

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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AUGUST CIRCULATION. 56,554. State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of August, 1914, was 56,554.

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

There is enough expansion in this war without using dum dum bullets.

Pronouncing Ourc river is as hard for some of us as crossing it would be.

Keep your ear to the ground for something startling from the direction of Japan.

Disposing of more than \$2,000 worth of tags for a worthy cause in one day is not a bad job.

Our "maximum economy and efficiency" slogan needs the "see America first" plan to complete it.

The Kaiser says his heart bleeds for poor Louvain. Yes, and the hearts of the poor Belgians more than bleed.

It is announced that the political aircraft will soon begin dropping bombs on innocent noncombatants in Nebraska.

The honorable ear announces he will reach Berlin if it takes his last moujik, which sounds strangely like maxima to us.

The court of public opinion, before which the merits of this war are to be tried, seems to be located in the United States.

The war is spreading. Turkey Creek in Kansas City went on the rampage and filled the streets with nine feet of water.

"The world do move," but not fast enough, for in 1914 war still stains with human blood the very same soil it drenched in 1814.

It should be Nebraska's State fair in fact as well as name, attended and patronized by Nebraskans from all over the state more and more.

As a fulfillment of the scriptural promise that the rain shall descend on just and unjust alike, we note heavy showers in Nebraska and Texas.

Our voracious correspondent informs us that the "sun shines on the State fair at Lincoln." And what a heartless sun it would be if it didn't.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon has been nominated once more for congress from his old Danville district, which means that the people who know him best regard him highly.

You are not forgetting, are you, children, about that plan of saving your nickels to send Christmas presents to the homeless, fatherless children of Europe "In His Name"?

The democrats of Illinois have nominated Brother Roger Sullivan for senator to go down to Washington and help uphold the hands of the Wilson-Bryan administration. Another illustration of the soothing effects of gas.

Still, if the election machinery under our new election commissioner is so perfect and infallible it would have done no harm to have had a recount just to satisfy the defeated candidates that some of them were counted out.

The state fair claims an attendance of 30,000. The baby show was the day's novelty, the premium for the most handsome baby girl going to Walter, the 16-month old son of Mr. and Mrs. DePuy of Omaha, and for the handsomest little girl to Fay Chapman, 19 months old, of Florence. Other parents' prizes on exhibitions included Ellen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Garvin; James, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. O'Neill; Ida May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hartman; Edna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gratzinger all of Omaha, and pronounced a bouquet of little beauties.

The democrats have nominated Charles H. Brown for congress, and a state ticket headed by J. Sterling Morton. James E. Boyd was chairman of the convention, which was held in the Academy of Music.

For the third time the St. Pauls beat the Union Pacific, score 7 to 5.

The Jublers regaled out-of-town visitors at a banquet at the Paxton last evening. Those responding to toasts included W. V. Morse, James E. Boyd, W. A. J. Gibbon, A. Koch, W. J. Broatch and F. I. McKenna.

J. Calder and Miss Annie Walker were married at the Southwestern Presbyterian church by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Hall. They will have their home in a little cottage on William street.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha. The state fair claims an attendance of 30,000. The baby show was the day's novelty, the premium for the most handsome baby girl going to Walter, the 16-month old son of Mr. and Mrs. DePuy of Omaha, and for the handsomest little girl to Fay Chapman, 19 months old, of Florence. Other parents' prizes on exhibitions included Ellen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Garvin; James, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. O'Neill; Ida May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hartman; Edna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gratzinger all of Omaha, and pronounced a bouquet of little beauties.

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A Useful Vice President.

"I am not an uplifter," says Vice President Marshall. "The streets of Jerusalem are kept clean by every man sweeping in front of his own door. I believe in keeping myself straight first."

To those who see only the quaint side of this philosophy, we commend the words spoken from the Mount a good many centuries ago about beholding the mote in another's eye without perceiving the beam in one's own eye. It is fundamental doctrine. As the vice president again wisely says, "There is too much treating of symptoms in this country. We are willing to relieve sickness and distress, but let the causes remain," more willing to make a law for the other fellow than ourselves.

The woods are full of uplifters and woe to the man who refuses to be uplifted by them, at so much per lift. At once he finds himself under the ban of hysterical condemnation as an "old fogey," "reactionary," "dangerous malefactor," and a lot of other slushy terms coined by skillful word jugglers to fit the occasion. In the meantime, this same old fundamental philosophy by which the world has lived all these ages, is either ignored or forgotten, while, again quoting the vice president, "these reformers find some 'crying need' or 'crying shame,' organize a society for protection or suppression, elect a board of directors and appoint a secretary and then go down to the legislature to get an appropriation to pay the salaries of the secretary and the board."

