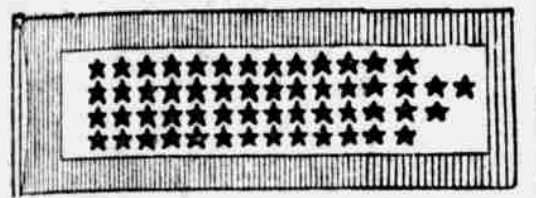


THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR
T. E. BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR

MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
Daily 67,135—Sunday 59,036
Average circulation for the month, subscribed and sworn to by Dwight Williams, Circulation Manager.



Ak-Sar-Ben is almost at our doors. Get ready.

If some of that rain could be transferred from Lorraine to Nebraska the benefit would be great.

When you sneeze, do so quietly and unobtrusively, and thereby help in heading off the epidemic.

Astronomical autumn begins today, but this season nature did not wait for the procession of the stars.

Tip to the worried: Omaha's city parks never looked more beautiful than they do these early autumn days.

Democrats in congress quite indignantly rejected a tax on cotton. That staple grows "down in Dixie," you know.

Clemenceau still is the "tiger," but Foch is giving the Hun a fairly good imitation of the jungle monarch's relentlessness.

An embargo on lumber shipments is announced at St. Louis. Local dealers noted something of the kind two years ago.

Germany cannot be so badly off for print paper, if the waste of it in dropping leaflets in American trenches is any indication.

No politics in the railway service under this democratic administration, but the customary shake-down of postmasters is in progress.

"A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse," but Coin Collector Jamieson believes in making it plain enough for anybody to understand.

A short, sharp drive is planned for the Liberty loan here—something like Pershing's move at St. Mihiel, and it ought to be as effective.

The argument over the corn-husking championship will probably be missed this fall, for most of the huskies are toting muskets just now.

Two hundred eighty thousand head of live stock sold in Omaha for the first five days of the week is a pretty good sign that starvation is a long way off yet in this country.

"Mr. Postmaster, take him out on the sidewalk before you nail him for the shake-down. This will help you evade the letter of the law."—Treasurer Jamieson to the Nebraska federal brigade.

Another American hospital has paid the penalty for putting out the Red Cross as a sign of its nature. The Hun aviators dearly love to see that emblem. It means helpless victims, their favorite prey.

"Belgian babies" now request a moment of your time and a little of your money. These tots ought to be considered our special care and get a response that will add further blessings to America's name.

Missouri Valley doctors have classified the brand of insanity that affects the kaiser. They will have some trouble in getting the world to join them, a popular verdict of general cussedness having long ago been returned in his case.

That exposure of near-German money poured into a Washington newspaper to help the kaiser's propaganda in America must touch the tender sympathies of certain other hyper-ated pro-German newspapers still under cover.

Mr. Hoover has asked that the tax on mixed flour be adjusted so that millers can grind "Liberty" flour and sell it at reasonable prices. When he gets this done he may proceed to have the oleomargarine tax similarly treated, and folks can then get a healthy substitute for butter, which is rapidly getting beyond the reach of the ordinary consumer. War is showing us several mistakes made during peace times.

Telephone Girls in France

Our American forces have already built across France a greater and more efficient system of telephone and telegraph service than exists either in Italy or Spain. The French service before the war was inadequate. How, then, could we hope to use it? So we have our own wires and string, not on their poles, but on poles of our own, officers of our own, with switchboards of our own and—greatest joy of all—operated by hello girls of our own! We have put up along our lines of communication in that fan-shaped territory of ours in France 75,000 miles of wire—enough to circle the earth three times!

At the beginning the drawled "Are you there?" of the English operators, or the even more leisurely "Que voulez-vous?" of the French operators, or their broken English, "What set you weesh?" and the terrible long waits, nearly drove our men frantic. Then, one day, not very long ago, a very busy brigadier general took up the line with a groan at the difficulties and delays he expected before getting into touch with his party. From the receiver in clear, bright tones, yet in the voice with a smile, came the query: "Number, please?" The general was so delighted that he shouted "Thank God!" Even the telephone girl laughed at this. They speak French as well as English for the most part, and they have speeded up the telephone communication, according to the solemn statement made to me by a certain major, "fully 50 per cent."—Robert M. McBride in Leslie's.

