

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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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.

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

In the world war game all leaders play the red to win.

It is a wise nation that knows its treaties are live ones.

Get a grip on the rope that will pull Greater Omaha across.

Greater Omaha consolidation election next Tuesday. Keep repeating it to yourself.

It is evident from the reports that war bulletins do not monopolize all the gas at the firing line.

These downpours are fine, Mr. Weather Man, but it is possible to have too much of a good thing.

Speaking of Memorial day, it is not the particular date, but the observance and beautiful thought that goes with it.

There's hope that the other knockers who tried so hard to block the Greater Omaha movement may yet be converted.

British critics of General Kitchener evidently conceive it to be their duty to do the knocking while others do the fighting.

Another advantage John Bull has over Uncle Sam is that he has about twice as many cabinet portfolios to deal out.

Despite laws to the contrary Iowa and Nebraska must continue wet territory if they would prosper. Nature so orders.

Orders for \$18,000,000 worth of railroad equipment placed within ten days clearly mark the current of progress in this country.

Very well, Emperor William, take all the time you need to write your answer to that note, provided only the answer meets the issue.

Still, if Italy wants the sympathy of the world it ought to be able to give its reasons in less space so busy people might read them.

One brilliant Omaha clergyman explains the hatchet murder by declaring that the people have forsaken God. If so, then the churches must be frightful failures.

Aside from the race question raised in a California foreclosure suit, the case is interesting in showing the readiness of Californians to separate the Japs from their money.

The "eternal fitness of things" would approach human perfection if General Kitchener could induce the curbstone strategists of London to execute their plans in the gas belt of Flanders.

Not the least of the sore spots exhibited abroad spring from the pain of seeing the stream of foreign gold pouring into the United States, with little hope of an early return. That constitutes the yellow peril of Europe.

It seems that Douglas county is practically the only county in the state where the mothers' pension law is actually operative, which makes the temptation all the more for outside places to unload prospective dependents upon us. Measures for self-protection against such practices are imperative.



Bids for grading lots 5 and 6, block 114, the proposed site for the new city hall, were opened by the new city council with proposals from James K. Jones, James Welch, Charles E. Fanning, Stunt & Hansel, C. F. Williams and Patrick Welch, and the price ranging from 10 cents to 17 cents per cubic yard.

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Eleanor Boyd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Boyd, and Mr. Ellis E. Bishower, United States marshal, to take place at high noon, June 10, at Trinity cathedral. As a climax to its phenomenal record, the Omaha ball team tackled Indianapolis, and were downed to a score of 10 to 8. Manager Hey has cancelled the games here this week, and will play them at Kansas City. It is quite probable he will not return at all.

The representation of the local Turners came back from the Atchison turnfest, and were met as victors by friends headed by the Musical Union orchestra, and escorted to their hall, where an informal reception was held. The homecoming heroes were: C. T. Engesser, A. Moravec and W. Schulze.

Charles A. Potter was appointed by Judge Dundy as examiner in chancery.

Messrs. Borden and A. D. Smith, accompanied by Frank E. White of Platteville, went to Blair to inaugurate a Masonic lodge.

The New British Cabinet.

The gloom in Great Britain has not been entirely dispelled by the formation of a coalition cabinet, noteworthy chiefly as an effort to bring together all the political factions of the United Kingdom, to the end that the government's conduct of the war be not disturbed by partisan bickerings. Announcement of the personnel of the cabinet, and the approval by King George, does not arouse any great wave of enthusiasm, and it is very apparent England can now be calmed only by the success of British arms.

The chief figure in the new government is Arthur J. Balfour, some time prime minister of England, and leader of the Tory party. Mr. Balfour may alter in detail, but not in effect, the naval policy initiated by his predecessor, Winston Churchill, who has stepped to a lower position. Although he has and does profess the greatest of friendship for the United States, Balfour has also publicly defended the order in council against which this government has so vigorously protested. He will not bring any new feature to the progress of the war, nor any determining factor to the diplomatic controversy between the United States and Great Britain.

Lloyd George is well rid of the exchequer portfolio, and his new work will give him the fullest opportunity for the exercise of his genius for organization and combining business with politics. To Reginald McKenna will fall the more difficult task of cleaning the field so carefully covered by Lloyd George in the raising of revenue for the carrying on of the war. Winston Churchill, it is suggested, is to be given an opportunity of further service in connection with the business management of the navy.

The new cabinet will very likely continue through the war, for it is not likely an election will be held until fighting is over, but it does not begin its term under especially happy skies.

How Distressing!

How the get-together movement among republicans distresses the opposition is disclosed by the walling of our amiable democratic contemporary whose solicitude is really pathetic. It goes without saying that there can be no getting together unless republicans of all factions and shades unite regardless of past differences for a forward march against the political enemy. But this very union is what the democrats see spelling defeat for them. It is their political strategy, if possible, to keep the progressives and the regulars apart by fanning fears and playing upon ambitions. The disintegration of the progressive party as a separate party organization has made it plain that the reunion must come behind the republican standard, and that is what the democrats are really afraid of. If it were the other way, and it were the regulars who were to be brought back on the reservation, they would be the ones to have the tender consideration of the democrats. The probabilities are, however, that our democratic friends will have all they can do for the next campaign to keep the discordant wings of their own party working in unison, with little time left to dispense blandishments to any brand of republicans.

Shaking the Foundations.

The Presbyterian General Assembly has taken another round at the Union Theological Seminary, this time the ultra-conservatives winning, to the extent of having a resolution adopted calling for an inquiry into the status of the school. As Union ceased to be a Presbyterian institution some years ago, the purpose of the resolution does not appear on its surface. Back of it is the fact that graduates of Union are still being ordained as ministers in the Presbyterian church, and in this way is being steadily introduced an element of heresy, from the standpoint of the doctrinaires of the church. Union, like many of the great schools of the country, long ago outgrew strictly sectarian lines, and, while it still teaches those things which are essential to a solid foundation of faith, either as Presbyterian or other sect, along with its established elements of sound theology, some more modern ideas have thrived, and professors at Union have been known to question the inerrancy of the Bible, to engage in the "higher criticism" and to take issue with some of the cardinal principles of the Westminster confession. Thus Union may have aimed at, if it did not actually shake, the foundations of the faith of the Presbyterian church. That is why the rigid adherents to Calvinism find cause for exultation in any step that will lead to further widening the gap between Union Theological Seminary and the church itself.

The progress of this controversy has long been watched with more than passing interest, because it shows the attitude of the church towards the advance in thought. The action at Rochester will be good news to those who have sought to keep their faith pure and their dogma undefiled, but it will not encourage those who have looked for rapid development of modernism in the Presbyterian church.

When the Farmer Buys.

One of the features of life in Omaha just at present is the unwonted activity among the farm implement jobbers. Never in the history of the trade has the business been greater than now, the call from the farms for machinery being such as keeps the makers busy to their capacity. This is an unerring sign of the prosperity that has been claimed for the west during all the months when depression has been felt in other sections of the country. The farmers in the territory tributary to Omaha in way of trade are not only possessed of the most fertile soil the sun rises on, with the most ideal of natural conditions for the growing of crops, but they are truly progressive in all ways. Their purchases are made with intelligence and foresight, and when they are in the market for more machinery it is the most positive indication conceivable of a bountiful crop. When the farmer buys, the outlook is good for all.

Assurances of respect for Swiss neutrality are repeated. 'Tis well. A certain monarch on witnessing the target practice of the Swiss army complimented the soldiers on their marksmanship. "How many soldiers are thus trained," he asked an officer. "Two hundred thousand, your majesty." "If I should send an army of 400,000 against them, what would happen?" "Each soldier, your majesty, would shoot twice." Accuracy of aim and mountain defiles are uncommon preservers of neutrality.

The Alpine Battle Ground

THE character of the frontier which Austria presents to Italy severely limits the field of military operations. It, indeed, does not insure from the outset a deadlock except along the valley of the Isarco. The ordinary lines of communication between Italy and Austria are through Alpine passes, which admit of defense by bands of troops against armies. Tunnels and bridges once dynamited would check an invasion for months. The railroad route from Verona to Trent, thence north through the Tyrol by the Brenner to Innsbruck, is the only practicable one for an invading army in either direction. Along this line the Austrians have many defenses. Cement platforms at commanding positions are even now being utilized in mounting heavy guns. In addition, foot of an advance up steep defiles. Squads of Russian prisoners and Galician refugees are reported to be at work already digging trenches in the Trentino district, where the Italian offensive is expected.

