

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

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JULY CIRCULATION. 53,977

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. I, Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of July, 1915, was 53,977.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 25 day of August, 1915. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Thought for the Day. Heaven is best with perfect rest, but the blessing of North is too. —Van Dyke.

That excess item in the precipitation column can hardly last much longer.

In the very nature of things that Tractor show at Fremont must be a drawing card.

It will be up to us to reciprocate with Lincoln on Omaha day at the forthcoming state fair.

A lot of political boomlets can sprout and fade away before next April, when Nebraska holds its nominating primaries.

Pancho Villa chuckles merrily over Senor Carranza's glad hand extension. At the same time he fondles his artillery and warily scans the range.

Those newly appointed federal payrollers will have the satisfaction at least of drawing four months' salary before the senator is called on to decide whether to acquiesce or not.

With one rider killed and two badly injured, the Des Moines auto racing tournament makes Omaha's look tame by comparison, and helps explain the mutterings of dissatisfaction over the lack of thrills at the meet here.

Our fighting spirit has the right edge when properly provoked. The way we are hopping on the Mexican raiders on the Rio Grande and the half-baked warriors of Haiti indicates a reasonable state of preparedness for small game.

San Francisco is putting in a bid for the 1916 republican national convention, its strongest plea being that the Pacific coast has never had one before. Neither has Omaha, although it too has all the needed facilities and equipment.

You just can't lose a good man. He's our old friend, Rev. Samuel Zane Batten, of the Nebraska Anti-Saloon league fame introducing the resolutions denouncing the government of Colorado at the Philadelphia mass meeting protesting on the conviction of Lawson.

It is figured that although ocean shipping facilities have been reduced only about 25 per cent, ocean transportation charges are two and a half times what they formerly were. This situation ought to work almost as well as a ship subsidy if only it could be counted on to last a reasonable length of time.

Just the same it looks like a tremendous economic waste to put \$10,000 into the construction of a tabernacle that is to be torn down within sixty days, when the city has just bought the beautiful, fire-proof Auditorium for the very purpose of accommodating big meetings, conventions and similar assemblages.

Though a trifle unreasonable, it is not too early to remind prospective coal consumers that next winter will sport a backbone as stiff as a steel girder. Growing foreign demand promises to send war prices to the home consumer with sufficient force to humble the pride and shrink the purse of neutrals. In this, as in other lines, the innocent bystander gets the hammer.

Thirty Years Ago. This Day in Omaha.

Members of the Omaha Bowling association are jubilant over the work of their crew which is composed of Connor, Stokes, Winston, Brown, White, Wilcox and Deane.

Henry Kummerow has applied for the position of instructor in physical training at the high school.

The wooden sidewalk on the Washburn corner is being torn up to make room for a granite sidewalk which will extend up to the Good hotel.

The towns are agog over a new order issued by Mayor Boyd requiring saloons to close at midnight, and keep the front door shut on Sunday.

The original colored brass and string band has been reorganized and named "Omaha Independent" with ten members. John Lewis, leader and treasurer; George Schless, sergeant; G. W. Gater, president; A. Lewis, secretary. Headquarters and band room Capital avenue and Eleventh street.

Frank Buckley has gone to Chicago.

Mrs. Paul Wilcox, formerly Miss Minnie Maud, is in the city with her young son.

Dr. Ferdinand Schroeder, with his two brothers, August and John, returned from Atchison where they went to the funeral of their brother-in-law, Mr. Miller.

Mrs. H. C. Moore and daughter are back from their summer visit in Connecticut.

Plain Words to the Fire Underwriters.

The fire underwriters are bringing all sorts of pressure to bear upon the city authorities for the replacement of our fire alarm system at a cost of approximately \$150,000, to say nothing of largely added expense of maintenance, holding out vague prospects of relief from the long exacted extortionate fire rates, and an implied threat that no reduction will be forthcoming until this demand is met.

