

THE OMAHA BEE

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Who was it said, "Politics is adjourned?"

Watch your step! Also watch your watch!

If our Omaha firemen stop at note-writing, the difficulty may adjust itself.

Incidentally, the lifting of the "flu" ban can't come any too soon now for the survivors.

That extra hour might have made us a great deal more trouble if the old town were not dry.

If dust had anything to do with the epidemic the rain ought to have some effect on the flu.

"T. R." is 60 today, and just as full of pep, and much sounder in judgment, as when he was 40.

Those new 16-inch naval guns are getting a very practical tryout, and seem to be delivering the goods.

Mr. Wilson admits that the republican party is the pro-war party, which is more than can be said of the democrats.

In Germany, then, the test of patriotism must be voting for the kaiser's militaristic party candidates without quibble or question.

Claude Kitchin, chairman of the house committee on ways and means, voted against the war; does the "acid test" apply to him, too?

Chairman Sprague of the democratic state committee might also profit by Church Howe's story about the foolishness of writing letters.

The dried-up wheat and corn regions of the Missouri valley have at last got a thorough soaking, and winter can come at any time now.

Some discussion is being had as to where to send the kaiser after the war. What is the matter with the place Major Whittlesey mentioned?

Time to drive the court house gymnasium gang out of control of the county board, just as the gang was put out of business at the city hall last spring.

If Colonel House is to be "eyes and ears" for the president in France, what service will the regularly accredited representatives of the government perform? Or are they now discredited?

"Politics" is adjourned to the point that the democrats fear to take up the new revenue law for passage until after election. This may help the party, so what difference does it make if it does hamper business?

Everyone except those blinded by dense democratic partisanship concede that McKelvie possesses both the requisite qualifications and the attractive personality to make a governor Nebraska will be proud of. Nuf sed!

Calling Edgar Howard and W. J. Taylor names is not going to drive back into the democratic ranks voters who have revolted at the raw work of the Hitchcock-Mullen-Gooch machine. This looks like a real uprising.

Prince "Arthur" says he is supporting men "Wilson wants elected to office in this state." Really? Does Wilson want us to elect the democratic nominee for state senator who was "jugged" a week ago for being drunk and forfeited the cash bond he left with the jailer?

It was Champ Clark, speaker of the house of representatives, who "supported the president" by declaring from the floor of the house that there "is precious little difference between a conscript and a convict." But Speaker Clark has not been rebuked from the White House.

A Changeless Verdict

The consensus of mayors of English cities as to the proper attitude of the allies toward the German runs in grooves parallel with those of American newspaper editorial utterance on the same subject.

These mayors insist there must be no compromise, no bargaining with Germany; that there must be punishment of those who brought the war upon the world, reparation for the damage done, adequate guarantees for the future. One mayor says "the allies will be just, but they dare not be generous." By that he means the Germans should not escape the retribution that is due them as a disciplinary penalty and as a deterrent against a repetition of their wrong.

When so many thinking men so widely separated have definite concurrent ideas as to what is required to serve the ends of justice and world safety, it may be set down as demonstrated that Germany is not entitled to any standing in court save that of prisoner at the bar, found guilty and waiting to be sentenced.

The sooner the German government, whatever it be, recognizes this fact and acts upon it, the better it will be for the Germany of today and the Germany of tomorrow. All twaddle from the vanquished about character certificates, neutral investigations, better understandings and the like is, or should be, vain. From the verdict of guilty against Germany there is no appeal. Its status as a world criminal is irrevocably fixed. Say we with Omar:

"The moving finger writes; and having writ, Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit Shall lure it back to cancel half a line, Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."—Minneapolis Tribune.

PROGRESS OF A GREAT BATTLE.

For 100 days, or since July 18, the greatest battle of all time, in which the strength of the most powerful nations of the earth is enlisted, has been in progress. Victory has steadily been on the side of the Allies, who have pushed forward their lines each day of the conflict, gradually liberating territory occupied for years by the invader and restoring to the people of France and Belgium the land, if not their homes. This fight still is going on, although the Germans are making a more stubborn and better organized resistance right now than they have at any time. The chief effort of the German high command in the west has been to get out of the region no longer tenable with as little loss as possible. This has necessitated resistance to a certain degree, but not of the quality now being exerted.

Stubborn combat against the Americans in the Meuse region indicates to a certainty the fact that the Germans expect to swing their line with that sector as its center. Swinging back from the west, the Hun may endeavor to hold a position stretching north and south across Belgium, although the critics on our side are of the opinion that the enemy may be driven all the way to Germany before he can definitely halt his retreat.

Regardless of these elements of speculation, the outstanding features are that all along the line the invader is being forced back, and that day after day the Americans are taking bites out of the pivotal positions which weaken the hold of the Germans on Alsace and Lorraine, and make precarious any plan they may have for future resistance to the invasion of the empire.

Coupled with this is the renewed activity of the Italians against Austria and the persistence of the Allied forces in Roumania and Serbia, all of which insure that the Teutonic allies will go into winter quarters, if at all, with beaten and disorganized armies, and with no assurance of being granted grace to reform their forces. Foch's strategy is elemental, but it is winning the war.

Back on Schedule Time.

Good morning—no matter what time you got up this morning, it was an hour early, simply because the clock had been turned back to where it ought to be. All this fuss and flurry over daylight saving has come to very little of practical result. It is barely possible that some fuel was saved, but not much, for the use of artificial light is at a minimum during the summer time. Quite a little inconvenience was occasioned to people who found their habits of sleep disturbed by the schedule, and some of these grumbled.

Congress did a very wise thing when it refused to extend the schedule through the winter months. Whether the law will be repealed or will be continued for the duration of the war is yet to be decided. For the next few months we will be on the schedule that comes nearest to that of actual time by the sun. The standard time is fixed on certain meridians, with that of Washington for a basis, changing one hour with each 15 degrees of longitude, and thus leaves no point more than approximately half an hour ahead or behind the standard on sun time.

Railroads gave and are giving great study to the application of standard time to their train schedules, so as to make the change of one hour ahead or back with the least inconvenience to the public and with no interference to the operation of the trains. This is not easily settled, and its solution was not forwarded any by the daylight saving plan. Other reasons for sticking to the old schedule might be cited, but now that we are back on time again, let us be thankful that the flu is passing as winter comes on and find something else to worry over.

German Talk and Action.

Americans have been greatly regaled of late by quotations from bold speeches uttered in the Reichstag, tending to support the opinion that the kaiser is suddenly become most unpopular. This talk, however, is belied by action reported from that body. Prince Max, imperial chancellor and mouthpiece of the kaiser, was upheld on a vote of confidence by almost 4 to 1 in the Reichstag, the count standing 193 to 52 in favor of the chancellor, which is quite as strong a majority as could have been obtained in peacetime for the government. In this we see nothing to show that the German people are preparing to abandon what they have been pleased to call their "2,000-year-old culture." Government from the top, government of men and not of laws, is ingrained in them, and while a scattered few have protested against this from time to time, the mass of the German people have comfortably accepted the situation and for many generations have abided by its results. Habits of centuries are not to be thrown off in a moment. Radicals may clamor for the abdication of the kaiser, but the "kultured" populace of Germany accepts him for all he claims to be. German talk and German action do not square.

What This Rain Means.

Nebraskans are accustomed to hearing of "million-dollar rains," but seldom take the expression literally. The fact is that the late rain is worth in actual money many times a million dollars to the state. One hot Sunday in June reduced the small grain, fruit and vegetable crops of Nebraska to an extent hard to estimate, but certainly not less than \$20,000,000, while a similarly hot Sunday a few weeks later did damage to corn to an even greater extent. For the last three years the weather bureau at Omaha reports a shortage in rainfall of more than thirty inches, equivalent to the total rainfall for a year. This means that the subsoil was thoroughly dried out, while the surface a short time ago was like the floor of a brickyard. Without rain fall planting was hopeless. Some seeding was done in hope of rain, and a little came; then more seed went into the ground, and another generous rain fell, and now, with the normal acreage sown to fall wheat, comes a genuine root-soaker, which insures a crop next season. Therefore, at the usual rate of calculation, the rain of Friday and Saturday is worth just about \$100,000,000 to Nebraska.

