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JUNE CIRCULATION.

## 53,646

State of Nebrasica, County of Douglas, ss: Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average dirculation for the month of June, 1915, was

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager, Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 2d day of July, 1916. 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 Edith Tobitt

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,-These three alone lead life to sovereign power. OEnene - Alfred Tennyson.

Beware of the overloaded excursion steam-

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 mu-Licipa! specialty.

One of the silent tips sent out of Washington indicates that the trust busting campaign is over for the present. Thus does the presidential campaign cast its shadow before.

The latest contributor to the conscience fund of the United States adds \$10,000 as a bonus to the principal sum already repaid. A conscience prompting double restitution is a wonderful human monitor.

Culebra cut short its latest slide and allowed the battleships to pass through the canal to the Pacific ocean. This restores Culebra to the good graces of the coast and averts the stigma of offensive partisanship.

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. The verdict is white man's tribute to a bold fighter.

All warring governments are urging their people to turn in their gold and take paper : ency, as a patriotic duty. It is becoming more ov dent as the days pass that golden bullets will do the greatest execution at the finish.

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, Omitting this modern necessity handicaps the prospective soldier at the start.

A nervy taxpayer of Illinois seeks the aid of the courts to annul certain extravagant appropriations made by the state legislature. The ides of attacking the wisdom of a legislature in disposing of public money smacks of less majeste, but the defiant taxpayer knows the legislature is a dead one.

One difference between the overturning of the Engliand 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, while the destruction of an ocean passenger carrier sends the mourning into scores of widely separated places.

In the old days of the west outlaws never attempted kidnaping for ransom. Plain robnery was the rule. With increasing population comes ancient and modern means of getting money without work. Unfortunately for the later-day victims, the surpassing efficiency of frontier vigilantes died with the pioneers,



The new bells for the chimes for Trinity cathedral are at the depot and will soon be in place, the bell rigger is on the ground to install them, and the ringer, Mr. Meitzer, will be here to sound the chimes for the first time on August 3, in accordance with the desires of Mrs. Ogden, the donor.

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

The Union Pacifies got back at the Hastings players this morning with a 2 to 6 shut-out. About 3,900 people gathered at the ball park to witness the afternoon contest, and they were not disappointed, the home feam wineles, 5 to 2, in a quickly played maten en Leeder, Lee and Thrane, appointed to

see about the purchase of a patrol team and wagon for the police department, are said to favor purchasing a wagon owned over in Council Bluffs which is of-

A number of churches heard eloquent eulogies on the life of the late General Grant and the special service at the First Baptist church, corner Piftsenth and Dayanport, included an address by General O. O.

The dedication of the United Presbyterian chapel

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 unfortunate part is that whatever may be done now is at best powerless to bring back the lives that have been blotted out or to lessen to any extent the suffering of the injured or the grief of those who have been stricken.

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. All that, however, as we have said, can afford small consolation to any one.

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. If the supposition is well founded, then we should no longer delay the great work. But, is Mars always to control the destinies of mankind?

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. Arguments set up in favor of war finally hinge on the necessity for a national awakening. Is there not some other means for arousing dormant patriotism? A rivalry in the work of bettering mankind's condition ought to bring about quite as much noble emulation as ambition to excel on the battlefield of war. Wars of conquest and aggression are no longer immediate possibilities, and without them wars for defense will vanish. Our youth can be trained in athletic pursuits, in obedience and the salutary lessons of discipline without devoting that instruction to the purposes of war.

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. It is a autifully simple gospel, too; so simple, in fact, that it has been preached to humanity for thousands of years, and today seems to be as far away from general application as in the beginning. It has been handed to us from antiquity in several forms, the better known, perhaps, being that Sermon on the Mount, in which the whole duty of man was summed up in a single sentence: "Whatsoever ye would that men

should do to you, do ye even so to them." 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. Its application has been difficult because of man's inability to always determine just what he would that men should do to him; when he has an opportunity to take advantage of some unusual chance to advance his personal fortune, he is apt to console himself with the perverted version of the text, which runs, "Do the other fellow first, for he will do you if he can." In this the innate selfishness of man, his lesser nature, sways him from his better impulse, and adds to the difficulty of swinging the old world away from its accustomed groove.

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. They will help themselves, and by helping themselves will help others, and in time may find so many imitators that the world will be a much better place to live.

# 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, Sunshine and warm weather have come to confound the calamity-howler, whose doleful wail assailed our ears only a little while ago. Nebraska is now certain to have a crop yield that will be well up to if not beyond its normal output. Some losses have been sustained, incidental to the severe storms and floods that visited the state; this is unfortunate, and falls heavily on the individuals who have sustained the damage, yet it is only the risk incident to business venture. The seasonable weather now at hand means the culmination of a great wheat yield in a harvest that will be but little behind the wonderful promise of the spring months, while the rapid growth and development of the corn and other crops is assured. Fecund soil laughs back at the smiling sky, broad fields wave their ripened grain in soft breezes, and bounty will again reward the toll of the Nebraska farmer.

