# THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND SEVENTEENTH.

Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

| | By carrier per month. | By mail per year. |
|---|---|---|
| Daily and Sunday | 65c | $6.00 |
| Daily without Sunday | 45c | 4.00 |
| Evening and Sunday | 40c | 6.00 |
| Evening without Sunday | 25c | 4.00 |
| Sunday Bee only | 20c | 2.00 |

Send notice of change of address or complaints of irregularity in delivery to Omaha Bee, Circulation Department.

REMITTANCE.

Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only two-cent stamps received in payment of small accounts. Personal checks, except on Omaha and eastern exchange, not accepted.

OFFICES.

Omaha—The Bee Building.
South Omaha—2318 N street.
Council Bluffs—14 North Main street.
Lincoln—26 Little Building.
Chicago—901 Hearst Building.
New York—Room 1106, 286 Fifth avenue.
St. Louis—506 New Bank of Commerce.
Washington—725 Fourteenth St., N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Address communications relating to news and editorial matter to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

NOVEMBER CIRCULATION.

**53,716**

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 November, 1915, was 53,716.
DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 2d day of December, 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.**


December 9

### *Thought for the Day*

***Selected by Margaret McAra***

*How pleasant it is to reflect that one's ship is always on the way in, that perhaps the very next tide will bring it past the bar! For, remember, that the finest fortune is the coming one; the true argosy is ever at sea.*

*—Van Tassel Sutphen.*

Mr. Bryan is putting on flesh. Peace, plenty and prosperity spell avoirdupois.

The mills of justice grind slowly, but not half so slowly as the mills of federal judge-making.

Note the republicans winning those municipal elections in Massachusetts. Just another straw.

Carranza has the whiskers, all right, to play the role of Santa Claus if only he can spread them out a bit.

How does the prospect of another cent-a-gallon tax added to the price of gasoline strike Mr. Ultimate Consumer?

All right, so far as we are concerned. St. Louis is about as close to Omaha as Chicago, but we prefer the Chicago climate.

A tip to Joe Stecher: Don't bother the courts to decide whether those wrestling matches are "on the square." Just challenge the world and show them.

Unlike the tourists caught in the vortex of war a year ago, Mr. Ford's personally conducted peace party will not be obliged to "holler" to Uncle Sam for the price of the return ticket.

The only wonder is that with the strategic advantage of John Skelton Williams in the comptroller's office the city of Richmond does not go up and take that democratic national convention itself.

It was Shakespeare, we believe, who made one of his characters say something about not standing on the order of going, but go at once. He must have intended the admonition to apply to Captains von Papen and Boy-Ed.

The Omaha Automobile club has a right to point with pride to its fine record. The next thing it should do, however, is to help discipline the reckless speed-maniac drivers by expelling from membership a few of the most flagrant offenders.

At no time since Hendrik Hudson exchanged a red necktie for Manhattan Island has Wall street enjoyed itself as much as today. Not only are the dollars, chesty and abundant, rolling in, but every foreign coin is undergoing a sweating process and their lean and hungry appeal for recognition of former greatness rival "war brides" as joymakers. Never before has the street enjoyed such a yellow flood.

### Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

GATHERED FROM BEE FILES

St. John's guild gave a novel entertainment in the form of an authors' carnival. There was the home of Scott occupied by the "Lady of Glengarry," personated by Mrs. S. P. Morse; the "Queen of Scots," by Miss Maud Ellis ,and "Maud Vernon" by Ella Lawton, while Mesdames Cooper and Martin were Highland gentlemen. The most beautiful effect was Whittier's poem, "Snow Bound," in a tent. Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Hancock, Miss Hamilton and Mr. Manville occupied the McDermot ledge. A band of gypsies with tambourines and guitars made music.

The charity ball at Metropolitan hall was a grand success, the committee of arrangements being Mrs. Hellman, Mrs. Max Meyer, Mrs. Adolph Meyer, Mrs. A. Heller, Mrs. I. N. New, Mrs. A. Pollack, Mrs. C. Schlank, Mrs. A. Reichenberg, Mrs. Kalish.

Mrs. J. B. Southard, wife of City Clerk Southard, with the Misses Ida and Mattie Sharp are visiting friends in Council Bluffs.

Miss May Gentry has gone to Hiawatha, Kan., for a two weeks' visit.

Plans are being drawn for an addition to the Lake school building and for large new school buildings one on Cuming street west of Military bridge, and one at Hanscom park at the corner of Georgia and Virginia avenues.

City Physician Leisenring's report show sixty-four deaths during the month of November, and only fifty births.

