

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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MAY CIRCULATION. 54,751

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that average daily circulation for the month of May, 1914, was 54,751.

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

Oh, come on in, Carranza, that Niagara water is fine.

No depression, psychological or otherwise, in the June wedding industry.

The Katzenjammers are back. Watch for them in The Bee every Sunday.

Well, isn't our old steady, Al Sorenson, going to run for or after anything this year?

"The statesman who hesitates is lost," says the New York Sun. Most of them evidently hesitate.

"What is worse than a demagogue?" demands an exchange. Give it up, unless it be two demagogues.

At any rate, Nebraska is getting into the Congressional Record with reasonable frequency and regularity.

It could not be a bad gamble to wager that the Iowa man, who ate 213 spring onions, originated in Missouri soil.

A college professor says the ancients played ball. Sure, they did, the Hittites and Hans Wagner, for instance.

Satisfied that he can hesitate as well as any of them, "Met" has decided to tango right in the center of the floor.

The waters of Niagara are said to roll on in seeming oblivion of the ominous rumblings within a stone's throw of them.

The court has decided to let the impeachment of Sulzer stand. Sulzer, it will be recalled, was formerly governor of New York.

Plenty of time for a big bunch of would-be governors to throw their hats in the ring before the gate closes on new primary entries.

"My husband spanked me," pleads a woman in a Chicago court. Well, Paul told the women to be obedient unto their husbands and maybe she balked.

Richard Harding Davis writes of the stalwart American soldier on his big horse—Kansas City Times.

Hail to the war correspondent on horseback!

Hesitating to invite trouble, we nevertheless venture to remark that thus far the fly crop seems to be very short. But have your swatter ready.

A school play day tournament that sends nearly a hundred little girls to the hospital in collapse through heat and exertion can hardly be voted a success.

Oh, have a heart, spring and give the summer a chance.—Los Angeles Times.

Some of us are inclined to suspect that California's summer got on the wrong track.

Now that the senate has decided to postpone the investigation of the New York Central, let Brakeman Uncle Sam throw the switch for the main track so that we may steam up on business conditions and have a little of something else besides politics.

The Danish Brotherhood gave a grand picnic at Hascall's park. The committee on arrangements was made up of Chris Hansen, Theodore Olsen, H. Jensen, Charlie Holm, A. P. Gram, H. Larsen, E. Peterson, O. Lenn, P. Smith, T. Nelson and P. H. Johnson.

The Stadt thespians witnessed two plays in German, "A Woman's Crime" and "Through the Keyhole."

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Regan are celebrating the advent of a boy baby.

M. J. Pennan, the marble worker, has just finished a beautiful baptismal font for Grace Episcopal church at Columbus, which bears an inscription dedicating it to the late Bishop Clarkson.

The Thurston Hose company also had a picnic, engineered by the following committee: Jerome Pentel, P. M. Duffy, H. P. Kennedy, Jack Galligan, P. Woodcock, Jack Roach, "Doc" Malcolm and William Coats.

The sermon of Rev. W. J. Harris at the Baptist church was on Omaha's lawlessness with a hot roast for both the mayor and his city marshal.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Pierpont have issued invitations for a celebration of their fiftieth wedding anniversary Wednesday next at their residence on South Eleventh street.

Immigrants and Unemployed.

Urging legislation for the aid of the unemployed, sociologists told the house labor committee that foreign immigrants formed a very small portion of our idle armies. Now, no one contends that prejudice in favor of the immigrant tends to secure him employment in preference to the native or non-immigrant. Nor will it be contended that the immigrant's special knowledge and training for the work at hand make him more desirable. But this will be conceded, we think, that in most cases the immigrant has come over here to work and is willing to take whatever employment comes to hand. The result is he gets down in the ditch, the trench or anywhere else that offers him an honorable job with not much regard at first for wages.

