

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

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 per month \$1.00. By mail per month \$1.00. Daily without Sunday \$1.00. Daily with Sunday \$1.50. Evening without Sunday \$1.00. Sunday Bee only \$1.00. Send notice of change of address or complaints of irregularity in delivery to Omaha Bee, Circulation Department.

REMITTANCE: Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only two-cent postage stamps received in payment of small accounts. Personal checks, except on Omaha and eastern exchange, not accepted.

OFFICES: Omaha-The Bee Building, South Omaha-218 N. street, Council Bluffs-111 North Main street, Lincoln-28 Little Building, Chicago-361 Hearst Building, New York-Room 1106, 28 Fifth avenue, St. Louis-500 New Bank of Commerce, Washington-725 Fourteenth St., N. W.

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

JUNE SUNDAY CIRCULATION: 42,275

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average Sunday circulation for the month of June, 1914, was 42,275. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 11th day of July, 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.

How many auto accidents from Sunday joy-riding today?

Ever know a woman who admitted her shoes were too small?

Now we may look for a water rate reduction that will be a real dividend.

Before Luther Burbank quits he ought to breed us a self-extinguishing dandelion.

At any rate, there is nothing "purely psychological" about our Nebraska wheat crop.

No, certainly not! No politics whatever in the Water board or among any of its employees.

It's dollars to doughnuts those mediators wish they were still summer-resorting at Niagara Falls.

Even peace in Mexico is not to be regarded as impossible in an age when men walk tight ropes on their heads.

That would be Ak-Sar-Ben subject shut out because his application is No. 2,561 will be a sadder, but a wiser, man.

Some foolishly impatient person wants to hurry up a railroad rate case that has only been in the courts two years.

What is wanted is a perfect articulation between the ideas of honest business and the ideas of honest lawmakers.

Where is the old-fashioned snagged-toothed boy who, used to sit around in the shade of the porch and play his wheezy mouth organ?

In decreeing the cut of men's clothes for the coming season the fashion-makers seem to have overlooked the little matter of a cut in price.

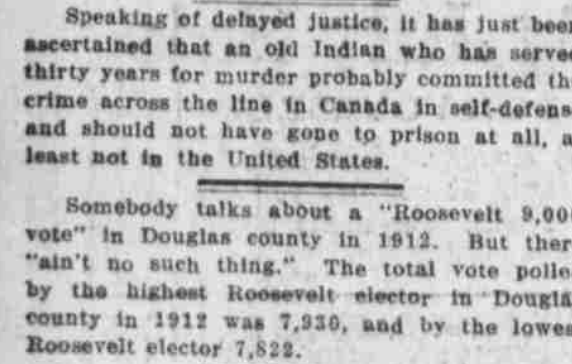
One little county in Nebraska of almost exclusively farm population reports 1,000 automobiles owned by its inhabitants. Jot that down.

That doctor running for congress against "Uncle Joe" may need several big doses of the elixir of life to fit him to race with this spry youth.

Every transcontinental ticket sold next year to the Panama exposition tourist should carry with it, not only an Omaha stop-over privilege, but an Omaha stop-over invitation.

Speaking of delayed justice, it has just been ascertained that an old Indian who has served thirty years for murder probably committed the crime across the line in Canada in self-defense and should not have gone to prison at all, at least not in the United States.

Somebody talks about a "Roosevelt 9,000 vote" in Douglas county in 1912. But there "ain't no such thing." The total vote polled by the highest Roosevelt elector in Douglas county in 1912 was 7,930, and by the lowest Roosevelt elector 7,822.



The democrats got together for a ratification rally held in front of the Herald building, where orators waxed enthusiastic for Cleveland and Hendricks. James Creighton presided and the speakers included Judge James W. Savage, District Attorney Parke Godwin, Mr. Stowell, Dr. George L. Miller and George T. Moriarty.

Attorney G. W. Ambrose was quite severely bruised by being thrown over his horse's head on upper Farnam street.

The vicinity of Tenth and Hickory streets is haunted evenings with a gang of young dime-novel devils. Here they smoke, chew, swear and blaspheme until midnight, making occasional raids on Kousser's orchard and other pillaging. Complaints have been made to the police without success and the residents are talking of taking the matter into their own hands.

