THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.
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JUNE CIRCULATION.
50,401

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 June, 1913, was 50,401. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 3d day of July, 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.

The Balkan war threatens to degenerate into a feast of the jackals.

"St. Louis is high up in pageantry" observes the Globe-Democrat. Also temperature.

The noise of the crackling corn growing keeps many Nebraskans awake these gay July nights.

The sad part of Mrs. Pankhurst's escape is that she did not leave the bloomin' country behind her.

King Corn can stand up against Old Sol in the prize ring any time, and beat him out in an endurance test.

Ice advances 10 cents in Cincinnati as a result of the strike. Cold deal, as usual for the ultimate consumer.

The colonel would discriminate between good lobbyists and bad lobbyists, just as between good and bad trusts.

Omaha is approximately 1,000 feet above the sea level, and correspondingly nearer the fire-box in the solar furnace.

Honest now, why should the voter in Omaha have to write his autograph in a poll book, when a voter in Lincoln does not?

It is naturally to be expected that the temperature will be raised several degrees by these autoists burning so much gasoline all around us.

Doff your coat, your collar and anything else to make you comfortable within the proprieties, but keep your head on straight this hot weather.

Some of the places that used to be known by the name "hotel" are to call themselves "cafe." But your order will be filled as of yore, and at the same price.

Since the death of Mr. Morgan the country is learning a lot about how easy he was to gold brick. Perhaps the other fellows think that is the easiest way to get even.

The privilege of riding at the head of the Ak-Sar-Ben procession and leading the grand march at the coronation ball does not seem to be in such demand as it used to.

"Secretary Bryan preserves peace among the democratic members of the currency committee," says a Washington dispatch. Then he must be some diplomat, after all.

If reform should begin at home, the city's first effort to stop the smoke nuisance should be directed at the stack of the water works pumping station at Florence.

Colonel Mulhall declares he could have cashed in his documents for $150,000. Can it be that he expects to get back that much, and more, by taking to the chautauqua circuit?

The house naval committee is to spend a week at Narragansett Bay.—News item.

Which shows that the committee has its weather eye out for the main chance.

Every time you feel like complaining of your hot-weather lot, think of your dear congressmen in Washington—that is, those few who have not bied themselves to some cool summer resort.

While our Water boarders were exploring Minneapolis, Milwaukee and Chicago they must have shut their eyes to the fact that in those cities the charge for metered water to private consumers ranges from 4 to 6 cents a 1,000 gallons, as compared to from 28 to 35 cents in Omaha.

National Chamber of Commerce.

To aid every administration by cordial co-operation; to draw together in a common bond the business men of America in defense of their good name, and in the creation of an instrumentality through which they may speak as a whole with authority to the executive and to congress relative to the things which business needs; to create a force comparable in every respect to the organized forces of labor and of agriculture.

These are the avowed objects of the National Chamber of Commerce, as outlined by its president, Harry A. Wheeler of Chicago. It is easy to figure out a wide field of usefulness for the organization so long as it adheres to such principles and refrains from dabbling into politics, which has brought grief to the National Association of Manufacturers. With such egregious blunders to guide it, the new body of commercial clubs the country over should be able to avoid the pitfalls of ruin.

President Wheeler makes the assertion that 90 per cent of business is honest. It is unpleasant to think otherwise and it should be easy enough for the business men of the nation to confirm this by actual demonstration. Business is not to be condemned for exercising a lively and direct interest in government, for it has a duty in that direction and it should be able to realize its purpose of giving cordial co-operation to every administration. But all that is done in this relation must be done in the open; not in the dark, nor even in the twilight.

The Acid Test.

Election to a political office is like application of the acid test—if it is pure gold it will shine forth brightly, but if it is base metal, its true character will be quickly exposed.

Less than two years ago the people of this county elected as their sheriff a young man held up to them as a great reformer, and accepted by them upon promises voluntarily made. His ambition, as he told us, was to make the best sheriff Douglas county ever had. He would be content to do his whole duty at the $4,000 salary attaching to the office without any perquisites or side lines.

