

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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MAIACH CIRCULATION, 52,092

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of March, 1915, was 52,092.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 24 day of April, 1915. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

April 28 Thought for the Day Selected by Wm. Parker

He who helps a child, helps humanity with a distance, with an immediateness which no other help given to human creatures in any other stage of their human life compositely gives again.—Phillips Brooks.

The first game does not win or lose the pennant. Still, every game counts.

Chicago now has a republican mayor. Omaha will have one again some of these fine days.

It goes without saying that the tax shirker would have to travel fast to get away from an automobile tax collector.

If a more prolific letter-writer than the colonel ever trod this earth, he must have burned his letters after writing them.

The Greater Omaha spirit is marching on. Opposition to school and Auditorium bonds is practicing on the surrender sign.

Although the political campaign is not yet ended, here is the city health commissioner calling for a fly-avoiding campaign. Just one campaign after another.

Those official war intelligence bureaus do not seem to have been earning their money lately. They must be either loafing on the job or running short-handed.

Neutral doctors express astonishment at the number of soldiers who go mad in the trenches. Why not? War started by madness necessarily carries the contagion to the firing line.

Despite their complaints about Uncle Sam's neutrality, our German friends admit by their acts that no country on earth looks better to them as a friendly port for internment.

Current ebulliences of defunct legislatures invariably eulogize bodies which have produced the least results. Quality, not quantity, of output is the basis of commendation. This implies a public readiness to pay full salaries for loafing on the job.

Down at Lincoln the darker is accented that two mayoral aspirants may be winners in their city commissioner campaign, with one of them in that event sure to be a square peg in a round hole. If worse comes to worst, Omaha may have to take Lincoln's extra mayor off its hands.

A new Garden of Eden has been located, this time in the wilds of South America. The discovery is important and timely. Hostile armies are shooting up the original Garden and filling life with grave uncertainties. Thus the new world rises to meet its opportunities and give the harassed people of the old world fresh proof of its boundless resources.

Administration officials show pardonable joy over the prospect of \$50,000,000 from income taxes. Last year's returns for three-quarters of the fiscal year was, in round numbers, \$28,000,000. Inasmuch as the treasury cash balance has shrunk in four months from \$65,000,000 to \$23,000,000 the huge income increase appears as much pleasure as finding money.

Mayor Boyd went in to the council his nominations regarding Fire Chief Butler and Assistant Chief Callahan, and naming ex-Police Judge Gustav Bencke to succeed City Marshal Cummings, and Thomas Swift to succeed Street Commissioner Meany. They were all referred without action.

Judge P. O. Slaves has gone east to visit friends in Kentucky and Washington for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Hitchcock left for Salt Lake City and the territories for a trip of rest and health.

The finder of a note of \$100 signed by Fred Koerber is invited to return the same to John L. McCague and to be suitably rewarded.

Policeman Daniel Kennedy was united in marriage in St. Patrick's cathedral by Rev. Father Jeannette to Miss Mary Egan, niece of Hon. John Ross.

The base ball game between the Omaha and Cleveland teams went over on account of rain and wet grounds.

Colonel Stinger, commander of Fort Rishbrough, is home with his family, who will stay in Omaha pending his transfer with his regiment to the Department of the Missouri.

The Three Referendum Propositions.

At our city election next week the voter will be called on to register his wishes on three referendum measures, and to do so intelligently he should know what they are about. The first is a school bond proposition authorizing the issue of one million dollars of 4 1/2 per cent bonds, the proceeds to be used to construct new school buildings in pursuance to the plan adopted and promulgated by the board. The demand for enlarged school accommodations in various parts of the city is urgent, and will be more urgent with the advent of Greater Omaha.

The second contemplates purchase of the Auditorium, for which authority to issue \$150,000 of bonds is required. The Auditorium represents an investment of nearly \$300,000, which the city may now acquire for \$150,000, being the amount of the secured and floating indebtedness. No one who concedes that the city needs an Auditorium can hesitate to approve this purchase.

