

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR
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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 daily circulation for the month of October, 1912, was 51,898. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.

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

It's a far cry to the "near side," and a near cry to the "far side."

Not overlooking ye grand old pumpkin pies these days, are you?

Every now and then it seems as if those Turks might yet win a battle.

The street car company's referendum election motto is, "Vote early and often."

For a progressive state, California is desperately slow getting its election returns in.

When broke, just remember that 70 per cent of the people are just a trifle over the mark.

If Mr. Carnegie's pension plan is accepted, Woodrow Wilson may yet obtain that allowance.

Mary had a little lamb, but it is a 100 to 1 shot she sold it before meat prices began to soar.

Do your Christmas shopping early while you may yet save a nickel by riding back home on a transfer.

California, in its on-again and off-again game, is having a hard time to fix its presidential affections.

Maybe old Doc Cook did not discover the North Pole, but he continues to profit by lecturing about it.

Judging from the descriptions of the gowns, the New York Horse show is a specially big hit this year.

If the democrats should give independence to the Philippines, that would deprive Mr. Bryan of his last pet paramour.

It is highly appropriate that Rev. Dr. Work of New York should come to the front with a sermon on "The Gospel of Labor."

A former Denver brakeman who lost both legs on the railroad has marched into the office of county treasurer by a big lead.

Edgar Allan Poe, who wrote a poem on some popular fakes of his time, would find much more scope for his literary pen today.

Another question is, whether the Baltimore platform, like the Denver platform, is as binding for what it omits as well as for what it contains.

In spite of the demand for more laws, some excellent ones of ancient origin continue to be but poorly observed, such, for instance, as the Golden Rule.

The Baltimore clergyman who declined a call to Evanston must have thought best to await the final summons and go direct to heaven without any stop-offs.

President-elect Wilson proposes to popularize the bicycle as a means of diversion. The administration may need something besides wheels, though, to characterize it.

Where Attorney John L. Webster plainly made his mistake was in not being elected to the legislature. If he were only a member of the Douglas delegation to the coming session he might have tapped the water fund for any bill he presented and no questions asked.

Does not our reform democratic sheriff make a beautiful spectacle buying in stolen diamonds at the sale of a dead robber's effects? Appreciation of the properties might at least have led him to let someone else make the bid for him.

Pensions for Ex-Presidents.

The Carnegie idea of pensioning ex-presidents at the rate of \$25,000 a year so as to enable them to devote their unique counsel and experience to the benefit of their government is in line with advanced popular thought, but it is questionable whether the pension should come from private sources. It would be far more compatible with national dignity to provide the pension out of the public treasury.

The government has several times allowed widows of ex-presidents \$5,000 a year, so the present suggestion violates no established principle of policy. On the other hand, we believe it would prove generally acceptable, for the conviction is growing as a product of an intensely pragmatic age, that the country should continue to have at its service the men it has exalted to its highest office and that adequate provision should be made to maintain the dignity of that office in former as well as present incumbents.

The history of the United States is darkened more than once by the blight of adversity permitted to fall upon an ex-president. While there is no imminence of another such contingency, other cogent reasons urge action. It would be entirely incompatible however, with the spirit of a free nation to permit the pension to be paid from the proceeds of what appears to be a private philanthropy.

What Are the Coal Facts?

Local coal dealers, who have raised the price of anthracite from \$10.50 and \$11 to \$13 and \$12.25, contend they cannot get an adequate supply to meet their demands and that only mild weather saves us from severe straits, since the shortage in output at the mines is about 20,000,000 tons.

All of which is emphatically denied by every anthracite producer and carrier thus far publicly quoted. The Chicago general agent of the Lehigh Valley road while in Omaha declared:

There is no reason for advancing coal prices. The mines are working up to capacity, the output is normal, with no extraordinary demands, and coal is moving out of the mines as fast as usual.

The consumer, forced to pay an outrageous price for hard coal, is entitled to the facts. What are they? Is there any greater coal shortage than usual at this time of the year? Is there plenty of coal at the mines and plenty of men to mine it? If the output is restricted, why? If the railroads are not hauling it, why should they not be compelled to? If prices are boosted by a jobbers' combine, it is time to know it.

Labor and Party Politics.

The effort to convert the American Federation of Labor into a partisan political machine has failed again. President Gompers and his conservative allies, supported by a majority of the socialists, it appears, won out over the element led by Max Hayes, who seems to have projected the fight this time chiefly along personal lines.