### Missouri Shaky.

The inference to be drawn from the award of the democratic national convention to St. Louis is that the party leaders are convinced Missouri is shaky and that they will have difficulty in holding it in the democratic column, where it has been continuously since the civil war with the single exception when it gave its electoral vote to Taft in 1908. The strongest plea put up for St. Louis, according to the report of the proceedings, was that the convention was needed there to hold old Missouri in line, and we do not doubt it, although it is questionable whether even the concession of this prize will accomplish the object.

What makes Missouri shaky from the democratic standpoint is easy to see, for the friends of Champ Clark still remember the dubious deal that made Wilson the nominee at Baltimore instead of Clark, and the later reward of the man who turned the trick with the best cabinet portfolio. Missouri, too, has a lot of democrats who do not approve the president's handling of our foreign relations, his flirting with woman suffrage, his sacrifice of American interests in Mexico and the numerous other things "not in the platform."

The wise political prophet will keep an eye on the mysterious stranger from Missouri, who is more than likely to pick republican company next year.

### Good Job Well Done.

The announcement from the Belgian relief committee that urgent need for food no longer exists in that country is welcome news for Americans. Not that our people are weary of giving, but because they are glad to know that conditions in the little kingdom of grief have been so greatly improved. Restoration of industry and the normal activities of social life there had been such as to remove the danger of privation from lack of food. The generous response from America last winter to the call for aid for Belgium saved millions from suffering, and grateful acknowledgement has been made of this service. Our people have ever been ready to share their bounty with the needy, but this was the biggest job of its kind in recent years. It was tackled in a spirit of confidence, and the work was carried through with ardor to success, and America is ready now for the next call.

### Pan-Americanism Not a Novelty.

While the democrats have raised a joyous clamor over the president's Pan-American utterances, as though Mr. Wilson had entered on an entirely new phase of American statecraft, as a matter of fact, this policy is not a new one, and only the present straits of the majority party at this time lead it to pretending that a discovery has been made. From the time of James Monroe down the attitude of the United States towards the other American governments has been the same, always helpful, never aggressive, and patient to the last degree. It is true that some of the urgency of self-interest that might have fostered the policy in the beginning no longer exists, but it is not altogether divested of the protective quality that first recommended its adoption and practice.

For fifty years republican presidents sought to cultivate better and closer relations with the several peoples of America; even Grover Cleveland surpassed Mr. Wilson in his advocacy of an All-American union, while he pressed to the actual verge of war with England on account of Venezuela. When Roosevelt and Taft sent missions to the South and Central American countries, democrats sneered at their efforts as "dollar doplomacy." Now a single conference, dealing with but one phase of the complicated relations developing out of the increasing intercourse between the United States and its American neighbors, transforms the president into the Paladin of Pan-American unity and harmony.

While shouting thus, the party clacquers are simply trying to divert public attention from the weakness of the administration in other directions, but the trick is too thin to fool anyone who doesn't want to be fooled.

### One Point for the Straphanger.

Slowly but surely are human rights being established above the ring of the cash register. The latest victory in the direction of ameliorating modern man's unhappy condition comes from Washington, but not from congress or the cabinet. A judge there decided that a straphanger has some rights that even a motorman or conductor is bound to respect, and one of these rights is to hang on to the strap of his choice, regardless of the raucous command to "step forward in the car." Passengers are not pawns, says the court, and are not to be shifted at the will of the trolley car commanders. This is a belated recognition by the court of a right that every seatless rider on a street car has felt to be his, but has hesitated to assert. But it will yet lack something of comfort for the individual who rides many weary miles, swinging on a strap and wondering if none of his fellow passengers have homes. It does show, however, that the condition of the straphanger is not absolutely abject.

Over in Illinois a special session of the legislature has just concluded its work, having been called together to re-enact failed and overlooked appropriations. Here in Nebraska, instead of calling on the legislature to authorize drafts on the treasury according to the constitution, we simply go to the supreme court and have the constitution suspended by judicial construction.

Why should the democrats go to all the trouble and expense now of holding a big president-nominating convention when Colonel Maher and Governor Morehead have done the whole job by filing that autograph collection with Secretary of State Pool? With the president's name on the Nebraska primary ballot, everything else becomes surplusage.

The jitney which honked out of the west a year ago and spread nervous prostration in traction circles from coast to coast, succeeded in running down one victim. The Atlantic City & Shore trolley is in a receiver's hospital, suffering from an overdose of jitneys. Elsewhere the traction people have taken the jitneys' number.

If that decision stands that the conductor cannot make a passenger "move up front," all our street railway companies will have to enlarge the rear platform at once, or build their cars so they consist of nothing but back platform.

