

THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING) - EVENING - SUNDAY

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

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THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR

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Strict economy and no waste make patriotism and profit chums.

Hello, central. Please connect with one of those \$15,000 drafts.

The Kaiser says he was for peace at the start. Not half so much as he is for peace now.

Decorate for Ak-Sar-Ben and help impress the visitor with the warmth of Omaha's welcome.

The World series will have to go some this year to command its accustomed attention from the public.

Profiteering under the cloak of patriotism is bad enough, but profiteering on unpatriotism is infinitely worse.

Agitation for a municipal coal yard fails to radiate to coal dealers the customary cheerfulness of early fall fires.

But if the Kaiser really cherished such a lively desire for peace as he assures the pope, we would never have had this war.

While the canning season is on managers may easily double the public obligation by putting the jail-feeding stew effectively under the lid.

War shows itself a more effective pulmonator than politics! Even Colonel Bryan will concede that silver's come-back tops his own score.

After all the juggling and a lawsuit, the county board doubles back to the starting point. A judicial club now and then lets in useful light.

The municipal campaign in New York puts the issue of saving the country squarely between soap-box orators and cart-tail spouters. High winds impend.

The Kaiser's train of cars is said to resemble hospital trains in having red crosses painted on the roofs. The signs are appropriate and becoming the sickest man in Europe.

The bulging vaults and ledgers of Nebraska state banks shelter \$224,896,229.84, a gain of \$73,775,159 in a year. Never before has prosperity tickled the corn belt with such golden figures.

The Omaha Hyphenated did such valiant work for the German propaganda conducted in this country by the Kaiser's agents that if others were paid it surely ought to have had some German gold, too.

Flag-making patriots got together and deftly pulled-down 300 per cent profits. Last winter's potato kings are small and few in a hill beside the reach of the flag men who have been flagged by the trade commission.

The soft drink parlor is a legitimate institution, but if it is made a blind for organized bootlegging the reputable vendors are threatened with the same odium that attaches to the disreputable places. A word to the wise should be sufficient.

If soldiers in active service are entitled to a moratorium against court process, what about folks who have pending cases in which essential witnesses are away on military duty? The courts will have to recognize the existence of a state of war and govern themselves accordingly.

Will History Repeat Itself?

Sixty-four years ago Commodore Perry, commanding a fleet of primitive craft, entered the forbidden harbor of Yedo bearing a letter from President Fillmore to the emperor of Japan.

Foreign violation of the sanctity of Japanese waters at that time was risky business. Anticipated trouble was prepared for. None resulted. Commodore Perry delivered his message by exercising diplomatic tact and straightforward friendliness, even though Japanese law was violated by the act.

The Perry mission changed the current of Japanese life on that occasion. The spirit of inclusion and exclusion dominated the country. Foreigners were forbidden to enter and natives were not allowed to leave. Intercourse with the outside world was unsought. Government and people were content with their own ways, their home trade, their simple, self-centered lives.

The American commodore calmly and coolly broke down the barrier of isolation and unconsciously loosed the forces which have made modern Japan.

Japan now realizes and appreciates the inestimable services of Commodore Perry. They honor him as the foster parent of modern empires. A monument to his memory marks the spot where he landed to deliver his message, and the Japanese mission recently visited his grave at Newport, R. I., and laid garlands on his tomb.

The incident links past and present and foreshadows a future possibility. Just as Perry insisted on official Japan receiving America's message of neighborly good will, Americans of today with greater emphasis insist on imperial Germany heeding the message of democracy.

Japan resisted intrusion with much the same arrogance Germany now shows. But official Germany must swallow the dose even as ruefully as Japan did. The prescription is just as good. Later on the patient will rejoice as Japan does. In all probability the historian sixty years hence will record the coming of a mission from the republic of Germany bearing wreaths for the tomb of Woodrow Wilson. Stranger things have happened.

German Reply to Pope's Proposal.

The notes from Germany and Austria in reply to the peace proposals of Pope Benedict are exactly what was looked for. Both the Kaiser and the emperor accept the terms as outlined in the papal program, thus confirming the opinion that these conditions would be distinctly favorable to the Teutonic combination.

These terms already have been specifically and categorically rejected by all the opposing allies, with the exception of the scheme for disarmament, so the only substantial progress made is in getting closer to the aims of the allied democracies. Further discussion is certain to follow from time to time, for the contest has been opened to the diplomats and politicians as well as the warriors, and peace is the ultimate and eventual goal.

