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It is the end of a perfectly strenuous week.

Next order of business - boosting the Liberty Loan.

Germany's boasted efficiency shines anew in the spending talents of its spies and agents.

Peru breaks with Germany. The score now stands 20 to 4 and growing on the right side.

Away with superstition! At any rate, "twenty-three" is no hoodoo number for Ak-Sar-Ben.

Nebraska's bumper crop simplifies the task of sending the second Liberty Loan "over the top."

King Ak-Sar-Ben, by universal verdict, holds the paramount position among all earth's royalty.

If the munny colt yard does not do a rushing business it will not be for lack of free advertising.

Personal injury suits show a distinct upward tendency. War costs fatten the price in all directions.

Remember that one of the worst wastes of all is the loss by preventable fires and that most fires are preventable.

Pernicious activity of auto thieves mapped the only sore spot in the week's festivities. A police office of insurance soothes the hurt of the victims.

"Commission will fix cost price of pork," says a head line. Not the "pork," however, which our senators and congressmen divide up at Washington.

Note that all this Bolo Pasha intrigue dates back to February, 1916, while we were still addressing the kaiser as "our good and trusted friend."

At last accounts British artillery leads all other agencies in getting the enemy out of the trenches. In one way the method conduces to health. It insures more air.

Cheer up! Nebraska democracy is reasonably safe so long as the Howard family consents to manage state affairs. What's the matter with Edgar and Jerry?

So long as Ak-Sar-Ben annually refreshes his spirit at the fountain of youth and beauty, the elders are bound to spruce up and merrily join in the festive whirl.

Herr Bolo Pasha and his slush fund of \$1,700,000 easily negotiated sympathetic society in New York. Paris was not so easy, which accounts for Bolo's involuntary stay at the French capital.

Called as a witness by Senator La Follette, Colonel Bryan gives evidence on the other side. The Wisconsin senator will have to be more careful in quoting people without advance assurance of corroboration.

War fashions on the west front are undergoing radical changes. The Teutonic style of digging in offends the artistic tastes of Britishers and French and both insist on surface scrapping. Resistance to the new style provokes a disagreeable bloup.

Coal shortage scares are working overtime in the east. The fuel administration says there is no shortage. But what does the fuel manager know about it? The relation of a scare to a fat-tened coal treasury is beyond the mental grasp of others than the dealer.

Co-operation in Railroad Service.
A note of satisfaction justified by results runs through the September bulletin of the Railroad War board. It is not in so many words. The record of reforms accomplished in four months of railroad co-operation to win the war speaks for itself. It shows practical results in co-ordinated service exceeding the hopes of managers and distinctly gratifying to the country.

When the war board undertook the task of systematizing traffic on all lines, much confusion prevailed, energies overlapped, and car service became a matter of grab. Unfilled car requisitions amounted to 148,627 cars. Surplus demand could not be met with new rolling stock and locomotives. The problem was to employ available material to the best advantage and reduce the wastage of time in loading and unloading. To this end the co-operation of regulative bodies and shippers was sought and readily secured. Thus in four months the railroads moved without increased facilities the greatest volume of freight traffic in their history and decreased the excess requisitions to 31,591 cars, a gain of 78 per cent in traffic movements. Moreover the war board eliminated waste in passenger train service and effected a saving of 9,200,000 train miles a year without discomforting the public or curtailing essential comforts of travelers.

Economic results deemed impossible a year ago thus became a reality. Unity and co-operation born of the necessities of war achieved what few railroad managers hoped for. Not only is the saving in car idleness enormous, but greater expedition, steady employment and systematic distribution of cars through a central directing agency has obviated confusion and congestion and simplified national service. The board deserves congratulations on its remarkable record.

The Man for the Job.

"When my arm is broken, I want a surgeon who is familiar with anatomy," writes Dr. Lyman Abbott in his "Knoll Papers," "but I want him to set my arm, not to give a lecture on anatomy." Dr. Abbott is discussing modern preachers, but his simile is capable of a wider application. It is not alone in the field of theology the want is felt for those who can do their work and not waste time in merely debating about its abstract principles. What is needed, and always has been, is men who understand their business and have sense enough to go about it. These are the ones who have done the work of the world since the beginning. Most of them move unobtrusively, but exhibit a fortunate faculty for appearing when the need is direst and by their skill and courage set things to running in orderly fashion. Each vocation or calling has its quota of quacks or charlatans, incompetents who furnish the noise. They are the inevitable companions of progress, a byproduct for which no real use yet has been discovered. The man for the job generally finds his right place, and from his quiet devotion to his work good comes to the world.

