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CORRESPONDENCE. Address communications relating to news and editorial matter to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

OCTOBER CIRCULATION.

55,104

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, as.
Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee
Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that
the average dally circulation for the month of October,
1814, was 55,504.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 5th day of November 181. ROHERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Let old Vesuvius do all of Italy's erupting.

The "unspeakable" Turk was too late with his speech to Russia.

It may help some to buy-a-bale-of-cotton for Santa Claus' whiskers.

When in doubt, always blame the other fellow and play safe yourself.

That "blow-your-own-horn" habit is not confined to vote-chasing candidates for office.

Even if finally captured and destroyed, the Emden more than paid for itself in reprisals from the enemy.

The Yser looms large in the European war. tiffs with our Yelser.

How queer it would seem to read such a November weather forecast as this: "For Nebraska-Snow and colder tonight."

Premier Asquith now offers the encouragement that the war will not last as long as origmally predicted. Thanks for small favors.

If those Mexicans think their little war side show can draw the crowd from the big three, ring main tent, they are going to be mighty

Nebraska's motto is "Equality before the law," but, just the same, it is just as impossible

President Wilson regrets that he has no abbreviated front name. He might resurrect the one that was intended for him and ask his friends to call him "Tom."

How tough the new salary limits threaten to be may be gathered from the fact that they will compel base half players to move back to about the class of bank presidents.

Two Kansas City policemen shoot two burglars on two nights, at which rate Kansas City ought soon to get rid of its burglars, provided the munitions of war hold out.

It must be gratifying to know that the base ball magnates have come, and held their sessions in Omaha, and gone, without encountering any "gunmen," real or imaginary, running loose on our streets.

Woman has come down from her pedestal," declared "Bob" Jones, a southern evangelist, to a body of Kansas City suffragists, all of which shows that discretion is not the better part of valor with everybody. Still, the dispatches indicate no harm to "Bob" this time.

States where the campaign was made wholly on national issues almost thvariably awung into the republican column. It was evidently a mistake for our republican campaigners in Nebranks to devote themselves exclusively to local subjects on which there is little difference of opinion.

The Scottish Rite Masons of Nebraska are to be congratulated on the completion of their magnificent new temple, whose opening they are celebrating with appropriate exercises. The temple is an architectural work of art, which constitutes a distinct addition to Omaha's attractive public and semi-public buildings.



Dr. Oscar Pfeiffer has been appointed chief sur-geon for the Union Pacific in place of Dr. S. D. cer, resigned. Tole will transfer the medical headquarters from Omaha to Denver.

Hon. J. M. Woolworth received a telegram from Dr. Worthington of Detroit, saying that he would nocept the episcopate of Nebraska in confirmation of

The marriage of Dr. M. O. Ricketts and Miss Alice Nelson was solemnised at the residence of the bride's parents by Rev. Mr. Hubbard of the African Methodist Episcopal church. The doctor was a colored physician just graduated from the medical school.

Wiley Dickson, for a number of years superintendent at the Union Pacific deput, left for California to be gone several months.

Mrs. Gibbs is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. Mo-Laughlin, of Waterico. 8, H. H. Clark, J. E. Markal and party went out

in a special car for a few days' hunt. The Central hospital, at the corner of Fourteenth and Jones, is now receiving patients, with Dra. Swetonn and Ralph in charge.

Subsidence of "Atrocity" Stories.

Folks who are trying to keep themselves posted upon the kaleidoscopic unfolding of the great war drama must have noted the gradual subsidence of the "atrocity" stories. War is no parlor game, but, on the contrary, is full of cruelties, barbarities and privations, and the number of innocent victims must continue to increase. Several things will, however, help to explain why the bitter criminations and recriminations of the earlier stages, instead of becoming more fast and furious, are occupying less and less time and attention on both sides.

It is quite possible that people become used to the most terrible experiences as they become more common, which when first met with or witnessed evoke abhorrent protest. It is probable, too, that as the fighting has settled down to more systematic lines, better discipline has been effected, and a stronger control maintained over the troops. Yet, above and beyond all, horrible as war's destruction is, the conclusion is forced that most of the "atrocity" stories either were grossly exaggerated and overdrawn or pictured rare exceptions and excesses as the general rule. War itself is a huge atrocity upon mankind as a whole—the only wonder is that it can be waged upon such a colessal scale and at the same time kept almost free from the individual atrocities that are no necessary part

A Forceful Reminder.

