

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 23 day of July, 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.

Thought for the Day. Selected by Dr. W. O. Henry. 'Who strong would be, and wise and well, Should safely guard each body cell. All positions shun in food and drink, Pure, fresh air breathe, right thoughts should think.'

Hats off to the Liberty Bell!

The bottom of the rain tank must need a few plugs.

Pretty near time to close the open season for tornadoes.

'A parrot should be taught to speak only in polysyllables,' says a contemporary. Also with a polyglot tongue. Help!

Oh, but wouldn't it be too awfully awful if Lincoln democrats should have to come to the senator at Omaha to name a postmaster for them!

After that demonstration for Joe Stecher, let no one say there are no exceptions to the rule about a prophet being unhonored in his home.

What they do to food price boosters in Germany is a caution. A dose of that medicine here might be beneficial to the patient once in a while.

As suspected all along, the Nebraska 'republican' rewarded by Secretary Bryan on the eve of his retirement with a soft berth in the consular service turns out to be a 'deserving democrat.'

Good, hard roads are an unflinching everyday booster for the city from which they radiate. Omaha is fortunate in this respect, and its good fortune applauds the foresight of the author of the inheritance tax law.

An Omaha policeman thinks he was saved from the knife of an assailant by a bank book in his inside pocket. Next thing he knows he will be on the carpet to explain how he happened to acquire a bank book.

The Missouri Pacific and the Wabash companies are about to emerge from financial fogs. The promise of clear skies will be welcomed by patrons of transportation systems too long handicapped by stockjobbing interests.

Fame is a fickle dame and painfully short-lived. Black Diamond, the bison bull whose head in profile distinguishes the buffalo coin, has been buffaloed in his New York home. Put up at auction, he did not bring the value of his graven image.

And now Mr. Bryan says he did not take up suffrage sooner because he was too busy with other things, and that he usually does not take up questions until they are capable of solution. Perhaps! But his past experience with successive paramount issues indicates that he is a poor guesser.

Thirteen Years Ago This Day in Omaha. A glittering array of special awards are offered by private firms and individuals for displays at the fall fair of the Omaha Exposition association, among them Parker, Robinson & Co., a \$200 phonograph for the best crazy quilt; Weitz & Landrock, side saddle worth \$10 for best amateur rider; A. Polack, a boy's suit valued at \$15 for the best essay on education by a boy under 15; Edholm & Erickson, silver water set worth \$75 for best piece of fine needlework; Paxton & Gallagher, \$25 for the best lack of canned vegetables put up in Nebraska or Iowa; McCord & Brady, \$10 for the best loaf of bread made from Christian & Co.'s 'Superlative' flour; Hugh G. Clark, a keg of hunting powder for the best collection of birds.

Arthur Purcell, manager of the Athletic Base Ball club, was presented by the members with a beautiful badge made of a croasser from which are suspended a ball and crossed bats.

Mrs. Copeland, accompanied by her daughter, May, and son, Walter, left for Mackinac, where they will visit with Lieutenant Pratt and wife during the hot weather.

Mrs. D. M. Haverly and children have gone to Silver Springs, where they will camp it for a few weeks.

Miss Blanche Hellman left to visit friends in Cheyenne.

William P. Payne and daughter, Miss Jessie, of Nebraska City, are the guests of Captain Wilcox.

The High School Principals.

The school board is again confronted with the difficult task of finding the right educator to serve as executive head of the Omaha High school. With possibly one exception, this is the most important place in the entire organization of our public school system, demanding the very highest grade of educational qualifications...

It goes without saying that the importance of the position makes it one hazardous to experiment with. While Omaha has been on the whole fortunate in the character of the principals it has had in charge of its high school, certainly no advantage has been gained by the frequent changes, and the prospect of a reasonable length of service, if he makes good, should be one of the considerations in the selection of the next incumbent. Here, too, it would seem advisable to go slow to make sure of a satisfactory choice rather than to proceed hastily, and run the risk that always accompanies haste.

