THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

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JANUARY CIRCULATION.

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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 January, 1916, was 53,102.
DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 3d day of February, 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.

Take no chance! When in doubt about the youngster, call the doctor.

The state census showing of increasing population is the most welcome "Iowa idea" realized in the decade.

If not more careful that valiant fighter, General Nelson A. Miles, may be drafted as the peace candidate for president.

And the Water board law still expressly provides that active participation of employes in partisan politics is a cause for removal.

Buying one automobile fire truck at a time, it might be easy to get away with it, but buying by the dozen makes it a little difficult.

When the generals and the admirals disagree on preparedness details, congress should not be overly criticised for practicing the hesitation waltz.

A memorial by the Fine Arts society, demanding the removal of that hideous welcome arch would be a welcome proof of sincere devotion to the cause of art.

A lot of present-day wiseacres are trying to guess what Abraham Lincoln would say about present-day problems. Needless to say, they make him say what they would say.

The hunt for Villa and his bullion train undoubtedly is the hottest ever undertaken by Carranza troopers. The possibility of a rival getting away with the loot is the bandit limit of aggravation.

Why should preparations toward the make-up of a convention delegation from Nebraska be confined to republicans? The democrats have to choose their delegates to St. Louis in the same number at the same time.

The scarlet fever contagion in Omaha is bad enough, but it is no worse, if as bad, as in some of the neighboring cities and towns. That does not mean that we should in any way abate our precautions against its spread, but it should head off invidious comparisons.

Congressman Carey has the right idea. The present location of the national capital subjects the government to the selfish influences of the east, imparting its usefulness as an exponent of patriotic American thought. Mr. Carey would avert these evil influences for all time by moving the capital to Milwaukee. The country looks to St. Louis to second the motion.

Cheer up! Only a few weeks to springtime, when man is booked to radiate sartorial joy rivaling a flower garden in midsummer. Green and lavender vests, wine colored dress coats and impressive checks, formally approved by the tailors, emphasizes a determination to break the monopoly of gay raiment hitherto enjoyed by feminine fashion plates. The dawn of brighter days for mere man surely is coming.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

Compiled from Bee Files.

Miss Anna M. Saunders, grand worthy chief of the Good Templars of Nebraska, has been spending several days in this city in the interest of the organization, organizing subordinate lodges.

The most brilliant german ever given in this city took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Colpetzer, Twenty-fifth and Douglas, in honor of their guest, Miss Maude Anthony of Leavenworth. The dancing was led by Mr. Clem Chase and Miss Anthony, and the favors were handsome and unique, one of them being a piece of filagree silver, given to each lady and gentleman participating. Those dancing included the Misses Wadleigh of Clinton, Ia.; Stone of Madison, Wis.; Gage of Lyons, Ia.; Haas, Carr, McCormick, Tompkins, Wakeley, Berlin, Henry, Doane, Dundy, and Mrs. D. H. Wheeler, and Messrs. Frank and Will Hamilton, Berlin, Wakeley, Wilson, Summers, Dan Wheeler, jr., Dickey, Christiancy, Haas, John Clarke, Al Patrick, Remington, Charles E. Smith.

M. Bachrach, who enjoys the distinction of being an ex-Siberian exile, lectured at Germania hall, telling of his experience in Siberia.

General O. O. Howard sent a message of condolence to Mrs. Hancock on the death of General Winfield Scott Hancock.

The Thurston Hose company pulled off a fine masquerade ball with Chief Butler as master of ceremonies.

The admission of Kansas City into the National league has left Omaha base ball interests up in the air. George Kay expressed the opinion that Omaha [illegible] are to join the proposed Western league if [illegible] be any base ball here this season.

Again the Same Old Story.

By throwing his hat into the ring for the democratic gubernatorial nomination, "Brother Charley" Bryan raises one question entirely aside from the issues promulgated in his platform. For, be it remembered that "Brother Charley" is right now mayor of Lincoln, having been elected to that office last spring for a term of years, with some very definite promises of the reforms he would accomplish if invested with that position by his fellow townsmen. The question is, What are his obligations as mayor of Lincoln? Or, in other words, is it a square deal for him to take that job and attempt to use it as a stepping stone to the governorship in disregard of the terms of the contract he voluntarily assumed when he sought election as mayor?

Of course, every one realizes—we do, at any rate—that this is not a novel situation in American politics. The same identical condition was presented when the mayor of Omaha was nominated for governor on the democratic ticket, and again when the general manager of our water works was nominated on the republican ticket, both of them holding onto their fat salaried jobs while chasing votes for further preferment. Perhaps nothing different was to be expected from Mayor "Jim" because he never posed as a reformer, but "Brother Charley," as mayor of Lincoln and as close relative of Brother William, is supposed to be governed by higher principles of unselfish fidelity to duty. The only excuse he can offer is the old one, "they all do it," which, obviously, in this case, is "an excuse as is an excuse."

Man Coming Into His Own.

Now comes emancipation in its most glorious guise, and man is to be relieved from hard and fast conditions imposed by custom. It matters not whose modest soul first shrunk from the fopperies and fripperies of bygone days, and thereby set a fashion that has restricted the masculine apparel to the sober tints and decorous lines familiar to us all. His soul may rest in peace, so far as the present day is concerned, but his work is to be undone. The tailors have decreed that for the coming summer male habiliments will offer a comprehensive range for the exhibition of individual taste. Colors are not to be confined solely to chromatic vests but will include coat and breeches as well, and the wearer thereof may go as far as he likes.

No more will we hear that the "groom wore the conventional black." Instead of going to the altar dressed like an undertaker, under the new order of things, he may vie with his bride in his display of cheery colors, and thus add a bright note to the proceedings, to which he has for many generations contributed only occasion for dolor. Our "glad rags," too, the ones we disport ourselves in on state occasions, will permit the combinations of colors best suited to the wearer's complexion or disposition, and it will be easily possible in the future to distinguish a guest from a waiter at a glance.

Generally, the advice of old Polonius on the subject of dressing is to prevail, and our avenues will be kaleidoscopic in hues, while the day will be the brighter because man has finally come again into his own and will follow "honest nature's rule" in bedecking himself.

Armor Plate Prices and Government Shops.

Whether intentional or not, the armor plate barons have given a big lift to the demand that the government manufacture for its own use, so far as possible, materials needed for the army and navy. Armor plate prices have been a source of great scandal for many years, a popular wave of indignation being felt every time an appropriation is made for a new fighting ship. Prices charged by American makers for material furnished the United States have been greatly in excess of figures paid by other governments for armor plate from the same forges. This was one of the great arguments used by the free traders to support their contentions. At present the United States is paying more for its armor plate than any other government.

The threat is made that the price will be practically doubled in order to create a fund for the amortization of the plants, in the event of the government entering on the business of making armor plate. This, coming from the leaders of the "war babies," whose enormous profits have astonished the world, will give a decided impetus to the movement, well under way, to have the government build its own ships and make its own war material.

War and the Workingman.

A meeting of pacifists in Washington listened with interest to the address of a labor leader, who professed to speak for the workingmen of the country in opposition to the campaign for preparedness. His sentiments well express the general attitude of a considerable class of our society, but contain in themselves nothing of novelty. In order that judgment may be finally made on a sound basis, it will be in order to consider what has actually happened, so far as the workingman is concerned in connection with war.

At a conference between representatives of French and German labor unions, held during the summer of 1913, the French flatly asked the Germans if they would, in event of war being declared, abstain from fighting. The Germans declined to answer. When war came, a year later, the workingman sprang in answer to the call to the colors, each in his own country and under his own flag. Even the socialists were swept from their moorings and carried along with the war wave. Since the war commenced, many efforts to secure from the labor unions of the several countries involved expressions in opposition have failed. Within the fortnight nearly 3,000,000 of British organized workmen voted, with fewer than 200,000 in the negative, to continue the war to an issue.

What has actually happened in Europe is a fairly good guide for judgment as to what may happen here. No one wants war, but most of the people want to be made sure that if war does come they'll not be left helpless.

Abraham Lincoln Recollections

E. S. Nadal in The Outlook.

I.—LINCOLN AND STANTON.

I AM indebted to a friend, who was not one of Lincoln's admirers, for the following:

"When the last call for troops was made and a conscription ordered, the proportion assigned to the city of New York was some thousands in excess of what some people believed to be our legal liability, and our committees on volunteering were certain they could prove this if they could have access to the books of the War department. The committee—Orison Blunt, John Fox, Smith Ely and William M. Tweed—went to Washington and asked Secretary Stanton's permission to examine the records, which was brusquely refused on the pretext that the books were in constant use. The committee then went to the White House and saw Lincoln in his private office. After asking them to be seated, he resumed his chair, in which he sat partly on his back, with his heels literally on the mantelpiece. His linen bosom was unbuttoned, exposing his red flannel shirt. He was told that we had furnished, in excess of previous calls, more than enough to exempt us from the present call, which we would prove if we could have access to the records for any two hours during the night when they were not in use. He was also assured that in no event would a conscription be needed in New York, as we were getting fifty volunteers daily, and a short postponement of the draft would enable us to supply all the demands, just or unjust. He listened with an expression of profound sadness, and said he thought the request a reasonable one, but he feared if the order for a draft was postponed volunteering would cease. He said that a similar committee from Cincinnati had applied to him for a postponement of the draft, as they were getting twenty volunteers a day. It was done, and the day following not a single volunteer appeared. 'That,' said Lincoln, 'is human nature. When you think death is after you, you run; but as soon as death stops, you stop.' At this he sprang from his chair, throwing his arms about, and laughed loudly at his own dismal joke. Lincoln gave the New York committee a note to Stanton, substantially as follows:

Dear Secretary: These gentlemen from New York ask only what I think is right. They wish access to the records, with two accountants, for two hours at any time tonight. I have told them that they may have double that time.

Yours, A. LINCOLN.

"They took the note to Stanton, who handed it to Frye. The latter glanced at it and, saying, 'Take seats,' left the office. In a few minutes he returned and said, curtly: 'The order is annulled; you can't see the books.' The committee withdrew and returned to New York the next forenoon. The clerk of the committee, Eugene Durbin, said that late in the evening an army officer with two orderlies called at the committee's rooms and presented the chairman with a note, which read as follows: 'The secretary of war expects to be informed that the committee on volunteering from the County of New York have left Washington prior to noon tomorrow.' The committee, after their return, said it was Stanton, and not Lincoln, who was president of the United States."

The gentleman to whom I am indebted for this—Mr. Smith Ely, a former mayor of New York and a member of congress—was a democratic political leader of war times, and, although one of the most amiable and kind-hearted of men, had of course to some degree the feelings regarding Lincoln shared by the men who in those days frequented the Manhattan club. He does not see much point in Lincoln's remark about death and the draft. To me the point seems clear enough. "When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be," etc. Nor will the reader conclude with the committee that Stanton was president and not Lincoln. Stanton was a man of great administrative ability, a kind of human dynamo, such as you could hardly duplicate in the country, a patriot and honest man besides. As long as the issue was one of no great importance (which seems to have been the case here) Lincoln let him have his way.

Stanton was probably the greatest man in civil life produced by the war, of course, after Lincoln. My earliest recollection of him is seeing him at the trial of Sickles for the murder of Key, which took place when I was a boy at school in Washington. He was one of Sickles' counsel. The acquaintance which Sickles formed at that time with Stanton was in part the cause of Sickles' success as a soldier in the civil war. Stanton advanced and supported him. I remember at the trial a thick-set man with a heavy beard who sat behind the other lawyers, and who would occasionally interpolate a remark in a gruff voice. He had that physical build which is said to be one of the best for strength—very broad shoulders and deep chest, a large body set on short, stout legs. He had herculean powers of labor. I suppose he was honest, but I do not suppose that he was an overscrupulous man. He would have been out of place as war minister if he had been. When someone complained to him of General Meigs, who was one of his subordinates, he said: "Now, don't say anything against Meigs; he's the best man I have; he is a soldier, and can do things which I as a lawyer find it hard to do." One wonders what the things were that Stanton would not do.

I am able to make only one original contribution to the history of Stanton. A young girl once told me this incident about him. The reader, of course, knows Coleridge's poem beginning—

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are but the ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

This girl's father was a client and a great friend of Stanton's, and she used to make long visits to Stanton's family during the war. She was a pretty girl and a belle of those days. She said that Stanton worked all the time and that the only relaxation he allowed himself was that on Sunday afternoon for an hour or so he would read poetry to her, and she told me that the poem he read oftenest and with the greatest pleasure was "All thoughts, all passions, all delights."

Twice Told Tales

Made Her Ears Tingle.

A literary club was recently organized by women in a suburb of Boston. For a while everything went along beautifully.

One evening, while the Browns were having dinner, Mr. Brown asked:

"Well, Ines, did you have a pleasant meeting at your club this afternoon?"

"Oh, yes, dear!" replied Mrs. Brown, with great enthusiasm, "it was really a splendid meeting. About the best we have had, I think."

"Indeed," said the husband, who was not a firm believer in women's clubs; "what was the topic under discussion today?"

Mrs. Brown couldn't seem to remember at first. Finally, however, she exclaimed triumphantly:

"Oh, yes, I remember! We discussed that brazen-looking woman with red hair that's just moved in across the street, and Shapespeare."—Boston Globe.

People and Events.

A midnight hurry call from the public library at Minneapolis resulted in the discovery of August Moline so absorbed in the pages of Raffles that he was heedless of time and being locked in. The library watchman thought he was a burglar.

Back in Gloucester, N. J., somebody hinted to Judge Kirby that oodles of money awaited him in Ireland. "All right," responded the judge. "Send it over. I'll pay the freight when I see the goods." The judge didn't resign his job, much to the disappointment of the informer.

Talk about devotion, persistence, loyalty, etc.! Read on. For ten years G. M. Peterson of North Hudson, Ind., called on Miss Rose Neuport on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday evenings; the following five years he called on Thursdays and Sundays, and for the last five years he called Sundays only. Recently they were married.

The Bee's Letter Box

That Freedom of Press Debate.

GREELEY, Neb., Feb. 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: After reading Editor Pontius' tirade in The Bee a few days ago, the thought naturally uppermost was: What is it all about, anyway? The next day's Bee contained a letter from Mr. Metcalfe, together with the "salient points" of the offending article, and I was still unable to discover a cause for the violent brainstorm of the soul-harrowed editor, as I saw absolutely nothing in the Metcalfe article that could in any way be construed as dangerous to the freedom of the press.

It is noticeable how men of a certain temperament and habits of thought are drawn together. The next night's Bee brought a "tribute" from a Mr. Bradshaw to Mr. Pontius. (I wonder if he is kin to the genius who classed the traveling men as 90 per cent bad?) One wonders why, in a free country, he should be tributary to any one, but I suppose he knows.

In his zeal for the cause of freedom, this modest reformer would sentence all who happen to disagree with his peculiar views to "Old Mexico, Spain, or some other seaport where the speech and press is muzzled." Evidently he thinks that Mexico and Spain are just seaports in some poor, benighted country, 'way, 'way off. And, of course, he would banish "unpatriotism" to the same old seaport. He concluded his letter with a plea for his "cleancut methods of free press, speech and public school handling." But one is at a loss to know what the school—bond or free—has ever done for him.

Possibly a post-graduate course in his "destrict skule" would help to clarify his distempered mind.

Freedom of the press is something we should jealously guard, but we should always remember that there is some difference between liberty and license. License, the wise ones tell us, is an excess of liberty, and as too much of a good thing is apt to be injurious, would it not be wise as well as Christian to draw the line sharply between what is heaven-sent and what is hell-sent—between good and evil?

MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

What is Identical Responsibility?

OMAHA, Feb. 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: In a newspaper article not long ago Garrison is represented as having said, "I think, in a democracy, that every citizen should be under identical responsibility as to his duties to the nation." And what would be identical responsibility? If one of the common people should be killed while in the service of a corporation, his widow might recover $5,000 or $10,000. If this be justice, the life is worth the money and the money is worth the life. Or, say the average per capita wealth with the life is worth $10,000.

It is said that wars are fought for the protection of life and property. Now, if one of the common people puts up a life for $10,000, should he who is worth $100,000 put up ten lives—his own and hire nine more? And, on this basis, should the possessor of $1,000,000 go himself and hire ninety-nine more? And the possessor of $100,000,000 go himself and hire 10,000 soldiers, less one?

Are we born free and equal? Would this approximate "identical responsibility? And would it foster peace? H. T. E.

Notes of Progress

Ohio has $160,000,000 invested in school properties.

Electrical railways of the United States represent a valuation of $730,000,000.

Seventy per cent of the American people use electricity in some form every day.

Two million miles of dirt roads have been built in the United States. The total length of public roads of all kinds in this country is estimated at 2,350,000 miles.

It has been estimated by the United States geological survey that North Dakota contains 697,000,000,000 short tons of lignite in beds more than three feet thick.

The Chinese government will reopen a pottery that was built in 1296 and which is said to be the only place that has preserved the ancient ways of making porcelain of rare colors and designs.

One thousand and three hundred representative manufacturers in New York state, employing 500,000 persons, are paying an average of 27 per cent more in wages than a year ago, according to a report made public by the bureau of statistics and information of the state industrial commission.

Long Island is agitating a project for constructing a canal along the south shore to connect the great bays for a distance of 120 miles. It would reach New York harbor through Jamaica bay. The estimated cost of constructing the canal is $2,000,000, which it is proposed to divide equally between the state and federal government.

On many of the best salmon rivers in Canada power works have been or are being constructed, the dams of which bar the salmon's way up to the spawning grounds. To obviate this difficulty New Brunswick has tried the experiment of erecting close to one of these dams an automatically-worked lift, which raises the confiding salmon to the higher level. The salmon have jumped at the idea.

Thirty-four concerns manufacturing crudes, intermediates or finished dyestuffs in this country are listed in an additional report on the dyestuffs situation recently issued by Dr. Thomas H. Norton, special agent of the Department of Commerce, who has been detailed to study the conditions surrounding and affecting the development of a domestic dye industry. Production of these materials, which, previous to the war, amounted to only about 2,000 tons, is estimated by Dr. Norton at approximately 15,000 tons a year at the present time.

ETCHINGS OF LIFE.

Don't bore your guests; and don't let them bore you.

A man is usually more careful of his money than he is of his principles.

Quit your foolishness, and you can beat your luck. It's the only way.

Those who are careful at the beginning of a transaction rarely get the worst of it.

How easy reform and a garden seem when you read a political platform or a seed catalogue.

Women's literary clubs waste a lot of time that might be profitably devoted to literature.

Nearly every man has some pet doctrine he believes the people should be made to accept.

Ever notice that doctors, who are shocked because you do not know the human machine better, do not live very long themselves?

Editorial Snapshots

Boston Transcript: It will be observed that those who pronounce Mr. Brandeis' name "Brandies" also invariably accent the final "e" in the name of Senator Martine.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: John D. says there is something about Billy Sunday that he likes; it can't be merely that fellow-feeling between moneyed magnates, can it?

Cleveland Plain Dealer: About 200 students at the naval academy at Annapolis have failed in their examinations. Apparently they do not believe in preparedness.

Brooklyn Eagle: Colombia would prefer $25,000,000 to $15,000,000, naturally, but she will be vastly tickled to get the lesser sum, even if our "apology" is toned down. Colombian politicians are much like those of Albany and Washington in facility at disposing of a surplus.

Indianapolis News: When the neutral world is contributing so largely to keep the Belgians from starving to death, one may doubt the justice of Germany's increasing the tax it has imposed on that country from $96,000,000, which is collected in 1915, to $192,000,000 in 1916.

Baltimore American: Recent German operations may not have been decisive, but nobody can deny that they were spectacular. They indicate also some of the good effects of preparedness, for which evidently there is no need of a crusade in Germany.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: The mystery of the Moewe, which captured the Appam and brought it snugly into an American harbor as the most dramatic prize in the gentlest of piratical history, may be solved by the revelation that the Moewe is the legendary Flying Dutchman.

Philadelphia Record: Ex-Governor Harmon of Ohio has been reading his Gibbon for a third time and came on the seasonable observation of the historian that just before the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks the pacifists on the Bosphorus were very influential and resisted all the efforts of the last Greek emperor to coax their byzants out of them to meet the cost of putting the city in a state of defense. They lost their gold coins, all the same, but they lost them to the Turks.

Baltimore American: The General Federation of Women's Clubs of America is about to start a campaign in favor of modest dressing and against the license of the present mode of attire. This is a crusade much needed by the times, and particularly suited to feminine energies, as the remedy for such conditions, which all critics of the times allow are deplorable, lies almost absolutely in the hands of women. It is the sort of reform which begins at home and so ought to be doubly effective.

LINES TO A LAUGH.

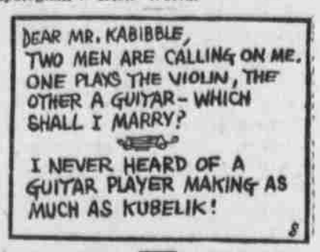
Mrs. Yearwedd—I wonder why we are growing tired of each other.
Yearwedd—I haven't an idea.
Mrs. Y.—Yes, that may be the reason.—Boston Transcript.

"Tommy, you should not fight with that Jimpson boy."
"I know it, ma."
"That's right."
"But I didn't know it before I hit him."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Now," said the professor of chemistry, "under what combination is gold most quickly released?"
The student pondered a moment. "I know, sir," he answered. "Marriage."—Dallas News.

Mrs. Flatbush—I see by this paper that a New Jersey woman has used the same rolling-pin for forty years.
Mr. Flatbush—Good gracious! On one husband?—Yonkers Statesman.

O'Brien—Oi can say wan thing—Ol'm a self-made man.
Casey—Is it boastin' ye are, or apologizin'?—Irish World.



Maud—Is it true, dear, that your engagement with young Gottrox is broken off?
Ethel—True? (Holds out her hand.) You can see for yourself that I am still in the ring.—Boston Transcript.

Auntie—Well, Tommy, what have you learned in school today?
Tommy—How to whisper without moving the lips.—Chicago Herald.

"It was a mad revel at the banquet last night."
"Yes. I noticed that even the champagne bottles were frothing at the mouth."—Baltimore American.

SAND.

When you're down and out—disheartened—
Till your spirits all hang loose,
Don't stop to ask the question
Of yourself, "Oh, what's the use?"
Things may to you seem useless,
More than your poor soul can stand,
But brave it out, my heartie—
Show the world you've got some sand.
Never quit—God hates a quitter—
Can't you smile? There, that's all right—
Other fellows, worn and weary,
Have traveled through the night.
Throw aside your thoughts of failure;
Look about on every hand—
There are thousands—sad—discouraged—
Just because they lacked the sand.
Come now—do your part to show them
How you've learned to fight and stand.
For the world deserts a quitter,
And backs the man with sand.

Omaha. C. L. OLIVER.