

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION... Saturday Bee, one year... Daily Bee, one year... Evening Bee, one year.

DELIVERED BY CARRIER... Evening and Sunday Bee, per month... Daily Bee, including Sunday, per month.

REMITTANCE... Remit by draft, express or postal order, payable to The Bee Publishing Company.

OFFICES... Omaha—The Bee building... South Omaha—1318 N. street... Council Bluffs—14 North Main street.

CORRESPONDENCE... Communications relating to news and editorial matter should be addressed Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

OCTOBER CIRCULATION... 51,725

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwigth 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.

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

Those impatient Texans can hardly keep their fingers off the trigger.

A Hindu poet has won the Nobel prize for literature, which probably is another slap at Indiana.

Editor Pindell may make an excellent ambassador, even though he was recommended by Jimhamlewis.

Surely Mayor "Jim" is not going to let a chance for a Thanksgiving proclamation slip by unaccepted.

Even at that, the School board seems to be about the most unanimous body in this neck o' woods.

Just suppose that Chinese policeman Los Angeles recently appointed man to arrest honorable Japanese man!

The Galveston News opines that our Senator Hitchcock is the guy who put the hitch in the currency committee.

"Suffragists See the President," says a headline. But that does not mean that the president has "seen" the error of his ways.

At any rate, Secretary of the Navy Daniels can hardly complain of the nautical flavor of the atmosphere during his visit to Omaha.

Thomas Mott Osborne thinks most convicts are insane. If most prisons are like the one he describes after visiting it, is it any wonder?

The weather bureau forecasters are on the defensive. They ought to know that when anyone imagines he has a grievance he takes it out on the weather man.

Now it seems that Brother Castro sold out to the enemy and precipitated the slaughter of Juarez. Which to the like of Castro is merely a funny little joke.

From this distance it looks as if handsome executive official made an awful mess of things or that Texas Southern Pacific strike would never have come about.

The organization of a \$5,000,000 corporation in Paris to build a fleet of dirigibles to carry passengers between Europe and the United States is a sign of progress—Fitchburg Post.

Progress in building aircrafts, yes.

Louis D. Brandeis, who has given himself up to penning a few lines of advice to the administration on money and trust questions, should be timely with his counsel and tell us what to do with Mexico.

It is no use trying to hold the weather man responsible for those lake storms. Anyhow, he has proved an alibi by showing that instead of giving no warnings, he signalled the danger in at least 113 places.

Omaha club women are called upon to resist the "idiotic" mode of dress which fashion now decrees. But we always took pride in holding up our Omaha club women as presenting as attractive an appearance as the members of any similar club in the country.

Our Water boarders have conjured up a whole lot of fine excuses for not living up to their promise of lower rates. If they could get away with it, wouldn't all our franchised corporations get busy framing up a program on paper that would prevent rate reduction until doomsday?

The Lincoln Journal is trying to win Nebraska's balky democratic senator on to the republican party. Well, his father held the same office as a republican, and always professed to be "rock-ribbed" in his party faith. And the first time his son ran for office he also ran as a republican.

The Copper Mine Situation.

If conditions of labor and living in the copper mines of Michigan are a fractional part as deplorable as represented in the resolutions acted upon by the American Federation of Labor, congress should lose no time in acceding to the request of that body for a thorough investigation.

According to the reports of the federation's meeting, this resolution sets forth that, not only have "the miners ignored the demands of the men, spurred their attempts at conciliation and in many ways treated them with contempt," but also "have imported gunmen, thugs and so-called detectives into the strike zone, and these men have deliberately killed strikers in cold blood, assaulted women and beaten and terrorized children."

This is but a part of the charges preferred, but sufficient on which to base a demand for action. If the charges are false, or even partially true, the mine owners may be expected to join in the request for an exposition of the facts; at least they owe as much to themselves. It is almost inconceivable and wholly repugnant to the American sense of decency and justice that such a reign of intolerance and terror could be maintained in this country.

But the American Federation of Labor is an honorable and responsible body, and such an arraignment as the result of deliberate action on its part cannot reasonably be passed over. It has put a grave proposition up to congress.

A Playful People. While we are belaboring ourselves as a rigidly commercial and work-a-day people, one of Uncle Sam's fertile-brained statisticians comes forth with the evidence to show that we work arduously and long, so we play.

At least so it appears from our annual outlay for toys, not all of which by any means are purely for juvenile amusement. According to the Department of Commerce, nearly \$2,000,000,000 worth of toys were imported into the United States in the month of September alone, and by the last of the current year the total value of such importations for 1913 will amount to \$9,000,000,000.

Our own domestic manufacture of toys is placed at \$11,000,000,000 for the year, bringing the toy bill up to the tidy little total of \$20,000,000,000.

Then we scold ourselves for overworking and not playing enough. Of course, someone doubtless will wish to know at once if we do not export a large portion of our \$11,000,000,000 worth of home-made toys. We do not. We export, in fact, less than \$1,000,000 worth annually, and the amount is said to be declining instead of increasing.

