

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
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BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
Sunday Bee, one year, \$2.50
Saturday Bee, one year, \$2.50
Daily Bee (without Sunday), one year, \$4.00

REMITTANCES
Remit by draft, express or postal order, payable to The Bee Publishing Company.

OFFICES
Omaha—The Bee building, South Omaha—233 N. St.
Chicago—101 Marquette building.

AUGUST CIRCULATION
50,229

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, 1912, was 50,229.

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

Governor Wilson continues to rank as a professor in politics.

Mayor Gaynor insists his vice plan is good. For what, vice?

And continuing, the speaker said: "Dear"—Press dispatch almost any old day.

The colonel spends a day in Arizona, where they have a Roosevelt dam the year round.

Next registration day is Tuesday, October 1. Mark it down on your calendar.

President Taft will be bordering on 60 years of age at the close of his second term.

Steady Hicks are the ones that count. Ringers do not win every game of horsehoes.

The man who lacks backbone may look for compensation in immunity from spinal diseases.

A California woman earns her living out of butterflies and she lives on a mountain ranch, too.

With all the advance of modern sanitation, the old-fashioned printer's towel stands firm.

The trouble with a lot of folks is they are trying for the other fellow's chance instead of their own.

Anyway, Water Commissioner Howell writes a fine defense of the raise in South Omaha water rates.

Effective enforcement of speed laws is one way of protecting adults as well as children from reckless auto drivers.

Dr. Wilson observed that there were thirteen on board his campaign special train. But that is not his only handicap.

Naturally enough John L. Sullivan takes the stump for the candidate who speaks of "knocking 'em through the ropes."

That accused New York police officer has the pleasing consolation of knowing that he has a fat bank account for lawyers' fees.

We have the word of a Seattle paper for it that "most of the women of Washington seem to be sane progressives." That much is indeed gratifying.

The drowning of thirteen naval students in American waters and the death of thirteen persons in an English railroad wreck will go far toward sustaining the hoodoo of that ill-fated figure.

Omaha will have a chance to vote \$20,000 park bonds at the coming election. It would not seem natural to find a bond proposition lurking around somewhere.

South Dakota is also having a little trouble over its election ballot, the courts being called upon to say whether all the primary nominations are not illegal and void. Nebraska has not yet gotten quite that far.

It looks as if South Omaha might have a new police commission before long. What need South Omaha has for a police administration wholly separate and distinct from that of Omaha, however, would be hard to demonstrate.

The man who buys an auto acquires with it a lot of other civic obligations, including the duty to loan it to entertainment committees on request, to engage in state fair excursions, and to take part in all auto parades.

Strows from Minnesota.
The renomination of Governor Eberhart of Minnesota, and the endorsement of Senator Knute Nelson for another term, in the republican primaries just held in that state are strows showing the direction of the political wind. Both the governor and the senator are out-and-out republicans, and have not wavered in their support of President Taft as the party standard-bearer, and yet they are favored by the popular expression in a direct primary in which every republican in the state was free to participate.

Minnesota has been generally rated as ultra-progressive. It went overwhelmingly for Roosevelt for the presidential nomination, and the colonel made several stops there on his recent tour with a view to nailing it down, he going even so far as to make an attack upon Governor Eberhart at a banquet where both were present, but the candidates he favored did not land the nominations for these two high places on the ticket. Minnesota republicans evidently are not ready to abandon their party or turn it over to its destroyers.

Can't Give it Away.
As a last resort after repeated invitations for proposals, the county board has come to the conclusion that the cheapest way to get rid of the old court house is to give it to somebody with \$5,000 to boot. The gift, of course, has a string to it that requires the recipient to take down the structure in workmanlike manner, and remove the materials within a fixed time limit. But that does not change the anomaly that in this bustling, thriving city, a building which cost \$200,000 cannot be given away in these prosperous times when people are too busy to take it. We doubt if such a condition was ever before presented or whether it would be duplicated in any other country in the world.

