THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.:
Dwight Williams, circulation manager, says that the average Sunday circulation for the month of September, 1915, was 47,889.
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 17

Thought for the Day

Selected by Sadie Kent

True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in their worth and choice.—Ben Jonson.

The next thing to be ascertained is, Will that municipal court law stick?

Who was it, now, who was so sure that the big war would be over in October?

The easiest part of preparedness lies in the estimates; where the money will come from is the joker.

It is quite evident that the administration's new policy of "watchful waiting" is of few days joyously numbered.

The new note to Great Britain serves to remind John Bull that Uncle Sam's typewriter is in good working order.

Joy reigns in Vera Cruz. The promise of recognition is as enlivening to Carranza and his followers as a hot tamale to a famished peon.

No formal alliance between American railroads and Culebra slides has been announced, but Culebra is doing business as though the deal was signed up and the split agreed upon.

War office bulletins and censors do not increase respect for their outgivings when they decry the courage and soldierly qualities of each other. Such petty stuff maw be digestible at home, but nowhere else.

Conscription will not down in Great Britain. The far-swung battle line of the empire steadily calls for greater sacrifices of life than volunteering provides. In such emergencies safety first shatters political platforms.

As an official postscript to a tragedy the experts report that the subway collapse in New York was due to improper support for the streets. How consoling to friends of the victims to have their suspicions verified.

"Billy's" free-will offering in Omaha is due to be somewhere near $20,000. It was a trifle less than $14,000 in Des Moines, and almost $25,000 in Paterson, and Omaha properly belongs at about the half-way mark between these two.

Caruso is not obliged to go to war. The Italian government waived its claim to his services at the front. But he will serve his country by coming to the United States and scooping in enough money to pay the expense of a regiment of substitutes.

Twenty days before the vote is cast the suffragists announce that they will carry New Jersey by 25,000 majority. The significance of the announcement lies in giving male political prophets due notice that they are not the only experts in the game.

Mutual Money and the Loan.

Suit brought by a policyholder to restrain the Mutual Life Insurance company directors from investing any portion of the company's funds in the Anglo-French bonds raises an interesting point. The allegation that the purchase of those bonds would create dissension with the ranks of the policyholders is not serious enough in itself to warrant any especial attention. No sentiment attaches to the loan, which is purely a business matter. The main question involved is, What rights has the policyholder under his contract with the company?

The board of directors of a mutual insurance company, as of all similar organizations, is authorized to carry on its business, and is expected to do so in such manner as will bring the largest possible net returns, in order that dividends to the policyholders may be kept at the maximum. This course must be pursued with due regard to such prudential care as will safeguard the interests of all. Policyholders are certainly justified in intervening at any time they feel their material interests in the company's affairs is being jeopardized. In this case the question will be whether the bonds at issue are such as may be proper for the investment of the joint funds of all the policyholders and will hardly turn on the point as to the attitude of any with relation to the war.

The case will be of great public interest, for it should serve to further define the limitations of the greatest of all modern business undertakings, that of life insurance.

Pressing the Pipe Line Plan.

Governor Morehead has set the Omaha-Wyoming pipe line plan just a little nearer to realization by appointing a commission, charged to make careful investigation and report on the feasibility of the project. It is one of the most attractive ever presented, so far as external indications go. The oil is in Wyoming, where new gushers are being opened from time to time; the market is in Omaha, where the oil is being used for fuel and other similar purposes. The advantage of Omaha as a distributing point has been established for a long time, and the growth of the great region for which Omaha is the metropolis makes certain a continually expanding market for the oil. Natural conditions are all in favor of the pipe line, the river grade being only one of its points of commendation. None of the great difficulties encountered by other extensive pipe lines appear to make this project a costly one, and the estimated cost is not unreasonable, when the service is considered. It will be one more strong inducement for the location of additional industrial plants, and in this way means much for the growth of the city. The commission should not delay its work, for it will find the public eagerly waiting for its report.

Is a Literary Revival Possible?