Comments on the Yellowstone park souvenir grab lead the guileless to suppose this country monopolizes the tourist hold-up business. Not at all. The chief difference between the foreign and the home variety is the faccination of the former's touch. Compared with the hold-up Americans experienced in Europe last August. the Yellowstone park affair is as petty pilfering to grand largeny.

# Learning to Drive the Car

Edwin L. Sabin in American Magazine. WHEN we got our machine I really knew nothing

at all about automobiles. The only stipulation I made was that ours should be blue. Blue is my color; everything that I have is blue.

Of course, Balph did understand automobiles, at least be claimed to, and could discuss the different makes, and transmission and ignition, and rear axies and clutches, and right and left-hand drives, and horsepowers and all that in a way that was perfect Greek to me. I simply held fast to the color, and at last he found it, after he had spent three solld weeks shopping and complaining that I had handicapped him. So we had an automobile to put into the garage. That was one reason why we had bought an automo-We had at first thought to use the garage as a sort of a woodhouse and storeroom, but to be constantly apologizing and explaining was really very annoving.

When Ralph drove up with the agent in the machine, I felt as proud as be. 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

The agent seemed to be in a hurry to catch a car

"Are you sure you can drive in, Ralph?" I asked, which was only a natural question. But he snapped back at me in a mannish way that was not at all like himself. Yes, his disposition was spoiled already.

"Why, of course I can! Why not?" "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 suppose agents always say this, but I wouldn't have had Ralph think so.) "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 atreet car.

"Want to ride in?" invited Ralph of me "No, not this time, dear," I answered. "Til watch."

He did something (it was the self-starter), and the engine began to whir splendidly. He actually backed away out into the street-and I saw Mrs. Patton peeping at us from behind her curtains. Then I ran up the driveway to the garage door, and stood there so as to welcome our new machine into its home.

"Look out, Raiph! Oh, do be careful!" I called, which was a great mistake. The better way, when a man is driving, is to say not a word and let him graze "Look out yourself! Get out of the way, there!"

he bellowed, so that all the neighbors could hear him. He almost hit the fence before he twisted the other way and grazed the side of the house, which was worse. I was so frightened that I was stiff, until he bellowed at me again, when I had sense enough to jump behind the corner of the doorway.

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

He had stopped less than six inches from the end of the garage; the machine was perfectly stationary, and I was about to tell him what he had done to the house when, with his hands off the steering wheel, the machine suddenly made a jump forward and in a horrid crash butted right into the edge of the garage, bulging all the boards. There it stuck, and it didn't utter another sound "Oh, Ralph! What did you do? What's the mat-

ter?" I cried He was hanging hard to the emergency brake, as

if it were the lines. "I didn't do anything. Nothing's the matter," he panted, as cross as ever; but I hadn't touched the car. He poered 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."

We pried the machine loose and rolled it back s One lamp was bent up and the other bent down, and the paint was rubbed off the ends of the two front aprings. I felt like crying, but Ralph tried to bluff it out.

"That's nothing." he asserted. "I'll leave the machine when I take it downtown tomorrow and have it fixed." So he did; and we had a carpenter come over

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 Breakfast was getting cold. I couldn't find him until I saw his feet sticking out, toes up, from underneath the end of our car in the garage.

My heart leaped ri- into my throat. That dreadful car had made another jump and had run over him! When I peeked under, he wasn't pinloned fast, after all. He was only flat on his back, with grease on his nose and his hands as black as tar. His new overalls were all greasy, too

"For goodness' sake, what are you doing there?" I It was such an undignified position "Looking at the transmission case, ts all." he ex-

plained. "It leaks." Here began our era of grease. I suppose grease h 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 But Ralph knows. He's such a mechanic that he keeps it up in splendid shape. It rarely ever stops unless by our own fault. It never stops without good cause. When it stopped on us the other even-

Well, we had gone out for only a little spin on the mill road and the car was running beautifully. Then, where that grade begins, about five miles out, all of a sudden we stopped because the engine had quit. What's the matter?" I asked.

There isn't anything the matter. We stopped, is 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 that 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?"

"Are you sure there's gasoline enough?" I felt as though I had to ask him that again, no matter how he felt about it.

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

Ralph was still squirming and saying things that ordinarily he wouldn't have dreamed of saying. The notion had been growing on me more and more that eventually I would look into that gasoline tank. So I gently stood, and raised the seat cushion. Our gasoline tank is underneath the front seat.

What are you doing up there?" yelled Ralph. "Can't you keep still, please? Every move you make you shake the dirt down into my face!" I opened the tank regardless. It was dark inside, and I couldn't see into it, but I "booed" in, and it echood. My duty was to tell Ralph immediately.

"Dear," I informed, "the gasoline tank certainly "Impossible," he yapped, and continued his grunting. "But it is. I know it to."

"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, be wriggled out from under. He was a sight, a perfeet sight -his clothes and his face and his hands!

But no matter. He looked in "Nobody can see anything in there," he complained. as if blaming me for the darkness. He broke a twig from a weed at the roadside and poked with it in the He examined the end of the twig. It was

soarcely wet. "I'll be darned!" he had to confess. "I thought I filled that tank yesterday. I meant to, anyhow."