The third is the question of Sunday base ball, this referendum coming under the state law providing for local option in Sunday ball playing. There is no more wholesome diversion for amusement-seekers in a large city week days or Sundays than base ball and the people must have harmless amusement for their leisure hours. Liberal minded people, even though not themselves interested in base ball, will vote "Yes."

The main thing for all is not to overlook the three referendum propositions, so that the result recorded may reflect the real desires of the community.

Equality the Only Safe Rule.

Regardless of the amount of the proposed light rate cut, the checking of individual bills to ascertain the effect furnishes the strongest support for the demand, which The Bee has voiced from time to time, for a straight meter-measurement schedule in place of the Chinese puzzle estimates on which charges here have been based. Comparison of bills discloses that one consumer using precisely the same amount of current as his neighbor is being arbitrarily charged more on the fictitious "readiness-to-serve" theory because he happens to have more lamp outlets than the other. It would be just as sensible to make one householder pay more than his neighbor for the same number of gallons of water because he has more faucets through which the water flows.

The only safe rule for public utility service of this kind is the same price to all on the same meter measurement, and no discrimination or personal favoritism.

Fighters and Films and the Law.

An effort is to be made to nullify the federal statute that prohibits the importation, shipping or exhibition of prize fight films. This law was passed in some haste, following certain unseemly proceedings at Reno, a few years ago, when a black bruiser proved himself the physical superior of a white pugilist. It was commented upon at that time quite approvingly, as preventing the exhibition of a degrading spectacle. If good then, why not now?

The conditions that existed at the time of the prize fight at Reno are the same today, with the one factor changed. Now the white fighter has triumphed over the black. Otherwise, the spectacle photographed in the ring is just as demoralizing and just as lacking in the essential elements of amusement or instruction.

And, while the subject is up, why should the film be suppressed, while the man who made it possible is permitted to go about the country and show himself daily? If a prize fight is degrading and unlawful in itself, and a moving picture reproduction thereof is to be prohibited, why should not the prize fighter be suppressed, too?

Peace Conference Starts with War.

Before it has even begun its official existence, the women's peace conference, called to meet at The Hague today, finds its delegates unable to agree over the methods of procedure. This is hardly a good omen for ultimate success, nor does it quite realize the expectations aroused by the project. It seems too bad that such a meeting should encounter anything even remotely resembling a political snag.

However, little reason exists for thinking that either of the monarchs engaged in the war will give ear to peace proposals from the outside at this time. Surface indications justify the belief that hostilities will be carried on for some time yet. But it is to be hoped that for the moral effect, at least, the women will be able to compose their differences. They have here an opportunity to show mere man an excellent example of harmony and union in effort to do good.

"Uncle Joe" Does a Waltz.

Cheering news comes from California—that is, it will be cheering to a lot of people, and discouraging to some others. It is to the effect that Joseph Gurney Cannon, former speaker of the house of representatives, has continued his "come-back" movement, begun last November, by tripping airily around a ball room at the exposition grounds. He thereby redeemed a promise made five years ago. In the interim, his political obsequies have been held, he has been laid away to rest in retirement, followed by sighs of relief from a lot of politicians, and has, as on many another occasion, refused to stay "put." His resumption of physical as well as political activity is a splendid inspiration for the young men of the day, as well as a rebuke to Oslerism. "Uncle Joe's" mind, too, is as active as his body, and that contains a promise of lively times ahead for the democrats.

On the complaint of a citizen whose tastes are offended by promiscuous displays the state steps in and decrees how and where advertisements may be placed in a telephone directory. Thus the state lends its might and power to the literary uplift and preserves the social registers of communities from underscored commercialism.

A shortage of tea in this country is threatened. The available stock is said to be the lowest in years. At the same time a Philadelphia health shamp puts coffee in the same category of the demur rum. With these two potent competitors on the toboggan, the bock beer season has a free field.

The Political Caldron

SOMEbody, somewhere, sometime, said something to the effect that the evil men do lives after them and that their good deeds are often interred with their bones. It has also been remarked by some sage individual that chickens will return home to roost, that the law of compensation has no regard for the eight-hour day and that a good political memory is a valuable asset.

The present city campaign, very much like other city campaigns, is proving to be a time for casting up old grievances, harking back to misdeeds and good deeds. Even as bread cast upon the waters of Carter Lake, Salt creek or the Missouri river, will return in many days, so are political bricks hurled in the dim past returning just now like boomerangs to smite the thrower on the face.

"We told you so." The imprecations, invectives, anathemas, moribund eggs of political hatching and other tokens of wrath and dislike, mentioned a week ago, are now being thrown from the ramparts of the contending forces in the local campaign. The archives of political memory are being invaded and the sanctity of the past is being trespassed upon for material.

A administration speaker is reminding Chairman Sutton of the anti that once upon a time he coveted the office of the city attorney, and it is said that in the event of the anti winning the judge will connect up with the payroll and that Judge Sutton still has a ranking in his bosom because he was not appointed city attorney. It seems that some of the city hall people made a memorandum of this incident and saved it for campaign purposes.

Chairman Flynn of the ins has received an anonymous letter, evidently written by a woman, stating that a certain man who is on the anti committee should "get well enough alone," or she will tell an episode which happens in the man's office and which included destruction of office accessories by his frat wife. The man's name is mentioned in the letter.

It may be expected that one of the candidates will be charged this week with having tied another candidate's shirt into hard knots at the old swimming hole many years ago in this city. Efforts are being made to save this exposure for the sake of his family. This man admits that he did tie the shirt of one of his rival candidates many years ago while out swimming together and he comes back with the counter charge that his accuser stole a watermelon from the back of a wagon at Eighteenth and Cass streets, on the afternoon of Saturday, July 18, 1881. The question is, will the people of Omaha elect to the high offices of city commissioners men who in their boyhood days committed such heinous offenses? The vote on the day of days alone will tell.

After having partaken of his noonday nourishment and enjoying himself with a corporation-made cigar with a regular band around the middle, Chairman Cunningham of the anti organization committee sat in Secretary Meyers' office at headquarters and despatched upon the certainties and uncertainties of life in general and politics in particular. "I want to tell you boys, that she is looking mighty good. I was talking to a man from Rockford today and he said that we have the best chance we ever had. Do you know, the administration fellows are getting angry, that's what they are," said Colonel Cunningham.

Then a newspaper man asked for the intimacies for the street meetings. Mr. Cunningham thought it would be well to announce these street corner locations, but Harry J. Eckhart said it would be wiser. "Are you afraid of interference if you announce these locations in advance, Mr. Hackett?" was asked the candidate.

"Oh, no; but it is not best to arm the opposition with information of what we are going to do," he replied. Then the secretary received a list of all of the registered voters up to date, from the election commissioners' office, and remarked that he would have to pay "thirty-five bucks for the typewriter list."

Hackett started to whistle the new tune, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Nincompoop."

"I believe I see a new civic consciousness awakening in this city and I also feel that the 'quiet vote' will control the situation on election day. I don't think any great number of voters are going to blindly vote for all of the square seven or for all of the straight six, but I contend that an intelligent selection will be made from the fourteen candidates," asserted the Careful Observer as he rode down town with the Old Inhabitant yesterday in a jitney.

"Then you don't believe in condemning the ins and naming just because they are in, or ascribing all virtue to the outis just because they are outside looking in. Is that what you want to say?" replied the venerable citizen.

"Partially so, partially so. But I have a larger thought and it is that we as Omahans are learning to think on broad-gauge lines. We have acquired a greater vision. We are learning that the election of seven directors for our corporate institutions is a serious business and in everybody's business, and that the man who complains after election has no kick coming if he doesn't vote and take an intelligent interest in the candidates he is voting for," continued the observant person.