No, there are the facts and they cannot be evaded. They show us to be a very playful people. When it is stated that the valuation of the imports given is not the selling price obtained in this country, but the wholesale figures of the foreign countries of manufacture, it will be seen how very conservative these figures really are.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

NOVEMBER 19.

Thirty Years Ago—The Board of Trade held a belated meeting with C. F. Goodman presiding, and Thomas Gibson as secretary.

One afternoon a certain official who played rather indifferent golf, heard that his caddy was betting on the game, and not wishing the youngster to lose money on his account, he hastened to reassure him at the first opportunity.

"Look here, boy," he remarked, "I understand that you are betting on the game."

"Yes, sir," admitted the boy, "but I didn't put up a whole lot."

"It's all right," smiled the official, "but I am not in good form today and I will repay you for all your losses."

"Oh, you needn't worry about that, boss," was the frank response of the caddy. "I'm bettin' the other way."

Washington Star.

Gave Her Away. "You have had that parrot a long time now, Miss Laura, haven't you?" observed Percy Nicefellow to the young lady on whom he was making a call.

"Oh, yes, several years," was the response.

"Very intelligent, is he not?" went on Percy.

"Quite, he can imitate almost everything."

"Oh," continued Percy, "they have a remarkably clever bird at the Browns. It can imitate the sound of a kiss to perfection. Is that among the accomplishments of our feathered friend in the corner?"

"No, it is not, sir," exclaimed the young lady, indignantly. "Whatever a parrot does is by imitation simply, and it is not likely that our bird would repeat a sound he is certainly not accustomed to hear."

Then the parrot chimed in: "No, George dear! Wait till I have taken this wretched bird out of the room!"—London Tit-Bits.

Grand Guess. The story is told of Judge McCausland of Wichita, who has the distinction of being the leanest man in the state, that he was one day walking along a street in Kansas City, when he noticed that a hound dog was following him.

After he had gone a block and the dog was still trailing him, he turned to a street gambler and asked: "Boy, what do you suppose that dog is following me for?"

"Well, mister," said the boy, as he looked the judge over from head to foot, "I dunno exactly, but my idea is that he takes you for a bone."—National Monthly.

Twice Told Tales

On the Safe Side.

In a Washington club the other night the conversation turned to golf, when Congressman William S. Green of Massachusetts was reminded of the wise New England caddy.

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The Bee's Letter Box

The Seaman's Union.

EMERSON, Neb., Nov. 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: The great advantages of a union among seamen are apparent to every man that has ever sailed the ocean, trimmed a ship on the great lakes or juggled a cargo of freight on a river steamer.

Something like ten years ago I shipped aboard the "Stacker Lee," intending to make the round trip from St. Louis to Memphis, which would take six days, and pay me about \$14. I found the working conditions on this boat something fierce.

The steamer, of course, ran day and night, loaded and unloaded freight at every port and landing, and carried but one crew of deck hands, who did all the work and had no hours of sleep or rest except between landings.

The whole crew were on duty twenty-four hours a day; sleep two or three hours, then work like horses another three or four hours, and keep going at this rate a whole week.

The grub was fairly good, except the coffee and butter, which were rotten. The sailors had no tables to eat from, and the cook dealt them rations in big stew pans, each holding enough for four or five men, who all ate with spoons from the same dish, like Indians eating succotash.

There were no beds, bunks or hammocks for the deck hands, and they slept the best they could lying on the deck or on piles of freight, with their clothes on ready to jump when the big whistle sounded for a landing.

There was no union among the men on the Mississippi at that time, and consequently no protection from abuses and no redress for those who suffered the insults of that petty tyrant called the first mate. I deserted this boat at Memphis and made my way to Detroit.

Here I joined the Seamen's union, paid my little fee and received a card that classed me as an "ordinary seaman." I shipped out on a vessel that made daily trips between Detroit and Cleveland, and I say the truth when I tell you that I never saw workmen better treated than the sailors were on this boat.

We had a messroom and flunkies to wait table; we had good grub and plenty of it; we had good, clean beds, mattress, springs, sheets, towels, etc. We had regular hours of work and rest, and the foreman was so well liked and furnished that a sailor could either play checkers or read Caesar's Commentaries—either polish his mind or his brass buttons, as he took the notion.

Where no union exists among seamen sailors are herded like cattle, driven like dogs, fed like tramps and if you complain too loud the mate will stick a gun in your ear and say you, "Who's a runnin' this boat, you or me?"

SINBAD THE SAILOR.

The Church and Why. OAKLAND, Ia., Nov. 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: There is a great deal of agitation in regard to why there is a decrease in attendance at church services in the present day.

So much so that to some minds it might be an aggravation as to where to find the aggregation to make up the congregation. To attempt to give the real reason would perhaps be as futile as to expect an immediate solution of the Mexican problem.