Alas and alack! One sad day some evil spirit whispered to our reform sheriff that he could make himself rich in one term by reviving the old discarded jail-feeding graft and exchanging his political fortune for the princely profits of the jail kitchen! Someone figured it out for him that he could grab upwards of $30,000 in addition to his salary if he could only get his hands into the county treasury as purveyor to the prisoners. Regardless of the rights of the taxpayers, regardless of his promises, regardless of his political future, he is fighting through contingent fee lawyers for the jail-feeding graft—a fight in which he must lose even though he wins, which is extremely doubtful.

"Pity 'tis, but pity 'tis, 'tis true."

What Rot!

Our $5,000-a-year Water board boss, who devotes more time to the subject of gas than to that of water, has it all figured out that he saved private consumers $50,000 last year as against what they would have paid had they remained patrons of the old water company. What rot! Offset this with the $100,000 taxes formerly paid by the water company, now saddled on the property owners. Remember, too, if the water company had stayed in control it would have had to reduce rates to 25 cents a 1,000 gallons, and consumers would have saved more than $80,000 of real money, not stage money.

Luxuries and Necessaries.

When the American farmer comes to ask this democratic administration why it abolished protection to some of his staple products, what a source of satisfaction it will be to tell him that it left the protective tariff on the luxuries of life, such as intoxicating liquors; that though many of the necessaries which the farm produces are thrown into the open market of free trade, sparkling wines are paternally fortified by a duty of $9.60 per dozen quart bottles, and that still wines, whisky and all other kindred beverages, together with tobacco, likewise are well protected. What will the farmer say to that? In the course of his opening speech on the tariff in the senate Senator McCumber said:

> You declare to him that the American people are paying $1,000,000,000 a year for meat, and you say that is too much. He answers, "They are also paying $2,000,000,000 a year for liquors. Cut your liquor bill in half and you will save enough to buy all your meat." You declare they are paying $125,000,000 a year for flour. He replies, "They are paying $300,000,000 for tobacco. Cut your tobacco bill in half and your flour is free." You declare they are paying $225,000,000 a year for potatoes. He replies, "They are paying $500,000,000 for theaters and amusements. Cut your amusements one-half and your potatoes are free." You declare they are paying $300,000,000 a year for butter and eggs. He replies, "They are spending $500,000,000 a year for confectionery." His replies are unanswerable.

What will Champ Clark, Underwood and the rest of the free traders, who so valiantly fight the battles of the farmers during the campaign, say to these "unanswerable replies?"

Under our new Bertillon system of registration less than one-third of our voters are enrolled for the impending election despite all the drumming and fifing and free ads given by The Bee and other newspapers. Evidently, the people are not especially keen for it.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

JULY 16.

Thirty Years Ago—

The school board received a report requesting the superintendent to assign Miss Agnes McDonald and Miss Emma Fitch to positions as teachers on the opening of schools in September. The salary of Superintendent James was also fixed at $3,000 a year.

Postmaster Coutant announces his intention to appoint James Woodard as assistant postmaster.

B. F. Troxel & Co., steamboat agents, have a dispatch from Sioux City saying that a steamboat will touch here for passengers and freight on its way to St. Louis.

Omaha Cricket club has elected William Preston, president, and R. Firth, secretary. The club proposes shortly to make a trip to Chicago to play the Chicago Cricket club.

It looks like old times again to see Judge Anderson presiding once more in the police court.

John G. Jacobs, the well known undertaker and coroner, leaves this week with his family for a three months' vacation trip to the Pacific coast.

Mrs. Bushnell and Mrs. Edward Parker of Quincy, Ill., are the guests of Dr. R. C. Moore.

Adjutant General R. C. Drum, U. S. A., accompanied by Colonel Thomas F. Barr, is at the Paxton.

F. H. Kirchoff, Twenty-seventh, between Douglas and Dodge, offers to return to the owner a physician's surgical case which he has found.

