

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

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BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH

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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwyght Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of October, 1913, was 51,725.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 1st day of November, 1913. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

This is a specially long special session, too.

Only six weeks more to Christmas. Do your shopping early.

Almost any argument will cool off if kept in cold storage for a year.

But his friends will hope that from now on he will not be "the same old Bill."

How many rounds before the knock-out in this Wilson-Huerta match?

The barbers will take notice that the foot ball season closes in about three weeks.

Put it down that a "city beautiful" blotched with ugly billboards is simply impossible.

Streets not less than 100 feet wide make the question of downtown breathing space parks less pressing.

According to authoritative Washington advice, our Senator Hitchcock "stands pat." Give that time to soak in.

The services of a society for the prevention of unnecessary noises are in demand in Omaha—shall we say again or yet?

The new west is still old enough to pull off a fairly good imitation of a lone-bandit-train robbery every now and then.

If all that old Doc Cook says for himself be true, going into vaudeville must help confirm the fact in the popular mind.

There is a way to stop reckless speeding on country roads as well as city streets, and the responsible officials should apply it.

The architect of the World's Columbian exposition at Chicago leaves an estate of over \$1,000,000. Quite a builder in more ways than one.

"Nothing to arbitrate," says the street car company in Indianapolis, and the whole state militia is then called out. When will we learn?

Indianapolis has ended its street car strike by arbitration. The free advice tendered from Omaha must have been heard there and heeded.

President Yuan Shi Kai goes Huerta one better by simply abolishing the opposition party, in addition to imprisoning several of its leaders.

Our democratic friends are keenly alive to the fact that the only way to hold their party in the ascendancy is to keep the opposing forces divided.

A free legal aid bureau is all right, but only on the first condition that it brings the aid of on-the-square lawyers, and not of slysters and tricksters.

Only one person in every 200, it is estimated, will be required to pay an income tax. The question is, Will they succeed in getting that one every time?

Secretary of the Navy Daniels will be the next cabinet member to be entertained in Omaha, making the fourth of President Wilson's advisory council to accept our invitation. The other six will be here to permit us to make their acquaintance in due course of time.

Harry Lane Wilson, former ambassador to Mexico, said on arriving in Chicago, "I am here on purely personal business and have absolutely nothing to say for publication," which is one of the wisest things a man can possibly say for publication under such circumstances.

A Publicity Administration.

Whether or not we agree with its policies and professions, that the present democratic administration is thoroughly devoted to the idea of publicity is clearly beyond dispute. As far back as memory runneth no previous administration in all of its various branches and departments has so assiduously courted the public prints or so systematically undertaken to fill the usual channels of intelligence with information about their activities, good intentions and promising programs.

In calling attention to the high store being placed by President Wilson and his official associates on the value of publicity, let no one understand us as deprecating or depreciating. The very fact that the president is apparently going out of his way to take the public fully into his confidence, and to apprise them constantly of what he is doing, and of what he wants to do, is calculated to begot further confidence.

Too Many School Vacations?

The question of too many vacations during the public school year raised at the convention of the Nebraska State Teachers' association is worthy of careful consideration. Is it profitable or not to have so frequent breaks and interruptions in the continuity of school work?

Take the situation in Omaha, for example. Eight holidays occur regularly in the school year—Labor day, Thanksgiving and the Friday following, Christmas, New Year's day, Washington's birthday and Memorial day. These are regularly stipulated.

In addition there are the days on which the State Teachers' association meets and such fast days as the state and federal governments may designate. As to vacations longer than a day or two at a time, there are the two weeks of Christmas holidays and one week in the spring.

This list certainly gives Young America and even the teachers sufficient relief from the exertions of their five-days-a-week schedule and the only question is, does it give them more than the exigencies of school life demand? At any rate, the idea of combining a few movable holidays may not be unwise.

The Immigrant "Problem."

Is the immigrant our problem or are we his problem? The question may well be asked in view of conditions surrounding what seems to be the indispensable of the immigrant in the industrial life of America.

Charles Steile of New York, one of the actual workers in the field of sociology and industrial reform, after submitting the question, "What would the industrial community do without the immigrant?" proceeds to show that the immigrant contributes 85 per cent of all the labor in our meat-packing industries; does seventy per cent of all the work in the woolen mills, nine-tenths of all the labor in the cotton mills; makes nineteen-twentieths of all the clothing; manufactures more than one-half of the shoes we wear, four-fifths of our furniture, half the collars, cuffs and shirts, four-fifths of all the leather, half the gloves; refines nearly nineteen-twentieths of all our sugar—yet is called the "American problem!"

