

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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OCTOBER CIRCULATION: 54,744

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: Victor Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of October, 1915, was 54,744.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 31st day of November, 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

You may not be able to leave your children a great inheritance, but day by day you may be weaving coats for them which they will wear through all eternity. —T. L. Cuyler.

"Safety first" everywhere; but first of all in the schools.

This must be the season for bargain sales of gubernatorial hats specially made to be thrown in the ring.

Doubling up work is bad for school teachers, but doubling up salaries not so objectionable from their point of view.

As an example of American thrift with political trimmings, selling admissions to a hanging at \$2 per is about the rawest that has come out of Illinois.

A museum of imported atrocities has been opened at the Russian capital. Delicate respect for native traditions forbade stocking up with atrocities "made in Russia."

When Mr. Bryan declared that defeat or victory at the polls is no measure of success, was he throwing an anchor to the windward on his work for prohibition in Ohio?

The suffrage campaign in Massachusetts is said to represent an outlay of \$150,000 on each side. Beside that, Nebraska's suffrage campaign of last year looks like a "piker."

A high British court has held that soldiers in the war arena are immune from process for divorce. Still, it is a question whether such a ruling will prove an encouragement or a deterrent to enlistments.

The last Anglo-French loan was sold to net the investor 5 1/2 per cent. Italy offers 6 per cent for American money and Russia 9 per cent. The great American dollar is the cheapest coin on the pike.

The outreach of modern methods piles more dust on the ancients. A dozen cities claimed Homer, dead. Five live communities claim an unknown outlaw, alive or dead, and offer cold cash on delivery.

The new Chinese ambassador to the United States answers to the name Yi Kyulin Wellington Koo, a graduate of Columbia. Call him Dr. Koo for short. It is more befitting the government atmosphere.

"As I walk along the streets I must guard my eyes because of the dress of women," declares one of our ministerial moralists. Well! Why not save all that trouble by keeping off the streets?

Inventors are flocking to the war and navy offices with defensive contrivances warranted to blow invaders off the sea or land. The glowing prospect of preparedness stimulates the reach of genius for fame and a divvy.

The election was characterized as "quiet" and the republicans carried most of their ticket by a large majority. In New York David B. Hill was re-elected governor.

Gilmore's band gave a concert to a house that filled the Boyd from the orchestra circle to the rear tier of the gallery. Mme. Louisa Pyka was the vocal soloist.

At the People's theater Miss Mabel Courtney held forth as "Topsy" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with election returns read from the stage as an additional attraction.

John N. Westburg has returned from an eastern trip, bringing with him a bride.

Governor Dawes has appointed H. S. Smith of Omaha, publisher of the Nebraska Cultivator and Housekeeper, a delegate to the butter, cheese and egg convention to be held in Chicago next week.

Rev. I. A. Brudwick, late of the Iowa conference now has charge of the Methodist church at the stock yards.

C. E. Thornberry, well known Omaha traveling man, was married to Miss Dora Tarob at Plattsmouth. Those who attended from this city were Miss Mary Ross, Miss Elsie Harvester, Mrs. Ross McCormick, Messrs. Pat Smith, John Petard and J. A. Booth.

Memorial services were held at the First Congregational church for another of Nebraska's pioneers, Samuel Bahnerman. He had been in the mercantile business here since 1853, and lately a partner in the firm of Whitney, Bauserman & Co., wholesale grocers.

Anti-Alien Law Void

The decision of the United States supreme court declaring unconstitutional the Arizona anti-alien law, is one of the most important recently handed down by that court. It is important in itself as defining the rights of aliens in this country, but even more so in its definition of the rights and powers of the federal government and the states, respectively. While following along old lines, in this case the principles involved are clearly enunciated and re-defined, with a broad and unequivocal declaration that this country, having both by treaty and practice permitted these aliens to become residents of the United States, is bound to accord them equal protection of our laws with those of native birth.

Important as is this feature of the case, it has no more far-reaching significance than the rule laid down concerning the powers of the state and federal government. In the opinion of the court, formulated by Justice Hughes, the undisputed right to admit or refuse to admit aliens is the sole province of the federal government and the denial of the right of the alien, once admitted, to work and earn his living, is in effect the denial of the right to enter. In other words, the states may not do by indirection what it is admitted they have no right to do directly. This rule, carried to its legitimate conclusion, gives the general government, through its check upon state legislation, the power to follow federal enactments to the legitimate fruition of their purpose, and provides a method of preventing numerous controversies arising with foreign countries over the treatment of aliens within our boundaries.

