

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

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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.

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"Bombs bursting in air" is more than mere music in Europe today.

This is the day King Ak-Sar-Ben begins his twentieth triumphal entry.

Looks as if Sulzer had been lost in the primary. Still, no great loss.

But the real battle is now impending between Boston and Philadelphia.

The hope of the hour is, however, that hell will not break loose again in Mexico.

If the weather man wants to be good to Ak-Sar-Ben, all he need do is to keep it up.

Paradoxical as it may appear, the tightness of money makes for loose pocket change.

Indeed, that's tough—after the World-Herald has been blowing that horn all these years.

"Just Before the Bat-tul, Mother," may yet come back as one of the popular songs of the day.

What would by now have happened to fair France unaided by Johnny Bull one hates to contemplate.

Nothing but eternal vigilance will keep the fee grabber from putting his hands into the public pocket.

Of course, it is always the part of Omahans, young and old, to act the host to the visitors during Ak-Sar-Ben time.

Why is it kinder to say of a crusty old bachelor that he "chase" a single life than to say it of a mature bachelor maid?

A pretty good selection of candidates on the citizens' committee's School board slate. Some good ones also not on the slate.

The "Same old Bill" Sulzer got it in the same old way at the first New York state primaries, which is that much to be thankful for.

With war absorbing the public interest, the congressmen may after all count themselves lucky to be detained in Washington by the prolonged extra session.

Governor Morehead is coming to the Ak-Sar-Ben ball with eighty gold-laced colonels. Oh my! He wants to make us think we are over on the firing line in the European war.

Seventy crossmarks to vote individually for every office and measure on the ballot at the coming election in this county. What further argument is required for the short ballot?

It must be plain by now, from the lessons of Luxemburg and Belgium, to those dear, good souls who thought it so foolish to fortify the Panama canal, that mere treaties do not always protect.

"The first duty of an ambassador is to maintain the friendliest relations between his own government and the one to which he is accredited," says W. G. Sharp, our new ambassador to France. At which one can almost hear the Hon. A. Rustom Bey snicker in his sleeve.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Madison, Twenty-fourth and Decatur streets, were pleasantly surprised last evening on the occasion of their wedding anniversary.

A select audience listened to Dr. John P. Newman deliver his lecture at the First Congregational church on "The Typical American."

Fred Metz, who has been visiting in Europe, arrived home with his wife.

Denman Thompson was putting on "Josh Whittson" at the opera house.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Smith of Los Angeles arrived in Omaha to visit with friends, and will remain five weeks.

A. V. Carpenter, formerly of the firm of Kennard Brothers, was married last month in Jamestown, N. Y., to Miss Fittie Lowe. Mr. Carpenter has just returned to Omaha with his bride to make their permanent home here.

South Paying the Penalty.

The Bee recently called attention to the need of greater crop diversification in the south as a safeguard against such contingencies as have arisen in cotton as a result of the war shutting off the foreign demand.

This writer even goes so far as to say that "the south is in the grip of a cotton growing oligarchy, more powerful than the ante-bellum slave-owning oligarchy," that 70 per cent of the south's farm lands are under the control of landlords, largely absentee; that 90 per cent of its agricultural activities are influenced by this oligarchy, which will not permit "any large crop other than cotton," which means it is against diversification.

If this is a correct sensing of the situation, then, of course, the first thing for the south to do, is not to diversify its crops, but free itself. The Constitution thinks "the tremendous impetus given to corn growing and stock raising" challenges this statement of the case in some degree, yet the urgency of the need of greater diversification is generally admitted.

This buy-a-bale-of-cotton plan to relieve the situation is only a temporary expedient; the cotton problem is more permanent. The buy-a-bale plan, now reaching to other sections, may serve to raise the money required for harvesting and holding this year's crop, but what about next year's? The Constitution advocates the drastic measure of cutting down the acreage and output of the next crop at least one-half, better two-thirds or three-fourths.

It says: In September of 1915 there will be on hand, in all probability, almost enough cotton to run the factories of the world, those of this country included—this regardless of a single bale of next year's crop.