Hold Supremacy for the Lincoln Highway.

There are signs that the people of the rural districts and interior towns are beginning to realize the value of road improvement as much as, if not more than, people in the larger cities. The Fremont Tribune recently published a letter urging speedy action to get the Lincoln Highway in Nebraska in the best possible condition. "It is of vast interest to the state," we are told, "to have its section of the highway kept up to par, for auto touring is growing at an enormous rate. Not only is a dependable road valuable for this reason, but it contributes even more profitably in the matter of facilitating local travel and the movement of crops to primary markets. The Lincoln Highway is nearly all gravel-surfaced through the state of Iowa, but it breaks off suddenly when it reaches Nebraska; yet in this state it runs parallel for hundreds of miles with the Platte river, the bed of which furnishes the best kind of gravel for surfacing purposes. It may be hoped that the new plan for federal and state-aid roads will soon bring the highway up to a reasonable standard of utility."

This demand is echoed with favorable comment in a Blair paper, which suggests that it applies with equal force to the "Bee Line" cut-off from Missouri Valley to Fremont through Blair. "We can't expect much travel over it," it declares, "if the road is poor, even though there is a big saving of mileage. If the 'Bee Line' were graveled and made into a fine road first more travel would come this way."

Possibilities of the "New Power."

Congress has decided to make inquiry into the possible discovery of a new source of mechanical energy by an Armenian professor, resident of Boston. This is not a time to exhibit profound distrust of any proposal, no matter how chimerical it may seem, and especially of a plan for so widening man's range of action, as would result from having a new supply of power. Investigation, seriously undertaken, will quickly determine if this proposal has any advantage. The Keeley motor fad has served for longer than a generation as an excuse for scoffing at anything startling in the field, but that is not a good reason for turning down any plan without inquiry. We have on the other side the case of Prof. Langley, who was killed by ridicule, but his principle for aerial flight has triumphed, and a little more faith on part of the public would have encouraged him to success. Scientists have long been baffled in their search for cold light, although the lightning bug and the glow worm make it, and have made vain efforts to unlock the secret of atomic energy. This new power may be the true key; if not, the fact is soon demonstrated at comparatively little cost. Possessed of this illimitable energy, man's conquest over nature would be well-nigh complete.

Confederates of Germany.

The New York state senate takes prompt steps to sift public reports involving Daniel F. Cohan, a justice of the state supreme court, in the operations of German agents in the east. Among the papers of Wolfe von Igel, German agent, published by Secretary of State Lansing, was one "very secret" message to Ambassador Bernstorff, which the latter was urged to transmit to Berlin. The message purported to have been prepared by Cohan and related to measures Germany should take in forwarding a revolutionary movement in Ireland in 1916. Judge Cohan denies the authenticity of the message and challenges proof. Should Secretary Lansing honor the request of the state senate for a copy of the "very secret" message and other papers bearing on the judge's case the value of the evidence will be determined.

At present the issue is limited to alleged unneutral activities of a public official. Whether true or not, it is well established that Irish-American extremists, among whom Judge Cohan is prominent, have been closely affiliated with German agents since the beginning of the war. Not because they loved Germany over much; they hated England more. The feeling has grown in intensity since the Easter Monday rebellion in Dublin, though more subdued since Germany forced the United States into war. In some respects the Irish-American radicals outdo German-Americans in their devotion to the German cause. The moving spirit of the misnamed "American Truth Society," Jeremiah O'Leary, in a letter to Herman Ridder, publisher of the New York Staats-Zeitung, berated the latter for taking a "patriotic stand" for the United States.

O'Leary shows more courage and less discretion than the average of his class. He is outspoken in his hatred, defiant even when his organ, "The Bull," was excluded from the mails as a seditious publication. Most of his kind speak in more subdued tones, but no less bitterly of the United States "fighting England's battles."

The center of the implacables lies in New York City, and the state senate would serve patriotic ends by broadening the sweep of the Cohan inquiry.