Its bearing upon the anti-Japanese land holding laws of California, however, is not so apparent, as the federal government itself has thrown restrictions around Japanese and other Asiatic immigration and the rights of these people when admitted.

Wanted—A Friend of the Court

The test case just instituted to secure a judicial ruling on the constitutionality of the law creating a municipal court for Omaha, and of the appointments made by the governor under color of that law, suggests that here is a proper place for some one to intervene as "a friend of the court." With due respect to the young men who are engaged as the attorneys of record representing the plaintiff and the defendant, respectively in the appeal which is being perfected to try out the question of constitutionality, there are other interests involved quite separate and apart from the laudable ambition of the newly appointed judges to make their jobs stick. The municipal court law is intended to work a long-needed reform in the administration of "poor man's justice," by doing away with the justice court fee-mills. The general public is interested in this side of it, especially in view of previous failures of similar attempts; and the basis for the proposed municipal court may be sound, even though the governor's assumption of appointive powers may be legally unwarranted.

The Bee calls upon the author of this law, Representative Jess P. Palmer, to get into this case for the people as "a friend of the court" and make sure that the trial of the test suit brings out all phases of the issues.

Condition of Business

The dominant note of trade reviews for some time has been one of business improvement, but the last report of the federal reserve board is the most encouraging of any. It notes not only continued activity in sections dominated by war orders, but also a visible improvement in portions of the country that have been lethargic, particularly the south, so hard hit by the low price of its great staple, cotton. The Pacific coast, too, is said to exhibit a more hopeful outlook. So far as the country is concerned, these conditions are more important than the feverish activity of the stock exchanges, reflecting only the gambling mania, for the operations in ordinary business channels are built on a more certain and permanent foundation.

The great central west, with assured crops, has been the spot from which this improved business condition has radiated. Our western farm products always command a market and the consequent buying power of the farmers must be, as in other years under similar conditions, the sustaining force which sooner or later starts the revival and spreads it over the entire country.

Favors Soon Forgotten

Uncle Sam is learning, what many of his people have had brought home to them many times, that favors extended are soon forgotten, and that promises to repay such aid are subject to a liberal discount. It must be apparent that few of the thousands of Americans abroad when the European war broke out and who would have been stranded but for the loans and assistance given them by the government, are of the poverty stricken class who cannot pay. The folks who tour Europe for pleasure are people of means, but for all that there are several thousand of them who pay no attention to the government's "Please remit" notices. Perhaps some of these people who so soon forget benefits received will remember Uncle Sam with a rich legacy in their wills, having then no longer any use for the money—and perhaps they will not.

The automobile is making a persistent drive at one of the last trenches of horse stage power, hitherto safeguarded by the national government. Permission was granted for automobiles to enter Yellowstone national park for the first time last summer. Large numbers traversed the wonderland without developing the dangers feared, and motor-driven stages are more than likely to supplant the horse stage next season. The old-time stage, like the cowboy, is about all in.

Statistics supplied by a member of the Highway commission shows that Iowa counties spent \$11,263,990 for roads and bridges during the year 1914. In his opinion the money was largely wasted. Properly expended in executing definite plans of road building Iowa would have stretches of good roads worthy of the name. Actually the returns are as cheerless as an investment in blue sky stock.

Mount Lassen once more proves its loyalty to the Pacific coast by pulling off an eruption just as westbound tourist travel showed symptoms of weariness. Lassen belches mud as copiously as a moose campaign and is a more engaging thriller than an earthquake.

When the Zeppelins Bombarded London

Private Letter of Edith M. Brown.

OF COURSE you must have read of the big Zeppelin raid on London some weeks ago. It was perfectly horrible and I shall never forget that night. By the way, on dit that anything can be proved from the Bible, and I couldn't help thinking last Sunday morning in church, when in the special psalms for the day we came to the verse about "the terror that flith by night," it would be easy to say the Zeppelins had been prophesied as far back as the days of King David!

Months ago people began making preparations for the proposed raids, and we kept them up for some time, half as a joke, though, for the Zepps—they are spoken of quite familiarly and offhand in spite of all—were so long in coming that people got tired of filling the bath at night, and packing the "Zeppelin" with special treasures," dipping respirators in soda water, and the clothes line had long ago reposed in its kitchen drawer. I used to go to bed with it attached to one of the posts as a forlorn hope of escape through the window. However, on September 7 when the preliminary raid took place, I slept the sleep of the just, but Mrs. Bank and our maid heard the guns. She thought it was some wretched late home-comer banging doors; she anathematized them and turned over and went to sleep again. But first thing in the morning when the paper came, she realized that the "bombs" she had heard were our anti-aircraft at work.