It will not be said, of course, that the American laborer will not work, that he is an idler who prefers unemployment. But he is unquestionably particular about the kind of work. The governor of New York, seeking a solution for the problem of the unemployed, obtained jobs on farms in this state last winter at living wages for many men from the city and gave them free transportation, only to find that they very few accepted and stayed. But without stopping to discuss how far idleness is the fault of the individual, all must agree that it is distinctly to the credit of the immigrant newcomer that he so seldom swells the want-work crowd, and that he rises steadily from one stage of labor to another according to his opportunities.

True, But Not New.

The Commercial club is sending out to members copies of a resolution adopted by the executive committee inviting attention to the fact that we are to have an election this year, and that it is highly important that representative men be sent to the legislature. The duty is also emphasized upon each member to interest himself in looking into the qualifications of candidates, and to use his influence in behalf of men of character and efficiency. All this is important and true, but not new. If anyone receiving this notice was unaware, until reminded, that we are to have an election this year, he must have been admitted to Commercial club membership under misapprehension, and if he does not in every election exert himself for candidates he believes to be of character and efficiency, he must be one of the indifferent stay-at-homes requiring something more drastic than a circular letter to stir him to action. By way of postscript, let us add that it is just as important to have men of character and efficiency in other elective offices as to have them in the legislature.

The Winchell Idea.

A novel idea is being advanced by B. L. Winchell, who holds a somewhat anomalous position with so-called Harriman lines, with headquarters in Chicago, as to the way to run a railroad. He invites all sorts of criticisms and suggestions from the people, assuring them that they are to be given a hand in helping operate the line. We are not advised of the success of the scheme, but without detailed information we might guess it was not a rip-roaring success. In the first place, it strikes us as just a bit presumptuous for a railroad to come to the public with the voluntary offer of letting the public run the road. It is a little too much of an innovation, we fear, to rouse such serious credibility on the part of the thinking masses. It would not surprise us to know that the thinking masses rather smiled at the whole thing, viewing it in something of the light of a bit of stage play.

The public has a right to assume that railroads are able to employ experts to run them and that no such proposition as this can be made in serious good faith without gravely reflecting on the ability of those experts. We wonder just how much the scheme inspires professional railroad men to attempt larger efficiency. It is not going too far to say, we think, that so far as the physical operation of the Union Pacific and most other western lines is concerned, the public as a whole has had very little complaint to make. And coming down to brass tacks, that very fact is apt to make the public a bit wary of this apparent sop tossed to it.

Our Annual Reminder.

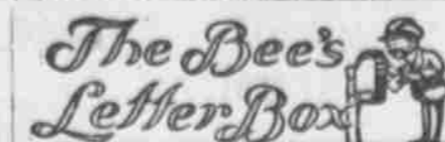
This is the time of the year when lighty the boyish heart turns to the old swimming hole. It is, therefore, time for The Bee's annual reminder to boys and their parents or guardians for precaution against the perils of this grand old sport.

Every boy should know how to swim. No boy should be deprived of the joy of outdoor swimming, which is incomparably more delightful than the best they can make of the natatorium. But every boy should go into the water realizing that the only time for caution there is before the accident.

Our Mistake.

Owing to a confusion in the spelling of the name, an editorial paragraph in The Bee Saturday asked whether it was the president of our Economic league who was indicted under the federal anti-trust law, with the added exclamation, "Must be some mistake here." We find that the mistake is ours, and hasten to correct it as fully as we can, for the indictment referred to runs against a plumber as a member of a trade combine, while the president of the Economic league is a totally different individual engaged in the real estate and collection business, and, so far as we know, a perfectly law-abiding citizen.

A Springfield Judge granted fifty-two divorces in one day, and now a Missourian demands to be shown why anyone seeking marital emancipation should go to Reno.



The New Mr. Bryan

Pen Picture of the Distinguished Nebraskan, as Observed in Washington by E. G. Lowry in Harper's.