Everyone reading the notes must be struck by the contrast between the mock humility of Wilhelm and the unfeignedly pious submission of Karl, marking the difference in their attitude toward the pope. One and all must still be astounded at the challenge to intelligence by German insistence that the empire was "attacked" as excuse for precipitating the terrible war.

The Kaiser calls on the head of the great Roman Catholic church to condone all the outrages in Belgium and France, the profanation and destruction of churches and cemeteries, the subversion of morality, the whole policy of ruthlessness and the systematic attempts to undermine and corrupt every government save his own, pretending all the time to be acting in self-defense, with the sanction and help of God!

Such colossal assurance is the fair measure of his imperial assumption of power. Pope Benedict should carefully compare with these professions the record made up by Cardinal Mercier, and read again and ponder well the note from President Wilson on the topic of peace with honor. What the world wants is not a temporary truce, but a lasting peace—a peace treaty that is not to be wantonly violated at will and again scattered to the winds as a torn "scrap of paper."

Revival of the Carnival.

One of the features of life just now is the tendency to resort to the carnival as a safety valve for relieving the tension on nerves strained by unusual conditions. The frivolity of the affair is demanded as an antidote for the exactions incident to the energetic application required by modern business, heightened now by the tremendous expenditure of nerve force in making ready for war.

Prayer Along the Battle Line.

British church authorities find time to discuss some of the psychic phenomena of battle, and just now are considering what they admit is one of the most marked, that of the general practice of prayer among the soldiers. This is not taken to indicate a sudden spread of religion among the men, but rather as a recrudescence of the primitive impulse to appeal to the supernatural for aid.

Cur Dogs and the Nation.

Considerable support is coming to The Bee in the campaign it started a few weeks ago against the cur dog and in favor of the sheep. The Chicago Tribune, the St. Louis Republic and the Manufacturers Record of Baltimore are a few of the influential papers that have taken up the matter for discussion and which endorse the stand taken by this paper.

Senator Weeks of Massachusetts has introduced a measure designed to levy a tax on dogs, not so much to add to revenue of the government as to discourage the harboring of the worthless animals that have become a costly luxury to us.

It is now estimated that the United States harbors 25,000,000 dogs, of which by far the greater part are properly classified under the heading of "curs," and are worse than worthless. These can be greatly lessened through the simple process of making it expensive for their owners to keep them.

When a man is willing to pay a special tax on a dog he is usually willing to look after the animal and keep it out of mischief. With the destruction of the useless and dangerous dogs raising of sheep becomes possible in places where the curs now make it impossible. It ought to be easy to determine which is the more valuable to the nation as a source of wealth.

Two women are available for every job lost by men drawn to the front from the Wall Street district of New York. Twenty thousand women have been given places in the financial district since the war began and as many more are listed for prospective vacancies.

Views, Reviews and Interviews

By Victor Rosewater

I AM DOWNCAST over the death of Colonel William F. Stone of Maryland, for many years sergeant-at-arms of the Republican National committee, with whom I was closely associated in the work connected with the arrangements for two of the four national conventions in which he officiated in that capacity.

Everybody who knew him well called him "Billy" because he wanted his friends to call him by that more affectionate name, and he was, in fact, the embodiment of affability, good nature, industry and, above all, an accommodating disposition. He was in politics because he liked the game, though he also shared in the fruits of victory in local office and later as collector of customs at Baltimore for seventeen years, not for the emoluments so much as for the prestige which well-earned recognition gave him.

His principal political factor in his own state, he was in touch with party leaders all over the country and kept extremely well posted on political conditions. I used to stop in to see him at the customs house and later at the bank with which he subsequently became connected, and we would check up our estimates of party developments. He was 62 when he died, but he did not look it. He was as buoyant and jovial the last time I saw him as the first time.

One who has not been on the inside will ever appreciate how much the credit belongs to "Billy" Stone for the smooth working arrangements of the colossal convention hall in which all our recent republican presidential tickets were nominated. The layout and reconstruction of the building, the seating, the decorating, the distribution of tickets and badges for delegates, guests, press and spectators; the door tenders and ushers and the thousand and one little things for convenience, comfort and safety, were all under his direction and personal supervision.

