

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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SEPTEMBER CIRCULATION.

54,663

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, etc.:
Dwight Williams, manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of September, 1915, was 54,663.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 1st day of October, 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.

October 8

Thought for the Day

Selected by Mrs. John W. Vogel

"Straight is the line of duty,
Curvd is the line of beauty.
Follow the straight line—you will see
The curved line ever follows thee."

Peace, prosperity, progress, preparedness—all of them begin with a big "P."

Every stranger within our gates should be enlisted a booster for Omaha before he gets away.

The transition of French absinthe into gun-cotton serves to preserve its reputation as a killer.

Talk of issuing bonds is heard in Washington. Bonds are the trademark of a democratic administration.

Yes, but after you have brightened your corner, spread out and help the other fellow brighten his corner.

Still, if the Wall street gamblers must bet on something, betting on "war babies" is as diverting pastime as any.

But the losses and gains on the Franco-German gridiron are not enough to bring the ball within kicking distance of the goal.

No matter how confusing and complicating the rival claims appear, war bulletins manufacturers deserve credit for striving nobly to satisfy all tastes and views.

The traveling men read The Bee. If any one doubted it, he would be convinced by the flood of letters answering the letter box contributor who stirred the traveling men as a class.

The solemn stillness brooding over London these days may be measured by the fact that the mayoralty election caused far less commotion than a like event in Benson or Florence.

Vote hustlers at the Hoosier capital exhibited uncommon zeal and industry in keeping repeaters in circulation, but Philadelphia's record as a graveyard vote-getter remains un-tarnished.

The government is reminded as emphatically as the individual that speeding up swells the pressure on the treasury. Increased speed in the proposed warships makes the cost leap from \$15,000,000 to \$18,000,000. Going some!

Our democratic state treasurer has discontinued the monthly exhibits showing the exact distribution among depositories of the money in his custody. Better get back to the good old republican policy of publicity before it is too late.

Minneapolis and St. Paul have gone wet. The enterprising bunch who run a "dry" newspaper in Omaha and "wet papers" in those two cities to "catch 'em a-comin' and a-goin'" at one end and the same time, seem to make luckier guesses up there than down here.

*Thirty Years Ago
This Day in Omaha*

The initial regatta of the Omaha Rowing association at Cut-off lake was a grand success. Winners in the races were: Junior singles, A. Shverick; double sculls, Coble and Gordon; senior sculls, Coble; four-oared shell, the Connor crew, consisting of Connor, Tousignant, Wilcox and Brown.

The First Methodist Episcopal church is to give a reception Thursday evening in its parlors on Davenport street, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets, to welcome and get acquainted with its new pastor, Rev. Mr. McKaig.

Richard Anderson of the auditing department of the Union Pacific and Mrs. Gertrude Oldham of Dallas City, Ill., were united in marriage at the home of the master, Rev. Mr. McKaig.

McNish, Shirvin & Johnson's minstrel show is holding the boards at Boyd's.

A number of Omaha gentlemen, among them J. H. McPherson, Joseph Garneau, Jr., and Churchill Parker, have gone to St. Louis to see if they can secure a number of good horses for a fall racing meet in this city.

A meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association adopted resolutions to proceed with the erection of a new building. P. C. Hinestraugh has offered to head the subscription list with \$3,000. A building committee has been appointed made up of C. O. Davis, Leavitt Burham, Howard R. Smith, William Fleeding and Dr. F. H. Leisering.

Germany Makes Amends.

Germany has apparently ended a serious diplomatic situation by complete and unreserved acquiescence in the demands of the American government, so far as the Arabic case is concerned. The imperial German government acknowledges that the captain of the submarine disregarded his orders, and disavows his action, promising to pay indemnity for the American lives and property lost through the captain's misconduct. This will set at rest the matter of the Arabic, though bringing us back to the Lusitania case.

In giving the orders, recently quoted, to its submarine commanders that they must make sure of the enemy status of vessels before attacking, to observe further the regulation of visit and search, and insure the safety of passengers and crews of vessels sunk, the German submarine warfare is brought fairly within the scope of humane warfare, if there is such a thing. With these points conceded, it may not be so difficult for the German government to recede from its position on the Lusitania attack, and so remove the remaining incitement to friction in the relations between the two countries.

The School Board is Right.

The majority members of the Omaha School board deserve commendation and support for firmly adhering to the position that the constitution of Nebraska bars religious instruction in the schools, no matter in what disguise it may seek admission.

This is not a question whether the "Billy" Sunday preaching is doing good or harm, nor whether it is denominational or multi-denominational, nor whether it pleases one class of parents and offends another class of parents, and it is not a question as to what has been done, or may be done in other cities—at least, not wholly any one of these things—but of the plain and palpable fact that to keep the public schools from being used to propagate any religious denomination or any system of religious teaching, the constitution closes the door altogether.