This Trentino approach is also that along which Italy fears a sudden attack by a German force upon one of her rich cities of the north. For none of the other familiar ways into Italy are open. The road from Turin to Paris by the St. Denis tunnel leads directly into French territory. The Simplon tunnel route from Milan through the Alps to Switzerland, and does the St. Gothard route from Milan to Lucerne, and the preparations made by the determined Swiss to maintain their neutrality effectually bar that way. The Ticino, the valley through which the last route passes and which was so often the highway of opposing armies in the Italian wars, is not likely to have a place in the record of the impending struggle.

To block the Trentino route Italy would be able to mass what troops it has mobilized with little delay, and would be certain to occupy the narrow mountain passes as its first move. For, once the Italian frontier is reached by an invader, the defenses are of the weakest. True, there are fortifications at Casale, an important railroad junction, at Piacenza, also a railway center, and the largest artillery depot in Italy; at Venice and at Alessandria. There are defenses of a sort at Verona and Mantua. The old Austrian quadrilateral used to such good purpose by Austria in 1859 and the basis of the Po is studied with fortified places. But as the commission of 1903 reported, these defenses are very far from being modern or adequate.

On the eastern frontier, Austria might force the fighting, were it of a mind to anticipate Italy's first move. For the two or three railroad arteries leading from the heart of Austria and Hungary emerge from mountain defiles upon the low coast lands well within the very far high roads leading from Cividale and Palmanova down to the Istrian peninsula. With the co-operation of an Italian fleet this form of attack by Italy, especially were it prompt enough to cut off the defenders' communications in the rear, might well put the whole Istrian promontory into the hands of the invaders. Pola, however, is strongly fortified against land attack.

One should not be misled by the existence of several railway lines from Vienna leading to Trieste and Budapest into believing that an Italian army could seriously threaten those cities, quite unfortified as they are. It is true that the distance from Venice to Salzburg via Villach is only 300 miles, or twelve hours by express, and that Vienna itself is but 400 miles away, or a matter of fifteen hours. The Taurin railway, opened in 1905, runs trains between Berlin and Trieste in twenty-two hours, and the Marwanonk railway opened in 1906 between Vienna and Trieste, in eleven hours. The Hungarian railway covers the distance from Vienna to Budapest via Agram in about thirteen hours. But, notwithstanding these communications, so completely do the mountains shut off the Austrian and Hungarian interiors that invaders could be easily withstood.

Of the character of these approaches it may be noted that on the Karawanken line of tunnels and 777 bridges, 50 of them of good size, are encountered between Trieste and Klagenfurt. Only about fifty miles out of Trieste, the railway enters the gorge of the river, crossing the river on a stone bridge 120 feet long, 115 feet high, with a central arch 200 feet in width. This gorge extends for miles, necessitating two tunnels and two viaducts in its course. The road finally leaves it by a steep ascent of the right bank through a series of tunnels. Not satisfied with these natural impediments to a hostile army, the Austrians have fortified Malborghetto Predil Pass and other points farther along the roads into Carinthia.

Last summer Italy's standing army was about 300,000 strong. With the first and second line of reserves the armed strength of the nation totalled roughly about 1,000,000 men. But for many months it has been apparent that if Italy enters a contest in which it stands to gain or lose greatly, it must be prepared to place more than 1,000,000 men under arms. Germany, with a population of something less than 70,000,000, has placed 4,000,000 men in the field, with a population of less than 6,000,000, has about 2,500,000 in the first line and reserves. Great Britain, with a population of 46,000,000, is contributing more than 2,000,000 men, a ratio that is sufficiently high in view of the part played by the English fleet. Italy, therefore, with a population of about 37,000,000, must be prepared to call up at least twice as many men as its estimated strength of a year ago, or between 2,000,000 and 2,500,000. It has also had time to recognize the qualities of endurance demanded by present warfare, the importance of morale. The reputation of the Italian army, judging by past performance, has not been of the highest. It did not do well against Austria in 1866, and it has the Abyssinian disaster of twenty years ago to outlive. But past performances are not altogether conclusive, as the showing of the Serbian army has demonstrated. The Italians, after a bad start in Tripoli, did well.

Italy has witnessed since the war with Turkey, and the struggle in the Balkans, a great expansion of its navy. The first Mediterranean power to take up construction of dreadnoughts, ship for ship, it may be reckoned today a stronger naval power than Austria. Italy is credited with fifteen effective battle-ship built and building, against thirteen for Austria. In cruisers it is twice as strong, a superiority it maintains in destroyers, torpedo boats, and submarines, although it is not to be noted that Austria will have a slight advantage in torpedo boats when its immediate building program is carried out.

