

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
 FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
 VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.
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CORRESPONDENCE.
 Communications relating to news and editorial matters should be addressed Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

APRIL CIRCULATION.
50,106
 State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.
 Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of April, 1913, was 50,106.
 D. WIGHT WILLIAMS,
 Circulation Manager, sworn to before me this 24 day of May, 1913.
 ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.
 (Seal)

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

You have not forgot to swat the fly, have you?
 Good morning, Governor Metcalf, and congratulations.
 Mr. Newell finally admitted that he only thought he knew it.
 The call of the wild comes just now from the old swimming hole.
 As a rule, the men who use bad judgment lay the results to bad luck.
 The popularity of Memorial day grows, while the ranks of the veterans wane.

All right, brother editors, show your appreciation by coming again and more often.
Voters living east of Sixteenth street have no rights anyone is bound to respect, anyway.
Without saying a word against Doc Friedman's cure, just what is the number of patients cured?
Kansas City judges, it is said, are now writing their decisions after the cases are heard instead of before.
Old John L. Sullivan is knocking the "manly art" as vigorously as he defended it before his own knock-out.
Upton Sinclair is going to Holland to live. News item.
'Too bad to lose Uppie. Let's see, where has he been living?'
Dr. Harvey W. Wiley and his good wife claim to have a perfect baby. So do 16,789,643 other proud parents.

Why is a June bride always lovely?' asks a cynical correspondent. Because she is a bride. That is easy.
In a nutshell, our senators wouldn't know a lobbyist if they were introduced to him unless he wore a label in plain sight.

It would seem that the best thing that ever happened to "Met" was to be beaten for that democratic nomination for governor.
The announcement is made that Senator J. Ham Lewis' whiskers are to remain in habitat. That is one great question out of the way.
That Frisco receiver is going to be officially investigated. If an investigation will keep off other receivers, it may serve a useful purpose.
Congressman Goodwin of Arkansas, who proposes sending agricultural and industrial exhibits abroad in our battleships, evidently thinks the house is in need of a humorist.

'One of the youngest brigadier generals in the civil war has just died at the age of 88 years. This information will help us to understand why civil war brigadiers are so scarce.'
The proposed new gas franchise ordinance is now being published for public information as required by law. We would suggest that those who want to discuss it intelligently should read it through.
Think of our old friend, Met, living on a hill overlooking the Pacific ocean, with a retinue of servants and a \$14,000 salary. That beats living in that old executive mansion at Lincoln.

That resolution of censure on Rev. Washington Gladden for alleged "un-Christian attack" on "Billy Sunday and his methods may be taken as notice to other preachers disposed to debelieve in spectacular evangelism. Certain local clergymen will please see themselves forthwith under penalty of publicity expressed displeasure of the Ministerial Union.

While the political plum tree is being shaken by the new democratic administration, everyone who knows him will be glad that a good, big, fat, juicy one has fallen into the outstretched hands of our old friend, Richard L. Metcalf, formerly of Omaha, now of Lincoln, and soon to be of the Panama zone. We do not know of anyone who can carry the title of civil governor, occupy the executive mansion and draw the \$14,000 salary thereto attaching with better grace than "Met." We do not know, either, of a more faithful and long-serving and devoted follower of democratic fortune and misfortune than "Met." As Captain Cuttle used to say, "If anyone is, he is," and if anyone in Nebraska should draw a plum, "Met" should.

A Plum for "Met."
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Telling Tales Out of School.
 Comes now Senator Ransdell of Louisiana, democrat, of course, and says that not only did the framers of the Baltimore platform not contemplate free sugar, but that the words, referring to tariff reduction, "that will not injure or destroy any legitimate industry," were written into the platform "with especial reference to sugar."

It is always interesting when statesmen with inside information get to telling tales out of school, as it were, and Senator Ransdell's statement certainly bears reflection. Let Mr. Bryan, who is popularly supposed to have written the platform, speak up. President Wilson in his speech of acceptance expressed virtually the same thought when he said: "It is obvious that the changes we make should be made only at such a rate and in such a way as will least interfere with the normal and healthful course of commerce and manufacture."
 On the theory that an open confession is good for the soul, perhaps Senator Ransdell could do no better for his party and its esteemed platform-makers and standard-bearers than to force his proposition to an issue of final expression.

Heaping Coals of Fire.
 Japan is the first nation to assent to the Bryan plan for world peace. Viscount Chinda informs the secretary of state that his government is prepared to give favorable consideration to the proposal. In this Japan has done a significant thing, for even if the other powers refrain from co-operating and the plan falls through on that account, Japan will be on record as ready to join in just as it will be if the enterprise succeeds.
 Evidently the mikado has decided to reap a few coals upon our honorable American heads, for, though his ambassador explains that this action is not related to the anti-alien land law controversy, the two are sure to be considered together, especially now that Japan has also announced its decision to appropriate \$400,000 for an exhibit at the San Francisco exposition.

Live Subjects for Debate.
 A report made on his return home from the city planning conference recently held in Chicago by a delegate who attended as a representative for Lincoln embodies some interesting recommendations. Here are a few of them striking us as worthy of serious consideration:
 1. The waste of valuable land in the occupation and service of railroad switching and freight yards. In these days of steel and concrete fire-proof construction there is no reason for this waste. Let the track occupy the surface, and erect your wholesale warehouse and factory buildings above them.
 2. Limit the height of buildings. This would tend to distribute the business district over a greater area and equalize rents.
 3. Restrict the construction of flat dwellings, or of more than one dwelling on a single lot. Our city is now admired because it is a city of single dwelling houses. Let us keep it so, and thus insure the children pure air and green fields.
 The other recommendations, chiefly with reference to street railway traffic, parks and boulevards, are of more local application. Here are several topics, however, which furnish live subjects for debate for our improvement clubs.

Congress in the Summer.
 Since President Wilson declined at the outset to limit the business of the present extra session of congress to tariff legislation or anything else, it is not surprising that he has suggested that before adjournment the currency and Philippine questions, in addition to the lobby investigation, be taken up. Perhaps the president's cool temperament fortifies him against torrid weather, but members of congress, many of whom have had more experience in Washington at this time of the year than he, feel differently. As the mercury continues to rise, therefore, house democrats caucus and decide to restrict their legislative program to tariff, currency, emergency appropriations and election cases. And yet it is difficult to see how they can avoid spending most, if not all, the summer months in Washington. As a matter of fact, they will do very well to get through before September, if they complete all the work now projected.

People Talked About.
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 In a pageant for charity in Boston Mrs. Jack Gardner has agreed to ride an elephant. The occasion, remarks the society editor of the St. Louis Republic, "will be the first time in her life that Mrs. Gardner traveled with only one trunk."
 Taxi rates in New York have been slashed in two by the Board of Aldermen and private cab stands abolished. Pilgrims to the big town, if it were enough to look up the legal rates, can ride some without handing over their jewelry with the pocketbook.
 The Texas statesman at the head of the Postoffice department is a sore disappointment to patriots at home. His local press fear unscrupulous Chicago may be separated from a bunch of money.
 The Bee acknowledges the receipt of a prose poet to Miss Minnie Kirkham of Leavenworth, Kan., intimating that Nebraska has no occasion for bragging so long as it borrows cyclones from Kansas to secure front page publicity. "I am a Kansas girl, I stand up for my state." All right, Minnie, old girl, but keep your kids at home and Nebraska will furnish a seat to rest yourself occasionally.
 An interesting solution of the eternal question of baldness comes from a savant who hides his identity under initials in the New York Times. Bald heads, he declares, are the outward sign of unsettled religious convictions. Possessors of strong religious faith, on the other hand, find that reason remains well attached through life. Of course the solution admits of exception, else it would be somewhat embarrassing to unshaven pulpiticians.

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Thirty Years Ago—
 Hon. Edward Pierpont, attorney general of the United States under Grant and subsequently minister to Great Britain, accompanied by his son, Edward Pierpont, Jr., went through to the east. At the opening of the term of the district court Judge Neville and Wakeley presided jointly, and Henry Grebe, James O'Hoyne, Edward and Theodore Grebe were appointed bailiffs.
 The Omaha Working Sportmen's club has chosen the following representatives to attend the annual convention of the State Game Warden's association in Lincoln: S. B. Hathaway, J. O. Hummel, P. Simpson and Mose Pender.
 It is proposed to enlarge the site for the new school building to be erected at Seventeenth and Leavenworth by buying the adjoining lot from Mr. H. Koutz.
 The salary of Secretary Conroy of the school board was raised from \$900 to \$1,000.
 News from Denver brings information of the death there of Frank Baldwin, son of Judge C. A. Baldwin of this city. Young Baldwin had been employed in the freight office of the Union Pacific under P. P. Shelby, and had gone to Denver as private secretary of A. A. Egan, general superintendent of the Colorado division.
 The Harney street restaurant offers six meal tickets for \$1.
 A real estate transfer notes the sale by George N. Hicks and wife of three lots in Terrace addition for \$2,450. Charles Reinholdt being the purchaser.

Lines to The Bee
 David City Press: In The Omaha Sunday Bee of May 25 there is a feature story, "Nebraska Women Who Edit Bright Country Newspapers." It is written by Miss Eunice Haskins of the Stella Press, corresponding secretary of the Nebraska Press association, and is embellished with portraits of fourteen Nebraska newspaper women. Miss Haskins writes of twenty-seven women who are actively engaged in newspaper work in Nebraska, ten of whom have entire management and ownership of papers and all of whom are making good.

Houston Post: Why doesn't The Omaha Bee order 1,000 gallons of Houston's sparking artesian water. Price, 15 cents.
Nebraska City Press: The Omaha Bee is indignant over the proposal to turn the city library out of its present beautiful structure in order to let the building be used for a police station. We should say as much!
York Times: The Omaha Bee thinks our state motto: "Equality Before the Law," leaves no room for Lynch law. Still, everybody has an equal chance to get lynched under suitable circumstances.

Twice Told Tales
The Speedy Cripple.
 John Craig Hammond, who steered public opinion during the campaign, has returned to New York from the flood district of the west. Mr. Hammond is about as heavy as a hairpin. Any time that he can get properly started he can sink the intercollegiate sprinting record on a route of ground.
 "One day," avers Mr. Hammond, "I walked through a street in Columbus, O. ahead of me I spied a man hobbling painfully on two crutches. Suddenly I heard the cry:
 "Ham's busted! Run for your life!"
 "So I ran for my life. On ahead I could see the cripple getting over the ground like a giant swing. By and by I caught up to him. In natural compassion I sought to aid him, but he shook me off.
 "You carry these crutches, mister," said the unfortunate, "and give a cripple a chance."
 Mr. Hammond further alleges that it was almost an hour later before he finally succeeded in running down the cripple in the uplands of Columbus and returning his crutches.—New York Times.
A Reduction.
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 Apparatus invented by a Paris scientist hatches chickens and protects them from all microbes until they reach a desired age.
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The Bee's Letter Box
Letters from a Political Heathen—II.
 SOMEWHERE, June 1, 1913.—To the Editor of The Bee: The world often hears this or that man dubbed a leader. Leaders may be divided—as a shepherd divideth his sheep from his goats—into two distinct classes. The first really led by a force of dominant and magnetic personality. To this class belong Julius Caesar, Saul of Tarsus, Mohammed, Martin Luther, Ignatius Loyola, Oliver Cromwell, Frederick the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte, Abraham Lincoln and Brigham Young. Each of these men led to weal or woe—a large part of mankind. The influence of each reached beyond his race, his state, his time and his age; and will extend through recorded time. To paraphrase the words of a classic writer, the race of man will disappear from the earth before the name of any one of these will be erased from the tablet of human memory. The second class of leaders have played the role of Assen's fly on the axle of the chariot wheel: "What a great dust I make!" They can be described by a dead statesman's parable, taken from common knowledge and experience. Mr. Editor, did you ever see one of these spotted coach dogs run ahead of a carriage, stop, sit on his haunches at the forking of the road, wait till the vehicle reached the parting of the ways and took one of the branches; and then run ahead and back? I do not wish to be personal. The dead leaders belonging to this class are mired deep in the bog of oblivion; and I will nominate no living man. But let us imagine a man of superb physique, classic outline, bell-meal voice and almost faultless declamatory power—made for an actor and nothing else—making a Slaystean effort to be a statesman, a square plug in a round hole, as a sidesplitter would term it, a man of most superficial knowledge, even in the history of his own country, who in words of Pollock never thought, but gabbled over on a man who never originated anything, first a lawyer without clients, later a soldier whose exploits history has failed to record, a man of whom no friend would ask advice in the business of life, a man whose only success has been achieved on the chautauqua platform running ahead of the populist farm wagon in 1896, ahead of the free silver chariot in 1896, ahead of the anti-imperialistic omnibus in 1900, ahead of the prohibition water wagon in 1910. Lord Macaulay, somewhere, tells what the ability to make a speech has done for some Englishmen. Likewise we Americans have acted upon the mistaken theory that a man that can do one thing can do all things.
 We elected a man vice president, because, he said, that he killed Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames. We elected another man president, because he told Santa Anna to go to hell. And these are not the only instances which can be cited. Is it not time to pause and ask ourselves the questions propounded by the Nazarene: "Can the blind lead the blind? Shall they not both fall into the ditch?" Seasons ago, a hysterical, spasmotic and sporadic so-called reformer, named visited this unhappy land for the last 112 years. But reviewing the history of these, one recalls the words of Byron: "That violent things most quickly find a term is shown through nature's whole analogies."
 Forty years ago William Marcy Tweed, the Robin Hood of American politics, who stole from the rich and gave to the poor, was assailed by an army of tax-dodgers, dishonest as Tweed himself—with the addendum of hypocrisy. For a few years New York traveled like Rachael in the way to Ephrath—in the throes of reform. Tweed fell; and New York fell—into a Rip Van Winkle sleep for a generation. Opposition to greed and practices intended to secure illicit political spoils should be steady, firm, continuous and universal and uniform, not random and intermittent. It should be an intelligent and discriminating opposition. I may confess that I am sick. But it does not follow that I must swallow the thin dose of horse medicine that a veterinary quack may tender me.
 On the first day of each month, hereafter, I will review some of these so-called reforms, to which we have been treated in the last two decades.
 DER HEIDE.

LAUGHING GAS.
 "In China the oath of brotherhood is taken by breaking a cup."
 "If that worked in this country our cock would be mailed to us for life."
 Kansas City Journal.
 "You have some lovely old things in your house, Mrs. Comsup."
 "Yes, but we have some beautiful new things, too, the latest out. You must see the antiquarium we got for our gold fish."
 Baltimore American.
 "I want an absolutely reliable alarm clock."
 "We guarantee these, madam."
 "Oh, metal, isn't it?"
 "Yes, madam—sure to go off."—Boston Transcript.
 "Didn't you feel pretty cheap sitting there with a young and innocent girl at such a shocking play?"
 "I did. She had to explain a good many of the innuendoes before I was able to get them."
 Chicago Record-Herald.
 "Are you in favor of woman suffrage?"
 "Yes," replied the timid looking man.
 "But in a little apprehensive about the importance they attach to the ability to go without eating. Once in a while some of them ought to suspend the cry 'votes for women' in favor of 'three meals a day for men.'"
 Washington Star.

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 Experimenting with various colored glasses in a greenhouse, a Swiss agricultural expert found white to be the best, orange forcing the plants, but injuring the fruit and violet increasing the quantity of fruit, but lowering its quality.

People Talked About.
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 In a pageant for charity in Boston Mrs. Jack Gardner has agreed to ride an elephant. The occasion, remarks the society editor of the St. Louis Republic, "will be the first time in her life that Mrs. Gardner traveled with only one trunk."
 Taxi rates in New York have been slashed in two by the Board of Aldermen and private cab stands abolished. Pilgrims to the big town, if it were enough to look up the legal rates, can ride some without handing over their jewelry with the pocketbook.
 The Texas statesman at the head of the Postoffice department is a sore disappointment to patriots at home. His local press fear unscrupulous Chicago may be separated from a bunch of money.
 The Bee acknowledges the receipt of a prose poet to Miss Minnie Kirkham of Leavenworth, Kan., intimating that Nebraska has no occasion for bragging so long as it borrows cyclones from Kansas to secure front page publicity. "I am a Kansas girl, I stand up for my state." All right, Minnie, old girl, but keep your kids at home and Nebraska will furnish a seat to rest yourself occasionally.
 An interesting solution of the eternal question of baldness comes from a savant who hides his identity under initials in the New York Times. Bald heads, he declares, are the outward sign of unsettled religious convictions. Possessors of strong religious faith, on the other hand, find that reason remains well attached through life. Of course the solution admits of exception, else it would be somewhat embarrassing to unshaven pulpiticians.

Tabloids of Science
 So-called Chinese glue is made by dissolving shellac in ten times its weight of ammonia.
 The German standard of light measurement is nine-tenths that of the international candle power.
 Apparatus invented by a Paris scientist hatches chickens and protects them from all microbes until they reach a desired age.
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A DRINKING SONG.
 Richard Linthicum in New York World. Then will ye quaff with me, my lads, And will ye quaff with me, A little pot, All steaming hot, Of undiluted tea, Or would you rather have a sup Of something finer as stik? Then fill the cup And take a sup Of good old buttermilk!
 Chorus— Then laugh, lads, quaff, lads, And let the pitcher pass! Our songs we'll roars! Do have some more; Fill Dr. Abbott's glass! We've good carbonic, if you like, The very best that is! With lumps of ice It's cool and nice And likewise full of six. Stand steady to your glasses, lads; There's naught shall make us quail When we have got A fine small bot Of jolly ginger ale.
 Chorus— Then laugh, lads, quaff, lads, And pass the doughnuts brown! Our thirst we'll stop With soda pop— Fill up and drink her down! Some time, somewhere in my career I've heard of other drinks, Or whisky, wine And brandy fine And cocktails, too, me thinks, But coffee is the best of all— Three cups is right for me; If I could get The third, you bet Most happy would I be!
 Chorus— Then laugh, lads, quaff, lads, Cut out the other stuff! Of coffee dear I'm muchly fear I'll never get enogh.