Knowing how strong the pressure has been upon the School board members in this matter from zealous, though we believe mistaken, evangelical association enthusiasts, their final determination to adhere strictly to the letter and spirit of the law shows devotion to a real conviction which cannot be compromised and must strengthen the board as a whole in the public esteem.

Fire Prevention Day.

Governor Morehead has added another to his already announced day for the special preaching of the gospel of fire prevention, and thus Nebraskans are officially called upon to celebrate this survival of common sense on two separate occasions. Every day should be devoted to the purpose of preventing possible loss by fire. Fire prevention consists in keeping premises clear of accumulations of rubbish in which a conflagration might generate; of taking care of all receptions for fire or ashes, and the exercise of general watchfulness that means safety. Just now, when fires for warming homes and buildings are being rekindled, it contemplates examination of flues and chimneys, to see that they are in safe condition. There is nothing complicated in the plan of fire prevention. It is just as easy to be careful as it is to be careless, the only requirement in most cases is to be merely a change in habits. Nebraskans should observe fire prevention day continually, for by so doing the will save much unnecessary loss to the state.

The Old-Fashioned Doctor.

An old-fashioned doctor has just been laid at rest in Omaha, his casket followed to the grave by the sorrowing hearts of a multitude of people, old and young, to whose physical and mental ailments he had ministered during a long and useful life. It is no disparagement to the new man of science, who prescribes or operates upon suffering humanity, to say he will never build for himself temples in the hearts of grateful patients such as were occupied by his forebears under the sign of Aesculapius. The Hippocratic oath is still as sonorous of sound and as binding in sentiment as ever, but the intimacy between doctor and patient is no longer possible under modern conditions.

The old-fashioned doctor was more than friend and more than confessor; he was the rod and the staff to support and comfort the afflicted in their bodily torments and weaknesses. His word was law, as his sympathy was sure, and his devotion was equalled only by that of the mother in her self-effacement. No night too dark or stormy, no road too long or broken, for him to travel abroad, responding to the faintest call for aid as the trumpet sounding forth his duty. He prospered indifferently, for he seldom kept books; he was not a business man, but an evangel of the healing science, his mission to mitigate human woe, to soften human life, and to lengthen man's days in the land. His patience was inexhaustible, his courage dauntless, his faith in humanity unshakable, and his work the most blessed ever done by man.

The new doctor has the skill, the learning, the courage and the patience of his predecessor, but his very scientific sets him apart, and he has never so devoted to his profession, honorable above all the rest, he may never hope to win the place held by the old-fashioned doctor in the heart of the people.

Actual bombardment of its skyscrapers could give Manhattan no greater shock than the assessment roll just completed by the tax department of Greater New York. The books show an increase of \$3,250,000,000 to the personal property, \$143,000,000 in real estate values, and 8,000 new names of taxpayers to be. The tax rate is yet to be determined, but the lift in valuations insures for next summer a scream surpassing Omaha's war tax melody.

The people of China are to be consulted through a called citizens' convention as to their preference for a republican or a monarchical form of government. The decision may change the title, not the bearer. President Yuan has the job riveted at both ends and the middle, and the convention will register his will as readily as Tammany Hall responds to the baton of the boss.

Brother Sunday emphasizes the power of the press for good and evil. No one knows it better than the newspaper man and "Billy" is wise enough to know that he talks to more men and women through the newspapers than he does at the tabernacle.

Riley and the Kids

Edmund H. Etzel in Colliers.

Tomorrow, October 7, is the birthday of James Whitcomb Riley, the children's poet, and it will be widely celebrated.

An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most times

An' tells 'em, I be good, sometimes;

Knows 'bout Glinta, an' Griffins, an' Elves,

An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallows themselves!

An' wife by the pump 'in our pasture lot,

He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got.

'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can

Turn into me, or 'Lizabeth Ann!

Er Ma or Pa er the Raggedy Man!

An' he's a funny old Raggedy Man!

Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

A little child wrote to James Whitcomb Riley not long ago and said: "I'll tell you what, Mr. Riley, I was glad to learn that you was living, because I thought all poets was dead."

Surly reading these letters from the little admirers. Mr.

Riley gets them by the hundred, especially on Birthdays and holidays. On one Christmas, when he was known to be very ill, the children sent him 5,000 messages which the letter carrier came dragging in a government mail bag as big as Santa's pack. You can imagine the nest pennymanship of some of these letters and the wabbiness of others. One was made of those a-b-c's or anagrams of the "I'm" grade, pasted on a public school tablet, and another was a sheet stamped with many raised dots—a letter in braille from a school for the blind.

Or the poems most frequently mentioned—"Little Orphant Annie," "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," "The Bear Story," and "The Happy Little Cripple"—the one that inspired the happiest comment of all is "The Raggedy Man." This is the little boy's rime beginning:

O the Raggedy Man! He works for Pa:

An' he's the goddest man ever you saw!