Soldier Boys in the Harvest Field.

The Canadian government proposes trying a novel experiment in the art of war, that of setting its recruits to work gathering home the wheat harvest, now ripening in the fields of the northwest. This is the most sensible proposal heard recently in connection with the war. No better use could possibly be made of soldiers than to give them such employment as will be of service to the world. The ordinary service of the soldier is to destroy, his occupation being such that death and desolation follow in his path, but here he may be set at the works of peace and his labors be crowned with a benison of plenty. It may be a little odd to think of Bucephalus, or even Rosinante, hitched to a self-binder, but it wouldn't hurt him any, save perhaps in his pride, and so it will not hurt the soldier boys to do a little stunt in the harvest fields. In fact, they'll be all the better for it, just as good soldiers as before, and better farmers than ever. And at this moment the world is more imminently in need of farmers than of warriors.

New Gun for the Navy.

Again comes the secretary of the navy to the relief of the nervously anxious people of the country, with the assurance that our new submarines, beginning with M 1, will be armed with the best three-inch disappearing gun known to the world. This is most comforting, for it shows us that we have not lagged so very far behind the procession, after all, but have fairly well kept pace in the production of tools for use in the gentle art of warfare. Mr. Hudson Maxim told us a day or two ago that our smokeless powder is the best known, even surpassing the German article, and that the high explosive we use in our armor-piercing shell is beyond comparison in its desirable qualities of stability and effectiveness. Slowly but surely it is coming out that we are not quite as badly off as an oyster without a shell, and maybe the timid will yet be consoled, and able to pursue their several vocations in something of security, until that terrible fleet appears off Sandy Hook, or wherever it is to strike the first blow in the conquest of the United States.

Starvation to the South.

From Mexico comes trustworthy information that the reports of destitution down there had been under rather than overstated. Starvation is not only imminent, but actually present, thousands of inhabitants in the interior of the country subsisting on green fruits for weeks, with no relief before them, unless the United States can force a hunger truce on the warring leaders, whose 'armies' have swept the country clean of provender. In the more accessible towns, the Red Cross has given relief to thousands, but in the hinterland are other thousands of innocent men, women and children, suffering for want of the food they can not reach. While this condition exists, daily growing worse, 'generals' and 'first chiefs,' and other petty personages with resonant titles are exchanging defile and thwarting by their attitude of contumacy any purpose they may have originally had, unless it be to sustain disorder and pamper their personal pride. The United States may not be able to remedy the political disorder that prevails across its southern border, but it ought to no longer tolerate a condition that means actual starvation for the unfortunate people of Mexico, who are the victims of quarrels in which they have little or no part.

Novel Plan for Choosing Judges.

Whether it be adopted or rejected by that body, a proposed amendment presented to the New York constitutional convention by former Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson covering the selection of judges for the higher courts, challenges thoughtful attention. The Stimson plan would merge the two methods of appointment and of popular election by nominations by the governor subject to ratification at the polls, and reads as follows: Whenever a vacancy in the court of appeals or the supreme court is to be filled by election, it shall be the duty of the governor to make a nomination for such vacancy, and the name of the person so nominated shall be indicated on the ballot or other voting device used at the election by the words 'Recommended by the Governor.' The legislature shall pass laws providing for such nominations and for additional methods of judicial nomination not inconsistent with the foregoing, to effectuate the provisions of this section. No nomination to fill a vacancy in any judicial office shall be made by any partisan political organization. It must be admitted that we are experimenting in different states, including Nebraska, with various new-fangled methods of selecting judges designed to avoid obvious evils, although none has quite fully achieved the object. Would this proposed method accomplish it better? is the question that we would like to see answered by practical application.

The spectacle of Tom Teggart and his friends posing as the injured innocents of the Hoosier belt is calculated to brighten the tedium of the Indiana colony at Leavenworth.

'It's a long lane that has no turning.' On his third try Governor Morehead succeeded in naming a lawyer for public defender, willing and anxious to take the job.