## Aimed at Omaha

Ord Quiz: Pussy is "in bad" in Omaha and the Health department has advised the killing of all cats in the city, considering them a menace to the public health. It is a safe bet that if all the old maids of the city could vote those hard-hearted officials would lose their jobs in short order.

Beatrice Express: John O. Yeiser, Frank Harrison and a few other Nebraska would-be president makers will never forgive The Omaha Bee for the following: "Other states besides Nebraska have similar presidential primary laws, but they evidently do not have so many cheap notoriety-seekers trying to use these laws to project themselves into the public prints."

York News-Times: If the Omaha police force will come over we will show them the best method of dealing with footpads. Over there the footpads usually get the victim. Over here we make the footpad the victim.

Beatrice Express: Omaha's new grain exchange will have no thirst parlor, and those who desire to quench their thirst after a hard day's work will have to walk two whole blocks for their liquid refreshments, which fact is referred to by an Omaha paper as quite a hardship indeed.

Ulysses Dispatch: Nebraska is certainly becoming famous. In Stecher it has the champion grappler, and in John O. Yeiser, the champion political acrobat. John was first a republican, then a free silver republican, later a democratic, and still later an unconsolable bullmooser. We often wonder where the next jump will land him. Prohibitionists and socialists had better erect bombproof entrenchments and barbed wire entanglements around their territory or they will yet find Johno gamboling on their reservations.

Valparaiso Visitor: While riding on a street car in Omaha on Tuesday of last week, Miss Mollie Polak, daughterof County Treasurer Polak of Wahoo, discovered a large snake and two small ones coiled up near the stove pipe, where it passes through the roof of the car. The attention of the conductor was called, the car stopped, the passengers alighted and the snakes were killed. It was a fortunate discovery for the reptiles would have doubtless dropped to the floor of the car later in the day and one or more passengers been bitten or else frightened out of their wits.

Lincoln Journal: The contest having narrowed down to Chicago, St. Louis and Dallas, all our efforts to secure the democratic national convention at Omaha seem to have been thrown away.

Beatrice Express: The intimation of the leader of the farmers' congress recently held at Omaha that the farm demonstrator idea is promoted only by city folks is erroneous. In Gage county the membership of the Gage County Crop Improvement association is fully four-fifths farmers, real tillers of the soil.

## Twice Told Tales

**The Story of Creation!**

William Dean Howells, the well known American author and critic, tells a Shakespeare story.

"In Stratford," he says, "during one of the Shakespeare jubilees, an American tourist approached an aged villager in a smock and said:

" 'Who is this chap, Shakespeare, anyway?'

" 'He were a writer, sir.'

" 'Oh, but there are lots of writers. Why do you make such an infernal fuss over this one, then? Wherever I turn I see Shakespeare hotels, Shakespeare cakes, Shakespeare chocolates, Shakespeare shoes. What the deuce did he write—magazine stories, attacks on the government, shady novels?'

" 'No, sir; oh, no, sir,' said the aged villager. 'I understand he writ for the Bible, sir.' "—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Rather Disappointing.**

The conversation having turned to keen disappointments, Charles M. Mellen, former head of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, recalled an incident along that line.

Some time ago an elderly woman heard that a friend who lived in a distant city was very ill, and decided that it was her duty to go and see her. The next day she made the trip and was met at the door by the invalid.

"Well, Mary," greeted the visitor, entering the house and removing her wraps. "How are you getting along?"

"Very well, indeed, Martha," answered the other. "In fact, I am nearly well now."

"Nearly well!" exclaimed the caller in a disappointed voice. "And after me coming all this long way to see you, too!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

**The Optimist.**

Gilman Hall, magazine editor of New York, said of the war:

"It doesn't pay to be optimistic in considering this horrid war. Yes, it's a pretty rotten world that will stand for a war like this.

"Optimists, anyway, come to a bad end. A preacher in a poor house said as he buried an optimist the other day:

" 'Ah, what an optimist the world loses in deceased! Once he failed in business, but thanked heaven he had his health. Another time he failed in health, but thanked heaven he had his business. Then, just before he entered here, he failed in health and business simultaneously and said:

" 'Oh, well, what good is the one without the other?' "—Washington Star.

## People and Events

Cumin B. Spatz of Boyerstown, Pa., recently fell heir to $100,000. Dozens of women are anxious to show him how to spend it and annex Spatz.

Sarah Lincoln's grave, near Gentryville, Ind., is to be suitably marked by Indianapolis people. She was a sister of Abraham Lincoln and died in 1828.

