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THE BEE: OMAHA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1915.

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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JULY CIRCULATION.

53,977

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.; Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of July, 1915, was 13,977.

BUDGHT WILLJAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 3d day of August, 1915. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Angust 11 Thought for the Day In wonder workings or some bush oftame Mer. look for God, and funcy Him concealed; But in earth's common things He stands revealed.

While the grass and stars and flowers spel - Minot J. Savage out His name.

Omaha may excel at mule driving, but those Lincolnites are some goat riders.

Brother Bryan is strong for good roads. Better roads will also make it easier for folks to go to the chautauquas.

As time humps along and notes multiply. wonder increases why Colonel Bryan retreated from a war of words.

That reference to "the Omaha regiment of the Nebraska National Guard" is good! How many companies to a regiment?

The printers' convention declares for peace, which leaves only Colonel Roosevelt and Herr Viereck outside the reservation.

All the notables are "stopping off" in Omaha one after another-in fact, they wouldn't be notables if they did not stop off.

The Lincoln Star devotes nearly a column to an editorial on "How to Spend Money." What a needless waste of valuable space!

Crops on the First of August.

Prosperity's banner was hung on the outer walls on August 1, when the crops of the country were in such condition as to guarantee, short of inconceivable calamity, the biggest yield ever harvested in any one country in the history of the world. Wheat alone has reached the unprecedented figures of 963,000,000 bushels, and may go to the billion mark. This yield compares with \$65,000,000 bushels in 1914, which was also a record crop. King Corn's return is now estimated for the year at very close to three billion bushels, or three hundred million more than last year, and other crops are in proportion. The only staple that will show a reduction is cotton, which has been purposely shortened through a reduced acreage.

Nebraska's share in this wonderful prosperity is notable. The second wheat-producing state in the union, Nebraska will market a crop of very close to 75,000,000 bushels, and this in spite of the untoward weather that materially reduced the yield. The estimate on the state's corn crop is for two million bushels less than last year, but with the continuance of the favorable weather this will be more than overcome by the certain improvement in condition of the crop. Nebraska's oat crop is also off a little in total from last year, but still holds the state as second only to lows in the point of production. Potatoes and forage crops are good, and the immediate prospect for the final barvest in this state is far and away beyond the doleful predictions made during the rainy days of July.

The country generally is sharing in this bountiful harvest, and as prices are holding up well, the prosperity of the country, so far as it depends on the farmer, is absolutely assured.

When Goethals Goes.

When General Goethals goes from the office of governor of Panama on November 1 he will leave behind him one of the most stupendous monuments to man's constructive genius ever erected. A dream indulged for more than 400 years has been made a reality through his enorgy and skill as a builder. The lay mind can but slightly conceive of the problems he faced. the sweep of imagination necessary to conceive and the high quality of courage called for in the execution of the designs whereby Goethals carried out the details of this undertaking, so great and so unique that the world has nothing to compare with it.

He resigns now as governor of the canal zone, and not as a general of the army, and will return to his profession as a soldier, to await the further orders of his country. His achievement of one of the greatest triumphs of constructive engineering in the world's history is taken by him as a part of his duty to his people. He is part of an army whose tradition is service, himself a fine example of the American soldier. The Panama canal is in operation, and General Goethals, no longer needed there, is entitled to a rest, but he probably will not get it, for he will be of much use in planning the defensive works the country is soon to embark upon con-

A Two-Party Country.

structing.

This is a two-party country. Many third parties have come and gone since the early days of the republic, but only one third party ever came into power, and that was the republican party under the stress of the single all-dominating moral issue in the midst of the passion which resulted in the civil war. Except by a miracle, no third party movement will have any chance of success in 1916 .- Frederick M. Day

Bouquet of Bird Stories

Bird Lors." How the Sapaneker Rears Its Young.

