

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average Sunday circulation for the month of February, 1914, was

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Dwight Williams, Circulation Manager, subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 5th day of March, 1914.

ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Coal pile near the vanishing point?

Note that Mr. High Living Cost is still walking on stilts.

Is Jimham Lewis responsible for this colored wig custom?

The income tax goblins 'll get you, Billy Sunday, if you don't watch out.

Looks like a race between the two colonels for the grandchildren record.

No one except the hold-up crew wants the business of blackmailing to prosper.

One year of President Wilson finds us waiting watchfully for the other three or more.

Now we see it all—the Philadelphia Inquirer points out that "Mexican policy" has thirteen letters.

If the law requires the labeling of those imported China eggs, they will have a fat chance in California.

And now the loudest champion of public ownership is objecting to public ownership of the Auditorium.

University removal is a misnomer. Campus consolidation and university expansion describes more accurately.

Perhaps the men with the fuzzy green hats are to blame for tempting the women to wear the fuzzy green wig.

"Huerta is as strong as ever," British Minister Carden tells us. They must be quite how strong he started.

The conclusion is almost irresistible that the chauntaxau business in South America is both pleasant and profitable.

Old John Wilkins Macawber's was a policy of watchful waiting, too. And everybody remembers what happened to John.

That message was so short it hardly repaid taking the time to go to the capitol to deliver it to congress in person.

A queer individual appeared on the streets of Paris proclaiming himself as the prophet Daniel. Mens, mens, tsk-tsk, upharin.

Just wait till the base ball season opens and watch the candidates seeking places on the various political teams line 'em out.

Voting down the home-rule charter keeps us under the made-in-Lincoln charter. Presumably that's what those who are opposing the new charter want.

The prohibition candidate for governor of Texas is named Ball. Those heavy hitting Texans are apt to hit him for a home run with the bases full when they come to vote.

With the first year of his administration behind him President Wilson cannot very well hereafter ask people to defer judgment because of the newness of his various official enterprises.

British newspaper comment is unqualified in praise of President Wilson's plan for a back-up on free canal tolls for American coastwise shipping. If the abolition of toll exemption were not popular in Great Britain, where would it be?

The Truth About Mexico.

The truth about Mexico and its succession of death-dealing and debilitating revolutions will some day be known, and we fear, it will not be particularly pleasant reading. It is well known that the plan for the uprising under Madero, which overturned the Diaz government, was largely hatched and promoted from the United States, and it is doubtful if the Madero upheaval would have become formidable without the help derived from American sources. The presumption is that the military mutiny which overthrew the Madero government, and brought the Huerta regime in its place, had no American inspiration, but it is the prevailing belief that the Carranza movement had its inception on this side of the Rio Grande, and it is the claim of the Huerta supporters that the Carranza forces would have collapsed long ago except for reinforcement from the United States.

It is also well known that American interests predominate in northern Mexico, and it is northern Mexico that has been, and still is, the chief seat of revolt. The story has been circulated several times that the northern states of Mexico would secede, and set up a government of their own, following the precedent of Texas, doubtless with the hope, if not the purpose, that after a respectable lapse of time it might, like Texas, be brought over by voluntary annexation.

If the deep-down truth is that we are even in part responsible for Mexico's troubles, we will eventually have to recognize a moral obligation to help restore peace and tranquility by something more positive than "watchful waiting."

A Normal Month. March thus far has been a normal month, natural as Marches go. For, did you ever stop to think of it—March is the one month of all the year that adapts its normality to any kind of weather, no matter how abnormal. It is the paradox of the season, the anomaly of the calendar. It is a month of sheer expectancy. It is expected to produce any kind of conditions. If it comes roaring in like a ferocious lion, why, that is perfectly natural; and if it tips-toe in like the gentlest of lambs, that, too, is natural. The same is true as to its exit. If it brings wind and rain and snow and sleet—it is yet normal. If it is accompanied by mild, balmy atmosphere, so springlike as to make one long for the shady nook down by the old creek, alternating with a riot of elements, all this is true to March, conserving its normal condition.

The fact is, no meteorological phenomenon is unnatural or new to March. As we say, it is the month of expectation when folks are ready for anything, prepared for the best or worst, as the case may be. So, with serious and sorrowing memories of our last March, we here view the present month thus far with its vagaries and caprices, though not serious, as entirely normal, hopefully expectant of nothing worse.