He comes to our house every day,

An' waters the horse, an' feeds 'em hay;

An' he opens the shed—an' we all laugh

When he drives out our little old raggedy-calf;

An' ne'er—ef our hired girl says he can—

An' milks th' cow for 'Lizabeth Ann—

An't he a' awfu' good Raggedy Man?

Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

Here are several of the letters showing appreciation of this poem:

Dear Mr. Poet—I have thought ever since I was a little tot that I would write to you, but never had a chance until now. I am eleven years old and almost a man. I like the poem you wrote about the Raggedy-Man. I like the last line of it, "An't he a' awfu' good Raggedy Man?"

I live on a farm and every day I have to help feed the cattle. Some day I hope to have a whole set of your books. I have a dog and his name is Dick. We had a big collie by the name of Duke, but he died.

I got a fountain pen for Christmas and thought that I would use it on you.

This is about all I have to write now, and I wish you a happy New Year. Write me a long letter saying about the "Squidgicum-Squees." From CHARLIE —

Dear Mr. Riley—I never heard so many beautiful poems as you wrote

I have fourteen books of your poems and the one I like best is the poem about "The Raggedy Man." The reason I like it is because he is so kind, he gets apples for the little boy, and milks the cow for "Lizabeth Ann."

I will sit down now and read some of your poems.

Affectionately yours,

ANNA MAY —

Dear Poet—I have never seen you, and you have never seen me, but I do wish I will see you some time. My birthday is October the 9th. We are almost twins, ain't we? I have two brothers. One of their names are Felix. He is 9 years old. The other one's name is William. He is 2 years old. He is the baddest of all. We have a old nanny goat. She is out in the country. We boys have some of the cutest little bantams.

I have heard very many of your poems. We are learning "Little Orphant Annie" and "The Raggedy Man" at school. Every one of your poems I hear I like to learn. I hope you get this letter on your birthday. I guess we will have to close.

Your friend, HARRY —

P. S.—The teacher asked Felix are they Raggedy Men now. He said no, I said yes, heeps of them. Is they?

The best thing about Mr. Riley's poetry is that it is all true—more or less; and so there must have been a real Raggedy Man. But Mr. Riley says the real Raggedy Man was not one man at all, but the whole flock of men-of-all-work who were engaged about the Riley home from time to time. Once in dreaming about his boyhood and those who made it so happy. Mr. Riley got to thinking of these hired men, and how he used to love to watch them and hear their yarns; and then he realized that these simple fellows had much in common, all the way from greatest importance to genuine love of children. And so he fused them all into one character, the kindly hired man of a country town, to whom the little boy speaks his elegy.

Such was the real Raggedy Man. His forbearance, so to say, who worked at the Riley home, these "hired hands," were not so good, "they split the kindlin' and chopped the wood," spaded the garden, mowed the lawn, fed the horses, and if chance a little girl, even milked the cow for her in token of affection. In those days a month and "keep" was big recompense such a man received. So it is almost unnecessary to say that he wore no "fine clothes," but patched and ragged garments, and was a trifle raggedy man. The children liked him, first of all, because he was different from other people, and then for the very patches on his clothes, which made them feel sorry for him. "Yet he was not so ragged," says Mr. Riley, "as many people think nowadays. He was not a tramp, but a young fellow from a neighboring farm, and an 'eligible' man in the community."

Mr. Riley remembers he was once a drunk himself and is particular to answer the questions asked, "What is a Raggedy Man?" received a reply like this:

"I'm glad you said you like the Raggedy Man best because I like him best, too. And I like him so much that I want you to know just what kind of a fellow he was. First of all, he wasn't one of those silly men who are always trying to make you laugh by doing foolish things and grinning. They make me feel awfully uncomfortable too, and one feels quite sorry for them, since they seem so weak-minded.

The Raggedy Man didn't laugh so very much. He just sort of smiled serenely at you, and when you lost your knife through a crack in the floor, or dropped a doll down the h'ly chute into the horses' feed, or sat your bear bag stuck in a tree, he got it for you. Then he played with you—played horse—oh, so much better than we know how to play it. He would make real little "trifles" out of strings and sometimes would let ya hitch him up and drive him, prancing, shying, and loving with his head "way high in the air. And my, ob! when he 'ran away' it would just take all the breath out of you, getting right and firmly flying over the road, until I'd almost have to let go several times before I steered him! And the ponies he would pop here and there and "fay" and "snow" and "com—boom" how good! Then the stories he would tell us—the funniest things and the strangest—but the strangest fact about them was that he had seen everything he told us himself, and knew all about it first-hand!"

Twice Told Tales

About Time.

One evening the young minister, who had seemed rather attracted by "Big Sister Grace," was dining with the family. "Little Sister" was talking rapidly when the visitor was about to ask the blessing. Turning to the child he said in a tone of mild reproof: