

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor, BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND SEVENTEENTH. Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: By carrier, 5c per copy; By mail, 10c per copy; By mail, 10c per copy; By mail, 10c per copy.

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CORRESPONDENCE: Address communications relative to news and editorial matter to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

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. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 4th day of June 1914. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Zacatecas is called the "key" to Mexico City. Well, Villa has it stuck in his pocket.

All right, Mr. President, bring on your business boom and come along with it as fast as you like.

If any Nebraska farmer is losing sleep these nights it must be from the noise of the corn growing.

The Black Hand society has not yet been charged with exploding those Chicago banks that have just collapsed.

What the colonel doubtless means is that were it not for the Perkins' cash register, there wouldn't be no bull moose party.

With Mr. Brogan and Judge Reese both in the final for chief justice of the Nebraska supreme court, the voters will have no chance to go wrong.

A noted ball player has just married a congressman's daughter. But why shouldn't a congressman's daughter look for further fame and aspire to higher honors?

Think hard, if you please, of that fine old day a winter or two ago, when the wind blew fiercely, the snow fell fast and the mercury slid down well below the zero mark.

Yet many good Americans hold to the belief that if the United States does not have the right to run the canal for itself, its right to build it unaided would not have been so unanimously conceded.

By official decree of the Postoffice department the knocking circulars on Omaha's credit, issued by "the man with the hammer," are not unmailable. Now watch him get out another circular.

Still, we have no doubt the local iron worker implicated in the dynamite conspiracy much prefers his pardon to sharing the unique honors heaped upon his less fortunate colleagues at Kansas City.

Several early-return counties show up shrinkages in the total of property assessed for taxation. The State Board of Equalization will probably have an opportunity this time to devote some of its attention elsewhere than to Omaha and Douglas county.

"Failure is Biggest of Kind in United States History," so our amiable democratic contemporary informs us, but at that it does not get front page space because it misfits with the democratic scheme of curing business depression by solely psychological treatment.

How fortunate that those Virginia editors happened along at the White House at just that particular moment, otherwise he might have had to deliver that message for the country to a delegation of doctors, or tooth-pullers, or movie managers, or base ball pitchers.

The Canfield house is being overhauled by S. H. H. Clark, who recently purchased the property, and will be reopened by George Canfield.

Miss Bhea has left with Max Meyer and brother's jewelry store a beautiful silver lacy wreath to be engraved, which was presented to her by the citizens of Los Angeles.

Policeman Nightingale has recovered the three clocks which were stolen from the Dodge street school house last week.

The sensation of the day is the sensational trial of ex-City Marshal Outhrie for bribery, in which the gamblers, who had to come across, are telling all about it.

The Sacred Heart school held its commencement yesterday with appropriate exercises, the operetta, "The Coronation of the Rose," being the principal feature participated in by the following young women: Misses C. Creighton, R. Creighton, H. Lott, M. E. Jones, E. Scherb, Radie Nash, E. Davis, M. E. Clark, M. Brown, J. Gregg, M. Dunphy, I. Delaney, W. Williams, Mary Nash, Emma Creighton, M. Williams, I. A. Ford and Pauline Lowe.

Marvelously Foresighted or Desperately Reckless!

The address of President Wilson promising the country the biggest boom in its history almost in the same breath with the announcement of the biggest mercantile failure in the history of the country stamps him as either marvelously foresighted or desperately reckless as a prophet.

All of us have been eager to make ourselves believe with the president that existence of financial depression is "purely psychological," and to hope with him that with the assured prospect of bountiful crops it will soon pass in spite of the manifest distrust growing out of threatened democratic legislation.

Whether the diagnosis is correct or not, it is plain that the country does not like the system of treatment. Unless the improvement is prompt and marked, to avoid taking further disturbing concoctions, the voters will impatiently wait their opportunity to call in again the time-tried advisers and directors on whose success they can more confidently rely.

Psychology of Keeping Cool. It is an old truth which Miss Margaret Wilson speaks when she says, "If you wear a smile hot weather doesn't bother you." It is sound as far as it goes, as everyone knows who has tried the two ways of meeting the sun's summer gaze, by smiling and frowning. Pret, fume, kick against the pricks of the weather—which one could not in any wise affect—and one feels the discomfort all the more.

The young woman's psychology of keeping cool—or, perhaps, we should say, keeping tolerably comfortable—is sound; sounder than her distinguished father's psychology of business conditions. If we are going in for sun-gazing, it is our notion that returning Old Sol's broad, burning smile, good-naturedly, will yield a good deal more, relatively, than trying to grin out of countenance this commercial eclipse that just now obscures the azure in the business sky.

Good Use of Warships. A warship may serve no higher purpose than to avert war. Only as monitors of peace do they justify the outlay for their construction and maintenance. As a famous American president once said, "Speak softly, but carry the big stick." Evidence of the effectiveness of this policy comes to hand, if reports be true, in the pending dispute between Turkey and Greece.

Of course, the possibility of a clash between Turkey and Greece is not entirely dissipated. Their differences are based on solid self-interests. Emboldened by the recovery of Adrianople, Turkey longs to get back its great seaport, Salonica. Greece demands the Aegean islands, her by right of history and race. So it remains to be seen how far Greece's purchase of modern battleships will serve in behalf of peace.

Weak Spot in the Nonpartisan Law. The weak spot in our nonpartisan election law seems so far to have escaped notice. It is the lack of means to fill vacancies on the ticket. In ordinary elections candidates run as representatives of political parties, and provision is made for supplying their places in the event that they drop out for any reason after nomination and before election.

The special rates which the railroads are making for the Panama exposition passengers from eastern cities are sure to tempt thousands to cross the continent next year. It is up to Omaha to do what is necessary to tempt them to stop over here either going or returning.

The beauties of our primary law are exemplified again by a chameleon candidate who has filed for nomination for congress on four different party tickets at one and the same time. If there were any more political parties the gentlemen would doubtless wear more labels.

To avoid misapprehension, let it be understood clearly that Senator Kenyon said he "upheld" President Wilson in his Mexican policy, but he did not say that he approved or endorsed the president's Mexican policy. Those are different and distinct propositions.

The Nebraska editors have referred the report of their committee on taxation to themselves individually "with leave to print." At any rate, this action is more polite than merely letting it lie on the table.

If our foreign policy is "mushy amiability" since the Wilson administration took charge, language to fitly characterize our domestic policy will command a premium.

The Bee's Letter Box

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

Villa's Financier. NORTH LOUP, Neb., June 26.—To the Editor of The Bee: Suddenly Villa appeared upon the political horizon of Mexico. Have you ever thought in moving an army and supplying the same requires cash? Villa, since his rise and advancement to fame, has spent probably \$20,000,000. Who is the invisible and unknown financier? Mexico did not get the money by taxation because it was insolvent and without crops. Someone put up the cash to buy guns, ammunition, rations and pay the soldiers.

Where Society Lives in Hats. Our friends, the Britons, have hit upon a new and novel fad, which may be expected soon to catch on in America, whose smart set seems just smart enough to keep close on the trail of some European. This fad is for society folk to buy and occupy cottages of the poor. They take the humble hut as it is—per capita some peasant has been evicted from its little up a bit, but not so as to remove its rustic appearance, convert a potato patch into an orchard, plant a few bulbs about and settle down. Horace it was who said something about pale death with impartial knocking "at the hut of the poor and the palaces of kings." Now, one might think that this fad were a fine thing for the poor; that with the proceeds derived from the sale the poor might go and build a better house. No such impartiality. Often it is death of a different kind than mortal to him. Commodious homes are not being built for evicted tenants. No, it's only a fad for the rich ones, who are kept busy finding enough fads to go round.

Europe in the Grip of Food Problem. All Europe is feeling the acute pains of the problem of food and its cost, but just now there is much agitation over England's situation in particular. Locally, the anxiety revolves around the failure of some crops this spring. Meat, both cattle and pigs—they do not say hogs in England—continues to rise. The English farmer is turning his mind toward the feasibility of going in more for live stock raising. He sees a great future in this, especially with the meat supply at home and in the Argentine diminishing in comparison with the demand. He sees Japan eating more meat than ever, and being the good friend and ally of J. Bull, buying much of his meat from England. He feels sure it will pay him to finish up a steer or two every season, you know. Here is an interesting thing to note in connection with England's farm situation. Many of the farmers are not raising much hay because of the growing multiplicity of automobiles, which don't consume a vast amount of hay. Never thought of that? Industrial England as well as other industrial countries of Continental Europe have, however, to look more and more toward the pastoral countries for their food supplies and where more than the United States? But, alas, the United States is disappointing them just now, for though still somewhat of a world's bread basket, it has lapsed relatively in its labor of feeding all lands.

Rep, Hup, the Boys Are Marching. HUP, Ireland is building up its army. The Irish volunteers of the south and west now number 60,000 and have been duly recognized by the Ancient Order of Hibernians. They are looking further for official recognition by the national parliamentary party in England, which to all practical purposes is now at hand. Joseph Devlin was supposed to be the original "good angel," so far as inspiration goes, of this movement, but now it is said that this assumption lacks warrant entirely; that the volunteer movement arose absolutely from a circle of obscure patriots, who had no connection with any political or public organization. This new army, as we say, now numbers 60,000 and is steadily growing. It is as yet nowhere near as large as the Ulster Volunteers, but it is already formidable. The Irishman of South and West Ireland is admittedly a soldierly fellow. And under the stress of present conditions he does not lack for the fervor or patriotism.

Who Pays the Freight? BRADSHAW, Neb., June 26.—To the Editor of The Bee: Under the caption "Jones, He Pays the Freight," in today's Bee, gives the groundwork of who pays the freight a proper setting when it refers to Mr. Ultimate Consumer. Of course Mr. Consumer pays the freight. The burden is on his shoulders and there is no law that can be enacted that will relieve him of that burden. He not only pays the freight, but he pays the producer; he pays the salary of every clerk; of every traveling salesman, and their traveling expenses; he pays the wages of every laborer in factory, shop or farm, and there is no earthly use for the Jones', Smiths' and their neighbors to get hilarious because the railroads have been struck for some \$10,000,000, because they, the consumers, have paid every dollar of the sum already and will never get a single cent of it back; and what of these seventeen railroads concerned in this ruling? Will they not, like Standard Oil company, devise some method whereby they can make it all back, with interest, in a few days?

Yes, "Mr. Ultimate Consumer," you are the fellow that pays the freight, no matter what your occupation may be. If you are a farmer you consume all the profits and much more of your own products. If you are a tradesman it is the same with you, just as it is with every other vocation in life. Therefore, you see how beautifully and pleasantly down the River of Time, together, soon to occupy six feet by two of our native soil or that of some foreign land, when our task of consuming will be at an end, but not till then; no matter whether, on the way, we have consumed much or little, the common heritage of "Earth to earth and dust to dust" is ours, soon to be forgotten forever. Why do you boast, ye pitiful mortal man? JOHN B. DEY.

An Official Statement. NEW YORK, June 26.—To the Editor of The Bee:—Will you kindly give space to this statement issued under date of May 20:

"In spite of denials to the contrary, the suffragettes continue to make accusations in public and private that financial support is given to this association by the liquor interests. I wish to make the following statement: 'Neither Miss Bronson nor any other speaker or organizer sent out by the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage has ever had salary or expenses paid by the saloon, liquor or brewing organizations or interests. The expense of salaries, traveling, office, publicity, publications, postage, and all other expenses are paid by funds raised from private individuals, every donor being known to me. Furthermore, neither the State Association nor the National Association has ever asked or received any financial support or assistance whatsoever from the so-called liquor interests.' MRS. ARTHUR M. DODGE.

Needs Only Plenty of Hope. ELM CREEK, Neb., June 26.—To the Editor of The Bee:—Let Wooster alone and he will convict himself. The struggling man has grasped the straw; he has discovered one of the attributes of God, "truth."

Reason or Going Slow. NEW YORK WORLD. Russ canal shareholders complained because their usual 33 per cent dividend was not bigger. The competition of the Panama canal was suggested as a reason for going slow. The world geography of commerce is about to be changed.

Isn't It Awful! Louisville Courier-Journal. The proposition to compel men of wealth associated with the New Haven to make restitution to stockholders suggests a precedent that will cause complications in the finance of the future.

