

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

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NOVEMBER SUNDAY CIRCULATION. 44,671

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average Sunday circulation for the month of November, 1914, was 44,671.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 5th day of December, 1914. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Time is flying in which to shop early.

Cleaning snow off the walks, like charity, ought to begin at home.

People can in time get used to almost anything—even to war tax stamps.

Never contented, Missouri is kicking again because its mules are going to war.

At that, the German navy has succeeded in giving a tolerably good account of itself.

Just as a reminder to the man who was complaining for the want of snow, let it be noted that "the next day it snowed."

So it appears that while Mr. Bryan is for both equal suffrage and prohibition, he has a time-lock on his combination.

Perhaps the weather man is just getting into practice to make sure that he can give us a white Christmas if he wants to.

It seems the president passed up the chance of making a gallery play by naming Mr. Harbor surveyor of the port of Kansas City.

Now that the administration has promised to "let business alone," let us attend to business and try to make up for lost time.

Just let the small boy in Omaha try to imagine himself living in a town so flat that a sled would not move unless pushed or pulled.

Does the president's omission of Mexico from his message to congress mean that he no longer considers "watchful waiting" worth mentioning?

Eight more postmasterly primaries have been ordered by Congressman Dan V. Stephens, and, to add insult to injury, one of them goes to Edgar Howard's home town!

The man who sits up nights to worry over Europe's loking as when it gets through with thrashing itself is our idea of the man who hunts for something to worry about.

Things are not always what they seem; for instance, they tell us the Blue Danube is not blue, at all, and we know that the "Blue Alsatian mountains" are now white with snow.

Men with million-dollar incomes were mighty scarce before the income tax collector started out on his rounds, and they will doubtless be scarcer when he again rides the circuit.

To start agitation for a barge line on the Missouri just as the river is getting ready to freeze up looks a trifle incongruous. Would not the barge proposition find clearer sailing about the time the navigation season reopens?

Secretary Bryan is now trying to hedge on his pronouncements in favor of suffrage and prohibition by qualifying his support of them as state issues, and not as national issues. If Mr. Bryan thinks this will please either side he is mighty much mistaken.

"Met" asks why John C. Wharton, Omaha's republican postmaster, should be supplanted by a democrat when Mr. Wharton has a good democratic record lasting for at least two whole days, which he can establish by reference to "my old notebook." Why, we also ask to know? Perhaps Postmaster Wharton could be persuaded to be a democrat for two more whole days if "Met" will guarantee him reappointment.

In a remarkable illustration of the extent and influence of hoarding money, Albert W. Atwood in the Saturday Evening Post, cites this among many typical cases that came to light during the recent scare following the declaration of war in Europe:

Early in August a well-known business man walked into the office of the president of one of New York's great banks and opened a small chest. This man had important connections in four or five large western cities, with bank accounts in all of them. He opened the chest and took out \$100,000 in gold certificates.

"I want you to put this in a safe place for me," he said. "I don't want to take any chances. I drew all my money out of the banks."

"I never knew you were an ass," replied the banker, "but I know it now. I won't touch your gold."

"Do you mean you won't take it?" asked the startled man. "What shall I do with it?"

"Take it away from here," shouted the banker. "The writer declares that many similar withdrawals took place in 1907 and for that reason, more than any other, the country suffered so severe a depression. To a limited extent the same practice was repeated last August and later following the outbreak of the European war, and, as Mr. Atwood shows, it probably would have reached widespread proportions,

with most disastrous results, but for the swift action of bankers in checking what they foresaw.

If it be true, as it has been said for years, that fully \$500,000,000 is annually hoarded in this country, it is easy to realize that the evil is not confined to periods of stringency, but exists as a constant obstacle to larger business expansion. Money is hoarded for two reasons, ignorance and fear, neither of which is excusable. Both, we think, might be lessened by a campaign of education bringing the facts to the attention of those apt to indulge in this useless and culpable practice.

No Matter About Credit. Collier's Weekly gives credit for the Christmas ship idea to Mr. James Keeley of the Chicago Tribune. Oh, witra, witra, what will Mr. James Keeley of the Chicago Herald think about that?—Kansas City Star.