The lawn suitable for the North Presbyterian church at the residence of Mrs. Frayne, on North Cuming street, proved delightful. Mrs. Frayne was assisted by the Misses Eddy, Jennie Shields and Miss Hoffman.

The marriage of Captain P. F. West and Miss Lucy T. Hohnson, both of San Francisco, took place while away, the ceremony being performed by Rev. at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Pargue, on Parko J. E. Dewey.

Sheriff Miller concluded the work of summoning the new grand jury, composed as follows: Charles H. Dewey, H. J. Bate, Lewis S. Reed, C. E. Yost, J. E. Riley, G. P. Brown, H. H. Bliss, Martin Dunham, C. E. Goodrich, James France, John I. McCaughy, S. P. Bergstrom, R. D. Mills, J. P. Ewing, J. B. McCormick and J. R. Hyde.

Sticking to the Job.

And I sent messengers unto them, saying, I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease, whilst I leave it and come down to you? Nehemiah, of course, was wise enough to know that Sanballat tried to lure him away from his great work for mischief instead of good, as he pretended. Sanballat resorted to subtlety only after he found that Nehemiah had built the wall irresistibly and that he could not be moved from his work by force or fear.

"Come, let us meet together in some one of the villages in the plain of Ono," said the crafty Sanballat. "But they thought to do me mischief," Nehemiah tells us. And even if they had not, even if his enemies had been his friends with all good intentions in the effort to dissuade him from what he was doing, Nehemiah's answer probably would have been the same—"I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down."

The lesson is a modern and much-needed one. Too many wall builders among us today are prone to fly at the first opportunity of selfish aggrandizement, no matter what the task in hand may be, and for that very reason, the church, it is feared, among other good institutions, suffers needlessly. There is no higher incentive than duty, unless it be love, but the two become one when it comes to a matter of unflinching devotion to the work one actually believes to be his. Religion, business, the professions, all seem to need a larger cultivation of this devotion to duty for duty's sake; the men who are willing to stay on the job until it is completed because they believe it worth doing, because they believe it to be their work and more important than the emoluments it or some other job may hold for them.

Recently a disclosure showed that nearly all the ranking officials of a great American railroad had been with it for twenty years or more, working their way up from the humblest positions. Doubtless every man of them at different times in his career had had opportunities to go elsewhere, but evidently he believed in his job and had balance enough to know that if he fully mastered it its rewards would be as great as those of some other.

Brief tenures, the spirit of restlessness, frequent changes, seem to be characteristic of American workers in most lines and to a large extent, especially in such work as that of the church, it is more harmful than helpful.

Some Well Known Immigrants. "Children of foreign-born parents excel American children in school work because American children are permitted too many outside pleasures," says Mrs. Ella Flagg Young of Chicago. A similar fact was brought to light in Omaha by The Bee in its survey of the public schools last autumn. Possibly it is general wherever there are large bodies of foreign-born children.

Yet we find some good people demanding severer restrictions upon immigration. The work of these children is a direct reflection of their parental training. Many of the little boys in the Omaha schools principally of Russian-Jewish parentage, were found to be earning from \$25 to \$35 a month selling papers, while keeping abreast of their work in school. There is too much in such frugality, application to duty and concentration of mind to be lightly thrown away in our country, especially if the strictures of Mrs. Young and others equally eminent are correct. We cannot afford to lose the force of them.

The American Magazine in the course of a series of articles on "The Finest Immigrant I Know," brings out this list of representative European-Americans: Andrew Carnegie, James Wilson, former secretary of agriculture; William B. Wilson, secretary of labor; Charles P. Steinmetz, the famous electrician; Edward Bok, Carl Schurz, Jacob Riis, Joseph Pulitzer, Edward A. Steiner and Mary Antin. It might extend the list indefinitely. Are we ready to lose other such men and women from our future social, political and scientific life?

The Two Mr. Joneses.