In this exacting work he was an expert and he could handle the job by reason of his familiarity with it more easily and at less outlay of exertion than any other could be expected to do it. Is it any wonder he had a life tenure on the position of convention sergeant-at-arms? Someone else will, of course, perform those duties in the next republican national convocation, but "Billy" Stone will be sadly missed.

Here is a good readable story that I get from John T. Bell, who has gone back to California after his visit to Omaha this summer, and is now in Los Gatos, from which he writes to me: I made the acquaintance today in this little town at the foot of the Santa Cruz mountains of a man who is a born story teller. He lived for a number of years in Cincinnati, when he knew personally, or knew of, many prominent people of that city. His name is Ned Buntline, grandfathers of Congressman "Nick" Longworth, son-in-law of ex-President Roosevelt. He says the grandfather, who was a very rich man, would walk on the grass alongside of the sidewalk to save wear on his shoes and that his coat sleeves would be covered with bits of paper memoranda pinned to them.

The name of this Ned Buntline is W. T. Kelly, and the first night he spent in Omaha was at the Herndon House. He was then coming to the west from Ohio with the Casement brothers, who were about to begin work as contractors on the Union Pacific. Speaking of Omaha, he gave a list as long as a man's arm of names of Omaha business men who he knew. "Out on the plains I was well acquainted with many distinguished army officers," said Mr. Kelly. "I was living in North Platte when General Sherman and others held a treaty with the Sioux at that place. In 1868 I saw Jack Morrow, somewhat 'under the influence,' standing at the top of the stairs leading down to the office and trying to induce General Sherman to go down to the bar. He reached out to take hold of him, but lost his balance and rolled down the full length of the stairs. Gathering himself up, he looked back at Sherman and said, 'General, I didn't think you would be so impolite as to push me downstairs.'"

"Jack Morrow was in Nebraska City and saw a load of hay on the street. He asked the owner what he would take for the hay and wagon; a price was given him and he told the man to unhitch his horses; when this was done Morrow set fire to the rear end of the load, and would have set fire to the town as a result but for the prompt rushing of the wagon to the river, which was only a short distance away. "In 1867, I was postmaster at North Platte," he continued, "and Ned Buntline came there looking for material for a story of western life. Major Frank North and Buffalo Bill were then at Jack Morrow's ranch, on the opposite side of the Platte. Buntline went to the ranch and first tackled Major North for a story of his career, but North wouldn't talk to him. Then he caught on to Cody, who up to that time was not specially famous. Buntline made his headquarters at my postoffice—which was not much of an establishment—and the first chapter of his story of 'Buffalo Bill,' printed in Street & Smith's Weekly, was written on the dry good box which I had for a list of Buntline's drink much whiskey in those days and was so short of memory that I stood sponsor for him at the 'Hamfat Man's Restaurant' for his meals, and paid for them, too."

People and Events

One man truly removed from the world of strife and straining is J. H. Carpenter of Marna, Colo. In response to a federal invitation he hiked into Pueblo and explained to the draft board that he did not know the country was at war and did not hear of the registration. The bliss of ignorance saved him.

Two women are available for every job lost by men drawn to the front from the Wall Street district of New York. Twenty thousand women have been given places in the financial district since the war began and as many more are listed for prospective vacancies. "When Johnny comes marching home again" he need not marry the job and look wise. Every optimist who draws the oil of joy from prunes is in for a job. The prune raisers of California have come together and decided they are not getting all the prune juice in sight. They want more of it and will so handle the goods that optimists and other victims of the habit must come across or go without. Seventy-five per cent of the production is under control of the association. Liberty will rule with respect to home needs, but on this side of mountains the prune appetite must dig up or suffer.

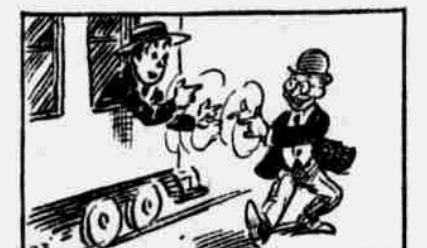
TOLAY

One Year Ago Today in the War.

Rumanians evacuated Vulcan Pass. Twelve Zeppelins in night raid over London and the English coast coast killed thirty-eight persons and injured 125.

In Omaha Thirty Years Ago. B. B. Young, the new director of the Apollo club, has arrived from Salt Lake and will take up his residence in this city.