DEMOCRATIC POLITICS ALL THE TIME.

The Pharaical camouflage with which the democrats have been seeking to hide their partisan activities, culminating in Tumulty's tumultuous tirade on Chairman Hays for calling upon republicans to be alert, is ruthlessly ruptured by the disclosure of the democratic national committee's shake-down of postmasters for campaign contributions now in progress.

While calling upon republicans to adjourn politics, the democrats are busy, as the tall-tale Jamieson letter proves, pulling the strings on the patronage brigade for money to be used to entrench the democrats in power still further. The subtle insinuation, in the postscript reminder warns against violating the law which prohibits under drastic penalties one federal officer or employe soliciting political contributions from another, as also the solicitation as such contributions in any place occupied as federal quarters. In other words, the admonition is, "Dig up yourself, Mr. Postmaster, or get the money from your friends, but do it smoothly, for if you trip yourself we, the democratic national committee slush fund raisers, will disclaim responsibility and denounce your awkwardness."

Oh, yes, politics has been officially declared adjourned for the paramount prosecution of the war, but not democratic politics. At this game the democratic spoils-mongers and office-brokers are playing all the time faster and more unscrupulously than ever.

Doctor's Part in War Times.

Organization of the Volunteer Service Medical corps serves, if anything, to emphasize the work the medical men are doing. "War threw a tremendous burden on the healers, and they arose to meet the requirements nobly. Since 1914 skilled surgeons, experienced physicians and patient and enthusiastic nurses have wrought miracles among the battle-stricken. Annals of the profession will be wonderfully enriched when these men get time to set down their experiences for the guidance of others. Present efforts at organization do not mean that the doctors have not volunteered. Since the first day of the war Americans have eagerly sought for service, not because of its attractions, but because of the need of their skill. In offering themselves for this humane work they have accepted the murderous condition on which the Hun permits them to practice on the field and in the hospitals. Only the Germans have refused to respect the Red Cross. To them the sign of mercy is an invitation to attack. Surgeons are especially singled out for slaughter whenever possible, and nurses come next. And these men and women accept their assignments, going out as noncombatants, unarmed and unprotected, realizing that they are preferred above all other targets by the devilish foe. Their reward is the knowledge that they have helped the suffering. Heroic devotion to duty can reach no greater height.

Persistent Profitless Propaganda.

German airmen, flying over American trenches to scatter copies of the Austrian peace proposal, are wasting their time, but are also demonstrating the rigidity of the German mind. Once an idea gets fixed in the Teutonic skull, nothing can dislodge it. The whole war has been mapped and carried out along this line. Having determined what course of action would most affect them, the kaiser's agents proceeded on the theory that other people would react to the same influence. Thus the propagandists operated in America, seeking in many subtle ways to turn public sentiment, or at least some sympathy to their cause. Our national attitude of fairness was mistaken for one of complacency, hence the surprise at Berlin when American indignation blazed out into war spirit. The German is not ready to admit that he misunderstood us then, but continues his childlike course, taking no note of the fact that our people fully understand the issues involved in the war, that we went into it with our eyes open to all it means and with a determination to see it through. To think that Pershing's crusaders can be turned aside by crafty lying is absurd, but nothing is too fantastic for the plotters who rely on terror and deception to support their falling cause.

Guard Against "Spanish Flu."

Another terror, more annoying than serious, has been added to war by the spread of so-called "Spanish influenza." This exasperating disease is recognized by medical men as an aggravated form of grip, so common during early winter months. That it is quite unpleasant, and in neglected cases likely to become dangerous, is admitted. Prevention here as elsewhere has a decided advantage over cure, and the better way to combat the infection is to avoid it as far as possible. Observation of ordinary rules of health will be of utmost service. Dress carefully to prevent exposure, keep the home and the office alike well ventilated, sleep with at least one bedroom window open, eat sparingly of wholesome food, and do not neglect a "cold," should one be contracted. This will at least diminish the likelihood of being attacked by the influenza, but if you do fall a victim, take the advice and the medicine your doctor gives and you will recover in good season.

The Nebraska State Railway Commission

threatens to dispute authority of the postmaster general, as head of the telephone service taken over by the federal government, to impose an installation charge upon telephone users. As before remarked, the sight of the railroads, telegraphs, telephones and express companies being operated by the government is sending a cold chill through the state commission that see their comfortable jobs in danger of thus slipping away from them. Who wouldn't put up a fight for his meal ticket, anyway?

If we have any choice in the matter, Omaha should prefer to keep the military balloon school at Fort Omaha rather than at Fort Crook to insure its accessibility to strangers and home folks. As a permanent institution, a balloon school here will be a great attraction to visitors, and the closer at hand the better.

"Pitiless publicity" is being worked with good effect on the deal by which Russia was ruined, but some of America's hopeless mental perverts are unconvinced as to the crookedness of Lenin and Trotsky. They ought to go to Russia.

Concentration and Victory

New York Financial World.

The rapid march of events in the world war and the increasing problems that are confronting the allies to meet every situation as it arises, point to still further concentration of energies and resources, especially those in America. The world that includes the allies is unquestionably leaning on us more and more to provide the means and the men to deliver the final blow in the great world war that will bring victory. All our people do not know the significance or gravity of this and what must be done to make the blow tell in victory, but the lesson must be learned if we are to win. Recent events have given a renewed emphasis to the situation and are calculated to awaken us all to the new demands. The signs are all about us now that the industrial army is gathering the resources of the nation and conserving its energies for transmission to the other side. There is a strange affinity between the battle front and the action of Henry Ford, the former pacifist, in shutting down absolutely on the production of Ford cars and devoting all Ford energies to the production of engines of war; the move by the Federal Reserve bank of New York and the money committee to limit stock speculation is nothing more than a signal to the Stock Exchange to substitute battle flags for eight and quarters; the capital issues committee at Washington, in giving an order for the suspension of all new public utility and industrial financing until after the fourth Liberty loan, is merely transmitting a message to Pershing and the army that the nation's bankers understand their enlarged responsibilities; the decision to comb out of the 13,000,000 registrants all those whose industrial energy or ability to serve exceeds the value of their fighting value, is but the trained specialist's way of concentrating in another direction the brain and brawn and stamina that are required to stand back of the army and the navy and feed, energize and stimulate them to win the final victory.

The nation is about to pour into the national treasury the greatest amount of money ever called for in the world's history, for there never has been a single war in any nation as large as \$6,000,000,000. The total is to be pledged in the brief period of three weeks—another sign of the faster pace the world war is making. And there is no question about it, no doubters or scoffers. It means saving, but not sacrifice; it means care and thoughtfulness in husbanding personal and family resources, but not discomfort, but it is all for the common cause, and the tools we at home are providing the means for winning the war, and they will flow away from the old activities, which must remain dormant while we concentrate on the infinitely more important and larger task.

The poet says "the warrior sniffs the battle from afar," and we, too, who are left at home may feel in some small degree the enthusiasm and dash of the soldiers across the sea as they take up the tools we at home are providing them for the winning of the contest. We are a part of the battle; the nation is energized and being made more fit for the job and may yet be called upon to dislocate and disjoin temporarily that element of our national industrial life which can be surrendered for the good of the common cause, but if we have the warrior's true concept of our duty we will think of none of the temporary hardships or inconveniences, but look only to the winning of the final heights occupied by the foe.

Flora of Battlefields

Many witnesses of the havoc wrought by war, through books and letters they have written, have mentioned how nature is doing its best to soften the desolation resulting from shell and shrapnel, flinging a mantle of grass and flowers over the battlefields. Mrs. Duryea, president of the Duryea war relief, says attention is often called to the unusual size of the poppies here and there, and that the observer is assured that beneath always lies a soldier of France, whose life-blood has arisen from death in beauty and vigor through nature's eternal resurrection. Up through the sod comes the heart's blood spilled for France.