Bridgeport munition makers have received a sharp admonition from the ordnance department, reminding them that the war is not over and that cartridges and the like still are needed. It will be well for every American citizen to give heed to this notice. More speed ahead is needed in all lines if we are going to win this war.

TODAY

One Year Ago Today in the War.

Austro-Germans continued vigorous offensive along Isaszoo from French troops under General Petain continued successful drive in Flanders.

Second United States Liberty loan closed with oversubscription of nearly \$2,000,000,000.

In Omaha 30 Years Ago Today.

Mrs. Colpetzer gave a reception in honor of the Misses Wadleigh, of Clinton, Ia.

The young ladies of Brownell Hall gave one of their pleasant parties in the commodious parlors of



that institution. A large number of society men of the city were favored with invitations.

A most enjoyable party was given in honor of Miss Mattie O'Brien's nineteenth birthday. The event occurred at the residence of Mrs. P. F. Murphy, 263 Dodge street.

Archie C. Powell has returned from New York, where he has been attending the convention of the St. Andrews Brotherhood of which he is the vice-president.

A pleasant reception was tendered Bishop Newman by the members of the Trinity M. E. church in the hospitable home of Mr. M. Hamlin, Nineteenth and Spencer.

The Day We Celebrate.

John L. Kennedy, attorney-at-law, and former congressman, born 1854.

U. Van Rensselaer, superintendent of Union Pacific district of the Pacific Fruit Express company, born 1856.

Theodore Roosevelt, 26th president of the United States, born in New York, 60 years ago.

Hon. Walter Scott, former premier of Saskatchewan, born in County Middlesex, Ont., 51 years ago.

Giovanni Giotli, several times premier of Italy, born in Piedmont, 76 years ago.

Prof. Edwin F. Gay of Harvard, member of the United States War Industries board, born in Detroit, 51 years ago.

Prof. Roscoe Pound, dean of the Harvard law school, born at Lincoln, Neb., 48 years ago.

This Day in History.

1775—The British under Lord Dunmore cannonaded Hampton, Va.

1807—Treaty of Fontainebleau, between Bonaparte and Spain, for the conquest of Portugal.

1870—Metz and the French army of 175,000 men surrendered to the Germans, after a siege of 70 days.

1887—Cornerstone laid for the monument to Gen. Robert E. Lee at Richmond, Va.

1891—Ten thousand lives lost in an earthquake on Nippon Island, Japan.

1914—General Beyer's rebel forces put to rout by forces of the Union of South Africa.

1915—Austro-German and Bulgarian armies effected junction in bend of the Danube.

1915—Roumanian army driven toward Bucharest by Von Falkenhayn.

Timely Jottings and Reminders.

One thousand five hundred and forty-ninth day of the great war.

Birthday greetings to Colonel Roosevelt, 60 years old today.

The Ancient Order of United Workmen, characterized as the oldest of the prominent fraternal beneficiary societies in America, is 50 years old today.

All clocks in the United States will be set back an hour at 2 p. m. today in order to restore the normal time, which was altered under the daylight saving plan, when all clocks were set an hour ahead last March.

The joint Anglo-American commemorative service at St. Walter Raleigh tercentenary, for which elaborate preparations have been made, is to be inaugurated in London today with a special service at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Storyette of the Day.

War Correspondent Lincoln Eyre said in a Paris V. M. C. A.:

"Now and then you come across a shopkeeper who doesn't hesitate to unload bad money on the doughboy."

"I know a doughboy who called on one of these rascals the other day and said:

"Hey, you—you gave me a bad two-franc piece last night."

