

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH. Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

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NOVEMBER CIRCULATION. 52,068

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.: Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of November, 1913, was 52,068.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

Perhaps a return to the penitentiary will be a relief to that New York man claimed by ten wives.

Those unwilling to admit the brilliancy of Jimmie Lewis will at least concede that of his pink 'uns.

Those British tennis players who favor slower games, are determined if possible to beat those blooming Americans.

Heard over the wire: "Hello Central! This is the telephone combine. Disconnect me with the telegraph department."

Yes, but if he had really had his own way, there would be no currency law unless it provided for a single central bank.

In a few days our old friends, "new resolutions," and "annual prognostications" will be dragged out of the accumulated ashes.

Well, the Christmas tree mortality statistics seem to show that we have, at least, learned something about wearing cotton whiskers.

Judging from the number of Huerta's generals killed in the daily dispatches, every other man in the lines must wear shoulder straps.

According to the Los Angeles Times' cartoonist, the little California boy is about through playing with his bull moose hobby horse. There are others.

Lord Haldane of Great Britain says \$25,000 a year is enough to pay for any sort of public service. Then wouldn't \$17,500 be a fairly decent wage for an ambassador to the Court of St. James?

That Kansas man who sent Andrew Jackson's old walking cane to President Wilson surely could not have been a close observer of events, if he imagined the president needed a stick.

In former days our crooked treasurers also defended their practice of farming out school funds and pocketing the interest money by saying: "This is legitimate graft—the law does not forbid it."

Better buy back those bonds you so needlessly sold, Mr. Water Board, and do it quick, not next year, not next month, but now. The longer we pay 4 1/2 per cent interest on borrowed money released to the banks at 2 per cent, the more we lose.

"The ability to ask an intelligent question and receive an intelligent answer indicates the possession of some education," says Robert J. Burdette. How about that 30,000-word hypothetical query propounded by the attorneys for Hans Schmidt?

Statistics gathered by the State Board of Health show an increase of 800 deaths in Nebraska over the total number last year. Less than 200 of these are to be charged up to the spring tornadoes, so other contributing causes will have to be uncovered.

Omaha always maintained the most cordial relations with the big Woodmen of the World fraternal order while it remained under direction of its founder. Let us hope that this mutual friendship and reciprocal support will continue under the succeeding regime.

As the custodian of the Byron Reed collection, Omaha is the possessor of a genuine 1894 dollar, one of the very few in existence. Which reminds us that this collection is not exploited among the other attractions of the city to anywhere near the extent it might be.

Home, Sweet Home.

Running a great railway system does not drive all the sentiment out of a man's soul, as the cases of J. C. Stubbs and W. C. Brown show. When he retired as traffic director of the great Harriman system, Mr. Stubbs turned promptly to the old homestead in Ohio for rest and quiet.

Mr. Brown, laying down his office as president of the New York Central, seeks retirement back in Lime Springs, Ia., where as boy and girl together, he and the bride of his years, played and learned to love. "Home, Sweet Home; There is No Place Like Home." No prettier song was ever written, no finer, truer sentiment ever breathed.

Something is wrong and unnatural when the flight of years carries one beyond its charm and appeal. Here are men grown great in their domains of business, acquiring wealth to let them live in more splendid places, in the centers of social activity, the haunts of other great men. But these places are not home to them. Their glided charms do not even tempt, much less hold them.

They have had a life of this and lived it as long as stern duty bade, but now, duty done, they will choose their own living, back amid those simpler environs of childhood days. A region of repose it seems. A place of slumber and of dreams. Remote among the wooded hills! For there no noisy railway speeds.

This runs a few lines of "The Wayside Inn," which whether wholly appropos of the sequestered life and surroundings of Lime Springs or not, yet breathes the spirit of this desire. How to Prove Good Intentions. If the administration wants to prove beyond peradventure of a doubt that it is not going to be actuated by partisan or personal consideration in arranging the details of the new banking system, it will locate a regional reserve bank in Omaha.