Curious War Superstitions

Paris Correspondence of London Mail.

SUPERSTITIONS hover, like birds, in the Paris air. By the way, and they may be snared. Of the fact that I have caught I think I like best that of the woman who goes every day to the Lady Chapel of St. Sulpice to pray. Her superstitious reverence for St. Sulpice dates back to her early acquaintance with Balaam. Lovers of that wonderful short story, 'The Atheist's Mass,' will understand its origin. It was to the St. Sulpice Lady Chapel that the atheist went, four times a year, to pray for the old water-carrier's soul. Reading that, the woman believed that prayer in St. Sulpice must be more effective than prayer anywhere else, and she said, 'Some day I shall go to Paris and I shall pray at St. Sulpice.' She is in Paris now and she prays in St. Sulpice. Her prayer is all for a soldier. In the beginning there were subsidiary petitions, for other friends, for herself, as was the way from, grew fiercer and the life of each soldier hung by a slender thread, petitions of little import slipped from her rosary, and only the one vital prayer for her soldier remains. The prayer which the atheist confessed was his, she has adopted as hers, 'And I say with the faith of a good septic, 'if he have anything to suffer, let me suffer it for him.' Oh, Lady Chapel of St. Sulpice, you are become a shrine, indeed!

I like, too, the superstition of the Moroccan soldier. He was the biggest, blackest, handsomest Moroccan that I ever saw. And full of adventure, Othello must have been like him. The only trouble with this Othello was that his Desdemona could not understand a word he said, for he would talk in English and they understood only French. Notwithstanding that disadvantage, they gathered around him in such numbers that a policeman came over to clear the pavement betwixt by joining Othello's train, though he also lacked the key to his tales.

The Moroccan's left arm was bandaged. He related the story of his wounds. Seated with him at the cafe table was another Moroccan of lighter complexion and two French soldiers, one of whom spoke a few words of English. To him Othello addressed his frequent punctuations of 'You see?' 'You understand?'

'I see, I understand,' the little Frenchman replied, gravely, but except for those and a few like simple phrases he did not understand. Othello knew that he did not and he was immensely pleased to get a listener at last who really did understand. He talked faster than ever. The Frenchman objected. 'Tell it in French,' he said. 'You speak French well as me.'

'So you?' I said to the Moroccan. 'Well, yes,' he acknowledged. 'I was brought up on French, but I learned English in Alexandria years ago, and I like it better. I speak it now on principle. I am superstitious about speaking English. I believe that it would be black ingratitude to speak anything else. It was due to an Englishman that I got off with only this.' He touched his wounded arm.

'Only for him and a command given in English I'd be back in the Argentine to stay. The Moroccan said that the day when he got his wound was a day of surprise and confusion. Men lost their heads and the instinct of obedience. The Moroccan, though usually a steady fellow, was as bad as the others. He wanted to obey orders, but for the life of him he could not comprehend them. Suddenly, above the endless French uproar there sounded a command in English. 'I say, duck.' That was the first command that had meant anything to the Moroccan all day. He ducked and his arm caught the piece of shrapnel that would otherwise have struck his head.

'Only for that duck,' said he, 'I should have been gone, and since I am still here to tell it, I should expect to be struck by something more deadly than shrapnel if I ever told it in anything but English. Aha! My! Narrow minded! Possibly, but mixed with the absurdity of the narrowness is a strain of loyalty that is very touching.'

Two Highlanders on the lookout for 'slights' in the Latin Quarter encountered a superstition whose intensity of expression was somewhat overpowering. They stopped at a cafe! A tumult of voices and a flutter of outstretched hands greeted them. 'Sit here, monsieur,' said the occupant of one table, and 'sit here,' said the occupants of other tables.

'And what you you think the row was all about?' said one of the Highlanders. 'Luck. That was what they wanted us for, good luck. Every man, woman and child in Paris has the idea that to drink with a man in kilts will bring him good luck, and they nearly had a free-for-all fight to get at us. For a chap who was always considered an unlucky penny at home that was a cheering experience. Maybe they'll think more of me when I get back and tell them about it.'