The average wage of this immigrant producer is \$5.57, although, as Mr. Steile shows, the living wage of the average family in our large cities—where most of the immigrants are—is about \$7.20 a year. Does not that difference alone suggest something of a debt on our part to the immigrant? But take a broader view and see the variety and character of the work he is doing. If he left the many uninviting, unsanitary, poorly-paid places in mines, mills, factories, packing plants and shops, who would take his place? If he got up out of the ditches in our city streets, dusted off his garments and decided not to do such work any more, who would get down into those trenches and take his place?

At last, churches are changing their viewpoints and looking on the immigrant as "the new American for the new America," extending a hand trained and skilled for his help, placing at his disposal influences that are uplifting, calculated to counteract those that are not, which he finds hedging him in on all sides upon his arrival. It is time for such interest, but there is yet something else to be done. The rank and file of people in the United States must change their viewpoint of the immigrant, cease regarding him as merely a "problem," or a nuisance to be endured, and look on him in his true

The Futility of the Strike.

After much rioting, destruction of property, public and personal hardship and even loss of life, the Indianapolis street car strike is ended through the governor's intervention. The company agrees to arbitrate. Service is resumed, the men who did not resort to violence are taken back and the dispute submitted for peaceful settlement.

All of which was easily possible without a strike, without stopping indispensable service to the public, without shedding blood, destroying property and forcing out the state militia. It is another demonstration of the futility of the strike as a solvent of labor disputes. In this instance neither side can claim to be blameless. The company hit upon that foolish old proposition, "Nothing to arbitrate," knowing from all experience that arbitration was the only rational way out.

An Historic Parallel.

When impeachment charges were brought against Governor Sulzer by the New York legislature, and a search instituted for precedents, it was discovered that the only case, as it were, "on all fours," was the impeachment and removal from office of Nebraska's first governor. In the case of Governor Butler, like that of Governor Sulzer, the indictment was brought by a legislature sitting in extra session whose call contained no reference to the gubernatorial troubles. In that case, too, after a protracted trial, a verdict of guilty was rendered on one or two counts, the remaining charges being brushed aside as superfluous, if not inconsequential, and the judgment of removal entered without disqualification for further holding office.

So far the parallel has been familiar, but it does not end there. In Nebraska as in New York, the impeached governor was returned by election of the constituents in his own district to a seat in the legislative popular vindication, although in no way as disproving the impeachment charges. In the case of Governor Butler, he went back to the state senate, thus distinguished from Governor Sulzer commissioned to represent his old assembly district in the lower house.

Yet many people insist that history never repeats.

Merit Basis for Pardons.

By a recent order, the governor of Nebraska has extended to a prisoner, under sentence for willful murder, a conditional executive clemency over an adverse recommendation of the pardon board. The particular merits, or demerits, of the beneficiary of the favor we do not care to discuss—in fact, we are in no position to discuss them intelligently. The question is presented, however, if the governor reversing the judgment of the board specially appointed to pass on these cases—although let it be noted that there was one dissent to the finding—will the consequence not be unavoidable that applicants for pardons, commutations or paroles hereafter denied by the Pardon board will naturally feel free to bring pressure on the governor to get from him what they have been told they are not entitled to?

No one will contend that human judgment, no matter where authority is lodged, will ever be infallible, for mistakes and exceptional cases are sure to be met with. But the Pardon board was instituted in Nebraska as a new departure for the express purpose of avoiding the arbitrary one-man power over the keys to prison doors. Its avowed aim was to exclude pull and politics, self and personal favoritism, from the determination of these matters, and to put the rich and the poor, the popular and the friendless convict to the same test of demonstrative worthiness to be received back into society. If we abandon this compass, we will again be lost.

Germany's Birth Rate.

One of the fixed tendencies of the rapid growth of city life as compared with rural seems to be a smaller national birth rate. Such results have followed this disparity in population increases in the United States and France, and now, it appears, in Germany, the most prolific of nations. According to the German war office's statistics, the steady increase in urban population has brought corresponding decreases in the number of marriages and births, but more divorces—three attendant drawbacks not yet successfully combated in this era of wonderful city development. Some decline in Germany's birth rate has been manifest since 1875, but from that year to 1900 it was only at the rate of three and one-fourth a thousand, while from 1900 to 1912 the decline was seven per thousand, or more than double.

