

**THE OMAHA DAILY BEE**  
 FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.  
 VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.  
 The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.  
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 APRIL CIRCULATION,  
**53,406**  
 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 April, 1915, was 53,406.  
 DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.  
 Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 1st day of May, 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.  
 MAY 25  
**Thought for the Day**  
 Selected by Anna G. McFarland  
 Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
 As the swift seasons roll!  
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
 Till thou at last art free,  
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unravelling sea!  
 —Oliver Wendell Holmes in "The Chambered Nautilus."  
 There should be a chance now for another "battle above the clouds."  
 Just one week to the special Greater Omaha consolidation election. Stick a pin there.  
 Auto drivers are again manifesting speeding tendencies. Slow up so you won't have to be sorry afterwards.  
 Cheer up! All perplexities and problems of the present time will vanish as soon as the commencement orators get in their work.  
 Yes, but what's delaying that electric light rate reduction? An inoperative ordinance hung up in the court cannot stand in the way of a voluntary cut.  
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 Our esteemed Uncle Sam cuts a sorry picture as an exponent of economic efficiency. While saving a few pennies by shutting off gas from the coffee ranges of the postoffice, the industrial relations commission is burning up \$500,000 in exploring for useless human gas.  
 The surprise and gratification expressed by members of the new recreation board on viewing the development of public parks and playgrounds, emphasize the sentiments of occasional visitors. Parks, playgrounds and boulevards are among the greatest of the city's assets.

**Not a "Georgia Affair."**  
 Governor-elect Harris of Georgia says if the Leo Frank case is left over for his disposition, he will consider it from a "Georgia" standpoint, as it affects Georgia and Georgians, and without regard to the opinions of outsiders. This is a peculiar attitude, even for a state's-rights democrat, to take in this day of the world. A matter of humanitarian interest is the concern of all the states, no matter in which one it originates. The Frank case in its wider bearings affects humanity, and its effect does not cease at the state line of Georgia. Plenty of proof has been offered to warrant thousands outside of Georgia, as well as inside that state, that a great injustice has been done Leo Frank, and the righting of the wrong, if one has been inflicted, will not alone concern the citizens of a single community or commonwealth. In these days of interdependence and close social communion no state can stand alone, any more than an individual can stand alone, but each must be influenced and governed to some extent by the presence of others. Unless heed be paid to the appeals and protests coming from outside the state, Georgia will be the one to suffer, for the Frank case has ceased to be a "Georgia" affair exclusively.  
**Regulating the Jitneys.**  
 All agree that if the jitney is here to stay it must be systematized and regulated. But the regulation must be within the rule of reason, and for the benefit of the public rather than either the jitneys, the taxis or the street railways.  
 The jitney bus soliciting business on the street should be licensed if only to keep track and identify the autos engaging in the traffic. It might be advisable also to license the drivers to make sure that they are persons of average intelligence and experience in motor driving. The responsibility of the jitney owner should likewise be enforced against culpable accidents by some sort of insurance or bond security. In our judgment the regulation should further include the physical condition of the jitney bus, the soundness of the mechanism, the cleanliness and general presentability. But beyond that we do not believe it necessary to go. In other words, we do not think there is any call to tax the jitney bus out of business, nor is there any analogy between the street railway's exclusive use of a part of the streets for its tracks and the right of the jitneys to drive over the surface the same as other vehicles. There is just as much, or rather just as little, reason for exacting a gross earnings tax from the taxis, the transfer trucks or the delivery wagons, all of which are legitimately traversing the streets for profit.  
 The fate of the jitney must be determined by its success as a business venture, and not by regulating it to death. From a business standpoint its success is still to be demonstrated, though it may yet find its proper place as a supplemental transit facility.  
**Call of the Harvest Fields.**  
 A little early this year, but none the less welcome, is the call for men to enter the wheat fields of southern Oklahoma. This means the mobilization of an army, which soon will be on the march, and which is to sweep across the west, from south to north, in mighty phalanx. It is an army whose equipment is the self-blinder and the threshing machine; whose days will be full of the fierce activity of garnering home the yield of broad and fertile acres, and in whose path plenty will smile. This is the army of the agricultural empire of the west, mobilized in early summer, and active in the field till the glorious harvest moon sheds its golden light on fields and stacks, and barns and bins stuffed with bulging with the wealth that comes from the soil. Where it marches, no homes are blasted, nor villages laid in ruin; no smoke of devastated city marks its trail, nor does the echo of its tramp mingle with the wail of fatherless children or widowed women. It is an army of peace, and its mission is humanity's mission. So the call of the harvest is heard in America this year, more than ever a benison because of the desolation that stalks among our brothers abroad.  
**Burian's Downfall.**  
 The report from Rome that Baron Burian had been forced out of the Austrian cabinet as a result of Italy's declaration of war lacks confirmation, but is very likely founded on fact. He failed in the accomplishment of a very important undertaking and will be asked to pay the penalty for such failure. Berthold before him had been unable to bring about a condition that would assure Italy's remaining passively at least on the side of the German allies, and it was then entrusted to Burian to secure the preservation of at least a semblance of effect in the now dissolved Triple Alliance. It is admittedly due to German influence at Vienna that the change was made, and it is now alleged that Burian's unwillingness to be guided by Berlin has resulted in his failure.  
 The whole course of Austrian diplomacy in the events preceding and so far during the war has been singularly inept. It is a long way back to Metetrath, whose plan was potent to check the rising tide of progressivism in government that seemed certain to engulf all the monarchies of Europe a century ago, and who preserved whatever of absolutism has persisted since then, and the modern politicians of the dual empire do not seem to have inherited his gift. The Bourbons of Austria are still of the same mold as of old, and like those of France, "they never learn anything, and they never forget anything."  
 When Burian entered the cabinet a few months ago it was thought his advent had some significance because of its being a recognition of the Magyar element of the complicated Austrian political scheme. This, apparently, was of little moment. The failure of the negotiations with Italy sets him aside, while his successor will have, for the time, at least, a much easier task in the direction of the external policy of Austria-Hungary.  
 In less than ten months the great American dollar, shaved to a razor edge by Europeans last August, now commands a premium of 1 per cent in English money, 5 per cent in French and higher rates in German, Russian and Italian money. For tourists subjected to the shave, the come-back is consoling.