During the first three weeks in July of last year

had an exceptionally good opportunity to observe the habits of a pair of yellow-bellied sapsuckers and their three young. When my attention was first called to these birds, the young were barely able to fly. They were feeding on sup from the pits, which the adult birds had made for them on a nearly horizontal branch of a gray birch which overhung the pond. They clung tenaciously to the birch, and would not fly until very closely approached. Just as soon as I retreated, they immediately took up their positions on the tree again. They were as persistent in their nursing as a litter of young pigs.

As the young birds grew larger and stronger, the adults made pits for them on trees whose position was more nearly erect. By much urging and the use some force, the young birds were induced to feed at the new pits and, as these were larger and more numerous than those on the horizontal tree, they re mained in the new position the greater part of the This performance was repeated until the young birds were able to take their sustenance from oits made for them on vertical trees.

The young birds were persistent feeders, being seen at the pits early in the morning, and at all hours of the day, and until after dusk. It is true that they appeared to sleep a part of the time. As the sapsuckers belong to the family of woodpeckers, which feeds principally on insects, and as the nestlings cannot procure much sap after winter sets in, it soon became necessary for the parents to attempt to wean their offspring from their baby food. In this they had as much trouble as we humans do when we try to wean our young from milk.

One of the most interesting features was the antics of the various animals attracted to the flowing sap. A pair of hummingbirds devoted their whole time to the tipple. They became entirely demoralized and, instead of performing the duties for which nature in tended them, they went on one long and extended spree. I expected to see these little tyrants drive the sapsuckers away, but they did not do so, fearing, per haps, to "kill the goose which laid the golden egg." The antics of the male rubythroat were wonderful and marvelous. At times he would swing back and forth through the air in an arc of nearly half a circle with a diameter of thirty feet, for some twenty to thirty times in succession. He did this with incredible swiftness and, when he made the turn at each end of the arc, he would puff out his ruby patch until it looked like flame

The effect of the tipple on a gray squirrel was exactly the reverse. It made him so loggy and stupid that I could almost touch him with my paddle before would move. He merely slouched up the tree and went to sleep in a crotch above. Some of the red squirrels acted similarly, and some of them were unduly guarrelsome. In the early evening, large hawk moths darted from one set of pits to another, and neglected the multitude of flowers below.

About the Baltimore Oriole.

One morning, while seated on a fence near a maple tree, I heard a very beautiful song. While I sat looking up into the tree, I saw a beautiful streak of orange and black fly over my head. It was an oriole; I knew this at once.

Later in the day, going out of the back entrance of the school, I saw the Baltimore oriole perched in the top of a big cottonwood tree, singing with all his might. He was orange and black, a fully matured bird; I knew this because the bird does not get these colors until the third year. Before this the orange on the wings is yellow.

In the evening on leaving school, I went and sat down under the cottonwood tree, and watched the bird. Then, after a time, as I watched him closely, I saw him fly to a slander branch in the top of a tree. At this I was greatly surprised, for on the end of the limb I saw the nest of the oriole, resembling very much a large, black ball, hanging there. Since ther I have often gone and sat under the tree. I am afraid to climb it, as it is so high, to look at the eggs or young. Next year I am going to watch and see if the orioles come back, and if they bring their young to live in the big cottonwood tree.

Nest of the Bluebird.

one day, as I was walking down the road with my teacher, she asked me if I would like to see a bluebird's nest. I said I would, for I had never seen one before, so we walked down the road till we came to a post on one side of the road. My teacher said "Do you see that hole in the post? Look in there and you will see a nest with four little eggs in it." Every time I went by there the mother bird was near the nest. A short time after I had first seen the nest, she askes me if I did not want to come with her and take a picture of the mother bird going into the nest. When we were near the nest, we saw the mother bird near the post where her nest was, but as soon as she saw us she flew away. We looked into the nest and there were four little bluebirds in it, so we sat down about eight feet from the nest when, all at once, we saw the male coming with a worm in its mouth. The parents would come to the post next to the one the nest was in, and sit there and wait, then a wagon would come along and frighten them away. We sat there about half an hour, but the birds would not come, so we went away. About a week afterward I came; and the birds were gone.



Bryan the Sleep-Maker.