But aside from this or any other remedy, the fact is the south is paying the penalty that other sections in the past have paid of failure to diversify crops on a large and well-balanced scale. And this is a national, not a sectional question.

Down to Common Sense.

The new attorney general is to be commended for taking the common sense view of the Mann White Slave act, and for inaugurating a plan of dealing with cases brought under that law that will prevent the abuse of the prosecuting machinery of the government for blackmailing purposes.

The trouble with this Mann law is that while it was enacted primarily to put a stop to commercial traffic in women between the states, it has been construed to apply to immorality in general, regardless of the commercial features of the transactions. As a consequence, according to a high Department of Justice official, 99 per cent of the men accused have been deliberately inveigled into violation of the law just to make them buy off their pursuers.

Now, if the district attorneys will exercise the same degree of common sense, the law will be made to get the white slavers without feeding a horde of holdups and their hangers.

Dan Stephens' Speech.

One of the early guns of the democratic congressional campaign is a speech by the Hon. Dan V. Stephens, Nebraska's Third district representative, fired as "part of Congressional Record" in order, of course, to frank it through the mail. The speech is entitled "Record of Achievements of This Congress," and it consumes sixteen closely printed pages and how many tons of it are to be imposed upon the mails we do not know.

I have no patience with partisanship when it comes to the transaction of the people's business, and I would not refer to the record of the democratic party as such, since it has been in control of the government, were it not for the fact that it must now answer to the people in the coming general election for its conduct.

President Wilson has told us that "The old order changeth," and in many respects it does, but obviously not in respect to the blown-in-the-bottle campaign speech, the "canned" goods put up on the floor of congress or in the columns of the Congressional Record for free distribution and public consumption in the interest of "the party." Glimpses here and there at the Dan Stephens speech show it to be a very familiar and stereotyped party shibboleth, heard in many a campaign before.

The only really pertinent conclusion is that if partisanship has nothing to do with it, democrats in the Third Nebraska district will vote to take the noble "Dan" at his word, and vote for his republican opponent, Mr. Spillman, who is an energetic and well qualified young man of high character and fine promise.

Speaking about those supreme court decisions scotching the jail feeding grab of Sheriff McShane and the insanity fee grab of District Court Clerk Robert Smith, what a fearfully dense silence on the part of the other Omaha newspapers that are so loud for reform only when they know it is out of reach.

English agents are buying up Missouri mules, presumably for war purposes. The recent exploit of a French bull in charging on the enemy was thrilling as a spectacle, but bulls lack initiative and discretion. A battery of one Missouri mule, properly masked, can do more execution than 100 bulls.

President Wilson has appointed a compromise candidate for the Red Cloud postmaster-ship for which his first nomination was rejected in the senate at the instance of our democratic United States senator. What about it? Is it a knockout or only a draw?

Redmond--Irish Leader

Alexander W. Samson in New York World.

Leadership crowned with Success. The few days have proved the right of John E. Redmond to the great titles of statesman and patriot. For they have witnessed the placing of the home rule bill upon the statute book, and John E. Redmond appealing to his fellow-countrymen in the capacity of a recruiting agent for Irish volunteers to fight under the Union Jack.

To one familiar with British politics for the last generation, it is almost incredible that home rule is an accomplished fact, that its opponents are today without a hearing or an argument, and that Britain's most loyal sons are of Erin, fighting as only they can fight for the Union Jack and the triumph of British arms. And it is to John E. Redmond that history must accord the praise. For he it is who has changed public sentiment in England so that it was impossible for longer delay in granting freedom to Ireland.

John E. Redmond is an aristocrat in birth and thought. He is a very cultured gentleman of great personal charm. He is one of the three or four orators left in Parliament and has at his command those rolling, swelling periods which, delivered in his magnificent tones and accompanied by his commanding bearing and gesture, proclaim his authority and secure for him at times almost overwhelming effect.

