

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.
 FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
 VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.
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AUGUST CIRCULATION.
50,229
 State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: Dwyght Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of August, 1912, was 50,229. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.
 Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 21 day of September, 1912. ROBERT HUNTER, (Seal) Notary Public.
Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.
 Have you got everything ready to start Johnny on his way to school?
 Summer ends, by the calendar, two weeks from today. Don't forget this date.
 Well, a man named Grubb ought to know all about the meek and lowly potato.
 Never mind that threatened general strike. We are all quite willing to do without it.
 Governor Aldrich could not come to Omaha on account of his hay fever. Him for the hay.
 Ak-Sar-Ben's circus is up to its last performance. Stop your crowding there at the ticket wagon!
 The revival of the train robbing industry is one evidence of good times that might be dispensed with.
 Omaha needs several things more than it does an ordinance to divide the streets between rival taxicab companies.
 Cutting rates on champagne may be all right for the railroads, but nothing like that happens in the lobster palaces.
 Whiskers are coming into style again, say travelers returning from Europe. Wonder if the safety razor is responsible for this?
 After the returns from Ohio, credit the suffragist sisters at Jeant with possessing the courage that takes defeat cheerfully.
 Total attendance at the Nebraska state fair is given as 148,964. That is just about the population of Omaha and its suburbs.
 Knowing he has until October to think it over and get ready to testify, he ought to have a real good story ready by that time.
 Aviation is creating almost as much havoc as war among army officers. So far the airship has only proved fatal to its friends.
 A Black Hills farmer advertises for a wife who can pitch hay, plow and dig potatoes. That is one way to keep help on the farm.
 Prof. Wilson has abandoned that front porch plan of campaign, but he will have to go some if he equals the mileage of the bull moose.
 The state fair having made a new record for attendance, the board of managers will ask the legislature for a few more new buildings.
 When it comes time to move into the new court house the district court clerk is going to bridge it. Who will take the airship route?
 Oh, well, maybe we can wait a day or two for the decision in the South Omaha ouster case. The matter has been hanging fire a little over a year.
 The Bee remarked at the outset that it saw no real need for a municipal picnic when city officials and employees are supposed to have a picnic every day.
 Secretary MacVeach is going right ahead to reduce the size of the bills Uncle Sam puts out as money, as if the present size were not hard enough to get hold of.
 Douglas county comes home from Lincoln with first prize for collective exhibit again. This is getting to be so regular that it is only referred to as proof that we raise something here in Douglas besides that crop which Bill Allen wisely advised Kansas to drop in favor of corn.

Neglecting a Rare Opportunity.
 Although perhaps entirely oblivious of it, our seven councilmen elected to inaugurate the commission plan of city government in Omaha, are letting opportunity pass by their door, or at least not harkening to its knock. For does not each and every one of them know that the country is hungry for knowledge and information about municipal reform and that the long-felt want for orators and lecturers on the subject is wholly unsatisfied?
 Here is the Short Ballot Bulletin printing a list of speakers on commission government ready to enlighten the ignorant on reasonable terms. Disregarding the free advertisement, we reproduce the list as follows:
 Mr. John McVear, formerly commissioner of streets in Des Moines, is open to lecture engagements.
 Mr. John J. Hamilton, Pasadena, Cal., secretary of the Los Angeles Charter Revision commission, is open to engagement for lectures or expert assistance to charter-making bodies.
 Mr. George F. Rudisill, Columbus, O., announces himself as available for an address on commission government under the title: "A City's Needs and Needs."
 Mr. Frank Harmon Garver of the department of history, Montana State Normal college, Dillon, Mont., is prepared to speak in his section.
 Mr. Charles Frederick Adams, professional lecturer and an advocate of various reforms, is prepared to speak in the east on the subject of commission government.
 Mr. J. R. Hornaday, managing editor of the Birmingham Ledger, is prepared to speak in southern cities. He has already spoken successfully in various parts of the south.
 Wouldn't the names of our commissioners shine on the billboard as brightly as any of these? They may not boast themselves much as talkers, but they certainly can speak by the card as well as these others, and prove equally expert at gathering in the gate receipts. All we have to say is that if our Omaha councilmen do not enroll themselves forthwith in a lecture bureau, and start on the circuit to spread the commission plan gospel, they will never get credit for their self-sacrifice.

Waste in the Fuel Bill.
 It is not specially creditable to us that foundation exists for the charge of a government expert that millions annually go up in the smoke of the factory chimneys and from the fires that warm our homes. It has been known for many years that a ridiculously small percentage of the energy of fuel consumed is actually put to use, but with all our boasted discoveries and inventions, this condition still persists and grows worse.
 The smoke clouds that obscure and pollute the atmosphere of large cities are an indictment of economic inefficiency. The soot flake that smuts the passing nose upon the street is an evidence of the waste that goes on in every furnace. This much of the problem is obvious. Invention has made possible the use of fuel that not so very long ago was a waste and a nuisance at the mines, but it has not yet solved this problem.
 The man who will devise some practical means for the utilization of the vast forces that now escape from the most elaborately designed power plants will be a benefactor beyond expression. Even he who will show a way to avoid the smoke nuisance will be of untold help. Till the coming of these men, though, we will have to helplessly watch the elusive 90 per cent of our fuel supply pour out of the chimney top, and wish for some way to get a rebate to that extent from the coal man who collects for it all.