NORTH PLATTE, Neb., Aug. 10 .- To he Editor of The Bee: W. J. Bryan devered his lecture on "Peace and War" at the chautauqua grounds here Sunday. For any ordinary lecturer to deliver a lecture would be a matter of ordinary moment, but when a "great commoner, who poses as a worldwide edugator in matters of political, social and religious thought, delivers a lecture, he is entitled to some consideration, not only from himself and the uncommon people, but from ommon people as well.

Mr. Bryan divided his lecture into three parts; First, the ravages of the war in Europe and its possibilities in this country; second, its financial conseq international and otherwise; and third, he declared that the war was not a religlous war, and that neither the governments nor the people knew what they were fighting about.

The greatest misfortune that can befall any country is to have spineless statesmen and educators who trim their sails to catch popular sentiment or serve a master. The world knows that the European war was brought on by the Roman Catholic state of Austria imposing its religion upon the Greek Catholic state of Serbia, whereupon a Greek Catholic shot Roman Catholic prince. Russia would not see her Greek Catholic protege imposed upon, and began to mobilize. Germany, being constantly mobilized, started across the border to overcome France, which was nonreligious, and England, a representative democracy, Protestant Episcopalian, was compelled to come to the relief of France. Here we have four of the principal countries of Europe, whose sovereigns, representing four different religions, are fighting for their religion, power and plunder. There is not an ordinary reader of the current press who does not know that the above statement is true, yet Mr. Bryan tells us that there is no religion in the war and the people do not know what they are fighting about. The common people may not know, but the uncommon people do. If Mr. Bryan does not know, he had better go out of the commoner business and into a kindergarten school.

Mr. Bryan is a man of some poise. Easy people are entertained by the sound of his voice, but few remember what he is talking about, for he is adept at putting people to sleep. The most dangerous man in this country is the man that can put the most of the people to sleep. The interests, of which there is so much criticism, are of foreign origin which get into this country by putting people to sleep, and can only remain here by keeping them asleep. Consequently, sleepmakers are in demand-which most statesmen are -and for great commoners there is a greater demand. These are some of the phases of the question that should wake up the republican self-government before it is eternally too late.

LUCIEN STEBBINS.

Eager to Accommodate.

OMAHA, Aug. 10 .- To the Editor of The Bee: If S. R. of Plattsmouth, who wants an anti-German paper, will give his full name and address in The Bee, authentic reports of German atrocities will be mailed to him without delay. Would advise to subscribe for the Irish World. ANGLOMANIAC.

Says Monoglott Beats Esperanto. OMAHA, Aug. 10 .- To the Editor of The Bee: I see by your Letter Box renewed attention is being given to Esperanto. Mr. Corios is not the first man to be discommoded by lack of language. when traveling, nor will he be the last,

BREEZY TRIFLES.

I want two pounds of sugar and a loaf of bread. How much is that?" "Twenty dollars," said the clerk, "Um-ten't i20 a trifle high?" "Excuse me. I should have said

"A narrow escape." murmured the cus-tomer as he went out. "I came near not making a kick."--Pittsburgh Post,

'I understand he let you in on a get-

"No. Do you suppose I would be an-sty at him for that?". "The what was it?" "He made me think it was a get-rich-quick scheme, but it wasn't."-Housten Post.

"Then what was it?" "He made me think it was a get-rich-quick scheme, but it wasn't."-Housten Post. "Have you made any progress toward the betterment of municipal art?" "We've made some progress toward the betterment of municipal art?" "We've made some progress with refer-dians have disappeared from in front of the cigar stores."-Washington Star. First Motoriat (after very narrow

First Motorist (after very narrow shave.)-But why all this fuss? We haven't damaged you. You can't bring an action against us. Second Motorist-I know I can't, sir; I know I can't ithat's just my point.-Punch. That she is wedded to a got. He's taken little thought of life: He's provent that he has won a wife. I wonder, now, what he will do When he is forced to think for two! I've found it labor, for my part. But Fanny says, "Roy's awful smart!"

ecting a procession of broilers in the opping district."-Louisville Courier-

Rankin-You can't beat the foibles of the newly rich. Phyle-Now, what's the matter?" "Remember Freddy Ford?" "Certainly." "He inherited a big fortune last week, and now he is trying to have his name legally changed to Limousine."-Youngs-town Telegram.