The Italian fleet is normally divided into six commands, with bases at Spezia, Naples, Venice and Taranto. Each has a government dockyard. Maddalena, the naval station in the group of fortified islands north of Sardinia, is also a base. The sixth command is known as the Mediterranean fleet. There is a building yard at Castellana, and to strengthen Italy's resources on the Adriatic, Brindisi was a few years ago made the base of the torpedo flotilla, while Ancona was selected as an additional naval base. Other fortified points on the Italian coast line, which measures nearly 3,000 miles exclusive of Sardinia, Elba, and other small islands, are Vado, Genoa, Monte Argentario, Gaeta, and the Straits of Messina.

Pola is the key to the Austrian defense on the sea. There is a coaling base at Tvedo, Cattaro Bay; Santa Caterina Island is an aviation station, and Sebenico has recently been made a naval base. But Pola, at the protruding point of the Istrian peninsula, is the Austrian stronghold. It stands at the apex of the triangle made by the promontory. Trieste and Fiume are at the other two corners, each distant a five or six hours' journey from Pola, on small coastwise railroads. The distance between Pola and Trieste cut this time down almost one-half. These two supports are the windows of the Austro-Hungarian empire, and almost as indispensable to it as Germany. For the dual monarchy to relinquish them, would mean signing its death warrant.



Rejoinder from the Neighbors. OMAHA, May 26.—To the Editor of The Bee: We, the neighbors of the Bradfords, and all of us witnesses to the outrage perpetrated upon a sick and dying woman on the afternoon of May 15, desire to correct a few small errors in the statement headed, "Two Sides to Every Story," which appears in the Letter Box, signed "A Reader." The writer, in spite of the statement to the contrary, is a friend of the Bradfords. In all this neighborhood there is but one family that upholds them in their cruelty to their hapless tenants.

In the first place, Mrs. Bradford is in the final stages of her disease, and has been hopelessly bedridden for nearly six months. She has not been up and around at any time during this period, and the doctors said to move her would hasten her end. The breast where the cancer is located was jammed brutally against the door when her humane evictors carried her out on a stretcher, and she has suffered unspeakable tortures ever since from that frightful laceration. No doctor has ever said she would live ten months, let alone "ten years."

Secondly, the Bradfords have owned the place on Ohio street for years and are old residents in this vicinity. They are wealthy Germans, having a bank account, rentals from still another house, valuable property both in Omaha, Raton, South Dakota, and real estate in California. In spite of the fact that Mr. Emet has had up substantial treasure here on earth, however, he is, as "A Reader" feelingly remarks, "a poor man," for he has completely forgotten to lay up lasting treasure, such as charity, sympathy with affliction, and loving kindness toward one's neighbor assures one, when life's account is balanced. He is in fact far poorer than the Bradfords, and much more to be pitied, for although his physical health enables him to hold down a paying position, and work every day, he has a complete ossification of that important organ, the heart, and is indeed a "sick man."

We, whose names appear below, would pay for another chance with poor Mrs. Bradford, if, by the contract of the slightest taint of the Emet disease, and on that account the Bradfords are under social quarantine since May 15. Ostracism is the polite term for it.

ELISE ROBERTSON, MRS. P. C. CARSON, MRS. MORRISSEY, MRS. GALLAGHER, KATE TURNER, MR. AND MRS. EMIL PRESCHER, All on Ohio Street.

Memories in Old Songs. OMAHA, May 26.—To the Editor of The Bee: I read with considerable pleasure, the announcement of the "Festival of Old Songs" to be given by the choir of the Walnut Hill Methodist Episcopal church. The very names of some of the old songs to be sung there stir the heart and bring back memories of other days.

The war songs, perhaps more than any other, stir recollections of bygone days, for these songs seem to have been a part of our boyhood life. Those of us who, as youngsters at that period, were far too young to take our part in the national struggle, could at least participate in the staging of those old songs, and of all the memories of the war, those songs are perhaps the most distinct. The song "Dixie Land," while ostensibly a southern song, was, nevertheless, of northern origin, having been composed by one Emmet for use in his vaudeville sketch, of that period. And perhaps no more stirring war song has ever been written than "Marching Through Georgia," and I well remember with what vim and vigor it was sung by those who were obliged to stay at home, as well as the federal troops.