Church and State in Italy. OMAHA, June 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: Mr. Montague's defense of Mayor Nathan of Rome Italy, is really no defense at all. To begin with, Mr. Nathan is a Jew and therefore not a Christian. He is a Mason and there is no test on Christian lines for a candidate who desires to become a Mason. The only test is on the belief in God or a Supreme Being.

In order to write intelligently on the subject of United Italy and the Roman Catholic church it is essential that one know something of the past history of Italy and religion as it is understood in that country. The writer spent several months in Rome and knows just what is the cause of the strained relations between the civil government and the papacy. It is the result of evolution, not revolution. For the last fifty years the Italians have been in a process of evolution—turning from things born in the Dark Ages to the light and progress of the nineteenth century. The church has done its utmost to retard progressive tendencies. The Roman Curia exists in direct opposition to the will of the leaders of modernism. The Roman church violently opposes all that savors of new ideas—new learning and a granting to the common people of full liberty of thought in political and religious affairs.

As mayor of Rome, Mr. Nathan was a militant enemy of that brand of Christianity known as Roman Catholicism. He stood for freedom of thought, free education, and the separation of church and state. He is a scholar, an artist and a patriot. I heard him make a speech in a suburban school that was really a sermon. He urged the children to respect their parents and to reverence God, to be pure in mind as well as body. It was a better sermon than any I heard in Europe during the time I was there. In Rome sermons are almost unknown. The church is merely a remnant of the mighty organization of the middle ages. The Italian people as a nation have forsaken Roman Catholicism, just as the French have and they will never return. The sad feature of it all is that these people became infidels—anti-Christians.

The Italian government could not have selected a better man to represent Italy at San Francisco than the former mayor of Rome. He is truly representative of the new learning, the intelligent side of modern Italy. I spent some time in a Roman seminary preparing for the priesthood. My Americanism rebelled and I am in the world instead of earning an honest living and enjoying the confidence of the Christian religion—outside the pale of Rome. I am only one of millions throughout the world who have had the same experience and who put manhood and patriotism ahead of superstition and dark age theology. Analyze those who denounce a man like Nathan and those who defend him—then the secret is out.

ROBERT J. FITZPATRICK.

School Play Day Barbarism.

OMAHA, June 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: I want to congratulate you on your editorial today denouncing the barbarous treatment of our school children, which voices my sentiments exactly. I looked through all the Omaha newspapers to find a vigorous protest and was especially gratified not to be disappointed in The Bee. Before we try to civilize Mexico and other backward countries, we have something to do at home when we let our school authorities keep little girls standing in the hot sun until they drop in their tracks. I am sure the people generally endorse what you have said.

GEORGE P. BEMIS.

Commercial High or Business College?

OMAHA, June 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: Let Holystein throw mud at Hayes through your paper if it pleases him, but don't let him say that the Commercial High school has put any of the private business colleges out of business. Just why the supposed president of the school board so frequently assails the business colleges is a mystery to me. His expensive, so-called Commercial High school is largely responsible for the big deficit in school funds which grew so fast when he was in control, and in my opinion the taxpayers are justified in calling him down. Now the business colleges of Omaha are conducted by private owners. The public is not taxed to maintain them. My college had more pupils from Omaha and elsewhere last year than they ever had. The public exploitation of the public commercial school has been of positive, temporary benefit to my business. That is why let Holystein persist in saying in The Bee that my business has been injured by his hobby.

The pious fact, in my opinion, is that the Commercial High school is costing times what it is worth, when you take into consideration its meager results, and I hope the taxpayers league will be able to tell the people the whole truth about it.

H. B. BOYLER.

The School Board Fracas.

OMAHA, June 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: I am a taxpayer in Omaha and feel as though I ought to have a voice on this school board matter. I wish to put a word in for a man who I think has some backbone and hope it doesn't get broken and he resign like a few others have done. If we had a full board like Dr. Foster, we would have one of the best boards in the United States. As I understand it this commission form of government has kept these old members in longer or we could have gone to the polls before this and cast our ballot. I think there are one or two there which we can get along very well without.

TAXPAYER.