The building of a new passenger depot by the Union Pacific on Tenth between Leavenworth and the present depot is again up for discussion. Professor Gillespie, superintendent, and Dr. McFarland, one of the faculty,



of the Deaf and Dumb asylum, were at the depot all day receiving the incoming pupils, numbering about 125. George W. Holdrege, general manager of the B. & M., has gone to Denver.

Milton Nobles made his annual appearance at Boyd's before a large audience in his new piece "From Sire to Son."

The building erected by John A. Wakefield over his lumber yard, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth near Pierce is about completed and covers more ground than any other building in the city.

Hobby Brothers took out a permit for the erection of a three-story and basement brick block at the corner of Leavenworth street and Park avenue, to cost \$20,000.

July 1, 1900 Odd Fellows stopped over in Omaha after the adjournment of the sovereign grand lodge for the purpose of laying the cornerstone of the new hall of Goodrich lodge, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, at Hamilton and Saunders.

This Day in History. 1745—John Sevier, the famous soldier and pioneer, for whom the National Guard camp at Greenville, S. C., is named, born in Rockingham county, Virginia. Died near Fort Decatur, Alabama, September 24, 1815.

1777—General Howe, crossed the Schuylkill river with the entire British army. 1778—The Bonhomme Richard, in command of Paul Jones, captured the British ship Mifflin in the English Channel, near the coast of France.

1790—General William Trousdale, distinguished Mexican war soldier and governor of Tennessee, born in North Carolina. Died at Nashville, March 27, 1872.

1867—Garibaldi, about to enter the Roman territory with volunteers, was captured by the Italian government and sent to Alessandria.

1870—M. Duruoi conveyed mail bags from Paris to Tours during the siege. 1888—Francis Achilles Bazaine, the marshal of France, who surrendered to the Germans at Metz, in exile in Madrid. Born at Versailles, February 13, 1811.

1892—General John Pope, who commanded the Federals at the battles of Cedar Mountain, Manassas and Chancellorsville, died at Sandusky, O. Born at Louisville, March 12, 1823.

1914—French captured Peronne on German right wing. 1915—Russians reoccupied Lutsk in Volhynia.

The Day We Celebrate. G. L. Emil Klingwell was born September 23, 1883, in Germany, but was brought to this country when 1 year of age and is now head of the Ninth American Life Insurance company.

Abraham Lincoln Reed, president of the United Trust company, was born September 23, 1865, right here in Omaha. He is also president of the Bryan Reed company.

Dr. C. O. Robinson is just 52 today. He graduated in medicine at the University of Pittsburgh and is also a post graduate of the medical school at Chicago.

Howard T. Judson was born in Omaha just 39 years ago and is now superintendent of the Midland Glass & Paper company.

Fay J. Gehling, secretary and manager of the Commonwealth Life company, is just 36 today. Scribner, Neb., is his birthplace.

Edward M. Martin, lawyer, is 48 today. He is vice president and counsel of the Guaranty Fund Life association and president of the Home Casualty & Trust company.

W. D. Robb, recently appointed vice president of the Grand Trunk railway, born at Longouill, Quebec, sixty years ago today.

Walter Lippman, who is serving as special aide to Secretary of War Baker, born in New York City, twenty-eight years ago today.

Emmet O'Neal, former governor of Alabama, born at Florence, Ala., sixty-years ago today.

William B. Rice, prominent labor member of the British Parliament, born fifty-two years ago today.

Thomas Mott Osborne, noted prison reformer and former warden of Sing Sing, born at Auburn, N. Y., fifty-eight years ago today.

Dr. Sidney E. Mezes, president of the College of the City of New York, born at Delmont, Cal., fifty-four years ago today.

Timely Jottings and Reminders. First day of autumn. The St. Louis museum today will open its eleventh annual exhibition of contemporary American paintings.

Between 1,400 and 1,500 students are expected to be in Annapolis today for the beginning of the regular academic term at the United States Naval academy.

The biennial supreme convention of the Order of the Alpha Beta is to be opened today at Syracuse, N. Y., with the erection and dedication of a memorial tablet to mark the spot where mass was celebrated for the first time in what is now the state of New York.

Storyette of the Day. On a road in Belgium a German officer met a boy leading a jackass, and addressed him in heavy, jovial fashion as follows: "That's a fine jackass you have, my son. What do you call it? Albert, I bet?"