No one absorbing the official statements with reference to the nominations for places on the federal reserve banking board that are being held up by the senate can escape the conclusion that there are two Mr. Jones' in that mixup. The Mr. Jones whom the president describes, and for whose high capacity and unblemished reputation he vouches, cannot be the same Mr. Jones found unacceptable by the senate committee because of his questionable trust connections, and his wholehearted endorsement of trust methods right now under fire by the government in the courts. It reminds us of the haughty captain and the humble sailor in the bittheous "Pinafore"—some "Little Buttercup" must have mixed those babies up.

Again Viewing With Alarm.

Ah, here we are! As they say in the parlance of the street, "Look who's here," that famous and familiar old flip of reform and militant democracy—"We view with alarm!" Credit for the red vivus goes to the normal school department of the National Educational association, which viewed with alarm "the activity of the Carnegie and Rockefeller foundation agencies," represented as sapping the life-blood from the system of popular education and prostituting the public school, college and university to the whims and wishes of two men, both away past the allotted time of life.

But public interest will center more in the "come-back" of this old shibboleth than the rest of the resolution. We had sometimes wondered if it could come back, it had been gone so long. It has been a slogan to conjure with, a clarion call to patriots. When the rapacity of republican rule was gouging the life out of the people, here came old "We view with alarm" to set things right. When the torturing hands of greed and graft were pressing down the crown of thorns on the brow of labor and crucifying mankind on a cross of gold, ah, here came this "star-eyed goddess of liberty," as Colonel Watson would say, to strike down the ruthless tyrants and the shackles they welded in the name of humanity and right. It did duty on dress parade at every opportunity during that famous "First Battle," and continued to serve the uses of frontier rhetoric and parboiled English throughout the series of wars waged in behalf of a certain sacred ratio and an ambitious master of speech. Then we heard it only inter-

The Sunday Joy-Rider.

Ten persons were killed and numerous others injured in automobile accidents in half a dozen cities last Sunday. Sundays and holidays seem to incite the speed mania, naturally enough, as freedom from regular business affairs tends to loosen restraint and unbridle passions. Ten lives, to say nothing of the injuries not fatal, is an enormous toll to pay for one day's joy-riding. That equals the total number of dead reported the country over from Fourth of July explosions. Which suggests the great opportunity for a "safe and sane" motoring propaganda, just as we have been carrying on as to Independence day celebrations.

When we remember how the news review of July 5 used to roll up the scores of dead and dying from the deadly firecracker and toy pistol we can readily appreciate the excellent results already achieved from the "safe and sane" movement. Agitation counts in this country. Let the American people bend to the task of bringing about a certain purpose, employing the press, pulpit, rostrum, schools and other means of publicity, and there is no telling what may not be accomplished. Americans have been indulging in crazy celebrations of the Fourth longer than they have been joyriding in automobiles. The former habit had a deep hold and if it could be loosened so quickly in the interests of life and limb, certainly the newer-acquired craze can be checked also.

Moheno's Fulmination.

Senor Moheno has hurled epithets at the president of the United States, his predecessor and the leaders of all political parties in this country, and yet should not be too severely criticised. The weather is hot and the senator has just been bounced out of a soft job by Huerta and forced to flee for refuge to the land of his curse. It is enough to make any man mad, much more a hot-blooded and impassioned Mexican. Besides, he may be completely cooled off by the time he reaches New York and ready to laugh at his own folly. What would a proud-spirited American do, for instance, who was forced to hustle out of his own country over night? He certainly would not content himself with making faces at a foreign flag through the portholes of a ship.

Yet there is a serious side to this performance. Moheno's prominence in Mexican affairs as a former cabinet member and aspirant for the presidency, together with the gravity of his charges, naturally challenges our serious consideration. While it would be difficult to convince many people in this country that leaders of all political parties, including the president, himself, had consciously or unconsciously conspired to seize and appropriate the territory between the Rio Grande and Panama, the fulmination, under the circumstances, is not to be too lightly passed over. If the details are to be disclosed, as Moheno says, on his arrival in New York, they will be awaited with some interest.

Psychology of the Seasons.