Twenty Years Ago—

Franklin W. Cornwall of the Tacoma Ledger called upon The Bee while in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rosewater, accompanied by their son, Charles C. Rosewater, left for a trip to Alaska, which was to include a tour of the Pacific coast. They expected to sail for the northern peninsula August 6 and return to Omaha the last of that month.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving W. Page of Leavenworth were visiting Mr. and Mrs. George E. Collins, 4031 North Twenty-seventh street.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Richardson, 1819 Jackson street, were made happy by the birth of a big baby girl. Mr. Richardson was local superintendent for the Prudential Life Insurance company.

A number of prominent men and women met at the Young Men's Christian association under the auspices of the Nebraska Boys and Girls' Aid society and pledged it their co-operation. Among those present and to speak were: Dean Gardner of Trinity cathedral; Rev. C. W. Savidge, Dr. Mary Andrews and W. N. Nason. Dr. G. W. Martin of Kearney, state superintendent of the work, explained it. Jules Lumbard sang and some subscriptions for the movement were taken.

Ten Years Ago—

A special train of Elks, aboard which was Grand Exalted Ruler George P. Cronk and other Omaha and Nebraska herdmen, including W. B. Taylor, who had charge of the train, steamed out for Baltimore, where the big meeting of that order was to be held.

The Douglas County Democracy had all plans laid for its annual picnic at Pries lake, which was one of the red-letter events in the hilarious career of that organization.

The Solid Twenty-six club of the Big Sixth ward met and gave a ringing endorsement to the candidacy of W. A. Redick for district judge. The resolutions bore the signatures of M. O. Cunningham, J. M. Rollo and George Winship.

Louis R. Smith wrote to The Bee to suggest that if the churches would efface denominational lines they would get on better and so would the cause of religion. Answering a question quoted in The Bee from a sermon by Rev. D. K. Tindall of the Methodist church, ("Why the low and slow condition of the churches?" he said, "The divided state of God's people."

The Omaha team rose from its lowly state of tailenders long enough to take another game from Kansas City with its august manager, Mr. Kid Nichols in the box. Mr. Companion hurled 'em for Pa.

People Talked About

A monument to Father Abram Ryan, the poet-priest of the south, was unveiled at Mobile, Ala., last Saturday.

Former Congressman Watson of Indiana entertains precious little respect for lobby investigations. He is losing $2,000 a week by a summons to Washington which takes him off the chautauqua circuit.

Miss Lucille Pharis of Winchester, Ky., a "talented and beautiful belle," was booked by papa and mamma to become the bride of an old and rich Hoosier. Just as the latter started for the wedding, a favored Lochinvar appeared on the scene and in the subsequent proceedings the Hoosier was distanced and the Kentucky belle became Mrs. L. C. Trent. In the race with youth, Age wabbles at the knees.

A suburban automobile owner in Chicago picked up a judge on the way into the business section and was arrested for exceeding the speed limit. The passenger judge heard the case and administered the fine. If that isn't the limit, why look further?

John Wanamaker is 75. He doesn't look it and doesn't feel it. Measuring his success by his millions he is the Rockefeller of the trade world.

An agent of a transatlantic steamship line has written Mayor Gaynor of New York, stating that 30,000 persons who were curious to see a new liner during its first stay in New York contributed, at 50 cents each, the sum of $15,344. A check for $5,000 of this was enclosed with the request that the mayor distribute it among worthy charities, while the rest was distributed in Hoboken and among seamen's societies.

Miss Helen Frick, daughter of the Pittsburgh iron manufacturer, has at last succeeded in her effort to have an ideal summer home for working girls, situated in the country. The Iron Rail club is the name that has been given to the commodious old mansion for that purpose in the midst of 150 acres of ground at Wenham, Mass.

No Difference in Results.
St. Louis Republic.

Attorney Lauterbach resented as an insult and outrage the intimation that he had tried to "shake down" the steel trust. Perhaps it should have been suggested that he merely tried to hold it up.

Twice Told Tales

Leaflet and Cards.