The high birth rates are still maintained in rural Germany, but are not sufficient to overcome the heavy slump in the cities. This problem is a grave one in any country, but especially so in Germany, whose national destiny is supposed to lie in territorial aggression. As the Out-

Looking Backward

This Day in Omaha. NOVEMBER 9. Thirty Years Ago—Extensive preparations are being made for consecration of Trinity cathedral, scheduled for next Thursday, with an especially elaborate musical program.

The saving feature in the situation is the continuing low death rate, now below what it was in the quarter century from 1875 to 1900, and yet low death rates alone will not do for Germany what its national ambition has been demanding.

Mayor's Wife at Twenty-Four.

While so much is being said of the great achievement of John Purroy Mitchel, who at 34 becomes the instrument for Tammany's overthrow and mayor of the second city in the world, why not put in a claim for "the woman in the case," Mrs. John Purroy Mitchel?

While citing youths to the youthful mayor as a living example of the opportunities for boys in this land, why not hold up Mrs. Mitchel at 24 as an inspiration to aspiring girls? She is ten years John's junior, so she beats him by just that much.

It is nothing to be the wife of the mayor of New York, of the man who led the forces that beat the most powerful of political organizations in one of the most crucial of campaigns? Why not give the young woman all that belongs to her, at the same time letting all other sweet girls less than 24 look in upon their own possibilities?

This Little Old World.

It is idiomatic among travelers that "The world is not so big, after all." No matter where one goes, he may meet up with an acquaintance of some sort, friend or foe. Prudence and discretion, therefore, become the traveler, as every wise traveler knows. There is larger significance, though, than that in the wisdom of realizing the limitations, so to speak, of the great, boundless globe.

A preacher in an Oklahoma church was eloquently declaiming against certain abuses in high places and tripped lightly off his tongue an unsavory remark about Speaker Champ Clark. He spoke with an air of certain knowledge and very deprecatingly of the noted Misourian.

A woman, flushed with emotion, rose in his congregation and flatly contradicted his charge. "I am the wife of the man you condemn," she said. But nevertheless there were probably dozens in the audience who, true to a peculiar genius of humanity, preferred to believe the ill report.

Some weeks after a Seattle judge, arraigning a body of street disturbers, referred by way of comparison to the anarchy of Albert Parsons, one of the celebrated Haymarket rioters, when again a woman rose. She was the widow of Parsons and she bitterly resented the charges, which, unfortunately, had years before been very satisfactorily established in a court of justice.

Within a fortnight a law school lecturer refers his class to "that man in Kentucky who killed another man and was later elected to congress." And one of his students rose to say that he was the man charged with the murder, but he was guiltless. He was Caleb Powers, member of congress and also of this law class.

Preacher, judge, professor, each may have been right in what he said, or wrong; that is not so much the point as that the strikingly coincidental experiences should serve to put people on their guard with respect to what they say. Quite apart from any question of veracity in either of these cases, it would be a good thing if the wisdom of discretion and a scrupulous guarding against false report became the twin virtues of us all. No need to dwell upon the power of evil or reckless gossip, but such experiences are weighty with warning along this very line.

Price Collier's death removes a strong figure from the field of usefulness in journalism, for Mr. Collier's writings, such as those describing and defining conditions in the far east, in Great Britain and Germany, belong in the utilitarian class. He combined interest with instruction about as skillfully as any contemporary writer.

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw insists that whenever men want to create an impression of importance they try to make themselves look like women. All right; then give them credit for having sense enough to know what they must do, and to try to do it.

Our distinguished democratic United States senator was uncompromising in his opposition to parcels post, but he would no more dare to champion a measure for its repeal than he would to attempt to jump over the moon.

"The women are supporting me," says Richard Pearson Hobson. Most men running for office wish it understood that they are supporting themselves, and at least one woman as a helpmeet.

Omaha has just witnessed the final calling of three of its most prominent surviving pioneers, one on each of three successive days. The recording angel must be working overtime.

People and Events

The pots and the kettles having settled their troubles in New York, the country at large is assured of a year's rest from the noisemakers. Members of the British ministry are being urged to collaborate on the best seller of 1914, carrying the fetching title, "Wild Women We Have Met."

A French surgeon enthusiastically proclaims the usefulness of the vermiform appendix. Professional distaste for publicity restrains the surgical brethren elsewhere from applauding the statement of fact.

