

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE. FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND FIFTH.

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But the weather forecaster is the real original standpatter. Member when a boy how it used to rain in summertime? Gee, wasn't it great!

As near as one at a distance can tell, the Mexican revolution is still revolving. It would be too bad for congress to adjourn and leave anything uninvestigated.

Soft answers not only turn away wrath, but wars and strikes and other plagues. Radium sells for \$2,400,000 an ounce, but, fortunately, it is a luxury and not a necessity.

The good ship "Booster" draws more water and rides steadier than the pirate boat "Knocker." It must be admitted that some really famous men have found their way into the Mulhall of fame.

Considering that he is not recognized, President Huerta keeps himself tolerably well in evidence. The transformation of Mr. Bryan's Commoner from a weekly to a monthly makes it uncommon. Help!

The middle west bankers do not like the taste of the currency bill concoction, and don't care who knows it. And, by the way, what sort of a bunch did Dame Fashion have when she sprang those Bulgarian ties and blouses?

A sub-artist urges husbands never to let their hearts grow cold. No, for cold hearts and feet never won a fair bet. Keeping a home in Nebraska, Texas, Florida and Washington, no wonder Mr. Bryan finds living expenses high.

Mrs. Ines Milholland, who has just taken unto herself a husband, is none of your starving suffragettes, you bet your life. A new king of the Gypsies is being chosen at Mexico, Mo., which serves for the moment to locate that town on the map.

What Spells Success. Every success achieved by a legitimate business enterprise in any community is a benefit to the whole community. Every legitimate business enterprise that succumbs to failure is a detriment to the community.

A community interest in the success of its business men and business establishments calls for community co-operation to build them up, and to protect them against efforts to tear them down.

It is a common practice for a city to offer inducements to secure the location of some new mercantile or industrial institution, and if it is worth while for it to hold out attractions for business capital, it must be equally worth while to strengthen, or at least not needlessly to weaken, the business it already has.

A motto once a favorite in the commercial world was "Live and let live." In a community of interest, however, it is not enough to let live, but the demand is to help live. A man who is always running the other fellow down cannot make much headway himself.

On Swatting the Fly. Swatting flies, improving sanitary conditions, taking much out-of-door exercise, should conduce to good health and long life, a goal toward which Americans are striving with native zeal.

In time at this rate we should begin to realize the results of our crusade in the longevity of the race. But we need to keep our fly-swatters going. According to experts in the government service at Washington our fly population, of which we have no exact census, costs us approximately \$157,800,000, to say nothing of the loss in life.

The Church's Introspection. "Of the 1,200 Baptist churches in the state of Missouri, 1,000 are not worth a darn." This free utterance in the pulpit of the Third Baptist church before a large congregation might have aroused a protest had it not been that the speaker was the veteran leader of Missouri's Baptist theology, Rev. Dr. J. P. Greene of Liberty, Mo., president of William Jewell college—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Canadian Commerce and Cotton. The figures show that Uncle Sam is still the leading foreign merchant in Canada, that he supplied 65 per cent of Canada's imports in 1912, while England supplied only 30 per cent.

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men that walk over them are not aware of them. And on other occasions he called them "whited sepulchers." It must be said, though, that in many directions the church of today is reaching out as if conscious of its responsibility and opportunity for service in the solution of world and worldly problems, and this is the best evidence of the value of its introspection.

Glass Houses and Stone. Viewed in its worst aspects, what is the Mexican revolution as compared with the incessant war of national extinction in the Balkans? Suppose the scenes shifted and the struggle for the survival of the fittest were being dragged out on our southern boundary line and the Mexican family furor enacted along the Bosphorus, what would be the respectful attitudes of the United States and those European powers now condemning us for neither recognizing the Huerta regime nor interfering with Mexico's internal eruption.

Nations no more than individuals living in glass houses can afford to throw stones. True, the Mexican uprisings are disturbing to lives and property of all nationalities in the troubled zone, but the incessant Balkan slaughters for national extinction are of far graver import. Europe will have to let us quiet our own troubles in our own way.

Correct Pronunciation. Correct pronunciation, like most other virtues, should begin in the home. It may be too late to leave its beginning to the school. The average child is much more apt to get his basic and lasting impressions from his parents than from his teachers. Careless pronunciation around the family table invariably has its effect upon the youngster. It is exceedingly important, if we are to attempt to maintain anything like a standard of English, that the home help the school all it can in giving the child the earlier bent.

Amusing experiences often present themselves in the effort of a teacher to convince a child that a pronunciation learned at home is wrong. The child, naturally, thinks father and mother know as much as or more than the teacher and consciously or unconsciously yields but slowly to a different instruction.

William Rockefeller Redivivus. It may be taken for granted that an anxious public will be glad to know of the recovery of William Rockefeller, the hero of Jekyll Island. Only a few months ago trembling pity was excited at the spectacle of a dying man, with palsied hand and feeble voice, forced by fiat of the relentless Fujio investigating committee to cough up a few facts as to how he and two or three other amiable old gentlemen came nearly to monopolize all the money in the land.

