

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor. BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND SEVENTEENTH.

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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: Dwight Williams, Circulation Manager, subscribed in my presence and swore to before me, this 14 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

Selected by Mrs. Blanche L. McKelvy. Here's a wish to those who love me, And a smile to those who hate; And, whatever sky's above me, Here's a heart for every fate.—Byron.

Welcome, and again welcome, to the Saengerbund!

The party who inquired, "Is it hot enough for you?" has no pressing need of a nerve tonic.

The hole in the bottom of the Adriatic Sea, hitherto neglected, is now being decorated with battleship junk.

Colonel Roosevelt and Colonel Bryan are both on the Pacific coast. No wonder Mount Lassen ceased spouting.

All mollycoddles still at large had better take to the bomb-proof cellars and keep out of sight till the war is over.

Mexico City has once more changed hands. The score between the Carranzistas and the Zapatistas seems to be tied.

The most important duty devolving upon those playground instructors is to teach "safety first." First, last and all the time.

European war loans are well over the \$15,000,000,000 mark. For the moment the high cost of killing overshadows the high cost of living.

Why so much "keep-it-dark" business about the hole in the Dundee treasury? As a matter of fact, it is not now a hole in the Omaha treasury!

Among the "Made-in-America goods" shipped abroad in the last eleven months are \$41,000,000 worth of motor cars. There is not a joy ride in one of them.

The mills of the gods grind exceedingly fine," according to tradition. The increase in the mills of the tax gatherers already insure a superior job of grinding with modern machinery.

With a \$2,000,000 bond issue voted for new school buildings and sites, why should the school board pile on an additional \$25,000 of taxes under pretense that it is needed for the same purpose?

It has been discovered that under a new Nebraska law registered nurses must be at least 22 years old. If this were a man-made law, which fortunately it is not, some ulterior motive would be suspected.

According to Washington advices, our latest note to Germany is intended to put an end to the debate. Unlike his predecessor, our present secretary of state evidently believes in the conservation of conversation.

Some day in the more or less dim and distant future Omaha will have municipal civil service whereby city employees who have only technical or clerical work to perform will secure and hold their jobs solely on a merit basis.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

North Omaha citizens held another meeting to discuss the subject of parks. T. C. Brunner presiding, while Joe Redman, Colonel Chase and others made speeches.

"The Mazon" was given at the Boyd by the Grand company, with Max Fleeman, Helene Cooper and Alice Hooper in the principal roles.

Mrs. I. M. Appel of Denver, formerly Miss Goldsmith, of this city, held a reception for her friends at her mother's residence at the corner of Twentieth and Dodge.

The library association of this city has added 79 volumes to its collection at a cost of \$1,760.

The steamer Nellie Peck stopped here over night, and went down the river in the morning.

C. S. Stebbins and family have gone to visit his father's home in Pennsylvania.

Herbert Kinnison and family left for Spirit Lake to enjoy the cool breezes.

Mrs. Ringwalt and Miss Gertrude Ringwalt left to visit friends in Chicago, Racine and Detroit.

No Improvement in Mexico.

The American Red Cross makes report that it cannot afford relief to the starving people of Mexico because of the operations of the "armies" in that country.

It is quite easy to understand why Villa, who is just now on the loser's end, might seek to provoke intervention, but why should Carranza risk this danger to his designs?

The Price of Progress.

Omaha is confronted with the biggest aggregate tax levy for the coming year ever put upon its records.

We take it that this is the price of progress, and that if we are to have a city of approximately 170,000 people we must pay the bills for the expense of a municipal household upon that scale.

Great Britain and the Cotton.

The British Board of Trade's ruling that cotton now held by the British navy will be confiscated brings a more serious aspect to the question of neutral rights.

Children Have Lots to Learn.

Our new supervisor of "systematized play" says Omaha kiddies have lots to learn; so also have the teachers.

Under the New School Law.

Reports reaching the office of the superintendent of public instruction are to the effect that Nebraska counties are rapidly reorganizing their school districts under the new law.

People and Events

A manifestation of Belgian gratitude comes to Toledo through Minister Brand Whitlock.

Some Texans are emulating the Bedford, Ia., diggers of treasure trove.

In a "slight unclean" chance in the matrimonial lottery A. P. Friedman of Chicago drew a bride with a wooden leg.

Two co-eds in a West Virginia college caught two burglars ransacking their room.

It takes a progressive Board of Education to advance the school tax from 30 to 35 mills.

Aimed at Omaha

Blair Tribune: The Omaha High school has substituted history and in so doing has found time to put in a course in laundry work.

Tekamah Journal: Some people who attended the auto races in Omaha July 5 complain that it was a rather tame affair.

Long City Times-Independent: Steps are being taken to land the next democratic national convention at Omaha next year.

