

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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JUNE CIRCULATION. 53,646

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 June, 1915, was 53,646.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 24 day of July, 1915.

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

Thought for the Day. A forgiveness ought to be like a canceled note torn in two and burned, so that it never can be shown against the man. -H. W. Bescher.

Nebraska farm products are world besters, all right! The German reply to the last American note is coming. Mr. Bryan's resignation came faster than that.

Here's a suggestion for a "Joe Stecher night" at the Ak-Sar-Ben den. But where get men to serve on the initiating crew?

Note the temperature deficiency of 187 degrees on the thermometer below normal since March 1, which is the self-talking explanation.

War geography runs the gamut of the alphabet keyboard, from Arras to Zamosc, and tumultuous pressure holds both ends and the middle.

The increased activities and victims of German submarines carry a succession of sinking spells to J. Bull's marine department. His sea power is short of pep.

Every financial institution hereabouts reports normal or better gains for the half year, and bears eloquent testimony to the productive resources of the corn belt.

Subsequent experience proves that the autocratic power exercised by the late President Diaz is the only successful system of refrigeration for Mexico's hot tamales.

With his years of experience and his knowledge of the Rio Grande as a trouble breeder, General Huerta's plea of innocence mocks his discretion and banishes his smile.

Try to imagine some one seriously proposing to the Continental congress that the Liberty bell be put on wheels and sent out on a cross country trip to the Pacific coast and back.

Internal revenue receipts from distilleries and breweries show a decided slump for the fiscal year. As a joymaker the white map does not send its thrills to Uncle Sam's pocket.

The parents of Omaha's Fourth of July triplets are entitled to active life membership in the Two Hundred Thousand Population club. Their example is worthy of praise and emulation.

Assurances of permanency accompany the proffer of the chair of political economy in the University of Indiana to Mr. Bryan. Improving the politics of Hoosierdom guarantees a life job.

By holding back public warrants for salaries not specifically appropriated, State Auditor Smith is likely to make himself unpopular with the payroll brigade. What's the constitution between friends, anyway?

Steel mills working at 80 to 85 per cent of capacity is another reliable barometer of the country's industrial uplift. The gain is due to home demand, as the mills covered by the report are not in the war order class.

Thirty Years Ago. This Day in Omaha. The fracas between the mayor and council was revived by the nomination of J. E. House to take the place of James Creighton as chairman of the Board of Public Works, which, like all the others, was referred to a committee. The mayor still withdrew the name of W. S. Shoemaker for city attorney, substituting that of George B. Lake.

A shoverment is on foot to have all the clothing stores close at 7 o'clock excepting Saturday. Aaron Cain has received a postal from Max Meyer mailed at Blendenstadt. Mr. Cain's native village, where his sister and other relatives still reside, and which Mr. Meyer promised to visit when he got to Germany.

M. E. Marlinovich is back from a fishing excursion to Florence Lake. He tells a fabulous story of how the fish in the best were so heavy that the boat sank, why he and his comrades straddled a big catfish and landed on terra firma. All the fish caught, but the big catfish that had saved two valuable lives, and, of course, the heights of the red and line could not be so ungrateful as not to allow it its freedom, which explains their home coming without any fish.

Miss Edna Cowin, daughter of General Cowin, returned to Omaha from Cleveland, where she has been with her grandparents.

Gov. McCone, the popular bookkeeper for Moore & Co., news in Leam, Mass., where it is rumored, a young girl has been waiting for him.

Nebraska's Place on the Map.

Nebraska has long been firmly fixed in its proud position as leader of enlightenment, with the lowest percentage of illiteracy in the union. Recent government reports place this state as fourth in per capita wealth. It is first in number of automobiles owned and used in proportion to its population, world famed for its politics, and somewhat known for the statesmen it has produced.

But now comes Fame, and with a new blast of her trumpet, she heralds to the four winds of heaven and all quarters of the globe that Nebraska has brought forth a champion athlete, and is otherwise bedecked with added importance. Maybe this category has not been set down with exact regard to the relative dependable values of the attributes and accomplishments noted, nor is it entirely complete, but it is enough to show the world that Nebraska is on the map, and that its particular spot is getting brighter all the time.

Huerta's Plight in Prison.

Victoriano Huerta weeps in prison, as he tells how deeply he is hurt because the United States will not accept his word as a pledge. We will be given tear-compelling word pictures of this caged eagle, beating his wings against restraining bars, while his soul strains to free itself and soar again. All of which is very nice, but Huerta's record is much against him. He pledged his word to Madero and the Mexican people, and broke his pledge. He allowed his ambition to outweigh his loyalty and honor, and he must now pay for broken faith by being compelled to give other security than his word. The United States was very tolerant of him as a guest, peacefully sojourning within our boundaries, but as a suspected conspirator against the people of another nation he takes on an entirely different aspect. The government is fully warranted in dealing sternly with Huerta, and with all other Mexicans who foment disorder from this side of the border.

Omaha as a Model Host.

Omaha is entitled to further plume itself on its ability to take care of and entertain large crowds of visitors. It easily provided for one of the largest assemblages of holiday visitors ever gathered in a western city, and without apparent strain on its resources. The Fourth of July merry-makers, most of whom spent two days and some three in the city, found everything ready for them, and had no occasion to complain of their welcome or of their treatment. They took part in a safe and sane observance, and enjoyed a program of out-door sports and games of such diversity and attractiveness as is rarely afforded, and all without serious hitch or mishap.

Civilization After the War.

Edward Davies Schoonmaker, writing of "The Moral Failure of Efficiency," sounds a new note in criticism of our civilization. He depicts our social scheme as a train of two cars, pushed by an engine, and rushing to destruction. The first car is militarism, the second industrialism, and the engine is our educational system. It is his argument that militarism is the outgrowth of industrialism, and that industrialism flows from our system of education, and that the wreck of one will surely entail the destruction of the other. Following this line, he finds that "efficiency" has failed because it is, paradoxically, inefficient, lacking in the moral element that makes for the fuller development of man's faculties and provides for his spiritual along with his material growth.

It is interesting, too, that Mr. Schoonmaker does not confine his accusation to any one race or nation. It has been quite fashionable of late to lay all the blame flowing from "efficiency" on Germany, because the Germans have proved themselves such capable exponents of the dogma of organization and preparation. Americans are included with the other enlightened nations of the world in the indictment, and must take their full share of responsibility, and pay in proportion as they have neglected the ethical to expand the practical in the possibilities of the race. Our educational practice leads to industrialism, and this to militarism, whether we admit it or not, according to the syllogism presented.

But Mr. Schoonmaker sees a worthier civilization arising; not a socialistic state, nor an Utopia, but a condition in which the individual will have every opportunity for developing to the fullest, encouraged and assisted in bringing to fullest fruition his better and more desirable qualities, and in which "efficiency" will not be gauged by mere capacity for production of material things. Industrialism will no longer lead to militarism, for it will be a means and not an end in the better social life that is to come.

Will the One-Term Plank Hold?

Interest in the platform adopted at Baltimore by the democrats is revived to some degree by the defection of Mr. Bryan from the councils of the party's leaders. Will the ex-secretary of state undertake to nail the president to the one-term plank of that platform, and set him adrift on the sea of retirement? At the time that platform was adopted, the public was assured that it contained the articles of faith of the democratic party of today, and later the candidate for president solemnly announced that it was not set "as molasses to catch flies." In light of later events, however, reason for doubt as to the sincerity of these prophesies has been raised. The canal tolls plank was flagrantly set aside and other violence has been done to the document. Therefore, it remains to be seen how much dependence can be placed on the one-term plank. At this writing the odds are much in favor of the proposition that the democratic convention will ask Mr. Wilson to take another cup of coffee.

Is It a War to a Finish?

Henry M. Pordell in Seattle's

TO THE American from the middle west the war soon offers a series of fire sensations. In the past, when the conflict has not yet exacted any specific tribute, the interest has not been localized, there has been no crystallization of public sentiment, therefore the opening and progress of the base ball season, the invasion of the jitney bus, and the like, frequently drive the war news from the front. In the east, where the conflict has touched more directly upon the business of living, it takes its natural place as the paramount question of the day. So the would-be invader of the war zone enters its outer circle before he leaves his native nest. New York was warmly discussing the possibilities of an attack on the English liners days before the Lusitania met her fate, and the Atlantic crossing promised increasing excitement.