A great cartoonist once made the late Mr. Harriman say, "First, be sure you have a good lawyer, and then go ahead until somebody stops you." By substituting the word "doctor" for "lawyer" that might make a most appropriate motto for certain other distinguished kings of commerce.

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peculiar one. A few years ago it developed that, with all our great southern cotton fields, we were not producing up to the increase in demands for raw cotton, and, as a matter of fact, the cotton gins, even in the south, where manufacturing has taken a strong hold, were multiplying at a faster rate than the acreage devoted to the growing of the plant.

No one would suggest that the solution lies in curtailing southern manufacturing; it is obvious that it lies, so far as the United States is concerned, in a more extensive production of cotton. Admittedly the south could, and should, intensify, as well as extend, its cultivation, and when it does our foreign exports may be counted on to take up the increase.

The Baron's Paradox. "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us, to see ourselves as others see us," sang the famous Scotch bard; yet occasionally a stranger from abroad looks in on us and then lets us view ourselves through his glasses.

Many will recall the tour of this country, in the interest of the world peace movement, winter before last, of that noted French publicist, Baron D'Estournelles De Constant. One of his public addresses was delivered at Lincoln, to which he refers in the volume now printed, relating his experiences and impressions in America. Freely translated from the French, this is what the baron says: Lincoln is a paradox. I do not well grasp the reason for its existence as a state capital. It has a comparatively small population, about 20,000 inhabitants, while Omaha, the principal city of Nebraska, has two or three times as many people, and is far-famed by the importance of its meat packing industry and its smelting resources. When the decision was made on the question whether the capital should remain at Omaha, the preference was given almost unanimously to Lincoln, and since then the legislative, administrative and judicial activities of the state have been grouped in this secondary center, just as Springfield took them away from Chicago, Baton Rouge from New Orleans, etc.

Another sidelight is thrown by the baron in his concluding reference: Having finished my meeting at the university, I quitted Lincoln after a beautiful cold-water dinner, observing a rule quite common and strictly observed here. Without giving it a thought, before rising to speak, I asked the colored waiter who was serving behind me at the table to pour a little whisky into my water glass. He looked at me—oh, what a look—I was quite mortified. I sought an explanation from my neighbor, who smiled and said "The temperance of this banquet astonishes you; to you it seems hypocrisy, but it is very wise. You will see other examples of it elsewhere. In a new country where we are all over driven, and where we produce nothing, if we begin with a glass of intoxicants, and if we do not set the example, where will our young folks stop? The cocktail is insidious.

You Can—But. "To Whom It May Concern," President Van Cleave addressed a letter introducing Colonel M. M. Mulhall, "in charge of the most important branch of our activities," in sending him forth on his mission for the National Association of Manufacturers in 1908. In that letter President Van Cleave said: You can speak to him in strict confidence.

Oh, isn't it funny! The charter convention is berated for not reducing electric light rates far enough, and of reducing water rates too far, by the very same fake reform sheet that seven years ago was fighting the battle of the electric light monopoly and shouting itself blue in the face demanding lower water rates than the charter now prescribes as a maximum.

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Looking Backward This Day in Omaha. COMPILED FROM BEE FILES. JULY 20.

Twenty Years Ago—The telegraphers' strike continues, but is pronounced not an entire success, and incidentally the names of the strikers in Omaha are given as follows: R. J. G. Connor, G. W. Arbutnot, A. F. Gates, W. C. Moorey, W. H. Hayes, E. W. Stevens, Leon Gassett, W. A. Howell, W. W. Eastler, W. E. McElroy, W. D. Schran, T. W. Kane, F. Noel, W. J. Rueland, R. J. Clute, E. A. Farran, W. O. Tremain, A. Deverall, H. B. Davis, E. J. McTavey, F. H. Bigger, J. E. Green, J. B. Twiford, R. F. Wilk.

A moonlight picnic at Hascall's park, gotten up by Julius Meyer, was attended by about forty couples. Mrs. Ella Brown, wife of F. D. Brown, cashier of the Union Pacific road, died at their residence, 118 South Fourth street, and the funeral is set for Sunday. Rev. J. B. Maxfield returned from Burlington with the information that crop prospects there are the best he ever saw. Mrs. Judge Anderson, her two boys and daughter, are planning a trip to visit friends in Kansas next week. Mr. J. G. Cronland, the well known carpenter, has returned to his old trade. The mayor and delegation of citizens of Carson, Ia., are in Omaha inspecting our fire department.