**Is the Toothbrush Obsolete**  
 Dr. Bernard Feldman in Oval Hygiene.  
 NOT ONLY has the public become accustomed to look upon the brush as necessary, but our teachers and the great army of dentists are recommending its diligent use. This teaching of school children and of adults how to use the brush properly constitutes what I consider "the menace of the toothbrush" because it has been proved to me that the brush is defeating the very purpose of our oral-hygiene movement and that we are actually infecting the mouth instead of cleaning it by the use of the filthy, germ-ridden thing. Dr. Head called the attention of the profession to the dirty condition of the brush as it is used by the general public. Prof. Miller proved that the brushing action of the bristles upon the surfaces of the teeth had a very injurious mechanical wearing effect near the necks of the teeth. Prof. Hutchinson reported the conclusions which were reached in this matter by research workers, and his remarks are so emphatic that the matter can not be well ignored. The plain truth is that the brush is a dangerous instrument which is practically impossible to sterilize. It can not be boiled with impunity, and practically all agents, such as tricresol or formalin, render the bristles of the brush or the handle unfit for further use. To quote Prof. Hutchinson: "Not only the public, but the dentists themselves, have little conception of the filthy state of the comparatively clean tooth-brush as used in every-day life."  
 "But granting the impossible—i.e., that the brush with its bristles covered with a thin ribbon of tooth-paste or powder to sterile—why should we use it when it does not reach the interproximal spaces where it is most important that the bristles should reach? Tooth-decay starts in these spaces in the majority of cases. An efficient cleaning is probably never obtained by the brush. While it is more probable that many of the germs that are present on the bristles are deposited in these spaces. The silk floss does reach between the teeth and does clean out the food debris. It seems self-evident that the brush fails to do what it is supposed to do, so why use it when it does not do any good?"  
 "To cite an example which was given to me by a friend a few minutes before I gave an oral-hygiene talk to school children: the big brush that is used by the street cleaners will clean the surfaces of the cobblestones in the gutter, but will glide over the cracks where most of the dirt is settled. This seems to me to be a splendid word-picture; and its worthy object was to illustrate how and why we use the tooth-brush to dislodge the food debris 'between the cracks.'  
 "But why should we follow the example or pattern the cleaning of teeth after the crude method of the cleaning of gutters having cobblestones? To cite another example: a stiff brush with a liberal amount of soap and water, vigorously applied, will clean the smooth surfaces of floors; the cloth of a person's suit can be cleaned by the clothes brush and one's shoes can be polished by a shoe brush. Inert substances can not cry out that this rubbing brush, Dr. W. D. Miller proved that the same kind of agent, a brush of another size but exactly the same in principle, does hurt the soft tissues of the oral cavity. This tearing and rubbing on the gums of the teeth are done by a brush which is filthy with these very germs that we are so very anxious to rid the mouth of. Would the surgeon sanction the cleansing of an open wound with an infected brush which was covered with an antiseptic tooth-paste or powder? Are we oral surgeons, therefore, justified in teaching children and adults to use such an instrument on soft gums and teeth? Experiments were made which proved that the brush contains a quantity of germs comparable with the number of germs found in sewage. Twelve sterile brushes were used in these experiments, applied once on the teeth, rinsed ten times in a tumbler of water, were left to stand for twelve hours, when all the bristles were removed with sterile forceps and the organisms counted in the usual way. In eight cases out of the twelve the results were as quoted. One case, however, shows that the brush is not sterile. The brush used daily, especially by those people in whose mouths septic processes are taking place. No one that can look squarely at facts and that has the courage to stand by a proved principle can continue to use the brush nor advise its use for his clients.  
 "Our research workers, of which we have far too few, have proved conclusively, to me, at least, that the toothbrush is undesirable and inefficient. It has been shown that pastes and powders and lozenges are beneficial, whenever they do not dislodge the teeth. Of what good is research work if the rank and file do not benefit by the findings? The conclusion which I have reached is that an able and unbiased board or commission of dentists should solve this problem for the central profession, and give us a technique for cleaning the oral cavity that is real oral hygiene. This could then be taken up by the rank and file, and the doctrine spread broadcast. Until such a method is adopted, may I suggest that we go back to the old Japanese method of using the clean forefinger to massage and clean the gums and outer surfaces of the teeth? It seems to be nature's own instrument that 'just fits the bill.' Instead of using salt and water as did the Japanese, we can use our modern lotions, to be followed by the recognized efficient allopathic or stryke. Mind you, this is my own idea; but I feel it only create a discussion among dentists to obtain real oral prophylaxis. But let us start right by abandoning the filthy tooth-brush once for all."