One paragraph in the democratic tariff plank of 1912 read: We recognize that our system of tariff taxation

is intimately connected with the business of the country, and we favor the ultimate attainment of the principles we advocate by legislation that will not injure or destroy legitimate industry. That our system of tariff taxation is inti-

mately connected with the business of the country no one will deny, nor need we question the democrats' sincerity of purpose to avoid harming legitimate industry, but we must see by now that even the effort at attainment has worked very grave injury. In the first year of the new Wilson-Underwood tariff law, despite the war, we imported from other countries about \$200,-500,000 worth of manufactured products more than during the last year of the republican

What does this mean but the displacement of that much of our industry at home? Suppose we bought all our manufactured products abroad, then all our domestic industries except to supply foreign trade would close down. There must, therefore, have been a tremendous closing down in the aggregate of home industries as a result of this increased importation. No wonder the late election went so strongly but here in Nebraska we have little periodical against the democrats in all the industrial centers. This country has grown great under a fair protective tariff, and its people, manifestly, want a tariff that protects their own industries rather than sacrifice them for the benefit of their foreign competitors.

Evacuating Vera Cruz.

The wheel of fortune in Mexico has taken no queerer turn than that which makes a coincidence of the government's compliance with our demands at Vera Cruz and Villa's declaration of war on Carranza. It will be remembered that American troops seized Vera Cruz to make sure of having the ruling powers at Mexico City meet all our demands. It now appears from the decrees issued by General Carranza that all the requests made by President Wilson have been duly granted and, very naturally, the president is looked to to complete the agreement by recalling the troops. Failing to do so might be misconstrued in Mexico and seized upon as another pretext for a grievance against the United States. At the same time it hardly seems wise to evacuate until there has been a definite and satisfactory alignment of the leaders in the recent, indeed the present, factional feud. The whole purpose of sending our troops there in the first place may be defeated at last if their removal precipitates another civil war. Of course, the hope is that hostilities between Villa and Carranza may be averted, but hope has counted for little in Mexican affairs. Factional fighting seems to be one of the inevitable consequences of every alliance finally to determine which rival is to have the larger share of the spoils of formerly united exploits.

Tammany-Asset or Liability? Certain democratic newspapers have sneered at Boss Murphy as a liability to the party as disclosed in the defeat of Governor Glynn of New York, evidently forgetting that but for Tammany's returning her fourteen Gotham representatives the national administration would have about lost control of the lower house of congress. Instead of being altogether a liability to the party, Murphy and Tammany may claim to represent its chief asset. It is very well to rail at them for moral effect, but practical democratic leaders know that the old Tiger is not to be discarded. Prior to the election the New York World made much of an epigrammatic slogan that if Governor Glynn loses he may blame Tammany, if he wins he may thank President Wilson. Governor Glynn lost, yet it is very doubtful if the administration is anxious to dispose of Mr. Murphy and Tammany just now as more of a liability than of an asset.

Magic of the Quail Feather. Science is newly indebted to the California university professor who learns from an old Indian sage of the Sierras that the long tail feather of a mountain quail possesses the same properties as our modern X-ray, and, indeed, for ages has been used by the aborigines for locating broken bones. This is done simply by holding the hand or other injured part of the anatomy up to the sun and viewing it through the lens of the feather, which we are told acts exactly as does a divining rod.

But when it comes to magic manipulation with "bones" we would stake the old southern darky's rabbit foot against the Indian's quali feather any day. Any devotee of the dice on a southern river levee will tell you that there is no magic more mysterious or mighty than that of the left hind foot of a rabbit caught in the southeast corner of a graveyard in the full of the moon. It is not an experiment, not the figment of imagination; it is "jess" real magic, and if you do not believe it, watch the effect on one of these fellows, who has discovered after it is too late that he left his rabbit's foot at home.

Note that that progressive party nominee for congress who concluded he had a better chance to go to heaven than to Washington, lives in Kentucky, and not in Nebruska,

The Bees

A Defective Forcesst.

OMAHA, Nev. 12 .- To the Editor of The Box. One of your correspondents. who signs himself "B. B. M." (signing, however, a similar contribution to another paper in his proper name), prophesies, in commenting on the prohibition elections in several western states, that the United States within twenty years will be a saloonless nation, and, further,

The year 1934 will see a new nation; a nation whose morals will have reached the acme of perfection.