"But I thought that everybody's business is nobody's business. How about that?" "Well, it is a poor rule that won't work both ways. In the case of local government the selection of city commissioners should interest every present and prospective voter. You may have noticed that the people are taking a keener interest in their local affairs. Today we have improvement clubs and other organizations where these matters are discussed. The old idea of carrying a crowd by storm has passed."

"You are quite an optimist, methinks." "Yes, I think we are getting better all of the time. I have lived here nine into fifty years now and my observations have been that Omaha has been improving each year. Ain't perfect yet, but who is looking for perfection except a few—well, I won't mention their names. You can trust the people to do the right thing in the end."

"I rather like your line of argument." "So do I. But what makes me sore is to hear a lot of self-appointed, better-than-thou, claim to be appointed ones and then go out and tell us that we are all to the bad and that if we don't mend our ways we will fall like Sodom and Tera. Haute."

"You ought to go on the chaucutauco platform this season."

"Quit your kidding. I was just remarking that the people are thinking and when the people think, it is time to take note of the public pulse. I was about to add that we are going to begin a Greater Omaha era of commercial prosperity and political presence. Just watch us grow. We are going to be some city, some city."

"Them's my sentiments, too."

Never Pass Up the Cots.

In a recent criticism of American neutrality Solicitor General Meighan of Canada taunted us with being more anxious for dollars and cents than for the principles involved in the war. The dollar and cents taunt is old enough to shave its beard. It is a stock charge among envious foreign critics and is calculated to give the uninitiated the impression that Europeans regard for dollars translated into pounds, francs, marks and lire, as tainted things. An American tourist who feared the foreign reach for the dollar would not equal the service rendered contrived various ways of slipping it over without the risk of giving offense. The illusion soon vanished and this is the way it happened: "When my wife and I were on our honeymoon we were advised to visit a certain ruined castle, the custodian of which was a relative of the noble owner. Having viewed the glorious old pile, I was at a loss how and in what way to offer a gratuity, bearing in mind the 'blue blood' of our guide. The following conversation took place: 'What do you think of your country and would be glad to give a small sum to any cause if you have a box for that purpose.' 'Sir,' was the reply, 'we have such a box.' 'Then may I see it?' I asked. 'Sir,' with a pleasant smile and a bow, 'I am the box.'



Individual Efficiency

RIQUO CITY, Ia., April 27.—To the Editor of The Bee: More efficient people are in evidence today than in any other historical period. Competition was never stronger. Many capable men and women are still at the bottom of the ladder. Sometimes they mount a few steps, but in the fierce battle for place they are pushed down again. At the bottom the competition is greatest; the higher we go the more elbow room we get.

In justice to themselves those at the bottom of the ladder should endeavor to make less strenuous the competition. A "fairly good start" in life comes to no man until he is victor of those economic forces that battle against his unhindered development. It is true that everything tending for individual efficiency makes more strenuous life's battle, but we have concentrated our powers too much upon the ambition of wealth, fame or influence, and not enough upon individual contentment. Priest and sinner alike have verily canonized materialistic goals, while the better instincts of men have been cynically derided as "unpracticable."

Individual efficiency, accompanied by individual contentment, should be the real goal of our business men, and the Lord knows that business men today are our rulers. This is said in no disparagement of business men, for wise men of business are indeed wise rulers. But it is the unwise man of business, the chap with petty vision, who is such an annoying cog in the modern social machinery. A project for city planning could never win his support. He is materialistic enough to oppose municipalization of parks, streets, theaters, dance halls and social centers. It is also this chap who is horrified by the street corner apparatus which is shortly shouting against evils of the day. CECIL MONTAGUE

America First

Washington Star: Mr. Wilson's speech was a careful restatement of his general position with regard to the war, which the people have already approved and which they will be the more inclined than ever to approve after a reading of his words.

Springfield Republican: Judgments of right and wrong there must be and ought to be, in public as in private affairs, but in such a world crisis as this only the narrowest concern can fancy a final judgment to be now possible. The president gives a needed call for modesty and temperance in judgment and in speech.