WHAT FANNY GOT.

Chicago News.

shopping

Journal

"Where do you suppose we got the say-ing. "He laughs best who laughs last" asked Mrs. Binks of her husband. "Probably some Englishman first said I." replied Mr. Binks. "He was doubt-less trying to set a national failing in a favorable light."-Youth's Companion.

favorable light."--Youth's Companion. "I don't see why women fear old age. Old age is honorable and dignified." "Yes, and it seems beautiful after in-My legs aren't fashioned like a be

GePLAZA HOTEL NEW YORK The coolest hotel in New York. Overlooking Central Park. Within easy distance of all theatres and shops. Your address known the world over while you stop at The Plaza. OUTDOOR TERRACE AND SUMMER GARDEN **Special Dancing Features** Single Rooms with Bath, \$3.50 up Double Rooms with Bath, \$5.00 up To reserve rooms or to secure further information address FRED STERRY, Managing Director The Voice of Authority

By James O'Hara Day



HE most successful merchant of my acquaintance has a great idea. And, at that, it is not new. Most great ideas are old ideas. The trouble is that few people know how to apply them..

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This great idea was what Demosthenes realized - what Napoleon demonstrated what Lincoln appreciated with great solemnity.

It is that the public can be taught.

If General Goethals is to guit governing the Panama canal in November there ought to be room then for Governor "Met" to go back.

What's this! Violation of The Hague rules charged? Paraphrasing a famous exclamation, "What's The Hague rules between enemies?"

Still, just going about the country telling us. what a causeless war it is does not seem to be getting anywhere toward putting an end to it.

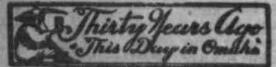
The national emblem of Mexico is an eagle perched on a cactus with a snake in its beak. No wonder the dove of peace shies at substituting for that eagle!

The information comes straight from headquarters that \$250 was paid for that historic State department desk. And after two years of democratic administration Uncle Sam needed the money!

There is merit in the suggestion of President Holden of the Burlington that company department heads recruit their employes from people living along the line. It lends a "home" tone to the system and draws a benevolent screen over the lever worked at St. Paul and New York.

Notwithstanding the fatality at the auto speed-meet, the coroner over at Des Moines has taken particular pains to pronounce the track all right. Now, we hope our coroner here will give a certificate of character to all our racing howls before his official job is exterminated.

Among the proposals before the New York constitutional convention is one to raise the pay of the state's law-makers from \$1,500 to \$2,500 a year. Nebraska just recently doubled the pay of its solons, with no visible effect, however, groupt upon the size of the salary appropriation.



The directors of the Board of Trade received the resignation of Secretary Thomas Gibson, who is in a sanatorium in New York and will be unable to serve for some time, and whose son, George, has been acting accretary. The resignation was laid over and Fred B. Lows appointed secretary pro tens.

Notice is served that C. D. Woolworth as receiver i receive hids up to August 14 for the purchase in bulk or parcel of the stock of dry goods formerly owned by Loyal L. Smith. This is the latest turn in the grab by the creditor claimants.

Mrs. John Guild, accompanied by Mrs. T. C. Brun-ner, laft to visit friends in Grand Island.

The family of Jacob Kopald of this city, consisting of his wife and five children, arrived home from Hamhurg, Gernany,

Miss Grace Boyd of Wheeling, W. Vs., who has teen visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Ross on upper Dodge street, returned home.

Mrs. J. H. Millard, Mr. and Mrs. Will Millard and Mrs. Barrows, mother of Mrs. J. H. Millard, came in from Davenport, Ia., in the Union Pacific special car.