The tremendous amount of money tied up in books and libraries, which is only working part time, and yielding inadequate returns because the people for whose benefit they are intended do not use them, is the subject of pertinent comment in the current Saturday Evening Post. Attention is called to the fact that while every newspaper is filled with enticing bids for the reader's spare time and spare change, for the theaters, base ball, athletic sports, music and music machine instruments, the movies, the autos, the railroads, and the hotels all emphasizing their offerings of enjoyment and recreation, scant space is devoted to books, and then chiefly to new volumes of temporary interest. As a consequence the vast accumulations of standard literature are almost ignored, and this permanent literature is characterized as "the most dependable and enjoyable recreation known to man."

We have more than once noted the distressing decadence of book reading, and death of book-lovers, due plainly to a multiplicity of contributing causes. A chief one of these causes is unquestionably what The Post points out as a lack of machinery for getting people into that part of the libraries containing standard literature, in other words, for the lack of the publicity carrying the necessary appeal to people with spare time that they do not know how to use best. Occasionally we are inclined to believe that this is an inherent drawback of free public libraries—that people do not value things they receive for nothing as they value things they have to work for and pay for, and also that the publicity side of public institutions is seldom developed as it would be if privately conducted. But the fact stares us in the face that the delights of delving into the literary products of the great minds of the past are today known by all too few, and that conditions do not promise a literary revival unless some new and radical method of popularizing literature is devised and made effective.

Some Facts Established.

Experience is teaching Warden Osborne of the Sing Sing prison some facts concerning human nature, and one of them is that a man can be a scalawag inside as well as outside prison walls. His latest lesson is in connection with his plan for paying prisoners for their services in token money, the object being to inculcate some notion of the usefulness of honest toil as compared with the futility of inept rascality. Prisoners improved on the warden's plan and established a savings bank, the better to educate the men in the beauties of thrift. The plan worked smoothly enough, and the token money poured into the "savings bank" steadily as the prisoners "earned" it. Then came an order which necessitated that each man withdraw some of his savings, and another development that showed how very realistic the whole performance. Application at the "bank" for the money resulted in closing its door, and the discovery that its funds had been dissipated by its managers. Now, the moral to this isn't that men must give over being thrifty or industrious, or that all reformatory effort must be abandoned. The lesson is that wickedness does not fall away from a man, like a discarded garment, just because someone says a few kind words to him. Also, that even in prison, it pays to be careful in business dealings.

Use of the Human Voice.

Dr. Clapp gave Omaha teachers one valuable suggestion, and that is to pay more attention to the proper use of the voice in conversation. One of the distinguishing marks of the truly cultured individual is the tone used in speaking. Americans, as a rule, have been careless of this essential requirement, and have not habitually given the deserved attention to the cultivation of the vocal organs. In times past, and to a considerable extent nowadays, geographic divisions were determined by linguistic peculiarities, although the Yankee twang, the southern drawl, the western broad accent, etc., are disappearing from our national conversation. The main lesson is still to be mastered, though, and that is to speak always with care and precision, to give each word its full value and to use a tone that is pleasing to the ear. It is just as effective, and quite as easy, to use a soft and musical tone in talking as in singing, and only requires a little watchfulness. Harsh, strident voices are not necessarily natural, and may be easily remedied by slight effort. In the schools, where the pupils model their manner of expression largely on that of the teacher, the work of reform should be commenced. With proper attention, the next generation of Americans should be of pleasing voice, in the cadence and rhythm of whose conversation will reside the true beauty of music, and this with no sacrifice of those sturdy qualities that make the race strong and self-reliant.

Under the caption, "President Wilson Will Wed," Mr. Bryan's Commoner prints the Associated Press account of the announcement of the engagement and its description of the bride-to-be. But nowhere in the issue is any note of congratulation or word of approval. What about it?

Views, Reviews and Interviews

By VICTOR ROSEWATER.