Blair Tribune: Joe Stecher is the man of the hour and every paper is loud in his praise.

Columbus Telegram: In Omaha, Kearney and Hastings efforts are being made to compel school boards and city councils to quit the "executive session" habit.

Twice Told Tales

Chance for Speculation. The teacher of a night school in Chicago was endeavoring to instill in the minds of some of the discouraged pupils some notions of ambition.

The Cook Cook. Edith Wharton, the novelist, was talking in New York about French housekeeping.

Was it a Dark Horse? An ebbmaker tells this one: One day in the palmy days of horse racing, he was operating a book at one of the western racetracks.

The Test of Christian Science. OMAHA, July 21.—To the Editor of The Bee: I favor tax exemption for church buildings and the lot on which they stand.

That is the Law Now. OMAHA, July 21.—To the Editor of The Bee: I favor tax exemption for church buildings and the lot on which they stand.

OUT OF CONDITION. I. M. Lewis, in Houston Post. I never will admit I'm old, but holy smoke!

THE BEE BUILDING. The office building furthest up the hill, gets the best air, and with the outlook on the beautiful Court House plaza.

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Its popularity is shown by the fact that offices offered are very few indeed.

We offer: Room 222—Choice office suite, north light, very desirable for doctors or dentists.

Room 601—Nice cool office with vault, near elevator and stairs; electric light free.

Room 640—9x20. Water; partitioned into private office and waiting room; has large double set windows.

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These Benson Line Cars

BENSON, Neb., July 21.—To the Editor of The Bee: I have read at various times statements made by street car officials saying they are losing money on their longer lines.

How He Would Teach the Child. NORTH LOUP, Neb., July 21.—To the Editor of The Bee: How would I teach the child? This is a subject of much discussion past and present.

KABIBBLE KABARET

CHORUS GIRL. LITTLE CUTEY GOLDIE FROM PARIS DE HECKENBECK IN EVERY SHOW, SINGING RIGHT IN FROM BUY LINES BY US IN DECK!

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Momentous Future In Woman's Mind

Christian Scientists accept this feat in its unadorned simplicity and prefer it to the labored movements of the theologians of the middle ages.

Let Feminists Fume Re-epromote. OMAHA, July 21.—To the Editor of The Bee: The feminine fans of Omaha and vicinity will have an opportunity on Boneters' day, August 6.

A Poetic Inspiration. OMAHA, July 21.—To the Editor of The Bee: Oh, Mickle, O Mickle, You were a joke, You were one pound of beefsteak

SUNNY GEMS.

Mr. Gottsox—My daughters, young men, are both worth their weight in gold.

Crawford—What's that perpetual motion crank working on now? Crabapple—a machine that will enable a woman to lace her own shoes.—Judge.

Fatricia—Quite a girl you had at the game. Fenrod—Teh, a peach. Know the game, too. Fatricia—Well, she ought to. She hasn't missed one in twenty years.—Cornell Widow.

"The clothes don't make the man." "Maybe not," replied Farmer Corntossel. "But you know your summer boarders wouldn't think I was a regular farmer if I didn't grow chin whiskers every spring and wear my pants tucked in my boots."—Washington Star.

"What's the matter with that bathing suit?" asked the impolite man. "Oh," replied the serene woman, "evidently it is a success. I was trying to make it so ugly that no one would raise the slightest objection to it."—Washington Star.

The moving picture of a train wreck were startlingly realistic. "Who do you suppose that man is who is running with all his might toward the disaster?" asked one auditor of a competitor. "I am not sure," replied the other. "But I'll bet it's a damage suit lawyer."—Judge.

OUT OF CONDITION.

I never will admit I'm old, but holy smoke! and God!

Last night the kids were playing tag and came a-roaming me to run and to play tag with them, and so that's what I did.

Whenever I'm amongst the kids I try to be a kid; and Dubby stood at my right hand, and Margaret before.

And Eyes—Hus and Toulousehead a ro away, or more.

And Georgia stood poised for flight, as if they would who knew who would raise That she could dart as swallows dart and skim the drops of dew.

And so I ran! I put on speed and followed Eyes—Hus. Then she caught her Margaret ran in between us two.

And as I ran for Margaret across the meadow green.

And then I think 'twas Georgia who came and ran between.

And just as I had Georgia, or thought I had her tread,

Young Dubby came and ran between with such a burst of speed

That there was not a bit of use in running after him.

And both my legs were wobbly and my eyes were growing dim.

And so I gasped, and so I flopped down prostrate on the lawn.

My legs could not keep their seat, my mind was all but gone!

The perspiration fairly poured, and down my features ran.

And still the children ran as fresh as when the game began!

I'm just as glib as they are young, my soul's as full of glee.

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