In Other Lands

Beer Best Berlin Beverage. Kaiser Wilhelm, to be sure, has adopted teetotalism and enjoined it on his sons as well as the students of German universities, with what degree of success we are not prepared to say. The Kaiser has gone so far as to tell his people that if they are to continue the world's profoundest thinkers, to lead in science, they must banish beer. It makes them ugly, he says. But evidently the Kaiser's crusade is not complete. Berlin—not to mention other cities, towns, villages and hamlets of der faderland—still takes its beer now and then. It consumed 11,000,000 gallons of one brew alone last year. One of the largest Berlin breweries is turning out 22,000,000 gallons every twelve months and they are not emptying it in the streets. Many taverns have six brews of beer on their list. But there are some twenty varieties in all. By this statistical review it must not be gathered that drunkenness is common in Berlin. It is not. Beer drinking in Germany is not and never was synonymous with or closely related to drunkenness. But now, here is another bit of beer gossip and it makes the old citizens just a little melancholy to contemplate it: Weiszbier, of which Berlin consumes 11,000,000 gallons annually, is little used in Germany outside of Berlin, where once, as the real Berlin article, it reigned supreme. But Munich and other brewers are getting in their work of competition and in that city and elsewhere waters have become so nonchalant of one's preferences as often to forget to ask him what brew he will have; simply setting down a mug of beer as he pleases.

Philadelphia Ledger: The income tax collector's best joke is his insistence that the man who is discovered with an income large enough to assess a tax against must have his check certified if he pays that debt in the ordinary way.

Philadelphia Public Ledger: Secretary McAdoo will put an army of sleuths to work to discover where the income is, but they will probably only find where it isn't. A psychological income cannot be taxed to pay anything but a psychological tax, and that's nothing.

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Editorial Viewpoint

Washington Post: "Man of the hour" is said to be needed in the Mexican policy. The idea! What we want is a combination of Methusalem and Job.

New York World: The report that they are using poker chips for currency at Tampico needs confirmation. There are no United States troops at Tampico.

Philadelphia Inquirer: Mr. Wilson, we understand, is to answer Roosevelt in the fall. If he will take a little advice he'll follow a well known warning and "do it now."

Houston Post: Another advantage of the climate is that during the next three months there is not one chance in 10,000 for a visitor in Houston to be frozen to death.

Boston Transcript: After Secretary Daniels has had his way and purchased the hunting for American flags in Great Britain, where will he have them made, in Germany or Japan?

Louisville Courier-Journal: An iron puddler in Pottstown, Pa., who is 40 and whose wife is 38, has eighteen children. By the time he is fifty or sixty his family will be large enough to force upon his attention the cost of living.

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SUNNY GEMS.

"Do you think you will be able to keep me out of jail?" he asked after he had made a full confession to his lawyer. "I may not be able to do that, but I can make the state spend a lot of money in putting you there."—Chicago Herald.

"Did you find anything in that house?" asked the footpad. "Nothing worth while," answered the burglar. "But it's bad luck to come away empty-handed, so I brought along the watchdog and a lot of burglar-alarm apparatus."—Washington Star.