Some Thoughts Unexpressed.

Philadelphia Record. Beneath the conventional calm and cordiality with which the president and Mr. Roosevelt encountered each other in the public building of which the former is now the tenant and the other was for several years, there must have been thoughts, emotions, reflections, whose production would be of the utmost interest if it were possible. Both men of unusual capacity, both anxious to serve the public weal, it would be difficult to find two men more unlike in temperament and more antithetical in their point of view.

Bargain Counter Notes.

Boston Transcript. The \$600,000 in Mexican bank notes which has reached Vera Cruz from Mexico City by burro train is thought by some to represent Huerta's private fortune, but just how anybody could regard \$250 in real money a fortune is not explained.

Beyond the Seas

American automobiles are most popular in Cuba. Delhi, India's new capital, will cost nearly \$25,000,000. Piedmont, Italy, exports clover and alfalfa seed to the United States.

American talking machines and pianos are finding their way to Ceylon. Germany employs 17,553 girls under the age of 15 in its industries. Paris is said to possess more sundials than any other city in the world. Australia will this year greatly extend its government telegraph and telephone service.

In Nuremberg, Germany, 600 workmen are employed in making lead soldiers and lead toys. Although the existence of natural gas in Turgary has been known for several years it was only recently that the first pipe line for its utilization was constructed. Wealthy Parisians have purchased an entire block of residences in that city and will tear them down to hunt for Roman and Gothic treasures believed to be buried beneath them.

THESE GIRLS OF OURS. "It's Mr. Boreleigh. I think I'll send him word I'm out." "Won't the still, small voice reproach you?" "Oh, yes; but I'd rather listen to the still, small voice than to Mr. Boreleigh's Boston Transcript."

Miss Prim—I am told that the custom of kissing the bride is becoming obsolete. I suppose it largely depends on the moral sentiment of the neighborhood. "Jonsey—All wrong. It largely depends on the bride.—Cleveland Plain Dealer."

Mother—Sometimes there are rude boys in Sunday school who giggle and smile at little girls and sometimes little girls smile back at them, but I hope my little girl does not behave like that. "Small Daughter—No, indeed, mamma. I always put out my tongue at 'em.—Chicago Record-Herald."

"How do you know your neighbor's wife has a temper like an angel?" "Because he smokes whenever he likes in the parlor, and they have had the same cook six weeks.—Baltimore American."

"How do you want your waist made?" "In this new style. I want it to look

Strong at Least with His Chief.

A little while ago a journalist of some distinction and considerable reputation came to Washington. A young reporter, not greatly impressed by the elder man's attainments, rendered summary judgment: "I don't think he'll last long. Nobody likes his stuff except Mr. Blank." It should be said that Mr. Blank was the active, managing, sole proprietor of the newspaper for which the elder journalist wrote. So far as Washington at large is concerned, and it does the local acumen and intelligence little credit, Mr. Bryan is in somewhat the same posture. Nobody likes his stuff except Mr. Wilson. That, in briefest compass, is Mr. Bryan's impregnable position. The secretary of state has not made himself popular at Washington. No public man for many years occupying high, important and responsible place in an administration has been so derided. The town is flurried with stories of his gaudieries and of his blunders and "breaks" made in intercourse, official and social, with the diplomatic corps. Most of the stories are preposterous and incredible on the face of them, but they are eagerly caught up and repeated, and for the most part, believed.

Workhorse of the Administration.

Even if these stories were true, they would not diminish by so much as a hand's weight the outstanding circumstance that Mr. Bryan is the most important agent of this administration. He is Mr. Wilson's outside man. He goes on all the out-of-town assignments. A list of Mr. Bryan's callers through any week and an adequate summary of their conversation with the secretary of state would reveal to the dullest understanding how and why and in what degree Mr. Bryan is and has been the largest single factor other than Mr. Wilson in the accepted and commonly recognized success of this democratic administration. Mr. Bryan has not sought honor or glory or praise or reward for his share in the work. He has effaced himself. He has followed the president's lead, and in doing it he has astonished Washington. Everybody thought when he came here that he would crowd himself constantly to the fore; that he would crowd the president out of the limelight; that he would be difficult to manage; that he would emit views and opinions and judgments on every subject of personal discussion; that he would have to be reconciled. To the general mystification, Mr. Bryan cast himself for the role of the tail of the kite and has never once stepped outside of the character.