WHEN Modjeska's autobiography was published, giving the personal experiences of that great tragedienne during her long American career, I noted that she had not a word to say about Omaha, although she frequently played here, and had made many friends outside of the stage, during visits to her son, when he was a member of the Union Pacific engineering department. Whether that omission was oversight on her part or not, it was not due to lack of at least one incident she might have related growing out of a criticism which cost one of The Bee's reporters his job. While I had heard the story more than once, I only recently came across what might be called "the document in the case." I won't mention the reporter's name—he was a brilliant fellow and his brilliancy shone forth in his work, marred only by lapses on occasions of overdone conviviality. He was assigned to "do" the Modjeska opening at the old Boyd, and, presumably, met up with some jovial friends, with the result that when he turned in his "copy," it was brief and to the point, graphically reflecting his own momentary condition. Further than that, the copy passed all censors, editors, type setters, proof readers, as things sometimes "happen" around a newspaper office, a la "Topsy," who had no father or mother, but "just growed." And this is the way the item stared out of the next morning's issue of the paper:

"Madame Modjeska gave a tiresome performance in Boyd's opera house last evening. Adrienne Lecouvreur may be good in itself, but Madame Modjeska does not know how to act it. Altogether, the play is sickening. Omaha has recently heard a great deal of Madame Modjeska's 'Rosalind,' but for some strange reason we were not favored with it. No one, after seeing Modjeska's 'Adrienne,' cares to see her again, and not many will see her tonight. It may be that we don't appreciate 'Adrienne,' but after reading the history of the great courtezan, no one wants any more of any semi-Polish broken tongue upon that beautiful subject. No one in Omaha wants to see 'Adrienne' again, for goodness sake!"

I need only say that the wonderful criticism of "Adrienne" was a one-time print. It was forthwith "killed" for all future editions, and the culprit reporter knew enough not to invoke further wrath by showing up for another assignment. A lot of explanations and apologies were forthcoming, which, be it said, Madame Modjeska and her husband, Count Bozenta, accepted with good grace, and the "accident" did not in any way mar the continued pleasant relations between them and the responsible editor of the paper.

Speaking of old-time Bee reporters, I heard from Fred Benzinger the other day with a cutting of a story contributed by him to the New York Times, going back to the period when Charles G. Dawes, the big Chicago banker, was a struggling lawyer in Lincoln, fighting shoulder to shoulder with The Bee against the corporation politicians and the railroad gang. Benzinger tells about Dawes, as comptroller of the currency during the McKinley administration, gratefully taking care of his old Nebraska friends with the places and patronage at his command, citing particularly what he did for former Attorney General William Leese, as follows:

"For example, there was the case of William Leese, who, as attorney general for the state of Nebraska, held out a helping hand to the young lawyer from Ohio. Leese was elected on the republican ticket. He belonged to the anti-corporation wing of the party built up Edward Rosewater, the remarkable man who built up The Omaha Bee from nothing and made and unmade politicians. Leese was so honest in his opposition to the grasping policy of the railroads that it landed him in the populist party, and on retiring from office he sought a new field of activity in the south.

"When a national bank failed at Birmingham, Ala., Dawes proposed to appoint Leese as receiver. The republicans of Nebraska, who thought they had a sort of mortgage on Dawes, arose in arms against such a violation of the sacred traditions of the political game, but Dawes stood by his guns and his friend.

"Among the other friends of Dawes in his Lincoln days was Charles A. Hanna, now examiner of the banks in the New York Clearing House association. Hanna was secretary to John R. Clark, president of the First National bank of Lincoln. Dawes made him national bank examiner for the New York district, and his work in that office won him his present place, with a large salary. A list of old Nebraska friends provided by Dawes with government jobs would look like a condensed city directory of Lincoln."

The point Benzinger is trying to drive in is that Dawes' actions in these matters demonstrated that he cannot be bulldozed, and support the assertion that having advised his bank to buy a part of the Anglo-French loan, all the objections and threats showered upon him will not produce enough "scare" to make him back up.

Dispatches bring the news that Charles G. Dawes was last week elected one of the directors of the Rock Island railroad, which is the most convincing proof that I have had that the Rock Island has entered upon an era of real reform. Mr. Dawes fought against railroad abuses, and for a square deal for shippers, passengers and investors, so long from the outside that it is a safe conclusion that he will not be a party to such abuses from the inside.

Twice Told Tales

Did His Duty.

A man was walking along the street, and saw a house on fire. He rushed across the way and rang the bell. After some time a woman, who proved to be slightly deaf, appeared at the door.

"Madam, your house is on fire."