Omaha has every claim to preferment based on geographical, financial and commercial conditions, although politically it is "in bad" because our member of the United States senate has made himself persona non grata at the White House. So unexpected are we that Omaha has not yet put in a formal application for designation. Let the democratic administration give us a regional bank here, in spite of all this provocation not to do so, and we will all applaud its patriotic purposes and good intentions.

Shying at Ghosts. It was an old McGuffey reader that taught the homely little moral of "The Friendly Mile-post." The youth on his night's journey, who, though familiar with the place where the old post stood, could make nothing out of those wide-stretched arms transfixed against the darkness but a hideous monster to devour him, yet night being as sable behind and beside as in front of him, he saw no means of escape. The longer he gazed the wider stretched the arms. Summoning at last a false courage, forth he went to meet his doom as bravely as a country boy could.

Ah, well, thought he. One thing I've learned. Nor shall I soon forget: Whatever frightens me again I'll march straight up to it. But the lesson did not stay with you, infallibly; you embarked on life's journey only to find an enemy in every other friendly mile-post you met. All along the way these sentinels stand, pointing the right road, and in your delusion you mistake them and choose the opposite way, finding, after you are worn and wearied and chilled by the long, dark journey, that what you thought was your enemy was in reality your friend, the ghostly image being but the reflection of your own disordered imaginations. Had you stopped to consider that where this frightful apparition stood was exactly where, as you knew, the friendly mile-post had always been, you would have scorned that subconscious suggestion of fear, that assumption of trouble and gone straight up to the mark.

Imagination is a great faculty if properly controlled. Uncontrolled, let loose to run its course untrammelled, breeding its kindred passions of prejudice, fear, hate, malice, it becomes a menace, haunting us with its fantasies and fallacies, unfitting us for high purpose. Yet it dwells latent or potent in every human breast, master or servant, according to the strength or weakness of the will.

A New York real estate agent has been handed both a fine and a jail sentence for renting an apartment with knowledge that it was to be used for questionable purposes. Now, if that notion should become contagious with prosecuting officers, it might make trouble in other towns besides New York.

Agrippa admitted to Saint Paul that he had "almost persuaded him," and that it might have been all right with the apostle had he not appealed to Caesar. So today, the straw boss is very often the fellow you have to look out for most; he is very jealous of his authority.

Looking Backward

This Day in Omaha DECEMBER 20.

After a three days' session the "Impetrite" pool magnates adjourned to meet again in Chicago, for which city they left on a special train. E. P. Vining has been agreed upon as the commissioner for the new pool, which is to be called the Western Trunk Line association. He has been engaged for three years at a salary of \$5,000, and F. P. Shelby will very likely become traffic manager of that road, with J. A. Munroe, assistant general freight agent, moved up to be general freight agent.

Mrs. Baxter spoke on temperance at the Methodist church to a large and attentive audience. Edward Hall, one of the pioneer settlers of Douglas county, died, aged 73. Governor James W. Dawes, chief executive of the state, is in the city for a day or two.

The annual Christmas meeting of the Hermetians was held at Judge Lake's last evening. The principal numbers on the program were an essay by Miss Street, a recitation by Miss Grace Willard, musical contributions by Miss Alice Rogers, Mrs. Chadwick, Miss Maul, Miss Pennell, Mr. Breckenridge and Mrs. Pennell, and the holiday edition of the paper, "Our Opinion," by G. W. Thibault, editor.

Word comes of the death of W. H. Anderson, well known Pullman conductor of this city, in the railway hospital at Sacramento. One of the prominent social events which will occur during the coming year will be the marriage of Miss Mamie Saunders and Russell B. Harrison of Indianapolis, which is to take place at Trinity cathedral, January 10. The bride will be attended by Misses Minnie Richardson, Elsie Boyd and Lizzie Isaacs and reception held later in the Paxton hotel.