Truly, Mr. Marshall has shown us that a vice president may become a very useful as well as ornamental servant of the people. What he has said needed saying and he has said it very effectually.

The Political Drift.

The final figures of the late primary, taking the total vote cast for all candidates for governor under the respective party designations, which is the figure used for comparison in other states, shows the following: Republicans, 67,142; democrats, 63,017; progressives, 1,874; populists, 1,359; with a scattering for prohibition and socialists.

Two salient features stand out—the exceptionally large proportionate vote of the democrats and the almost insignificant vote of the progressives and populists. While the primary vote is not conclusive of division at the election, particularly upon individual candidates, it affords incontestable proof that the so-called third parties have no great hold on the people, and that the factional disturbances of two years ago have not cut as deeply as appeared from surface indications at the time.

In other words, the Nebraska primary confirms what has been disclosed by the primaries so far held in every other state—the repeated unification of the republican elements that were before widely separated and the prospect that by the next national campaign candidates will be in the field representing only two important political parties.

American Styles.

American modistes bring back word from Europe that no dress styles are to be available for a time in Paris, which ought to set Americans to thinking more seriously on this subject than they are accustomed to. Why continue the foolish and costly habit of going abroad for fashions in the first place? Why not create and maintain our own styles? Imagine Americans adopting European methods and manners of running their government, or their private business enterprises, or even borrowing foreign social amenities. Yet why is the latter more incongruous than for us to import foreign styles of dress?

Westward the star of empire has taken its flight in nearly everything but the idiosyncrasies of dress. For these the course of progress is reversed and progressive, ingenious Americans persist in going back to the old world. We lead in industry and commerce of all sorts, even in invention, and are forging to the front in art and literature. Now in the vortex of war we are left of all the nations to supply the world with the necessities of life. And yet we whimper because war has temporarily dethroned our foreign gods of fashion and tied up the foreign silk and linen and lace industries, wondering what on earth we shall do.

What an absurdity, when we come to think of it as it is. Why not turn this so-called sacrifice to practical service, rise in our American dignity and go to making and maintaining American styles that shall be more in keeping with everything else American, while at the same time saving us a lot of money heretofore needlessly turned over as "velvet" to the foreign modistes. The exigencies of the war, we think, will curtail American travel abroad for a time, to the advantage of our own land and people, who may then do more traveling in their own country. Yet European travel is a much more tangible benefit to Americans than all the freak fashions of dress available. Without making ourselves less a cosmopolitan people—which we have not yet become—we might with greater justice to ourselves, take advantage of the present situation and go to making our own styles of dress.

Climax of Our Calamity.

Thus far our inconvenience as a result of the war, while heavy, has been but a modicum of woe as compared with the thraldom of those gripped in the conflict. But now we come to what seems to be the climax of our own calamity.

The dispatches relate that Mrs. Sarah Bernhardt has definitely and finally abandoned her last fagwawl tour of America! This is the fate to which cruel war has led us. For a decade and more men have been each year predicting an end of these annual farewells, only to see their cynical forecasts doomed. And, indeed, even now, though the war cloud darkens the day at present, the hope lingers that with the first rift in the sky, "Divine Sarah" will flit back to us to resume her profitable occupation of farewelling in America.

Roger Sullivan, repeatedly denounced by Mr. Bryan as a political porch-climber and train-robber, wins handsily for the democratic nomination for United States senator in Illinois. We shall see what we shall see.

If those various kings, emperors and czars want to make a real hit with Uncle Sam they will stop trying to placate him with respective excuses of themselves and fall in with his plan for peace.

Short Ballot Talk

Blair Pilot: One of the needed instruments of democracy is the short ballot. Democracy means intelligent self-government. Self-government through a seven-fold ballot is a misnomer. A long ballot means a multitude of elective offices with divided responsibility, and the majority of them so obscure that the average voter cannot know how the duties are performed. Such a system is a breeding-ground for our modern professional politicians and sleek lobbyists. The longer the ballot the better the opportunity of the political manipulators. The shorter the ballot the greater the chance for the people to intelligently select men who will carry out their orders. What of Nebraska? For years the ballot has been overly complicated and loaded with names of candidates. Our most enlightened citizens have time and again expressed themselves as unable intelligently to pick the fit from the myriad of aspirants for office. This condition exists both at the primary and final elections. If anything, it is worse at the primary elections, because there is under the present law no limitation as to the number of candidates for nomination. Nebraska must have the short ballot in order to make possible closer scrutiny in the selection of public officials; and more so in order to fix and centralize responsibility. Cut off the ballot the offices that have to do merely with routine and clerical work. Call on the voter only to fill the offices that control policies.