I reluctantly take notice of unsigned etters, but cannot refrain from pointing at some of the flaws in that prophesy. Experience in every prohibition state has definitely demonstrated that at least 80 per cent or more of the male voters and a very large per cent of the female voters in suffrage states, use beer, wine or other liquors some time or for some purpose; it may be medicine, cooking, or as a beverage, but using it at all, they must, of course purchase it, and in purchasing they induce the sale of these commodities. Yet it seems that in the states mentioned, somewheres near 40 per cent of those using it, and expecting to use it in the future, have voted for prohibition. This would indicate rather that instead of reaching in twenty years the acme of moral perfection, it will be reaching the seme of hypocrisy. And furthermore, to vote out of existence industries which have been created by popular demand for their products, and legalized by the states and the nation, without compensation for the properties worth many millions, which are practically confiscated and rendered valueless by such legislation, is the acme of public or governmental dishonesty.

When the Swiss republic abolished absinthe, the government fully compensated every manufacturer, every ploye engaged in its production, and even the farmers raising the raw material, for losses caused by the abolishment of the industry. That was the acme of honesty Do the moralists in the United States feel similar moral obligations? A. L. MEYER.

How Does This Strike You.

SCOTT'S BLUFF, Neb., Nov. 12.-To the Editor of The Bee: Does The Bee favor the Germans and endeavor to create a favorable impression of Germany? Does The Bee throw all the prejudice it can against the allies?

Is The Bee under pay from German sources? Does The Bee print furnished articles written in the interest of and from Germanic standpoints?

Please explain J. H. CASSELMAN. Note: This is just another proof that The Bee is giving both sides a square deal.

Willis E. Reed is Grateful. MADISON, Neb., Nov. 11 .- To the Editor of The Bee: Now that the entire vote is canvassed and I have had an opportunity to consider the returns and note the splendid endorsement which I have

received, gratifying as it is to be thus endorsed, that which appeals to me most is the excellent tribute accorded me in the handsome majorities' I received in my home ward, precinct, city and county. Having been nominated and elected to the office of attorney general without other than an implied pledge of doing my duty, it will afford me great pleasure discharge the obligations of my office in such a manner as to retain the respect. confidence and esteem shown me in the

recent election. As I observe the returns from the various counties, I feel like the young man auddenly called upon to fill the pulpit for a minister, and after he had searched in vain for a text, he finally closed the Bible and said to the congregation, "It ain't no use to look for no particular text, it's all good." And so it is no use to look for the locality showing the best vote, it is all good, and I appreciate the loyalty and assistance of my many friends. WILLIS E. REED.

Editorial Viewpoint

Indianapolis News: Some idea of the irgent need felt by the European belligerents for our wheat, cotton and other things may be had from their diplomatic

St. Louis Republic: Considering their recent entrance into the war, the announcement that the Turks have taken the defensive would be funny if there were anything funny about war.

Boston Transcript: A Washington judge has handed down an opinion that it is unlawful for one man at the capital to buy another a drink. If the tightwads weren't so stingy they would take up a collection to erect a monument to that

Houston Post: The Omaha Bee says Colonel Watterson is back in the democratic party. Huh! Marse Henry has never been out. It has merely happened that at times the bunch went out in the wildwoods, leaving him at home to guard the Jefferson and Jackson treasures and snipe the skulkers who had designs upon the chicken coop of personal liberty.

Philadelphia Record: It is a proud moment for the United States when the world looks to it for the relief of the starving victims of war. It's a bigger thing for the country than an increase in its foreign trade. There never was a time when the country occupied a posttion more calculated to make its citisens proud of it and thankful for it. The rescue of the Belgian sufferers will become one of the greatest of this nation's achievements, and in indirect ways it will add more to our prestige than a few more battleships would

Tabloids of Science

Sound lumber, 25 years old, has been proved by a German government test to be materially stronger than new stock. A factory for the manufacture of gum amphor, the first in the United States,

is projected in Philadelphia. It will have a capacity of 35,000 pounds daily, Fifteen to twenty drops is the usual amount of boiled dynamite, or "soup," as it is known among yeggmen, used in blowing the average safe. They carry

it in a small bettle. According to an Italian mathematician, every person in the world could stand comfortably in an area of 500 square miles, while a graveyard about the size of Colorado would bury all of

