

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.
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FEBRUARY CIRCULATION, 51,700
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Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of February, 1915, was 51,700.

Thought for the Day
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan of loss both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

Clear the track for Greater Omaha!
Well, Mr. Groundhog, we're ready for your reappearance.

To a hungry Nebraska democrat: "The Long Way to Tipperary" is a short cut beside the road to the pie counter.

The workmen's compensation law will best serve the ends of all interested by allowing time for a practical test of its merits.

The abolition of the coroner's office will answer the old question as to whether the job by rights belongs to an undertaker or to a physician.

Omaha has a few discarded voting machines it could readily dispose of to Indiana towns, where they seem to know better how to use them.

With an accumulation of over \$325,000 in the Water board sinking fund, a real reduction in water rates ought to be at least within hailing distance.

Despite the long and wearying delay in the distribution of federal provender, it is confidently believed the fortunate few will be able to take the nourishment.

The jitneys are rendering a real service to the public, but this service would not be impaired in the slightest if the cars were kept a little cleaner to make them more inviting.

More aliens are leaving the country than are coming in. Persons whose slumbers have been disturbed by the alien bogey may now tuck the covers in and snore in peace.

If the Rock Island paid Brother Venner \$250,000 for Nebraska Central franchise terminal rights in Omaha, it might not be a bad idea for the city to start an inquiry as to just what the sale included.

The new premier of Greece urges the natives to observe neutrality. Equally potent in that line is the queen's Teutonic kinship and a cash donation from the allies. A shift from neutrality's path will upset some grease.

The Western Pacific railroad from Salt Lake to San Francisco is spiked to the rocks with a bonded debt of \$50,000 a mile. Suppose rates were pushed high enough to net investors 7 per cent, where would the company get enough business to produce it?

Thirty Years Ago
This Day in Omaha
It is Friday, the thirteenth, this time.

The call is out for a citizens' meeting tomorrow to nominate James E. Boyd as the people's candidate for mayor, a petition signed by 3,000 voters being presented to him by this committee of twenty citizens before he assented.

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An Invitation to Team Work.

With Greater Omaha consolidation assured, unless something slips a cog in the final stages, we may voice the hope that the people of the annexed territory will at once join with us for team work in pushing the enlarged metropolis still further forward.

Wheat Crop of the World.

The International Institute of Agriculture has just sent out from its headquarters at Rome a preliminary statement on the area sown to winter crops (including wheat and rye) in the northern hemisphere countries, and crop returns for the southern hemisphere countries.

The good reports on the crops in the southern hemisphere are confirmed by the bulletin, especially the wheat yield. Argentina, Chile, Australia and New Zealand report a yield of 88-218,151 quintals, or a trifle under 114,000,000 bushels, an increase of 6.3 per cent over the 1913-14 crop.

Merchants' Week a Success.

While the bringing of retail buyers to Omaha for the purpose of making spring purchases is not a novelty, the present event has been the most successful of its kind ever undertaken. It has seen a larger number of buyers than on any previous occasion, and the spirit that has prevailed is proof that the advantages of buying in Omaha are fully appreciated by the Merchants doing business in the smaller towns.

Significant.

Observers of the political kaleidoscope should not overlook the significance of the change recently announced in the chairmanship of the bullmoose national committee, by which former-Senator Joseph M. Dixon of Montana is eliminated by the resignation route, and is succeeded by soon-to-be-former-Congressman Victor Murdock of Kansas.

Gentle Spring Approacheth.

The first meadow lark of the spring is reported to have been sighted in Elmwood park, but Robin Redbreast, sure precursor of the season of "otherworld mildness," hingers somewhat behind his schedule. Nor do the snowbanks bear an earnest of the immediate pendency of the new birth of nature.

The gamiest old bluffer in all Turkey, former Sultan Abdul Hamid, is said to have been set free by the young Turks, who seized the government six years ago.