Chicago Tribune: We are being exhorted by emissaries and sympathizers to take sides. There is one side for us to take, and only one, the side of America. Europe is shaken to the foundations by the storm of almost universal war. If there is one duty clear before us it is to keep our feet in the shock, to keep our heads clear and to conserve our resources, not only our material, but our moral resources.

New York World: The loftiest ideal of American citizenship at this time cannot be described better than in the president's words—"not the talkative man, not the partisan man, not the man who remembers first that he is a republican or a democrat, or that his parents were German or English, but who remembers first that the whole destiny of modern affairs centers upon his being an American first of all." The American who remembers that has remembered everything.

Philadelphia Ledger: In a nation made up of so many races it is inevitable that so fierce a struggle across the sea should be reflected in bitter differences of opinion here. It is that peril which the president would avoid by counseling us to think of America first—to let no ancestral strain, no former allegiance, obliterate our duty to our own land. Here he takes a statesmanlike view worthy of his position. Here he lays down the valid doctrine of neutrality. Whatever criticism his policy has aroused in some of its aspects, he has unquestionably followed it with a sincerity worthy of the high ideals he bids his countrymen contemplate.

Signs of Progress

Coffins are being made of paper in France, a cheapness and lightness being their advantage.

Shore line property has increased in value \$4,000,000 since the war on mosquitoes, according to Dr. Thomas J. Headlee, of the New Jersey experiment station.

Memberships in the New York Stock exchange are now selling at higher prices than since 1911 and the last three weeks have raised the price of these seats from \$40,000 to \$50,000. In October last the price was but \$34,000.

More than \$200,000,000 has been spent by the various states on 11,000 miles of state highways. About 11,000 miles have been built within the last two years. Only seven states have no form of state highway department.

In the state of Michigan the wages of more than 11,000 miners have been ordered increased 10 per cent, the increase to take effect May 1, and this can be accepted as evidence of higher wages scales in all of the mining states.

Reports from the industrial districts of the great central section east of the Mississippi river, including Pennsylvania and West Virginia, are that the great majority of the manufacturing plants are approaching 100 per cent capacity and that some, busy upon war orders, are running night and day.

In a recent race between a locomotive and an automobile the latter made the remarkable record of one mile in 52.2 seconds, or 12.7 miles an hour, which is a little better than the best preceding record and is undoubtedly the highest speed ever attained by a man on the face of the earth. The race was at Salduro, Utah, 12 1/2 miles west of Salt Lake City. The automobile traversing a crystallized salt bed sixty-five miles long and eight miles wide.

Minnesota mourns the untimely, though heroic, death of "Sport," described as "a plain bulldog." "Sport's" sleeping quarters were in the rear of the Davys home. Mrs. Davis and her three children sleeping in the front of the building. In some manner the home took fire at 8 p. m. "Sport" backed with all his might and did not wake the family. The dog aroused the neighbors, however, and brought help in time to save the mother and children, but "Sport" perished in the smoke and flames. The canine paradise is thus enriched by a doggone good one.

PASSING PLEASANTRIES.

"If I was an Indian fighter I wouldn't like to fight the Crow Indians." "Why not the Crow Indians especially?" "Because how can a Crow ever show the white feather?"—Baltimore American.

"She's an old maid. That proves that she couldn't get a husband." "Not at all. It may indicate that she was more particular than some. I never saw you scolding your husband around."—Kansas City Journal.

"Belle's husband is such a cold, reserved man I wonder how she can tell if she really loves her." "Belle has no doubts on that score. He asked her the other day if she would like to have some more pie money."—Baltimore American.

"It says here that the longest sentence in the English language contains 140 words." "That's wrong," replied the grouch. "The longest sentence contains only one word." "What is that?" asked the old fool. "Life," replied the grouch.—Kansas City Star.