It strikes us that it is up to the underwriters to tell us in advance exactly what rate reduction they will make in exchange for the proposed investment in fire alarm apparatus, and in view of our past experience, to put it in written contract form so that it can be enforced.

Omaha's present fire rates date back many years, and are made up of numerous penalties charged against us for alleged shortcomings in fire protection. Since those rates were made, however, many of the defects have been removed, and tremendous advances made in lessening fire risk. The bugaboo used to be the single line connection to the pumping plant in Florence, which has now been remedied by the construction of a second main. The water distribution has also been bettered by pipe extensions in all directions, by increase of pumpage facilities, and by enlargement of storage reservoirs. But no recognition whatever has come from the underwriters in rate-making.

Omaha is today spending more on its fire department per capita, and proportionately to other municipal activities, than any other city in the country. It has adopted new, and up-to-date building regulations, meets all requirements in electrical wiring, and has admittedly fair inspection of explosives and inflammables. Most of our new buildings are of the highest type of construction, many of them with sprinkler equipment. But we are paying the same fire rates exacted before these improvements were made.

Omaha is a field highly profitable to the fire insurance companies, but they have not dealt fairly with Omaha. It seems to us that it is high time that they show some disposition to meet us half way.

May Strike a Snag.

All-American negotiations for the settlement of Mexican affairs do not appear to be proceeding as smoothly as might be wished, and may be seriously delayed because of difference of opinion as to the status of the "cientificos," or former adherents of Diaz. President Wilson wants to ignore entirely this class of Mexicans, because they gave their support to Huerta and thereby incurred the displeasure of our president. Some South American representatives in the conference believe all classes of Mexicans should have consideration and are therefore disposed to insist that the men who largely control Mexican industry and commerce be permitted to have something to say as to how the new government shall be formed.

Carranza has also shown himself inclined to further disturb the situation. His action in expelling in most summary fashion the minister from Guatemala is not calculated to further the process of peaceful adjustment, especially as it is alleged by the agents of the "first chief" at Washington that the withdrawal of the Brazilian minister from Mexico was due to the umbrage given Carranza by the participation of Brazil in the conference. This action might be passed over, as a great many acts of the Mexican "leaders" will have to be, in order that peace may be achieved, but it seems improbable now that the program of President Wilson will be adopted without delay and amendment.

The Tractor Show.

Out at Fremont this week the Commercial club of that town in conjunction with the Twentieth Century Farmer, published here in Omaha, are entertaining one of the most important gatherings assembled anywhere in the world this season. It is a meeting of the big farm machinery makers of the country, who are showing to the world what their engines can do in a practical way for agriculture. Nothing better illustrates man's progress along the upward path than his advance in methods and processes of agriculture. Americans have long led in this regard, and almost everything that has been invented or devised to improve the way of planting, cultivating, or harvesting crops of any kind is of American origin. The tractor show is important first, because it exhibits to the prospective users of the power the machinery that is making farming more and more of an exact science. Haphazard methods have been abandoned by the progressive men who have brought the yield of the western empire up to its present magnificent figures, and have added millions to the wealth of the country through their enterprise. To them the big traction engine is a means to an end, that of still further increasing the output of the farm while reducing the initial cost.

In a secondary sense, the tractor show is important in showing how the forces of nature may be harnessed for man's productive uses, as contrasted with the exhibit offered in eastern centers, where wheels are whirling night and day to produce destructive agents.

Big It on Noah, Now.

Countless generations of men have blushed and bowed their heads at the thought of how Father Adam acted when it was discovered that he had taken a bite of the apple. Instead of shielding Mother Eve, as a good and gallant gentleman should, we have been taught that he sought to exculpate himself by blaming her as being a temptress. Of course she was, just as all her daughters have been, luring man to the undoing of his egotism, and slyly laughing at his confusion, but the sons of Adam have learned to stand up and take the blame themselves. But now comes a learned assyriologist, and takes the load off Adam and Eve, and puts it onto Noah. It was the grand old sailor who ate the forbidden fruit, according to a bit of theology of the ancients, just despatched at Oxford. It may be a long time before Adam is fully exonerated from the guilt imputed to him, and as for Noah, he being a sea captain, and already accused of tipping, putting the curse on Ham, and a few other things, he won't mind being made the scapegoat just once more.