"What did you say?"

The man began dancing up and down. He pointed above. "I said your house is afire! Flames bursting out! No time to lose!"

"What did you say?"

"House afire! Quick!"

The woman smiled. "Is that all?" she said sweetly.

"Well," replied the man, hopelessly, "that's all I can think of just now."—Argonaut.

These High Prices.

The minister of a small Missouri town called the grocer on the phone the other day and gave the following order:

"Send a dollar's worth of meat out to my house. If there is no one at home, just poke it through the keyhole."—Harper's Weekly.

Thirty Years Ago This Week in Omaha

GLEANED FROM BEE FILES

The marriage of Mr. Edgar H. Cone and Miss Matilda F. Johnson, was solemnized at the First Methodist Episcopal parsonage by Rev. McKaig. Mr. Cone is transfer agent for the Omaha street railway, and the couple will reside on Georgia avenue. Mr. James Alley, superintendent of the paving company, acted as best man, and Miss Hilda Johnson, acted as bridesmaid.

A new sporting and dramatic paper to be called The Weekly Record, is about to be launched in this city. James Boyles will attend to the dramatic work, while James Ross will be the sporting editor.

The Paxton barn, which is to serve as fire house No. 5 has reached its destination at the corner of Phil Sheridan and St. Mary's avenue, where it will be ready for occupancy in ten days. Brick work on the new No. 3 fire house on Cuming and Saunders streets, is going slowly.

The newly organized camp of the Modern Woodmen has installed the following officers: Venerable counsel, M. Parr; worthy adviser, John Westburg; banker, M. O. Maul; clerk, B. J. Scannell; escort, W. W. Wells, watchman, C. P. Heffley; sentry, M. Fruitt; managers, H. Smith, Thomas Brinell and Jerome Coulter.

Miss J. Rothschild of Sioux City is visiting her brother, Mr. Andrew Haas, 924 Park avenue.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Detroit Free Press: An Indiana clergyman says the auto is a menace to religion, so the congregation need not take up a collection to purchase one for him.

Houston Post: One minister says the Lord sent the war upon the world as a rebuke to the nations for their wickedness. If that be true, it is out of place for pinheaded humanity to beg Him to stop it.

Brooklyn Eagle: Summer Avenue church Baptists will watch the management of Oklahoma affairs with interest. They are almost convinced that Al Jennings, evangelist, really should have been elected governor.

New Orleans Times: A North Carolina minister says when cider begins to turn it is a sign that the devil is getting in his work upon it. We wish it hadn't been arranged for the devil to monopolize the art of fixing things to eat and drink so as to make them fittin' to eat.

Springfield Republican: Japanese Buddhists, it is reported, appear to be preparing for a vigorous propaganda in China of their faith—which came originally from Korea and China, as much of Japanese art did. The object of the new policy, it is said, is frankly explained as both religious and political. This would not be surprising. Religion and politics have been a trouble-making combination since too long ago for even the archeologists to know about.

WHITTLED TO A POINT.

Truth and trouble play no favorites.

It's easy for a woman to paint a pretty face—if she has it.

Only a woman of tact can smile when she hears a rival praised.

And many a good husband has the courage of his wife's convictions.

Sometimes a man's past takes a short cut and heads off his future.

But a man usually drops his prosperous look when a bill collector calls.

A woman isn't necessarily level-headed because her hat is on straight.

A homely girl can seldom understand why people think some men are mashers.

The street faker reaps a golden harvest when he faces a crowd that wants something for nothing.

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who would rather stay home and work than go to school?

After acquiring all the knowledge he can from books, many a man takes a post-graduate course by marrying a widow.

Some cheap people expect St. Peter to pass them through the pearly gates because they once paid 50 cents for a 15-cent supper at a church social.

It's a poor brand of religion that makes a man pray for his neighbor one day in the week and try to sell him gold bricks the other six days.—Chicago News.

SIGNPOSTS OF PROGRESS.

Paper flywheels are coming into use. The tensile strength of paper is enormous, hence its advantage over iron for this purpose.

Irrigation projects under way or completed in this country represent an acreage of 2,840,633 and a cost of more than $80,000,000.