Omar Khayyam expressed much the same thought in the Rubaiyat some eight centuries ago:

"I sometimes think that never blows so red The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled. That every hyacinth the Garden wears Dropped in her lap from some once lovely Head."

A similar sentiment is voiced in Lieutenant McCrea's charming lyric, "In Flanders' Fields," one of the most touchingly patriotic poems evoked by the war, beginning:

"In Flanders' fields the poppies blow Between the crosses, row on row That mark our place;—the poppies too, and ending with the injunction: "Take up our quarrel with the foe! To you, from falling hands, we throw The torch. Be yours to lift it high! If ye break faith with us who die We shall not sleep though poppies blow In Flanders' fields."

The legend of the soldier's blood reincarnated in flaming poppy petals is substantiated in the popular mind by the fact that after the battle of Landen, in the Netherlands, in 1693, millions of scarlet poppies sprang up on the field. The same thing is said to have occurred after Waterloo. Their presence can be accounted for in the same way that we explain the annual whitening of Georgia's fields, not by its cotton crop, but by the profusion of northern daisies that are a memory of Sherman's war-worn soldiers who camped there during the civil war. The seed came in forage shipped to the army, just as certain of our common and pestiferous weeds are souvenirs of foreign importations. The poppy is indigenous to Europe; growing freely among the crops, as it does, it naturally reproduces itself in profusion when undisturbed.

What weed seeds will be our dower to Europe as reminders of the war is yet to be disclosed. But some there will be. Artistic Baggage Smashing Must the allies, smashing the German lines, smash the baggage of glittering German officers, too? If so, a special corps of semi-civilian baggage smashers must go with every advancing column of British, French and Americans. Discourtesy to these surrendering officers is, of course, out of the question. That story told in a special dispatch is a delight to any fellow who drinks in the comedy of life: "Major Count von Schenensing was found sitting in his headquarters, which the enemy believed was bomb-proof and shell-proof. His dress was immaculate, his gorgeous uniform was new and his boots were polished. His entire staff stood around him, and at a distance were five orderlies, all his own. Without the least show of resistance he and his entire staff surrendered to the French soldiers. Their baggage was packed and was ready for transportation to our lines." It can't be possible that the polite poiuis tell the major, or even his orderlies, smash that baggage, though the story goes no further. We must assume that the Frenchmen deftly loaded the trunks and boxes into a moving van. If an upholstered carriage wasn't offered to the count he understands the war difficulties that surround problems of etiquette on the front. "Smash your baggage, sir!" may soon be a synonym for "Please surrender." That will be a novelty in campaigning, but no more out of the common run of things than the psychology of the German martinet, who is without precedent or parallel in the military history of the world.—Brooklyn Eagle

TODAY

One Year Ago Today in the War. General Alexieff resigned as chief of staff in Russia. United States soldiers were reported just back of British firing line. German and Austrian replies to Pope's peace notes were published.

In Omaha 30 Years Ago. Pat O'Hearn has been appointed assistant night yardmaster of the Union Pacific.



Work was begun on the new Bee building. The Omaha ball club went to Kansas City to play a game. Over 600 tickets have been sold for the switchmen's excursion and picnic to Fremont.

The First Congregational church society will dedicate their new church building next Sunday morning.

Work was begun on the new Bee building.

The Day We Celebrate. Frank Parker, recently promoted to be a brigadier-general of the United States army, born in South Carolina, 46 years ago.

H. G. Wells, one of the most popular of present-day English novelists, born in Kent, 52 years ago.

Lymon P. Powell, president of Hobart College, born at Farmington, Del., 52 years ago.

Clark Howell, Atlanta newspaper editor and democratic leader, born in Barnwell county, S. C., 55 years ago.

Charles Hawtreay, well known as an actor in both England and America, born at Eton, 60 years ago.