Twenty Years Ago—Former Governor John M. Thayer of Lincoln spent the day in the city. Chris Jensen, one of the old originals of the Black Hills country, was visiting friends in the city. Mrs. J. S. Gillespie of the Institute for the Deaf went to Iowa City to attend the funeral of her mother.

L. A. Garner, general superintendent of the American Express company in Omaha, received a leather-covered couch for his office from these route agents: John Flynn, F. W. Schuller, S. A. Davis, G. C. Ketterin, C. A. Goldsmith and W. R. Jones. Mayor J. B. Furry of the Board of Public Works announced that with the next year would come a complete reorganization of the sewer department, of which he had supervision. Several members of the department were in for official decapitation, but through urged by colleagues of Mayor Furry refused to give out their names until the axe was about to fall.

F. H. Davis sold three lots, 100x150, to A. J. Hanson for \$35,000, the lots being located at Twenty-fifth avenue and Farnam street. Mr. Davis bought the property ten years before for \$2,400 and the sale for such a price at a time when the country was under the burden of a monetary depression was, real estate men affirmed, a sure sign of Omaha's stability in that line.

Ten Years Ago—The Board of Governors met and discussed Building Inspector Withnell's threat of destroying the old Coliseum, used as the Ak-Sar-Ben Den, which he condemned as unsafe. Estimated repairs costing probably \$4,000 indicated an intention to make them, but came to no definite action, leaving the matter for future consideration. The members of the Ancient Order of United Workmen dedicated their new temple at 119-112 North Fourteenth street free of debt, Dr. H. A. Worley performing the happy ceremony of burning the mortgage that had lain like a wet blanket over the building.

E. C. Spinney, president of the Bankers Union of the World, a life insurance order incorporated under the laws of the state of Nebraska, wrote to The Bee vigorously protesting against the imputation of an item of news reporting action against the order by a widow trying to recover the amount of a policy. William Houghtaling died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Joseph Doherty, 863 North Twenty-fifth avenue, at the age of 93.

Arvon Chhn, one of the most prominent Jewish members of the community, died at his home, 225 Farnam street, at the age of 85. His family planned on laying him out at rest in Pleasant Hill cemetery. A. B. Jaquith went to Minneapolis in the interest of another new Omaha elevator company, recently organized. Federal Judge Willis Vandewater came from Chgoeyn to sit with Judge W. H. Minger in an important case.

Stories in Figures Norway employs 27,625 women in its various industries. There are eighteen trade unionists per 1,000 inhabitants in Canada. There are 483 iron mines in the United States, employing 65,176 persons. Since 1901, in the coal mines of the world, 5,430 persons have lost their lives. Clevelanders have thus far this year given \$1,350 daily to organized charities. The homes of this country require about \$29,887,000 worth of furniture each year. At least 225,000 women and girls work in manufacturing establishments in Pennsylvania. New York state has 1,336,150 persons employed in factories. Of these 662,796 work in New York City. In 1909 there were sixty-two beef cattle in the United States for each 100 persons of population; now there are thirty-seven cattle to each 100 of population. At 20 cents a drink our liquor bill figures \$29,800,000 for the year. And the value of all the bread made in the bakeries of the country was but \$26,500,000.

Twice Told Tales

"Just Like You Men." "Men are idealists, women are realists," said Mrs. Wilkins Freeman, the noted novelist, at a tea in Metuchen.

"Women's realism," which begins in childhood, makes her seem cynical, whereas she is only perspicacious. Take, for example, the story of Little Mary. "Little Mary, a Metuchen girl, was set to watch a flock of chickens. The hens kept together very well, but the rooster was inclined to wander inquisitively towards another flock of chickens next door. Some time and again she had to turn him back."

"After a while she thought she had him cured of his wanderer's habit, and took up her doll a moment. But, when she lifted her head, there were the hens together in the corner, and there was the rooster strutting, calm and important, across the lawn towards the next yard again.