In the interval Turkey has been stripped of Tripoli and three-fourths of the empire in Europe, besides engaging in a war which imperils the Turkish capital. It is hardly possible that Hamid can "come back" at the age of 73, but his liberty will enable him to observe the great improvement in the ultimatum of the allied fleet over the diplomatic ultimatum with which he fattened the sultan's wastebasket.

The Political Caldron

Will the Greater Omaha merger be put through with the emergency clause, making it effective ahead of the impending municipal election? And if it does not, through in a form immediately operative, enlarging the political war arena, what changes will it make in the political map by which the candidates must guide themselves?

Information is Asked For.

BROKEN BOY, N. O., March 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: I notice in The Bee's letter box a letter from W. J. McEachron on municipal light plants. I would like to know who Mr. McEachron is and what official position he occupies that he would have this number of reports from light and water plants.

Bridge Building Craft.

NORTH LOUP, Neb., March 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: The people of Nebraska have been talking about economy in state government. I have picked up an editorial from a Hamilton county paper on a subject of enormous importance to the taxpayers.

Twice Told Tales

There Was a Reason.
At a dinner party in Washington the conversation turned to old-time customs and this little story was told by Mrs. Leigh C. Palmer, wife of Lieutenant Commander Palmer of the navy:

One afternoon Mrs. Jones paid a visit to her friend, Mrs. Smith, in a distant part of the town, and on her return she proceeded to impart to Husband Jones the more important incidents of her call.

"And there is another, Hiram," remarked the good woman, as the recital flowed on. "I don't believe the Smiths are as religious as they used to be."

"They ain't!" responded Hiram, with a surprised expression. "What makes ye think that?"

"Well, it's just this way," returned Mrs. Jones. "For more than twenty-five years that big Bible of theirs was on the center table in the parlor, and now it has disappeared."

"An American traveling in France was delayed at a small country station, and wandering about, lost his way. Fearing to miss the train, he made a desperate effort at his limited, forgotten college French and addressed a passerby:

"Pardonnez-moi," he mispronounced. "J'ai quitte le train et maintenant je ne sais pas ou le trouver encore. Est-ce que vous pouvez me montrer le route a la train?"

"Let's look for it together," said the stranger. "I don't speak French either."—Everybody's Magazine.

Lights Out.
Mr. Picklelilly came home from his club one morning about 5 o'clock. He entered his happy home, crept up the stairs softly, so as not to awaken his spouse, then felt for the switch to turn on the electric light.

"What's that?" came a voice from the bed. "Where in the deuce are the lights in this house?" snarled Picklelilly, trying to get a bold face on the matter.

"Lights!" cried Mrs. Picklelilly scathingly. "Pull up the blinds!"—Judge.

People and Events

Back in Indiana the democracy of the corncock pipe is said to have banished the tall silk tile from the poling crowns of the great. As both symbols of joy would not pull together, Hoosiers chucked the tile and hitched up with the cob.

John Bunney, the moving picture artist and magnate, has had his pay envelope fattened from \$50 a week up to a figure that rivals President Wilson's salary. Edison's movie apparatus was the instrument, but Bunney's was the face that lured fortune's smiles.

W. L. Kuykendall, an old timer of Wyoming and the Rockies, is dead at his home in Denver, aged 70. Mr. Kuykendall was a factor in mining camps (camped in Wyoming and the Dakotas) and was foreman of a volunteer fire company in Deadwood in the days of Wild Bill.

The legislature of North Carolina proposes to limit the family stock of stimulants to six gallons of rum and 12 gallons of beer per annum. Lawmakers believe the quantity named is sufficient for all needed social intercourse between Carolina governors and others. Regular tanks will be obliged to tighten the hoops.

Dr. James Hester Cochran of Dover, Me., believes he is the only man living in Maine who ever heard Daniel Webster make a speech. Dr. Cochran also recalls that he cast his first presidential ballot while a student at Bowdoin college, walking the entire distance from Brunswick to his home in Fayette, fifty miles, to vote for Abraham Lincoln.

Booth Tarkington writes all his story manuscripts in pencil. Can't stand the chatter of the typewriter. In the study where he works he arranges on the table in front of him thirty or forty well-sharpened pencils. When one of these impressive vehicles of thought loses its edge it is cast aside and a fresh one taken up. Thus he continues the grind until the day's work is done.

The Bee's Letter Box

Mo. Pacific Main System Tip-Top.
OMAHA, March 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: In your editorial captioned "Change Control of the Missouri Pacific," you remark:

"\* \* \* and the Missouri Pacific main system much run down \* \* \*"

Not only is the main system of the Missouri Pacific not run down, but on the contrary it is in splendid condition. A great deal of money having been spent in creating this first class condition since Mr. Bush became a president. Inquiry from any competing line will verify my statement with reference to the splendid physical condition of the main system of the Missouri Pacific Railroad company.

J. A. C. KENNEDY, General Attorney.

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I would like to have him answer this if possible and if not will you give me such information as you have at hand? CUSTER ELECTRIC COMPANY, C. S. MARTIN, Treasurer.

OMAHA, March 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: I am always glad to note anything especially surprising connected with your paper. Such as the offer of offering prominent space in which reasons may be given why tourists should stop in Omaha.

C. F. HARRISON.

Bridge Building Craft.
NORTH LOUP, Neb., March 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: The people of Nebraska have been talking about economy in state government. I have picked up an editorial from a Hamilton county paper on a subject of enormous importance to the taxpayers.

Last year a forty-foot steel bridge cost Howard county \$1,960.98; this year the bid for the same is \$200.64. Last year a sixty-foot steel bridge cost \$1,200.00; this year the price will be \$1,500.00. The saving on just these two bridges will amount to \$2,500, and it shows what a commission may accomplish if they are always alive to every opportunity to do their best for the people they serve.

Let me suggest to the editor that there is another factor which he has overlooked; that factor is the authority vested in the State Board of Irrigation by the legislature, which has full power in the department of state engineering. Who furnishes the specifications for the commissioners? Take your pencil and figure the amount your county bridges cost annually. Notice the steel bridges of your community and about 95 per cent of them are allowed to stand for years without paint. The rust will destroy them in thirty-five years, whereas if they are properly constructed, inspected and repainted and painted they should last indefinitely. It is water that destroys the steel bridge, but that water is watered stock in control of the state department. It is in the interest of the steel bridge trust that the roads and bridges of Nebraska are so managed. Ask someone as to the members of the Board of Irrigation, and then recall the economy talk of the last campaign. With respect to this subject, a member of the present legislature writes me:

I appreciate the truth of all you say relating to the graft in bridge building in Nebraska, and also realize the fact that many of our public officials are very derelict in the performance of their duties, the fault of the people's own carelessness in elections. We elect too many politicians. I am unable to keep track of all such games being sprung from different quarters of the legislature.

WALTER JOHNSON.

Barren of the Welfare Bill.
OMAHA, March 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: We have heard a good deal of superficial or thoughtless talk about the so-called public welfare bill now pending in the legislature, but we have heard practically nothing about the extraordinary burden it would impose upon Omaha taxpayers, with little or no promise of bringing practical results.

From the taxpayer's point of view, there are so many reasons why this bill should be killed that I cannot expect any newspaper to give space to them. At this time let me make a quotation from a letter written by the head of one of the biggest wholesale jobbing houses in Omaha to one of the state senators, copy of which was handed me today:

It is my sincere hope that your good judgment will not support House Bill No. 137, providing a new public welfare bill for Omaha. We have too much theory and too little horse sense in matters of this kind, and the result is a great number of well-meaning individuals and boards who spend \$10 to secure 10 cents' worth of benefit for the needy, thus making a burden on the taxpayers at large that is in need. There is, to my mind, greater necessity for general education in this line, rather than impractical legislation.

Certainly the taxpayers of the city cannot ignore the enormous and, at the same time, needless burden this bill would impose upon them. J. B. HAYNES.

Divorce Due to Mismatched Schooling.
AMHERST, Neb., March 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: One seldom picks up a paper without reading of one or more divorces, family rows, or separations of some kind, and I presume it is the same throughout the state.

Most people reading of a divorce, remark that the man is a beast of some thing similar, and proceed to forget about it, unless it be in the family, then it is awful to have the family broke up.

I believe the school is responsible for the divorce to a great extent. The child of today commences school between the ages of 7 and 8. The law compels them to attend two-thirds of the term of from seven to nine months until 15 years of age. The child that takes interest in his studies will probably go the full term, and study evenings and mornings. This leaves them three months vacation.

It is only natural for a child to choose the occupation of his father for his or her life work. Of course, there are exceptions in all cases. From the boys and girls have three months of the year to learn their life work. They have so exerted themselves the nine months previous that this time should be spent in resting up for another term, and often is. Then comes the eighth grade graduation between the ages of 13 and 14. This generally inspires them to teach or attend high school.

After attaining this much education and experience, a great majority of rural pupils are ready to go back to the farm and settle down. A man under these conditions would hardly be able to run a piece of machinery or manage a farm, but he must eat. Here is another drawback. His wife could probably repeat a dozen poems of the revolutionary war.

word for word, but where did she learn to cook, to do her duty as a housewife? About this time this young couple begin to realize they have never been taught to fill. Who is to blame? Surely not they. The boy has attended school twelve years and in all that time has been taught things other than he has to contend with. It is doubtful if he could figure the number of tons of hay in a stack or bushels of grain in a bin.

I doubt whether one-half of the rural teachers in this state can solve either of those problems without the aid of the arithmetic.

The girl has attended the same length of time and probably doesn't know how to make a cup of coffee let alone a loaf of bread. I doubt whether one-half of the feminine rural teachers could do as much, not wishing to start any argument. After contending with each other's mistakes comes the row, and in a good many cases separation.

The education these pupils receive is as millstones hung about their necks. If the compulsory attendance law is right I believe we should have a change of text books. Our schools are great institutions, but still have much room for improvement.

W. O. JAMESON.

Composition Gems

The following are authentic gems from school children's compositions: "Another thing which distinguishes him (living) a great deal from other authors is that he was a thinker."

"Julius Caesar, chaperoned (not espoused) the cause of the people."

"A revolting desk chair is just in front of the desk." (Do you ever feel that way about it yourself?)

"Pedantry means the study or care of the feet."—New York Sun.

SUNNY GEMS.

He—Perhaps you'll meet someone you like better when you are away. She—If I do, dear boy, I'll let you know. —Philadelphia Ledger.

"If those lines are printed from that address, I will make the author eat his words." "Then it would be a good idea to make them 'of' lines."—Baltimore American.

The Fallen One—Officer, did you see me fall? Officer—Yes. The F. O.—Had you ever seen me before? Officer—No. The F. O.—Then how did you know it was me?—Harvard Lampoon.

A SONG OF SHOPPING.

Clinton Scollard in Judge. Oh, glad am I with her to go. Where apple blossoms are dropping. And merry birds are hopping on the leaf. But it produces vertigo. When she proposes shopping. No shopping with my little love for me!

She lingers over hosiery. In manner that is shocking. All satiny and silky-like. It shatters my composure. To see so much of stocking. I fell as though I'm like to throw a fit!

She dotes on haberdashery. She wants to buy me all of it. At last she gets a flaming necktie—one! She takes me to a habashery. (Alas, the awful pall of it!) And punches me on cooco and a bun!

Oh, glad am I with her to go. Where apple blossoms are dropping. And merry birds are hopping on the leaf. But it produces vertigo. When she proposes shopping. No shopping with my little love for me!



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