Where were those special committees of the Commercial club, the Economic league and other civic vigilance associations when this giant tax levy was being put over?

Aimed at Omaha

Nebraska City Press: Omaha motion picture theater managers are being brought to book because they permit the aisles of their theaters to be crowded during performances, contrary to the city ordinances and state laws. Men in the picture business who sacrifice "safety first" to additional profits should heed the lesson taught to them just a few days ago.

Bellevue Express: The attempt of the hosts of Sataz at Omaha to interfere with the Billy Sunday revival meetings by injunction proceedings to prevent the erection of a large tabernacle within the fire limits, has failed, Judge Rodick refusing to grant the injunction on the grounds that as an attraction of the noted evangelist comes within the same meaning of the law as do street carnivals and fairs.

Silver Creek Sand: Omaha frequently does things which disgrace the state and exasperate many of its citizens, but nothing it has ever done has been so flagrant an insult to our citizens as will be the pulling off to restrain its erection has been refused. It Sunday don't skin those old mossback sinners of Omaha when he opens up, hell is not hot.

Lexington Pioneer: In spite of the objections urged against the building of the tabernacle for Billy Sunday in Omaha, it is to be built. The injunction sought to restrain its erection has been refused. It Sunday don't skin those old mossback sinners of Omaha when he opens up, hell is not hot.

Columbus Telegram: I guess the authorities must have forbidden the sale of shotguns to the people of Omaha. I reach this conclusion because of the fact that during the past ten days five little girls, ranging in age from 12 to 15 years, have been outraged by Omaha men, and at least accounts none of the outrages had been killed.

Silver Creek Sand: A brute named Mickie has been writing letters to The Omaha Bee lately in which he tells how he has raised a family of six children and saved up money on his wages as a day laborer. He says that the only luxuries "we have" are 40 cents worth of tobacco a week. He don't say who "we" are, but it would lead one to infer that the whole family uses it, or else he hogs it all himself and calls himself "we." In a later letter he says that two of his daughters are working during vacation and while at first they gave him all the money they earned, lately they have rebelled and refuse to turn over any more to pay for their board, and that one of them actually squandered \$3 for a silk waist. Well, if the man Mickie has raised his children as he states, no wonder the girls rebel and demand a few cents which they earn themselves, for candy and a little finery.

Fremont Herald: The Omaha Bee sent a force of writers and photographers to Fremont a week ago to make up a "special boost" for the city that has now become famous over the land for the holding of annual tractor shows. That force of men did its work well. Yesterday morning's twenty-four-page edition of The Omaha Bee was half given over to a magnificent "spread" for Fremont and the big tractor show and other events of the coming week. The second section was copiously illustrated throughout with pictures of business blocks, residences, street scenes and portraits of Fremont men. The leading "story" in this edition of The Bee reads so good that we take pleasure in reproducing it.

Fremont Tribune: Omaha has made a good deal of noise about reviving water transportation on the Missouri, but only one little boat is in sight. The truth is that railroads can be built and operated more cheaply than the Missouri can be kept dredged of its sandbars.

Beatrice Express: Mayor "Jim" Dahlman of Omaha drove a mule to victory in the races at the Nebraska metropole Thursday, the mayor's mule, appropriately named Omaha Belle, leading a field of seven contestants. Whether in a political race, a horse race or a mule race, Mayor "Jim" generally "gets there."

Twice Told Tales

Really at a Loss. During a marriage ceremony in Scotland recently, the bridegroom looked extremely wretched, and he got so fidgety, standing first on one foot and then on the other, that the "best man" decided he would find out what the trouble was.

"No," answered the unhappy one, with a woeful look. "The ring's safe enough; but, mon, I've lost ma enthusiasm."—Everybody's.

