

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.
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The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.
BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND SEVENTEENTH.
Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
By carrier per year \$5.00
Daily without Sunday 4.00
Evening and Sunday 6.00
Evening without Sunday 4.00
Sunday Bee only 2.00
Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

OFFICES.
Omaha—The Bee Building, South Omaha—215 N. Street, Council Bluffs—14 North Main street, Lincoln—5 Little Building, Chicago—601 Hearst Building, New York—Room 106, 284 Fifth avenue, St. Louis—100 New Bank of Commerce, Washington—1214 Fourteenth St., N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.
Address communications relating to news and editorial matter to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

MARCH CIRCULATION.
51,641
State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that average daily circulation for the month of March, 1914, was 51,641.

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

Just the same, there is a mighty big difference between Easters.

Don't overlook the approaching municipal clean-up days.

We will soon have with us again our old friend, the box score.

John D.'s bees make honey.—Philadelphia Record. They have to, or lose their jobs and their meal tickets.

Keep this up, Mr. Weather Man, long enough to insure a fine fruit crop, and you may have your share of it.

That prima donna who advises women not to marry till they are 44 is asking some of them to take an awful chance.

If everyone who was ever called a "piker" committed suicide, the undertakers would experience a sudden boom of business.

Since the high cost of living still roasts high, all his friends will wish that Mr. Bryan is wholly himself again in time for the chautauque season.

Secretary Daniels evidently believes that the natural rock and roll of the sea is sufficient, without the additional artificially stimulated dizziness.

Secretary Bryan accuses the opponents of free tolls repeal with "appealing to prejudice." Well, now, isn't that a good one coming from this source?

Nat Goodwin, who says all his wives choose him, should be kind enough to admit that as a rule they repented of the error of their way at the earliest opportunity.

The Pittsburgh Dispatch takes time to note that "Omaha's 1913 manufactured output was valued at \$192,355,671." Secretaries McAdoo and Houston please copy.

A Denver dispatch tells of a proposed marriage of a girl of 11 to a boy of 14 in that city. What, and with Judge Bennie Lindsay supposed to be on the job, too?

The race for the democratic nomination for congress in the Third district promises to narrow down to two contestants, with this as the issue, "Who gets the postoffices?"

It is to be assumed, then, that anyone using a saloonkeeper in Douglas county may ask for a change of venue on the ground that the courts are prejudiced, and be sure of getting it.

John Wanamaker thinks no man can listen long to Billy Sunday "without seeing a ray of light." But when Billy gets in his heaviest blows he makes many a man see a whole constellation of stars.

If our democratic United States senator refrained from mixing in for Omaha for the reserve bank location for fear he would do more harm than good, a pretense of mixing in after the damage is done, just to make a show of vigilance, will fool nobody.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

At the republican county convention G. M. Hitchcock was one of the star performers. He was appointed on the credentials committee along with J. T. Clark, E. M. Stenberg, M. C. Meany, P. J. Quealy, William Clark, H. C. Timme, and talked long and loud for one of the contesting delegations from the Third ward. I. H. Hascall presided and T. K. Sudborough was secretary, and the state made up by Thurston for state convention delegates was put through with little change.

The Princeton alumni dinner to Dr. McCosh brought out more Princetonians than expected. The alumni association organized with these officers: President, C. S. De la Motte; secretary, Rev. T. C. Hall; treasurer, F. C. Pankhouser.

The latest market house proposition backed by the Board of Trade fixed the location on Fifteenth street adjoining Jefferson square from Cass to Chicago for which abutting property owners have waived damages. The proposition as endorsed by the Board of Trade calls for a building to cost \$12,000 on which it is figured the revenue of renting stalls at \$5 a month will produce a revenue to the city of \$4,000 a year.

Trinity cathedral election continued. J. M. Woodworth and E. Wakely as wardens, Henry W. Yates, Herman Kouras, George W. Doane, C. S. Montgomery, E. B. Chandler, Lewis E. Reed and J. P. Hawkins vestrymen.

H. H. Marshall, the trunk man, has gone on a ten day business trip to Chicago and Milwaukee.

The Little Planks Don't Count.

That is surely childlike simplicity that prompts Secretary Bryan to justify repudiation of the free tolls declaration in the Baltimore platform with the assurance that it is "a little plank," and, therefore, does not count.

The chief trouble with this measure of value for party obligations is that littleness and bigness are merely comparative degrees, and people may differ as to which planks are little planks, and, therefore, not binding, that are couched in a few words, the Baltimore platform contains more than one pledge whose repudiation Mr. Bryan could defend with the same argument.