Tekamah Herald: The primary law amendment is now a live topic. Some want to confine it to county officers and let the state officials be chosen by convention. That would not meet with our approval. The statement that the average voter does not know who he is voting for falls flat when the recent primary vote is analyzed. In nearly every case the people got what they wanted.

Sutton Register: There is a good deal of dissatisfaction among politicians and defeated candidates with our primary law: some want to repeal it and go back to the old convention system, while others want to amend the law so as to keep so many names from going on the primary ballot. One way would be to combine the convention and primary systems. Have each party state convention name two candidates for each state office whose names shall go on the primary ballot, and the one receiving the majority in the primary shall be the party candidate in the general election as at present. It could not then be said that the nominee was a minority candidate, as he would have endorsement of his party at the convention and at the primary. The Register makes this as a suggestion only. Maybe you can make a better one.

Lincoln Journal: Quite properly, considering the state's recent tussle with an endless primary ballot, the necessity of reducing the number of elective public officials is now clear to an increased number of people. The Omaha Bee now gives its support to the short ballot idea and presents specific suggestions. This would be a wholesome slicing down of the ballot. If the public will only see how its control of public affairs would be increased by this trimming of the ballot, it would be possible to go still further. The short ballot philosophy, it should be remembered, is not a mere mechanical plan for reducing the length and complexity of the ballot. That is incidental. The philosophy of the short ballot is the working out of a logical system of organizing government with a view to the greatest popular control coupled with a maximum of efficiency. This system means the election of officials responsible for public policies and administration, who in turn appoint officials to perform the administrative labors of government. For these appointments the elected official is responsible to the voters, and his responsibility is kept alive and keen by the existence of the popular recall.

Twice Told Tales

Long and Swift. A weedy little schoolmaster, with a watery eye and a ragged mustache, was conducting a party of his pupils round the zoological gardens.

He had taken his students round all the houses, in each one of which he had imparted an assortment of more or less inaccurate information.

The last place to be visited was the lion house. Drawing up the sapling boys before the cage of the largest of the animals—which he was careful to call the "king of beasts"—he said, with all the dignity he possessed:

"And now, supposing one of the great brutes was to escape, and was to hurt its massive weight into you very midat, what steps ought we to take so as to avoid being demolished and torn limb from limb?"

Without a moment's hesitation Bill Bailey spoke: "Long 'uns, sir!" said he, confidently.—London Answers.

In a Hole. "Uncle Joe" Cannon said at a Danville political picnic last month:

"Finance such as that, gentlemen, will land the country in the hole wherein Mrs. Bill Smith found herself here!"

"Mrs. Bill Smith spent with her husband a two weeks' vacation at Atlantic City. It was an extravagant vacation. It pleased them out."

"As they rode back home on the train, sunburnt and fatigued, their pocketbooks empty and the next pay day two weeks off, Mrs. Smith sighed and said:

"Well, anyhow, Bill, we'll be all right as soon as we get home. The morning we started off I hid a ten-dollar bill under the pink plush album in the parlor."

"Yes," said Bill, grimly; "yes, I know you did. I found it."

People and Events

Frenchmen in London now have a newspaper of their own. It is the first French daily newspaper in England. Its title is "L'Echo de France."

Wildwood, (N. J.) Life Guards established a record for that resort when within one hour Captain Needham and his men, after most strenuous work rescued twenty-six persons from drowning.

Rodman Wanamaker will send two Indian boys to the academy in Mercersburg, Pa. After completing the course there they will be sent to Princeton. When their education is completed they will return to their people to help educate them.

Rev. John T. Woods, rector of the Holy Cross church in Brooklyn, has been made a domestic prelate, with the title of Monsignor, according to a cablegram from Rome. The elevation of Father Woods was one of the last official acts of the pope.

Baron John Henry de Villiers, chief justice of the supreme court of the Union of South Africa, died September 2. He was attorney general and minister of Mines in the Botha cabinet and was created a baron in 1910. He was born in 1842.

Roberto Ruiz, special Mexican ambassador to Argentina, Brazil and Chile, expressed the thanks of the Mexican government to President De Plaza of Argentina for the latter's aid in the recent mediation between Mexico and the United States.