The Gospel of Fresh Air. Strange, but true, that while we have been carrying the gospel of civilization to China, it has remained for a distinguished Chinese to give us a most forceful presentation of the gospel of fresh air. Discussing Americans and American habits in an article in the current Harper's Magazine, the eminent Chinese statesman, Wu Ting-fang, who speaks from personal observation during years of residence with us as minister at Washington, deprecates our failure to realize the importance of breathing in a pure atmosphere at every and all occasions. Minister Wu is speaking of social entertainments and manners which he criticizes in a suggestive way with particular stress upon the lack of proper ventilation. "What always astonished me," says he, "was that although the parlor might be crowded with ladies and gentlemen, all the windows were, as a rule, kept closed, with the result that the place was full of vitiated air." Further on he continues:

I should like to know how many persons pay even a little attention to this important subject of pure air breathing? You go to an office, whether large or small, and you will find all of the windows closed, although there may be more than half a dozen persons working in the room. When you call at a private residence you will often find the same thing—all the windows closed. If you should venture to suggest that one of the windows be opened the lady of the house would at once tell you that you would feel a draught and so catch cold. It is a matter of daily occurrence to find a number of persons dining in a room where there is no outlet for the contaminated air to leak out, or for the fresh air to come in. After dinner the gentlemen adjourn to the library to enjoy for an hour or so, with closed windows, the sweet perfume of smoking. What a picture would be presented if the bacteria in the air could be photographed, colored and thrown on a screen—or better still, shown in a cinematograph. It is a common practice, I fear, among certain classes, at least, to keep the windows of the bedroom closed, except in hot weather. I have often suggested to people that for the sake of their health they should at least keep one of the windows, if not more, open during the night, but they have been pooh-poohed the

measures worth by words if you can. True, we live in a day of "words, words, words," as the melancholy prince put it, and that, too, with words, words, words, to be done all about us, but something must be allowed for the tendency and facility of the times to commercialize words like nearly everything else. They sell by the space in print, by the beauty of arrangement and fluency of utterance in speech, but they do not even then alter the truth of philosophy that the final abatement rests with works. With so much in his favor to start with, the "middle-of-the-middle" man of Darkest Africa seems to face a big light after all.

An Empire of Love. Napoleon Bonaparte, in exile, would have praised Dr. Drummond's "Summum Bonum"—love as the all-impelling power, the only really conquering force. For there at St. Helena, stripped of regal pomp, of military trappings, of all that made him powerful, Napoleon said: Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne and I have founded empires. But upon what did we rest the creation of our genius? Upon force! Jesus Christ alone founded His empire upon love; and at this moment millions of men would die for Him. And if Napoleon had spoken but yesterday he might as truly have uttered that last sentence as well as the rest.

What an abyss between my deep misery and the kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and which is extended over the whole earth! That is enough. It brings the kingdom of the Nazarene to the "utmost" limitations set for it in the beginning. In one year 28,000,000 copies of the law of this empire are circulated throughout the world, taught in hundreds of tongues. Never mind narrow sectarianism as a gauge of power and influence. Look to results. See the conquest in China, where ancient pagan monarchy dissolves into representative government; in Japan, India, Africa, even the ancient land of Syria, whence came the conquering force at first; everywhere, though not completely, to some extent this empire of love reigns.

Back to America and what do we find? The rumbling of Napoleonism! But see the greatest, most pulsant national power restraining its patience, reducing itself almost to contumely in its struggle to withstand the provocation from an insignificant people for the visitation of force. See also the proud and dreaded Britain, "whose sun never sets," and whose subjects never suffer—see how England, too, holds back. Fear? There is no fear of weak, distraught, debauched Mexico. The influence of the empire of love is at work. Napoleon was a prophet as well as a warrior and king. The conquest is not complete, nor is it apt to be for long years to come, but the empire is growing.

The Reputation of a Community. The reputation enjoyed by a community outside of its own borders has a great deal more to do with its growth and prosperity than most people realize. The reputation of a city or community is made up of various and varying elements. It may be known for its possession, or lack, of enterprise and public spirit. It may be known as a center of culture and art and education. It may be known for scrupulously meeting, or for defaulting on, its financial obligations. It may be known for pursuing steady, sober methods or for constantly trying half-brained and freak experiments. It may also be known for high or low standards of public morality. In fact, from this standpoint the standards of the community merely reflect the standards of its inhabitants.