The telegraph and telephone systems of the United States and Canada require about 4,000,000 poles a year for renewals along old lines and the erection of new ones.

Three 600-foot steel towers for wireless stations are to be erected in Cavite in the near future. It is believed that towers of that height, if properly equipped, will be able to receive wireless messages across the Pacific ocean.

In the United States are manufacturing establishments, 270,032; persons engaged in manufacture, 7,707,751; divided into proprietors and firm members, 275,953; salaried employes, 793,168; wage earners (average number), 6,639,931.

AROUND THE CITIES.

Chicago plans a religious revival which will spread over six months.

St. Paul authorities rejected a plan proposing municipal ownership of gas lamps.

New York antique dealers pay experts $50 a day for making new rugs look like old ones.

Philadelphia is waking up and reaching for crowds. A convention bureau has been attached to its publicity department.

Denver's "welcome arch," the first of its kind in the west, has outlived its welcome and will be torn down if the city pays the cost, $1,500. The joy of town life grew to an eyesore for the city.

St. Joe's Commercial club has appointed a committee to co-operate with the city authorities in formulating a program of public improvement which will command popular support and prevent an uprising of taxpayers.

The Minneapolis Industrial association has mapped out an imposing plan of factory and trading development, estimated to cost $1,680,000. A tract of 200 acres of land will be used as sites for factories and commercial concerns, with trackage facilities connected with all railroads entering the city. The site is two miles from the city limits.

People and Events

A man's home may be his castle in some sections of the land of liberty. In New Jersey it cost a man $60 to turn one of the rooms into a chicken roost.

The new Astor market house in New York City is decorated with what melodious architects call "a freize of frozen music." The iceman gets his bit just the same.

The "Adamless Eden" of Chicago flats is about to lose its exemplary tenants. The partnership which gave the flat local fame broke up in a row, and a lawsuit for money invested will finish the romance of the feminine dream.

Connecticut frosts the joys of anticipation by announcing a fatal plague among the turkeys of that section. However, the equilibrium of Thanksgiving can be maintained by trading some of the cranberry crop for the surplus turkeys of the west and south.

High living and "poetic breathing" are doing teamwork in swell circles of Chicago. A woman doctor originated the fad, which is pronounced the most fascinating system of reaching the dough that has come out of the thrilling tomes of materia medica.

Sioux City matches Omaha with a man who wants real money from his wife whom he is seeking to divorce. The feminine policy of soaking a man and shaking him at the same time is becoming more popular with husbands, who are being converted by force of events to the principle of equality of wrongs.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

"Well, old chap, do you think Miss Van Billion intends to buy you?" asked the first duke.

"My deah boy, I really cawn't tell, don't you know? Some days I think she does; then at other times, old top, I fear she is merely shopping," replied the second duke.—Judge.

"What are you going to do when you grow up, Annette?" asked one little girl of another.

"Marry some silly man, I suppose," was the reply, "like most other women."—Kansas City Star.

Panhandler—Mister, couldn't you slip me a dime?

Citizen—What for?

P. H.—Me furrin bankers has been delayed in gittin' me loan.—Albany Argus.

"What are your reasons for wanting to be appointed postmaster of your village? The pay isn't much."

"No," replied Farmer Corntossel. "But I kind o' thought as long as Si Simlin had ben gettin first go at our postal cards fur years, it was only fair for me an' ma to have our turn at theirs."—Washington Star.

"Do you believe in marrying for love?" asked the sentimental girl whose face was her principal misfortune.

"Not necessarily," replied the gray-haired parson. "As a rule, I usually marry for money."—Indianapolis Star.

Customer—Is this parrot a good talker?

Dealer—Talker! Why, mum, his last mistress sold him because she couldn't get a word in edgeways.—Boston Transcript.

Artist—You see, we moderns strive for the purgation of the superfluous, which throws the accent on the inner urge. Do you follow me?

Friend—No, I'm ahead of you. I came out of the asylum last week.—Life.

Grubbs—Do you think there is any real cure for hay fever?

Stubbs—Some persons believe hanging or beheading would do the trick, but in my own view it survives as a punishment in the next world.—Indianapolis News.