It is certainly gall for our local hyphenated newspaper to pretend to speak for the Liberty Loan committee in soliciting donations to its own coffers. Anyone who wants to contribute to an advertising fund for the Liberty Loan will do well to send his money to the Liberty Loan committee direct.

Views, Reviews and Interviews

By Victor Rosewater

WATCHING the electrical parade, which struck me as much an artistic feat as the theme and dazzling splendor of the beauty of the noticeable improvement in execution and mechanical effects as contrasted with earlier efforts. Everything worked so smoothly and was so pleasing to the eye that the spectator hardly realized the crudities that have been overcome since these pageants have become annual events. As everyone knows the current for the electrical illumination is drawn down from the street car feed wires and continuous contact is necessary or the lights "go out." It used to be that the lights would slip off the trolley, or the trolley would slip off the wire, or the trolley would trip on a bump, or the trolley would be behind holding a guide rope which he had to manipulate every little while to get the trolley back on the wire. By experiment and adaptation a feed trolley has been devised which seldom breaks the circuit by losing contact and the radiant mass of incandescence moves along almost without a flicker and up to recently, again, a sort of advance publicity man was wont to march in front of each float carrying a hideous banner inscribed with the number and title, which banner turned and twisted around so that folks on the side lines had much trouble in reading it. Now the name and number is placed on the float in a plastic box carried along at the back of each piece and illuminated from inside, making it perfectly legible all the time that it is within range of the eye.

Still another improvement worth noting is the elimination of the calcium torch carriers who hiked along with the bands, presumably to enable the musicians to read their notes, although probably more hindrance than help to them. Instead the musician who has to read notes is now equipped with a dry cell lamp attached to his cap with a reflector that flashes the rays just where he wants them and keeps them there as long as he wants them. The big band coming up the street with these lights scintillating here and there by themselves produce a fine optical spectacle. Better than the average torch light procession.

Out of tradition, or superstition, or inertia, or whatever else you wish to call it, the floats are still drawn along by horses. Suggesting going away with the horses and their horrible canopies and bizarre outriders would surely elicit protest, for the horse riders back to the feudal tournaments and medieval pageantry and is supposed to be an ir-despensable setting for such tableaux. The daylight parade, however, coming up the street with these lights scintillating here and there by themselves produce a fine optical spectacle. Better than the average torch light procession.

An item in a copy of the Theater Magazine that I picked up the other day tells about Maggie Mitchell, famous in her day as one of America's most popular actresses, and coming up in New York still under the name of 85 years of age, with the added information that she had not appeared on the stage of a theater in the last forty years. This surely is incorrect, for I remember seeing Maggie Mitchell play "Fanchon, the Cricket" at the old Academy of Music when I was a boy and again later at the Boyd opera house, the one that stood at Fifteenth and Farnam and it was not forty years ago by any means. In Fanchon, Maggie Mitchell made her appearance on the stage chasing a chicken that had apparently flown in through the window and perched itself on an old fashioned grandfather's clock standing on the other side of the room. My father used to go to see this play every time it was put on and he called attention to the fact that the chicken always landed in the same place. When he was in Washington during the war, and afterwards, too, for that matter, telegraphers had the run of the theaters and he sought relaxation from his duties in the War department by going to the show. He saw Maggie Mitchell in "Fanchon" and then went to the fight of the fowl. So he persisted several nights in succession until he discovered that the bird was attached to a wire and when shot across the stage could not stop at any other spot except the roost specially provided for it on top of the clock.

One field of activity in which the late Judge Manoah B. Reese performed a great labor of love figured only slightly in his obituaries. I refer to what he did as president of the Nebraska Prison association, an organization in which he was deeply interested and to which he devoted a great deal of time and study. The object was to help convicts just out of penitentiary once more on their feet. As a lawyer and as a judge, he saw the barbarism and inhumanity of our treatment of criminals after they had paid the penalty of their misdeeds and he was thoroughly convinced that a friendly hand at the right time would regain many of them to lives of usefulness and law-observance. I was associated with Judge Reese on the board of this association up to the time it became quiescent through merger with another similar society and I think he displayed in connection with this work the most admirable of his many good traits of character.