Side Lights on the War

Wherever a live American fan wanders in searci of recreation or adventure the sporting blood submerges the pressure of duties and he longs to know what's the score?" An American member of the foreign legion fighting with the ailies in France, in a letter to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat echoes the onging of the distant fan. "None of the boys have leard as yet who won the world's championahlp, 'We only know that the Bostons and the Athletics fought it out." News of the world's series is the only note of anxiety in his published letter. He tells of life in the trenches "where there is of death unless one ventures out of his vault. In fact, we are groundhogs, venturing forth when necessity compels us and only then." Regarding the effect of trench life on men's physique and sanity, and food supplied, he writes: "I have read several articles by Robert Blatchford describing the weariness, dirtiness and wretchedness of men returning from the front. This may be true of men who have been fighting battles lasting for days without cassation, but it is not so of the men in the trenches. We have been four days in the trenches and could remain four times longer and yet come out fresh and fit, provided we are not forced to fight continually day and

night. "The food is a revelation to one who has read of lunger among the Germans. Who ever read of soldiers getting bars of chocolate, wine, cognae and other delicacles? We do. We set sweat coffee, sometimes with milk, and at other times we get tea. We always have excellent mest, potatoes and rice. Food? Why, one cannot possibly be hungry. In fact, I have not eaten lunch today, because I am not hungry. I am writing

"God With Un" on German Belts.

A. J. Dame, an Englishman who succeeded, with the aid of a German friend, in spending two weeks with the German army in Belgium without his nationality being discovered, has sent to the London Mail an account of his impressions of the German soldier. He says, in part:

'Up to fourteen days ago I honestly believed that the German soldier was taking part in this war only because the military system of his country forces him to do so. I did not believe that his heart was in his work. I have now spent fourteen days in Germanyfor today Belgium may be counted as German soil, and for several days I was in Anches-and today have a different opinion. I no longer have the shadow of a doubt that we are confronting a nation which is throbbing with the will to fight. Germany is a milltary nation, the instinct for military achievement courses in German veins and the German is proud of

"As a German soldler in Louvain said to me, 'We are all soldiers.' He is right. They are all soldiers down to the last man. One might almost say down to the last woman! I was very much impressed upon my arrival in Aachen on Saturday morning to see how the German women behaved at the railway sta-They were providing food for the soldiers and wounded men who were passing through the station. The women were friendly, firm and quiet in their demeanor. As the train stopped the women appreached and handed each soldier a package of sandwiches and cup of hot coffee. here was no confusion, so excitement, no sentimental exuberance. German patriotism appears to be undemonstrative, well organized and quick to find practical expression. In three minutes every soldier was provided with his breakfast.

"They truly are human beings endowed with ideals. Summing up my impressions, I cannot deny that I was very much impressed by the wonderfully effective organization and the whole-hearted enthusiasm of the German army. On the belts of the German soldiers are printed the words: 'Gott mit uns' (God with us). And they believe that to be true. It is a manly and God-fearing people, the kind of people that is the most dangerous sort of an enemy.

How the British Take It.

George Breadhurst, London correspondent of the New York American, describes a scene witnessed in a London club illustrating the sturdy self-centrol of an Englishman in the present crisis. This typical Britisher was seated at a table with three others playing cards. One of the governors entered the room bearing a message. The former divined that it was for him and inquired:

'News for me?" Yes, colonel," replied the govern

"About my sons?" "Yes, colonel." Wounded?" "Killed."

Which one" "Both, colonel," The colonel reached across the table, poured out a drink, and drank it. Then he addressed one of the

"Finish the rubber for me, please," he said, and then, turning to his fellow players, he continued: Gentlemen, you must excuse me. I have to go and break the news to their mother."

Thus all England is taking whatever befalls during the great war.

Armored Canadian Soldlers.

Like knights of old, the Canadian troops for the front are equipped with armor. It will be in the form of a spade, to be carried on the back when not in use, to be used in digging trenches when not wanted for protective purposes, and to act as a shield and rifle rest when the fighting beginn,

There is an oval hole in the middle of the blade of the spade. Through this hole the soldier pokes his rifle, just as the archers in the old days used narrow niches in the walls of a castle.

Although the spade weighs only four pounds, and can be carried on marches with ease, it is practically bullet-proof. For hours at Valcartier Camp Sergeant Hawkins, the king's prize winner, potted at the spades with his rifle, but it was not until he shot at 200 yards with mark ? ammunition that the spades were damaged at all. Then they were only cracked.

Bullets just shattered against the shields and fell back, shapeless. A company of the First Royal Montreal regiment fired volleys at the spades without

Twice Told Tales

An Afternoon's Deduction. The great detective leaned back in his chair and looked critically at the cigar the little, thin, pale-

faced man had just given him. "You're married, sir," he said, "and you have a wife who is very fond of expensive gowns, Paris hats. Brussels sprouts and other luxuries." Yes, that's indeed the fact. But-"

You also have several daughters who are very extravegant, and a son who spends money like water ke a waterfall."