The novelist, Joseph A. Altacher, was in Germany on July 2, four days before Germany declared war, and told his waiter that he was going on to Prague. "Better not," whispered the waiter, and he didn't. One good tip deserves another.

The estate of Charles Kohler, who, after making a fortune in the piano business, became an enthusiastic horse breeder, amounts to \$4,735,111, not including the value of his Lamapo farm or the money received from the sale of his horses in England and France.



Brief contributions on timely topics invited. The Bee assumes no responsibility for opinions of correspondents. All letters subject to condensation by editors.

Militarism Uplifted.

OMAHA, Sept. 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: The article by Ralph Austin begins well, but, to a German, has a mighty cowardly ending. Of course, we admit that the present war reports are incomplete, but give the Germans at least some credit (or preference) for what they are doing and have done so far in the present struggle against our odds! Let me ask you, at present, there are five or six big nations seeking the destruction of our leader in arts, education, civilization, science and religion and a zealous love of peace? Being they are jealous and seek to carry the distinction for themselves. What would be the result, if Russia should win? Barbarism and anarchy, would it not? And if the other allies win, the fruits of German civilization would be swallowed up by a continual warfare to keep the Germans in a conquered state! Germany will not be conquered! So let us wish success to the Germans, even though they are now behind the cannon, without which they would lose the key to Europe's civilization and this country's as well as their property! W. M. W.

Letters from a Political Heathen—Somewhere.

SOMEWHERE, Sept. 10.—To the Editor of The Bee: Francisco I. Madero was a man comparatively harmless in private life, but he was utterly inefficient, irresponsible and positively harmful person in a public function. His conduct was criminal, whatever his character may have been. James Buchanan wrought more mischief than Benedict Arnold. Rafael de Zayas Enriquez writes thus of Madero:

"Francisco I. Madero was born to wealth, spent his life among the business men and merchants who composed his family circle and was elevated to the highest position in the republic by unforeseen events.

"Madero was an improvised politician, an improvised revolutionist and an improvised president, lacking entirely and only in practical, but even in theoretical knowledge of warfare, politics and administration, unacquainted even with his associates and with the condition of the country."

At the end of Diaz' reign of thirty-five years the treasury contained \$35,000,000 more than the budget called for. Madero was president from July 1, 1911, to February 19, 1913, and during this period of seven and one-half months the surplus left by Diaz and all the current receipts were squandered, and Madero ran the Mexican government in debt \$10,000,000. How often do we hear the hackneyed remark: "Any man who can manage his own business can manage public business." At vice versa. Every day we see the ocular demonstration of the fallacy of this statement, and the next day some Jack-in-the-box jumps up and repeats the fallacy.

Madero was not only an inefficient administrator, but he was a sanguinary tyrant. Every well-informed American has read the story of the "Bloody Ten Days," which deserves to go down in history with Herod's slaughter of the innocents and with Scullabogue and Peterloo. Madero, with a smile on his face, rode over the corpses of 800 victims, many of them innocent women and children. Nero fiddled while Rome burned. Madero caused General Ruiz to be shot without the pretense of a trial. While he was yet president of Mexico and sitting in the national palace he shot Lieutenant Gomez Riverot to death for asking him to resign his office. His sympathies were not with the honest working people of Mexico, but with bandits and outlaws. He made a general of Francis Villa, a man whose career is a startling parallel to the historic Dick Turpin. One of the causes of Madero's overthrow was because the officials of the army refused to associate with the scoundrels to whom Madero was giving commissions. There is no reasonable doubt that he supplied Zapata with ordnance from the national armory. In fact, this can be proved. There is no doubt that Madero richly deserved his fate. The method of his taking off is the only thing which it is possible to condemn. Yet this same Madero is the raw material out of which Villa, Carranza, Bryan and company would fain manufacture a martyr.

DER HEIDE.

Pike's Peak Experimental Work.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., Sept. 7.—To the Editor of The Bee: A charming summer in this delightful place on the edge of the great plains and at the foot of these mountain peaks, has brought to my attention the exceptionally valuable scientific work carried out in the laboratories of Colorado College and on the summit of Pike's peak at an altitude of 14,135 feet. No wonders whether our physicians and scientific men are aware of the contributions made here for the last four years, under direction of Dr. Edward C. Schneider, head of the department of biology.