And yet, just to keep the record straight, James Keeley of the Chicago Herald gives credit for the idea to a woman—Lillian Bell, the authoress, who suggested it to the Herald in a letter, as The Bee, quoting a Herald editorial, previously pointed out. But why bother about the credit for such an enterprise, when, in the words of a great sea captain, "there is honor enough for all"—for Lillian Bell and James Keeley and the Herald—original sponsors—who with The Bee and a hundred other newspapers over the land, the railroads, the government, the ship, and last, but not least, the people who responded with their gifts, made possible what has been done. No one sought "credit," but all sought results.

Does City Life Produce Insanity? Does city life produce insanity more than life in the country? The insanity statistics compiled by the census bureau apparently give an affirmative answer to this question.

The census investigators have found that the total number of insane people reported in institutions has increased 25 per cent in six years as against a population increase of only 12 per cent, and that the increase in asylums, and asylum accommodations, has not been proportionate, with the result of over-crowded institutions and the necessity of turning patients away. Part of the increase, however, may be explainable by the great improvement in the agencies for discovering cases of insanity, and the more ready means of bringing the patients into regular institutions. Aside from this, it is noted that, of the insane asylum population, the number per thousand coming from cities, towns and villages is more than twice the number coming from strictly rural communities, contradicting the popular impression that the loneliness of country life is more calculated to cause insanity than the strain of competition, the congestion of vice, and the depression of city life. Everywhere we are told "the ratio of admissions to insane asylums is higher, and usually much higher, from urban than from rural communities."

A New Europe in the Making.

Writing in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, on "New Nations Already Rising Out of the War," using France, with which he is most familiar except England, as an example, Vance Thompson declares that "a new France has been born—in war pains unspeakable. For fifteen years France has been in the hands of the politicians, whereof you know, came the war." And then he proceeds to show the transforming effect upon the people. "In a day—in an hour—war knit together the old energies of the race. And it was a strange thing to see laughter die in France. The old energies came back, and the old high-born idealism," and further:

If it was there merely a dirty squabble of greed—trade-grabbers jostling for places in the sugar—there would be small hope for civilization. But the men who have watched it—as I have—coming slowly to an issue, since 1907, know it is the inevitable struggle between the old forces of democracy and armed aristocracy. And it is already bearing fruit in all the nations. I know more about that in England and France, but I am sure it is true of the others. Humanity is knit pretty close in these days.

The Bee was warmly congratulated for its editorial, which, under the caption, "The Survival of the Fittest," declared that "the net results of this hideous human slaughter will be a new Europe representing the best of the old as embodied in those ideals which demand a higher abatement than that of force." This view is deepened with the progress of events. Even the warring nations, themselves, have begun to reflect it in their changing attitudes and expressions. As Mr. Thompson shows, "in the first anger and surprise of war lots of foolish, bad things were said and written in England and elsewhere. What you hear now is different—and what you read." He goes on to show that as Lloyd George phrased it, "the nations are shedding themselves of selfishness" and making a "new Europe—a new world. And the newspapers are dropping the tone of brag and anathema."

Incidentally, here is another reminder for America to continue a national policy of sober-minded neutrality. If already, with the war as yet nowhere near its climax, such progress has been made toward the only profitable goal to be expected as a result of this awful upheaval, can anyone doubt that "the net results will be a new Europe?" And if the warriors, themselves, have come thus early to the view, can we of America afford to lower our vision beneath it?

Edison's Greatest Discovery.

People almost without number are voicing their joy that Thomas A. Edison's records and private laboratory were not destroyed by the fire that consumed his manufacturing plant. These expressions go to show how widespread is the interest in Mr. Edison's personality, and in everything he does, and this widespread interest is to be explained by his remarkable success in making practical application of his discoveries and inventions.

Edison has failed to work out a lot of problems which he has tackled, but his failures are overlooked in the multiplicity and usefulness of his successes. Where Edison has scored an advantage over all other scientists lies in his appreciation of the practical, and his determination to limit his efforts strictly to things that at least hold promise of serviceability to the mass of the people instead of to the very few. If Edison had put in all his time inventing burglar-proof safes for multimillionaires, or bomb-proof armorplate for big battleships, or telescope cameras for astronomers, he might have succeeded every time and still fallen short of filling the place he occupies in the popular mind, and in the people's hearts.

Edison's greatest discovery was the discovery that he could do most for world betterment by devoting his talents to the perfection of common everyday things, or bringing exceptional things down to the common everyday plane.

The Promised Rest for Business.