Let us not go further back than to the memory of those whose heads are now whitening with the frosts of many winters. We who remember the "old circuit rider" of half a century ago, when the pioneers came west long before the illustrious Horace Greeley thought of giving advice or the town and county in western Kansas bore his name.

Those people were looking for a home in the temporal sense. Perhaps their thoughts, their prayers and tears were for the generation that is now on the "stage" playing the great drama, isolated as they were from each other these meetings meant a great deal in that day.

There was the plain old-fashioned religious orders and they spied sin afar off and shied "heavenly bricks" that way from certain passages of scripture that made them a "plain and peculiar people," and may we say "zealous of good works."

Many of these theories have been exploded. In the material world we are advancing. Our methods of travel alone show we are moving forward at a rapid pace. In the secular and educational field we are going some; the church must advance or go backward.

Where is the minister on life's great highway that will step forward with an idea that we may "be of one mind." That we may learn "in honor to prefer one another" who is it that can start another "proper meaning of the spirit of 'do ye unto others' instead of 'doing him first'." Such thoughts are presented in an humble opinion of a great question that is of vital import, that few of us would like to live in a community without the church.

TEE JAY AITCH.

A Skeptic on the Tariff. OMAHA, Nov. 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: Now that we have that new tariff, has anybody discovered that they are living any cheaper? Have they bought that "all wool" sweater for any less than usual? Not on your life. We have simply given the fellows on the other side a chance to boost their prices.

Contingent Fee and Public Policy. And now some honorable lawyers have set up in open court that contingent fee contracts are "against public policy," particularly when an attempt is made to hold the lawyer to it.

People Talked About. Chicago's bargain counter sale of city bonds was a fizzle, only \$30,000 of the \$1,500,000 being taken.

Nebraska Editors. The Florence Tribune has moved into its new office in the Pascale building.

Stories in Figures

Mexico in 1912 exported 4,565,611 barrels of crude oil. Japan's 1913 rice crop is now estimated at 263,580,567 bushels.

GRINS AND GROANS.

"I suppose," said the employer, "you think you could teach me to run my own business."

"Probably," replied young Mr. Fresh-wy, "but it would take time."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Givem—Why do you beg? Weary Willie—The income tax makes such a delay in collecting my coupons.—New York Sun.

First Politician—Jim told me the other day that he would have nothing more to do with peanut politics.

Second Dillo—Aw, he's nutty!—Baltimore American.

"How are those two young men who went into partnership as dentists getting on?"

"Rather badly. Somehow they don't seem to pull together."—Boston Transcript.

"When the phenologist felt Wigley's bumps what did he say about him?"

"He said Wigley was self-centered, superlatively patriotic and a prodigious egotist—stiff like that."—St. Louis Republic.

Wonderful nothing, Wigley told him he was a New Yorker as soon as he took his seat in the chair.—St. Louis Republic.

Mrs. Noah came down the gangplank briskly, a white heron feather rakishly stuck in her home-made touque.

"What a comfortable feeling it is," she said, "to come ashore without a half dozen customs officers waiting to shear off your cigarette."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"There's one consolation about the present drama."

"And what's that?"

"When I get old and am a grand-

mother I don't believe my grandchildren will be able to take me to a play that will shock 'em."—Detroit Free Press.

Tourist—You have an unusually large acreage of corn under cultivation, don't the crows annoy you a great deal? Farmer—Oh, not to any extent.

Tourist—That's peculiar, considering you have no scarecrows. Farmer—Oh, well, you see, I'm out here a good part of the time myself.—New York Mail.

IF THEY WERE WITH US NOW! J. A. Waldron, in Judge.

Though in his days great Homer won a crown For drama in which demigods competed, The managers today on him would frown, And Helen, far too chaste, would be deleted.

J. C. in his time was quite a gink At scribbling, writing, orating and boasting; But would he last ten minutes, do you think? Whistling or hestelling or ward-jostling?

Dioegenes, who lanterned forth of old An honest man to find for an example, If here today with searchlight would be told He could not find so queer a human sample.

If Ovid and his fair flames were alive, Complaints of their amours he'd not be jotting; Each night, indeed, have lovers four or five; He'd worry most about their turkey trotting.

And yet, if Noah, with a weather hunk, Should come again, another ark erecting, He'd raise another laugh and leave a bunch Word swim about a better boat expecting.

Strengthening Food for Hard Workers. It isn't necessary to eat a lot of meat to nourish and sustain your body. It is a positive fact—ask your doctor—that there is more real nutrition in a 5c package of Faust Macaroni than in 2 lbs. of beef at 12 times that price.

Ford Model T Town Car—\$750. The lowest priced, most economical closed car on the market. Six-passenger—4 cylinder—20 horse-power. Price includes two six-inch gas lamps, generator, three oil lamps, horn and tools, including jack—f. o. b. Detroit.

If You're Particular About What You Give. You should select from the great Peacock stocks of jewelry, silver and kindred wares. Peacock importations of gems are made uncut, thereby saving the high duty on set stones.