A St. Louis man with $50,000 life insurance killed himself so his debts could be paid. Another Missourian left $6 to pay for a treat for his pallbearers. Such thoughtfulness lends to funerals the deft touch of a joy ride.

A merry newspaper man and a bachelor discussed "preparedness" before the girls of Radcliffe college and ended his peroration in this style: "If you've got a book in one hand have a baby in the other." He escaped by the rear exit.

Postoffice inspectors and detectives of New York City have traced almost to the doors of the state insane asylum the authorship of "poison pen" letters mailed to young women about to be married. The letters were couched in obscene terms and were sent to persons whose marriage announcements appeared in society columns. Twenty-eight letters, almost alike, are in the hands of the authorities.

The Rev. F. L. Streeter, pastor of the Armourdale Baptist church, Kansas City, Kan., has invited all of the couples he has married in thirty-nine years to hear him preach on "Courtship and Marriage." The marrying dominie claims a record of 1,200 marriages, at "high noon," at midnight, in hacks as they eloped, under Christmas trees and one up in a balloon. Should the reunion to follow the sermon become an experience meeting there will be much to tell worth the telling.

A keen and clever come-back on British knockers was forged by Henry Ford's publicity bureau. Mr. Ford's peace propaganda annoyed an English customer, who requested specific information regarding Mr. Ford and his business. The publicity bureau replied in these words: "We shall be happy to supply the information you desire on the understanding that you will give us a list of your principal proprietors and shareholders, their nationality and a brief outline of their occupations, political views and religious beliefs." My word, such impertinence!

## The Bee's Letter Box

**America Should Protect Its Citizens.**

ST. MARY, Neb., Dec. 7.—To the Editor of The Bee: I would like to express my opinion in regard to the actions of our secretary of state in regard to the not guaranteeing safety and protection to the Henry Ford peace mission. He says that this government cannot guarantee protection to any person or persons within the war zone unless such person or persons go there on necessary business. What in his opinion would be necessary business?

This nation was ready to go to war on account of the sinking of the Lusitania because some Americans lost their lives. How many were there among those that were there on necessary business? Probably none. If some ammunition manufacturer were to go there to close a deal for the furnishing of material for the slaughtering of humanity, or the closing of a great financial deal, or if some millionaire were go for the benefit of his health, he would consider it a necessity and promise him or them protection. The war munition manufacturers have spent a vast amount of money in perfecting their plants and naturally want to prolong the war for profit and are opposed to any one interfering with the arrangements and must be protected. But this government cannot afford to protect a peace mission because it does not deem it a necessity.

Christ came on earth on a peace mission to advocate peace on earth, good will to men. Henry Ford goes to Europe on a similar mission, but our present secretary of state does not seem to consider such a mission necessary. But if it is a business in which dollars are concerned this government is in honor bound to pledge its protection. I as a humble American citizen cannot agree with Mr. Lansing as to what constitutes a necessity.

If I understand Mr. Lansing's position and ideas rightly, he would sacrifice the youth of this nation on the battlefield to avenge any wrong done to one who went to make dollars, but if a person went on an errand of mercy, in the interest of suffering humanity, and a wrong befell him, he would not favor paying any attention to him or to the affair and simply say "the d—m fool had no business to go there." H. SCHUMANN.

**Consent of the Boss Pre-Requisite.**

HOLDREGE, Neb., Dec. 7.—To the Editor of The Bee: Who is this man, F. P. Shields, editor of the Orleans Isser? I see by the papers that he wants to be elected governor. What has he ever done that he is entitled to such high recognition at the hands of democrats? And what does William Jennings Bryan think about the matter? It also strikes me that Art Mullen ought to have something to say about it. What's the good of having political bosses if they don't boss?

A. P. RILFIRST.

**Kind Words for the Hobo.**

GREELEY, Neb., Dec. 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: The Bee of December 1 contained a poem fresh from the factory of an Omaha poet (so fresh, in fact, that one could almost smell the paint and things) in ridicule of the hobo. As I invariably take the side of the under dog in the fight, and as said hobo has few friends and is the only gentleman of leisure I know, I send the enclosed doggerel as a mild protest against the treatment accorded him in said poem:

Oh, blame not the bard who in moments of pain,
From the consuming fires of a high-pressure brain,
When in quest of themes for his wit and his rhyme,
Jumps onto the hobo, poor outcast of time.
But his jibe is so cutting, his wit is so keen,
'Tis truly wonder a hobo is seen.
But, why, gentle poet, Oh, why, wing your dart
To one with so lowly, so humble a part?
The great ones of earth are as fair game as he,
Their fads and their foibles no harder to see.
There's Bryan and Ford, and—but perhaps 'twere a fault
To mention the names of the loved Mrs. Galt.
All have ambitions and notions quite odd,
And each has an eye on the gallery god.
To taunt the defenseless, to jeer at the poor,
Is as old as the race and not new to the boer.
'Tis the way of the world, howsoe'er we may frown,
Push down the weakling and kick him when down.
Oh, ride poor old Pegasus—ride if you must;
There are good themes aplenty, but always be just.
Give heed to the muses whenever they call,
Be true to their promptings whatever befall;
But be sparing, dear fellow, of your dazzling wit;
When my eyes first beheld it they shrank to a slit.

MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

## A Nebraska Daniel

**New York Times.**

Nebraska has, or had a little while ago, more automobiles "per capity," as the Farmers' Alliance economists, populists, and Bryanites used to say, than any other state. Iowa may have surpassed it temporarily. The race is close. But nowhere is the chariot of swiftness more immediate to the business and bosom than in Mr. Bryan's "home state," prosperous in the teeth of his theories. The district court of Douglas county has just made a decision vital to the happiness of the married women of Nebraska and encouraging to their sisters elsewhere. Ae decision in consonance with the modern commandment, "Husbands, obey your wives." The learned judge held, and will be upheld in holding by all save unprogressive and curmudgeonly married men, that a wife who compels her husband to buy an automobile is not guilty of cruelty.

How was a different ruling possible? The war proves that folks can do without meat, milk, butter. These, then, are but spurious or secondary necessaries of life. If they can be dispensed with in wartime they can be dispensed with in peace. The automobile is a gasoline horse or another color. It is a primary, imperious, indispensable necessary.

The full text of the opinion has not reached the east, but its clear corollary is that a husband who denies his wife this necessary of necessaries is cruel within the statute. Bread is a mere symbol. Potatoes are a luxury. The car's the thing. Let the yoked menfolks accept this great and just decision in "the Christmas spirit."

**Juicy Melons in Prospect.**

Washington Post: There is a certainty now that the dividends that will be paid during the next four months to investors upon their holdings in financial, transportation, industrial, mining and other business enterprises located in the United States will in the aggregate be the largest amount ever earned or ever paid.

### GRINS AND GROANS.

"I tell you," said Pat, "the old friends are the best after all, and, what's more, I can prove it."

"How are you goin' to prove it?"

"Where will you find a new frind that has shtud by ye as long as the ould ones have?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"My bride is disappointed about housekeeping."

"What's the trouble?"

"She can't get a maid who will curtsey like they do in the musical comedies she goes to see."—Kansas City Journal.

"I suppose your daughter will start her scholastic career with some special rudimentary studies?"

"No, indeed. There ain't going to be nothin' rude about it. She's goin' to take only polite litertoor."—Baltimore American.



Stranger—Have you a good hair tonic you can recommend?

Druggist (prohibition town)—Here is something that is spoken of very favorably by the people who have drunk it.—Topeka Journal.

Discontented Wife—Several of the men whom I refused when I married you are richer than you are now.

Husband—That's why.—Boston Transcript.

Father-in-Law—So you are beginning to find that married life has its troubles.

Daughter-in-Law—Well, yes. Jack sometimes simply won't listen to reason.

Father-in-law—The young rascal! He ought to be ashamed of himself. It isn't every married man that has the chance.—Boston Transcript.

They stood at the pyramids.

"Forty centuries look down upon you," announced the guide.

"Let 'em look," responded Pa Wombat. "That seems mild after running the gamut of Europe's head waiters."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

Joaquin Miller.

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles,
The old Greek Isles of the yellow bird's song?
Then steer straight on through the watery miles,
Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong.
Nay, not to the left; nay, not to the right;
But on, straight on, and the isles are in sight.
The Fortunate Isles, where the yellow birds sing
And life lies girt with a golden ring.

These Fortunate Isles, they are not far;
They lie within reach of the lowliest door,
You can see them gleam by the twilight star,
You can hear them sing by the moon's white shore,
Nay, never look back! Those leveled gravestones
They were landing steps; they were steps unto thrones
Of glory for souls that have sailed before
nd have set white feet on the fortunate shore.

And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
Why, Duty and Love and a large Content.
Lo! these are the isles of the watery miles
That God let down from the firmament.
Lo! Duty and Love, and a true man's trust;
Your forehead to God and your feet in the dust;
Lo! Duty and Love, and a sweet babe's smiles,
And there, Oh, friend, are the Fortunate Isles.