"The shopkeeper turned pale and handed the brawny doughboy a good piece."

"Pardon, monsieur! Very sorry! Please excuse! he said."

"Aw, that's all right," said the doughboy, and he turned to go.

"But, monsieur," said the shopkeeper, "will you not give me back the bad piece?"

"The doughboy grinned and winked at the rascal in a meaning way. Then he said:

"Oh, I passed it—passed it this morning—and a hard job it was, believe me!"

HERE AND THERE.

Stephanis Kaulskelvis (proofreaders, please be careful), of Springfield, Mass., is only 11 years old, but she has canned 135 quarts of preserves this season besides doing the work for a family of six, her mother being employed in a Holyoke mill.

The Chinese have a method of preserving eggs in somewhat the same manner as milk is preserved in cheese. Ducks' eggs are most used for the purpose. The eggs are placed in a solution of black tea, salt, lime and wood ashes for nearly six months. They are then drained, coated with lard, and placed upon the market.

According to statistics, Irkutsk, the Siberian city which is now figuring so prominently in the news, is the wickedest city in the world. Before the war Irkutsk had a population of 120,000, and 500 murders were committed there every year on an average—the highest known average in the world.

In other words, one inhabitant in every 240 died a violent death.

Views and Reviews

How a Shrewd Democratic Trick Failed to Work on A. E. Cady

It is not too late to say a few words about the late Addison E. Cady, whose death was announced weeks before last. Though he had held no conspicuous offices save as a member of the legislature, he was, during his residence in this state, which extended back more than forty-five years, an active factor in public affairs and constant worker for the development of our natural resources, the upbuilding of this western territory and the betterment of political and industrial conditions. It is my recollection that he told me he established himself here as a newspaper man, starting out as the editor of a country weekly published by him at St. Paul, Neb., and his banking and mercantile interests were later added to his energy and enterprise. Mr. Cady was an enthusiastic and ardent republican, not hide-bound to partisanship, but broad-minded and liberal, but none the less a firm believer in republican principles and policies. He had the executive ability, the poise of mind and the unshakable determination to handle the job of governor, and he would undoubtedly have been governor when he consented to the urging of friends to run in 1910 had he only started a little sooner.

The test of Mr. Cady's political sagacity was made back in 1892, when, as republican state chairman, in co-operation with my father, then member of the republican national committee for Nebraska, kept Nebraska in the republican column for Benjamin Harrison and "put over" Lorenzo Crouse for governor in the face of a complete overturning of the country.

I have some of the correspondence that passed in that election, and the hard-fought contest, indicating the resourcefulness and assistance with which the campaign was carried on. As a sample of Mr. Cady's forcefulness here is a copy of the letter containing his final appeal to the voters:

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 1, 1892.—My Dear Sir: In seven days more the most memorable and important campaign waged in the history of our republic will draw to a close. The republican party has held the vantage ground of defeat, and it is conceded to have been dignified, honest and successful. The results have been apparent in the renewed confidence, the business activity and the splendid prosperity of our people. Never has there been a time when the farmer of the west could look to the future with greater hope and expectation, his debts decreased, his land increasing in valuation, and under the republican policy a home market for his products that in the near future insures him exemption from foreign competition. To be decided next Tuesday is, shall these conditions be preserved, or will we exchange a certainty for a doubt? Knowing of your interest in good government and the welfare of our state, I ask you to

STAND UP FOR NEBRASKA.

and during the remaining days of the campaign do what lies in your power for the success of the republican ticket. There is a concerted effort to elect a democratic United States senator from this state, and in view of this fact I earnestly request that you exert yourself in behalf of the republican legislative ticket in your district. Our opponents have abandoned their campaign of education and inaugurated a campaign of slander. Nothing could be more commendable of republican control in Nebraska than that after twenty-five years of continuous administration all the dragnet investigations of bitter political passions have succeeded in finding but one dishonest official, he an unimportant subordinate, a democrat, and now a fugitive from justice. Remember, too, my friend, that not only do we "stand up for Nebraska," but we stand up for the republican ticket. We do no trading, no bartering—there is no fusion, no conspiracies. We have nominated reputable candidates; they stand for good government, and we have no doubt of the result. Get out the voters on election day and Nebraska will give a splendid republican victory. Yours truly,

