

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR
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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, 1912, was 50,229. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.
Yes, we know it's cool in Colorado.
Have you been able to find the sunny side of the street?

One way to have clean streets is to keep them from becoming dirty.
Jack Frost may have good intentions, but his performance is open to question.
When Fritz Scheff files her divorce suit folks may learn the name of her husband.

"Lefty Louie" probably was ambidextrous enough to take money with either hand.
Regardless of what went on at Armageddon, the plains of Esdrasdon do not seem to be ablaze.
It must give the solid south a lot of solid amusement to watch the third-term breaking it.

A prematurely cool autumn in Texas threatens to force the natives to wear shoes earlier than usual this fall.
Sanitary crusaders will doubtless hold that the revival of whiskers will make kissing all the more ticklish.
If the lost Mona Lisa has really been found, we may concentrate our attention on the trail of the loose bull moose.

"The American people are not afraid of the schoolmaster in politics," says the St. Louis Republic. No, he is harmless.
Well, with so much ugly weather all around us, our salubrious old corn belt cannot be blamed for going wrong once in a while.
Persons contemplating spectacular methods of suicide may raise money for burial expenses by notifying moving picture concerns.

Fifty Years of Freedom.
On September 22, 1862, President Lincoln issued his preliminary proclamation of emancipation for negro slaves in the District of Columbia, as a forerunner to general emancipation proclaimed on January 1, 1863. Appropriately, and with great credit to their race and their emancipators, American negroes have just celebrated the half century of freedom in the city of Washington, and next year they will commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of complete liberation.

History ranks Lincoln's freeing of the slaves next in importance to the Declaration of Independence, and the freedmen, by their steadfast loyalty and ceaseless perseverance in embracing opportunities to advance, have as a race done much to vindicate their new rights. It is needless to recount the achievements of the race in this brief span of years, since the world already stands in real admiration of them.
This is worth repeating, that these fifty years have been the golden age of national prosperity and growth in the United States and the negro slave has done his share to this end. It is only by viewing him against the background of his previous condition that we get the full effect of what he has accomplished for himself and the country that gave him his freedom.

The Mote and the Beam.
Newspapers published in certain Nebraska towns seldom miss an opportunity to take a poke at Omaha as a center of seething vice and iniquity. Whenever Omaha undertakes to clean up the fact is heralded as proof of our terrible wickedness and warning to innocent country cousins against contamination. The truth is, however, that conditions in a big city differ from those in little towns in the mass rather than in kind, and in almost constant exposure to the spotlight. To illustrate, an item in the Nebraska City Press, describing a close call experienced by a careless couple, makes this announcement:

The police have started on a new move to stop street walking after dark and make it possible for respectable women to go downtown without fear of being accosted or hear some remarks which she is not accustomed to.
We mean no reflection when we express the belief that Nebraska City is in this respect no worse than a lot of other communities throughout the state whose newspapers steadfastly shut their eyes to little things like this, but hold up their hands in horror every time the lid in Omaha tips enough to let them peek under it.

Tightening the Screws.
Omaha people thought they had many grievances against the water company which were to be redressed immediately upon the city taking over the plant, but they are discovering that Water board management has so far resulted merely in tightening the screws.
The water company was accused of exacting extortionate charges, but the only revision of the rate schedule has so far been upward. Household-ers who paid for lawn sprinkling privileges have had them cut off without rebate. South Omaha packers have been doubled up, bills are presented to the city for water used in parks and public buildings and the full \$100,000 hydrant rental tax is continued. Another raise is now made on the little fellows in the form of a minimum charge aggregating \$5 a year, and landlords notified that they will have to pay water bills for delinquent tenants.

In the meantime our hydraulic water commissioner is drawing \$5,000 a year, the favored banks are loaning out several hundred thousand dollars of bond proceeds which cost the taxpayers 4 1/2 per cent interest, the finish of the second supply main is not in sight and extensions are charged up to abutting property owners at so much a front foot.