The first glimpse of England was curiously disappointing. War was well in evidence, the Liverpool harbor was crowded with war vessels, Atlantic coasters were making ready for duty as transports, cattle boats unloading hundreds of horses, huge freighters bringing in supplies; munitions were piled high on all sides, and the soldiers were ready for duty as the same old England we all know, normal, poised, self-contained, a bit bored if anything by all this potter of war. It was only at the clubs, the last place one would have looked for it, that a vital interest in the subject was found.

The man in the street appeared to view the proceedings with singularly detached eyes and the constantly moving soldiers, the ever visible machinery of the war, gave the impression of an elaborate effort to advertise patriotism rather than express it.

No adequate explanation was offered for the apparent apathy of the people. The lack of any popular leader was suggested and the suggestion was plausible, but war so terrible, so close at hand, war that has already leaved so heavy a toll on life and economic conditions, might be expected to develop popular leaders. The recruiting officers, formerly doing a steady but modest business despite enormous advertising, were jammed. The crowds in the street cheered the marching soldiers as if they were entirely a new feature, and the crowds became a mob and the restaurants and shops controlled by Germans, which had in no way been inconvenienced up to this time, felt the force of the mob's anger. The authorities in their hands fell to protect the lives of resident Germans. The coalition government came in with a rush. Parliamentary leaders no longer had to plead the cause of the nation's defenders, millions more were voted to the war budget without a dissenting voice.

Spiritual and Physical Remedies.

OMAHA, July 6.—To the Editor of The Bee: In a recent issue of the Church and Home appears an interesting and impartial discussion of the relation of the church to healing.

Without admitting that the physician can operate in the dual capacity of union both spiritual and material remedies for the sick, we certainly can agree that the Christian physician, believing in the eternity of life rather than death would be a tremendous agency for the eradication of fear and ignorance which constitute the prime cause of much of sickness and death.

Concerning this question Mrs. Eddy expresses the thought suggested by the article in question in the following apt language:

Physicians whom the sick employ in their helplessness, should be models of virtue. They should be wise spiritual guides to health, and not be to the tremblers on the brink of death, who understand not the divine truth which is the life and perpetuate the error which the sick Jesus Christ, the true idea of spiritual power.

The writer is not sufficiently learned in the subjects involving the relative authority to be given the canonical and apocryphal writings and therefore is not in a position to deprecate the use of the book of Ecclesiasticus as authority for some of the positions taken, but from a layman's standpoint the prophet Isaiah more fully sounds the inspired note when he says: "And I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight."

Editorial Viewpoint

New York World: In plain words, the British memorandum in relation to the lawless interference with our ships and cargoes is an impudent persistence in wrong-doing. Nobody is more conscious of the offense than the members of the British ministry, for in answering us now with sophistry and falsehood they reverse the record of their own government in like cases for many years.

Indianapolis News: The Mexicans are wrong. There is no inconsistency between the president's former declaration that he had no disposition to interfere in Mexican affairs and his recent warning that if conditions down there didn't improve something would be done. No civilized person would have any disposition to mix up in such a nasty mess, but it may have to be done anyhow.

Springfield Republican: "Men who through toil and ability have got together money enough to endow universities or professors' chairs, think the New York Times, do not generally have it in their mind that their money should be spent for the dissemination of the dogma of socialism." This is the angle from which it views the dismissal of Dr. Scott Nearing from the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania. To this the obvious answer is that if rich men endow universities with the idea of hampering scientific teaching, a free country cannot afford to accept the bribe.

Twice Told Tales

New Use for a Policeman. A policeman, with more than usual avowedness and honesty of shoe leather, had just passed a little terrace house in Jersey, with a bit of garden in front, when a little boy ran after him.

"Hello, kiddie," said the copper, genially, "what can I do for you?"

"Mother sent me out," answered the youngster, "to ask you if you would mind walking up and down our path for a minute or two. It's just been gravely and we ain't got a rake." -New York Times.

The Bee's Letter Box

Brief contributions on timely topics invited. The Bee assumes no responsibility for opinions of correspondents. All letters subject to condensation by editor.

