

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.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.

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

"Lips all ready?" asks the Boston Globe. Uh huh—ker-smack.

"Learn from The Bee." Why, sure, every reader and every day.

It looks as if the old political swimming hole may have to be enlarged.

It is up to Colonel Maher's typewriter to lumber for action, and get busy.

The millennium in Omaha: When the main street is not torn up for a whole year.

Uncle Sam may yet have to take possession of Tampico by force just to keep the peace.

"Nebraska Panama-Pacific Dollar day" next week Wednesday. Write it down or you may forget it.

In not over ten years the Commercial club's Good Fellowship excursion will travel by air craft instead of by auto.

Sing Sing, says Sir Conan Doyle, is 100 years behind time. But any old brass band detective could have ferreted out that.

Some mollycoddle has painted a picture of Uncle Joe Cannon at the capital without a see-gar in his mouth. Nature fair!

Improvement clubs should work for civil improvement, not the personal aggrandizement of either office seeker or salary grabber.

It is extremely doubtful, though, whether even a paid publicity bureau and hired promoters can defeat university consolidation. "Let the people rule."

Chairman Underwood says his only regret in opposing President Wilson's toll exemption repeal bill is that he did not oppose it more vigorously. He may have another chance.

Credit Friend Maupin at least with frankness in announcing his candidacy. He publicly admits that if there were not a comfortable salary attached to the job, he would not want it.

"Met" seems to think that if he were to lead the democratic hosts in Nebraska this year all the personal bitterness and factional strife within the fold would be immediately eliminated. Oh, guess again.

The burning issue at Lincoln is the question of university consolidation. It is just as well so; otherwise we would expect such a fever had there ever votes for women as to burn up all the crops.

The students of old Princeton have voted George B. McClellan the most popular member of the faculty. The professor doubtless appreciates his wisdom in removing his hat from the ring of politics.

Down in Lincoln the question is up as to whether water rates should be reduced for industrial consumption below what is charged householders. Omaha's householder water rate is still 50 per cent above Lincoln's, and its rate to all but the very largest consumers likewise as much, if not more, than Lincoln's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Her are back from Chicago.

Miss Addie Davis of Bar is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. F. Flynn, 24 South Ninth street.

R. R. Cable, president of the Rock Island road, accompanied by several directors and their wives, spent the day in the city.

Miss Kittle Manning of Quosonau, Ia., is the guest of Miss Gosale Robinson at her home, Cass and Twenty-fourth.

Senator Charles F. Manderson returned from the Chicago convention, and will go back to Washington in a few days.

Bids were received for sweeping the paved streets, those bidding being G. T. Mount, W. A. Smith & Co., A. R. Hoel, R. W. Shannon & Co. and James Duffy.

Is Villa the Coming Man?

In religious revivals the hardened sinner sometimes suddenly sees the light and experiences religion and is taken into the fold, his past misdeeds forgiven, if not forgotten. The widely exploited career of Villa, the military genius of the Mexican rebellion, has been repellent even to those in sympathy with the cause he is fighting for, and his probable ascendancy in event of its success is something they dread to look forward to. It is interesting, therefore, to note the representations being made that Villa has been seized with a new spirit, and that the fiery ordeal of the revolution has brought out qualities of character not before suspected. The special staff correspondent of the Outlook in Mexico, Gregory Mason, hails him as "the Mexican man of the hour," and pronounces him "the right man in the right place." But let us quote briefly from this combined eulogy and defense:

Villa has been harshly criticized as a cruel, overbearing, unscrupulous tyrant, but he is the right man in the right place. The only restraint a Mexican soldier knows is fear, and the fear of Villa is strong in all his men. He ordered two men shot for cutting telephone wires by careless snooting recently, and yesterday he heard a drunken soldier wasting ammunition in the street under the equestrian general, and stepping out on a balcony, he threw up his rifle and shot the man through the body. It is a case of sacrificing one to save many. A total abstainer himself, he has reduced drunkenness to a minimum among his officers and men, and looting he will not countenance at all. He was the only constitutional officer in favor of peace with America in preference to union with Huerta, and by sheer force of personality he won the others over, nominally at least. Villa has preached patriotism so much that according to his own words, And every day it is more and more evident that he is the only Mexican strong enough to save Mexico from itself. His strength no one doubts; the only question is in regard to his wisdom. Had he the education of Diaz he would make another Don Porfirio; as it is, his natural shrewdness and inborn ability in judging men may equip him for the semi-dictatorship which still seems to be Mexico's only alternative to a government bolstered by foreign power. Having now seen Villa intimately for a week, I am convinced that whatever his motives were at first, at present he sincerely believes that he is working for the good of Mexico.