An Unintended Confession.
"Colonel Roosevelt is making democrats out of republicans," exclaimed William Allen White in an unguarded moment of perfect candor.
Trying to make democrats out of republicans would be stating it more exactly. Yet, even as it is, one hardly expected the confession to come from one of the third-term candidate's personal mouthpieces. Of course, the public has shown all along that Colonel Roosevelt had no idea of being himself elected, but is bent on the one purpose of trying to beat President Taft, to accomplish which he must "make democrats out of republicans."

It is only fair to concede to Mr. White that he had no intention to make this confession.
Down at Lincoln the school board has met with a decision adverse to its claimed right to exceed the amount of bonds voted for new building construction. This is a district court decision, and the matter of appeal is still undetermined. We hope the point in dispute may be carried up to the supreme court for an authoritative and final ruling.

In Pennsylvania, in Kansas and in California the bull mooseers are arranging to run independent electoral tickets. In Nebraska they still insist on stealing the republican label.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha COMPILED FROM BEE FILES SEPT. 27.

Thirty Years Ago—
At the suffrage meeting the stellar lights are upholding the banner valiantly. C. S. Montgomery of Omaha addressed the meeting, telling of his conversion. While Mrs. Coger was speaking, G. M. Hitchcock interrupted with an objection to something she was saying, only to receive a tongue-lashing, whereupon he issued a defiant challenge for a debate, at which Miss Anthony, Miss Cousins, Mrs. Saxson and Mrs. Couger 'all jumped to the front like hungry wolves for the kid, and with glistering eyes and burning cheeks accepted the challenge."

Victor Ducros, proprietor of the popular restaurant on lower Farnam street, has been improving his place. That Ducros has no equal as a cook in this part of the country is said to be the popular verdict.
The new Barker building on Ninth and Jones streets is beginning to loom up. The comet, with two editions of tails is visible every morning just before sunrise.

Miss Tillie O'Neill, trimmer for C. A. Ringer, came in from Chicago. A petition asks the county board to appoint Fred W. Boyden to fill a vacancy as constable for the Fourth ward. Mrs. Joseph Barker, corner Twenty-second and Davenport streets, wants a good girl for general housework.

Twenty Years Ago—
Miss Anna Dalley, 618 North Nineteenth street, was visiting her parents at Central City, Ia. Victor Rosewater left for New York to resume his studies at Columbia college. Misses Nellie and Tessie McGuire, who had been visiting friends in Grand Island and Plattsmouth, returned home. Police Sergeant Thomas Ormsby, who suffered a stroke of apoplexy some two weeks previously, was able to walk down town.

Senator Henry L. Dawes of Massachusetts, chairman of the senate committee on Indian affairs; General T. J. Morgan, commissioner of Indian affairs; Mrs. Dawes, Miss Anna L. Dawes, the popular writer; Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms Kimball Valentine, and several stenographers came into Omaha in a special car from Sioux City on a tour of inspection of the Indian schools of the country. A lawsuit which, for the names involved, attracted much attention came up in the court of Justice of the Peace Bradley. Among the parties were: Mrs. Grover Cleveland, whose husband was once a resident of Washington, D. C.; Abraham Lincoln Reed, defendant; Abraham Lincoln Reed, agent for the plaintiff; and Abraham Lincoln Dick, attorney for the defendant.

Ten Years Ago—
Attendance at the Ak-Sar-Ben street fair for the day was 31,773, whereas it had been only as high as 8,000 on any of the preceding three days. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reynolds and daughter, Helen, were again in their Minneapolis home at Florence, having returned from their summer in the east. Senator J. H. Millard, commenting on the appointment of D. E. Thompson as American minister to Brazil, said it was calculated to promote larger interchange of business between distributing centers of the west and South American ports. Dr. J. M. Borgium was still held at the bedside of his son, Gutzon Borgium, the New York artist, whose condition was quite critical.

Albert A. Honey, formerly of Omaha, but later of Chicago, was reported to be dying in a hospital in the latter city. Mr. Honey was a veteran telegrapher widely known in the west. John M. Scott of the official staff of J. C. Stubbs, traffic director for the Harriman lines in Chicago, was visiting old friends and taking in Ak-Sar-Ben in Omaha. Mr. Scott had gone from the passenger department of the Union Pacific in Omaha to Chicago.