The Zepps had passed pretty close, and a penny bus ride away had simply demolished houses, a whole family having been wiped out. Thousands of people went to see the ruins. One house had gone flat just like a house built of cards. Every one in it had been killed. In Greenwich park—twenty minutes' walk from us—five incendiary bombs had fallen, but fortunately had done no damage, falling in the grass, but not very far from the observatory. They have one in the guard room of a barracks near as a sort of trophy. Well, we all felt very queer on the 8th and wondered if it would be our turn next, and the thought uppermost in my mind was whether it would be better to have an incendiary bomb or an explosive. It was difficult to decide, and anyway would not have helped at all, for of course the Germans do not wait to consult you before dropping them. The chances of escape seem to be about equal in either case—if it is incendiary the fire is terrific and goes on burning; it seems very hard to put it out, and we came to the conclusion that as we would not want to delay our exit, it was a pity to waste any more water by filling the bath!

The only satisfactory thing about explosive bombs is, that you would in all probability be deaded instantly, whereas with the other kind you might be pinned down under wreckage, and see death stalking you in the games. We went to bed that Wednesday in a rather uneasy state of mind, but we had not been long, not really got to sleep, when terrific "bombs" began. Mrs. Banks knocked on the wall between our rooms asking me if I "heard that?" I certainly did, but I could not answer at first, for I was already scrambling out of bed, searching for slippers in the dark, with a horrible choking sensation—it was fear. We put thick coats on over our nightdresses, called Maggie, and all felt our way down to the cellar. There is a sea jet down there, and an area door. We lighted the gas and opened the door, and sometimes were in, and sometimes out, in the garden. When we were in we expected a bomb through the roof at any moment, when we were out, shrapnel from our own guns.

Talk about the horns of a dilemma! Everyone was up, and lots of people out in the road gazing skyward. Like a good many others, we thought at first, in fact until the next day, that the bangs we heard were bombs exploding, and as the sound came nearer and nearer until it seemed right overhead, you can imagine our suspense waiting to see what would happen, and though everybody we saw was very calm, we were all terribly nervous, and I frankly admit I was so upset that I shivered from head to foot and felt quite sick. We sat crouched up on boxes in the cellar for a long time, close to the main wall of the house, which an architect friend had told us was the safest (7) place. Every now and then, even when the guns near us had stopped firing, the sky was lighted up as though by lightning; it was the flashes from distant guns, too distant for us to hear the report. We knew the raiders had passed us on their way to London, but still the idea of going to bed was impossible—they might come back. I wanted to go upstairs to get some things when I was interested to hear that at the critical moment when we made for the cellar, we did not forget our "Zeppelin bags!" but I dared not; suddenly the house had become a sinister place, a strange place waiting for me to enter it with a fall. Now, I know, but very real things, too. At last we had to go to bed, and shuddered to think what we should hear next day.

Of course the authorities suppressed all names of localities, but I can assure you that in spite of what German reports say to the contrary, that absolutely no damage of any military importance was done, and more than that, the people have not been mended. There is no talk of "step the war, we cannot stand this any longer," so, on the contrary they say so; a friend of mine said he would say it with his last breath if he were bombed and that it was grievous to visit the places in the heart of London and see the theaters, warehouses, and hear of the deaths. Our only consolation is that it might all have been worse, and I am so glad that none of our old buildings were hurt, and that St. Paul's escaped. It is too horrible to think of it being destroyed, and imagine if Westminster Abbey were hit! The German raiding commander, who was supposed to have been interviewed by an American journalist, said he had been told to be careful not to aim at these buildings, nor the Palace. Well, I only hope it is true. We can only judge by their behavior in France and Belgium. It fairly broke my heart when I heard of Rheims. I visited it just four summers ago. However, London had been considerably shook up this time, but there was no panic. We heard all sorts of stories about the fires and bombs. People just coming from the theater—the raid began about 10:30 p. m.—hurried to see the fires, which were quickly put out. A bus was hit by an explosive bomb, eight passengers and the poor driver were killed; the latter had his legs blown off, and died in a few hours in a hospital. One man, seeing bombs dropping round him, fell dead, and a policeman had to put on plain clothes and go and break the news to his poor wife. There were splendid deeds of bravery, and wonderful escapes. The Zeppelins had been seen quite plainly, two passed over our house; they looked like small grey clouds—they were very high up. One bomb fell exactly in the middle of a square, round which are built hospitals, but only windows were shattered.