"Oh, no, officer," the boy replied, quietly: "I think too highly of my king."

The German scowled and returned: "I hope you don't dare to call it William!"

"Oh, no, officer. I think I highly of my Jackass."—Paris Liberte.

HERE AND THERE. Nansen's North pole ship, Nimrod, is now carrying coal for the allies.

The present British Parliament has lived longer than any of its twenty-nine predecessors since the act of union.

A moderate wind moves at the rate of seven miles an hour, a storm at the rate of thirty miles, and a hurricane at the rate of eighty miles.

A census of the Canal Zone taken by the police and fire division as of June 30, 1917, shows a total civilian population of 23,295, a gain of 495, as compared with a year ago. Of the total population 7,447 are Americans, of whom 3,494 are men, 1,890 women and 2,083 children. Of the population of all other nationalities (15,848), there are 9,310 men, 3,065 women and 3,533 children.

AROUND THE CITIES.

Sioux City reports an exodus of land seekers from that section to the south.

Auto joy riders in Chicago last Sunday rolled up a score of five dead and many serious injuries.

Philadelphians put much faith in official assurances that a fourteen-ounce loaf of wheat bread for 5 cents on the way. H. B. Irwin, local grain controller, says it is a sure thing "before long."

For the first time in forty years last Sunday was a dry day in Peoria, Ill. The immediate cause of the drought was the hilarity of flocks of excursionists who hit the town for a sojourn on the Sabbath.

Consumers in St. Joe are organizing for a fight against food hoarders and avaricious dealers. An attempt to corner potatoes and boost prices to \$4 a bushel lend vim to a projected drive against profiteers.

Hot fires of indignation are cracking around the coal dealers of Salt Lake for failing to come down as Uncle Sam decreed. Idaho buyers join the local crowd in swelling the flames and are wiring hot appeals to Garfield to stop the alleged holdup.

Down in Carey, Kan., P. B. Humphrey, superintendent of schools, turned down an invitation to help entertain departing soldiers with the remark: "We don't want to entertain roughnecks." Mr. Humphrey has made a public apology and will garner fool's luck if he holds his job.

A flicker of doubt as to the purity of the evidence caused Judge Iddings of Sioux City, hearing some bootlegging cases, to call for a sample bottle of the goods. The label said it was beer, but the color and the bubbles on the bottle were conclusive. The judge passed the bottle down from the bench, let the lawyers fondle it and reserved decision. What happened to the contents?

A roundup of prominent retail shoe stores in New York City by World reporters revealed a variation in prices of footwear ranging from \$5 to \$8 and \$10 to \$12, without change in the quality of the goods. Prices are said to advance as the neighborhood eaters to the fashionable. One dealer representing a manufacturer told the quizzers that manufacturing costs advanced \$1.50 a pair, but that jobbers boosted their share from 30 to 50 cents a pair, and that retailers exact a war profit of 50 per cent, while 80 per cent was the peace time limit.

'TAG, YOU'RE IT'

"Der Tag" is here at last, dear Villum! "Der Tag" is here. Und you are it, yah strictly it, Mein Villum, dear. Und nicht, du bist nicht hier a fit. For dat you're moor "der tag" von bit. Nicht! Nicht! You're tagged, You've got der tag, you're tagged. "Der tag" is here, dear Villum!

"Der tag" is here, dear Villum! Your wooden head won't safe you now. (Le Boche* you are, indeed!) Unless you stand on it enow To make your long zone bleed— Und den perhaps, ve let you go— To join Old Nick of Russia! To let you know "der tag" was here, You see der best of brass! —RUTH C. CHAMBERS.

*Woodhead.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

"That fellow seems a profitable customer." "He is," said the druggist. "He comes in every morning for something to give him an appetite, and every evening for something to help him digest his grab."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"That lady judge has decided against us." "That's all right," said the feminine attorney. "I know her. By tomorrow she'll change her mind."—Life.

"The young nurse we just saw at the hospital is very clever. She made a man there cough up a brass tack." "That's nothing. She made one of the young doctors there cough up a diamond ring."—Baltimore American.

"The rule of despots is about over." "What are you talking about? We may put Kings and Kaisers out of business, but wives will remain on the job."—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you think Bacon wrote the Shakespear plays?" "To tell you the truth, I don't much care." "I didn't see the truth. I'm trying to open up some controversy that'll get my mind off the war."—Washington Star.



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