The "Coaxed-Over" Immigrant.
 Explaining his position on the immigration question, Woodrow Wilson declares that he would shut out all who are "coaxed over," and leave the door open only to those who voluntarily come to this country with the idea of making a home and a career for themselves. Governor Wilson, of course, knows that our immigration laws, as they now stand, exclude the so-called "assisted" immigrants, as also those who come under contract to labor.
 The reason for prohibiting "assisted" immigration is to prevent this country from becoming a dumping ground for undesirables sent over here from foreign countries to get rid of them, before they become dependent upon communities where they belong.
 The reason for barring contract labor is to prevent employers here lowering American standards by replacing well-paid labor with imported low-priced substitutes.
 When he talks about "coaxed-over" immigration then, Governor Wilson must be proposing to put the bars up against those now lawfully admitted unless they can show affirmatively that they have come wholly of their own motion, and without coaxing.
 Everybody knows that few immigrants have ever come here without some coaxing. It may be encouraging letters from friends already here, or tempting literature of land agents or colonization companies. A large number of American states maintain immigration bureaus at public expense for the very purpose of inducing newcomers to settle among them. The natural inertia of people everywhere roots them to the ground, so that it takes an effort to move them, or some unusual calamity or persecution to drive them out. To bar "coaxed-over" immigrants in the broad sense of the term would shut the doors almost completely, while if the phrase refers only to what is known as "assisted" or "contract-labor" immigration, Governor Wilson's declaration is wholly misleading and no new legislation nor change of rule whatever is needed.

Revenue from the Canal.
 The protest of Great Britain against American coastwise shipping being permitted to use the Panama canal toll-free is based on the assumption that this course will impose an unfair proportion of the cost of maintaining the canal on English shipping. It is estimated that the American coastwise shipping will amount to 10 per cent of the total tonnage passing through the canal.
 Prof. Emery R. Johnson, special commissioner of Panama traffic and tolls, has already compiled for the use of the secretary of war a vast array of statistics bearing on the probable traffic that will use the canal. He is now giving attention to the matter of probable tolls. His estimate is that the coastwise shipping, free of tolls, will be about 1,000,000 tons at the opening of the canal, and this will be increased to a maximum of 1,414,000 tons; but he also sets out that the other tonnage will increase in proportion, so that the ratio of 10 per cent will likely be maintained. This 10 per cent will fall on the shipping engaged in foreign traffic, and as the American owned vessels so engaged will about equal the British ships engaged in the traffic through the canal, they will share in the added burden of which Great Britain complains.
 What seems to stick most in the British mind, although it has not yet been brought to the fore, is that the Panama canal is likely to be operated at a toll rate of 25 cents per

Churches and Churchgoers.
 William B. Bailey, assistant professor of political economy at Yale university, writing in the New York Independents, briefly surveys church growth in the United States as follows:
 Of our total population of about 92,000,000, almost 33,000,000 are communicants on church members. Of these 20,300,000 are members of Protestant bodies and 12,000,000 members of the Roman Catholic church. The Latter Day Saints reported in 1906 a membership of about 265,000, while there were a little over 100,000 heads of families who were members of Jewish congregations. The average size of the Protestant church membership is 104, while that of the Roman Catholic churches is 959. The membership of all bodies reporting over 500,000 was, in 1906 and 1896, as follows:

Roman Catholic	12,000,000	12,000,000
Methodist	5,750,000	4,800,000
Baptist	5,600,000	3,712,000
Lutheran	3,112,000	1,231,000
Presbyterian	1,800,000	1,778,000
Disciple	1,142,000	641,000
Protestant Episcopal	888,000	523,000
Congregational	700,000	512,000

 All of these denominations have shown a growth during the fifteen years covered by these figures, but the membership of the Roman Catholic church has almost doubled.

INDEPENDENT PHILOSOPHY.
 Did you ever read about a heroine you would like to marry?
 Josh Billings said: "Things is mixt." He was a philosopher.
 "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." The world does it for the rest of our life.
 "It commends itself to my reason" may generally be interpreted as "It agrees with my taste."
 There are those who think that the only way to preserve the language is by making a mummy of it.
 When a woman wants a vacation she shifts the furniture about and does up her hair in a different way.
 Fashionable society is occupied in continually searching for the bizarre and continually converting it into the commonplace.
 What we cannot understand is why people can complain about the increased cost of living when almost every store window we pass is filled with goods marked down from former prices.
 The way to enjoy life, the only way, is to enjoy each moment of it at the time. If you are shaving, enjoy that. If you are combing your hair, enjoy that. For life is equal to the sum of its parts.