Carrying Out Harriman's Plans.
More than ordinary interest attaches to the announcement by the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific management that it will before long begin the work of "boring a hole through the Sierra Nevada mountains" to avoid lifting trains over the summit. The late E. H. Harriman made a similar announcement in almost those exact words nine years ago, and it is his plan that is now to be executed. While addressing a group of newspaper men at East Reno, Nev., on November 27, 1903, at the conclusion of the memorable trip across the Lucin-Ogden cut-off, to dedicate that strip of road over Great Salt Lake, Mr. Harriman was asked by one of his interviewers what was to be his next big task. Here is his reply taken from The Bee of November 23, 1903:

Our next big job is to bore a hole through the Sierras. I don't know just when we will begin actual work, but soon for all our surveys are made. By this tunnel and other new tracks we will eliminate thirty-seven miles of those snowsheds, leaving only four miles. We will not materially shorten the distance. That is not the prime object, but we will reduce grades vastly. For instance, we will be able to save lifting our trains 600 feet and in some cases 1,000 feet. That is where millions of dollars will be saved, hence earnings greatly increased.

The maximum grade in the Sierras is virtually 7,400 feet above sea level and the road winds around devious canyons and passes through forty-one miles of snowshed to get over the mountains. It is believed that this tunnel of nearly six miles would now be completed had Mr. Harriman lived. This is but one example of where this great railroad builder's work survives him in incomplete projects.

Seed Selection as a Business.
The fact of several Nebraska young women graduating from the Department of Agriculture at Washington into places of responsibility as seed experts, some in state universities, while naturally gratifying to their neighbors, is most significant in this, that it shows what a potent influence the government is exerting toward implanting the principle of intensive agriculture. The first steps in the process of making two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is the proper selection of seed and proper preparation of the soil. The federal government is doing a great work, therefore, in thus fostering this movement and co-operating in it with state educational institutions. Together they are making the selection of seed for agriculture and horticulture a science and a business. Of course, this opens up to young men and women lucrative fields of service, but that is only incidental to the main purpose of improving methods of farming.

The experiment station at the State university had better be careful about issuing a bulletin instructing farmers how to select seed corn. When our Omaha Commercial club sent out instruction trains last winter a few know-it-all farmers raised a loud protest. Still, the intelligent farmer who wants to improve his methods and realizes that he can do better than he is doing, will doubtless welcome all the advice and help he can get.

Looking Backward
This Day in Omaha
COMPILED FROM BEE FILES
SEPT. 19, 1882.

Thirty Years Ago—
The city council wrangled over the election of a president pro tem in the place of President Still as between Martin Dunham and Charles Kaufmann.

The hotels are filling up with delegates to the impending republican state convention, and candidates galore have opened headquarters.

The Omaha Horse Railway company is laying track over the new Saunders street bridge, and cars will soon be running to the regular terminus in place of the wagons that have been doing business for a week past.

The State Bank of Nebraska, founded in 1870, has been reorganized as a national bank under the name of the Merchants National bank, and will start with a capital of \$100,000 and a surplus of \$50,000.

Mrs. General O'Brien left for Chicago. Major J. W. Paddock, Miss Paddock and Mr. Ben Paddock went east.

D. C. Brooks and wife have returned from Europe. Mr. Charles Beindorf, Sr., and Charles Beindorf, Jr., left for Boston, where the latter will enter the polytechnic school for two years' study in architecture.

Mr. George S. Eastman has succeeded T. W. Crow as passenger agent of the Missouri Pacific at this point.

Twenty Years Ago—
The republican county convention to select delegates to the second congressional district convention endorsed Dave Mercer for the nomination. Mercer, as county chairman, called the convention to order.

County Attorney T. J. Mahoney left for Gothenburg on official business. William A. Paxton, who has spent the last month in quarantine on board the Normanna, which had brought him from Europe, wired from Chicago that he would be in Omaha the next day.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gibson of Los Gatos, Cal., were visiting their sons, Henry and George, and daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hamman, 234 Farnam street. Mr. Gibson, who had resided for thirty-nine years in Nebraska, had formerly been secretary of the Board of Trade of Omaha.

Frederick W. Taylor, professor of horticulture in the University of Nebraska, reached Omaha from New York, where he, with W. A. Paxton and other Nebraskaers spent the month in quarantine aboard the Normanna.

Mrs. Frances Schneider, 61 years old, died at her home, 1077 South Ninth street. She left four children, H. J. F. W. and C. F. Schneider and Mrs. C. L. Fritscher. Mrs. Schneider and her husband had been old settlers in Omaha, coming here in 1856.

Ten Years Ago—
Dave Mercer's delegates to the Second district congressional convention won out at the primaries over the delegates of E. J. Cornish, J. P. Breen and N. C. Pratt. Mercer was thus practically assured of renomination. His victory was in Omaha, not South Omaha or the country districts.

Omaha, which had the day before won three games from Peoria, defeated the Peoria in a double header, thus passing Kansas City and Milwaukee in the pennant race and leading into second place, being topped only by Denver and that by a narrow margin.

Dealers in bituminous coal were looking forward to an advance of prices. The prospective increase, it was stated, was not due to an enlarged consumption consequent on the restricted output of anthracite, but rather to the inability of the railroads to carry all the coal needed.

Miss Jessie Rice died at the age of 19 years at the family home, 323 Pacific avenue.

Clinton Higby, 343 Leavenworth street, was going home at 11 o'clock at night when at 24th and Leavenworth streets, a highwayman with a handkerchief over his face, thrust a gun at him and commanded, "Hands up." Higby's hands went up. The highwayman searched his pockets, in a remote corner of one of which he found a lone nickel. "Here, young man," said the bandit after looking at the coin, "take this; you need it worse than I do." Higby took it and also to his feet homeward.

People Talked About
Cheer up. What if the iceman lags superfluous on the stage, the coal man is there with the goods.

Chicago is the host of a woman who managed two husbands and two homes at the same time without giving away the secret. The secret did not come out until the two husbands, both train brakemen, happened to reach the Chicago and of their runs about the same time.

If the judicial curves of Missouri courts were transferred to the pitchers' box, it is doubtful if any batter in the league would connect with the sphere. For example, a St. Louis judge dismissed a man arrested for selling liquor on Sunday because the state, while proving the offense, failed to show that the man had a license.

Controller Froendegast of New York City is "meeting things" since Suspend Jack pushed him away from the bull moose nomination for governor. He says the wonderful prosperity of the country makes people so busy they do not give proper attention to public affairs, consequently the cause of righteousness lags by the wayside.

Miss Irma Matthews, superintendent of the Women's Institute of Oklahoma, is also a member of the State Board of Agriculture, and an organizer, lecturer and adviser of the farm women of her state, coming into personal touch with upward of 50,000 women each year. She is the head of the women's auxiliary of the Allied Farmers' Institute.

Jun-ehi, not hars-ki, is the true name for the suicide of General Nogi, according to Japanese authorities. Hars-ki is self-destruction inflicted for some offense, while Jun-ehi signifies "following the dead." As the result shows, General Nogi was a staunch believer in the Samurai code. It is related of him that during the siege of 300 Meter Hill at Port Arthur, repeated failures of assaults made him decide to do or die. Calling his officers together, he said, "Tomorrow we will capture the hill," at the same time handing each officer a small dagger. They understood the result must be victory or self-destruction. The hill was won.

No Benefactor is He.
New York World.
The Indiana man who has invented a method of flavoring watermelons on the vine with vanilla or orange or other soda fountain stuff is no benefactor of mankind, but a villain that would paint the lily, glid refined gold and take candy from a baby.

Every Party on Its Own Bar.
St. Louis Republic.
A suggestion coming from Washington that the problem of campaign contributions can be solved by charging the expenses of all parties to the federal government suggests a question as to what right any party has to live when it will not pay its own way honestly.

THE BEGINNING OF LIFE
Whither Science Beckons and Gropes in the Dark.
Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The stir made over the revival of the old controversy about the origin of life seems somewhat excessive. What has happened, as a matter of fact, beyond an expression of opinion by an eminent scientist on a subject which has often been opened and then closed again for lack of knowledge? In the quest for the missing link between the animate and the inanimate we are really not far in advance of Huxley and the "bathybius;" while changes is not so much the frontier of knowledge as our attitude to it. At one time science is ready willy-nilly to surrender this man's land and to forbid trespass on pain of excommunication. But presently there is a revolution in favor of a forward policy, and great expectations are formed, to be blighted in their turn.