It would be a bad day if the great cause of trades unions were thrown out upon the sea of party politics. As a craft it was not built for such waters. If it did not founder it would be in constant peril and, in any event, would encounter some very adverse winds. From its inception our labor organizations have not been political, but industrial, in character and purpose. They have as such triumphed in a wonderful degree and their biggest men clearly recognize the hazard of venturing the proposed change.

Crusade for Clean Language.

The Clean Language league organized with headquarters at Chicago may invite some facetious criticism, but nevertheless it has a serious mission. Its first purpose will be, not to overload statute books with laws restricting the use of profanity, but to enforce such laws as already exist. It is against the law, for instance, in most cities for loquacious men and youths to pour out their vulgar expletives promiscuously upon the street, in the street cars, or public places of assembly. The league proposes to see that these laws are given a meaning. It likewise will look out for indecently suggestive humor upon the stage.

After it has reasonably succeeded in its original task, it might essay the still larger one of promoting a crusade for purer diction, for the use of correct English. It contemplates, that, too, so we are told. If this effort to stop the use of foul language in public is to be regarded as a reform, then it is reform deserving general co-operation and success. People of refined sensibilities should not have to put up with indiscriminate profanity from those defying or lacking knowledge of the proprieties.

Mr. Bryan's Commoner seems to take special unctious in parading the fact that Mr. Bryan, running for president in 1898, polled upwards of 20,000 more votes in Nebraska than did Governor Wilson, heading the democratic ticket in 1912. A third of the so-called progressive republicans in Nebraska, who this year voted for Roosevelt, must have voted for Bryan four years ago.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES NOV. 23.

Thirty Years Ago

An entertainment was given at Fort Omaha under supervision of Lieutenant Price and Captain Powell by the Fort Omaha Dramatic association. Among those present from town were Major and Miss Towar, Major Wilson and the Misses Wilson, Major and Mrs. Purdy, Dr. and Mrs. Summers and Mrs. Summers, Mr. and Miss Stanton, Lieutenant and Mrs. Kingman, Captain and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. Butler, Mr. Boggs, Miss Saunders and Mr. Watson Wyman.

The locomotive firemen of Omaha organized a lodge with the following officers: J. Casey, master; Frank Crawford, secretary; T. F. Barry, financier; G. T. Anderson, magazine agent. The magazine is published at Terie Haute with Eugene Debs as editor.

Mr. Schank and Prince are about to establish a branch of their clothing establishment at sixteenth and Webster. Judge Gustave Bencke has been appointed administrator of the estate of William Hagadorn, whose property is estimated at \$80,000.

The young ladies of the First Methodist Episcopal church gave a literary and musical entertainment last night at the residence of R. Stevens, corner Davenport and Twenty-fifth.

A grand jury for the district court was drawn by District Clerk James and Sheriff Miller.

Mr. John Bonner, formerly Miss Ella Hubbard, died at her residence on Leavenworth street, between Ninth and Tenth.

Twenty Years Ago

Hon. R. E. Bibb, Mrs. Bibb and their daughter, Miss Minnie Bibb, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Suberogoush, Mrs. P. B. Miller left for Elsie Creek, Mich., in response to a telegram announcing the serious illness of a sister.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Fred Schram of Wahoo and their children were visiting Mrs. Schram's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Tilly, intending to remain over Thanksgiving.

Mr. Edward Rosewater got back from the east, where he had been on a business trip.

A building permit for a two-story and attic frame dwelling to be erected at 2722 Half Howard street, for \$5,000, was issued in the name of Alice L. Williams.

A smooth crook, pretending to be a rich capitalist with a fondness for jewelry and diamonds, got a \$20 shirt, stud and \$15 ring at Max Meyer's jewelry store. He flashed a bank check book showing he had a deposit of \$4,500 at a local bank, when at a matter of fact he had nothing. Mr. Mandelberg, the clerk, and Mr. Meyer consulted between themselves and decided the stranger was all right. It turned out that he had swindled a South Omaha clothing firm on the pretext that he was a member of a South Omaha commission house.

J. G. Dennis, the news agent on the Union Pacific passenger train, which was in the wreck at Grand Island a few days before, arrived in town safely and found it easy to get big audiences to the narrative of his thrilling experiences.