Little Miss Five-Year-Old has parents who play cards every time they are not caught in the swirl of other social affairs. The result has been that the young lady has absorbed much of the talk of the card table. She goes to Sunday school and, naturally, gathered some information there. It is natural, therefore, that she sometimes gets her lesson leaflet and cards a bit confused.

A Sunday or two ago, while the lesson of the morning was being reviewed by the superintendent, the latter asked the infant class this question:

"Who was the king of the Jews?"

Silence struck the infant class amidships. Suddenly Miss Five-Year-Old took on a look of something suddenly remembered, and her hand shot up.

"Ah, there's a little lady who knows," said the superintendent. "She will tell us who was king of the Jews."

"The Ace."—Indianapolis News.

It Did.

A Bostonian was showing a British visitor the sights of the Hub. They were driving past Bunker Hill monument. Not wishing to make any pointed reference to the fact that at one time we had been fighting with our cousins, the Boston gentleman merely indicated the monument with his thumb and said: "Bunker Hill."

The Englishman looked at the hill intently and asked: "Who was Mr. Bunker, and what did he do to the hill?"

"You don't understand," said the Bostonian. "This is where Warren fell."

The Englishman screwed his monocle into his eye, leaned back, and looking at the top of the towering shaft, remarked inquiringly:

"Killed him, of course?"—Everybody's Magazine.

A Foreigner's Praise.

Captain Vivian Lockett of the English polo team praised, at the Piping Rock club, American politeness.

"American men are the politest chaps on earth," he said. "No wonder your suffragettes aren't militant. No wonder your cars are so shamefully overcrowded.

"'I don't think a man ever loses anything by being polite while traveling,' an American said to me the other day. He was setting off on his vacation as he spoke.

"'Well,' said I, 'there's one thing you're going to lose through your politeness,' said I.

"'What's that?' said he.

"'Your seat to a woman,' I replied, 'in the very first trolley car you enter.'"—New York Sun.

Editorial Snapshots

Indianapolis News: That list of obliging congressmen who permitted Colonel Mulhall to use their franks will likewise be interesting, especially to their constituents.

St. Louis Republic: On the way from Gettysburg to New York President Wilson made the engineer of his train reduce speed. Every automobile ought to have a Wilson attachment.

Boston Transcript: The singular grape-juiceness of his name doubtless accounts for the high favor in the esteem of Secretary Bryan enjoyed by Colonel Drinkwater.

New York World: A slump of the government "conscience fund" last year to $2,814, the lowest figure in a decade, is reported. It may be that the higher cost of living has something to do with the decreasing sensitiveness of the public conscience.

Baltimore American: Recent solar discoveries promise that experts will be enabled to make accurate forecasts, extremely valuable to farmers, months in advance. But conditions will not be perfect nor the public satisfied until some way is discovered of controlling the weather.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: "I am just about as hot as in 1863, but not so badly scared," was the declaration of a survivor of Pickett's charge on the field of Gettysburg last week. The remark shows that the true courage is that of the man who is scared but goes ahead, and is not ashamed to tell of it.

Springfield Republican: When Edward Lauterbach, the New York lawyer, was telling the senate lobby investigating committee more or less about a conference he had with David Lamar and Henry B Martin, secretary of the rather nebulous anti-trust league, he was clear that Martin was continually taking out his watch. "How reckless!" exclaimed a voice in the audience—and even Chairman Overman grinned as he rapped for order. That was American humor not at its worst.

Around the Cities

Gas costs 80 cents in Chicago and 60 cents in Indianapolis.

Cleveland is promised a modern railroad terminal to cost $7,000,000. The city is willing to forego the distinction of possessing the most unique and antique depot in the United States.

Pittsburgh's famous "hump" will be entirely leveled by September 1.

Louisville, Ky., has replaced the last of its granite paving with wood.

Mitchell, S. D., has voted to install a municipal telephone system to cost $60,000.

Seattle has outlawed hatpins extending more than one and a quarter inches beyond hat crowns.

A Bridgeton, N. J., druggist has been arrested for selling Jamaica ginger on which old topers got disgracefully drunk.

