulzer is bantering the colonel for a debate. Better look a little out or he will not be 'the same old Bill' very long.
Philadelphia just cannot get away from that criny feeling of having a lot of Boston book-worms crawling all over it.

The Minneapolis Journal observes that some persons still say "tomatoes." Yes, but no one can ever make them taste that way.
Another attempted recall of a supposedly unpopular city official has failed out in Denver. Evidently, it is not so easy as it looks.

Still, if Mitchell and Pinchot are both elected instead of Penrose, as they and their followers say they will be, that will give Pennsylvania three senators.
The open season for auto touring is nearing its close, but that is no reason for autoists lapsing into carelessness, much less becoming reckless in their driving.

Chairman Thompson of the democratic state committee and Chairman George of the republican state committee are at least entertaining one another with their little joint debate.
Omaha gets the next National Farmers' congress, and the Farmers' congress gets a meeting place in the center of the most productive and prosperous agricultural area of the country.

The highest tribute to the honesty of professional baseball is in the winning of the world's series championship in four straight games instead of stringing them out to boost the gate receipts.
If President Wilson succeeds in landing Irvin Watterson back on the reservation as handily as he did Colonel Harvey, then let him have that Nobel peace prize without further watchful waiting.

More American Influence.
Another call comes from the republic of China to the republic of the United States for more American influence. The Chinese have tried it in the missionary, the commercial drummer and his wares, the great "open door" policy, the specialist in finance, government and education.

How all-pervading the war subject is may be gathered from the fact that military topics have broken into every literary magazine and periodical that we know of, with possibly one exception. The war is the one big universal human-interest story that affects directly, or indirectly, every living person, and generations yet to come.

Score one for Brother Merriam in his protest against the action of the Commercial club playing favorites among legislative nominees. He should have said, however, that a club organized to promote the business interests of the city has no business to launch into partisan politics at all.

Well now, there is only one way for the marriage license bureau to make itself immune against charges of playing favorites. Let it list and number the ministers who are bidding for wedding ceremony privileges, and page them along in rotation.

Mr. Hewitt of the Chicago Herald offers to prove that women think before voting. Mr. Hewitt is doubtless far too circumspect to imagine that anyone is going to "call" his bet.

The Indispensable Human Factor.
Miss Ida Tarbell is quoted as saying that "The secret of eliminating accidents is one-third safety devices and two-thirds organization and education." In other words, the human element is indispensable to the success of the most ingenious mechanical device.

A Beautiful Utopia.
In our letterbox, to which we are giving space today specially for that purpose, will be found an interesting communication signed by Mr. C. H. Malchien in the nature of a plea to the newspapers of Omaha to agree on, and give united support to, the different candidates they consider best for election to office.

Classifying Housewives.
Once more there comes the familiar protest against the census disposing of housewives as having "no occupation," a thing, we are reminded, against which thoughtful women have remonstrated since the original counting of noses in this country.

The Boy and the Man.
"There is no such thing as 'the boy problem,' much as folks talk about it," said Fred S. Goodman of New York, a Young Men's Christian association expert, in addressing an Omaha audience.

Worthy Servants.
The story is told of a poor woman who works twelve hours a day in this country, and with a mite that it takes to keep a person in some of the oriental countries, supports a woman missionary.

Tablets of Science.
The skin of the otter is capable of manipulation which makes it extremely difficult to detect it from that of the seal. Platinum has advanced in price so rapidly in recent years that gold is being used to alloy it, to lessen the cost of electrical apparatus in which it is necessary.

Odd Bits of Life.
Henry Bellstein of St. Louis, Mo., wrote Miss Freda Schatt 2,000 love letters before she consented to become Mrs. Bellstein. All were illustrated with pen and ink sketches and were written in verse.

People and Events
Experts contend that the mighty chest Boston has acquired couldn't be dented by the shells which shattered the forts of Antwerp.
If a vote of the people of Belgium could be had on the question, it is fairly certain a majority would agree with what General Sherman said about war.

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The Bee's Letter Box

Let the Newspapers Get Together.
OMAHA, Oct. 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: I note with pleasure that the three Omaha daily papers are united on a certain number of good candidates for the school board to be elected this fall.

What difference does it make in city politics, county politics, and I might say state politics, whether a candidate is a republican, a democrat, a progressive or a socialist, if he has the ability to fill the office he is striving for and is an honest, conscientious man.

A railroad in South America is said to be earning money at the rate of \$100,000 a mile, and pays its per cent on its common stock. A photograph of the rate, the company charges would be a valuable addition to the museum of an American traffic manager.

The British war office shatters another illusion by admitting that the graphic dispatches from the Eastern front were not written by General Sir John French, but by a Colonel Swinton. All the felicitations showered on Sir John as a reporter are herewith switched to Colonel Swinton.

The once famous Calumet club, Chicago's pioneer social organization, goes into the discard November 1. How have the mighty fallen! Among the charter members of the club were Marshall Field, George M. Pullman, P. D. Armour, Levi Z. Leiter, N. K. Fairbanks and F. W. Peck—all gathered in the great beyond.

When a man has a wife and three grown daughters he can't see why his wife wants to spend good money on a photograph.

When a man gets home late and his dinner is cold, he knows that his wife will make it warm for him. You can play this both ways.

More material for the great American novel. A California woman wants a divorce because she is her husband's fourth wife and he insists upon calling her by his first wife's name.

Let us be fair. If a man didn't hog all his change for his personal comfort, and went 60-50 with his wife, the joke about her tripping his pockets at night would soon die for want of nourishment.

Father wants a divorce when mother has hash for dinner. But if mother puts some dope in the hash and calls it some French name that sounds like a cabaret dish, father compliments her on her high-brow cooking.