A. E. CADY.

Chairman Republican State Central Com. It was in this campaign that the scheme of the democrats to throw Nebraska to the populists was frustrated. I have an original copy of the secret message sent out to democratic workers disclosing the plan with instructions for its execution, which reads as follows:

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 4, 1892.—Dear Sir: It affords me pleasure to inform you that I have been personally authorized by the national committee of the democratic party to urge the democrats of Nebraska to support the electors nominated by the independent party in this state—the object being to so increase the vote for the Weaver electors that those nominated in behalf of Harrison shall be defeated, and this state taken out of its accustomed place in the republican column.

It is this sacrifice of democratic principles, inasmuch as the object is the triumph of democracy and the downfall of republicanism, and the vicious policies which it advocates.

In Nebraska a vote for Weaver and Field is more than half a vote for Cleveland and Stevenson.

Hoping for your co-operation, I remain yours in the good cause. J. E. BOYD.

Remembering that the attached signature of J. E. Boyd carried with it not only the authority of the democratic national committee, but also the power and prestige of the governor of the state, its insidious character will be better appreciated. Remembering, too, that in the last preceding state election the democrats, republicans and populists had split the vote almost evenly in three ways, the confidence of the democrats that it would work out as a sidetrack election to Weaver, deprive Harrison of needed electoral votes they could not hope to gain for Cleveland, although Cleveland was elected, the shrewd play of the democrats in Nebraska miscarried. Undoubtedly, however, it paved the way for the subsequent demo-pop fusion that kept the democrats of this state submerged in populism for more than a decade.

"How Omaha has improved!" exclaimed Robert C. Howe the other day. "I first came here some twenty years ago with the elder Armour to look at the plant here. Coming up Farnam street, I remember distinctly seeing the grass growing between the paving stones and the forlorn appearance of the town. Yet Mr. Armour said to me:

"If I were a young man just starting out, here is where I would locate." He knew the exceptional advantages of this point as a market and distributing center and he could look ahead farther than any man I ever knew."

Victor Rosewater

People and Events

Potsdam is 16 miles from Berlin. A short and pleasant side trip for a legion of the allies.

The outside world gets mighty little news out of Constantinople these days. Considerable news about rail transport facilities are painfully distributed north and south. The one safe guess about happenings there is that Count von Bernstorff is still whistling through the Golden Horn.

Rear Admiral Usher, commandant of the naval district of New York, and Theodore Shonts, boss of the subway lines, hopelessly disagree on the healthfulness of underground air.

The admiral warned naval officers and sailors not to ride in the subs without a permit. Mr. Shonts, by intimating that carrying that subway air is a preventive of all human ills and may be taken in large or small doses for a nickel. At last accounts the combatants were breathing hard.

Around the Cities

Registration for the November election in Kansas City, Mo., totals \$4,285,000, a reduction of 1,600 from last spring's list.

St. Louis City is practicing the skip-stop for street cars, which goes into effect today. About 200 stops will be wiped off the schedule.

Philadelphia's tax rolls for 1918 show a total valuation of \$2,486,895,000, an increase of \$64,645,000. The tax rate is \$1.75 per \$100.

The two Kansas Cities have signed a joint contract for the purchase of the inter-city viaduct from the eastern owners. Municipal ownership insures a free highway between the Kaw twins.

The school budget of Greater New York for the municipal year carries a total of \$45,000,000, of which \$3,900,000 represents salary increases for teachers for the year. The appropriation tops the record in the metropolis.

The school board of Minneapolis last week threatened to throw the health board over falls because the latter dared to order the schools closed as a safety measure. After thundering and fuming for several days the school board cooled off and obeyed orders.