The No. 888 superstition has a touch of real humor. It is the confessed weakness of a Canadian soldier. Since his enlistment he has been haunted by No. 888. To start with, that is his regimental number. In Flanders he was bayoneted by a German whose number was also 888. 'And a jolly good thing for both of us that it was,' said the Canadian, 'for I am sure that we let each other off easier than we would have done if we had had different numbers.'

They took him to the base hospital in motor ambulance No. 888. In the hospital he harped so constantly on 888 that just to humor him they tagged a nurse with three eights, and so eased his mind and gave her a chance to pull him through. When convalescence set in he received a letter from his wife. The Canadian owns a little general shop back home and his wife mentioned a few details of the business, among them being the case of a well-to-do townsmen, who owned a bill of \$8.80, which, apparently, he did not intend to pay. By that time No. 888 had taken its place in the Canadian's creed. He had firm faith in its infallibility, so he wrote back: 'Send another 8 cents worth of something around to his house, then make out a bill for \$8.88. He will be sure to pay up.'

The Canadian chuckled. 'And did he?' I asked. 'He took a check from his pocket. "Here you are, \$8.88. She was so proud of me that she sent me the check all the way over here just for me to look at.'

Twice Told Tales

There Was a Difference.

In the lobby of a hotel they were speaking about speed fiends, and Congressman Wyatt Aiken of South Carolina recalled a story about Jones. One afternoon Jones was rambling along the boulevard when he ran across friend Smith. Handshake and then some talk, which included the war, the weather and automobiles.

'By the way,' said friend Smith recollectively, 'I hear that you have been buying a machine.' 'Yes,' proudly admitted Jones. 'I brought her home about two weeks ago.' 'Some speed, of course,' returned friend Smith. 'How fast can the machine go?'

'Well,' answered Jones with a smile that was half sad, 'it depends altogether on who is timing it, myself or a country constable.'—Philadelphia Telegram.

Calling Bismarck's Bluff.

Bismarck was conferring the Iron Cross on a hero of the ranks, and, being in a humorous mood, he said: 'I am authorized to offer you, instead of the cross, a hundred thalers. What do you say?' 'What is the cross worth?' asked the soldier. 'About three thalers.' 'Very well, then, your highness! I'll take the cross and ninety-seven thalers.'—Boston Transcript.

People and Events

A family of four—father, mother, son and daughter—were wiped out in an automobile accident near Asbury Park, N. J., last Sunday. The distressing tragedy suggests that family autoing parties should leave at least one member at home to sign for the insurance money.

Economy is a science difficult to learn when one falls heir to \$4,000,000. Mrs. Olga V. Florina, a New York woman of 30, admits it. She has an income of \$5,000 a year and finds it too small to support herself, her husband and a babe of 6 months. Tearfully she turns to the court and asks for more. Mr. Florina is not saying a word.



Childhood Memories of Liberty Bell.

OMAHA, July 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: Kindly permit an old subscriber the liberty of the following: The coming of the Liberty bell to Omaha will be to many a curiosity, to many a symbol of patriotism, to others simply a relic, but to the writer it will be the coming of a dear old friend whose earliest recollections are associated with it. During my childhood years and up to the years of early manhood there was scarcely a week I did not hear it ring. Facing up and down the old ridge road to Ninth, along Ninth to Chestnut, down Chestnut passing the Continental and Girard house to the Public Ledger building, one passed the state house in the tower of which hung this bell and all through the day it could be heard tolling off the hours. For twenty-two years a picture of the bell, together with the companion picture of Independence Hall, familiarly known to Philadelphians as the state house, has hung on the walls of my home, and many times in these years I have sat and drank in the inspiration and often in dreams.

Have gone up and down The well known streets Of that dear old town and the thought has almost come to me that I was once more hearing the familiar clang of the bell under the shade trees in Independence square. Long after we have passed away the grand sentiment that one will read on its face (proclaim that one will read on its face) will ring up and down our broad land solidifying us as a nation, and be carried in the minds and hearts of every lover of human liberty. W. P. DAVIS, 238 Crown Point Avenue.