# The Bees 1

Does Premise Support Conclusion! OMAHA, July E .- 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. But now let us examine Mr. Herring's position and see it go to pieces. As I did not see the other article I will confine myself to this one.

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. Not a word of proof is given. Let us examine carefully and together Gen. 1 and 2. In Gen. 1 we have the account of the creation of the earth, heaven. waters, darkness, light, berbs, fruit, the whale, every creature. These we have before us as proof of the material creation. The assertion that it is spiritual lacks proof.

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 29, inclusive. Does this spirit man have dominion over the fish, fowl and every living thing? If so, are the fowls, fish and every living thing material or spirit? I think his premise and conclusion are both badly shattered by this. Man's image of God constata 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 1-2 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. ALMUS ADAMS.

A Poetical Posey. OMAHA, July 24.-To the Editor of The

Bes: 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 verses. 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 boquet of Mariposa lilles 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. ELSIE 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 hand-kerchief is soaked! Disease and blight hold carnival; by doc-Our medica materia is hardly worth a

When measles, mumps and chicken-pox across our thresholds flit.

Our vermiform appendixes we dread to keep or doff.

Keep or doff,
For either way that we decide, we're sure
to "shuffle off;"
While if we're selzed 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 bunk!

The federal law we view with pain as ineffectual bunk!

The fatal opiates sip beneath in many a startling chunk.

And as for all these so-called "cures" for excess booze and dope.

Carbolic acid's cheaper-or a good, stout hempen rope.

All "treatments" I denounce as fakes, much as I hate to squeal

On well-known institutions like the Neeley and the Keal.

A five-day treatment's much too quick; three months too long, perhape;

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 run their grafts on us would make an angel sore!

The equal suffragists are bound to put things on the blink

By passing that eugenics law, from which all sane men shrink.

And making our old town "go dry" in spite of Mayor Jim

And the commissioners who wabble in lock-step with him.

Yes, things look very dark for Greater Omeha, today!

But lo! 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

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 quali;

There's not a shade of proof that Jonah swallowed that big whale.

No matter how we shape our lives—with with good or ill intent—

No vague hereafter promises reward or punishment;

The soul is not immortal; Life is but a vale of tears;

Only one hope is left to soothe our crushing doubts and fears;

Oblivion is our goal—and this the quickest way to go—

By that "Indicated Remedy" in Sheridan, Wyo.;

SSI7 N. ISth St. —ELSIE ROBERTSON.

Defects of Basic Teaching. NORTH LOUP, Neb., July 24.- To the Editor of The Bee: Many years ago the present writer taught rural school for two years and since that time he has been watching the tendency of Nebraska schools, feeling well assured that the whole institution would finally fall as a servant of the people. My reason for saying this is that our public schools do not serve the people, but are managed for a trifling 1 per cent who are not

competent to meet the world of competi-

Permit me to suggest where that weakness ites. We are trying to cram too mura of the mechanical into the mind of the child up to the age of 18. The prinipal part of any education is to know the language thoroughly. Not every word of the language, but the principles upon which the language is based. Suppose you find what per cent of our school teachers have ever read the rules of English spelling as laid down by ster! Not 5 per cent of them. No person can ever became competent in the English

of the word "fate?"

why. We are just now beginning the harvest tion. 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-

fice and political influence WALTER JOHNSON,

visable 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 hopeleasty 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 President Wilson is endeavoring to straighten out complications growing out of the war, it is very unwise for citizens of the United States, native or foreignborn, to take sides at this time LET US HAVE PEACE.

As to South Omaha School Janitors OMAHA, July 24 .- To the Editor of The 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 refusing to give ten or twelve men and women the jobs they have held for years under the South Omaha board. If the little South Side board could pay those "Now I know. She's a lady-slipper."

Baltimore American. bargain under the pretense of economy, janitors and turn over \$46,000 to our city for those men and women to have to enilst the aid of the law to keep them in their jobs.

Every fair-minded man or woman

Co. 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."

"Then I'll be the enemy."—Boston Transcript.

who has not studied these rules. Why should protest against this wrong. I is the final silent "e" placed at the end hope the landtors will succeed in settling Not one in a hun- their troubles without having recourse dred school children have ever been told to the law, for that would be a very bad showing for our Board of Educa-JUSTICE.

#### DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

Visitor-What's the new structure on the hill there? Farmer-Well, if I find a tenant for it, it's a bungalow: if I den't it's a barn.—

Customer-Let me see your kid gloves. madam. Customer-That kind won't do. I want dressed kid.-Boston Transcript.

"That man doesn't tell the truth half Would Stop War Debates.

OMAHA, July 22.—To the Editor of The
Bee: Den't you think it would be advisable to live active acceptance of the Machington Star.

Washington Star.



"Of course, Jack, I'm fond of you. Thy, haven't I just danced six times "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."
"You would if you only realized how
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 shead of us reminds me of a flower, but I can't recall just what

"So you intend to be a soldier when you



