

THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING) - EVENING - SUNDAY

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR

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Shop early every day from now on. Dr. Garfield's dose was bitter, but it did save coal.

Ladies, remember the short-hour shopping days begin today. Do your shopping early.

If the weather man could only be induced to be good for a few days, how happy we might all be!

City hall inmates complain that announcements for the city race are slow in coming. Do not worry, brethren; the lists will be well filled long before the starting flag drops.

Uncle Sam is making a tempting bid for the services of "hello girls" who are linguists. In this case it is not the "voice with the smile," but the tongue that is trained that will win.

State Treasurer Hall issues a timely warning to communities on the topic of going into debt unnecessarily during war times. This will also apply to individuals. Expenditures on public account must be for necessities until the skies clear a little.

John H. Moorhead has knocked quite a chunk out of the Hitchcock-Mullen slate, by announcing his determination to run for United States senator. The former governor evidently thinks himself big enough to decide on his own political prospects.

Warning to big consumers that it will be well for them to pack their own ice is a trifle belated, but may yet be acted on if those most concerned get busy. We do not want to be confronted with an ice famine next summer after what we have endured in the way of a coal shortage this winter.

Nebraska agricultural college students carried off all honors in the stock judging contest at the Denver live stock show. Nothing so remarkable in this, for it is natural for a Nebraskan youth to know a good animal when he sees one, and after his intuitive knowledge has been sharpened by a little technical training, you simply can not beat him.

Shorter Shopping Hours for Omaha. Beginning today, the hours for shopping in Omaha will be shortened by the omission of one hour at each end of the day. Stores will open one hour later and close one hour earlier. The prime purpose of this is to save fuel, an object to which all will readily contribute. It may be considered in another aspect, however. Convention has had much to do with the fixing of business hours, dealers deferring to customers' convenience in the matter, and thus has grown up something amounting to almost compact between buyers and sellers that stores must be open for certain hours. If it were possible to change our habits in a very slight degree, it might be possible to do all the real business within the shorter time now set for expedient purposes, and make the custom permanent. In industries where the eight-hour day has been established the results have been uniformly gratifying. The shorter work day has commanded the attention and received the endorsement of economists, and its advocates have even urged that the eight-hour day be still further reduced, that more leisure time may be enjoyed by the workers. If the rule works well for industry, it might be applied with equal good results to commerce. However, the present is not exactly the moment for the application of sweeping reforms. The shorter business day to be practiced for the time in Omaha is a voluntary act on part of the business men, who solicit the co-operation of their patrons, to the end that fuel may be saved and thus a considerable contribution be made to the general public weal. The experiment will be watched, and who can foresee to what it may lead?

Just 30 Years Ago Today. Notwithstanding the long continued cold spell, farmers report chickens to be wintering well, but quail are rapidly succumbing to the severity of the weather. A number of lady and gentleman applicants for the position of school teachers were examined as to their

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"France is upright; she is alert in every rich heads of black grain, known as gramma grass, while in the flats a coarse green grass called tobosa was the chief forage. As long as the cattle were allowed to roam at will they sought the gramma in the summer while it was growing, and went down to the tobosa flats in the winter when this grass was dry and of little value. The experts immediately fenced off the gramma in the summer, and during the lean months from February until the summer rains began in July, they had the dry but nutritious crop of gramma to fall back upon. This not only greatly reduced the loss of stock from starvation, but it greatly improved the gramma range by giving it time to recuperate.

The water supply was the most serious question. The method of getting water to sink wells from 175 to 500 feet deep and erect windmills over them. This was expensive. In fact, it was the expense of sinking wells more than any other thing which had squeezed out the small ranchers. The experts quickly determined how many wells they could afford to sink and still produce cattle on a paying basis. They then supplemented these wells by building dams across the arroyos so as to catch fresh water. They also built one pipe line eight miles long for some permanent springs in the mountains, carrying water to a part of the range which would otherwise have been useless. In this way they built up a watering system such that the cattle rarely had to travel more than two and one-half miles to get water.

It was found profitable in especially bad years to feed some of the cattle a small amount of cottonseed cake; but this alone did not fill their needs. They must have some form of roughage. Accordingly two silos were built, and some tobosa grass was harvested and stored during the summer. In the grass fed to the cattle, but they refused to eat it. The experiment was then tried of cutting the desert plant variously known as yucca, Spanish bayonet and century plant, which grows abundantly in the southwestern deserts, and is of no forage value on the ground. When this had been softened by being put through an ensilage machine and stored in the silos the cattle ate it eagerly.