KABIBBLE KABARET

STANDS FOR "NOTHING" MEETS THE DOUBLE JOKER? AND FOR THIS THEY PAY ME MONEY WITH HONEST MEN THROUGH BROS. MAULL BROS. ST. LOUIS

Yankee—If someone were so ill-advised as to call you a liar, colonel, in what light would you regard the act? Kentucky Colonel—I would regard it simply as a form of suicide, sah.—Dallas News.

They had disagreed. They had disagreed about her cooking. He had sprung the bomb about her not being able to cook even as his mother had. Whereupon she asked him "if that be so, how is it that you haven't chronic dyspepsia, as your father had?" Whereupon they disagreed more thoroughly than ever.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Judge—You say you caught sight of the assassin. Describe him. Witness—Sure, your honor, he was a

small, insignificant man—about your size, your honor.—Boston Transcript.

"Blinks says that when he was young he was the architect of his own fortune." "Didn't they have any building inspectors in those days?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Do you think it pays to keep chickens?" "Yes," replied Farmer Cottosell; "a few chickens are a good advertisement. They keep the summer boarders cheered up, thinking, 'maybe the first thing they know they'll see a couple of 'em on the dinner table.'"—Washington Star.

"Six—By the way, who is, or rather was, the god of war?" "Dis—I've forgotten the duffar's name, but I think it was Ananias."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I saw in the papers today where a man had just died who in his lifetime had married 80 women." "Oh, the Mormonism!" "Not at all; just a very popular minister."—Baltimore American.

BE CAREFUL.

Waukegan Sentinel. When chatting with a native of any warring state Be careful to say nothing that possibly would grate Upon his tender feelings, or give his nerves a wrench. For instance, do not say "Bon jour," or "try to air your French." When greeting any person who is obviously German: Try not to sing "God Save the King" to Heilrich, Hans or Herman. Oh! read not the Staats Zeitung to any Britisher. Nor dine a Herr Professor if your butter be a Jap. Detail a neutronic caller a moment at the door. While you make sure there are no scraps of paper on the floor. Beg not the Russian "colliat to play "Dis Wacht am Rhein. And stop to think before you drink to Joffre in a stein! Don't offer English sparrows the lengthy wienersurst. Or try with English breakfast tea to slake the "schuhbird's" thirst. A little tact when visiting may oft prevent a fuss. Don't say, "I'm fond of pretzels," if your host should be a Russ. Nor pet the "little German" band with English jiving blocks. And by no chance haul sons of Franco with three resounding "Hoche!"

FAUST SPAGHETTI MAULL BROS. ST. LOUIS The Nation's Health Dish VERY few foods can compare with Faust Spaghetti from the standpoint of nutrition and "lightness." Weight for weight, Faust Spaghetti is more nutritious than meat. If we cut down a deal on the latter and eat Faust Spaghetti often, we will live better and cheaper. Large package, 10c. Write for free recipe book. MAULL BROS. St. Louis, U. S. A.

Years to make ready While you are watching the soft blue smoke of your Tom Moore curl lazily upward—think! Those fragrant leaves have been ripening and aging in the quiet storehouse for many seasons. Do you wonder they always come back for Moore? TOM MOORE CIGAR 10¢ LITTLE TOM 5¢ A hot smoke? Here's Little Tom

"PIPER's" Convenient "Cracks and Duffers, every time you go golfing tuck a plug of rich, juicy, tasty 'PIPER' into the old jib-pocket. Just reach back and take a hefty chew before you start drive or putt. You'll get a full, hearty tobacco satisfaction and a mighty keen tobacco joy from 'PIPER.'" PIPER Heidsieck Chewing Tobacco—Champagne Flavor The great distinction about "PIPER" to a man who likes a smacking good relish to his chew is the famous "Champagne Flavor." The winy taste mingles on his tongue with the natural, mellow sweetness of the richest, ripest, carefully selected tobacco leaf. "PIPER" is the highest type of chewing tobacco in the world—and lasts longer because the plug is extra hard pressed.