We submit that this testimonial to the Mexican military master is interesting as a pen picture, even if not convincing as a recommendation. Accepting this as proof of his conversion, we would still be inclined to demand a period of probation and guarantees against backsliding before considering the reformed sinner as eligible to canonization.

McReynolds on Trial.

Comes now Attorney General McReynolds with an insistent plea for the immediate trial of Charles S. Mellen, former president of the New Haven railroad on the indictment which was lying on Mr. McReynolds' desk when he took office more than fifteen months ago. He said nothing about prosecution until a few weeks ago when Special Counsel Folk for the Interstate Commerce commission pressed the investigation of Mellen and the New Haven deal and then he opposed action. He opposed it so strongly as virtually to order Mr. Folk from his office when he came to discuss the case. Now that Folk's investigation results in tying several well-known gentlemen in a few double bowknots, Mr. McReynolds is wildly impatient for the prosecution of Charles S. Mellen.

Mr. Mellen proved a bad witness—for the power behind the New Haven looting deal. He has been corroborated in the testimony, showing that not he, but others, were chiefly responsible for the amazing transactions. Perhaps Mellen has won immunity. Has he also incurred the rancor of the attorney general, who, before the hearing, tried to stave it off by saying he had all the evidence Folk could get?

Who is now to be on trial, after all, Mr. Mellen or Mr. Attorney General?

Plenty to Do at Home.

Those who questioned the need for such a body as the United States Industrial Commission may find food for thought in this statement from a New York paper:

The United States Industrial Commissioners set spellbound yesterday while Mrs. Mary Minors, not yet 15 years old, but married two years and clasping a 6-month-old baby to her breast, told how she supported her husband and child. She does it by working thirteen hours a day in her tenement rooms at No. 29 Mulberry street. She can earn as much as 90 cents a day doing finishing work on clothing.

This condition is said to be but typical of the very conditions the commission is authorized by congress to investigate. They exist, not only in the sweatshops and miserable tenements of New York and other large cities, but in a different form within the cotton mills of the south and the woolen mills of New England. A nation that aspires to set a high example to the world cannot afford to be insensible to the need of protecting life in such treadmills as these. Talk about eugenics to these slaving child-wives is like profaning a grave.

Norway's Complaint.

Official protest is made in the Norwegian parliament against treatment accorded immigrants at Ellis Island. Not American immigration laws, but some who administer the laws, are censured. One of the grievances cited, if correctly stated, is very serious. Of course, the task of handling the constant stream of newcomers is a big and trying one, but it must be properly performed. Even the Norwegian minister who explained the situation to the Storthing, took pains to say that our job was a difficult one, as thousands of immigrants were constantly pouring into this gateway and that he felt full information of alleged abuses should be in hand before any action was taken.

It is simply out of the question for our government to tolerate—as, of course, it does not wish to—any wanton imposition upon the people who come from great and friendly countries over the seas. So far as Norway is concerned, she with her Scandinavian sister states, is sending to us some of the best brain and brawn we have and we could not afford to lessen the number. President Taft once took a day off from his White House duties and went to Ellis Island to get first hand knowledge of the details of admission, to see the immigrants as they alighted from their ships and follow them through the port of entry. We certainly cannot afford to neglect the work, for it is one of the most important we have to do.

The race is usually to the swiftest, but as the political race track is not closed to new entries for another month, the judges will withhold awards for a while.



Brief contributions on timely topics invited. The Bee assumes no responsibility for opinions of correspondents. All letters subject to condensation by editor.

How to Stop Ambulance Chasing.

PITTSBURGH, June 6. (On Train.)—To the Editor of The Bee: I read with great interest your article entitled "Lawyers Create Fat Industry at Railroad Expense." I have often wondered how much longer the people of Minnesota would stand for such a game. I think you have started something, and the taxpayers of Minnesota will now sit up and take notice.

Minnesota should have the same law as Maryland relative to "Ambulance Chasers." The "Ambulance Chasers" had become so bold at Baltimore that I have seen the lawyers' runners get in the ambulance with the injured person and hold his hand while he signed a contract with the lawyers to handle his case, and at the same time the injured man was so badly injured that he did not know what he was signing.