Too Much of a Good Thing. A Brockville man, who has a home in Scotland to which he returns in the winter, bought an expensive fur cap in this country to give to his gamekeeper. Two years ago last winter he took it over and presented it to the old man, who was delighted with it.

The cap was very serviceable, having earflaps, and would wear almost a lifetime. The next winter the American again returned to Scotland, and noticed to his surprise that the old man did not wear the fur cap.

"What is the matter with the cap I gave you last winter?" he asked.

"I haven't worn it since the accident," replied the old gamekeeper.

The man from Brockville pondered. "You didn't write me concerning any accident," he said.

"No!" mused the gamekeeper. "A man offered me a glass of whisky and I didn't hear him."—Everybody's.

Some Speed, That.

The square of a certain town in the south was located about a mile from the railway station. A negro named George had a bootblacking stand near the square. One day, while George was at work, a man came up and began to quarrel with his customer. After some heated words, one of the men drew a revolver and fired on the other.

Several weeks later, when the case came up for trial, George was the star witness.

"Now, George," said the attorney, "describe just how this shooting took place."

"Yesuh, boss. De gen'man fired two shots. Yesuh, dey went bang-bang! Jes like dat, sub."

"You say he fired two shots, George? Will you tell the court just what you were doing when these two shots were fired?"

"Well, yoh honest, when he fired de fust shot I was shining de gen'man's shoes, and when he fired de second shot, sub, I was paasin' de deppo."—Everybody's.

Uncle Foggy's Philosophy. There are times when the most placid of us yearn to kick a fresh shoe clerk as a mule kicks a blacksmith whose ministrations annoy him.

The Bee's Letter Box

Calls for Change of Political Scenery. NORTH PLATTE, Aug. 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: Mr. George W. Perkins, the progressive party promoter, says "This country is not prepared for either war or peace." He might have added that we have three prospective wars on hand with Mexico, Germany and England.

The native Aztec has always been in revolt against the Spanish invasion for 200 years, it has been said that the Aztecs were barbarians, given to human sacrifices.

For forty years the democrats party has followed in the wake of the republican garbage wagon waiting for something to fall off for its benefit. When Roosevelt overthrew the republican wagon, the democrats gathered up the blessed privilege of overthrowing this government and "fixing" it. But Wilson did not know what to do with the "blessed privilege" after he got it, but proceeded to make the most of it by delivering an ultimatum to Mexico, Germany and England, and getting turned down by the three of them.

To invade Mexico and make her good, would be like taking candy from a child; but Wilson dare not take the responsibility. He now sends to five or six South American governments, which are of similar race or religion, social habits and revolutionary tendencies, as Mexico, and with this conglomeration proposes to make Mexico be good. To hold a constitutional election in Mexico, or almost any South American state, would be like organizing wild geese into a colonization society. They might settle down at night, but no telling where they would be the next morning.

If Wilson is determined to make Mexico be good, let him proceed on his own motion. Of the two contending factions in Mexico, Huerta represented imperialism and Villa revolutionary democracy. One or the other of these must prevail; there is no intermediate ground. Wilson now has an opportunity to demonstrate his democracy. Let him clean up his job in time to give G. W. Perkins a chance to demonstrate where he is going to progress to.

The American people are tired of "bank," tariff, income tax, or any other nonsense. They are extremely anxious that Wilson should clean up his democracy, and give G. W. Perkins, Roosevelt, et al., a show to get in their work. In the meantime, competent seamen on their ship of state will not desert it till they see some other ship to which to go. The American people are in favor of "preparedness" for self-preservation for themselves—not for some other fellow.

Now that the democratic dromedary of tariff has expired, and income tax has crawled into its bed, what further use have we for a democratic party? Change the scenes and give us a rest, if we can't have a remedy. LUCIEN STEBBINS.

Where to Get "Atrocities."

PLATTSMOUTH, Neb., Aug. 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: Our family have taken The Bee for several years for state and local news, but during the next year, or until the close of the war, would like to take a paper that gives the full account of the German atrocities and barbarities.