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The need for scientific supervision of the arid cattle range is shown by the difficulty of estimating the capacity of the range. On any given range a certain number of acres are necessary, on an average, to support one head of stock one year. The cattleman, going at the matter hit or miss, nearly always overstocks his range in good years and then suffers heavy loss in bad ones. The scientists found that it was necessary to divide the range on this one area into eight different classes, the carrying capacity of each class being determined by observations extending over a number of years. It was found that one head of stock requires from 20 to 100 acres of range for its support in this region.

It is evident that if similar studies were carried out upon all of the arid range lands, and the stocking limited according to capacity, losses would be greatly reduced.

Much has been said about the passing of the open range, with its romantic but unproductive methods. Few realize how complete the change is to be. The cattle ranch of the future will be operated in as careful and scientific a manner as a hothouse.

France Is Not "Bleeding France" Spirit of the People Indomitable and Unconquerable Janet Stewart in Philadelphia North American.

Monsieur Anatole Le Braz finds that in America today there exists a certain misconception of France; monsieur regrets that so often when he picks up an American newspaper or an American magazine he should find in the countless articles devoted to a wholly laudatory appreciation of his country the unfortunate words "bleeding France."

Monsieur insists that that unhappy adjective is a misfit and that every conception it gives of his native land is erroneous and exceptionally misleading.

And monsieur has a peculiar right to speak for France, and a peculiar right to be heard in America.

Anatole Le Braz is today the French representative of the old Celtic literature, whose more than twenty volumes of poetry and prose have only one theme, his own and his Brittany; several of his books have that last distinction of French literature, the crowning of the French academy; he is known throughout the world as one of the great writers of the France of the twentieth century.

But he has another right than that to be heard in America; he was for several years the writer selected by the James H. Hyde foundation to lecture at Harvard; his lecture tours have taken him throughout the country; he was the French representative at the exercises to commemorate the settlement of Louisiana, and he was a member of the French staff at the San Francisco exposition.

He is an officer of the Legion of Honor and he has seen his three sons and his three sons-in-law march in that first army of France which, in August, 1914, went out to meet the foe. One of those sons, the youngest, is dead on the field of honor.

"I cannot tell you," monsieur says, "how repellent is to me that phrase I meet with constantly here - 'bleeding France.' Now, an individual who is bleeding is generally an object of commiseration, an unpleasant object to look upon and one that suggests exhaustion and a certain lowering of vigor. Today France is the exact antithesis of that.

"France is upright; she is alert in every fiber; she is indomitable. Never has she been more vigorous. She is the epitome of valor and the expression of unconquerable will; she is unflinching and she is girl with strength.

"She has lost during these last three years her brightest and her best, but those who are left, you picture them as broken and 'bleeding' you are displaying an unpardonable ignorance of France and the spirit of France today.

"Here is an instance of what I mean. You know the great artist, Lemordant, he was before the war like the god of the seas, a specimen of manhood it was a joy to look upon; well, he was shot blind, absolutely blind; his work, his joy in life taken in one moment away from him.

"After he came out from the hospital I went to see him in his famous studio. I forgot to see that the man was blind, so asked him how he was, so eager, so interested in everything, so indomitable and so convinced that France would conquer, and conquer soon. When I rose to go I said: 'Oh, now you will show me those marvels,' waving my arms toward the walls where gleamed the pictures that have made him famous.

"Not a shadow crossed his face. Gayly he said to me: 'Not I now, someone else will show you. I was miserable at my cruel thoughtlessness, but when I tried to tell him of my grief he smiled and said: 'Oh, it is only that the great artists are closed, there is nothing to grieve about, the beauty remains and forever will remain.'

"I am the father of three soldiers; the youngest of them fell on the battlefield of Lorraine. He had been blinded in one eye and as soon as he got out of the hospital he went back to the front again. One night he crawled out to No Man's Land to bring in the body of his captain, and as he was doing it they shot him. As he was dying and he asked him if he had any message to send, he said: 'Tell only to the boys that I am dying like a Breton.' He was just 18.

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Just to Keep the Record Straight.