Regardless of the existence of a psychology of business, no one can successfully dispute that there is a psychology of the seasons. During the hot, enervating weather of our mid-summer months people refuse to become excited over anything—the same people who easily get themselves up to a pitch of enthusiasm when the atmosphere is more bracing. People of tropical countries are notoriously lethargic, and the inhabitants of the Arctic regions seldom thaw out. It is the inspiration of alternating seasonal variations that has built the most advanced civilizations where spring, summer, autumn and winter follow one another with distinct demarcations.

Humanizing Education.

Eliminate from the faculty the narrow specialist, who at his best belongs to the university, at his worst is a pedant. Encourage among teachers and students, in the class room and still more out of it, every influence that tends to unify, to socialize, to humanize knowledge.

That is part of a program for "the regeneration of the American college," suggested in a recent magazine article. It describes a line along which, happily, our education is tending, as it must to serve its end. Nine men out of ten, who have been to college, probably will admit that the influence that counted for most with them, the thing that impressed them deepest, was not what they got out of a book, but the personality of some professor. And which professor, the pedantic little exponent of faultless propriety, with, perhaps, a profound mastery of his subject or that big, broad-gauged, world-visioned, strong, warm-souled fellow that dominated his class room and all about him by the sheer force of his personality? The other fellow did not have any personality, to speak of. He simply had a head crammed full of book learning.

This sort of man is the one to weed out of the faculty if the school is to have a humanizing influence. He is the "Male school teacher," that Riley used to make so vividly interesting to his friends. Ours is a day of human interest, of human touch, not only in the school room, everywhere. It is life, realism, the people want. That is why the newspaper reporter with the human interest instinct is preferred to the one who lacks it. And with the steady increase of the popularity of education, the need of humanizing it grows.

We are told that for four years the average price for grain on the farm has been 6 cents less per bushel in Nebraska than in Kansas, and that this is due to the lack of a public warehouse law. Perhaps. But it may be due in part also to the fact that in Nebraska the grain dealers act together as if in a trust, while the farmers who sell the grain have been lacking in co-operation.

Pittsburgh entertained the real estate men there for their national convention with a dance out in the street. Here is another idea for the novelty-seeking American city. Over in Paris dancing on the pavement has long been a feature of French holidays, though let it be admitted the pavements as laid there are usually better adapted to dancing than ours.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

President Wilson is planning a trip on the presidential yacht Mayflower late in the summer. Samuel S. Knabenshue, United States consul general at Tien Tsin, China, is on his way to Washington to resign. John H. Clark of Cleveland was appointed by President Wilson to be United States judge for the northern district of Ohio. Judge Martin L. Clardy, former senator from Missouri and vice president of the Missouri Pacific railroad, died in St. Louis. Count Michael Karolyi, leader of the independent party of the Hungarian Parliament, was the guest of Governor Glynn at Albany on Wednesday. United States Senator Jacob H. Gallinger filed a declaration of his candidacy for renomination with the secretary of state at Concord, N. H., Wednesday. It is expected that President Wilson will name Representative Andrew Peters of Massachusetts as assistant secretary of the treasury, succeeding Charles S. Hamlin. General Leopoldo Baptista, who fled from Venezuela, where he was secretary-general to former President Gomez, sailed from Curacao for New York on his way to Europe.

A farewell luncheon was given jointly Monday by the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris and the American club to Myron T. Herrick, the American ambassador, who is arranging to leave the embassy in a few days. James P. Swank of Philadelphia, for many years president of the American Iron and Steel association, left only \$5,000 when he died in June. His estate was divided between the widow and numerous legatees named in his will. Isaac Weyl, the landscape painter, died at Washington Monday at the age of 77 years, after an illness of four months. His works are in many American galleries and private collections, and he won distinction as being self-taught.