Ten Years Ago

Raymond Hitchcock and company opened at the Boyd in King Dodo, a ruler by divine right, and the critic said: "Raymond Hitchcock leads as jolly and comely a band of funmakers as has come to Omaha in a long time."

In memory of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, "the Manchester martyrs," members of the Clan-na-Gael of Omaha, South Omaha and Council Bluffs, gathered in large numbers in Washington hall to hear an impassioned address by Judge O'Neill Ryan of St. Louis. John Rush presided, the Elks' quartet sang, "Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms," and "Killarney" and Miss Mary O'Brien sang "He Lived for His Love" and the "Last Rose of Summer." A resolution was adopted by the meeting reaffirming vows of allegiance to Ireland in its home problems and struggle for home rule.

Rev. Walter H. Reynolds, the new pastor of Cathedral Street Presbyterian church, preached his first sermon there. He spoke of Paul's declaration that Christ came into the world to save sinners and of his advice to Timothy upon his entrance into the ministry.

General Bates, commanding the Department of the Missouri, Captain Reeve were planning on attending the West Point-Annapolis foot ball game during the week.

People Talked About

Two hunters in New Jersey who shot at a rabbit missed their game but potted each other. This proved to be an ideal arrangement, as they were able to help each other home.

Christmas shoppers in Boston will not be allowed to congregate in groups on the street corners, but must keep moving or duck into a shop. Boston's traffic squad is up against the real thing now.

At least four democratic congressmen from Massachusetts announce that they will not stand by idly when the tariff surgeons attempt operations on the protected goods of their districts. General Hancock's spirit is marching on.

There will be no difficulty about early days being so far as children's Christmas shopping, as three steamers came into Baltimore the other day bringing 1,700 cases of dolls and mechanical toys, and American makers, too, have not been idle. Some have predicted a record year in this field.

Taxpayers of San Francisco are informed that the debt making resources of the city, though increased \$1,000,000 a year in the last four years, are unequal to the high cost of municipal living and power to issue more bonds must be voted if the city is to hold its pace. And the taxpayers cannot renig, while the expedition game is on.

The most impressive feature of the coal freight rate hearing now going on in Philadelphia is the startling weakness of memory shown by railroad rate making experts. In the matter of assembling figures and producing impressive effects the aptitude of the professional was evident, but the mystic question "What is a freight rate?" instantly developed brain fog.

Mrs. Sophia Wojnowska and her 15-year-old daughter, Marie, both trained farmers from the Russian school at Warsaw, landed at Baltimore, where they have on their way to Florida, where they have bought a farm. They speak five languages, English not an yet among them, but a sixth is soon added when five have been learned.

IN OTHER LANDS THAN OURS

Some Old World Events of Present Interest.

From Rome "Crisis."

By a vote of 210 to 37 the British House of Commons, last Tuesday, adopted the government's financial proposals for Ireland under home rule, thereby rescinding the unionist resolution approved by a snap judgment vote on Monday last of last week. The net result of the unionist trick division is a week's delay in reaching a final vote on the measure. A cleverly devised scheme to trip the government failed of results for the schemers. But it threw a searchlight on the intense partisanship of the aristocratic politicians, who invariably pose as exemplars of British honor and decorum. Last June when obstructive tactics provoked a riot in the Hungarian Diet, requiring police and military to maintain order, England welcomed the affair with smug astonishment, deplored the sanguinary southern temperance, and by way of contrast pointed with pride to the calm, deliberate, unemotional superiority of British ways. Similar reflections have been heard when the French assembly indulged in a "shindy" or a partisan ruction broke out in the American congress. Yet the House of Commons on Wednesday of last week lacked only the military to provide a replica of the Hungarian Diet scene, and for no other cause than the failure of the unionist division.

Participants in the howling, thrashing of books, and boorish epithets, are of the aristocratic caste, beneficiaries of privilege, proud sons of opulent strata, regarded as the best types of British respectability. But when the government decided to overturn snap judgment, the ruffianism of caste burst through the veneer and displayed its true colors. Only one newspaper of the Tory persuasion has the courage to condemn the national disgrace.

Assault, the Achievement.