Charles Teller, the Frenchman who invented cold storage, died at the age of 85, though biographers say his length of days was shortened by starvation. A generous government rewarded him with a Legion of Honor ribbon, but it did not possess the fuel properties of plain grub.

By the terms of the will of Mrs. Demetria A. May, just filed in St. Louis, her son, Ben May of Cheyenne, Wyo., is given one-fourth of a \$40,000 estate, conditioned on his sticking to the water wagon for two straight years. Pretty tough proposition to put up to a live Cheyenne man.

Winfield Scott Stratton, multi-millionaire of Cripple Creek, who died a dozen years ago, left a fortune of \$2,000,000 for the building and maintenance of a home for the aged poor of Colorado. The home is not yet ready for business, although eleven years have passed since the three executors of the fund took charge. Charity, with salary attachments, makes the small's pace look like a joy ride.

Some western ideas grip the multitude in the east more firmly than in their native land. In the west the patrons of husbandry are an almost forgotten incident of a quarter of a century ago. Today in New England the order is in a flourishing condition. Thirty thousand members are scheduled to gather at Manchester, N. H., this week and some 2,500 are booked to take the seventh degree.

MUFFLED KNOCKS. This would be a fine country if good government talk made good government. Every woman knows she could run the house on what her husband spends for cigars.

The under dog usually gets \$50,000,000 worth of sympathy and 2 cents worth of assistance. The biggest fool mistake a couple can make is to imagine they have to quit their love-making just because they are man and wife.

The only time a democrat wants protection is when he comes home soused and finds the light of his life waiting up for him. Progress has produced new styles in both men and pianos. It has just about gotten so that if a man is square he is regarded as old-fashioned.

A man doesn't care what his wife thinks of him when he refuses her money. But he will hand a strange walter a dollar tip rather than have the strange walter think he is cheap.

A kiss is a simple little thing and yet it is priceless. You may have noticed that the man who never forgets to kiss his wife before he leaves the house doesn't purchase many automobiles for divorce lawyers.

A highbrow can retire to his study and emerge with the announcement that he has discovered a subconscious cosmos, and we call it new thought. But a lowbrow can spend five years exploring an unknown continent and claim to have discovered a new animal called the angie-bluk and we are unanimous that it is old bunk.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MUSINGS OF A CYNIC. The charity that covers a multitude of sins begins at home. Never use flattery with its full strength. Dilute it with a little tact.

It isn't every girl with a quiver in her voice who can draw a bead. After all it is better to take a chance than to lose on a sure thing.

Girls wouldn't be prudes if it wasn't for the fact that they know too much. The office that seeks the man has probably been blindfolded by the politicians. By the time that flash is heir to us, merely mean that the doctor needs the money.

The world is largely made up of people who think they could do the other fellow's job better. The child is father of the man. At any rate, the average kid thinks he knows twice as much as his daddy.

After a woman has learned to sharpen a pencil she begins to feel that she could get along very well without men.—New York Times.

Ten Years Ago—Miss Frances Benjamin Johnston, the "pioneer woman photographer," as she was called, passed through Omaha en route to her home in Washington, accompanied by her mother. She enjoys the distinction of being the first woman in her profession in the country.

Mayor Moore declared steps should be taken to sell the \$48,000 issue of renewal bonds. Tidd & Co., the highest bidder, he said, appeared to be playing horse with the city and were apparently unable to swing the deal. He urged that the sale be cancelled and another deal made.

Word reached the city that J. H. McConnell, formerly master mechanic for the Union Pacific before going east in a similar capacity for another railroad, has been appointed to the exalted position of chief engineer of construction for the Baldwin Locomotive works at the handsome salary of \$30,000 a year.

Contractors in charge of the construction of the new fire engine house at Eleventh and Jackson streets, reported that they were having much difficulty in getting enough workmen for the job, times were so good.

George H. Maxwell, secretary of the National Irrigation congress, appeared before the Omaha Commercial club with a plan for the club to get in line to promote, financially as well as morally, irrigation enterprises in the west. President A. C. Smith, Secretary John E. Utt and other members of the club commended the plan and gave it promise of further endorsement.

Superior Line of Talk. Philadelphia Ledger. The decision of the United States supreme court upholding the Massachusetts law taxing foreign corporations doing business in the state, despite a former decision overruling a similar Kansas law, simply shows that Massachusetts lawmakers are still considerably more proficient than the Kansas in the use of language.