Quite a few people have insisted within my hearing that they do not believe Lord Kitchener lost his life through the sinking of the ill-fated ship on which he was journeying to Russia and I observed in an issue of the London Times received last week that the same notion is prevalent over there. In England it is said that Lloyd's issue insurance upon any kind of a hazard. According to the London Times a rate of \$5. per cent has now been quoted and a contract has been given for an insurance for £10,000 placed upon a "risk" described as follows: "That Lord Kitchener was alive on August 31, 1917; the odds of proof to be on the assured and to be furnished within three months from peace being signed." That is curious enough to cut out and paste in a scrapbook.

People and Events

Owing to a constitutional aversion to work, one Ray Davidson, 23, of Chicago, was unequal to the task of supporting two wives at the same time, got his wily wires crossed and landed in court. A jury said three years would do him good, whereas the wives wept and no Ray to comfort them.

Despite the noisy jangling of labor and capital at Butte, beneath the surface of things domestic courtesy abides. "Sit up, dear, I want to shoot you," said Mrs. Blake to her hubby, in tender wifely tones. Mr. Blake, with equal courtesy, obeyed orders. That was the greatest mistake of his shortened life. Mrs. Blake, too, made good her word, but was unable to attend the funeral.

Judges have troubles of their own, not of their seeking. Such are perplexities of the job. Federal Judge Carpenter of Chicago is called upon to decide whether the "jazzy syncopation" of the "Livery Stable Blues" spring from the throat of a cornet or a clarinet. An actual demonstration of the canned music in the court room is expected to furnish necessary light. An Italian and a Spaniard, rival claimants of the dizzy air, will conduct the record concert.

Dr. Charles J. Hexamer of Philadelphia, for seventeen years president of the German-American alliance, announces his retirement from that office next month. Ill health is said to be the cause. The doctor has been one of the warmest supporters of the German cause in this country and drew upon himself sharp criticism for upholding all things German and belittling things American. Since the United States was forced into the war Dr. Hexamer abandoned his German activities and stood forth as a loyal citizen.

TODAY

One Year Ago Today in the War.
German submarine U-53 reached Newport, R. I., from Wilhelmshaven. An American merchant ship, the Somme, from Hartford, was destroyed.
The British forces occupied the village of Le Sars.

In Omaha Thirty Years Ago.
President Chauncey M. Depew and Messrs. Corns and Fred Anderson left with W. S. Webb and a number of the directors of the New York Central are scheduled to arrive in Omaha next Monday on their way from Minneapolis to St. Louis.

Jack Frisco, the bicyclist, is back from Plum Creek, where he had two races against horses. In the half a

mile spin, two out of three, Prince won. The five-mile straight away he lost.

Fourth ward democrats, through a committee appointed for that purpose, have purchased a banner costing \$40, to be used for the reception of President Cleveland. The motto on the banner reads: "Fearless in the discharge of his duties."

Mr. and Mrs. Simmons of Kenosha, Wis., are enjoying a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Clarkson.

"Keep it Dark," is a howling success put on at the Boyd. The leading light in this piece is Mr. Bryan, and the next luminary is Miss Lizzie Richmond.

"The All Around the World Circle" held its monthly meeting with a monthly program rendered by an instrumental quartet, two banjos and a guitar played by Messrs. Gellenbeck, Mangold and Edwards.

Mr. Jesse Nason and wife of Mount Carroll, Ill., are visiting their two sons and daughters, Dr. A. W. Nason, W. N. Nason and Mrs. N. S. Miner.

The council has passed an ordinance granting the Omaha & Council Bluffs Bridge company right of way for its approach on this side of the river on Douglas street.

This Day in History.
1774—First provincial congress met at Concord, Mass.

1777—British under Burgoyne made an unsuccessful attack on the Americans under Gates at Bemis Heights, near Saratoga, N. Y.

1780—Continental militia defeated the British in battle at King's Mountain in the Carolina group.

1817—General Bushrod R. Johnson, celebrated Confederate soldier, born in Belmont county, Ohio. Died at Brighton, Ill., Sept. 11, 1880.

1843—Bronson Howard, author of "Shenandoah" and other successful plays, born at Detroit, Mich. Died at Avon-by-the-Sea, N. J., Aug. 4, 1908.

1849—Edgar Allen Poe, the famous poet, died in Baltimore. Born in Boston, Jan. 19, 1809.