Measured by the record of achievements the British liberal ministry affords a concrete base for the unshaken confidence of its supporters. It has effected a mighty constitutional change in limiting the veto of the House of Lords, shifted the tax burdens to the shoulders of wealth, inaugurated old age and unemployed pensions, weathered the storms of labor strikes, and by way of contrast of war with Germany. Such a record of results accomplished under great difficulties, calling into action skillful leadership, sustained patience, constant watchfulness and unflinching toil, furnish good reasons for the partisan rancor of the Tories. The driving power and cohesion of the government party daily makes more hopeless the attacks of the opposition and throws in relief the mediocre leadership of the Tories. Calm and untroubled by the street clamor, Prime Minister Asquith drives the steam roller slowly and surely to the appointed goal. "He has never failed in anything he has undertaken," writes Sydney Brooks, London correspondent of Harper's Weekly. "At this moment he stands head and shoulders above any man in British public life, except Mr. Balfour. As a debater there is nobody in the House of Commons who even approaches his deadly and lucid effectiveness. As a party leader there has been no one since Goldstone more sure of himself, more competent to impose his will, with a greater instinct for command or with a firmer grasp over policy and administration alike." Campaign claptrap classing Mr. Asquith as a tool in the hands of his colleagues and an obsequious servant of the Irish nationalists Mr. Brooks pronounces absurdly fantastic. "If there is one thing Asquith never has been, and never could be, it is a time-serving politician."

First Aids for Illiterates.

The Russian government could hardly be convicted on the charge of educational cramming. Enlightenment of the masses might prove annoying, if not dangerous, to the ruling system, and is therefore restricted to a small percentage of the population. But the benevolent powers that provide a system of educational signs which are readily grasped by the multitude of illiterates. By painted pictures of the wares in the shop the Russian peasant knows where he is at. Printed signs are useless, relates the Oriental Review. The baker displays counterfeit presentations of his rolls, loaves and cakes; the fish dealer presents likenesses of the denizens of the deep, and the tea seller hangs up a picture of teacups and saucers. The care of the sophisticated city dweller for his less favored brother does not stop here. In order to make it easier for him to find his way about, the houses are painted in various bright colors. When he wants to go home he need not attempt to solve the puzzle of the timetables. A simple system of bells goes away with all this trouble. When one bell rings he still has fifteen minutes to wait. When two are sounded he has only five minutes, and when three peal forth his train starts. Does he receive a letter which he wishes deciphered? The payment of 2 cents to a man at the postoffice does the business. Would he send a post card to someone? It can be done for 7 1/2 cents. A long letter will cost him 5 cents. The addressing of a letter is half a cent. Where shall he mail it? Over there where he sees a picture of a post card or of a letter.

South Omaha's Plight.

SOUTH OMAHA, Nov. 21.—To the Editor of The Bee: I am pleased to find that one paper in Omaha has enough spirit to attack one of Omaha's serious problems.

In the Sunday issue of the Bee, W. W. earnestly requests the public to heed the old war cry: "Move up in front!" True, the fault is not all on the part of the street railway company. The habits of many street car users do little to aid the difficulty.

First, there is the person, he or she, who cannot decide until the last moment whether he wishes to get off or not. Then he comes rushing over the corus of the other passengers. There is also the one who blocks the exit until the car comes to a complete stop, allowing no one who may be more nimble-legged to get off before him.

There are also those who bring in large suitcases and plant them in the aisle. Also the person who occupies the room of two, and the man who hastily seats himself in the place vacated by a gentleman for the benefit of a lady.

True, the cars should not be so crowded or so late, that it should be necessary to pass one up, but usually there is another car within sight.

If the ventilation is poor, as one reader complains, the ventilators can be easily opened by any intelligent passenger.

Owing to the length of our street cars you get off in the middle of the next block if you use the front exit. This is inconvenient when the streets are slushy, as usually only the crossing are kept clear. Perhaps this will explain the reluctance of some to move up front. Perhaps this is an argument for the car stopping on the rear side.

The gentleman remarks that there is room for ten people to stand. Fine! Who shall stand a poor workman or girl who has been on his or her foot all day, or some shopper who has decided to come home in the rush hour? Why should anyone stand? We are not cattle to be driven "up front" in order that the least possible number of cars may be used by the street railway company. We each pay 5 cents. Usually if there are seats in the forward part of the car or elsewhere, someone will find them.

Again W. W. may be a stockholder instead of a strap-hanger. C. P.

Fair Play for Birds.

BEATRICE, Neb., Nov. 21.—To the Editor of The Bee: Would you not give this thought publicity through The Bee regarding the useless destruction of what little of the wild animals and birds we have left in Nebraska.