Radlands, Cal., has an official fly-catcher in H. E. Chapman, who reports capture of 241 gallons of flies since September, 1912.

A Philadelphia woman the other day tracked and captured a thief who had stolen a suit of her husband's clothing.

Scranton, Pa., reports a drop of six feet in the level of part of Pittson avenue owing to caving mine workings far beneath.

An Elastic Definition.
Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Admiral Dewey's definition of an adequate navy is charmingly elastic. It is "a navy of sufficient size and strength to meet and defeat any probable enemy." Of course that leaves the individual liberty to claim that the "probably enemy" will have a navy of whatever size he chooses to imagine. As a matter of fact there is no probable enemy of the United States anywhere; and of possible enemies none with a fleet equal to our present force.

The Bee's Letter Box

Inherited Religion.

SOUTH OMAHA, July 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: Will "W. T.," who attempts to scarify and mutilate Mr. Wooster's "A Confession of Faith," lend us several moments of his valuable time to relieve a few uncertainties concerning his Christian religion? Herein do I admit my sublime ignorance, but perhaps from "W. T.'s" boundless stock of sophistication my craving for wisdom may be realized?

First—According to "W. T.s" expressed doctrine of Christianity, God is all-powerful, creator of heaven and earth, in short, the universe. He preaches "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," yet permits the triumph of things infernal and hellish where he ordains a blessed peace. Would an all-powerful God do this?

Second—Religion is essentially a matter of heredity. The desire for religion has expressed itself in man from his earliest, most primitive state. To wooden gods; to myths of legendary deities; to totem pole and idol he has made his shrine.

Suppose (for the sake of expression) that a youth had grown to maturity, reared in ignorance of religion in any form—that his mind was a virgin expanse in which the seed of creed had never fallen. Then, were he presented with the several religions, and told of the existence of the various gods, would he accept the doctrine of Christianity without hesitation, in lieu of the pagan creed? Would not this youth find something very incongruous in a god who would, being all-powerful, tolerate the existence of a satan to subordinate his (God's) own commandments? Who would create only to destroy; who would permit the foul to conquer the fair; the impure to disease the pure. In a god, who would rack his people with sorrow and torture; who could witness the triumph of bad over good? Would this youth have admiration for a god who would offer the prize of immortality for piety upon earth, to the good—and cast the bad into a never ending hell?

Third—Would "W. T." label the Chinaman before his idol; the ancient Greek before his Apollo, or the Esquimo before his totem pole, a heathen? And if so, by what right? Where did he get his religion—and whence came that of the pagan? Both from centuries now dead! They have been passed down to us—posterity of perished races, generations old—and M. T., like the Chinaman, accepts his because his father did, because his father's father did! He may change his views upon anything save religion, that he dares not molest. Someone else (he would say far wiser and abler than I) thought out his doctrine of immortality and, naturally or unnaturally, he accepts it without question. And he calls any other man whose views do not coincide with his, a "heathen."

I do not disparage his religion, but simply wish to impress upon him the fact that the Christian religion, in the eyes of a non-believer, is subject to those same limitations W. T. finds in Mr. Wooster's wooden god. If the latter gentleman (Wooster) chooses to lay his prayer to such a god, it will in no wise affect W. T.'s worship of his father's god, for it is the moral affect of religion rather than the god's worshipped, which count, after all. JOHN SOTO.

The Real Pleasures of Life.

OMAHA, July 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: You know there are some misfortunes in this world than cannot possibly be avoided, no matter how wise or how careful we may be, and no matter how safe the passport we carry, it will at some time or other be challenged. We may be able to procure a great many pleasures in life, and be wise enough not to desire such as are beyond our reach, yet there is always something lacking which cannot be supplied without having recourse to the consolations of religion. But there are some calamities that overtake us simply because we are careless and indifferent, and when we are crushed by such disasters as these, we ought to blame ourselves. With a few exceptions a man who reaches the age of 50 years and finds himself homeless and entirely destitute should shoulder the blame as cheerfully as he can and not curse society. Few men are so hard pressed that they cannot save anything, and even so small a savings as 15 or 20 cents a day means some degree of comfort in old age.