The progress of science is immense, but not in the direction of the unknowable. If the secret of spontaneous generation should be found its practical consequences might or might not be important, but in either case it would not help us to read the riddle of the universe. Since Franklin's day we have been generating and using electricity, yet we are no nearer to an understanding of it. Whether one talks of atoms with Lucretius or of electrons with Kelvin makes neither an atom nor an electron of difference so far as the problem of problems goes. Nor is anything lost—or gained—by supposing life to have originated on this planet instead of having been transported, for example, from other worlds in a cloud of meteoric dust according to the poetic hypothesis of Arrhenius. Life, unless eternal, began somewhere, and what significance has "here" or "there" in the contemplation of the universe?

As in the time of Lucretius the theme is still in the realm of poetry rather than of science, and the one contemporary English poet who has had the courage to essay the epic, Alfred Noyes, the author of "Drake," now contributes to the Daily Mail a short poem with the baldly scientific title, "The Origin of Life," in which he accepts his latest challenge:

In the beginning slowly grope we back Along the narrowing track. Back to the deserts of the world's pale prime— The mire, the clay, the slime. And then, what then? Surely to something less; Back—back to nothingness!

You dare not halt upon that dwindling way; There is no gulf to stay Your footsteps to the last. Go back you must. Far, far below the dust. Descend the descent grade by dissolving grade; We follow unafraid.

A better spirit, this, than that of some excellent clergymen who, when foolishly interviewed on the subject, made haste to enter a denial that life could possibly originate by the operation of natural forces—as though they or anyone else knew what "natural" forces are or what they can achieve!

If the poet accepts the challenge of science, the scientist can do no less than accept the challenge of the poet: Go back you must. Far, far below the dust.

The beginning of life is far from the end of the quest; the scientist must overleap the "flaming ramparts of the world;" the physicist must go on where the biologist leaves off for finding no trace of life to take him further. But when the whole flux of things is reduced to motion we have progressed beyond the speculations of the ancients? The poet closes:

The law is yours, but dare you waive your pride And kneel where you denied? The law is yours; dare you renounce it, then, One faith for faithless men. And say you found, on that dark road you trod, In the beginning—God?

However the scientist may answer that question, the great Lord Kelvin had the courage to confess that as to the secret of the universe he ended his career as ignorant as when he began it. Science is building a marvelous bridge out into a shoreless sea.

EAST AND WEST
Wide Gulf Between the Occident and the Orient.
Philadelphia Record.

Kipling has said in one of his ballads that "the east is east and the west is west, and never the twain shall meet;" and we have accepted the remark as a generality, expressing what we vaguely felt to be the truth. It required an event like the suicides of General Nogi, the hero of Port Arthur, and his countess to startle one into a full realization of the fact. It is impossible to suggest a parallel from modern western life that would enable one to conceive the motives which impelled the actors in this strange tragedy. If Motiue had shot himself at the tier of Emperor William I his conduct would have been comparable, perhaps, to that of Nogi; but the similarity would have been merely superficial.

In a sense the latter's act was inspired by his attachment to his departed ruler; but the motive was not simply affection. It was far more complex, and, from the Japanese point of view, far more exalted. A desire not to be parted even in death from one who was dear to the bereft mourner would not be beyond our comprehension. But Nogi's act is regarded in Japan as a tribute to the manes of the departed emperor and to the latter's divine powers and gifts. When the master spirit has flown there is nothing left on earth for those who served it to live for.

This is the oriental, and, specifically, the Japanese conception. For a modern parallel we must look to India, where the widow who casts herself into her deceased husband's funeral pyre is honored and by her act confers honor at the same time. In the history of our own race it would be necessary to grope into the dim past to find anything suggesting the Japanese custom. And while the companions in arms of ancient Germanic, Scythian or pre-Homeric Grecian chieftains sometimes immolated themselves, the sacrifices were more frequently involuntary, and slaves were dispatched to keep a dead ruler company in the spirit world.

The Samurai custom, which we have just seen exemplified, is a survival of what we should call barbarism. It brings home to us the fact that the Japanese, so thoroughly modernized in many respects, are in other essentials not far removed from their ancestors of 2,000 years ago. It would have been extraordinary, indeed, if the Japanese had been able to slough off in half a century all the characteristics of a bygone civilization, to free themselves of which men of European nationality required two or more millenniums.