For the benefit of your readers, I will quote the Maryland law relative to "Ambulance Chasers" passed April 18, 1906, as follows: Section 1. Be it enacted by the general assembly of Maryland, that the following shall be the law in relation to the practice of the profession of law in this State: 27. Of the code of public general laws of Maryland, entitled "Crimes and Punishments," chapter 44, section 1, to be known as section 17-A, and to read as follows:

Whoever, for his own gain, and having no existing relationship or interests in the case, directly or indirectly, solicits another to sue at law or in equity or to make litigious claims; or to retain his own or another's services in so suing or making litigious claims; or who knowingly prosecutes a case in which his services have been retained as a result of such solicitation; or causes any case to be instituted without authority, or who, being an attorney-at-law, directly or indirectly agrees to procure or to be employed as an expert, or being to solicit it, or in any other way compensates another for so doing, shall, upon conviction thereof, be punished by a fine of not more than \$500, or by imprisonment in jail for not more than three months, or both. Any solicitation as aforesaid, shall be prima facie evidence that the person so soliciting is doing so for gain. The term attorney-at-law shall include counsel-at-law, provided that nothing herein contained shall impair or effect the disciplinary powers of the courts of this State, or the powers of the bar associations of Maryland appearing and practicing in the same.

I was connected with the New York Sun in 1908 and assigned to look into the "Ambulance Chasers" cases in Maryland, which the taxpayers were bitterly protesting against, as so many cases of fatal and personal injuries were being brought to the courts of Maryland by other states; and I was one of eighteen reporters, who furnished the data for the commonwealth of Maryland, which brought about the above mentioned law.

X. X. A. READER.

Stebbins on Inevitable Government.

NORTH PLATTE, Neb., June 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: I see in The Bee an article on Catholicism by Walter Johnson of North Platte. It is waiting to see a correspondent from the rural districts take a hand in politics and religion, which experts on both subjects assume to be their own prerogatives.

Mr. Johnson taps a live wire when he speaks of religion in connection with politics and government—so many people do not recognize the connection. He states that he is a Methodist, and Governor Morehead is also a Methodist, and was switched from a congressional candidate to a candidate for governor to make room for a Catholic in congress—a very clever courtesy on the part of the governor, which will probably bring him Catholic votes. Such are the politics of today, which to some people constitute the "inevitable government."

Mr. Johnson also catches on that in politics Catholics favor Catholics, Methodists favor Methodists, and Presbyterians favor Presbyterians, and he might have noticed that in President Wilson's present Presbyterian administration he has taken on a good deal of Catholic contingent to help the Presbyterians out, and that is where the Catholics out of the other fellows and get their spoon in every dish.

Mr. Johnson speaks of Rockefeller, Standard Oil and some other property aggregations in rather an indifferent way, indicating that he is somewhat on to the schemes of politicians and religionists, and complaining somewhat of carelessness of the interests of the public. A pretty fair comprehension of politics by a country statesman.

Well, Brother Johnson, being as you are a Methodist, the basis of all society and government always has been, and is now, religion—absolute authority by a preacher—of whatever kind—from a supreme source to direct and educate the common people to obey a supreme government. This makes religion and government partners in business. The business of this combination is to hold office, maintain order and collect remuneration. This combination is as old as organized society, and it never worked better than it does right now. Note the present administration: President Wilson dominates his party in congress as potently as the pope of Rome dominates the Roman Catholic church. Whether or not Mr. Wilson has gotten any good out of his domination is not the question—the question is absolute authority.

Electric Airship Coming

Edison Tells Professional Associates What to Look for.

As a Father Among Children. The famous wizard of electricity, Thomas Edison, drifted into the annual convention of the National Electric Light association in Philadelphia last week, and was hailed as a king among his subjects. Every one and everything gave way to Mr. Edison, reports the North American. When he spoke every mind received a new impetus toward conquest. New visions were stirred by his prophecies. Realization started abroad, and dreams which a few years ago would have been put down as the visions of the neboromancer or the vapors of the sorcerer, were almost visualized before the eyes of the gathering.

With a seer's prophetic vision, Mr. Edison predicted two things of tremendous moment to science and humanity. He declared electricity can be derived directly from coal without the intermediary of the steam boiler, the engine or the dynamo, and assured the men he addressed that electricity will revolutionize the science of aviation, and that the eagle's flight, but the bee's buzzing will be the prototype upon which man must build his wings.

Developments to Come.

Age has set its clutch upon the wiry and tireless body of the great discoverer, though his master mind has defied time and his spirit still dwells with the infinite resources of the universe.

His words dealt with the simplification of the big mysteries of life, and yet he justly paid tribute to the decay of human powers and to the greatest of all forces, death, when he asserted that the things he predicted will come true, but he will not be the one to accomplish them.

"Electricity will be derived from coal," he said, "but I will not be the one to bring about its derivation. I am not working on that problem. It would take too long to solve, too long, and I have not that much time to live."