It is a known fact that if a strange bird or rare animal of any kind is seen at once a great crowd of men and boys join in the chase for its extermination. The local papers add glory by publishing the name of the killer by publishing his name.

Many years ago our state was famed for our many wild animals and birds and we have seen this valuable asset all

THESE GIRLS OF OURS.

She—You'll notice it's the men who run after the women. He—How can that be, when it's the women who catch the men?—Boston Transcript.

The Lady Judge—I'm getting tired of these requests for postponement. What's your latest excuse? The Lady Lawyer—Why, your honor, we only ask you to give us another week. The fact is my client's dressmaker is ill and can't get her going-to-court-gown finished until that date. The Lady Judge—Granted. Next case.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Caller—You know, there was something I wanted to say to you, but it has quite gone out of my mind. I can't remember what it was. Maiden (hopefully)—It wasn't goodnight, was it?—Woman's Home Companion.

The young man with a perpendicular measurement of six feet and breadth in proportion had asked the demure little maiden of four feet six to marry him. "Harold," she said, flashing a resentful glance up at him, "that isn't fair! It isn't sportsmanlike! Take one of your size!"—Chicago Tribune.

"John, I'm so happy." "Are you, dear? I'm glad to hear that. You ought to be happy. You have everything to make you so." "Mrs. Wilkinson was here this afternoon and she said the baby looked so much like me that no one would believe you were any relation to it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

HIS GLORIOUS END.

R. E. Kiser in the Record-Herald. They nursed him through his babyhood with tender, anxious, loving care. Beside his bed at night they stood and gladly watched him sleeping there. They thanked the Lord, upon their knees, because he was their very own. With freedom from deformities and sound in mind and flesh and bone.

His childhood eagerly they sought to gladden and keep sweet and pure. First in their every hope and thought, they strove to make his joy secure; him they worked, for him they schemed, for him they bravely saved and planned.

Of him their gladdest dreams were dreamed long ere he learned to understand. They guided him through boyhood's ways and smoothed his path as best they could; they cheered him with their earnest praises and taught him to be strong and good.

They learned in fancy to behold the glory that should be his right. When they were bent and gray and old, 'twas he that made their future bright.

Today they sit beside his bed; their hearts are sad, their eyes are dim. The splendid hopes they had are dead and other pity them and him; but, though he never shall walk again, why should they hopelessly regret? His alma mater triumphed when he pushed the ball across the line.

Royal Baking Powder Absolutely Pure The Woman Makes the Home She makes it best who, looking after the culinary department, turns her back resolutely upon unhealthful, or even suspicious, food accessories. She is economical; she knows that true economy does not consist in the use of inferior meat, flour, or baking powder. She is an earnest advocate of home made, home baked food, and has proved the truth of the statements of the experts that the best cooking in the world today is done with Royal Baking Powder.

A Clever Milkman writes us that he warms his milk-wagon on cold days with a Perfection Oil Heater. He makes his rounds in comfort. Zero weather doesn't bother him. This milkman has adapted this wonderful little heater to his own particular needs. You may not drive a milk-wagon, but there are countless ways in which one of these heaters would be a convenience and comfort to you in your home. You can adapt it to your own requirements. At Dealers Everywhere. STANFORD OIL COMPANY (Nebraska) Omaha

To Lincoln Leave Omaha—8:05 a.m.—1:50 p.m.—4:40 p.m.—10:47 p.m. Arrive Lincoln—9:45 a.m.—3:33 p.m.—6:45 p.m.—12:32 a.m. Every Day via Rock Island Lines. Tickets and reservations 1323 Farnam Street, Cor. 14th. Phone Douglas 428—Nebraska. Chickens Pay Best IN SMALL HOME FLOCKS Two dozen layers (no main needed) can be housed and cared with \$10 worth of lumber and a coil of wire netting. There need be no annoyance to neighbors; little expense for food; no outlay for attendance. Kitchen table and garden scraps can be converted into nice, fresh eggs bringing top price in market and great satisfaction at the home table if you just know how. As hens should average 10 eggs per week, you can easily get 100 eggs per week. Best eggs now being laid and will be lighter. You can easily find customers to buy the surplus eggs daily at more than top market prices and have plenty for your own use. Get our free books on poultry care and feeding. Special pamphlet for handling small flocks with minimum labor and expense. Letters of advice free. GEO. H. LEE CO. 1115 Warney St., Omaha, Nebraska