OMAHA ODDS AND ENDS.

Kearney Hub: Kearney people who were fortunate enough to hear Superintendent Graff of the Omaha city schools speak at the Normal chapel last summer were of the impression that he was an exceedingly sensible man. He has proved that impression to be a fact when he gave orders to dismiss pupils when the temperature in any school room had reached 90 degrees. Just as sensible as a dismissal on account of an overheated room in winter.

Grand Island Independent: Lincoln and Omaha seem to be entirely together on the proposition of a new capitol building at Lincoln. The sentiment of the majority of the citizens and taxpayers of the state is probably against any relocation of the capital. If there is a sufficient demand for a vote on the question let it be organized now; if not, let the majority rule and let Nebraska begin the work of securing the funds and constructing a new and adequate building at Lincoln at once.

Albion Argus: What a lovely sight it was to see the people who live in the "Holy City," as the barbarians who live in Omaha have called Lincoln, go down to Omaha in carloads and join the Ak-Sar-Ben lodge and take the degrees, and then see Omaha and South Omaha reciprocate by making a great effort to please Lincoln by going to the state fair by trainloads and swarms of automobiles on "Omaha day" at the fair. It is well for brethren to dwell together in unity, and the example of Omaha and Lincoln should be followed by the towns in Boone county and this vicinity.

Waterloo Gazette: It makes us just a bit tired to have the Commercial club of Omaha sending out so much stuff about the selection of seed corn and quoting Prof. Pugsley as saying there is no surplus of seed corn in Nebraska, and conditions are such that good seed may be secured only with the greatest care and favorable fall weather. Of course it is possible that there will be poor seed this year, but judging from conditions in this county we believe there is little or no cause for alarm over the situation. Nevertheless we urge our farmer friends to make preparations to gather their seed corn early, as advised by the people quoted above, and take necessary means to keep it safely for the spring seeding. Nebraska grown corn is best for Nebraska, and it is well to start early to get it ready.

Official Recognition of Babies.
Baltimore American.
The baby bureau of the Department of Commerce and Labor has been started. But the innovation cannot make the babies more important than they already are in their own eyes or in those of their families.

For Mack Relief, Thanks.
Washington Post.
The colonel said in his Fargo speech that he didn't care for the job of king, and the crowned heads of Europe are now breathing easier.

SMILING LINES.

Jones is making a holy show of himself. "Cutting up capers again?" "No; he is taking part in a passion play for a moving picture concern."—Judge's Library.

Landlady (showing room)—And such a cheerful view, sir. Gentleman (looking out)—Why, it's a cemetery. Landlady—Yes, sir. How cheerful and comfortable it will be when you gaze out to think that you're not there.—Chicago Post.

Happy Though Married Member of the Dorcas Society—I wonder why it says in the Bible there are no marriages in heaven. Caustic Old Maid—It's plain enough to me—it's because no men go there.—Judge.

Mrs. Gotham—Don't you think those doughnuts are an improvement on the last ones I made? "No, but she was one of the 'many others.'"—Baltimore American.

"Some class to our graduating exercises, believe me." "Aw, roped in some senator, I s'pose." "Senator, nothing. We had the diploma delivered by a southpaw pitcher. Some class, eh?"—Kansas City Journal.

He—What, in your opinion, is the strongest argument in favor of woman suffrage? Clever Suffragist—The mental caliber of the women who oppose it.—Judge.

Mrs. Jipes, I think I have heard you say you have a cousin in the regular army. He is an officer, I presume. "Yes, he holds some responsible position, but I don't exactly know the nature of it. When he wrote to me last he said:

"I wish Amanda Boggs would get a letter from her beau. Her eyes were never made for tears. These ought to be the happiest years in all her birthday list. Her feet should dance as never set. A solemn pace as slow. I wish Amanda Boggs would get a letter from her beau. Why, there's Amanda, 'cross the way. With sunshine in her face! She's lost her laugh, careless smile. And seems inclined to grieve. I can't help sharing her regret. That seems each day to grow. I wish Amanda Boggs would get a letter from her beau."



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