It is entirely due to him that the Irish question came, during the last decade especially, to obtain a hearing from British public opinion on its merits. Passion had played a big part in Irish political life, passion which too often has exploded in crime and outrage, for the British people to say whether it was politically just or expedient for Ireland to have self-government. But Ireland has suffered no outrages, and the public conscience no efforts by crime for many years.

He is regarded as the greatest authority upon the House of Commons procedure, and has blotted out of present memory those scenes of Irish disorder that disgraced Parliament in the early '90s. Indeed, he has granted a monopoly in public and Parliamentary disorder to the Tory party, the gentlemen of business, and greedily have they seized it. Several times in the last few years he has the House of Commons sitting been suspended by reason of deliberately organized and artificially fomented disorder.

By a chance arrangement, the Irish party has been sitting side by side in the House of Commons for the last nine years with their old enemy, the Tory party and the Ulsterites. Within reach of their fists have the Ulster men insulted them to their faces, sneered at their religion, contemptuously scoffed at their loyalty, mocked their governing capacity, and promised death and destruction in the land should they dare to attempt to rule it. Never a reprisal has come, only the dignified replies of John E. Redmond, who has pleaded for his cause, and that out of his cause's triumph might grow such sympathy and comprehension as should make a peaceful, united and prosperous Ireland. Today that hope is within reach of fruition.

Redmond has constantly refused title, honors, emoluments of place. He might have been a privy councillor years ago. He might have had a seat in the cabinet at the end of 1905. But he cared not for any of these things. He faithfully pushed toward his great goal, the ultimate and precious triumph that is his today.

His party has been under the strictest discipline from the beginning. The members have each been paid of \$1,500 per year from the Irish party funds for many years and have been loyal and dependable Parliamentarians. When in 1911 the House of Commons decided upon the payment of members at the rate of \$2,000 per year the Irish still received the \$1,500 from the party fund and paid in the \$2,000 to the fund exchequer, their personal rights being subordinated to their country's cause.

The striking appearance of John E. Redmond, his large eyes that even in repose seem waiting to flash or to meet with equal swiftness, his rich and moving voice, his ample figure and his confident men make him as familiar at Westminster as either of the leaders of the two great parties of the state. He is familiar to the people of the United States and Canada, through which he has toured again and again, in pleading his country's cause. And now that his cause is triumphant and Ireland free and vindicated, he has become a world figure of attention for what he has done and has yet to do as her prime minister for Ireland, the land of new hopes and splendid beckoning days.

People and Events

The grandstands of El Paso and Juarez, Brownsville and Matamoros are considered fairly safe for the new world's championship series of Mexico.

Mrs. Pankhurst cheerily announces that militant hostilities will remain suspended until the war is over. Then the militant host will show Britons what real war is.

In honor of the silver anniversary of her widowhood a Chicago woman gave a dinner to twenty-five widows, and all drank the toast "To our future husbands." Jolly stuff, eh?

Secretary Daniels sets an example for the cotton patriots of the south. Henceforth he will wear nothing but cotton suits. That puts one bale of cotton where it will do the most good.

The irrepressible Lady Cook of London breaks into print with an offer to raise an army of 150,000 women, and to drill and train them to act as a home guard. The guards are to be dressed in khaki, just like men.

Returns of the examiners of the assets of twenty-three Chinatown dry good stores in New York City show a trifle over \$10,000,000. Against this sum the parent house issued notes aggregating \$1,500,000. Pretty good sample of merchandising high finance.

Tobacco smoking, tobacco chewing and gum chewing as to be prohibited in Milwaukee railroad offices after January 1. The worst comes from the main office in Chicago, and when Chicago speaks in Milwaukee tones a kick is a waste of energy.

Michael Weiss, aged 114, of Beaver Brook, Sullivan county New York, has joined the grand army on the other shore. He was American born, fought through the civil war in a Pennsylvania regiment, and was the patriarch of pensioners on Uncle Sam's roll of honor.

The Bee's Letter Box

"Bleeding-in-Disguise" Vagary.

OMAHA, Sept. 25.—To the Editor of The Bee: Your editorial in last Sunday's issue under the heading "The Bleeding-in-Disguise" Vagary" is worthy of the careful consideration of all lovers of "peace, good will to men." The editorial expresses a great truth.