Chicago reports a marked falling off in registration of voters compared with two years ago. There are 130,000 fewer names of men on the rolls and 125,000 fewer women. The decrease is evenly distributed throughout the city. Of-year campaigns lack the stimulus of a presidential contest.

Boston was never so quiet and precise in the blue law era as when the "flu" locked the doors and stored the keys in the monument. The streets were almost deserted. The city's nags might have nibbled grass on Tremont street and Washington street looked as lonesome as the high hills of a deserted village. All's well, or fairly well, now and the flu revolves as usual.

"Scores of Minneapolis residents," according to the Tribune of that city, have surrendered their first American citizenship papers to avoid being inducted into military service. Draft board officials expect the total withdrawals will reach 500. The Tribune reads the riot act to the citizens, but promises to give them free publicity, individually and collectively, as time goes on.

Running the booze blockade in St. Louis continues quite risky. Apparently the profits justify the risk. The bootleggers may get away with it, but the number caught and judicially soaked refute the claim that there is big money in it. Besides the activities of the sleuths, day and night, the runners accumulate other painful tasks. One of the clan, driving a loaded flivver, shot out of a byway into a highway and brought up against a three-ton truck. That split the bottles and the smell brought the cops to the spot. The driver went to the hospital, and the unworked remains of the cargo went whither the cops pointed.

MOMENTS OF MIRTH.

"There is usually borrowing between neighbors."

"The poor borrow butter and the rich borrow bread tables."—Kansas City Journal.

"Bobby?"

"Yeth, mamma—"

"Why is baby brother crying?"

"Yeth, mamma, but I couldn't find a thwatter, the I took the fork to hit it with."—Youngstown Telegram.

"Here comes that Miss Gabbins. I think I'll have Nora say 'I am out.'"

"Yes, but I'd rather listen to the still, small voice than to hers."—Boston Transcript.

"They're playing baseball in London now."

"So I see."

"King George pitched the first ball in a recent game."

"And did it about as well as the average major, I hear."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Willis—Jaw, what is the irreducible minimum?

Paw—The pork in a can of pork and beans, my son.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Reginald," said the fair one softly, "you once said you'd lay down your life for me."

"And so I would, dearest," spoke up Reggie, valiantly. "Try me."

"I don't suppose you start by breaking his news of our engagement to father?"—Judge.

Scout—I have an uncle who is making big money from his pen.

Patrol Leader—That so? There are not many who can make a decent living from their pens.

Scout—But he isn't a writer; he raises pigs.—Life.

OUR KATIE.

Our Katie, she was just sixteen, the oldest one of ten.

As full of pep and frolic, too, as any one of them.

Our Katie, she had rosy cheeks and willful curling locks.

And, oh! the saucy lass she was, the belle of many blocks.

Out Katie tied a ribbon in her curly raven hair.

A string of beads about her neck she wore when she went to school.

Her cheerful laugh and winning ways had all the boys entranced.

They called her back and call, and at her bidding danced.

Our Katie was a winsome lass, just bubbling o'er with life.

And many lad there were who wished our Katie for his wife.

Our Katie changed the day the bit of crepe hung on the door.

And mother went to take the rest she'd laid by her.

Our Katie had her hair done and her hair she fitted not at all.

She took the ribbon from her mass of glorious shon hair.

And never found the time to put another ribbon there.

Together with the string of beads, she had all her things made.

And bravely faced the future with the courage for a guide.

Our Katie gazed by the barbers within her arms and heart.

And played, as he had never played before—a mother's part.

Our Katie's laugh grew rare indeed, her eyes were dimmed by

For the burden grew more heavy with the passing of the years.

Deep furrows came upon her brow, her raven tress turned gray.

The roses that were in her cheeks had faded quite away.

Our Katie had her hair done, and her hair she fitted not at all.

And when the last young fledgling from the old home nest had flown, Our Katie sat with folded hands in the home alone.