Not the Saving, but the War.

WINNER, Neb., July 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: I have been taking considerable interest in the letter box and there have been some fine opinions and some ridiculous ones right along, but the letter signed A. B. Mitchell was the limit. I agree with Mr. Westward there surely ought to be an investigation into the case. Either he is a mighty selfish being or he has got something wrong in the head. I wonder what such children feel like and the mother. It's a shame some of the old-fashioned methods are not used nowadays to correct such manners, as he evidently has toward his family. It isn't the family cannot save and only get that amount of wages, for they can't but its way he states of saving that's the unreasonable part. MRS. IVAR JENSEN.

Woolster Says 'Make Huerta Salute.'

SILVER CREEK, Neb., July 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: President Wilson is surely missing a great opportunity. Some one should put him wise to that fact and why not The Bee? By so doing you might possibly, say even probably, win his everlasting gratitude, and what would be far better than gratitude, he might give you a good fat bag of that \$5,000,000 of Mexican money he got while in possession of Vera Cruz. Therefore I wish you would publish this letter and send a marked copy of The Bee containing it to President Wilson. (Any claim that I might be supposed to have as the originator of the idea I hereby freely relinquish in your favor.) My point is this: As will be remembered, last year, because Huerta would not salute our flag, President Wilson ordered some of our war vessels to attack and capture Vera Cruz. It was done and nineteen Americans and 300 Mexicans were killed. But, sorrowful to relate, we did not get that salute. Now that we have Huerta actually in our possession, locked up in a fort somewhere down in Texas, I suggest that President Wilson take him by the nose of the neck, stand him up somewhere on the common and make him doff his combra and salute the Stars and Stripes in due and ancient form. By doing so the death of all those Americans and Mexicans would be justified; the glory and honor of the flag would be vindicated, and President Wilson's righteous wrath would be appeased. CHARLES WOOLSTER.

American Recruits Solicited by British.

AUDUBON, Ia., July 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: In your paper I saw a paragraph to the effect that a United States federal agent had brought a charge against agents of the English government that they are inducing United States army and navy men to desert and join the British army. Of course the Englishman denied it, but all the same I can give proof that they are doing this in England. I have just returned from a visit to that country and during my stay there I was approached several times each day by recruiting sergeants, who upon my saying that I was a United States citizen would always answer: 'Fut! Tell the major you were born in Canada and you'll get in all right.' I know that several hundred young Americans are now serving in the British army, having enlisted as Canadians. L. N.

Tips On Home Topics

Brooklyn Eagle: Swelling returns from the income tax tickle official Washington. Our newest artocracy is growing by leaps and bounds, as prophets predicted when the scheme was younger.

Chicago Herald: The unveiling of a monument to Daniel Boone at Cumberland Gap on Wednesday suggests that this country has not yet forgotten the sort of men who made it—and without whom it would never have been made.

Springfield Republican: One of General Huerta's neighbors at Forest Hills, L. I., testifies to his generosity to local charities and to at least two churches. So long as he stayed at Forest Hills the ex-dictator was in a position to make himself liked. Huerta at El Paso presents a different problem.

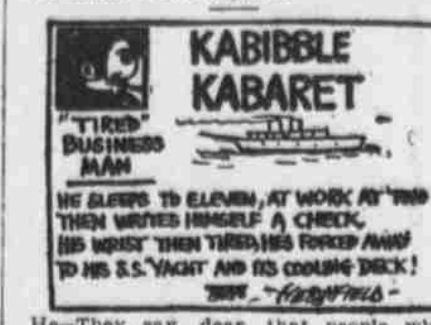
Washington Post: Another week of unexampled activity in the industrial districts of the country has just closed, and from the transactions reported it was evident that the coming weeks of the summer, the coming months of the autumn and the winter will witness business at the highest flood tide that has ever been reached in this republic.