You astound me! But-" "You have a morigage on your house." "Everything is exactly as you say," admitted bis visitor wonderingly. "But, a'r, plebse tell me how you know all this. What is the source of your infer-

The great detective wrinkled the famous nose that "The cigar," he enswered curtly, and, walking to the window he dropped it gingerly out.-Detroit Free

Hard One, to Believe.

Coroner Corodon Norton of Freeport was talking to a New York reporter about the Carman case.
"Great skill has been displayed in this case," the
young coroner ended. "Uncanny skill, I might almost say. Skill which remineds me of the young lady at Coney.

"A young lady met a young gentleman at Coney, and they took a bath and a long walk on the beach, and then they sat down side by side on the white. clean sand.

The spot was a lonely one, and the young man began to talk of love. He drew nearer and nearer to the young lady. Finally he reached out his arm to encircle her walst But she drew back sharply, and at the same time

she took a pair of large, white cotton gloves from her handbag. 'If you're going to be friendly, George,' she said 'just slip on these. My steady's a datective, and it he found your fingerprints on this here white belt of mine—' "- New York Mail. GRINS AND GROANS.

"Nere fiddled while home burned, didn't "Yes," replied the man who doesn't do any of the trot-dances, "But he wasn't as bad as he might have been. He might have played the plane with a base drum accompaniment."—Washington Star.

"Her husband is a brute."
"Why, what did he do?"
"You know how superstitious she is.
Well, when she started to throw a plate at his head during a quarret the heartless wretch atod square in front of a mirror."

—Boston Transcript.

"Of course, you realize that momer or later your term of office must expire." said the man who offers clummy consolaies," replied the member of congress;
"but as a peace advocate I object to such a violent finish."—Washington Star.

'At our next club meeting there will be talk on a society woman's duty to her a talk on a society woman's duty to her children."
"A delightful topic. Who is to speak?"
"That's just the trouble. We thought it would look better to have someone speak who has children, but we can't find anybody to fill the bill."—Cincinnati En-

Tou used to say you depended on the wisdom of the plain people. And their fjords were gark in the Norseland Yes. But now and then the plain people play a trick on you and neglect to send you to congress. That doesn't destroy my faith in their wisdom. A little nonzense now and then is relighted by the wisest men. Washington Star.

You must file statement saying what

Well, then, four Paris gowns, a coro-

net braid, a switch, two sets of puffs and a vanity bag. - Louisville Courier-

Journal your daughter married that hand-

some young poet who stopped with you last summer, ch. Farmer Hayrick?"
"Tas. She married him."
"And she's going to very happy, of ourse?" "Wall, I dunne. Mandy's got a power-ful appetite."-Judge.

UEBER ALLIES.

M. E. Buhler, in New York Sun. Out from their mother earth twilight, Wandered the nations forth: The Celt and the Hun and the Teuton.
The Saxon. (he Angle, the Goth.
As shadows that follow shadows,
Westward over and north.

All children of one great mother, All sons of one living God;
Yea, closer than brother and brother
For one were they, spirit and blood.
As water is one with all water,
And sod is one with all sod.

Pailed they the seas and the rivers.

Roamed they the hills and the plain. Dweit they in lakes and in forests.
Lived they as Viking and Dane,
And their flords were dark in the Norseland
And their rivers were sunny in Spain.

lights That dreamers in dreams may see.

you spent to further your campa'gn."
'I bought a few things," faltered the woman candidate, "but I don't like to enumerate all the articles."
'You would be a specific to the spirit comes down to me; One spirit comes down to me; And I love, with a heart that is bleeding. My England, my Germany!

Pint of Booth Guaranteed Oysters

is sufficient for a family of three-chiefly because they are packed in their own juice without a large percentage of water. Booth Guaranteed Oysters are sound, fresh, and delicious, in hermetically sealed, sterilized cans to protect them from contamination and

Every Oyster Guaranteed

Have them served raw next time; that's the test of the fine flavor of an oyster.

Booth Guaranteed Oystersare classified in three sizes: "Standards," "Selects" and "Jumbo," but the size has nothing to do with the quality. They have that delicious, natural, salt sea flavor in all sizes.

Booth Fisheries Company SEA FOOD

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