This Day in History. 1558—Charles V., the emperor who resigned earthly power to spend his last days in a monastery, died in Spain. Born in Ghent in 1500.

1779—English fort at Baton Rouge was captured by Galvez.

1870—Prince Frederick Charles became sole commander of the German armies besieging Metz.

1879—Bismarck made a defensive alliance with Austria against Russia.

1914—French force seized Coco Beach in the Kamerun.

1915—Petrograd reported success of the Russian retreat from Vilna.

1916—Italians continued a vigorous offensive against the Austrians northeast of Trent.

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The Bee's Letter Box

On Behalf of Norris. Fremont, Neb., Sept. 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: If there ever was a time when unity and good feeling among Americans should be supreme it is now while a baptism of blood is taking its toll from humanity. It is in this spirit that I wish to reply to Frank M. Currie's letter in The Bee. It is true Mr. Norris voted against war at a time when I think it is generally agreed that the American citizens were unanimously opposed to it. The opposition to it was not a lack of patriotism, but a feeling and a hope that some way might be found to avoid slaughtering our worthy citizenship. Born in mind, too, Mr. Currie, that Mr. Wilson at that time had just been re-elected under the slogan that "He kept us out of war."

War is a terrible thing and I cannot see that it is right to condemn a senator for opposing it unless you can prove that his motives in so doing were impure. I do not think this was ever proven on Mr. Norris. When the majority was against Mr. Norris he voted in favor of giving the president an army of 5,000,000 men. Then Mr. Norris voted against issuing bonds to carry on the war because he wished the money to carry on the war to be raised by taxing the bloated wealth of the country. Mr. Norris was most heartily in favor of raising the money, but there was a difference of opinion as to the best method of doing it. Bear in mind that today the toll that the ammunition plants are making out of the war is enormous, as well as the toll that the "profiteers" dealing in most every commodity, are making. Is it right that this profiteering should go on? President Wilson says not. Mr. Norris wanted these profiteers to pay for the war, and as Mr. Wilson now wants the profiteering stopped, the two are of about the same opinion on the matter, but there is a difference of opinion as to the best method only.

Although you say you believe in republican principles, Mr. Currie, you aid Mr. Morehead's election without making any attempt to show that he is better fitted for the position than Mr. Norris. I fail utterly to see that Mr. Norris has any record to repudiate. I am not a hide-

bound politician, and I believe a majority of the voters in this day place the man in front of the politics, and let us have the facts that we may cast an intelligent vote; and whatever we do, Mr. Currie and fellow citizens, let us stand back of whoever gets elected senator with all our might, whether it be Morehead or Norris. CLARENCE RECKMEYER

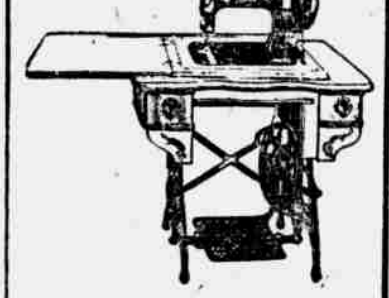


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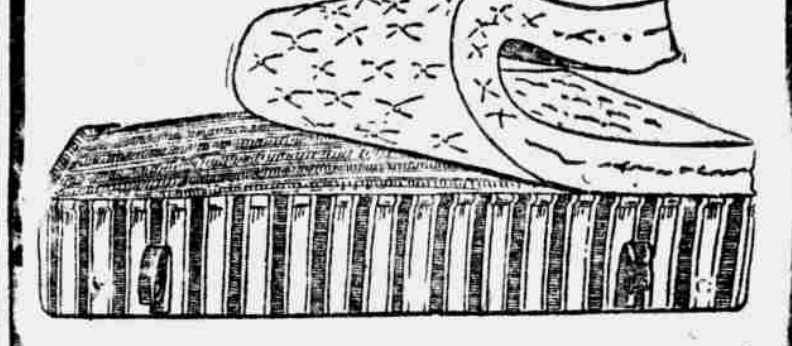
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