1894—Andrew J. Curtin, the civil war governor of Pennsylvania, died at Bellefonte, Pa. Born there, April 22, 1815.

1914—Japanese captured Yap Island in the Caroline group.

1915—Austro-German invasion of Serbia began, crossing being made over the Drina, Save and the Danube.

The Day We Celebrate.
Leon J. Millard, president of the Independent Lumber company of Omaha is 38 today.

King Nicholas, the exiled sovereign of Montenegro, born in the village of Nequitch, Servia, today.

Rear Admiral Francis T. Bowles, U. S. N., retired, now assistant manager of the Emergency Fleet corporation, born in Springfield, Mass., fifty-nine years ago today.

Frederick Hale, United States senator from Maine, born at Detroit, Mich., forty-three years ago today.

AROUND THE CITIES.

Salt Lake City cultivated 2,506 garden plots this year, equal to 764 acres. The value of the product in dollars is not given.

September was a record month for arrests in Salt Lake City. Most of the cases were due to alleged offenses against federal laws, especially draft dodging.

Chicago newspapers continue waging war on cabetars. "Going over the top" with vocal artillery makes little progress. More push is needed to clean out trenches lined with coin.

In New York City during September automobiles scored a death toll of forty-six persons. Throughout the Empire state the auto score of killings totaled 636 persons in eight months past.

The Sioux City Gas and Electric company announces its inability to extend service to wire and piping cannot be had for extension during the present season.

The town of New Ulm, Minn., conspicuous on the Kaiser's map of the United States, continues in the spotlight unwillingly. Ouster proceedings against the officers of the city are under way at the state capital.

Minneapolis feeders boosted the price of milk per glass from 5 to 10 cents. The significant feature of the boost was the unity of action all over town, although the beneficiaries, while winking the other eye, deny concert of action.

Judge Uts of St. Joe complains that the city health fair to hold in all its involuntary boarders and deprives the court of its constitutional privilege of fixing the penalty. As a consequence the judge instructed the grand jury to make diligent inquiry why prisoners get sick before seeing him.

After a protracted squabble over municipal salaries the city dads of St. Joe scrowed on the lid by awarding a five-year contract. Household bills, ranging from 60 cents a month per house the first year, 80 cents the second year, 40 cents the third and fourth years, and free service the fifth year.

GRANDMOTHER'S CRANBERRY PIE.

Minna Irving in Leslie's. I have sampled all manner of dishes. In the Old World as well as the New. From goulash to Indian pudding. From pilchard to plain fried stew. But the jewel of pastry perfection, Enchanting the palate and eye, Supreme in gastronomic glory, Was grandmother's cranberry pie.

How well I remember the kitchen. So sunny and gullible of dust, And the table where grandmother daffily Rolloped out the plain fried stew, And cut in strips which she criss-crossed Lattice-work fashion to lie Over the filling of ruby glory.

Sweet with the sweetness of honey And also delicately tart, One whiff of its warm spicy fragrance Would win any epicure's heart, The sunlit and scented of the autumn, Were prisoned and popped in the oven In grandmother's cranberry pie.

Cranberry jelly's delicious Newly turned out of the mold, Shaped like a pear or a melon, Crystalline, crimson, and cold, Cranberry never could be passed by, But the gem of all cranberry dainties Was grandmother's cranberry pie.

Grandmother never went walking In dresses way up to her knees, Nor fox-trotted, lectured, or flirted, Nor dawdled at afternoon teas, Her Sunday best gown was alpaca In December and in the snow, But nobody ever could beat her At making a cranberry pie.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they, when some sort of paralyzed and lousy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sour, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids, in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure, and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.—Adv.

Green Gables

Dr. BERT F. BALL'S SANATORIUM, Lincoln, Neb. This institution is the only one in the central west with separate buildings situated in their own ample grounds, yet entirely distinct, and rendering it possible to classify cases. The one building being fitted for and devoted to the treatment of non-contagious and non-mental diseases, no others being admitted; the other Rest Cottage being designed for and devoted to the exclusive treatment of select mental cases requiring for a time watchful care and special nursing.

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W. A. FRASER, Sovereign Commander. J. T. YATES, Sovereign Clerk.

THE OMAHA BEE INFORMATION BUREAU Washington, D. C. Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp, for which you will please send me, entirely free, a copy of "Storing Vegetables."