People Talked About
George Pulaski, a civil war veteran, has just completed his fiftieth year as messenger at the United States land office in Washington.
For a demure Philadelphia and a Young Men's Christian association roomer, John D. Muzzarelli, aged 27, is going home. He is defending his third divorce suit in a Philadelphia court.

In the opinion of a Washington doctor who thinks he knows, joy riding is an advanced stage of "neuronitis," and the only cure is a sanitarium, a padded cell, or strict confinement in the country, out of sight of motor cars for a year. The doctor is entitled to another guess.
As an American memorial to General William Booth the Salvation army proposes to raise \$50,000 and build a great training school for social workers in New York. Commander Eva Booth, who has just returned from her father's funeral in England, reports that already \$25,000 has been raised.

Word is brought over the briny by a visiting chemist to the effect that Emperor William of Germany rides in an automobile, the tires of which are made of whiskey. While seemingly a perversion of good stuff, a busted tire of that material affords a more satisfying chew than common rubber.
Meyer Bladenburg of Philadelphia puts out as a feeler the suggestion that the reformers in the city hall could spend \$80,000 in shaping up the Quaker City without overstraining their energy. Their predecessors scraped the bottom of the financial cans before letting go, and an "occupation tax" is talked of as the only available dough raiser.

"The same principle under which you installed this meter in my residence and taxed the expense to me would give the city the right to have ordinance passed authorizing it to install in my house a somewhat different make of gas stove and one which would be more expensive to operate than the one I now have, and tax the expense to me. I can see no reason why you and others of your kind should not proceed to, within a few months, direct that the meters that are now being installed be replaced, at the property owner's expense, by others of higher price and still more expensive to operate. I suggest, for your consideration, that you negotiate deals to have ordinance put through authorizing the gas company, the electric light company, the telephone company, and the street car company to require the people to put in new gas stoves, different colored lights,

LIGHTNING—WHAT IT IS—HOW IT ACTS

By FRED G. PLUMMER, Geographer of the United States Forestry Service. IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

Nature and Kinds of Lightning.
Lightning is a violent discharge of electricity, either between one cloud and another, between a cloud and the earth, or between two strata of air differently electrified. The discharge is commonly assumed to be from a higher to a lower level, although it may be from either or both.
The potential between various air strata, or between air strata and the earth, is variable, and changes in it may be sudden. Clear air is, as a rule, electrified positively, and the same is true of air containing smoke, fog, or falling snow. In rain the electrification ranges from high negative to high positive, but is more often positive. During a single storm the air may change back and forth several times from a positive to a negative condition, and the difference in potential between the earth and a point ten feet above it may amount to hundreds or even thousands of volts. Considering the surface of the earth as a datum, the potential increases with elevation, but the difference in potential per unit of vertical distance increases with altitude.

Two principal kinds of lightning are distinguished, linear and ball. The effects of the first may be peculiarly destructive. Its flashes are followed by thunder and usually accompanied by a downpour of rain. When its light is seen from a great distance, often through clouds near the horizon, it is called diffused, heat, or sheet lightning. The same appearance may, however, be due to actually diffused and silent discharges at a great altitude.

A long flash of linear lightning, if visibly composed of a number of short segments in the same general direction is called pearl or beaded lightning. If a streak splits into two or more parts the form is called forked lightning. Occasionally it is so branched or sprayed as to resemble the form of a naked tree. Linear lightning is not considered freakish as a rule, except in some of its effects, yet in rare cases it has struck out of an absolutely clear sky, or has been silent, probably because of intervening atmospheric conditions.
Exact Nature Unknown.
The exact nature of a flash is unknown. Although kite experiments have shown the varying potentials between air strata,

and although it is generally held that electricity flows from a positive toward a negative body, still there is evidence that a lightning discharge is, in most cases, pulsating. Photographs have shown not only a number of parallel flashes, which appeared as one flash to the naked eye, but they have also shown the flash to have width, like a ribbon. It seems that a flash, even if lasting only a thousandth part of a second, may be composed of a large number of separate flashes having much smaller duration.