The next night, Thursday the 8th, we were told they—the Zepps—had been sighted on the coast, so there was no going to bed. Special constables were going up and down ordering lights to be lowered. You would hardly believe how dark every place is already, and what lamps are still lighted in the streets are doused over with whitening or something, to dull the flame. Of course Scotland yard has a plan, and varies the plan I believe, as it should be confusing, but then there are plenty of spies about. But on this particular night the darkness was made darker, and we were in, and out on the road, and sitting in our porch, waiting, waiting. And it was such a lovely night, too; the stars shone in a dark-blue sky; you could hardly believe such fiendish things were happening, and that such horrors could come from the fair heavens. Well, they did not come, and at last we went to bed, tired out with our two nights of excitement and no sleep worth speaking of. The next day we heard that our aeroplane had driven back the Germans, who had got into Kent—that is our country—and we also heard all sorts of cheering things—that forty French aeroplanes had come, that forty French airmen had come, that the Thames was lined with special ships with special guns, all for our defense, and that our anti-aircraft now could fire twelve miles instead of seven. So we have taken heart of grace—whatever that is—and we go to bed as usual once more, though I must say with aising ears, and an intense "wish for the day."

The Bee's Letter Box

What Des Moines is Up Against.

OMAHA, Nov. 2.—To the Editor of The Bee: Will you please give space to the following resolutions, adopted by the Chamber of Commerce, as printed in the Des Moines Register and Leader, which tell their own story of what Des Moines is up against as a result of the adoption of prohibition and the invitation it offers to bootlegging and bootlegging:

"It has been established that in the past the injunction has been used by parties who have instituted suits as a means of collecting fees rather than for the purpose of law enforcement, and that this has been done in violation of the law, and that the suits should be discontinued and the suits against the property owners and other defendants should be dismissed. It has been established that in the past the injunction has been used by parties who have instituted suits as a means of collecting fees rather than for the purpose of law enforcement, and that this has been done in violation of the law, and that the suits should be discontinued and the suits against the property owners and other defendants should be dismissed.

"We are satisfied that if this practice is permitted it will result in farcical law enforcement, encourage a multiplicity of suits by the same parties involved, and thus establish the claim of the complainants to costs and attorney fees. We are satisfied that if this practice is permitted it will result in farcical law enforcement, encourage a multiplicity of suits by the same parties involved, and thus establish the claim of the complainants to costs and attorney fees.

"The Chamber of Commerce in order to encourage honest and impartial law enforcement, and for the purpose of community betterment upon the proper authorities that all liquor prosecutions in Polk county be brought on the merits, and that no compromise be effected out of court be permitted; that cases founded upon technical violations of law be not entertained; and that in every way possible effort be made to employ the statute for private gain be at all times discouraged.

The resolutions were passed by unanimous vote, the members of the board present being B. F. Williams, Ashton Clemens, W. B. Southwell, E. T. Meredith, W. L. Hinds, George Mercer, W. J. Massey, John H. Cowan, Louis Davidson, R. R. Rollins, John A. Elliott and Alex. Fitzhugh.

As to Mr. Wooster

OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 2.—To the Editor of The Bee: It seems impossible for the defamers of Mr. Wooster or Silver Creek to grasp and appreciate the fact that a man may be entirely sincere in his faith in the doctrines of Billy Sunday's theology, and also have no connection with the liquor interests or vice. That he may be strongly convinced that "Billy Sunday's theology is harmful to mankind as they are that it is useful.

Too Many Convicts Pardoned

OMAHA, Nov. 2.—To the Editor of The Bee: I have been a reader of your paper for seven years and would like to have you write these few lines about criticizing the police. There are men arrested every day and sent to the penitentiary, but it seems like they are pardoned—even for murder. The police have arrested lots of good burglars and thieves, murderers and every thing else that you could think of, and they are pardoned in a few days. Then the public wonders why the police don't stop crime. If the critics would criticize the pardon board for letting these men out when they are caught, there would not be so much robbing going on.

I had my home burglarized and the police arrested the man with my jewelry on his person, and in nine months he was caught again holding up people. Now, how on earth are they going to stop crime this way. If the public would stop reading that yellow sheet it would go out of existence. The judge will not do anything with the pardons that come to our city, so what can you expect but crime. The murderer of Smith is out on parole. That is the kind of men that should never be paroled. Here is a good example. I am a resident of Omaha, for twenty years and a taxpayer.