**Twice Told Tales**  
 Fascinated by Model.  
 The weekly meeting of the Married Ladies' Society for the Better Control and Guidance of Husbands had just been called to order by the president.  
 "I think it is only fair to tell your troubles, one at a time," said the chair.  
 A meek-looking little woman stood up in a far corner of the room.  
 "My husband," she quavered, "is in love with his model."  
 The buzz of gossip suddenly ceased, and all eyes were turned upon the speaker.  
 "But your husband is not an artist," argued the president. "He is from an ordinary, common background."  
 "Yes," said the meek woman, "but all the same he loves his model. You see, he's a self-made man."  
 —London Standard.  
**Irreverent Interruption.**  
 A minister at a recent conference here told of an adventure with a parrot in the house of a woman who had invited the minister to visit her family as their guest. The minister, of course, led the usual household prayers, but in their course a parrot in the room became monotonously voluble. The hostess, much mortified, apologized for the bad behavior of her pet, but the minister assured her he had been so absorbed in the devotions that he had not noticed the bird at all. But subsequently he was informed that the perturbation of the lady had been caused not so much by the parrot's talking as by the fact he had been ejaculating all through the prayer. "Hot air! Hot air!" —Baltimore American.  
**Safe to Try.**  
 A friend of Nat Goodwin's was staying with the actor at his home in California, in the hope of obtaining relief from chronic dyspepsia. One day he was taking a walk along the beach with his host.  
 "I have derived relief from drinking a glass of salt water from the tide," said the inviolable solemnity. "Do you think I might take a second?"  
 Goodwin reflected deeply. "Well," he replied, with equal seriousness, "I don't think a second would be missed." —Osteopathic Magazine.  
**Advertising vs. Praying.**  
 The small daughter of a little Rock family had been praying each evening at bed time for a baby sister.  
 The other morning her mother, reading the paper, exclaimed: "I see Mrs. Smith has a little daughter."  
 "How do you know that?" asked the child.  
 "I read it in the paper," answered the mother.  
 "Read it to me," said the daughter.  
 The mother read: "Born—on March—, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Smith, daughter."  
 The child thought a moment, then said: "I know what I am going to do. I am going to quit praying and begin advertising." —National Monthly.