And what a flood of memories is brought forth by those old love songs; what tender thoughts of our early life they produce. To how great an extent do we owe to them our fortunes, or misfortunes, none can ever tell. It is often remarked that the clean sentiment and beautiful melodies of those old songs is never reproduced in the modern love songs, and only a comparison of these songs, as they will be sung Thursday night, can show how true this is. The plantation songs, too, mellow as they are, and filled with the tender pathos of the slave's weary life, tell their great story to the world. These songs, as we look back upon them from our viewpoint, tell more than the words themselves express. While the words and melodies show clearly the thoughts and aspirations of the negro slave, they teach still more—the optimism of a soul in despair. Think of these poor humans, driven to their labor like animals, toiling through the boiling sun from dawn to dusk, and then, gathering in the evening, letting forth their pent-up emotions in song. What a lesson for the pessimist and knacker of today.

Such an entertainment will surely make Thursday evening long to be remembered, and, as I understand the public is invited, admission free, except for a free-will offering to defray expenses, the church at Forty-first and Charles streets should be crowded to its capacity. J. F. F. OLD LETTER.

A Stray-Hanger's Suggestions.

OMAHA, May 26.—To the Editor of The Bee: Owing to weather conditions it was my misfortune this morning to "take the street car" to work; ordinarily I walk and avoid the terrors of that vehicle of transportation. Eventually I happened to find a stray vacant and it is strange how freely one's mind works when he hangs onto a strap. In due course of rumination there came to mind a statement by Manager Leussler in the current press complaining of the unfairness to his company and to the public, of the corporation menace—the workman's tax.

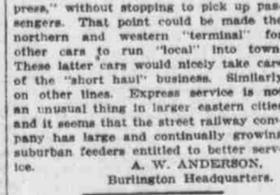
Let me relate what has probably been the experience of some others who will affirm my statements: Walking from home to Twenty-fourth street and no car behind at hand, I walked up "to meet" the car at Hines street to avoid standing on the street corner. Boarding the car there, two and one-half miles from the postoffice and over three miles from my place of work, I could not get inside the street car, but had to stand on the platform. Expecting a little better treatment on Lake street, but was confronted with almost the same situation and other passengers were continually being pilled on as we approached town.

THE FAIRIES.

Griff Alexander, in Pittsburgh Dispatch. You wonder where the fairies dwell? To tell you what you ask is quite an easy task. They live and work each fairy pile in baby's eyes. When glad surprise wakes up the tenderness that sleeps within your heart. They play a most important part where careful Mother Nature keeps the various hues. The pink and blue, To tint the flowers. For golden hours in May and June. They teach the birds Songs lacking words. But rich in tune. They chase the clouds across the sky; Injures the breeze To stir the trees. Provide the clover for the bees With ease. Makes kisses play with bread and cheese.

Create the buttercup— With honey fill it up. And every day Some little fay. Will teach some happy child to play. Where youths laughter's ringing out In May and June. The fairies always are at home. And that is why without a doubt We never, never find them out!

"Every Picture Tells a Story"



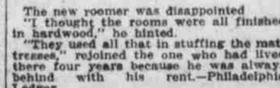
"I can't hold out much longer"

Put Off Old Age

Some old folks are bent and shaky. Others are straight and strong. So it can't be mere "oldness" that works such havoc. No—it is too often uric acid that weakens older folks. Fight off this life-sapping uric acid poison. Help the kidneys take it from the blood. To aid them in this struggle, live carefully, and stimulate their action with the old reliable remedy, Doan's Kidney Pills.

An Omaha Case:

Mrs. May Dressen, 217 N. 17th St., Omaha, says: "I had such awful backaches that I could hardly work. A heavy cold settled on my kidneys and my back got so bad I couldn't leave my bed for six weeks. My kidneys didn't do their work right and I had symptoms of dropsy. After using three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, my condition improved wonderfully, and now I am in much better shape."



DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. 50¢ at all Drug Stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Props. Buffalo, N.Y.



Don't Fool Yourself

If you are looking for a mild cigar don't be misled by the color of the wrapper. It may turn out to be a very heavy fellow in a light disguise. Wrappers tell nothing about what is inside.

You will make no mistake about mildness if you say, "Tom Moore" because Tom Moore's reputation has been made on its mild, "modulated" Havana flavors. "They always come back for Moore."

TOM MOORE CIGAR 10¢ LITTLE TOM 5¢

If you want a short smoke, we can't say too much for Little Tom

Best & Russell Cigar Co., 612 So. 16th St., Omaha, Distributor.

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!