And on the same page the poem by Captain Jack Crawford, veteran soldier, on "A Veteran Soldier's Prayer" is indeed appropriate. Who but a man that has tasted of the misery and suffering of war-time could send out a prayer that so expressed the sincere petition for peace of those who had actual participation and therefore in position to "pray aright" and with authority.

Votes for Women—Wet or Dry?

OMAHA, Sept. 30.—To the Editor of The Bee: As the granddaughter of a Methodist clergyman who preached and lived in Virginia and West Virginia, it is naturally gratifying to me to have both these states go "dry." While speaking on the chautauqua this summer, against woman suffrage I addressed a large audience in behalf of temperance at Woodstock, Va., where my grandfather had spoken (on the same subject) fifty years before.

It is a cold, hard fact, and one which my fellow Women's Christian Temperance union members sometimes flinch from facing, that every dry state on our Women's Christian Temperance union map has been put there by the votes of men. We seem to accomplish God's work best in these states where women are specialists in molding the character of the men who make the laws. No state is any greater than the character of its men.

Colorado, like dry West Virginia, is a mining state. Women vote in Colorado, but do not vote in West Virginia. On November 5, 1912, after nineteen years of women in politics, Colorado voted on statewide prohibition, both men and women going to the polls. One hundred and sixteen thousand votes were cast for a wet state; 75,877 votes for a dry state. According to the census there were in Colorado at the time 213,425 women over 21 years of age. If only 25 per cent of the womanhood of the state had voted for prohibition the state would have gone dry by 4,012 majority without the help of a single male vote.

Those of us who deal in facts, not theories, want to know why Wyoming is still a wet state, after forty-three years of women in politics. Why Colorado is wet, with women voting? Why Idaho and Utah are wet after seventeen years of the women at the polls? And Illinois after the April election added twelve dry counties to the thirty already dry, leaving fifty-eight counties out of the 100 in the state still wet. That was a mere "drop in the bucket" compared to what Kentucky accomplished by male suffrage two days ago. We want to know why Lansing, Michigan's capital, went dry this spring under male suffrage, while Springfield, the capital of Illinois, with 85 more women than men, voted wet? Will some suffragist please explain this?

"Arming for Peace." OMAHA, Sept. 30.—To the Editor of The Bee: In Roosevelt's last plea for the perfection of the implements of war, he makes the ridiculous statement that the war in Europe has taught us the necessity for preparedness. Now, I submit that if there is any one thing above every other consideration in the world that the war in Europe has taught it is the utter uselessness of preparedness.

In our age there can be no peace that is not honorable; there can be no war that is not dishonorable. The true honor of a nation lies only in deeds of justice and in the happiness of its people, all of which are inconsistent with war. In the clear eye of Christian judgment, vain are its victories; infamous are its spoils; wasteful I am in these days struck by the admission, even from Roosevelt admirers, that had he been president during the last year we would now be at war with Mexico, in a contest the end of which no man could foresee. His impetuous manner and his apparent innate thirst for blood would now be forcing us into some compromise leading directly to our mixing in that fratricidal contest across the seas.

If that horrible example of "preparedness for war" which Roosevelt desires America to emulate, we see truly what Sumner said that "War crushes with bloody heel all justice, all happiness, all that is God-like in man."

Yes, the message that Charles Sumner gave to America in that splendid oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations," for the good of civilization and the advancement of America overreaches anything within the grasp of a Roosevelt.

A Vote Getter. OMAHA, Sept. 29.—To the Editor of The Bee: I overheard a man say today "Yes, there's no question but what Blank's the best man for the office, but he's not a vote getter." And there you are. Good men are put up for office right along, very often over their protest; men who could administer the office intelligently, and would do so honestly, but they are generally defeated because the people prefer "vote getters." There are the good, straight, reputable citizens, Robert Cowell and others, who are permitting the use of their names for the school board. Are they all going to be chosen just because they happen to be thoroughly fitted by character, education and ability for the position? Watch and see.