Business certainly welcomes the rest which the president promises in his message to congress, in which he says:

Our program of legislation with regard to the regulation of business is now virtually complete. The road at last lies clear and firm before business. It is a road which it can travel without fear or embarrassment.

Let congress fall in with this and the whole country will breathe easier. Let us also cease to make the false distinction between big and little business in this connection, bearing in mind that their interests are mutual when it comes to the program which the president says is about complete. Not only the "capital class," but the wage earning class, every class of men dependent upon their incomes for a livelihood—and that includes all—is affected.

The president told us not so long ago that there was nothing the matter with business, itself, but that the trouble lay with the evil spirit in business—like the man of the Gadares, who was all right as soon as purged of the demon within him. Naturally business, too, resented correction of certain of its wrongs, which was begun, however, before President Wilson took office. Now if that purifying process has been completed, and need fear no further disturbances from hostile legislation, business may go on its way rejoicing, for it requires all the elbow room compatible with safety in order to recover lost ground.

On Hoarding.

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People and Events

The proof of man's stickativeness may be shown in the copious use of Red Cross seals on Christmas packages.

Faces adorned with whiskers are becoming a rarity in the financial district of New York. A smooth face is most becoming to a smooth business.

It is inferred from remarks megaphones want to Washington that while the nation cannot lick everything, it can do a pretty fair job with war stamps.

A "gentleman's agreement" among the kid escorts of lonely maids in New York calls for an overhead charge of 10 cents, coupled with this admonition: "An de ruy wot cuts his price gits his block tipped."

The first annual statement of the Rockefeller foundation, just published in New York, shows a total of \$103,300,817 in the fund. The income for the year amounted to about \$5,000,000 and the appropriations \$4,000,000.

Nobody loves a fat man? A cruel aspersions on the jolliest of mankind. A Missourian traveled from Alton to St. Louis to return to a man weighing 365 pounds a suit of clothes taken by mistake. What greater proof of love could be given?

The esteemed Charles W. Morse, whose health was restored by a pardon, is becoming a big factor in the promoting world of New York. His latest venture is a steamship line to Bermuda under the American flag. Charley is a smooth one as well as a live wire.

It was at a soiree musicale of the mechanical variety. "My Old Kentucky Home" was turned out with soul-searching tones. In a remote corner of the room a guest was weeping copiously. The hostess went to him and inquired sympathetically: "Are you a Kentuckian?" Between sobs came the answer: "No, madam, I am a musician."

Admiration for the nerve of the anthracite coal barons grows apace in Pennsylvania. Two years ago the state imposed a tax on each ton of coal mined, and warned the barons against passing it down to the customer. The barons passed it down all right, but instead of passing the money up to the state they crunched it into their jeans, where it will remain until the courts pass on the constitutionality of the law. Already the pile amounts to \$100,000.

MUFFLED KNOCKS.

Blessings may come in disguise. But trouble never bothers about putting on any makeup.

A man hasn't a very good religion when he regards Sunday as the longest and dearest day in the week.

Most men can't understand a bank statement, but you can't fool them when it comes to a box score.

A man buys a new hat because the old one is greasy or shabby. A woman buys a new hat because the style has changed.

It may be embarrassing to a girl to have you look her over. But she would rather have you look her over than overlook her.

Some of the gray stockings you see the girls wearing look as though they might have been white when they were first donned.

There are a lot of conflicting descriptions of heaven. But our idea of heaven is a place where there is a fish for every fishworm.

In the game of life a man likes to see his hits and runs printed in big type, but he hollers murder every time one of his errors is recorded.

When a wise old crow of 30 snares a lad of 21 into marrying her, part of the performance is to have the bride's mother sob around the house on the day of the wedding because her daughter is being "robbed of her girlhood."

A man never brags much about the prizes he won at Sunday school when he was a boy. But he doesn't mind letting you know that he led his own gang and stole apples and whipped all the kids in town. And he usually adds, with a grin, that he was a devil among the girls.

Father can always get where with a little economy the family could get along with one pint of milk a day instead of three. But if mother suggests that they also use economy and get along on one case of beer a week instead of four, father wants a divorce.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TABLOIDS OF SCIENCE.

A machine has been devised for imitating the noise of an aeroplane engine, with the object of alarming hostile troops.

In the location of Newcastle, England, there is said to be coal enough to last the world 800 years—that is, 3,000,000,000 tons.