For a moment the old man paused, buried in thought, the thought of what he cannot accomplish because he is mortal. Then he playfully told the "cubs of commerce," as he called the electricians, that they must do the work for him, they who are young and have the years to live.

Electric Airships.

A snap of his eyes, a keen look into the future, and the magic book of fate was unrolled again, and the men in the assembly room of the Bellevue-Stratford saw a vision which set their heads whirling and made their brains dizzy.

What did they see? They saw the air alive with graceful winged creatures of man's make, airships propelled by the force of electricity, safe, sure, and built according to the mechanism that nature has used for thousands and thousands of years.

As the inventor and his wife were on their way to Philadelphia from New York by automobile, they passed through a shady glen. Flitting among the trees was a bumble bee, just a plain ordinary bumble bee. "Do you know," said Mr. Edison, "as I watched that bee I realized that a real plane, a heavier-than-air machine of great weight, can be built so soon as we obtain something that beats the air at the rate of 300 times a second." He gained his inspiration from the bee as the Wright brothers gained theirs from observing the buzzard. Only Mr. Edison approached the matter from a different angle.

"That bumble bee," he said, "was one inch long, three-eighths of an inch in diameter, with a wing one-fourth of an inch wide and five-eighths of an inch long. The wings weighed a milligram—that be weighed 7,000 times more than his wings. If we can only get to that—the greatest weight for the smallest wing—that is the thing. The bee's wings beat the air 300 times a second.

"A bee works on sound waves. Remember, the air is rigid as steel if the pressure is only sudden enough. Give us something that beats the air 300 times a second and we will have a 'real' plane."

Cheap Electric Autos.

Mr. Edison was asked if the prophecy of Dr. C. P. Steinmetz of a \$100 automobile weighing 1,000 pounds would come true. He said it will, and that he is helping Henry Ford to produce an electric automobile to be sold for this price.

This brought up the subject of batteries in general, and the inventor chuckled a bit. "My storage batteries are all right; the four years are up," he chuckled again, and then explained himself. It appears that this is one of the things he is going to laugh over with the boys.

"Four years ago I put out 400,000 batteries. I guaranteed them to stand up. I had worked five years to obtain a real storage battery. I was so sure of them that I put out 400,000 with the guarantee that I would take them back if they failed to 'stand up' for four years.

"It meant \$1,000,000 worth of batteries to last four years. It was a gamble, but I felt sure of them. The four years expired March 1, and the batteries have stood up to the guarantee. So you see I am now prepared to guarantee plenty more."

When asked his opinion of the wireless telephone, he asked, "What is the good of it, when wireless telegraphy is so cheap, and so easy. It is, of course, feasible, but why want it? As for Marconi, he surely is a great fellow."

In his new "diamond disk" phonograph, he said he felt he had achieved talking machine perfection at last. Then there was his work to produce "cent opera," and many a laugh at the discomfiture of men who had in the old days predicted failure for his inventions that have since proved conspicuous successes.

SMILING REMARKS.

He—You understand what a margin in stocks is, don't you? She—Oh, yes. That's the money you put up and lose.—Boston Transcript.

"Another terrible conflict, John," remarked Mrs. Gink. "The paper says the cannonading was so terrific that eighteen men died at first. Makes me sick to think of the bloodshed in these battles."

"Very little blood shed in those kind of battles, my dear," said Mr. Gink.—Indianapolis News.

"This scenery isn't what it was," complained the artist. "I can't see no difference," declared the old farmer. "What do you make of it?" "I'm looking for a cloud like the one I painted last year."—Louisville-Courier Journal.

"I told my boy that if he was careful of his behavior I'd take him to a ball game." "Sometimes," replied Mr. Comrox, "I think that a boy is a greater comfort than a girl. My daughter told me that if I didn't show more culture she'd make me go to another classical concert."—Washington Star.

"The patient detests this bitter medicine." "You may give him something sweet with it," said the doctor. "What does he like?" "He seems to prefer kisses to anything else, faltered the pretty nurse.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

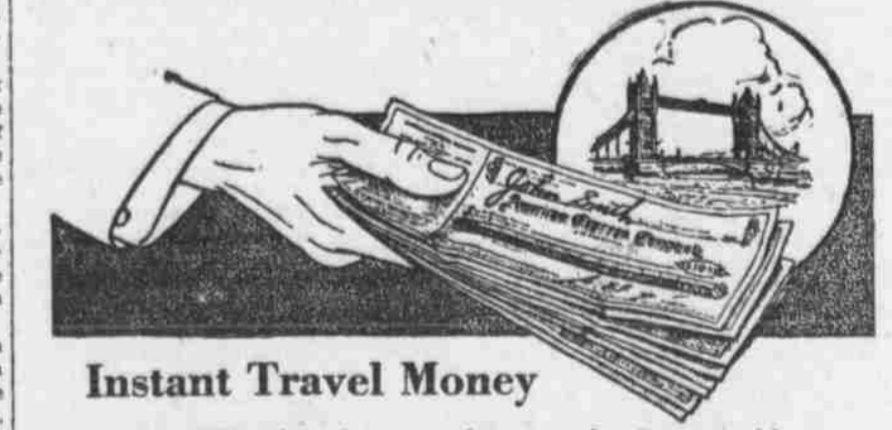
THE FISHERMAN.