It has been held that a lightning stroke differs according to the direction of the flash; as to whether the earth is negative or positive; that although flashes are most common between differently electrified clouds, or from a cloud to the earth, still they also ascend from the earth into the air. The violence of the discharge and its effects are matters of pressure or tension between the earth and a cloud or a person, or indeed, between person and another at the time. After a discharge there is sometimes an adjustment of potentials known as "chooc de retour."

Ball lightning is also called fire ball and globular lightning, and sometimes, loosely, thunderbolts. Balls may vary from a half inch to several feet in diameter. They differ in form and motion from linear lightning, but as both kinds are erratic their effects are sometimes similar. Balls of lightning may come from any direction, may move slowly or rapidly, and may be harmless or deadly. They float through open windows or doorways and up chimneys. They may play around a lightning rod without being attracted, or may strike the ground and rebound without being dissipated. It would be difficult to believe, as some maintain, that such an outfall could not set fire to a tree.

Ball lightning is not to be confounded with St. Elmo's light or St. Elmo's fire, the corpo santo, a blue or red electrical discharge sometimes seen on the masts and yards of ships at sea, and more rarely on church spires and trees, and rarely on rocks on land, or about the heads of persons. Nor should it be confused with the ignis fatuus, elf-fire, will-o'-the-wisp, or Jack-o'-the-lantern, a self-luminous glow sometimes seen at night in marshes or swamps.

AEROPLANES IN FUTURE WARS

Forced Revision of Former Standards of Tactics. New York Sun.

Whatever the true explanation of the abrupt abandonment of the British army maneuvers may be, it is undeniable that the aeroplanes made it harder than ever to play the war game satisfactorily. Before the advent of the aeroplane victories were won or lost in peace maneuvers by the decision of umpires who were bound by hard and fast rules. A brigade was led into or surprised in a certain position commanded by marked batteries and an alert umpire marked the brigade destroyed or captured and ordered it out of action. A cavalry patrol rode into the "presence" of a superior force and was eliminated. A general and his staff ventured too far into the enemy's territory and were surrounded. It must be evident that the evolution of the twenty-four aeroplanes attached to the contending armies in England did not simplify the work of the harassed umpires.
There can hardly be any secrets of strength and organization of any advantage or handicap of position which an aviator with powerful binoculars cannot detect in a war game. It is more like play for him than it is for the marching and countermarching soldiers; his only risk is that inseparable from managing his machine. If he has a wireless outfit he instantly flashes his discoveries by code, and without this adjunct he can report in person in perhaps one-seventh of the time it would take a cavalryman to gallop to headquarters. Twelve aviators with the Red army and as many with the Blue army must make it physically difficult for the commanders to complete any elaborate strategic operation in a war game, for they can rarely hide or dissemble their movements—certainly not in the open country where the British maneuvers are held. It is probably true that the war game ended in a

"glorious middle," General Sir John D. F. French, director of the maneuvers, must be grimly amused, for although the tactics of standard books on cavalry tactics he stood distinguished himself in peace maneuvers before the Boer war, and during that conflict he proved himself a brilliant strategist and uniformly successful in the field.
As the aeroplane has become indispensable for serious military operations, having revolutionized reconnaissance, it is plain enough that night marches and also night assaults must be the rule and not the exception when two armies come within striking distance of each other; and it follows that each army must be equipped with powerful searchlights to warn the advance of an attacking force. In the darkness the usefulness of aeroplanes for reconnaissance is greatly impaired, even when they carry some kind of searchlight; moreover, it is almost impossible to command the stability of the machine at night, and it is altogether out of the question if a strong or fluky wind is blowing.

If aeroplanes in actual warfare are going to keep armies or sections of armies apart by preventing the execution of forward movements, except at night, aggressive war in the air becomes imperative. Each flying machine must have its light gun and a supply of shells or other explosives to destroy the enemy's scouts, and until the aerial conflict is over operations on the earth below are not likely to be decisive. "Providence," said Napoleon, "is always on the side of the last reserve." In wars of the future the last reserve may prove to be the survivors of the aeroplane duel.

a different kind of phone, and to ride in different cars than are now used, but at 10 cents per passenger, because the officers and stockholders of these public service corporations do not feel that they are milking the people with sufficient speed. C. T. CULLEN, 315 North Forty-first avenue.