The sheep men in the convention at Salt Lake City on Saturday had a great time denouncing the editor of The Bee. If the sheep men will but carefully read the editorial they so fervently jumped on, they will find that it is helpful rather than harmful to their interests. It made no reference to the report of President Hagenbarth to their convention, but did deal with an address he had made earlier in the week before the cattle men, who also met at Salt Lake. President Hagenbarth in the news dispatches was quoted as advocating the removal of meatless day restrictions from beef and mutton, saying the increase in herds was putting too great a burden on the stock growers. It was to this statement The Bee's editorial was addressed. To the credit of the cattlemen, he said, the resolution intended to carry out the advice of President Hagenbarth was allowed to die in the committee to which it was referred. The Bee did not garble nor distort the remarks of the sheepmen's president, and it has nothing to take back or correct, save the reference to the price of wool. The market quotation was given at around 80 cents per pound for January, 1918; this was wrong, for the figures then quoted at Boston, where the price is fixed, were above \$1 per pound, going as high as \$1.80 for the best domestic grades at the time. The Bee has always tried to be helpful to the sheep raisers of the United States, and will continue to do so, but it owes a duty to the public that is above its interest in any industrial or social group of our people, and to this duty it is unequivocally devoted.

Germany's Next Move.

Reports from Brest-Litovsk bring word that the peace conference between the Germans and the bolsheviks has been abandoned, the Germans declining to accede to the demand for withdrawal of troops from occupied Russian territory. This was the first condition set up by the bolsheviks as a condition precedent to peace, and as such it is flatly rejected by the kaiser's representatives. Its effect would be to give back to Russia the Baltic provinces now held by the Germans, who have in turn proposed to occupy them until a plebiscite might be taken among the inhabitants, to determine their future connection. The outcome of such a vote, supervised by the German army of occupation, is easy to foresee, and the Russian extremists will have none of it. The next move in the settlement with Russia is up to Germany.

New Deal on Allied Shipping.

Governments of the United States, Great Britain and France are now co-operating in the control of trans-Atlantic shipping, as well as in the other details of actual war work. This is not to be a pooling arrangement, nor an effort to control or fix freight rates, but will have to do with the dispatch of ships only. Port controllers on either side of the Atlantic will look after the loading and unloading of vessels, and see that they are delayed as little as possible in harbor. Chairman Hurley of the shipping board gives as his opinion the statement that new arrangement will greatly increase the efficiency of the tonnage now available. This is, of course, contingent on the solution of the fuel question, which Dr. Garfield thinks he has achieved. From working shipyards comes the more comforting statement that work has so far progressed on forty-nine cargo vessels, part of the lot commanded by the government in October, that they will be ready for service by March. Eighteen of them will be in service before the end of January. This lot will add 327,000 gross tons to the shipping under government control, and brings the transportation fleet that much nearer the point where it will meet the demands of the situation. "Ships and more ships" still is the cry, and it is finally to be answered by the ships.

The German Newspaper Editor who talks of America's inability to put an army into Europe must have been filling up on statistics of the vintage of 1913. We have secured enough steamers formerly owned by the Germans to transport a considerable force, without regard to other facilities. Something of a shock awaits the awakening of those who put their faith in stories that Uncle Sam has no soldiers abroad.

Those balky British engineers ought to take a look at their brothers from the United States and Canada, who have volunteered by thousands, and are handling trains under fire along the French front. And, for the matter of that, nowhere has the life of the engineer been more strenuous than in America this winter of blizzards and cold waves.

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Beef Making in the Arid Belt

How Science and Money Turned Chance to Certainty By Frederic J. Haskin.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 19.—On a sample bit of desert in southern New Mexico the forest service has demonstrated how the desert can be made, not to bloom, but into beef. It has shown how the arid western ranges upon which we are dependent for meat can be made to produce, under scientific government management, about twice as much as they are now producing.

The experiment of scientific range management on the Jornada range reserve has been going on for several years. It will take many more years to show the full possibilities of scientific knowledge applied to cattle ranching, but what has already been done is of great promise and importance in these days of dwindling meat supply.

The forest service selected for its experiment one of the most unpromising bits of desert in the southwest. The Jornada range reserve is in Dona Ana county, New Mexico, and its name is from the fact that it lies mainly in a great basin which was named by the Mexicans the Valley of the Journey of Death. They gave it this pleasing name after a Mexican general tried to march his troops across it and most of them died of thirst. The average rainfall in this region is but a little more than eight inches a year, and is sometimes little more than three inches. Summer temperatures of 106 are not uncommon. High winds that drink up moisture like thirsty giants blow almost incessantly.