Twenty Years Ago—Hon. J. E. Lamaster of Johnson county, who was in town, said he was out of politics. He also thought Grover Cleveland soon would be, and that it was a big mistake to lower the price of any product of American silver industry. W. F. Tibbets of the Denver & Rio Grande, the oldest traveling passenger agent in the country, was in the city. Congressman G. D. Melkielejohn of the Third district was in town, expecting to leave for Washington on the 25th. He was at home arranging his law business, before proceeding to the capital to help in making more laws. Judge Dundy was not on hand at federal court, being confined with illness at home, but not seriously sick. John T. Taylor, an old resident of the city, formerly connected with several county offices, died after a prolonged illness at the Presbyterian hospital.

The capital stock of the Omaha & Republican Valley railroad was increased to \$15,000,000, to cover the deficiency of branch roads to the Union Pacific. The Indianapolis News: A clergyman tells us that the devil is under sentence of death, but he contrives to keep pretty busy under an indefinite reprieve. Washington Post: Rev. Charles Sheldon's suggestion to introduce the non-observance of Protestant churches comes just in time to assign a couple of synods to Colonel Mulhall and Mr. Lamar. Cleveland Plain Dealer: A Philadelphia church which has just closed for good had a free library, a dining room, a tailor shop. If it had only had a bowling alley and an occasional religious service it might have been a success. Philadelphia Ledger: Americans who are regular church-goers at home may feel a bit queer when they read their names as among those present at the Sunday races at Longchamps—races in the extra-ordinary total of \$50,000. But, then, different skies make different customs.

Lightning struck the barn belonging to the Carpenter Paper company, at Twenty-seventh and Parker streets, about 7 p. m., and killed two horses within, and severely stunned A. Holmes, 272 Burdette street, in charge of the barn. Four of the fourteen horses in the barn were knocked off their feet by the stroke. Two were revived by water and two died. The barn was badly damaged. D. W. Annis who resided at the home of O. J. Cooley, 128 South Tenth street, Omaha, was drowned in Lake Manawa when a sailboat in which he, Miss Claiburn, Miss Beesle Cooley and Bennie K. Kling had been riding, was capsized in a storm. King and the two young women slung to the overturned boat until help reached them in a launch, but Annis, after holding onto the boat a while, struck off for the Kurral, toward which he swam but a short distance when he disappeared and was seen no more until his body was recovered some time later by a professional diver.

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People and Events. Truth never dodges, no matter who shoots. Some folks never get anywhere because they stop at the first shade tree. A lie is the most cowardly thing that ever covered up the pit. It is better to aim high and miss than not to aim at all. Don't leave so many things to be settled by the crowd you will meet at the next corner. If the old cow really did jump over the moon, she didn't do it at the first jump. The man who marries for money probably sells himself for more than he is worth. It is better to be able to see beauty in ashes than to be blind and own a gold mine. There is still plenty of room at the top, but the top is higher up than it used to be. Nothing is ever gained by blaming your luck. Better roll up your sleeves and try to mend it. Diplomats from the school of experience are always worth more than their cost.

MIRTHFUL REMARKS. "Moses was the great lawgiver," said the student. "Yes. And a wonderful part of his work was the way he managed to put so many great laws into effect without the assistance of a lobby."—Washington Star. Customer (complaining to job company manager)—Your teamster doesn't give full measure. Manager—If he doesn't, madam, he is at fault. Customer—Well, he mustn't lay the fault at my door.—Boston Transcript. "I did business with that man over yonder once, and found afterwards it was a regular frame-up." "Did you expose him?" "Nothing to expose. I wanted the framing for a picture I had."—Baltimore American.

THUMBNAIL ETCHINGS. A woman follows her emotions, a man his pocketbook. A woman's notion of an ideal husband is one who can remember the anniversary of their marriage. After a girl is 17 her time is about equally divided between visiting, entertaining company and writing to her friends. Between looking at the thermometer and devising plans to spite his relatives, an elderly man's time is pretty well occupied. The longer a man's neck, the more likely he is to call attention to it by wearing a collar one inch high and two sizes too large. There are those who have a wider and more general acquaintance, but the girl behind the cigar stand in the hotel lobby meets the greatest number of bore.

Sympathy for Rip Van Winkle is due to the fact that he was a drunkard and a loafer. Had Rip been sober and industrious the public would have shown no interest in him. When a woman is left waiting at the church she sues for breach of promise and a gallant jury awards damages. But when a young man is left waiting at the church it is considered a great joke.—Philadelphia Ledger. Indianapolis News: A clergyman tells us that the devil is under sentence of death, but he contrives to keep pretty busy under an indefinite reprieve. Washington Post: Rev. Charles Sheldon's suggestion to introduce the non-observance of Protestant churches comes just in time to assign a couple of synods to Colonel Mulhall and Mr. Lamar. Cleveland Plain Dealer: A Philadelphia church which has just closed for good had a free library, a dining room, a tailor shop. If it had only had a bowling alley and an occasional religious service it might have been a success. Philadelphia Ledger: Americans who are regular church-goers at home may feel a bit queer when they read their names as among those present at the Sunday races at Longchamps—races in the extra-ordinary total of \$50,000. But, then, different skies make different customs.

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