When they do get the vote, and a woman candidate for office invites her constituents to a feed at her expense, could a reporter be arrested for announcing the fact that the candidate was fixing her supporters?

When two men are extremely polite to each other it is a sign that they don't like each other. But when they say: "Hello, you old dog pup!" and "How's yourself, you porch-climbing old horse fiend!" they are good friends.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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MUSINGS OF A CYNIC.

We should forget not enemies ourselves daily if they have us down.
A new broom sweeps clean, but only when it has some power behind it.

The world is bristling because no man can have happiness and be stingy with it.
No man is thoroughly accomplished unless he has an ability to mind his own business.

Some people are constantly giving themselves away, and others are always being sold.
The higher education generally demonstrates that the more we know, the less we believe.

The only people who can afford to meet at lunch are those who never expect to have any.
Some people can throw bouquets at themselves and then succeed in hanging up the flour.

Some of us are so accustomed to looking out for number one that we get positively near sighted.
It isn't always politeness that prompts the divorce lawyer to say to the minister, "After you, Mr."

We are told that Eve was made from Adam's rib, but some of us really have an idea Adam lost his backbone.
Courtship demonstrates that a young man's arm goes to waist more frequently than his opportunities do.

Old age shouldn't deter us from keeping up with the fashions. We are never too old to acquire the latest wrinkle.—New York Times.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES

Mistress—Bridget, it always seems to me that the crankiest mistresses get the best cooks.
Cook—Oh, so on wild yer blarney!—Boston Transcript.

"So you've brought my husband home in this condition at 1 o'clock in the morning!" screamed the lady at the window to the convaying party.
"Yess, madam, they agreed. The bun is at the gate."—New York Press.

Ethel—Oh, Jack, be careful tonight. Papa's brought home a bulldog.
Jack—That's all right. The dog used to belong to me and I got the dealer to sell him in your father's.—Buffalo Express.

"She told Percival never to speak to her again and he said, 'Oh, very well!' and left her."
"Did they don't speak?"
"Oh, yes, they do. She saw to that. She went immediately and secured a situation as a telephone operator."—Washington Star.

"I'm certain he loves me," said the suburban girl.
"Who's that?"
"Who's that? It's a four-mile walk to town. He misses the last car about twice a week, but he still keeps calling."—Pittsburgh Post.

Mrs. Hempeck—Is there any difference, Theodore, do you know, between a fox and a tortoise?
Mr. Hempeck—I should imagine a difference, my love, could be harder to all out.—London Opinion.

"How do you know Mrs. Blinks is as bad as she is painted?"
"Her husband is a druggist and sells rouge and powder."—Boston Transcript.

Hicks—Have you joined this buy-a-bale-of-cotton movement?
Wicks—No sir. What I had to join was the buy-a-load-of-coal movement.—Indianapolis News.

"That rich Mrs. Stegins doesn't speak to me now. Yet she used to be my next door neighbor—and they were awfully common."
"Well, there are some things money can't do."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

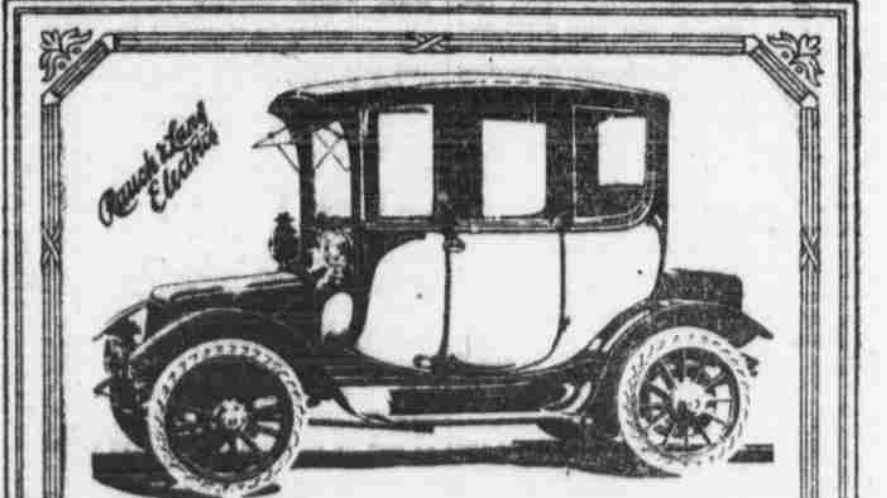
"Make old-time neighbors forget the early days."
OCTOBER.
Alfred Thorne in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

'Tis October, little October, 'tis the melon low time of year.
And the autumn smiles in beauty at the winter drawing near.
The maple leaf is crimson and the wood-bine's flaming right.
And the harvest moon with glory fills the brisk October night.

'Tis October, rare October, and the apple bougie are red.
Where the springtime bloomed in fragrance in the blossoms overhead.
The harvest home is singing where the tooting earth has bloomed.
And the woodland ways are wondrous in autumn splendor dressed.

'Tis October, late October, all the air is crisp and sweet.
And the breeze in drifting shadows runs and ripples in the wheat.
There's a sharper, brighter sparkle on the river's crystal stream.
And a frosty after twilight gleam.

'Tis October, fair October, 'tis the mellow time of year.
When we give a kindly father praise for the heart's abundant cheer.
When with happy hearts we gather round the hearthfire burning bright.
Thanking God for love and dear ones in a land of love and light.



Rauch & Lang Electrics
THE HIGHEST TYPE
of electric car—the Rauch & Lang—insures luxurious easy riding at a minimum upkeep cost. There is nothing complicated about it. No experience is required in its care or operation. You can charge it yourself—as easily as turning on an electric light. Its simplicity cannot but appeal to you. No chauffeur to contend with—no engine to crank—no tires to puncture—none of the annoyances of the gas car.