A telegram from R. A. MeWhorter told of the death of his infant daughter at Decatur, III., where the Mc Whorters were visiting their grandparents.

the Outlook The significance of this expression is that it

comes from the nominee for governor of New York on the last progressive party, or buil moose, ticket, and one of the most enthusiastic and sincere followers of Roosevelt in the 1912 campaign two years before, But Prof. Davenport is more of a student than he is a politician, and his vision is less biased by his personal desires and prejudices than the other leaders of that third party. So no matter what proclamation or pronouncement may emanate from the staff officers of the waning bull moose brigade. it may be accepted as an established fact that this is a two-party country, and that "nothing but a miracle" will make the 1916 campaign anything but a contest for supremacy between the republican party and the democratic party. No third party defection can do more than alter the relative positions of the two old parties. It. is decidedly doubtful whether there will be any national bull moose convention nominating a presidential ticket, and the chief reason for this is that in the dozen states with presidential preference primaries established in response to the demand of the progressives, there will not be enough third party votes cast to warrant anyone

Hevings! Can This Be True ?

making the race seriously as a third party

standard-bearer.

Governor Capper has just given the world a dreadful shock by asking the attorney general of Kansas to proceed with all alacrity and full plenary powers to make an associate justice of the Kansas supreme court pay back a large sum of money he took from a corporation while serving as attorney general of the state. Furthermore, the governor says there are others, and that he's going to get them, too. Can this be true, that down in saintly Kansas, where springs the fount of all civic goodness and viriue is its own reward, somebody has been tainted with graft? And where was Bill Allen White, and Vie Murdock, and all the other keepers of the public conscience, when this general distribution of corporation tribute was going on? If the governor is on the right track, somebody has been asleep at the switch in Kansas, and, worse luck, they can't lay it onto Joe Cannon or the Rum Demon. Maybe this is why some folks down there tried so hard to defeat Capper when he was running last fall.

An official investigation disposes of many reckless statements regarding the number of drug victims in the United States. Reports from the various officers administering the anti-drug law places the number of victims of the habit at not to exceed 200,000 persons. This is a very small percentage of the population, far less than generally supposed. Even more gratifying are Pospital records of satisfactory treatment and recovery of patients.

Peace is making progress, General Bobs. and Major Bourand have been disarmed in Haiti and saved the expense of an involuntary funerak

Launching the Little Loons.

A pair of loons built their nest on a muskrat house in a lake near our home, and laid two eggs about the size of a goose egg. They were an olive-green, with brown spots on them. When my father went to the field he could see the female on the nest. The loons came to our lake to feed quite often, so we saw them nearly every day. My father promised to take m over so I could see the nest and eggs, but we did not get there for two weeks. But when we did go we saw a far more interesting sight, for the eggs had by that time hatched.

When we drew near, we saw two little black halls of cotton (of which they reminded us), sitting on the nest among a lot of mud turtles. When we were nearly there, the young came sliding out into the water. All the time the old loons stayed very near, giving warning calls, sometimes coming very near to us. One little loon tried to dive, but could only get its head under water, while its feet were kicking at the air, which made a very funny sight. The old loons would raise up on their tails and klok water about ten feet at us, trying in vain to drive us away.

It was about ten days after we had been there, not being able to get there but once, that we noticed they were in the lake nearest the house. We do not know how they got them over, but suppose they carried them on their backs, because they cannot walk, for their legs are set back too far (for the purpose of awimming). They were in our lake about two weeks, so I saw them every day.

One day, when my father was working in the garden, he saw the young ones trying to cross the pass; but the cows came before they got a very good start and chased them back. But they were not going give it up for, when the cows were not there, they again started. They were about halfway across the pass when my father called to me and told me to come and see them. We can through the pasture to where they were. They stopped when they caught sight of us and turned, all ready for fight. They came up to us in a sliding motion, using their legs as pushers. The old icons were over in the big lake calling to them, and they answered them. We picked them up and brought them up to the house to the rest of the family. They were brown on the back and white below, and about one-fourth their natural size. They have the queerest kind of a way of calling their parents.

