

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

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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 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. Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control. These three alone lead life to sovereignty.

Beware of the overloaded excursion steam-boat!

There are some compensations after all in the refusal of the Big Muddy to make itself easily navigable.

The Greater Omaha budget of \$3,755,000 for 1916 proves among other things that the art of blowing in money is a highly developed municipal specialty.

One of the silent tips sent out of Washington indicates that the trust busting campaign is over for the present.

The latest contributor to the conscience fund of the United States adds \$10,000 as a bonus to the principal sum already repaid.

Culebra cut short its latest slide and allowed the battleships to pass through the canal to the Pacific ocean.

A paleface jury in Denver acquitted the Piute Indian chief who killed a Mexican, defied the powers for weeks, and voluntarily surrendered to General Scott.

All warring governments are urging their people to turn in their gold and take paper money as a patriotic duty.

The agitation for regular military training in the schools will not get very far if it includes trench-digging as the first essential of soldierly skill.

A nery taxpayer of Illinois seeks the aid of the courts to annul certain extravagant appropriations made by the state legislature.

One difference between the overturning of the Eastland and the sinking of the Titanic and the Lusitania is that the death-stricken victims of this latest mishap almost all live in one locality.

In the old days of the west outlaws never attempted kidnaping for ransom. Plain robbery was the rule.

The new bells for the chimes for Trinity cathedral are at the depot and will soon be in place.

Senator Manderson is leaving on a trip to Utah and Montana, which he is making as a member of the senate committee on territories to gain points on Yellowstone park.

The Union Pacific got back at the Hastings players this morning with a 2 to 6 shut-out.

Councilman Leader, Lee and Thrause, appointed to see about the purchase of a patrol team and wagon for the police department.

A number of churches heard eloquent eulogies on the life of the late General Grant.

The dedication of the United Presbyterian chapel at Park avenue has been postponed for another week.

The Eastland Tragedy.

Of the terrible Eastland tragedy in Chicago with its 1,000 and more innocent victims drowned or crushed to death, there is nothing to be said that has not been said over and over on occasion of similar horrors.

As further details are learned the story becomes more and more sickening, and it all seems so needless and preventable.

The responsibility for the catastrophe should be fixed upon those who may be culpable goes without saying, and the machinery is already working to investigate causes and bring to account those who have been at fault.

With the lessons of similar past boat disasters apparently unheeded here at so frightful cost, some really preventive measures must be devised for the future.

The people throughout the country are aghast, almost stupefied by its awfulness, but are helpless except to hold out their sympathy to the afflicted.

Will War Continue?

Arguments now being made in support of the proposed immediate preparation of the people of the United States for participation in war on its modern magnificent scale all rest on the supposition that war is necessary, and that some day this country will be called upon to take the field.

All the lessons of the current war have not been learned. It is barely possible that when the world shall have finally emerged from its debauch of destruction, it will be ready to listen to counsels that will lead to the channels of peace.

Can not the American people, whose highest mission has not yet been achieved, and whose ideal is far from being attained, finally lead the world into something better than military preparedness?

New Code for Business.

A Sioux City preacher, addressing his fellow Rotarians at their San Francisco banquet, proclaimed a new gospel for business, following the adoption by the Rotarians of a code of eleven commandments that are to govern them in their intercourse of service with mankind.

Teachers, preachers and philosophers, masters of apologetics and experts in homiletics have spoken volumes whose bulk forbids comparison, but morals and ethics alike come back in time to the simple and unavoidable truth of the Golden Rule.

The Rotarians have an opportunity to become a mighty social force, if they will even lightly apply the tenets they have adopted as their creed.

Saving the Crops.

"One swallow does not make a summer," but a few days of sunshine do make a tremendous difference in the outlook for Nebraska.

Comments on the Yellowstone park souvenir grab leave the gullees to suppose this country monopolizes the tourist hold-up business.

Learning to Drive the Car

When we got our machine I really knew nothing at all about automobiles.

"Of course, Ralph did understand automobiles, at least he claimed to, and could discuss the different makes, and transmission and ignition, and rear axles and clutches, and right and left-hand drives, and horsepowers and all that in a way that was perfect Greek to me.

"When Ralph drove up with the agent in the machine, I felt as proud as he. Our own auto at the curb! Now we could take people out riding, and we could leave the garage doors open as much as we chose.

"Are you sure you can drive in, Ralph?" I asked, which was only a natural question.

"He can drive anywhere," asserted the agent. "He drove all the way home without a hitch. I never knew anybody learn so quick. He's evidently a born driver."

"I don't believe you'll have any trouble now, Mr. Robbins. If you do, let me know. We'll take care of you." And off went the agent for his street car.

"Look out, Ralph! Oh, do be careful!" I called, which was a great mistake.

"Look out yourself! Get out of the way, there!" he bellowed, so that all the neighbors could hear him.

"You see what you made me do," he scolded crossly as he rolled in. "I might have run over you. You ought to have more sense than to stand in front of a machine that way."

"Oh, Ralph! What did you do? What's the matter?" I cried.

"I didn't do anything. Nothing's the matter," he panted, as he crossed the street.

"For goodness sake, what are you doing there?" I asked.

"That's nothing," he asserted. "I'll leave the machine when I take it downtown tomorrow and have it fixed."

"The morning after we, or he, rather, let the car butt into the end of the garage I had to call him for breakfast; and finally he answered in such a far-away manner that it seemed as though he must have fallen into something, his voice was so strangely muffled."

"My heart leaped into my throat. That dreadful car had made another jump and had run over him! He peered down at his feet. 'I merely omitted to put the gears in neutral,' he grunted, 'and when I let in the clutch, of course she started again. I stopped her instantly, you see. Those little things are bound to happen. The trouble was, you made me nervous.'"

"Looking at the transmission case, it all," he explained. "It leaks."

"Here began our era of grease. I suppose grease is necessary to an automobile, and still I can't help but wonder where Ralph gets it all.

"Our machine always has run beautifully. Of course people say that about their machines, which makes us laugh. But Ralph knows. He's such a mechanic that he's never had an accident since he started out."

"There isn't anything the matter. We stopped, it all," he grunted. "But he couldn't make us go. The engine only coughed and quit. Another car passed us and covered us with dust, and the people in it looked back and grinned. Persons who drive as fast as we ought to be reported. So Ralph climbed out and walked around the car, scowling at it."

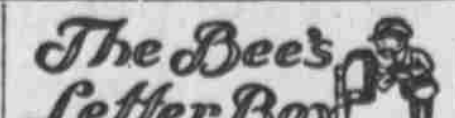
"Must be the carbureter," he informed me; and he prepared to go under. Why is it that carbureters are always placed in such wretched spots?"

"I told you the tank was filled only yesterday," he fairly started, while he was reaching in under the engine. Already his arm was grease clear to the elbow. "But to please you, I'll see. You needn't get up. I'll disconnect the feed line."

"Impossible," he yapped, and continued his grunting. "But it is. I know it is."

"How do you know?" "Because I looked in. You come and see."

"All right. It'll be empty mighty soon if you keep that cover off; I know that," and not a bit grateful, he wriggled out from under. He was a sight, a perfect sight—his clothes and his face and his hands! But no matter. He looked in.



Does Premise Support Conclusion?

OMAHA, July 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: In yesterday's paper I notice one Carl E. Herring has undertaken to answer Bible student and I suppose he thinks he has shattered his argument.

Mr. Herring says: "Now if we shatter the premise it is going to make trouble for the conclusion." The same to you, Mr. H. To begin with, the information that Gen., first chapter, gives the spiritual account of creating is pure assumption.

Mr. Herring says God created man in his own image, meaning of course, a spiritual man. Is this spirit man dependent upon material food for its existence?

Read Gen. 1, 27 to 28, inclusive. Does fish, fowl and every living thing have dominion over the living thing? If so, are the fowl, fish and every living thing material or spirit? I think he premise and conclusion are both badly shattered by this. Man's image of God consists of his form being like God's in form.

Phil. 2:6 says: "Who being in the form of God," speaking of Christ. Man's likeness to God consisted in his being perfect, without sin at the time. In Heb. 12 Jesus was said to be the express image of God's person. He had no sin. So the Bible is plain, if we let it interpret itself. It just reverses Mrs. Eddy. Science, so called, Paul puts it.

ALMIS ADAMS. A Poetical Posey. OMAHA, July 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: As there is no longer a five-day drug treatment in Omaha, or in our state, you will probably allow me to give my friend, Dr. Horace P. Holmes, a dose of his own medicine in the following verse:

He deserves it, I assure you, for in both the letter regarding palmistry, and his communication under the caption, "Those Nom de Plumes," he has simply used your columns to satisfy a private grudge. A letter to me, dated June 19, was so deliberately discourteous that I considered the correspondence closed thereby; but, two days later, he sent me a bouquet of Mariposa lilies by parcel post, with a very pleasant letter, asking the privilege of being my friend and teacher.

I declined the honor, and asked that the correspondence be ended. You can judge for yourself from this fact what is his object in attacking me again through The Bee. He thought the letter about "Bryan's Palm" had failed to draw me out, so sent a stronger appeal. The information incorporated in my verses herewith enclosed, has been gleaned from Dr. Holmes' letters to me. These are just a few of the "things worth while" he has been trying to teach me. If you need further proof, phone me, and I'll mail you a bunch of the letters.