Small stock owners tried to gain a foothold in this region, but one by one they failed and moved out. In years of good rain, their herds would increase a little, but a bad year would wipe out all they had gained. Finally but one man was left, C. T. Turney, who made a success by utilizing all of the range and water for his one herd. This progressive ranchman agreed to place his stock and land at the disposal of the forest service, and to build all the fences and windmills they wanted, provided that he should be reimbursed for these expenditures with free use of government lands for grazing. That was in 1912. Today the number of cattle which the range will carry has been increased about 25 per cent, silos have been built, and the prickly Spanish bayonet, hitherto considered useless, converted into excellent ensilage; the disease of blackleg has been largely eradicated, and the Valley of the Journey of Death is considered one of the best watered cattle ranges in southern New Mexico. James T. Jardine and L. C. Hurtt, the government grazing experts who have charge of the work, say that it has just begun.

The government men found this range dotted with windmills at intervals of 10 or 15 miles. A low arid mountain range containing a few springs occupied one side of it. About the watering places the better forage grasses had been almost exterminated by overgrazing, while everywhere the capacity of the range had been greatly reduced. The watering places were so far apart that weakened cows and calves often fell dead after traveling over the desert to reach them, and then drinking their fill.

Stock raising, as carried on by most of the ranchmen in the southwest is a form of gambling in which the uncertain element is the weather. The task of the experts was to reduce this game, with the odds against the player, to a science.

They immediately saw what the untrained man had overlooked for a hundred years, that there were two radically different kinds of range within the experimental area of 200,000 acres. In the foothills and mountains grew a low grass which in the fall bore

rich heads of black grain, known as gramma grass, while in the flats a coarse green grass called tobosa was the chief forage. As long as the cattle were allowed to roam at will they sought the gramma in the summer while it was growing, and went down to the tobosa flats in the winter when this grass was dry and of little value. The experts immediately fenced off the gramma in the summer, and during the lean months from February until the summer rains began in July, they had the dry but nutritious crop of gramma to fall back upon. This not only greatly reduced the loss of stock from starvation, but it greatly improved the gramma range by giving it time to recuperate.

The water supply was the most serious question. The method of getting water to sink wells from 175 to 500 feet deep and erect windmills over them. This was expensive. In fact, it was the expense of sinking wells more than any other thing which had squeezed out the small ranchers. The experts quickly determined how many wells they could afford to sink and still produce cattle on a paying basis. They then supplemented these wells by building dams across the arroyos so as to catch fresh water. They also built one pipe line eight miles long for some permanent springs in the mountains, carrying water to a part of the range which would otherwise have been useless. In this way they built up a watering system such that the cattle rarely had to travel more than two and one-half miles to get water.

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The Bee's Letter Box

Plan of Poultry Extension. Omaha, Jan. 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: I wish to correct several criticisms which are apt to give an erroneous idea of the aims of the department in the poultry extensions. It is not the wish of the department that people take up the poultry business in the commercial way, but simply to raise enough to supply themselves. It is not the idea of the department to kill off all males, but only the surplus. Those kept for breeding should be isolated as soon as breeding season is over. It has been stated that the men selected by the government are not practical poultry men. This is not true, as every man on the committee has been engaged in the business for a number of years in a practical way. Our work at the Young Men's Christian association deals only with practical subjects. The York Times-News, in an editorial stated that this was a frenzy fury. We wish to contradict this and assure the York Times it would look better for them to get behind the propaganda and push instead of hinder. This might be made to apply to all the knockers. S. E. MUNSON.

Allegory of War Times. Ogallala, Neb., Jan. 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: It is amusing to hear the howl going up, anent the Garfield order to shut down the mills for five days, but I notice that Dr. Garfield stays by his guns, regardless of the senate resolution. There are so many would-be statesmen that the writer is reminded of an incident during the civil war. We were a bunch of raw recruits, sent down to relieve the veterans so they could go with Sherman on his march. At Tullahoma on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railway, a sergeant and five men, myself among them went to the timber with a six-mule team with a negro driver after food for cooking. The sergeant put up a job for the teamster to have a little fun. Just outside of town he stopped the team and said the team would not go without a rider on the near lead mule. The sergeant called for a volunteer to ride the mule. I was the first to volunteer, but I no more than touched his back till he bucked me off in the road. We all got back on the wagon and went off with a yell. There are so many who think they can ride the near leader, they ought to be given a chance. EDWIN M. SEARLE.