The institution has exceptional laboratory facilities, and has placed them at the service of the men carrying on this work. Three years ago Dr. J. S. Haldane and Mr. C. Gordon Douglas of Oxford and Dr. Yandell Henderson of Yale joined Dr. Schneider in experiments on the peak, making critical tests of blood circulation and of nutrition in man at high altitudes. The results were published in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London and attracted wide interest in Great Britain and on the continent. This past summer this work has been continued with most satisfactory results.

Dr. Schneider's discussions of this work appear from time to time in the American Journal of Physiology and the Colorado college studies. A valuable article records observations following the descent from Pike's Peak to Colorado Springs with tests of arterial pressure and pulse-rate. Examinations were made showing the reduction in the number of red corpuscles and the specific gravity of the blood; for example, that the ventilation of the lungs for those dwelling at high altitudes is greater than at sea level. According to Haldane, Henderson, Douglas and Schneider the pressure required to excite the respiratory center of man on Pike's Peak falls to about two-thirds that of the normal value at sea level. Important discoveries have also been made as to the pulse rate, arterial, capillary and venous pressures.

These tests will greatly aid physicians in the study and treatment of tuberculosis and all cases of incipient phthisis.

It is a pleasure while gaining strength and recreation in this wonderful climate to find what is being so well done for the

PHUNNY PHELLOWS' PHUN

"What are you going to do when you get home?" "I don't know yet," replied Senator Borgum. "I've got to wait and see whether my reception by the Iowa folks is in the nature of an ovation of the third degree."—Washington Star.

"Why did you quarrel with your husband?" "He said I was positively ugly. He did not use those exact words, but he said that if I was to murder any one, I would be found guilty."—Houston Post.

Willie—Paw, what is the unwritten law? Paw—The one the candidate told you he was going to have enacted if you voted for him, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

George—Oh, George, do order a rat-trap to be sent home today. Wife—Yes, dear, but there's a rat in that.—Universal Leader.

New proprietor of public house (that leaves a fine for every swear word)—Fre. Bill, that's a penny you owe to the parson's swear box. Bill—If better do what I done afore—put a 'arf crown in and ave a season ticket.—London Punch.

"Did you call on those poor people?" "Oh, yes," answered the amateur welfare worker.

"And what do they need?" "Why, I didn't go inside. The house was so fearfully squallid I just left cards."—Pittsburgh Post.

Bill—And did Lulu cry for help when you tried to kiss her? Bill—Certainly not, why should she want help? I didn't try to run away!—Yonkers Statesman.

Bronson—I understand that he painted cobwebs on the ceiling so perfectly that the housemaid wore herself out trying to sweep them down. Johnson—There may have been such an artist, but never such a housemaid.

THE DEAD VOLUNTEER.

Here lies a clerk who half his life had spent

Tolling at ledgers in a city gray,

Thinking that so his days would drift away,

With no lance broken in life's tournament,

But ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes,

The gleaming eagles of the legions came,

And horsemen charging under phantom skies,

Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied,

For 'tis the end he heard the bugle call,

And to his country then he gave his all.

When in the first high hour of life he died.

And falling thus, he wants no recompense,

Who found his battle in the last resort,

Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence,

Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

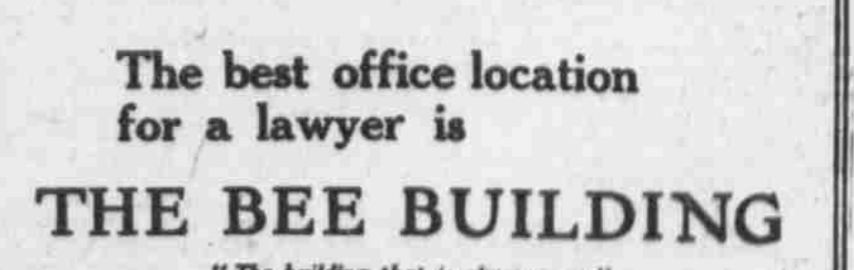
—From the London Spectator.

Don't envy the man with the Gordon Foot—Get yours!

Keeps Lit in a Stiff Wind. One thing you'll notice when you light a Safe Home Match is that it keeps lit in a stiff wind.

Theftlike "flickers," of course, but it does not go out. The stick is absolutely dry—that is one reason for the superiority of Safe Home Matches. Another reason is, the head is unusually large.

We are within the limits of the truth when we say



5c. All grocers. Ask for them by name. The Diamond Match Company

The best office location for a lawyer is THE BEE BUILDING "The building that is always new"

You can save time by being near the court house. For offices apply to Superintendent, Room 105.