For this reason, a community has much more to gain from cleaning up its queer doctors, its get-rich-quick swindlers, its crooked lawyers, its corrupt officials, than by tolerating them to avoid attracting attention. The community with its reputation for protecting its own reputation is the one that commands respect.

Words and Works. The sturdy Scotch missionary, Dan Crawford, who outdid even David Livingstone himself in reaching the very heart of central Africa—"the middle of the middle," as he calls it—says in describing the African's character that he is very long on deeds and short on words. He has no books, and asks, on seeing a white man reading, "What, thinking with another man's mind?" Crawford had translated the "Book of the Acts of the Apostles" into the native dialect and called in a few tribal chiefs as a committee to give his new version a name. They suggested "Words Concerning Works" as the title—words for book, works for acts. It could not be beat, the missionary thought, and he accepted it.

All of which shows that these black men, still living the tribal life in a country of almost impenetrable primeval fastness, under the most primitive conditions, are orthodox in their philosophy. So far as we know, no system of teaching places words above works. Whenever the order is changed and the words gain the ascendancy, it is because of faulty practice. Individuals are to blame, not philosophy. "By their fruits ye shall know them"—it is the same thing. Find anywhere a rule that

Looking Backward  
This Day in Omaha  
MARCH 8.  
Thirty Years Ago—The next Philharmonic concert is being eagerly looked forward to as two soloists have been engaged. One of them is Miss Emma Howe, leading soprano of Henry Ward Beecher's church, and the other Theresa Carson, the ranking pianist of the world. The concert will be held the next week in March.

The Good Templars gave a pleasant entertainment at their hall, 314 Douglas street. Charles E. H. Geston of Omaha, who formerly worked for the Omaha Republic, was found dead in the Palmer house at Chicago, suffocated by gas. W. R. Goodall gave an exhibition of fancy skating at the roller ring on Capitol Avenue, and made his particular gift

by some comical representations or new beginners on rollers. W. F. Bechler, auditor of the Pacific Express company, has been down to St. Louis and back in connection with the Tiller express robbery. Barker & Mayne, northeast corner of Thirteenth and Farnam, offer a one-acre lot with a fine house on Burt street, for \$2,500.

Twenty Years Ago—The annual carnival was a unique affair opened at Exposition hall under the auspices of the women of the local Presbyterian churches for the financial benefit of the Presbyterian hospital. The exercises began with an overture by the orchestra of the Young Woman's Christian association and a grand march led by Miss Van Court. William F. Gurley wrote to The Bee to say that there was nothing in the report from Washington to the effect that he was a candidate for the vacancy on the Interstate Commerce commission.

A strange human phenomenon was found in an old shanty near Twentieth and Pierce streets, where for weeks residents had been frightened by strange noises at night. As they emanated from a shanty in which an old character in that neighborhood had recently been killed, none cared to make much of a search at night and during the day the noise was not heard. The community had about set itself back into the comfortable superstition that it was "old Pat's" ghost when one night some of the holder ones summoned courage and ventured out to the house. There, crouched in a small room where the stench was awful, they found an old man, with white beard and hair, eyes glistering like balls of fire and face assuming various hideous grimaces. Asked his name he betrayed no signs of intelligence and could give no inkling as to his identity. He was taken in hand by the authorities for sequestration and examination as to his sanity.

Ten Years Ago—Mrs. Mary Ann Jardine, mother of W. S. Jardine, died at the age of 83 years. She had resided in Omaha thirty-five years and was one of the best known charitable workers among local women, being identified with the leading agencies of that character. She was for years prominent among the Women's Christian Temperance union.

The Prospect Hill Improvement club, meeting at Thirty-fourth and Decatur streets, decided on a campaign of setting out many trees the coming season. John F. Daly of the street committee reported verbally as to the character of a tree-planting ordinance of wide latitude. Chancellor E. Benjamin Andrews of the University of Nebraska made the principal address at the annual Unity church dinner, taking for his subject, "The Problems of Greater America." He said the United States must prepare for war, must defend the Pacific, that Bismarck lay just beyond and the friendship of the restless czar was not to be trusted. The next problem, he said, was a good colonial administration.