Here are some of them: "We favor the exemption from tolls of American ships engaged in coastwise trade." "We favor a single presidential term." "We appeal to the American people to support us in our demand for a tariff for revenue only."

"We favor national aid to state and local authorities in the construction and maintenance of post roads." "We pledge the democratic party to an employee's compensation law."

It is true that many of the bigger planks use more words and say less, but, of course, they are to be taken as of having greater weight. The main thing about Mr. Bryan's naive explanation is that it gives a warning, and lays down a rule. Let future platform-makers take the hint and make all the planks that they want to have binding force of equal length.

The Law and the Gunmen.

The "gunmen" went to their deaths at Sing Sing with protests of innocence upon their lips, while a few days before the police officer was granted a new trial by the same judge who denied similar pleas from these men. Regardless of opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the quartette that was executed, the belief is general that these men were at most only tools in the hands of others higher up in the scale of political perfidy who reaped the plunder of their performance.

And as to Becker, who secures a new trial a year and four months after conviction, during which time he has languished in a death chamber, the conclusion is irresistible that, whether guilty or not, his case marks a monumental failure on the part of the criminal law.

Writing in Harper's Weekly, Raymond E. Fosdick, a former city official of New York, on the theme that "Criminal appeals are a grotesque failure among American institutions," makes the striking observation that:

If Becker is innocent and his conviction is the result of fundamental judicial errors and a prejudiced court, a monstrous injustice has been done for which society can never adequately atone to the injured man. If, on the other hand, Becker is guilty, the action of the court of appeals in reversing the considered verdict of a jury a year and a half after it was found and prolonging a painful and uncertain procedure indefinitely into the future is a circumstance which makes of our legalised conception of justice a mockery and a sham.

Nearly every state in the union, nearly every city or community, can furnish less conspicuous, but equally in point, examples of the miscarriage of justice through legal loopholes or split-hair technicalities. The weakness of our criminal law is that its power to command the respect that it should have has been shaken and shaken chiefly by the judges and the lawyers who should be its most jealous guardians.

Anti-Divorce Movement.

Despite all our divorce legislation, the rapid increase in the number of marriage dissolutions is simply appalling, and the attendant evils most discouraging to family life. The task is a mighty one, and we believe is best approached by a preliminary campaign of education, such as has been planned by Francis Miner Moody, the former California minister, who has given over his entire time to this enterprise. Let the real facts in all their gigantic and horrifying proportions once sink deeply in the minds of Americans and they are sure to have a profound effect.

Mr. Moody has wisely laid out his campaign on lines broad enough to enlist men and women of any or no religious faith, restricting it, in fact, by no class distinctions whatever. He has, therefore, secured the active endorsement and co-operation of some of the most eminent people of the country. He is organizing committees to carry on the work from various centers, first having them in Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, New Jersey, Connecticut, California, Washington and the District of Columbia. The strongest, or rather most aggressive, committee to date is the one in Chicago.

The prime object of the campaign of education is, of course, to create a well-informed public sentiment on which to build the whole superstructure of action. There will be scoffers to say that the task is too big, or not worth while, but that should not deter the movement. This much is true, the task is no bigger than the need. The growing divorce evil today is admittedly a menace to American life, and that alone must rouse strong men and women to combat it.

Clean-Up Day.

The Bee cannot too often urge general co-operation in the clean-up day designated for this week by the city commission, since we had a voice in the original proposal. Many people have not waited to do their cleaning, and yet a clean-up will have its place, for otherwise many a yard or lawn, vacant lot or parking, would be overlooked. To make a thorough job of it, all should be ready to take a hand.

A city that lays stress upon its beautiful homes and residential districts as ours does could really afford to make clean-up day a periodical affair, householders uniting their efforts with the public officials. There is practical utility as well as mere beautification in such work. It contributes to better sanitation and comfort to have every particle of winter's accumulation of dirt and refuse swept into the dump pile at the beginning of spring.

It might be a good idea for the people as private citizens to banter the city officials to see which can be made the cleaner, the private premises or the streets, and then when once cleaned to see that they are kept clean.

Secretary Bryan says the platform declaration specifically favoring free canal tolls for coastwise shipping is "a little plank" which is, therefore, overshadowed by the big plank disavowing belief in subsidies and bounties. Mr. Bryan should have advised the voters in advance to disregard the little planks in the democratic platform and place no dependence in them.