ELSI ROBERTSON. This is not intended for publication. Still, I've no objections, if you publish the verses also.

ECCE CURA! I weep for Greater Omaha! My handkerchief is soaked! Disease and blight, hail and carnival; by doctors we are "croaked." Our medical materia is hardly worth a "hit."

When measles, mumps and chicken-pox across our thresholds fit. Our venereal appendices we dread to keep or doff.

For either way that we decide, we're sure to "shuff off." While if we're seized with mal de mer on Carter's stormy wave, No allopathic dose on earth can save us from the grave.

Yet hope flings out a life-line staunch to those who have the "dough"—There's an "Indicated Remedy" in Sheridan, Wyo!

The federal law we view with pain as ineffectual, but we feel that in many a stalling chunk. And as for all these so-called "cures" for excess booze and dope, Carbolic acid's cheaper—or a good, stout temperance remedy.

All "treatments" I denounce as fakes, such as I hate to squeal. On well-known, institutions like the Wesley and the Kea.

A five-day treatment's much too quick; three months too long, perhaps; A painless cure's too easy—they must suffer and "relapse."

Unless they seek the fountain-head from whence all blessings flow—That "Indicated Remedy" in Sheridan, Wyo!

The form of government we boast is rotten to the core! The way they graft their grafts on us would make an angel sore!

The equal suffragists are bound to put things on the blink. By passing that eugenic law, from which all sane men shrink, And making good old down "go dry" in spite of Mayor.

And the commissioners who wobble in lockstep with him. Yes, things are going dark for Greater Omaha, today! But a rainbow spans the dim horizon, far away!

And we should worry! There's one cure for every earthly woe—That "Indicated Remedy" in Sheridan, Wyo!

Religion's consolations are a menace and a snare! The churches cannot teach us how to climb the golden stair. The Bible's not an inspired book—its tenets make us quarrel; There's not a shade of proof that Jonah swallowed that big whale.

No matter how we shake our lives—with woe and ill intent—No vague hereafter promises reward or punishment. The soul is not immortal; Life is but a vale of tears; One who's left to soothe our crushing doubts and fears; Oblivion is our goal—and this the quickest way to get there—That "Indicated Remedy" in Sheridan, Wyo! 2517 N. 18th St. —ELSI ROBERTSON.

who has not studied these rules. Why is the final silent "e" placed at the end of the word "fate"? Not one in a hundred school children have ever been told why.

We are just now beginning the harvest which was sown fifteen years ago. How can the ninth and tenth grades remedy the evil which lies in the very beginning of their education? What will all of this noise about country high schools amount to? It is nothing more than a sop thrown out by the school lobby to fool the people for another five years while that school lobby extorts millions of dollars to centralized schools through a legislative body which cares for nothing except of the school lobby.

WALTER JOHNSON. Would Stop War Debates. OMAHA, July 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: Don't you think it would be advisable to discontinue the publication of letters under the head of 'The Bee's Letter Box' on the subject of the present war in Europe? The writers, as a general thing, are hopelessly prejudiced in favor of one side or the other, and their letters create only ill feeling. The views of the writers are generally a rehash of what they have read in magazines or newspapers partial to their side.

As to South Omaha School Janitors. OMAHA, July 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: What is the matter with the Board of Education? When the question of consolidation came up last spring the South Side people were promised every protection as far as the jobs were concerned. This promise has been carried out to the letter by our city government, but our Board of Education refuses to comply with its part of the bargain under the pretense of economy.

LET US HAVE PEACE. "Of course, Jack, I'm fond of you. Why, haven't I just danced six times with you?" "I don't see any proof in that."

"What is the matter with you dance?"—Chicago News. "At an army wedding the bride cuts the cake with her husband's sword."

"That is a relic of the old days." "What old days?" "The times when she carved the beef-steak with her husband's battle ax."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"That girl ahead of us reminds me of a flower, but I can't recall just what one." "Oh, look! she's just tripped on a banana peel!" "Now I know. She's a lady-slipper."—Baltimore American.

"So you intend to be a soldier when you grow up. Don't you know you'll be in danger of getting killed?" "Who by?" "Why, by the enemy."—Boston Transcript.

Polarine advertisement. EVERY DROP KILLS FRICTION. STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Nebraska) Omaha. Includes a drawing of a Polarine oil can.

New Morrison Hotel advertisement. Clark and Madison, Chicago. In the Heart of the Loop. Home Boston Oyster House. Famous for its unexcelled service, appetizing dishes, and air of gaiety and good cheer. Dine in the Dutch Grill. The most convenient meeting place in the loop, an artistic room where food and service are supreme. The Hotel of Perfect Service. Personal Management of Harry C. Moir.