Congressman G. M. Hitchcock returned from Washington. Asked about the next democratic presidential nominee, he said that while not in touch with the democracy throughout the country, he felt sure the nominee must be a faithful Bryan supporter and no one who had never bolted the Peoria crowd. He thought, he thought, could not Judge Alton B. Parker of New York, he considered a formidable possibility; the most popular man with house members.

FACTS AND FANCIES. A man sees his hero every time he looks into a shop window. The combination in the groom of age and money is responsible for many marriages. When half the people enjoy a thing the other half launches a movement to have it prohibited by law. Next to finding money in the road, being a rich woman's favorite nephew is one of the easiest ways to get it. It is said of nearly every old bachelor: "The girl to whom he was engaged died and he never looked at a woman since."

Observer, who has never been away from home, says when he dies he wants to go to one of the places described in the railway folders. The theory that a man may, by whistling, keep his courage up while passing a lonely graveyard is a fallacy. The man who is compelled to pass a lonely graveyard at night is too badly scared to whistle. Within an hour after a woman returns from the ceremonial of buying her husband the neighbors begin to call for the purpose of advising her as to the manner in which she should dispose of her insurance money.—Philadelphia Ledger.

MUFFLED KNOCKS. It always makes a married man grin when he reads that a bachelor is taking a rest cure. Every now and then you run across a wise guy who knows everything that isn't worth knowing. The old family horse wasn't so much on speed. But he never skidded and tried to pile on top of you. A man who has hives, eczema and a dollar watch isn't kept any busier than a woman who marries a man to reform him. Any mother who is nursing her first baby can tell you that the lad who said all men are born equal had holes in his head. The foot men imagine they are some anglers. But you ought to watch a girl hook a 150-pound sucker and land it while the rest of the family are trying to whip it away. When there are five or six children around the house a mother could save time and worry by getting a graphophone with a record that would keep on holding: "Don't do that. Don't do that. Don't do that."

Wisconsin and other states have adopted eugenics to a degree where the bride and groom must be certified before the ceremony. And in the long list of fool questions they have omitted the most important query: "Do you suffer from cold feet?" Nature takes care of everything. After a man has been married a while and gets a lot of comfort out of an old pipe that smells like he was smoking a pair of old socks it is just as well that his wife isn't expected to kiss him every ten minutes and ask him if he still loves her.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT. Washington Post: A Brooklyn clergyman strongly advocates the reading of the Bible in churches. It would seem, however, as though these cantankerous clergymen might leave religion alone. Cleveland Plain Dealer: A pastor much in the public eye says that women need husbands more than they need votes. There is more than one way for a preacher to make himself solid with the church majority. Houston Post: Still, with Lent now getting under way in good shape, it is easy to see that the devil doesn't propose to close down his works. He has merely laid off a few hands temporarily and is operating his plant on full time. Baltimore American: Let the bishops and clergy bring to their people during the Lenten season messages of comfort and peace, pointing out to them the better way, and thus make the penitential days a time not of mourning, like one who is lost, but of resisting, like one who knows that soon will come Easter day, with all its joyous lessons of the Risen Savior.

Philadelphia Record: It is interesting to learn that under the combined influence of Rev. "Billy" Sunday's revival and a go-to-church campaign, which is now being carried on in many parts of the country, the congregations in Pittsburgh churches last Sunday were from 25 to 75 per cent larger than usual. There are churches in this city in which seats can be obtained without difficulty, and several thousand persons who might increase the regularity of their attendance upon divine worship with salutary results. Ex-President Taft wears a go-to-church button, and expresses his conviction that if a much larger proportion of the people attended church every Sunday the country would be better morally and economically.

PASSING PLEASANTIES. "I understand Paris dressmakers are going to copyright their gowns." "Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Growcher. "As fasteners are going, there won't be enough of them to make room for a copyright notice."—Washington Star.

A New Yorker and a Scot went into a saloon together and spent several hours in convivial intercourse. When they reached the parting glass, the New Yorker was about to settle for it. "Na, na!" protested Sandy; "ye've been paying for a thing at the night. We'll toss up for this drink."—New York Times.

"Do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?" "Yes," replied the slangy young man after some of the advice, "but don't you think I'd better stick around with your family a few years so as to get accustomed to it?"—Washington Star.