Saving Money by Not Wasting It. Omaha, July 6.—To the Editor of The Bee: "Indignant Wife" writes to your paper and calls me a "poor old fool" because I have managed to save money and raise a family. I am a "poor fool" because I do the marketing myself and don't let the tradesman overcharge me as they might my wife. I am a "poor fool" because my children don't go gadding to the movies and don't spoil their health with candy and ice cream.

She says, "Let me tell you it's a good thing I am not your wife." It surely is, for if she was she would have to toe the mark. I would do the marketing if I wanted to and she would have to let it go at that. My wife objected, too, at first, but now she sees the advantage and doesn't say a word.

Why shouldn't I buy the groceries and meat, etc.? I earn the money! Haven't I got the right to see that it ain't wasted?

They're my children, too, and I've got the right to see they shall waste money and ruin their health with candies and ice cream cones and movies. I would like to ask "Indignant Wife" how much of her husband's money she has laid up in the bank for a rainy day? Poor man, I bet it goes as fast or faster than he can earn it. And I suppose his wife and children go gadding to the movies every other night.

In my house we spend the evening at home. Smoking my pipe is good enough pastime for me and my wife does sewing and the older children darn stockings. That's more sensible than gadding to the movies and filling themselves up with candy and ice cream and getting sick and running up doctor's bills.

A. B. MICKLE.

Who Happened to Have that Money—Judge.

Young Barnes had married contrary to his father's wishes. Meeting his parents soon afterward, the father said, angrily: "Well, young man, I have made my will and cut you off with a dollar."

"I am very sorry, father," said the youth, contritely, and then added, "But you don't happen to have the dollar with you?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

"The submarine is to be the fighting vessel of the future." "Looks that way. Guess our future grandsons will graduate in overalls and each be presented with a monkey wrench instead of a sword."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Pay as you go," my motto," said the stern, practical man. "Well," replied Farmer Corntassel, "maybe it's an all right motto. But I have no need that roads with toll gates to 'em is mostly in poor repair."—Washington Star.

SUCCOURING THE CLAN.

John O'Keefe in New York World. I was foolishly proud of the fact I had relatives in Ireland and you, I'd an uncle in Austria, a track for help. And another in Germany's ain. But no longer I'm proud of that polychrome crowd. For I now am supporting each one!

I've a cousin in Pontypridd, Wales. I've a nephew residing in Cork. And I'm getting by various mails Little old requests that I fork. And I hourly behold More demands for the gold. That's supposed to grow wild in New York!

From my grandfather's cousin's pet niece, Who is living in Petrograd now, I've a letter imploring some fleece Of the old Austria's cow! For the Petrograd lurch, Haven't had any lunch, And they've got to get dinner somehow!

And I've heard from a Turk Of the city of miniature high. Who perceives a relationship lurk. Though it's certainly vague to my eye, And the prophet's son says He is holding his feet For a lot of bakshish from 'N. Y.' There are calls from the hills of Savoy, There are pleas from the banks of the Nile. Till I pray that the name I employ May be suddenly altered in style. And I'd give five pound bones To be rare as a Jones, Or a Smith or a Brown for a while!

CHEERY CHAFF.

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The PLAZA HOTEL NEW YORK FIFTH AVENUE and FIFTY-NINTH ST. The coolest hotel in New York. Overlooking Central Park. Within easy distance of all theatres and shops. Your address known the world over while you stop at The Plaza. OUTDOOR TERRACE AND SUMMER GARDEN Special Dancing Features Single Rooms with Bath, \$3.50 up Double Rooms with Bath, \$5.00 up

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Go to Northern Wisconsin Have a General Out-of-Doors Good Time Get away from the heat and dirt of the city—take a trip to the cool woods-covered, ozone-laden North Country—a week or two there will greatly refresh you. This entire region is a network of forest-girt lakes, rivers and streams, abounding in gamy fish of all kinds—Is served to its remotest parts by the lines of the CHICAGO Milwaukee & St. Paul RAILWAY The Road to a Thousand Lakes Map of the North Country and information about time of trains. Ticket Office 127 Fremont Street, Omaha EUGENE DUVAL, General Agent