One Day of Rest. Cleveland Plain Dealer. The king of England confirms the report that he never travels on Sunday. Even kings have to have an occasional holiday from the strenuous job of rushing from place to place opening bazars and laying cornerstones.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Washington Post: A voice from Louisville says that Kentucky needs missionaries. Yes; some of those benighted mountaineers still dance the old-fashioned round dances.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: Billy Sunday told a Steubenville audience, "A man doesn't have to wait on the floor and scream to be converted." But he does if he wants to convert—the idea?

Houston Post: A Chicago minister says it is not wise to appoint unmarried women on the police force unless they are 30 years of age. This policy would tend to give the married women a cinch on the job.

Louisville Courier-Journal: General Bramwell Booth of the Salvation army, says that a maid-servant is as good as a bishop. Of course, and as good as a general if you forget to correct her consideration sufficient to make it plain that you agree with General Booth.

Baltimore American: A minister in St. Louis has discovered that a mule has a musical note in his bray and a mosquito a note of melody in his buzz. According to this melodious optimist about the notes of civilization, those are merely irritable and capricious critics of nature who object to the early song of the hum-bug chattering, as he gives full-throated welcome to the dawn, or to the praises sung on back fences in feline chords to the black-robed night.

PASSING PLEASANTRIES. The Customer—Here, waiter. I've eaten half this oyster stew and finally reached the first oyster. Got in by mistake, didn't I?

The Waiter—After a Close Inspection—I guess he did, sir. He's a cockroach.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Remember there's always room at the top," "Marle," replied the young man in politics. "And yet that innumerable personage known as the man higher up doesn't seem to leave much space for newcomers."—Washington Star.

"They say the hostess is considered a very brilliant woman." "Brilliant! I should say she was! Why she wore a white silk dress with a diamond crown and perfectly magnificent ropes of pearls."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Did your father ever lick you?" "Once, but I got good and even."

"Why, when the circus came to town shortly afterwards, I said I didn't care to go."—Chicago Post.

"There is only one way," said the cynic, with a dyspeptic smile, "that I ever know of bringing up children, which was never criticized nor condemned by some smart Alick."

"What was?" inquired the distinguished educational expert. "Is that way of bringing up children?" "The 'eat, drink and be merry' method."—Baltimore American.

"So you're peevish about buttoning my gown, eh?" "He only grunted."

"Why, my first husband also buttoned my shoes and my gloves."—Courier-Journal.

A New York contractor said, apropos of a poor man who, after taking tremendous risks, had improved his position a little. "This fellow's case proves to us that it is sometimes better to try the fire than to stay always in the frying pan."—New York Mail.

Gabe—I saw the doctor's auto in front of your house today. Anything serious? "Steve—Serious," should say so. He collected his bill.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HOME, SWEET HOME. Kathleen Norris, in Christian Herald. Song of a thousand joys and tears, Your notes come echoing down the years. Like the sweet sigh When from her court of woods and trees, Her lonely blossoms and her bees, Summer goes by.

At your first note, a thousand cares Slip from my forehead unawares. A mother's hand, Of childhood days, I know the grace Of many a dear forgotten face. And many a restful woodland place Distant and calm.

The voices of the friends I knew Sound in your measures pure and true, As if a hand Were gently on my spirit laid. While flowers above a heaven made, And I might enter unafraid The Promised Land.

O song, what rapture did you know As, bent above her cradle low, Her child to sleep with your sweet strain Or when, their life before them plain, Some lovers sang the sweet refrain. And smiled, and blushed?

Of from some angle by the fire Old voices made the tender choir That raised the song. Or clinging sailors on a mast, Seeing their hope of life slip past, Have chosen to sing these notes—their last. Bravely and long.

Ring on, dear song, through all our days And brighten still our distant ways. And let our last swift seconds be, By distant shores, by land or sea, Made happy by the thought of thee. Of "Home, Sweet Home!"

"Those Drawers Won't Stick, John." Luger Furniture Co. Minneapolis, Minn. See how the sides of the drawers are carefully rounded at the bottom and fit into these grooves. See how easily they run. If there's anything that roasts your temper when you are in a hurry, John, it's a drawer that sticks. Now you won't have any more trouble in that line. This is only one of the valuable features in Luger "Cedar-Line" Dressers and Chiffoniers. There's the cedar bottom which makes the lower drawer practically a cedar chest, there's the dust-proof, mouse-proof bottom, there's the durable interlocking construction and one-piece 5-ply back panel, the careful finishing inside as well as outside, and several others. You pay no more for the Luger. Why not have the best? Ask your furniture dealer to show you. Write us if he can't.