We realize that as you have a German clientele, that that is the reason you have to suppress as much as possible, while giving whole columns to accounts of German-American singing societies, etc.

So that these German readers cannot complain, please publish a list of say, the prominent New York papers which are anti-German and pro-German, so those that pay their money can take their choice, and this would be giving to each side a fair "deal." R. S.

Editor's Note: What you want is not an American paper, but some paper printed in London.

Passing of the Home.

LINCOLN, Aug. 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: Poor hunter! It is being relegated to the rear. It is being forgotten by the people in the latter day rush for sensation. Its attractiveness fails to attract, to appeal, to fill a place in the hearts of the multitude.

The home—which down through the centuries brought out the best that was in man and woman, that elevated from the ranks of the poor and lowly to the sublime heights of patriotism and distinction—is being badly treated, to say the least. It is giving way to the picture show, the club, the sink tea, the local talent play, the money-grab in the name of the church, and basket ball.

Today the stopping-place for the family is as a palace when compared to the residences of the people of a few years ago—in equipment, facilities, furnishings and expense. But the real homey feeling is absent. It is out on a tender. It lurks about the streets in the small hours and slinks down the alleys in an endeavor to get the attention of Marie or Ethelbert or the head of the house. It purchases in the belfry while mamma struts about in the excitement of the church bazaar. It folds about its emaciated form the ragged habiliments of a bygone century and shivers in the open.

Evidently it is out of the game for keeps. Will it come back?

Will the home endure once more, after the people have had their fill of the husks which are garnished with allurements and flavored with the sickly perfume of the street? Will it come again the dearest place on earth to the boys and girls, to father and mother? Will it once more be recognized as a haven of refuge in storm and trouble? Will it appeal more to the youth of the land than does the insipid and smutty crowd of young people who have no conception of why they are upon earth? Will the God-given love of home, now dormant, become a reality in real life and again lend strength and aid to the knitting sinews of the nation? It will depend upon the people.

W. B. RETNOLD.

Editorial Siftings

Louisville Courier-Journal: A pessimist says it is hard to find a job after you're 40. An optimist expects after 40 to have a good many jobs for promising young men.

Philadelphia Ledger: The Balkan nations, like Italy not long ago, are now considering whether the German offers of Austrian territory are sufficient and if Germany can deliver the goods.

Brooklyn Eagle: "We don't want to fight, but by Jingo! if we do, we've got the brains, we've got the steel, we've got the cotton, too." How is that for a start at the "Jingo Song of America"?

Springfield Republican: Reports from Germany as to the immensity of martial law to suppress a powerful peace movement will be received with some of the less reserve for being "passed by the censor." The censor last winter had not the slightest objection to tales of imminent starvation, but that did not make them true.

New York World: It has taken twenty-nine years to clip three-twentieths of a second from a man's running record for a mile. To the unaided imagination such a morsel of time means nothing. Yet it is by the very smallness of this gain and by the desperate effort which was necessary to make it that we realize how near we have come to the ultimate possibility in human speed.

Wall Street Journal: Our \$1,000,000,000 credit balance for the 1915 fiscal year was more than twice that of 1914, and nearly \$400,000,000 ahead of that of 1913. It is a common error to regard this as wholly a matter of expansion in our foreign trade. The fact is that it is almost as much the result of reduced imports as of expanded exports. Moreover, the gain in exports is itself due not so much to a greater demand for our manufactures as increasing drafts upon our foodstuffs.

TOLD IN FUN.

"How are you going to spend the summer?" "I've rented a cottage again, and I'll spend it in the kitchen cooking fish for our city friends to eat, the way I did last year."—Detroit Free Press.

"What makes you think Dauber will succeed as a painter?" "He has the soul of an artist and the perseverance of a book agent."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Iridogroom—Walter, I hope you haven't told anybody here we are newly married?" "Irish Walter—No, nor; O'Ve kept it a secret. Why, whenever anybody tries to pump me, nor, O'Ve told them you weren't married at all, at all—London Mail."

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