Coming of a Queen

For the first time in all his experience your Uncle Samuel or some of his family will have the rare pleasure next month of entertaining a real royal queen. He has honored with princess and princesses, dukes and duchesses, and given shelter to an uncounted number of home grown queens, but the foreign variety, duly tagged, is such a rarity in the land of the free that your uncle may be pardoned for putting on his prettiest smile to welcome Queen Eleonora of Bulgaria.

Bulgars in this country and at home manifest the greatest interest in the visit, the former as to means of entertainment and the latter with respect to the size and make-up of the royal suite. Being a trained nurse herself, with experience in hospitals and on the battlefields of the late Balkan war, the queen is bringing with her four Bulgarian girl students from the Roberts college, an American institution in Constantinople, whom she wishes to be instructed as trained nurses in American hospitals. This is not the reason for the royal visit, which provokes considerable speculation. It is said to be prompted by a desire to disabuse the American mind of the impression that the Bulgarian army committed the atrocious crimes charged against it by the Greeks in the late war against its Balkan allies. If the queen succeeds in re-establishing Bulgaria in the good opinion of the western world, it is suggested that a Bulgarian loan might find favor among the high financiers of this country. Reasons aside, however, the task of American gallantry is to give the queen a royal "good time." At present the western limit of the royal itinerary is Chicago, an unfortunate limitation which deprives her of the happiness of meeting the kings and queens of Omaha's royal house of Ak-Sar-Ben.

Queen Eleonora is reputed to be one of the best dressed women in Europe. She is about 34 and was married to King Ferdinand in 1908. Her visit will be the first of a reigning sovereign of Europe to the United States. At home she is known as the "royal nurse." She is every inch a queen, of regal, commanding appearance. This second wife of King Ferdinand is an extremely practical woman and in nursing, for which she was scientifically trained, she is not content to leave the actual work to others. In the Russo-Japanese and the Balkan wars she worked herself in bandaging wounds as well as directing other nurses. She is also interested in all societies having for their object the improvement of the conditions of women and will doubtless make inquiries into settlement work and other similar movements in the United States.

Quaint Bits of Life

The superintendent of a Long Island lace mill has ordered the girl employees to leave paint and powder off their faces during working hours or quit the job.

There is no servant problem in the Larsele family at Harbor, Pa., where Miss Mattie Brown has just celebrated her sixty-fifth birthday, and her fifty-first year of service with the same family.

Charles F. Buchanan, a retired tobacco merchant of New York, vainly tried to be declared a bankrupt, because his income shrank from \$35,000 to \$18,000 a year. A promise to cling to the water-wagon failed to reach the judge's tender spot.

On the farm of John Roberts in North Alfred, Me., there is an unusual tree, an elm more than a century old. It has been twice struck by lightning, but has survived unharmed, and is now 12 feet high and twenty-five feet in circumference at the ground.

Miss Anna, Eliza Reasoner of Battle Creek, Mich., celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday anniversary with a bicycle ride of twenty-five miles over rough and snow-covered roads. Miss Reasoner, a dressmaker, took up bicycling twenty years ago as a means of reaching customers.

Michael Youhouse, a young iron worker in Duquesne, Pa., is said to have gone without sleep for more than a year, without giving up his work. He has consulted many doctors without success, but while he has been unable to sleep, he has felt perfectly well and has had no difficulty in doing his work.

John Cooley, a rural mail carrier out of Manchester, Pa., carries with him everywhere on his routes a tame hen, which sits in the wagon box under the seat and every day lays an egg which he uses as his luncheon, cooked on a little heater which he carries with him. The hen has never failed to provide him with a daily luncheon.

Women's Activities

Miss Amy Wren, a Brooklyn lawyer, has within the last few years defended a number of Chinamen. She says that her practice among them has been most satisfactory, and that they can be depended upon whenever they tell you anything.

Miss Sara Bideout, of Saco, Me., has had an unusual experience with a grocer, which broke her first. It was very savage when first handled, but became tame and friendly after the wing healed. Since then it sings beautifully, but only when the moon is shining in at the window where its cage hangs.

Mrs. Florence Kelley, secretary of the National Consumers' league, told the congressional committee inquiring into child labor that she believes that more children under 16 are working today in dangerous occupations than there were when, thirty years ago, she began her work to get better legislation for the protection of the young. A national law is needed, she said.