With practically no tools, a man in the Bridgewater (Mass) state-farm has made a perfect teapot out of a cent. A beautiful new flower has been evolved by a resident of California who has succeeded in budding a rose on a blackberry bush. Everything in a new pig sty near Randers, Denmark, which has two stories and accommodations for 1,500 animals, is worked by electricity. Some of the steamers sailing out of Vancouver, British Columbia, have established motion pictures on shipboard for the amusement of passengers. A century ago a workman, with the tools of that time, could make 5,000 pins a day. Now, with modern machinery, a workman can turn out 15,000,000. After eight years' work, Miss Irma Cox has completed the task of copying 150,000 diagrams of real estate surveys which were partly destroyed by fire in 1906. Dr. Eugene Doyen, who denies the claims set forth by radium experts that radium will cure cancer, is regarded as the greatest bacteriologist France has produced since Pasteur. A crocodile at the Frankfurt (Germany) zoo has just been fitted to an aluminum jaw. The crocodile fractured his jaw on the rocks in his basin and every effort to get the bones reset proved ineffectual. Recent investigations of the Illinois state highway department indicate that few highway steel bridges in that state are painted after their final completion and acceptance. Very serious corrosion results.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

When a man has a 5,000-word vocabulary he can often use up the whole 5,000 and not say a thing. We are all great all rallying around the flag when we are about 2,000 miles away from hostilities. A successful man is one who can accomplish one-tenth of the things he intended to do in a single day. When a man starts on a vacation he goes into a hat store and comes out wearing a cap that looks like a Persian prayer rug. After a man grows older and gets settled down, the knowledge that he isn't missing much down town is a great factor toward keeping him home at night. When a man sees a picture showing a few nude female models draped around an artist's studio he always wonders why he didn't take up art when he was young. It has just about come to a pass where a man has to work twelve hours a day to buy his wife the kind of clothes that give other men a free view of her plans and specifications. You can tell the difference on the street. But if you put the princess and the daughter of the Hol Poloi in bathing suits you would have a fat time picking the winner on class. The kind of man who cheerfully pays \$7 for a taxi ride when he is out with some other woman is the same lad who hollers murder if the conductor won't give him a transfer on a transfer when he takes his wife out. There was a time when you could tell what kind of a girl she was by the way she dressed and decorated. But nowadays vice has to back into an alleyway when virtuous parades down the street.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch has a scoop. She has learned that Boss Murphy of Tammany favors votes for women. Mrs. Alice Howard, widow of Bronson Howard, the famous American playwright, who died in 1908, and sister of Sir Charles Wyndham, the English actor, died in London on Saturday. Mrs. Cyrus Niver, the only woman member of the new Pennsylvania moving picture censorship board, has come to the conclusion that one yard of film is long enough for any kiss. Miss Bertha Sattler was detained at the pier in New York because her trunk had a false bottom and concealed a lot of valuable lace. She came from Switzerland and was met in New York by friends. Mrs. Mary E. Kempe, a Newbury, N. Y., widow has just received \$30,000 in return for \$10 she loaned forty years ago to John Patton, who had quarreled with his father and wanted to run away from home. Patton's address is kept secret. Baroness Bertha Van Suttner, who died in Vienna, Austria, her native city, had the great distinction of being the winner of the Nobel peace prize of 1915. It is stated that books written by her forty years ago gave the first impetus to the movement for international peace and led to the founding of the Nobel system. The home secretary of the British cabinet has appointed Miss Helena Fox, M. D., to be woman superintendent and deputy medical officer of the institutions for women at Aylesbury, comprising the female convict prison, the Borstal Institution for Females, the State Industrial Reformatory for Women and the Preventive Detention Prison for Women.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Tuscany cultivates 1,436,564 acres of grapes. Bohemia employs 375,000 persons in factories. Jerusalem has no developed commerce or industries. London consumes \$4,900,000 worth of kerosene yearly. English railways are considering employing electric engines. Dudley, England, is to have a new town hall to cost \$158,000. New Yorkers will establish a 10,000-acre dairy farm in Tennessee. Calgary is the largest city between Winnipeg and Vancouver. Scotland now has 124 agricultural co-operative trading societies. Dundee, Scotland, last year spent \$48,815 on new public buildings. Philippines raised 15,000,000 bushels of corn last year. Value, \$15,300,000. Vancouver, B. C., will spend \$7,500,000 in building operations this year. Sidney, B. C., is to have the largest oil storage tank north of Los Angeles. New railway 22 miles long is to connect Calgary, Alberta, and Cutbank, Mont. Chile is reorganizing the operation of government railways, hoping to make them pay.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Boston Transcript: The London pastor who officiated at a prize fight evidently does not belong to the Cambridge school of religion. New York World: Old England keeps a nose ahead of us in the social uplift by developing a prize fight referee in the person of a minister of the gospel. Cleveland Leader: A Louisville preacher does not hesitate to refer to kaffiy dressed girls as "chickens." How capably the English language fulfills every new demand! Philadelphia Inquirer: That Chicago church which is building a skyscraper for a place of worship may find when it is finished that it is another instance of "the higher the fewer." Houston Post: A Boston minister advises people to go without shoes in warm weather. The shoes don't pester so much as other garments, but even at that we advocate no "Back-to-Eden" fashions. Brooklyn Eagle: Church politics calling for expansion always breeds hot politics. Why not put more wax on the hardwood floor, let all stand up and debate and count out those who fall down? Houston Post: The Philadelphia minister who says plenty of \$10,000 jobs are vacant doesn't alarm us. There are too many one and two-dollar-a-day jobs vacant to make the candidates comfortable. Buffalo Express: Those English clerics needn't be alarmed over forcible feeding. The authorities always stop it when the woman objects, and allow her to leave the prison to resume her militancy. Springfield Republican: Municipal Christmas celebrations were denounced as sectarian by the rabbis in conference at Detroit last week. But there is not much that is sectarian about a Christmas tree. The Pilgrims objected to celebrating the day, but New England has got over that. Brooklyn Eagle: Bishop Candler of Georgia prefers colleges under church control to those seeking money from Carnegie or Rockefeller foundations. He says and thinks he is fighting for "academic liberty" and those who disagree with him say and think they are doing the same. The point of view is everything.