Vote getting seems to be a sort of trade. A man seems to be a mixer, a good fellow, a talker, to get votes. But a mixer, a good fellow, a talker, isn't generally the best man to drag an office out of the rut. In fact, the chances are rather in favor of the man who lacks these qualifications, and it does seem a little short-sighted in the people if it is true that the man who is clearly the

WITH THE JOKERS.

"It's all wrong!" said the man with a red nose and a doleful manner of speech. "All wrong?" "What's the trouble?" "The music in my neighborhood has driven me to drink. And now they're going to put additional taxes on the drink and let the cornet and the piano and the bass drum that did the damage go free!"—Washington Star.

"I'll call on your father first thing in the morning to ask his consent to our wedding, dearest." "Love, I think you'd better call him on the phone." "Just as you say, darling." "And, honey, you might make it a long-distance call while you are at it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Handwriting on the Wall." OMAHA, Sept. 28.—To the Editor of The Bee: Like Belshazzar of old the nations of Europe failed to change conditions that were leading them down to certain destruction until too late. The handwriting blazed upon the wall.

For years the people of these countries have been taxed beyond reason to support enormous armies of idle men. Germany in all its wonderful glory of learning, with all its instincts of scientific research, with all its marvelous medical triumphs, made one unardonable mistake—the mistake of wanting to be feared by the nations of the world. This fear among the other nations will eventually culminate in the crushing defeat of Germany's pride—its army and navy. What it considered its protection will be its undoing.

Let the United States heed the handwriting on the wall and refrain from heavy armament and large armies. Let us be feared as merchants, farmers and traders—not as warriors.

1022 Park Avenue. MRS. C. WALSH.

First Yegg—Handsome Hal has broken away from many a copper, but they've landed him at last. Second Yegg—Overpowered him, eh? First Yegg—Not exactly! The department sent a handsome policeman after him, and he couldn't resist her—Judge.

INDIAN SUMMER. Lurana Sheldon in New York Times. Poor summer lingers by the sea in sad, despairing agony! So fair the day, so bright the sky. So low the clouds, so blue the sea. Late for her modest heart in sorrow. Self-enslaving breath of gladness shorn—Late penance for past ecstasy.

The ocean's sheen so long beguiled. So witching were the stars that smiled. Her heart forgot its reticence. And, reveling in joy intense. Flung back gay merriment to all—The meadow's charm, the blue sky's thrill—Like some unthinking, roystering child.

Now autumn waits to take her hand And lead her to another land; Where light in shadow is confined; Alas! her breast is unrelieved! Still sitting sadly by the sea. She struggles with the mastery In this new ruler's strong command.

When You Want Highest Quality and Absolute Purity. Cedar Brook. No need to stop to consider when the cheerful question is asked. The answer is quick and certain—"CEDAR BROOK, to be sure." Cedar Brook quality has been sure since 1847. Same today as it was sixty-seven years ago. Same unvarying superior quality. That's why it is the largest selling brand of high-grade Kentucky whiskey in the world. Be sure to say, "CEDAR BROOK, to be sure." At all leading Dealers, Clubs, Bars, Restaurants and Hotels.

Selling Office Space. is the same as selling anything else. It is not a sale unless all concerned are satisfied. Our tenants are better satisfied because we give them the best there is in service, location, attention, cleanliness, fresh air and plenty of light. A TRIAL IS ALWAYS A SALE IN THE BEE BUILDING. The building that is always new. OFFICE ROOM 103.

Budweiser. America's Favorite Beverage. Anheuser-Busch Company of Nebraska OMAHA. Rosenfeld Liquor Company Council Bluffs, Iowa DISTRIBUTORS. Family Trade Supplied by G. H. Hansen, Dealer—Phone Doug. 2506.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha. The marriage of Mr. E. Bennett Cole, for many years bookkeeper for C. S. Goodrich, and Miss Lizzie Meadlo took place at the home of the bride on Harney street with Rev. Father O'Connor officiating. The bride was attended by Miss Joale Pendergast and the groom by Mr. W. L. Walsh.