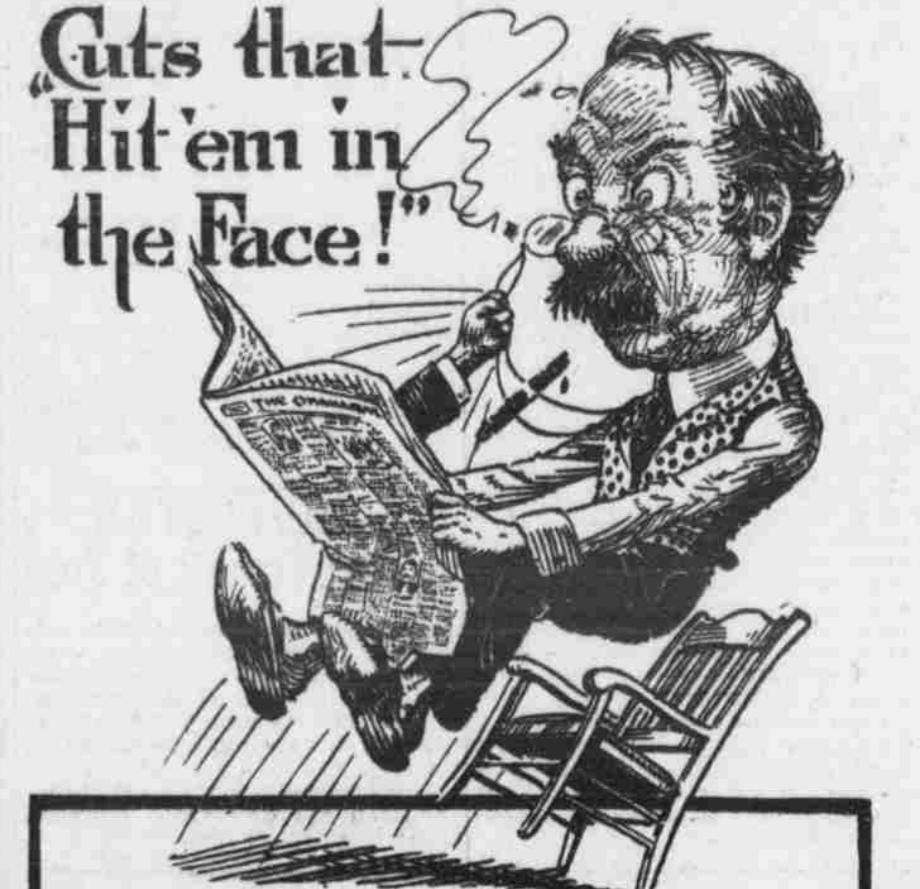
Hemmendshaw—Is there any way to make the women dress decently? Mrs. Hemmendshaw—Certainly there is. "Well, what is it?" "Kill off the men."—Youngstown Telegram.

THE CRADLE ROLL. A million babes on the cradle roll. Think of it, think of it, Oh my soul! Think of the love and the tender care That have nurtured those sweet child-blossoms there; Think of the love in those million eyes That gaze at this world that may be paradise.

Millions of cradles beneath the moon Are rocked and swayed by the winds of June. Think of the millions of fledglings there Nursed and guarded with constant care; Think of the mother love patient and wise. Nor doubt there's a heaven beneath the skies.

Millions of cradles on bush and tree— Think of the beauty for you and me That bursts each year into radiant bloom Filling the air with sweet perfume. Think of the love that gave them birth, Nor doubt that God still controls the earth.

Millions of babes on the cradle roll. Babes and birds and buds all told; Each one a miracle of love, A foretaste on earth of the life above; And with such things near us who dare say That heaven is ever far away. —BAYOLL NE TRELE.



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BEAUTIFUL ESTES PARK

The most typical of Colorado's mountain resorts—a region of canyons, glens, glaciers, crystal streams and placid lakes, a paradise of mountain air and wild flowers—a natural amphitheater of 150 square miles, with snow-capped panoramic barriers—is seventy miles northwest of Denver at the foot of Long's Peak. It is reached from Denver by the Burlington, two hours by rail to Lyons, thence two hours by auto along the St. Vrain River, or by the Colorado & Southern through Loveland, thence by auto through the wonderful gorge and canyons of the Big Thompson. Through tickets are interchangeable over the two routes. There are excellent hotels and lodges in the park, with rates from \$12.00 a week and upwards, also many camps, ranches and cottages. During the season you can leave Omaha at 4:10 p. m. today and be in the park at noon tomorrow.

\$24.50 Round Trip from Omaha Including Rail and Automobiles. Ask for the Estes Park booklet, also "Colorado-Vtah Handbook." CITY TICKET OFFICE 1502 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb. Tel. D. 1238. D. 3580.

Advertisement for Letter's Old German Double Beer. Features a large illustration of a beer bottle and the text: 'Genuine Old German Double Beer'. Includes the text: 'All for Johnny. Mrs. Briggs is so good-looking that Mr. Briggs seldom finds it in his heart to be angry with her, but was really cross when she returned from Florida. "I understand," he said, "that you passed yourself off for a widow while you were away. How about it?" She admitted it. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Briggs, "but I suppose you are not." "Of course I am not," said Mrs. Briggs serenely. "I only did it on Johnny's account. I wanted him to have a good time, and he had it. You have no idea how kind all the men were to him."—N. Y. Times.