"Come back here!" cried Mary. "Come back to your own family!" "But the rooster kept straight on. "Mary looked at him a moment, disinterestedly; then she said in a low, bitter voice: "That's just like you men!"—New York Sun.

Not Worth Paying For. Ed and Joe were walking along a country road one hot day in July and became thirsty, but could not find any water. Coming at last to a farmer's house, and noticing a woman standing in the door, they went up to her and requested a drink of water.

She said: "We haven't had any rain for three weeks and the well is dry." "Then please give us a drink of milk." "The woman replied that the milk is all taken to market, but added that she had some milk stored away and would give the thirsty travelers a drink of it. After quenching their thirst with buttermilk they offered to pay the kind woman for it, but she refused the money, saying: "I was going to give it to the pigs, anyway."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Remunerative Position. Tom Brown, comedian of the Six Musical Brown brothers, with Primrose & water. Coming at last to a farmer's house, and noticing a woman standing in the door, they went up to her and requested a drink of water.

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The Answer. Apropos of Senator Dewey's declaration that in his young days in Peekskill marriages were very happy and comfortable on \$1,000 or so a year Millicent M. Atwood, in an anti-suffrage address in Baltimore said: "The cost of living is higher now than in Mr. Dewey's young days and it is impossible for a Bryn Mawr or Vassar girl to live a happy married life on \$1,000 a year."

"A Vassar girl once refused a 15-a-week bank clerk. He groaned and said: "You wring my heart." "I'd rather wring your heart than wring your clothes," the Vassar girl calmly answered.—New York Tribune.

People and Events Speaker Champ Clark is replenishing his Christmas purse on the lecture circuit of New England. Suggest of all the sad happenings of the year is the fact that the country is obliged to import sauerkraut. Is the tobacco trust raiding the cabbage patches? Two San Francisco youngsters who essayed the stickup system while "under the influence," won a suspended sentence for seven years, conditioned on sticking to the water wagon all that time. Mighty tough job, that, in San Francisco.

Federal authorities in Chicago are probing the bootblack trust, hoping to uncover the generally suspected peonage system whereby the Greek bosses enrich themselves. Like a similar quiz in Omaha a few years ago, the young shiners "don't know a thing," or knowing, fear to tell. Born a slave, Mrs. Amanda Johnson of Albany, Ore., not only has enjoyed freedom for sixty years, but on her eightieth birthday became a duly qualified voter, with all the rights of citizenship. The adoption of woman's suffrage in Oregon last fall paved the way for this result and she registered as a republican voter.

The Bee's Letter Box

Takes Issue with Dr. Mackay. OMAHA, Dec. 27.—To the Editor of The Bee: One reads with surprise and consternation Dr. Mackay's article in Church and Home, which you reprint, and in which he makes a bitter attack on the earnest men and women who are working diligently to eradicate the curse of white slavery, which he designates as a "joke of huge proportions."

"What can be the mental attitude of a man who can see a connection between a 'joke' and this appalling evil which claims such a terrible toll from the young womanhood of this country. Dr. Mackay states that a does not believe white slavery exists in Omaha because the chief of police says it does not. Has Omaha's police force been so efficient and wise in the past and so free from suspicion of side stepping serious conditions as to justify this 'belittling'?"

His also states that women become prostitutes of their own free will, "they think that kind of life," and cites as proof that he has made more than one effort to persuade inmates of resorts to leave and reform, "pleading earnestly with them."

This is a serious attack on the morality of women. The student of social conditions knows that but a very small percentage of women enter this life, with a full knowledge of it. There are many avenues leading to prostitution and the most horrible of them is the avenue of white slavery. It is also known that, in order to endure the life of a prostitute the woman is compelled to resort to the use of drugs and liquor that destroy her moral fiber and in time her mental faculties. To appeal to the conscience of such a woman is lost time.