SUNDAY SMILES.
 "I should think the women voting in the new suffrage states would strike one obstacle."
 "What is that?"
 "How can the matrons of a party cast their maiden vote?"—Baltimore American.
 "What was the matter with George Birnie, the other day?"
 "His wife had just come home from the country with a coat of tan."
 "But he seemed all right today."
 "Yes, the home team is winning again."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
 "What will I do with the man who is complaining he has been stung?"
 "Oh, give him a pacifier, if you can find one, won't you?"
 "But pacifiers are only for babies."
 "Well, aren't men but suckers of a larger growth?"—Boston Transcript.
 "Woman (at the bottom of steps)—I want to see you just a minute, but this skirt is so tight I can't climb the stairs. You come out, won't you?"
 "Woman (inside)—I would if I could, but this new hat is too wide to go through the doorway."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

BACK TO THE PULPIT.
Some Remarks on the Return of Pastors from Vacations.
 Baltimore American.
 Who can measure the worth of the work that is being put again into full operation by the return of pastors to their churches and the renewal of the enterprises that make for righteousness in the full swing of aggressive and faith-bred effort? Who can enter into the lives of the lowly comforted by religion, into the problem of sin met and solved by the agencies of salvation, into the secret places of disconsolation and loss where the divine riches are bestowed? Who can estimate the worth of the work that makes for the training of children into the moral and religious precepts that form the stable basis of character and achievement? Who can estimate the value of the church as a police agency for the correction of crime and vice? Who can estimate these things that work out tangibly into the truest values of life and society and yet that are as immaterial as the essence of a prayer, as the melody of a hymn, as the emotions stirred by a sermon? No one can estimate the value of religion. It is the pearl of great price, finding which one is warranted in selling all else, if needful, in order to make the purchase.
 Yet who would say that the opened churches and the vigorous and sympathetic pastors and the worshipping and working congregations accomplish a tithe of their possibilities? When one with the Lord may chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight, what excuse may be found for the failure of religion to penetrate the darkest patches of earth and to light the lowliest and most neglected and sin-darkened lives of the great cities? What excuse can there be except the fact that organization and enterprise have constantly to remind itself of the reserve forces of faith that are held out in the words of Scripture: "It is not by might nor by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord."

People and Events
 Be merciful to the weather man. How can the poor man read "a tender cool wave" while the politicians are "burning up the highways"?
 During August the mints coined \$226,000 worth of 1-cent pieces. With ample change at hand, the fall and winter bargain season can turn the steam on at once.
 Something more than \$1,000,000 will be paid in interest and dividends by the corporations of the country this year. If your share does not come up to expectations, whisper to the paymaster.
 While Roosevelt and Wilson and Johnson are actively spouting at defenseless crowds, J. Ham Lewis and A. J. Beveridge have submitted to a useful mood, appreciating the danger of exceeding the limit.
 A marrying preacher doing business on the wholesale plan in Arkansas reports a record run of four couples lined up at the same time and speed by the same ceremony. Omaha's marrying parson must look to his laurels.
 A Washington belle who had planned an operatic career for herself, in a spirit of fun sang into a phonograph receiver. The reproduced voice so fascinated a Bostonian that he sought the original and induced her to give up an operatic career and take a flier in matrimony.
 Chicago's prize artist knew what he was about when he sketched the hunky Miss "F. Will" as a native type. One of her class, finding a burglar in her room, promptly locked him in, telephoned the police, turned the intruder over to the officers and broke the record by refusing to faint at the finish.
 Reno and St. Louis Falls, even Chicago, with their superb facilities for divorce execution, are real stampatters in the business. Fes has 'em all "beaten to a frazzle." In leaving the country's capital a few weeks ago Sultan Mulad Hafid of Morocco divorced his 393 wives and hastened away before the harem girls could grab a lock of his hair. As an evidence of synthetic good will the returning sultan warmly commended the divorcees to his successor.
 In some way or another the ungodly pervert in profaning the temple of righteousness. Down in Kansas the state pure food inspector reports elevator men and thrashers mixing sand with wheat and selling the mixture as high grade wheat. In one instance the inspector discovered a secret spout leading from an elevator to the cars. Through this secret spout spilled grain was mixed with first class grain in nice proportions and billed as No. 1 wheat. That such crimes should happen in Kansas fills the unrighteous of neighboring states with unholy glee. They know Kansas.

MY CHILDREN.
 J. J. Meehan in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
 "I should think the woman voting in the house is closed; the windows snuffed down;
 The chairs stand empty and the place is still;
 Far from the glare and struggle of the town,
 My children dance upon the sylvan hill.
 The yellow shine fades from the summer day,
 An elm trunk rears aloft its ivy clad;
 The purple aster awakes across the way
 And golden rod o'erhangs the sandy road.
 Long calls are flapping in a distant breeze,
 High cliffs make shadows on the whitened sands;
 I see the valleys where grow the wonder-land trees
 On picture post cards sent by little hands.
 I may not seek them; yet I hold it well
 When mother brings them home so tanned and fair,
 That I may listen to the tales they tell,
 As high they clamber on my evening chair.
 I see, through baby eyes, dim meadows grow,
 And hear my long lost colts bark for joy,
 Adown the vanished lanes of long ago,
 Where I, too, romped and played, a little boy!"

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