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**TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.**  
 "I don't see," said she, "how a man of it can retain any romance."  
 "I have 5,000 copies of my last one left," responded he sadly.—Philadelphia Ledger.  
 Crawford—There doesn't seem to be any open warfare between Henpeck and his wife.  
 Crabshaw—No; but he admits it requires a lot of strategy to get along with her.—Judge.  
 Mrs. Owens—Merry, John, there isn't a thing in the house fit to eat.  
 Owens—I know it, Kate; that's why I brought him home to dinner. I want him to see how frugally we live. He's my principal creditor.—Boston Transcript.  
 The prisoners asked that the warden give them permission to form a club.  
 "It is granted," said the head of the jail.  
 "What kind of a club is it to be?"  
 "An eating club," said they.—Philadelphia Ledger.  
**KABIBBLE KABARET**  
 FIGHTINGLY SPEAKING  
 6 DAYS MAKE A WORKING WEEK THAT'S ACCORDING BY HOWE! BUY IT WORK SEVEN, SHOWER AND DRESS JUST LIKE MAME SOLWENT GIRL SEE "MAMMOSA"  
 "Now I understand the extensive preparations a nation has to make for war."  
 "What has enlightened you?"  
 "Watching the tremendous exertions of my wife in assembling the materials for tea fight."—Louisville Courier-Journal.  
 Yeast—More than \$5,000,000 for lux-

**Real Worth vs. Low Cost**  
 If you asked your butcher for a porterhouse steak and he handed you a cut of the flank and said, "This doesn't cost as much and is just as good," you wouldn't believe him, would you?  
 Yet the butcher's statement is just as truthful as an assertion that inferior baking powders made of alum or phosphate of lime are as good as Royal, which is made from cream of tartar.  
 Alum is a mineral acid salt, declared by many medical authorities unsafe to use in food.  
 Royal Baking Powder is as pure and wholesome as the grapes in the vineyard, from which cream of tartar is derived.  
 The only reason for using such substitutes as alum and lime phosphates is because their cost is less to the manufacturer.  
 ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.  
 New York

**Protect Yourself!**  
 Against Ask For  
**Substitutes HORLICK'S**  
 Get the Well-Known Round Package THE ORIGINAL  
**MALTED MILK**  
 Made in the largest, best equipped and sanitary Malted Milk plant in the world  
 We do not make "milk products"—Skim Milk, Condensed Milk, etc.  
 But only HORLICK'S  
 THE ORIGINAL MALTED MILK  
 Made from clean, full-cream milk and the extract of select malted grain, reduced to powder form, soluble in water. Best Food-Drink for All Ages.  
 Used for over a Quarter Century Unless you say "HORLICK'S" you may get a Substitute.  
**Take a Package Home**