Twice Told Tales

A Cure for Hecklers.

R. R. Waterston, one of the nine deportees from South Africa, speaking at Liverpool, introduced to the English platform a method of silencing an interrupter which was as novel as it was effective. It consisted in his telling the interrupter a story about another interrupter. "There was once a meeting," he said, "addressed by a great speaker, and he was constantly interrupted, as I have been; but he turned on the interrupter and gave him a rough passage. At the end of the meeting a young woman went to the speaker and said: 'I think you were rather hard on him.' 'Why' said the speaker, 'he was embarrassing me and deserved the dressing down I gave him.' 'Yes,' rejoined the woman, 'but you were very hard on him all the same. He is an idiot.' Mr. Waterston, needless to say, had a perfectly attentive audience for the rest of his oration.—London Mail."

Deserved a Licking.

A stranger was hunting quail in the mountains of Georgia, where, by reason of the wild peas, they are very numerous. One day his dog flushed a flock of wild turkeys, in the race of a native youth who had been creeping toward them. The boy promptly brought his old-fashioned six-foot rifle to his shoulder and the bullet cut up the dirt under the dog's feet. The next instant the boy disappeared in the brush. Later in the day the hunter came across a mountain cabin and saw the same boy in the yard with a man whom he took to be his father. He hailed the man and angrily gave an account of the morning's incident. "He wasn't forty yards away when he shot at my dog. I think he should have a good thrashing," he continued.

Must Be Used.

In a hotel the other day the manager was instructing a new arrival, who hailed from Erin's Isle, in his duties. "Now, you see that sign. Gentlemen must use the spittoon. If you notice any of the guests violating that rule report the matter to me." "Oh, will, sor," said Pat, and he kept a sharp lookout. After watching a gentleman for half an hour he went to him and said: "D'ye mind the sign over yonder, sor?" "Yes," said the gentleman. "Why don't you observe it, then?" "I'm not expectorating on the carpet," said the gentleman, astonished. "Oh, yer not usin' the spittoon, neither. Spit ye thafe, or O'Vil report yer."—Philadelphia Ledger.

CHAUTAQUAING.

Philadelphia Public Ledger. William Jennings Bryan, in order to make up extra income to enable him to sacrifice himself on the altar of his country, by remaining in office as secretary of state, has consented once more, at so much per lecture, to become a chautauqua attraction, with his old friends, the Tyrolean yodlers, etc., etc.—New's Dispatch.

Oh, let us go Chautauquing, beneath the roomy tent. Where yodlers keep on yodding, and summer people, bent Beneath the swelling canvas, absorb the latest fads, no longer sounding their creak-while merry din. That we can't spare the Peerless One, we need his justities. With phrases cut to suit the cloth, the people to appease. And who calumny my friends, 'twould be for 'Ship of State'! If on account of salary, he should evacuate!

So let us go Chautauquing; just list, the dulcet tones, Of Lincoln's greatest orator, disputing with 'Old Bones.' And though the minstrel jokes are grand, I've known since a boy, The Secretary's platitudes unrel without alloy. In lingual lush procession, such words, the grandest e'er. Old Homer's famed declamations can't with 'Our Bill' compare! So pass around the hat and plate, and keep him in his place. Let Uncle Sam shall be outstripped and lose all in the race!

It's 67 Degrees Cool in Minnesota

According to observations of the U. S. Weather Bureau the average temperature of Minnesota during July and August is about 67 degrees—warm enough in the daytime to wear summer clothes and bathe in the lakes—cool enough nights to sleep comfortably under blankets.

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