Clinton Seelard in New York Sun. A many men there be that go free footed, wandering to and fro Athwart God's open, sun kissed ways. Their hearts o'erbrimming with the praise Of all the winding things that are Beneath the steadfast sun and star: And foremost of this roving clan I love the ardent fisherman!

He carries still within his breast A incommunicable seat, A fervor that may never tire, A flame unwavering, a desire Unquenchable as is the dawn. And leads him on and ever on; That though he's slain of spoil, at root His primal passion is pursuit!

His pulses throb and thrill to feel The vibrant whirring of his reel; Etalon fills him when he spies Upon his line the gleaming prize; Yet when the sunset embers burn Low in the twilight's purple urn, And he has no reward to show, Is he dark browed and doubtful? No!

Another day, another hour, Fortune may yield her shining shower! Still in his bosom bides the lure As fixed as is the cygnet's urn. It is the striving, not the gain, That lifts us to the loftiest plane; The quest, although we miss the goal, That stays in the fiber of the soul! And so, whatever his class or clan, I love the ardent fisherman!



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Efficient Employees

An advertisement under The Bee's "Help Wanted" heading commands the attention of the most desirable workers in Omaha. Every employer is up against the problem of securing intelligent and efficient employes, but a few moments thought given to writing the right kind of a "Help Wanted" advertisement will be a big step toward solving the problem. The nature of employment offered, conditions surrounding the position, the opportunities, etc, should be stated. An employer will find that a response to an ad that is really informative will be from a worker who means business.

Telephone Tyler 1000 THE OMAHA BEE Everybody Reads Bee Want Ads

People and Events

Cleveland easily leads in municipal novelties, the latest being mounted policemen for duty in public parks.

Sir Conan Doyle hints that Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson are likely to settle down and do team work in this country. Opportunity beckons the pair to Omaha to discover what the backers of Burns' sleuths got for their money.

People who have tackled a vulcanized specimen of "spring chicken" can ease their feelings by sending condolences to Mrs. Evelyn Rudderow of Cambridge, N. J., who broke her arm while trying to prepare a prize bird for the pot. The spring was in fine working order.

A justice of the peace in Salem, Mass., recently married two couples, in each of which the bride was a widow. Each bridegroom forgot to procure a ring and used that one given to the bride in her first wedding ceremony.

Alice Brown, well known to magazine readers as a writer of clever short stories, has won the \$10,000 prize offered by Winthrop Ames for the best play submitted in a nation-wide competition. The play is called "Children of Earth," and is said by the judges to be strongly dramatic in its story and exceptionally clever in its characters, which are of the New England rural type, made familiar by the author in her stories.

The late Judge John F. Dillon of New York remembered his home state (Iowa) handsomely in his will. To the county of Scott is bequeathed \$10,000 for the erection of a fountain with statues in the court house square at Davenport, "a spot associated with pleasant memories of my early life, and professional and judicial labors." The sum may, in the discretion of the trustees, be increased to \$20,000, and if the erection of the proposed fountain is impractical \$10,000 may be devoted to the sick and poor of Davenport. Iowa State university, where Judge Dillon was educated, receives \$10,000 with the understanding that \$200 a year is to go to prizes on legal topics. Other bequests are: Disciples of Christ church, \$1,000; James Grant Library association, Davenport, \$1,000; and Iowa college at Grinnell, Ia., and Cornell college at Mount Vernon, Ia., \$1,000 each.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

Railway conductors from the various roads centering in Omaha organized for this division. There were ninety-six present, and these were chosen to fill the various offices: F. H. Fairbanks, F. H. Mills, W. H. Madden, S. R. Ross, R. G. Fleming, N. F. Singer, Harry Gilmore and R. J. Mantz.

The wedding of Dana S. Lander, formerly of this city and now of Beaver Dam, W. A., and Miss Lou Hama, daughter of W. H. Hama, will take place Wednesday from Trinity cathedral. The ushers will be R. W. Patrick, A. C. Waksley, N. Cary and R. W. Riley.