**Editorial Viewpoint**  
 St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "Nothing can be settled by force," says Miss Jane Addams. We say Miss Addams speaks truly. The independence of the United States was settled that way.  
 Indianapolis News: It is well that the New York supreme court has upheld the right of a dramatic critic to knock a play, for some of those New York plays undoubtedly need the hammer good and hard.  
 Pittsburgh Dispatch: A speaker at a natural gas men's convention at Cincinnati in the name of "Government by the People" undertook to show that something ought to be done with newspapers which advocate "the people's rights" and thereby "hurt business." Is this natural gas or some sort of blended effluence?  
 Cleveland Plain Dealer: Pennsylvania has a new child labor law, but newboys, farm laborers and domestic servants are exempted from its provisions. Newboys can take care of themselves, for they are independent business men; but one feels a bit sorry for these poor little "domestic servants and farm laborers."  
 Springfield Republican: If Germany said more for the opinion of neutral countries it might be concerned because in no neutral state thus far has its Lusitania exploit been commended as legitimate warfare by journals of standing which represent official opinion, or published opinion to any degree. South America has joined North America on this question.

**Yes, It's a Fact!**  
 Something is going to happen in Omaha.  
 So, if you are a Booster for this city, don't fail to read this space for the next few days, and, no matter who or what you are, it will be to your advantage and may mean your first step to prosperity.  
 Don't forget tomorrow!

**The Bee's Letter Box**  
 The Art of Thinking.  
 OMAHA, May 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: I never suffer pain, I'm never sick, and I insist that pain is a delusion, and that sickness doesn't exist; and when I hurt, I say, "Oh, what a pain I haven't got," and when I'm a bit, I simply think I'm not, and then I'm not.  
 I never mourn, for grief is not a real substantial thing, and when I get the blues I always laugh and dance and sing; all sorrow is an error, and all errors are unreal, and unreal sorrows are the kind that common people feel.  
 I never sin; there is no sin, 'tis thinking makes it so; you think a thing is wrong, but can you tell me how you know? There is no evil now, for these are scientific times, and murder, theft and treason are imaginary crimes. I'll never fall in business, for I've left all fear behind, and I'm conscious of what's going on in my subconscious mind; I've learned to concentrate my psychic faculties until what I want will always come, and what I hope will happen, will.  
 There is no judgment after death, 'tis all a grand mistake, and if every one would think so, there would be no burning lake; and every one who earnestly desires future bliss, will reach that happy world, no matter what they do in this life.  
 In fact there's no such thing as death, so why should people dread to pass away, they're still alive, they only think they're dead; 'tis thinking wrong that causes sin and death, disease and grief, and this world would be a heaven if we all held this belief.  
 E. O. M.  
**Uniform Wheel Tax the Solution.**  
 OMAHA, May 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: I feel and some of the Commercial club think that the jitney should pay the same percentage of their probable gross receipts into the city treasury that the street car company pays. This was a happy thought. To the disinterested person, it seems equitable and just. But these sympathizers of the corporation do not remind the people in their statements that the street railway company voluntarily pays the entire cost for the exclusive right to operate street railways within the city and prefers to do this to paying a fixed sum each year for its franchise.  
 No doubt a number of enterprising members of the Commercial club would be willing to pay 3 per cent, and could well afford to pay 10 or 20 per cent, of the gross receipts for the exclusive right to operate motor buses in Omaha. But there is no monopoly of the jitney business and there should not be any. Most of the jitney cars are owned individually and driven by the owner as a rule. The machine is the man's tool and he should not be taxed any more than the owner of any other automobile, and certainly not any more than the owner of horse-drawn vehicles. The auto does not incur any expense for cleaning the streets or repairing them. The idea of taxing these cars more than any other vehicles is unfair and is proposed clearly in the interests of the street railway company.  
 A uniform wheel tax for all vehicles, whether motor-driven or horse-drawn, is the only fair solution. Regulation of routes, fares, etc., and the attempt to require indemnity bonds are as absurd as a similar attempt would be to regulate the prices charged by expressmen or other individual carriers.  
 The jitney is popular. It has come to stay. To those city commissioners who would reticent or try to destroy its usefulness, in the interests of corporate greed, the jitney drivers and the people of Omaha say, "Remember the recall."  
 J. E. SHAPER.  
**The Socialist Cure-all.**  
 OMAHA, May 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: Your editorial caption "Opening the Doors of Janus' Temple," is as severe an indictment of our present capitalist system as ever emanated from a socialist publication. The closing paragraph says, "Here is one place where our scheme of civilization sadly needs mending." No, Mr. Editor, it does not need mending. The punctures are too large and too numerous. It is beyond human ingenuity to do anything for this without scheme of things, which do not have the extreme wealth of the few on one hand and the extreme poverty of the many on the other, where men have to engage to do wholesale murder to enable them to eat and live only to die that this without scheme of things might live to reproduce a continuation of these same conditions you complain of. But at each evolution of the wheel of progress, it becomes more aggravated and instead of pointing out the remedy, the reorganization of society into an industrial democracy by a peaceful and intelligent action at the ballot, you prefer to withhold your knowledge of the solution from the people because it interferes with the employers' scheme of things and their economic interest. This question involves the future of the human race, its happiness and contentment. It even involves its life and it must be settled right or not at all.  
 We have a choice of two ways: First, intelligent working class economic and political action; second, the chaos of a bloody revolution, which settles nothing permanently. JEROME H. BRILLIANT, 505 Farnam Street.