Why does Dr. Mackay choose to align himself with those who deny the existence of white slavery and jest at the efforts of sincere men and women who seek to improve social conditions. Wouldn't a demand for a thorough investigation be much more in keeping with his office as a representative of the Man "who came to save the world." His objects to this play, "The Lure," recently presented here. He is recommended to read the report of the Rockefeller Bureau of Social Hygiene to find that "The Lure" is a very mild portrayal of conditions that have been proven to exist. L. M.

Sowing Seeds of Mischief. OMAHA, Dec. 28.—To the Editor of The Bee: Two men strolled alongside me on street car platforms. Both were well dressed and looked to be reasonably prosperous. One of them certainly is, for he admitted to the other that an \$8,000 loss in the tornado was of little consequence to him. They were talking of the tornado and of the relief work that followed. The one said he knew that the work of distributing the relief cost 50 cents of every dollar collected. The other said that he knew that one society woman, "whose name appears every week in the society columns," was paid at the rate of \$5 per day for all the time she put in at the relief stations. Much other similar comment came from them.

The incident would be insignificant were it not typical of a spirit prevalent among a large class of our citizenship. These men are apparently harboring in their minds misconceptions of the work that was done and the motives that actuated the men and women engaged in the relief of the tornado victims. They are not above retelling their views in such public places as they may meet, regardless of what possible harm may arise. In this case the harm, if any, must fall on public-spirited private citizens. Similar attacks on the integrity of public officials are often heard under similar circumstances.

As a matter of fact, I am sure neither of the men whose conversation I overheard, knows what he is talking about, nor could either substantiate a single one of the charges so carelessly made. But other strangers heard the statements I did for the car platform was full, as street car platforms in Omaha usually are, and unless all within hearing are as careless in listening as the two were in talking, some seeds of mischief were sown.

I think the point is obvious. OLD FOGY. As Viewed from Riverview. OMAHA, Dec. 27.—To the Editor of The Bee: Recently you published an article signed by Rome Miller, wherein he stated that my criticism of the Park Road in spending so much money on Carter Lake park, showed a lack of knowledge on my part.

It is true my imagination has never had such a free hand as Mr. Miller has evidently allowed his in this instance as in the opinion of many not having direct property interests, Carter Lake is a long way from a paradise and will be for many years. In the first place a park necessarily must have shade trees, perhaps, Mr. Miller can imagine them already existing. The Missouri river is a factor that may any spring take a hand at Mr. Miller's paradise. I have seen numerous attempts at controlling this river and perhaps Mr. Miller can advise what assurance the city has that the Missouri will always be where it is now. Another thing I suppose the Minneapolis & Omaha and Missouri Pacific tracks will be moved or a viaduct placed over them. I can easily see how if the city is willing every dollar of park money can be dumped here to satisfy the selfish ends of a few. If Mr. Miller wants his back yard improved let him do it at his own expense, not at the expense of the city at large.

We of the southeast part of Omaha have for years seen the park and boulevard money expended elsewhere and we now intend to make ourselves heard until we get our just share of improvement. Riverview park has the advantage over many others in not requiring a lavish expenditure to make it look respectable, but it can without appealing to the vivid imagination of anyone be made the most ideal park in Omaha. I hope Mr. Miller will credit the people living in the southeast part of the city as having the ordinary common sense and it will take more than his fertile imagination to make us believe that Carter Lake is or ever will be what he says it is.

In closing I wish to thank Mr. Miller for advising us of the amount of money the city has expended on this park, as I doubt if we could obtain it any other way and we want to use this information if we don't get what we are entitled to. E. E. CLOSSON. The True Sport. Detroit Free Press. Our idea of a true sport is one who'll give the proceeds of a jackpot to make some widow's baby happy.

THESE GIRLS OF OURS.

"Your face seems cut up. Accident?" "No, fight. Tried to stop a husband who was beating his wife." "And the husband hit you?" "No, the wife."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She—It's a woman's right to try to make a name for herself just as much as it is a man's. He—Sure! Unless she tries to do it by prosopising.—Boston Transcript.