I think further that it is a misfortune to grow old without a knowledge of religion, poetry, history and philosophy, and books are as free almost as water. A young man has but to lay aside the dice box and billiard cue, forsake false and frivolous pleasures and apply his energy to the study of good literature. If he does this for a few years he will have laid the foundation for a happy and useful life. A young lady is not to blame if she happens to be a beauty, but if she builds her castle on the shifting sands of popularity, and makes no effort to polish and adorn her mind, she must blame herself if she reaches old age useless and forgotten like a faded rainbow. A knowledge of poetry, music and art, and even some study of the abstract sciences should not be neglected, as they are sources of genuine entertainment for the mind, while the study of powders, freckles and flub-dubs always breeds uneasiness, envy and monotony.

No one can be justly blamed for having great wealth, or for not having it, but those who have it must blame themselves when they suffer the disappointment which follows a desire to realize a sum of happiness from the possession of wealth that is out of all proportion to its real value. The only happiness that deserves the name is usefulness, and you might search up and down the earth forever and you will find no other kind that is worth picking up. By some people the greatest blessings of life are thrown away; they move around their narrow circle chasing shadows and grabbing worthless excitement, and live without any apparent desire to honor their Creator, assist their neighbor or benefit mankind. "A proud man, while he despises others, neglects himself." E. O. M.

A Good Suggestion.

OMAHA, July 15.—To the Editor of The Bee: I would like to take a minute of your valuable time to ask you a question. Why is it that the city of Omaha does not take some steps to keep the boys away from the Missouri river? For instance, they could make a place for them to swim, and then the river would lose its attractions to them. There is a place down in the south end of town where they could make a lake in a couple of days if they wanted to. It runs from Seventeenth to Twentieth streets and is called Deer park.

A WELL WISHER.

THESE GIRLS OF OURS.

Mrs. Dearborn—I met your little girl yesterday.

Mrs. Wabash—Don't you think she is like me?

"Why, no. I couldn't get a word out of her!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Madge—Did Charlie ask your father last night?

Marjorie—No; he forgot to bring his income tax receipt.—Town Topics.

Mother (at the shore)—Now, you must be very discreet with the young men you may meet here, Louise.

Elderly Daughter (with a sigh)—I know, mamma; they scare dreadfully easy.—New York American.

"Did she come to the door when you serenaded her with your mandolin?"

"No; but another fellow came along and brought her out with an auto horn."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

She finished a tirade at her friend, and ended with:

"There, I think I have made myself plain, have I not?"

"Made yourself plain, dear?" sweetly answered the once friend. "Oh, no, dear; you were born that way."—Ladies' Home Journal.

"Does a college education pay?"

"I should say it does! Look at the list of Princeton men appointed to important posts within the last two months."—Detroit Free Press.

"I tell you, that woman is a wonder," said the druggist, as Mrs. Shoppynge left the pharmacy.

"How does she show it?" asked Slithers.

"Why, she just bought a 2-cent stamp and asked me to be sure to deliver it at her house before 12 o'clock!" said the druggist.—Harper's Weekly.

HERE ARE THE FACTS.

Chicago News.

Some labor for glory, or such is their story;
They may call it power or fame.
Some say they seek treasure—but all work for pleasure,
Each under a different name.

For some men it pleases to seek strange diseases
And some love to delve in the soil,
While others it tickles to make jam and pickles,
For joys more remote others toil.

Some labor at giving, some work for a living,
Some are for the storing of self.
It has the same ending—each fellow is spending
His days just in pleasing himself.

There's no use denying that some enjoy lying,
And others find pleasure in war,
And some folk will barter all else to play martyr—
Go on now and ask me "What for?"

Or work, fight or frolic, the whole metabolic
Swift march of humanity's scheme
Is to find delectation in each occupation—
And that is the end of the dream.

Our burden we carry, we make love and marry
And many a fine reason name
For loving or lying or stealing or dying,
But pleasure's the end of the game!