MRS. JULIA SMITH, 2418 North Eighteenth Street.

Tips on Home Topics

Washington Post: Perfect preparedness in school configurations calls for the investigation first.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: To paraphrase a justly famous poet, where the wet and dry issue sits there is the head of the table.

Springfield Tribune: If canal slides could be commended for purposes of defense at just the moment a victorious enemy fleet was entering the Panama waterway, we should have preparedness to perfection. Cannot this little detail be arranged?

Pittsburgh Dispatch: Complaint is made that inventors are flooding the War and Navy departments with devices for use in war. But the government has not been so ready to make use of inventions in the past that any now should be overlooked.

Houston Post: The woman who makes a specialty of pumpkin pies baked in pans twenty inches in diameter may not get the ballot soon, but her husband will hand over the pay envelope whenever she requests it and the children will rise up and call her blessed.

St. Louis City Journal: With more than twice the population of Des Moines, Omaha did not vote "Billy Sunday" as many trail hitters as the Iowa capital. In the matter of cash, however, Omaha was not "right," seeing Des Moines' \$2,000,000 and raising it more than \$2,000,000.

Washington Post: Upon every hand, in every direction, our business men are the witnesses of a transformation from trade depression to marvelous industrial, commercial and financial activity. Pessimists are dumb before the spectacle, croakers have lost the power of decrying and even poor old paralyzed Wall Street has thrown away its crutches and is capering with glee as it feels the throbs of vigorous health which the prosperity of the nation has injected into its veins.

GENIAL JABS.

"Does your wife lecture you?" "No," exclaimed Mr. Alveston. "Why Henrietta wouldn't waste her time lecturing a little bit of an audience like me."—Washington Star.

"What's your business, stranger?" "I'm a business doctor. I doctor up a business that happens to be ailing. What's your business?" "Well, if you're a business doctor, I guess you might call me a business undertaker. I'm the sheriff."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Who's that fellow eulogizing 'this grand and glorious republic'?" "I don't know who he is, but when you hear a man talking like that the chances are ten to one that he thinks this grand and glorious republic ought to support him."—Syracuse Age-Herald.

"He-What do you think, my dear? I was held up last night on my way home." "I'm glad you were. I saw your friends running away after they had dropped you at the door jam."—Baltimore American.

"If a man kills another man he is always put in jail, mamma?" "Not always. Sometimes he is paid by the government to kill another man, and if he can only kill enough he will have monuments erected to him."—Life.

"A man who drinks should never run an automobile." "Who's the matter?" agreed Mr. Chuggins. "And yet when I was touring in a dry state I couldn't help wishing that every drinker owned a motor car. It would make him more careful about smashing bottles in the road."—Washington Star.

"The prohibitionists" was weeping bitterly. "Wipe those crocodile tears," asked the sympathetic caller. "It's not crocodile tears," he replied. "It's the tears of a man who has seen his wife and children go to the penitentiary for life."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I heard Simon Bluff sing Hamlet last night." "Did you? Now tell me—do you think Hamlet was mad?" "He must have been. There wasn't \$100 in the house."—Musical Courier.

"Well, look at the billy goat. He's the first one I've seen in the city." "He's hardly an impressive looking object." "He may not be impressive looking, but he certainly has a striking forehead."—Boston Transcript.

WHEREIN LIES SERVICE?

Wherein lies service? I do claim Religion should be Man's chief aim. But religion still hallowes Our daily task. In the find that God Of each man's life shall ask. Therefore be not Deceived by Friends, Let not the merry Obscure the ends; For the faith that lives In the work you do Is the faith that shall bless. And hallow you. Omaha—BAYOL NE TREME.

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Everyone Should Drink Hot Water in the Morning

Wash away all the stomach, liver, and bowel poisons before breakfast.

To feel your best day in and day out, to feel clean inside, no sour bile to coat your tongue and sicken your breath or dull your head; no constipation, bilious attacks, sick headache, colds, rheumatism or gassy, acid stomach, you must bathe on the inside like you bathe outside. This is vastly more important, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do, says a well known physician.

To keep these poisons and toxins well flushed from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, drink before breakfast each day, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will cleanse, purify and freshen the entire alimentary tract, before putting more food into the stomach. Get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from your pharmacist. It is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except a scorching twinge which is not unpleasant. Drink phosphate hot water every morning to rid your system of those vile poisons and toxins; also to prevent their formation.

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