By crossing certain fiber plants in the Philippines an excellent grade of artificial silk of much strength has been produced.

A European violin instructor has invented a diagram printed on paper to be pasted on the neck of an instrument to show a pupil where to place his fingers to produce desired notes.

For removing and sifting ashes at the same time there has been invented a scoop with a double screen in the bottom, one portion of which is actuated by an attachment on the handle.

French cotton spinners have established a laboratory for determining the percentage of moisture or any abnormal dryness in cotton, that which is too dry being regarded as defective.

Prof. Otto Lummer of Breslau has melted carbon. He inclosed a large arc light, formed of two carbon rods, in a heavy glass container and exhausted the air. By using a powerful electric current he placed such a heat that drops formed at the tips of the carbons.

EDITORIAL SHRAPNEL.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: Time is the great equalizer. A European stamp tax led to an American war, and now a European war leads to an American stamp tax.

Chicago Herald: We may not have as many long-range torpedoes as we should, but when it comes to long-range military strategists the country is almost overstocked.

Indianapolis News: Dr. Bernard Dernburg, former German secretary of state for the colonies, is dead right in one thing, anyhow, and that is when he says that the war is "stupid, unnecessary and uncalled for."

Houston Post: The exchanges are bringing an interesting batch of Thanksgiving dinners throughout the country. And we infer from the Nebraska papers that old Jim Dehman was thankful that he had nearly completed the year without somebody he trusted as friend give him a political stab in the back.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: Those Berlin clergymen who protested against their exemption from military service as an insult do not seem to be ambitious to preach the Christmas sermon on peace on earth to the German public.

Houston Post: A Baltimore preacher says it is not important that man should leave a fortune, but only a good name. Rubbish! A man ought to leave a good name, an attractive and comfortably provided for widow and at least eleven children.

Baltimore American: A missionary in West Africa tried to blow up a warship. His explanation was that he was a soldier first and a missionary afterward. Consequently, he was dealt with as a soldier first and his missionary labors are lost to the cause.

Brooklyn Eagle: The Rev. Addison Ballard, congregationalist, died in Pittsburgh the other day at 82. The Rev. A. E. Ballard, Methodist, is living and in good health at 94 in Ocean Grove. Perhaps sound seasoned timber lasts longest in the pulpit. At least the coincidence is impressive.

New York World: At a baptism last Sunday in the church of the Social Revolution, "before the child was permitted to receive the blessing his parents were required to swear that they believed the existing social order to be evil and in need of radical readjustment. The first words of the service called upon the parents to teach the child well in the ways of the social revolution." Has not infancy troubles enough as it is without the additional burdens imposed on it by professors of every kind of ism?

MUSINGS OF A CYNIC.

Have a little sense and the dollars will take care of themselves.

Many a man expects even his own conscience to jolly him along.

Tough must have its fling, but no fellow likes to be thrown over.

Seeing is believing, but even the blind man may be convinced he is right.

It's no fun for a woman to tell a secret to anyone she thinks will keep it.

Many a fellow is left handed who still feels that he does everything right.

A dog's bark may be worse than his bite, but we prefer his bark, at that.

All that glitters isn't gold, but some people are perfectly satisfied with glitter.

Even the big game hunter may occasionally indulge in the sport of killing time.

Where some people are concerned, rubbing it in will keep you on the outs with them.

Nine-tenths of all the flattery in the world is expended on either women or tombstones.

Any man is apt to take water when he finds himself between the devil and the deep sea.

Music hath charms, but at the same time it isn't the song birds that make the best people.

Look not upon the wine when it is red, it is apt to make you color blind, and the first thing you know you are ordering champagne.—New York Times.

WHAT CITIES ARE DOING.

Chicago has one homicide a month for every 110,000 of its population.

In Los Angeles, Cal., 64 per cent of the laundry workers earn less than \$9 a week.

San Francisco has arranged for a giant Christmas tree, which will be loaded with good things for the kiddies.

Philadelphia proposes to build a stadium which will seat 100,000 seats, surpassing the Yale oval by 20,000 seats.

Salt Lake City business men and nearby farmers are co-operating in raising funds for the establishment of a best sugar factory.

An epidemic of robbery prevails in San Francisco. Burglaries, holdups, pocket-picking and short changing average twenty a day.