"You never buy me such Christmas presents as my first husband did," she complained. "Well," he replied, "I don't need to. You must remember that you were always catching your first husband at something."—Chicago Record-Herald.

First Divorcee—And do you remember just exactly what your husband said to you when he proposed? "Second Dittie—I do. It was so silly. He said: 'Miss Tompkins—Lucella—I love you—be mine—be mine, forever,'—something like that. It was awfully silly."—St. Louis Republic.

Polly (to big sister's admirer)—Guess what father said about you last night. Adolphus—Oh, I couldn't guess, wealthy. Polly—I'll give you a peach if you can guess. Adolphus (flustered)—Oh, Polly, I haven't an idea in the world. Polly—Urr—you was listening.—Sydney Bulletin.

"Yes, my daughter is going to marry Young Flubdub." "But he can't support her in the style to which she has been accustomed." "Well, she has had it too easy. A few hardships will do her good. I wouldn't care to force them on her, but she is going into this of her own accord."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"My dear, I think it is your duty to marry him." "But, mother, I'm sure I never shall learn to love him." "For goodness sake, do you expect to have love and money, too? You must inherit your absurd ideas from your father. He always is expecting the impossible to happen."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Pauline motored to the station to meet her dearest friend, who was coming down for a week-end. "Oh, Belle," cried Pauline enthusiastically.

Usually, "do you know, Mr. Barnum, the young millionaire is going to teach me to swim." "To swim!" exclaimed the guest, wonderstruck. "Why, Pauline, I thought you had been taught already." "Yes, so I have, dear," said Pauline, "but not by him."—New York Times.

Knicker—What is a flat? Bocker—A flat consists of a janitor newly surrounded by cutbyholes.—New York Sun.

"How are you going to vote this election?" "I just don't know! My dressmaker has been ill and I haven't a thing to wear."—London Opinion.

"It is wrong for an old man to marry a young fool." "But how is he to know that she is a fool?" "When she says yes to his proposal he ought to know it."—Houston Post.

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

New mother sports an opera coat That father got for her. And Brother Jack an auto coat And auto gloves of fur; Little baby got a dolly That can talk and cry and laugh And father got some slippers—Value

and a half. Now sister wears a diamond And a necklace of real pearls; So, of course, she's sought by all the men And auto gloves of fur; Little Willie got a dandy watch And a pair of silver skates, And daddy got a dollar's worth of five-cent straightigs.

Sister got her beau a present, A carat diamond pin; Jack's girl got "dittie" earrings, And dad furnished the "fin." Mother sent her poor relations Christmas presents by the score, And dad's neckties bare the label Of the ten-cent store. Omaha. ENUPAC.



The Way the Big Men Go—Those men who "get there" usually get there first. When they go to St. Paul and Minneapolis you'll find them on the Great Western's Twin City limited spending a pleasant evening in the club car with some live, good-natured friends who prefer to do their hustling amid the luxury of home comforts. You get there first comfortably on the GREAT WESTERN. 8:30 p. m. is the leaving time; \$8.10 is the fare; you arrive St. Paul 7:30 a. m., Minneapolis 8:05 a. m. Day train leaves Omaha 9:30 a. m. Ask P. F. BONORDEN, C. P. & T. A. 1522 Farnam Street Omaha, Neb. Phone, Douglas 290

Chicago Great Western. Does your clerk say: "Anything else today?" Try this experiment. Have one of your bright clerks say "Anything else today" to twenty successive customers after they have completed the purchase of the article for which they came into the store. Keep a record of the number of additional sales made. Then have the same clerk use his gray matter and suggest to the next twenty purchasers the thing that he thinks the customer really might want and show it if possible. Compare the sales made by this method. Is your advertising copy on the "Anything else today?" plan? The right copy, suggesting things from your stock that people really want, if they only knew about them, will make sales and create customers. Our advertising department is organized to help you. Start the New Year by using both our gray matter and yours to build up your business for 1914. Advertising Department THE OMAHA BEE Telephone Tyler 1000