SUNDAY SMILES.

Huband—Come along! Keeping me here standing like a fool! Wife—Do be reasonable, dear. Can I really help the way you stand?—London Mail. He—Men, as a class, deserve better wives than they get. She—They would have them, too, if their wives only had better husbands.—Judge. Pat—I think most people have dual personalities. Mike—I did once. But some thetafe thole was pair from th' clothes line.—Chicago. First Graduate—My wife's gone to the West Indies. Second Graduate—Jamaica? First Graduate—No, she wanted to go.—The Orange Peel. I took a long walk yesterday," said Foreman, as he collapsed into a seat at Buysman's desk. "Take another, old man," suggested Buysman; "it'll do us both good."—Puck. Judge—Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar? Witness—Never, your honor; but I've seen him when I've strongly suspected he'd been at it.—Boston Transcript. "Are you economizing?" "I should say so," said the man who is always cheerful. "My wife bought enough marked-down articles to save \$20 on the original price."—Washington Star. "What's your idea of a peasantmist?" "A peasantmist is a man who would bring out a searchlight on a cloudy second of February for fear the groundhog wouldn't see his shadow."—Washington Star. Little Willie—Pa, what's redundancy of expression? Pa—Using more words than are necessary to express one's meaning, such as "wealthy plumber," "poor poet," "idle rich," etc.—The Bit. "I think, William, I'll ask these new people next door to take dinner with us tonight." "What for?" "Well, the butcher by mistake left their meat order here, and it seems only fair.—Life.

THE SHOEMAKER.

Laura Benet in Delinquent. He might unravel a tale of woe, Or nights when the winds are all awake And whirling wreaths of the winter snow His crazy chimney rock and shake. And he sits by a guttering taper's light, Mending old shoes till the dead of night. He might talk morally if he chose Of the petty jealousies of the town; "Old Manette's boots never match his house. And the Abbe's best are all run down!" Yes, he might gossip of folly and sin—For the neighbors wrangle, when they drop in! But ever, as he sits patching there, The leather with which they tread their way, He silently thinks, in his wooden chair, Of the many souls in the village gray, Battered and worn, but kindly too, Shown forth in each shabby, outworn shoe! And he breathes a prayer, and his keen eyes blur, The quaint old, tolerant shoemaker!



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