Laramie boosters are tightening their grip on a glass factory. The Chamber of Commerce guarantees \$15,000 to purchase a site for the plant.

Despite its reputation for piety, Philadelphia is about to receive a month of roasting from Billy Sunday. Failure to win the world's series calls for additional mortification of the spirit.

Expert accountants have been put to work on the books of the New York City Telephone company by a legislative committee, which seeks information on which a revision of rates may be based. Phone service in the big city is on the measure basis and is very high. The company values its property at \$17,200,000, which includes "special franchise," \$13,000,000, and "going concern value," \$4,200,000. The company's net earnings for the current year are placed at \$10,284,920.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

Clerk—Mr. Goldberg, as I am going to marry, I would like more salary. Boss—How much do you want? Clerk—Ten dollars a week. Boss—My gracious! How many women are you going to marry?—Chicago News.

First Girl—I do hate a slow man. Second Girl—So do I. One sat beside me in the car this morning reading a novel, and he was never ready to turn the page when I was. It was aggravating!—Boston Transcript.

"In some courts stolen kisses are held to be worth more and in others less. How can there be a standard to assess them?" "Only, I suppose, by their face value."—Baltimore American.

Customer—Here, waiter. Where are the olives? Waiter. Bring me half a melon and some cracked ice. The waiter stood by dumbly, half a bombshell and a bowl of champagne.—Cleveland Leader.

Simms—You're a poor sort of a club member. I've seldom see you around the clubhouse. Timms—Why, I get around once or twice a week. Simms—Well, look at me—I'm there every night. Timms—Yes, but you're married and I'm single.—New York Times.

"We are going to give up having Johnny get an education." "For what reason?" "Well, we ain't get him sterilized every morning in time to go to school."—Puck.

"Quick, quick, my dear—everybody else is in the lifeboat. The ship is sinking!" "Wait a moment—I cannot be seen like this. The lifebelt makes my coat pucker."—The Bystander.

THE CHILDREN'S ARMY.

Eliza Lieberman, in New York Sun. No tune of rolling life. No beat of the rolling drum. And yet with the thrill of life The horde of children come. Freckled and chubby and lean, Indifferent, good and bad, Hedged about with dirt and clean, Richly and poorly clad, They come on toddling feet To the schoolhouse door ahead. The neighboring aisle and street Resound to the infant tread. Children of those who came To the land of the promising west, Foreign of face and name, Are shoulder to shoulder pressed With the youth of the native land In the quest for truth and light. As the valorous little band come, Trudges to left and right. Creed and color and race Unite from the ends of the earth. Blending each noble trace In the pride of a glorious birth. Race and hate to a common beat. Fuse in a melting heat. As the little hearts beat fast As the little brains beat fast. A fresher brain and brain For the stock which the fates destroy. Belong to the common strain Of American girl and boy.

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THIRTY YEARS AGO

This Day in Omaha

A meeting of taxpayers presided over by H. G. Clark, appointed a committee to confer with attorneys with a view to contesting the St. Mary's avenue sewer tax. The committee named consisted of E. E. H. Kennedy, Warren Switzer, C. W. Hamilton, M. Hellman, William Preston and Robert Purvis.

Dreuzel & Masil have just completed their first year as a firm, during which time they disposed of 75 coffins, which, on the average, death rate of the city, is about three-fourths of the business in this line.

Architect Charles F. Driscoll has gone to Chicago for a week on business.

Albion W. Twigg, the author and former editor of the Continent, is in the city.

W. H. Chilson of New York stopped over on route to San Francisco as the guest of his friend, G. B. Clark of this city.

John J. Cavanaugh has opened a plumbing and gas establishment at 122 North Sixteenth.

The Lutheran banner closed with a satisfactory season realized, the remaining goods being sold at auction.

Rauch & Lang

supremacy

If elegance alone commanded Society's preference the Rauch & Lang Electric would continue in its undisturbed supremacy. If mechanical excellence was the only wanted feature it would lead.

But the Rauch & Lang Electric combines both—a regal body made by Coach-builders of 60 years experience and a propellng mechanism that no other electric driven vehicle can equal—the famous Rauch & Lang Straight-Type, Top-Mounted, Worm Drive. Let us give you a list of prominent users and a demonstration.

ELECTRIC GARAGE COMPANY

40th and Farnam Sts.

Rauch & Lang Electric

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