HOW EDITORS SEE THINGS.

Brooklyn Eagle: The San Francisco woman who is running for judge and can't pass an examination for admission to the bar, got 7,000 votes in a direct primary. Vox populi isn't always vox Dei, now is it?
Chicago Record-Herald: It is true. Living costs more than it used to. The federal bureau of labor has issued a report confirming the rumor. We had hoped the story might at last have turned out to have been unfounded.

St. Louis Republic: An Omaha judge who fined a speeder by telephone and received the money by mail is one of the class who give greatest aid and comfort to those who would recall judges. The average man who walks does not get that kind of treatment.
New York Sun: With a number of trade unionists on trial in Indiana charged with dynamiting a number of employers on trial in Massachusetts charged with "planting" dynamite to injure unionists, the expedients resorted to by labor and capital to injure each other should be pretty thoroughly revealed this fall.

Springfield Republican: Cotton is still king. The biggest peach orchard in the world, and one of the finest, that of the Bagley estate at Americus, Ga., has just been cut down and burned, and the land is to be given over to cotton. The orchard contained 25,000 bearing trees, and for years has been first to supply the market with Georgia peaches. This year, while the receipts ran into the millions, thousands of bushels of peaches went to waste, and the owners believe that they can raise cotton at a greater profit on the same ground. It is a pity, for nothing in this imperfect world is more delicious than a Georgia peach at its best, but ever since Adam and Eve took to apple eating cotton has been more important than peaches.

GRINS AND GROANS.

"It's triplets!" announced the nurse. "Really!" said the astonished father. "I can scarcely believe my own eyes!"—Judge.

"Did your investigating committee throw the searchlight into that case?" "No," replied Senator Sorghum; "the case remains more or less in shadow, owing to the fact that so many of us mistook the searchlight for a spotlight!"—Washington Star.

Joseph interpreted the dream of seven fat and seven lean kine. "The meat trust will give the same explanation for both," he said.—New York Sun.

"Do you think that politics helps the farmer?" "Some," replied Farmer Corntossel. "This habit of takin' straw votes ought to push up the price of straw quite considerable!"—Washington Star.

"I believe Roosevelt is the greatest man who ever lived." "Come, now, you don't really mean that, do you?" "Certainly I do." "All right. There's no use arguing about it." "I suppose you think now I'm crazy, don't you?" "Oh, no, I don't think you're crazy." "Well, what do you think?" "I'm just thinking of the similarity between Lincoln and Roosevelt."

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KNEW THE GOODS.

W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Post. He went into a druggist's shop; His step was lame and slow; His face was thin and drawn and long A picture, he, of woe.

The druggist, from behind his case, Came smiling into view. "Good evening, sir," he blithely said. "What can I do for you?"

"Ah, sir," the customer replied. "My pain I can't endure, I wish you'd recommend to me A good dyspepsia cure."

"I've just the thing!" the druggist cried. "To cure such wracking ills You ought to try a little box Of Dubbs' dyspepsia pills."

"They're recommended far and near, North, south and east and west; In testimonials which say They surely are the best."

"No," sighed the pallid stranger, then. "No pills like those for me. Come, can you not suggest at once Some other remedy?"

"Good, sir," the druggist replied. "I have upon my shelf Some other cures—but this is made By Dr. Dubbs himself."

"And surely," most impressively The druggist said, "you know That Dr. Dubbs would never give Dyspepsia any show."

Black grew the ailing stranger's brow— Black as the ace of clubs. "I tell you I don't want those pills! Sir, I am Dr. Dubbs!"



The Thames Blazer

In England the blazer stands for holiday. You see them at the games, the races, the meets, but especially you see them on the Thames. Almost every boat on the gay river will show a different combination of bright colors. Last summer the idea was brought to America and the blazer fad resulted. And so reluctant are women to abandon the pretty garment for autumn that they have demanded the blazer-sweater to take its place. Mail the coupon below for complete directions showing how you can make one of these fashionable coats at little cost. They are made of Fleisher's Germantown Zephyr, 4-fold, one of the fifteen

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