When we went to take them back, we saw th mother loon fly down into the little lake. We held them so she could see them, to see how close she would come to us. She would call and they would answer her until she got quite near us, when we put one down. It swam on top for a tew seconds and then dove under water, where it swam for a long time; then came up for a few minutes to get air and down again. The old loon started to go after the one we had put down, so we let the other down and it did the same until they both reached their mother. It was not long before the other old one came. The parent hirds did not try to get the little ones out again until they learned to fiy.

Nothing makes a man feel more lonesome and helpless in a crowd than to be unable to ask or answer a question. Nothing delays assimilation of foreigners so much as inability to talk with natives. Lack of a common language makes natives jealous and suspicious of each other. It prevents social intercourse as prohibitory tariffs and embargoes prevent commerce. A common language is almost as effective a bond of union as a common religion and ought to be cultivated more than it is.

The world owes Mr. Zameneff a debt of gratitude for his ingenious attempt to supply this long felt need, but it is yet in a crude state and possesses some fundamental defects which greatly hinder its usefulness. These defects are as follows:

1. It does not have a sufficient vo cabulary.

2. It does not have moods and tenses enough to express action or being with accuracy.

3. It is too Slavic in construction to be acceptable to the literary nations of the world.

4. It is made up of too many languages, requiring one to be quite a linguist or be slavishly dependent on a

It would make this article too long to give illustrations.

These defects may all be avoided by taking as the foundation Monoglott, an ancient language with which all literary nations are more or less familiar. Of 3,000 words selected from the Latin lexicon, 2.000 have been worked their way into England in some form or other. Nearly the same number can be found in German, and even more in French and Spanish, lineal descendents of ancient Latin. Taking this ancient language and grammar, as far as possible, would make the acquirement of the new language quite easy, because two-thirds of the vocabulary would be already understood, all national jealousy would be and avoided.

I am now trying to prepare a Monoglott grammar free from all superfluities and yet centaining all things necessary. to perspicuity. I would be glad to converse with anyone interested in the subfoct. D. C. JOHN.

In Protest Against Oppression. SOUTH OMAHA, Aug. 10.-To the Editor of The Bee: The writer knows of an Omaha concern that is following up a poor girl, and making her lose her job because she is unable to earn any money to pay them. She is also too poor to hire an attorney to fight her case, but I know she could expose this loan shark to the public, and he would lose ten times the \$5 this girl owns on a dress. In her ignorance, she agreed to pay \$23, and the \$14 she has paid to a great deal more than the dress is worth.

I wish the Omaha officials would call on me, and get the facts, and see what can be done to enjoin this loan shark from bothering this poor girl, so she can hold a job. The money she could earn would keep the girl and her widowed mother from asking charity of the county. J. G. BLESSING.

Country Is in Sympathy.

The country will heartily sympathize with the peace projects of Miss Jane Addams, even though a demand for proparedness for emergencies continues

And people who can be taught can be led -can be commanded.

"People," said this genius in salesmanship, "like to be told things. They like to be taught what to do. The average citizen is waiting every day for the voice of authority.

"I have taught thousands upon thousands of people in this city to do their shopping in my store during the hot weather.

"I realized that for every degree the thermometer registered lower in my establishment than it was on the street I could figure thousands in profits. I installed a ventilating and cold-air plant.

"Then I advertised that my store was the coolest place downtown. Nothing more was necessary.

"They came once-and they've been coming over since."

The story of this man's phenomenal success during what is generally called the "dull season" points a beautiful moral. He taught people where to expect comfort-and he gave it to them.

Above all things, he demonstrated that a man can make business any month in the vear.

He is a striking contrast to the merchant who, accepting the old doctrine that business must be poor in hot weather, loafs on his job and allows it to be poor.

Failure never has been beaten except by one thing-great ideas. And no man ever had a great idea by sitting at his desk and deciding that conditions could not be improved.

Nobody would send a plate of milk to be delivered by a cat. How, then, can pessimism boost the profits ?

Cling to the great idea. The public can be taught. It must be taught.

Show the people where they can be cool, where they can profit themselves, where they can find the best articles on the market.

They want to be led. They want to be commanded. Any great idea will produce the results.

By the way, how cool is it in your store today ?

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