Touches the Limit. Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: To take a perspective view of the trend of present events, one is led to wonder whether the world is progressing to enlightenment or retrograding to midnight. Under the surface of things, the evil forces at work which makes that which is good seem insignificant and distant. One of these evil forces is pure, unadulterated ignorance. In spite of our school system, daily papers and all kinds of books, there is light our pathway, ignorance is still king over the human mind.

If those that lead us politically, morally and spiritually are intellectually blind, then the light that is to be many that will fall into the ditch. A reverend of Omaha was quoted as saying that the devil filled a car full of booze in Missouri, but God turned it over in Iowa, and the devil got into the police station in Omaha? He could have done so just as easily. If you can beat that statement for vicious ignorance, superstition and all that falsehood and blasphemy can produce, I would like to see you do it. Then to think that moral came from one who is a moral and spiritual leader.

That statement is just about the limit. With millions starving in Europe and Asia, cruelty and debauchery running riot over most of the civilized world, a reverend tells us that God considers all that none of his affair but has his attention called to a car of booze through Iowa and immediately turns it over, permitting all the men to escape, but wrecks his vengeance on the least guilty of the occupants and that party a woman. Can you beat it? SHELBY STRONG.

Cost of Electricity. Omaha, Jan. 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: A letter by Mr. A. C. Arend in The Bee is somewhat startling in view of the fact that the Electroline company makes the statement that electricity may be bought from any large electrical company for 1 cent per kilowatt hour. Mr. Arend asks questions other "statements" in the paper, but does not designate what the misleading statements are. In view of the fact that he does not designate the other misleading statements we will attempt to answer the matter as to the cost of electricity.

This engineer went to a local company, the makers of electricity to get the cost, in the event we were to establish a plant in Omaha. The agent of the company slipped a card from his desk and made a price of three-fourths of cent to manufacturers, per kilowatt hour, if the manufacturer should use 15,000 kilowatt hours per year. To this price was added an overhead cost which would make the total cost of current to manufacturers a little less than 1 cent per kilowatt hour.

When the statement as to the cost of current was made in the ad, we made the statement not on a power-plant, but on the statement of a powerful and well equipped electrical company. And the fact is that any state-

ment in the ad may be carefully investigated and found to be true. Mr. Arend should inform himself. There are a lot of things in Omaha of momentous importance that he has never heard about. For instance, if Mr. Arend will take the time he will find that the engineer built a steam engine and a steam boiler here in Omaha in 1911 and 1912, and obtained patents on both machines. And that on August 26, 1914, this engineer made application for letters patent on the process commonly known as the Rittman process, which is of record in the United States patent office.

We did not press the application for the simple reason that we found the process to be impractical. Rittman obtained no patents. An opinion was rendered on my application by an able patent attorney early in 1916, and he said that letters patent should have been granted on my application. WALTER JOHNSON.

Power Boats in the Missouri. Omaha, Jan. 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: Now that the fuel shortage is stirring the entire country, I am going to renew suggestion I made some years ago with reference to the establishment of power boats at our very doors.

There is an enormous power going to waste every day in the Missouri at the very doors of Omaha. My suggestion was that boats with water wheels could be constructed for the purpose of generating current. My idea is that two large hulls could be constructed, so formed side by side as to be shifted about where found necessary in the current.

I believe this idea is practicable, and it would be a great addition to the achievements of Omaha. It would not cost a very great deal to construct such a boat, and try out the experiment. If it were found that one boat could generate enough current to justify the cost of its maintenance, it would be a very simple matter to add more boats as it was found necessary. If one boat paid for itself, more would naturally follow.

I would rejoice to see some of our men of means risk this much investment, not only for the good of Omaha, but for a demonstration of the practicability of it for every city in the land located on a swiftly flowing stream. L. J. QUINBY.

MIRTHFUL REMARKS. "Have a good time while you were away?" "Yes, and I met a college boy who can hold 500 pounds with one hand." "Well, me, eh, eh. You only weigh 125." - Louisville Courier Journal.

Mr. Bacon—How do you like that hash deer? Mr. Bacon—It seems to need some thing. Mr. Bacon—Well, I can't think what it is. I put everything in it, I could lay my hands on.—Yonkers Statesman.