Minister (announcing from pulpit)—I will add that a woman's watch has been found in one of the attics, which the owner can have by applying at the vestry. We will now sing the 117th hymn: "Lord, her watch Thy church is keeping."—Boston Transcript.

"You can talk about these new tango dances, but in my opinion there are better." "What are they?" "They are the old-fashioned barn dances were the real thing."—Baltimore American.

"What did the detectives do with you?" "They acted like a hospitable club friend."

"How was that?" "They took me to the grill room."—Baltimore American.

Tramp—Would you give a pore starvin' man something to eat, morn? Lady of House—I might; but you are not starvin'.

Tramp—I know dat, lady; but an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, you know.—Baltimore Transcript.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY PRAYER. M. E. Bulher in New York Sun. Lo, Thou hast made Thy flaming sun; And set it blazing free in space; And Thou hast made those darker ones Outcast forever from Thy face. Those wandering stars with quenched sparks; Lost in the blackness of the dark.

O Maker of each undimmed sun In sole dominion o'er its spheres That in their rounded orbits run Serenely through the perfect years, Lock down in pity on our world About two centers madly whirled.

Our world with pathway all amiss, Misshapen by the central trife, Between the lords of war and bliss, Of dark and light, of death and life, Help us, in these our latter days, To search this darkness and its ways.

To find the pivot of the night; And heal earth's guidance, rent is twain.

That brings into a world of light Death and the evils in its train. In Thy dear hand, the perfect year, This lost star hidden from Thy face.

Up from the primal fall Thou'st shown The way of life to mortal breath; To man's estate through leaf and stone, From change to change, we've fought With death; With Thy last great gift of mind, The prince of darkness we may bind!

People and Events

Down east, at least, Mr. Groundhog's performance surpassed the advance notice. The faculty of a Maryland college in suspending seventeen sophs for having freshmen delicately intimated that the institution did not grant students the privilege of making fools of themselves.

Missouri may be backward in coming forward in the "go-to-church" movement, but it is whole-hearted in the human spirit. Last year it state put out 20,000,000 corn-cob pipes as an evidence of good faith. The spaghetti squad of the Chicago police is diligently chasing the footprints and thumbmarks of thieves who made away with 2,567,943 yards of doughy pipestems. The job affords a shade less exercise than wrestling with animated calico pickets.

A bunch of men in Sioux City with much courage and questionable discretion plan to pull off a tango contest and a baby show at a home products exhibition. It will cost only the price of admission to learn why the two stunts are hooked together. A bathtub relic of the of the battleship Maine, originally given to Urbana, O., and rejected, in going the rounds of a number of Ohio towns without securing honorable shelter. Three Buckeye towns have ducked the tub with as much enthusiasm as a hoto.

"Whither are we drifting? A street railway corporation in New York City decides to cut out financial middlemen and sell its securities direct to the consumers. Suppose this method became popular, who will pay the janitor for brushing the dust off the mahogany? Every community on the Pacific coast from Seattle to San Diego, is preparing attractions and thrills for the throng of exposition tourists expected next year. San Pedro is the bidder stopover. As a novelty worth the price the town features a dog trained to collect the wads of gum stuck beneath the seats of a moving picture theater.

Two and a half years have been taken up in taking testimony in the steel trust dissolution suit, and arguments of counsel will follow in October. The lower court, which has two cases, will take several months to dig up 6,000 pages of testimony. After all this the federal supreme court will be asked for the last word. Guess how much rust a steel girder will shake off before the last word is uttered.

An ex-official member of the United States navy is Mr. Albert H. Metcalf, "commandant" of the naval station of Sackett Harbor, in Northern New York. As there are no marines stationed there the commandant's duties consist of running the flag up the flagpole at sunrise and taking it down at sunset and seeing that the buildings and lawns are kept in good condition. These duties, however, are useful as a training for the glorious coming days when women will share with men the honors of army and navy service.

"38" Packard "48" AN enumeration of American cars at touring centers abroad, as reported by the Paris edition of the New York Herald, shows the total of Packard registrations for the season of 1913 to be greater than the total of all other cars listed. The Packard registrations are seventy-eight per cent greater than those of any other make.

Orr Motor Sales Company 2416 Farnam Street, Omaha, Nebraska LINCOLN HIGHWAY CONTRIBUTOR

Ask the man who owns one