

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD RUSSELL... VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR... NEW BUILDING, FARMAN AND TITEL...

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J. Bull is also watchfully waiting... Friday the thirteenth! Keep your fingers crossed!

The really happy man is he who actually achieves something worth while.

But, of course, Omaha, as the "convention city," must have an auditorium.

John Lind is a man who never speaks a word amiss, or, seemingly, any other way.

A society for the prevention of useless noises could keep busy right here in Omaha.

New Orleans is putting on an "Exposition of Big Ideas," which is a big idea in itself.

For purposes of freight rate classification ice cream is a food. Well, all right, if it includes frozen eggnog.

If worse comes to worst, we might manage to keep the Billy Sunday tabernacle tent in permanent commission.

Perhaps the wit is not far off in opining that Omaha is awaiting the outcome of home rule in Ireland before trying it here.

So far as concerns the faithful still lined up at the pie counter, the policy of watchful waiting does not strike the democratic heart.

The crooks exposed by The Bee always go to the World-Herald for aid and comfort, and never fail to get a sympathetic response.

By venturing into the wilds of New York, Felix Diaz gives himself the benefit of the doubt as to whether he fled from Mexico for fear of gunmen.

Nobody disputes the statement that the democracy is now alert. Indeed, the faithful everywhere are out on the firing line trying to bag the spoils.

More than half of the recruits in General Kelley's workless army have already deserted because of short rations. It was not fair to put them to that test.

Our amiable democratic contemporary awards County Treasurer Uro "a halo" for voting against the home rule charter. It will not support him for re-election, however, unless he runs as a democrat.

What's this? "Amazing and shocking conditions in the coal fields of Colorado?" And Colorado one of our progressive reform states, the home of Judge Ben Lindsey and the votes-for-women paradise?

Omaha's seven-for-a-quarter ordinance will be advertised throughout the country as a great socialist achievement. In this exploit the socialists certainly have a right to throw themselves a few bouquets.

If she is not ungrateful, the notorious Mrs. Paul will give the editor of the World-Herald a tangible token of appreciation for his kind words cautioning the public not to think harshly of her because the grand jury indicted her.

Somebody has wildly proclaimed the discovery that water from Fall lake will preserve timber. Yea, yea! The late E. H. Harriman knew that years ago when he sank the piles into the lake for his Lucin-Ogden cut-off.

"I figure that these piles will, as a result of the preservation of the salt water, last for many years to come, perhaps twenty," said Mr. Harriman, who seems to have been just about that far ahead on many things.

Do-Somethings and Do-Nothings.

It is idle to scold the stay-at-homes who refused to take the trouble to go to the polls and vote at the recent special election, or to attempt to put upon them the responsibility for the outcome, where the shifting of a few votes would have changed the result.

But that is not the point we wish to make so much as that every community is made up of people who do something and of people who do nothing—people who are active in public affairs, and people who take no direct interest in them.

The difference between these two classes is manifest also in every society, club, labor union, business organization, church congregation—in fact, in every assemblage or association of individuals.

Everywhere a few take the lead and rally the support of followers possessing the energy, while the listless merely sit around without expressing a desire or indicating a preference.

Of course, what every live community wants and needs is to increase the proportion of the do-somethings, for they are the vitalizing factor in the population.

The most promising field for enlistments and converts must be among those who are still young, and not yet confirmed in do-nothing habits.

Undoubtedly, many democrats are sick and tired of Boss Murphy and would like to unload their party of him if they only knew how, but it evidently takes more strategy than has yet been displayed.

The Tammany chief naturally professes indifference to the whole affair, the club, its membership and all, but his satraps declare they will restore him to the organization.

Politics is politics, you know, Sulzer may be "the same old Bill," but there's likely to be "many a slip 'twixt cup and lip" before democracy and Tammany are divorced.

The militants got pretty close to the heart of the Britons when they turned loose on the London art galleries. So long as they confined their sport to smashing Parliament windows and smearing Parliament members, and even burning down their palatial homes, they were sure of nothing worse than starvation strikes, but now that they are playing their streams of vengeance upon the art galleries, results may be expected.

For it has become necessary to close these art galleries to save their precious contents. And a closed art gallery in London is about as worthless a heritage as could be imagined.

These art galleries are veritable mecca for tourists with plethoric wads. Closing them may repulse and expel all these easy-money sight-seers.

Possibly, then, this latest manifestation of Pankhurstitis may prove to be a blessing in disguise. Hit a London shop-keeper, hotel-keeper or any other sort of keeper on his bally purse and he is touched on a really tender spot.

In St. Louis, where a controversy over "street car seats for women" is waging, certain hide-bound opponents of equal suffrage rise to remark that if women vote as men do they ought to take their chances with men in other spheres of life; that the "new chivalry" puts equal suffrage beside equal treatment.

In this very connection, one of the good women leading in the Nebraska campaign for equal suffrage is quoted as saying: "They say men would lose their chivalry if women voted. But women don't care for hat-tipping and car seats; all they want is justice."

But have women ceased to care for gallantry and deference? The Chicago Record-Herald, discussing the St. Louis situation, puts it aptly when it says that "some of the aggressive exemplars of the new chivalry do not know the difference between rights and amenities, essential law and manners, and little customs that proclaim the gentleman and lady."

Take it from us that whether women acquire votes or rest content without them, they will still be women and receive from the men the homage they have always commanded.

Looking Backward

This Day in Omaha

MARCH 13.

Thirty Years Ago—The remains of the late Bishop Clarkson were interred in Trinity churchyard at 1 o'clock.

John Withnell and his daughters, Blanche and Allie, have returned from a delightful trip to New Orleans and the south.