Springfield Republican: While it is legitimate for the United States to seek to enlarge its foreign trade, care needs to be taken not to give the impression that this country is desirous, above all else, of expanding its commercial ends. The extent to which we are sending relief to the sufferers in Europe should so far mitigate the possibility of such a wrong point of view.

GRINS AND GROANS.

Ambitious Applicant—You promised me a fat part in your new production. Malicious Manager—All right, I'm a man of my word. You can look after the grease paints.—Baltimore American.

Tramp—Please, mum, I'm a Belgian refugee. Lady—Are you? Mention a town in Belgium. Tramp (cogitating a moment)—I would, mum, but they have all been destroyed.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



HE—They say, dear, that people who live together get in time to look exactly alike. SHE—Then you must consider my refusal finite.—New York Sun.

'The air in here seems stale,' remarked the stranger, who had poked his nose into the committee room. 'No wonder. A bunch of congressmen have been sitting here telling stories.' Judge.

Colonel—So you lost half your force by a trick of the enemy. Captain—Yes, sir. They rigged up a cannon to look like a moving picture.

HONEST GRIEFS.

Edgar A. Guest in Detroit Free Press. I can stand a fellow's whining if he's got a real cause for pining. I can stand his dismal wailing if he's really deep in sinning. And I don't mind honest grumbling if his feet were sore from stumbling. And the brava and the bravoed! Block the way that he must go.

But I hate the senseless simper. And the woful wail and whimper. Of the fellow who starts growling. At the first few drops of rain. And I cannot stand the brother. Who thinks somehow or another. All the fates have turned against him. When he feels a touch of pain. Life's a blend of joy and trouble. Through the cool grass and the stubble. Every one of us must wander. As we journey towards our goal. Every Tom and Dick and Harry. Has some burden he must carry. He who seeks the joy of living. Must, in some way, pay the toll.

Both the great man and the humble. Find the honest cause to grumble. Each must shed his tears of sorrow. Through the darkness each must grope. And the brava and the bravoed! Must, in some way, pay the toll. Save your tears and save your sighing. For the hours that will be trying. Keep on smiling, keep on plodding. Just as far as you can go. While the sun of hope is shining. There's no sense in repining. It is time enough for wailing. When life's honest griefs you know.



Stop those GUNS! Said the Goddess

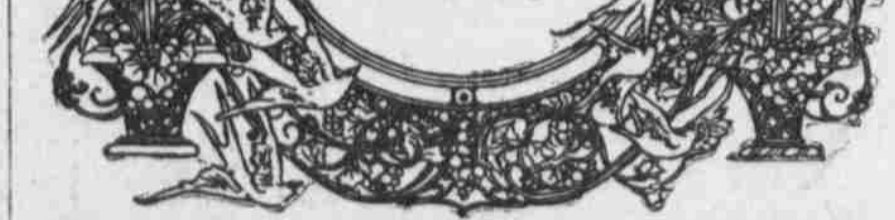
THE strikers had grown restless, lawless and riotous, when the militia was called to quell the disorder. The officers, too, caught the fever of strife and might—the might of gunpowder, rifles and a deadly aim when brought into play. Peace, then? And yet, how the presence of Celestia, with her earthless mien, acted on all—How the non-combatant, true neutral always affects the combatants! Like an oil on troubled waters, both sides flocked to the banner of 'The Goddess' and there was strife no longer. This is a new type of story and picture, don't you think, and one that treats the vital issues of the day with a sense of entertainment supreme.

'Join the Army'—Follow

The Goddess. See the Vitagraph pictures at your favorite theatre. Read the story of Gouverneur Morris in.

Omaha Daily Bee

Antia Stewart as 'The Goddess' is photographed from the actual photoplay.



After the game is over you will find a cold bottle of Krug most delicious. It will not cost you any more, then why not insist on a beer of quality. Save Coupons and get free premium. Phone Doug. 1889. LUXUS MERCANTILE CO., Distributors