**Thirties Years Ago**  
 Preliminary steps were taken at the meeting of the Omaha Fair and Exposition association for a fair to be held in the fall, the chairman, Joseph Gernsey, Jr., appointed as a committee to take up the details G. N. Ramsey, Churchill Parker, James McShane, Richard Mitches and Frank Colpetser.  
 A city base ball league is being organized with the Oranigh college and high school lines, and another team to be captained by Fred Smith.  
 Mayor Boyd was a badly broken-up man when City Clerk Southern last before him the \$195,000 refunding bonds purchased by the First National bank, and told him he would have to sign his name 4,000 times.  
 P. C. Backus and family, accompanied by about twenty other Omaha people, started for the Pacific coast, where they will locate in and around Los Angeles.  
 Dr. Grady, Denis, Lee, Coffman and Galtbraith have gone to Grand Island to attend a meeting of the State Medical association.  
 N. N. Vinquest, for many years a leading ice dealer in Omaha, but now residing in Kansas City, is the guest of Mr. Binford.  
 F. M. McDonagh, publisher of the Watchman, has returned from a trip in the east in search of rest and health, and his friends are sorrowing over his hopeless condition.

**THE SUMMERY GIRL**  
 Lee Shipper, in Judge.  
 A quiet resort of the summery sort is where I am longing to be. Where girls with bright glances are seeking romances.  
 And cool woods would beckon to me, Where roaming and boating and swimming and fishing.  
 Formality put out of curl, And soft is the heart of the summery, sort.  
 Of summer resort girl, I've tried every jolly and dangerous folly.  
 The prodigal city affords I've toyed to satiety with each variety. Off the bait served us on swords; And none of it thrills me—with envious it fills me—  
 And yet I'd get all in a whirl! Could I ramble apart at some summer resort With a summery sort of girl.  
 Oh, dull may things grow at the garden or show. And unspcakably dull at the club! You may note streaks of gray, feel you're getting passe, And sigh you're no longer a cub; But just take to the woods, run away from your moods, And you'll soon frisk about like a squirrel. When a strolling you start at a summer resort With a summery sort of girl.

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 Lee Shipper, in Judge.  
 A quiet resort of the summery sort is where I am longing to be. Where girls with bright glances are seeking romances.  
 And cool woods would beckon to me, Where roaming and boating and swimming and fishing.  
 Formality put out of curl, And soft is the heart of the summery, sort.  
 Of summer resort girl, I've tried every jolly and dangerous folly.  
 The prodigal city affords I've toyed to satiety with each variety. Off the bait served us on swords; And none of it thrills me—with envious it fills me—  
 And yet I'd get all in a whirl! Could I ramble apart at some summer resort With a summery sort of girl.  
 Oh, dull may things grow at the garden or show. And unspcakably dull at the club! You may note streaks of gray, feel you're getting passe, And sigh you're no longer a cub; But just take to the woods, run away from your moods, And you'll soon frisk about like a squirrel. When a strolling you start at a summer resort With a summery sort of girl.