It is announced that the spiritualists will hold their anniversary in Masonic hall on the 26th and 29th to comment on the advent of spiritual manifestations at Hydeville thirty years ago, and that Colonel D. M. Fox and wife will conduct the proceedings.

Joe H. Hicks, city editor of the Dispatch, received news of the death of a brother in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Johnson are receiving congratulations over a daughter, the fourth in the family.

Charles E. Plisk, the well-known printer, aged 33, died.

Twenty Years Ago—President E. H. Clark arrived from St. Louis, ready to hear the arguments of the Union Pacific workmen for a restoration of their positions and wages recently cut.

Chris Oleson was sitting comfortably perched on his lofty load of hay, driving his two noble steeds leisurely along when he slipped and slid and down came Chris Oleson with a broken collarbone.

George Michael and Walter Bridges slipped and fell while trying to raise a ladder in the main room of Murphy, Wasey & Co.'s chair factory, and fell into some boiling oil, badly scalding their legs.

Secretary Drexel was preparing for an anniversary meeting of the Commercial club on the seventeenth, and had selected these men as speakers: Dr. George L. Miller, General John C. Cowin, Edward Rosewater, W. H. Robertson, John L. Webster, W. H. Alexander and President Gibbon.

Ten Years Ago—Mrs. Sallie McAvoy, wife of W. G. McAvoy, died at Winona, Minn., and was announced the body would be laid at rest at Bardonia, Ky.

W. M. Robertson of Norfolk was in the city and denied the report that he was out for the republican nomination for governor.

John D. Howe got back from the south, where for six weeks he did a good deal of traveling, visiting several states and many cities.

Bishop Coadjutor Williams administered the sacrament to thirty young folks, twenty-one of them girls, who were confirmed at St. Mathias' Episcopal church at the morning Sunday service.

Nebraska's division of the federal pie counter at Washington is conspicuous for its array of idlers.

The Cleveland man who has started out to "take a poll to determine the six biggest fools of last year," has a larger job than Diogenes tackled and is fairly certain of winning one of the tags.

Anthony Curtin, who celebrated his 70th birthday recently in Waltham, began work at the age of 7, has been forty-six years a foundryman, and has been in his present location for the last thirty years.

Pictures of the great ball game in London last month reveal King George wearing a smile as copious and catching as when Dave Cole nudged him at the coronation. The royal grin is fringed with Van Dyke whiskers.

Judge Joel Branham, dean of the Georgia corporation lawyers, whose home is in Rome, Ga., says that ministers are smooth shaven, when, according to the Bible, they should wear beards, and yet they criticize women's dress.

Last Sunday was the 100th anniversary of Mrs. Abigail Merrill of Newburyport, Mass., and she celebrated it by reading her Bible. "This far, this year, she has not even had a cold," says the reporter, "and has not missed one of her regular meals."

Senator Tillman has induced his associates to cut out smoking during executive sessions. "I did not mind tobacco smoke formerly," said the pitchfork statesman, "but since I was paralyzed four years ago, the smell of tobacco nauseates me."

Old Bill Kahler, the hunchback beggar of San Francisco, underwent a searching investigation by the police the other day when his hump proved to be a tin can filled with gold coins and paper money.

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Twice Told Tales

A Forgotten Detail.

When Joseph W. Bailey, now practicing law in New York, began his career in Texas, he was approached by a negro, with a request for legal assistance.

After a few minutes "Jack" returned. "I don't know what to do," he said. "I have tried to recollect all the details, but I can't remember a thing."

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The Bee's Letter Box

Artist—Your wife has such a mobile face.

"I want to avoid being misunderstood," said the man who explains.

"I think the world takes a man at his own valuation."

"I think you are mistaken. The customhouse inspectors are as alert as ever!"—Town Topics.

"You say the prima donna is the principal of that musical show?"

"I hear Wombat is a gentleman farmer now."

"Right up to the notch, too. Put your evening dress on all his scarecrows every day at dusk!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Why don't you have a tombstone placed on your wife's grave?"

"I want to wait a year or two. Then I'll not be likely to include in foolish extravagance."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A retail dealer in leather goods, doing business in Baltimore, wrote to a firm in southern Massachusetts ordering a carload of the merchandise. The firm wired him:

"Cannot ship your order until the last consignment is paid for."

"Unable to wait so long," telegraphed the leather merchant. "Cancel the order."—Lippincott's Magazine.

"And how long, doctor, should I stick to this plain, inexpensive diet which you recommended?"

"Why—until my bill is paid."—Saturday Journal.

JUST A CLERK.

H. J. Maclean in New York Times: Lord, I am but a little clerk.

The only colors in my life are drabs and duns and grays. Yet on the whole I am content to tread the beaten way.

But sometimes when the midspring mist floats in the scented night, Strange spirits whisper in my ear, And visions cross my sight.

I see myself a gracious youth, In purple and bright steel; The golden spurs of knightly worth Are glittering on each heel.

I ride into a world of dreams, And with my pennoned lance I pierce the mystic veil that hides The land of high romance.

But as I pass through Galahad's glades, Adventuring on my way, A ghost is ever at my back, The ghost of every day.

And soon or late its horrid hand, That never yields or stays, Will hurl me from my land of dreams, Back to its beaten ways.

Oh, Lord, some pray to Thee for gold, Some for a woman's smile, But all I ask is a breath of life, Once for a little while.

Grant me, before I pass beyond, One chance to play a part, And drop the guise of the little clerk And show the man at heart.

CHEERY CHAFF.

Artist—Your wife has such a mobile face.

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INTERSTATE COMMERCE (4000 words) by Prof. F. A. Fetter, Princeton University;