Miss Jane Fairman, who entered the service of the Illinois Central Railroad company 44 years ago, has been retired on a pension. When she became an accountant of the auditor of the road in 1870 she was the only woman employed by the company. As there was no suitable place in the office for a woman she took her work home with her for fifteen years.

Poll-woman Lulu Parks of Chicago was sent to New York to bring back a young woman accused of taking money from her family. The substituting of a woman for a man in this case proved most satisfactory, and the young girl was so glad that she did not have to travel with a policeman that she gave Miss Parks no trouble at all. The girl told her entire story to the policeman, and the result is that she will probably not be prosecuted at all.

Passing Up the Grog

Reminding the Messroom. New York Sun: Our friends in the messroom, then, have to remember that both a widely prevalent standard of efficiency and a widely prevalent American public opinion support the order which they have to obey, however straitened, summary and puritanical it may look to officers and gentlemen with a just sense of their personal dignity, self-control and responsibility.

It's Different Now. Chicago Tribune: When ships were not complicated and delicate assemblages of machinery, grog was a part of the sailor's life. The crew was piped to this exhilarating pleasure whenever occasion warranted.

Men went into battle under the stimulus of "Dead End" grog. They received their reward in this kind of form. Times have changed. Ship machinery now demands sober intelligence. No industrial establishment expecting efficiency would think of serving liquor. Railroads, industries, and commerce have set up bars against the man who drinks. It's not a question of morals! It is a question of efficiency.

Restoring Equality. Philadelphia Bulletin: There seems to be reason to doubt whether the abolition of the officers' wine mess in the navy by Secretary Daniels' orders is due so much to his own views on prohibition as to his belief in democracy. In effect, the rule merely extends to the commissioned officers what has heretofore applied to the enlisted rank and file in the service. Jackie and his buddy, Johnny Marine, were deprived of their "grog" several years ago, and it is a disbeliever in class distinctions like M. J. Daniels, it is only consistent that there should be one standard of liberty on the gun-deck and in the ward room.

Humiliating Our Navy. Brooklyn Eagle: No matter how many drawbacks and supererogations congress may authorize and Americans may pay for, the efficiency of the naval branch of national defense must depend in the future as it has depended in the past, on the self-respect, the energy, the quick initiative of officers who have learned to govern themselves and to govern others. To assume that our naval officers cannot rule their own habits without restraint of penitentiary regulations is to assume that they are utterly unfit for the places they hold. It is also to humiliate them and the navy in the eyes of a not too friendly world.

Twice Told Tales

Put His Money In. Before the passage of the present strict banking laws in Wisconsin starting a bank was a comparatively simple proposition. The surprisingly small amount of capital needed is well illustrated by the story a prosperous country town banker told on himself when asked how he happened to enter the banking business.

"Well," he said, "I didn't have much else to do, so I rented a empty store building and painted 'Bank' on the window. The first day I was open for business a man came in and deposited \$100 with me; the second day another man dropped in and deposited \$50, and so, by George, along about the third day I got confidence enough in the bank to put in a hundred myself."—Everybody's Magazine.

Facts Versus Fancies. Richard LeGallienne was sympathizing with a young writer whose book of poetry had been refused by twelve publishers. "Real lovers of poetry," said Mr. LeGallienne, "are unfortunately becoming rare. Too many people nowadays are like the judge.

"This judge was recommended by a poetic friend to read Shelley. The great man of the law said he supposed he ought to read a little poetry and having heard so much of Shelley he would try him. "And what do you think of it?" said his friend to the judge after he had waded through a few pages of "Eppieychidon." "Isn't it beautiful!"

"Well, well—oh, yes—I dare say it is, when we are going to get at the facts!"—Washington Star.

Just Guesseed It. Recently, in a justice court in the state of Kansas, some wheat in the stack had been attached, and it became necessary, through an order of the court, to have the same threshed.

One of the workmen among the threshers put in a voucher for \$11, which seemed entirely too high to the court.

The court questioned the workman concerning his labor, and asked him how much he charged per day for his labor. The laborer replied: "Three dollars."

The court then asked him how many days he worked, and the workman replied: "Two days."

The court then asked the laborer how he figured the bill at \$11, since he only worked two days at \$3 per day.

The witness replied: "I didn't figure it; I just decided on it."—West's Record.

Half and Half. Apropos of the mismanagement of a railroad that had gone into a receiver's hands, a certain prominent railroad man said:

"The calm and bland excuses offered for their mismanagement by the road's various heads remind me of Smith."

"Smith had Sabbath put in a strenuous day cleaning up his garden for the spring planting."

"But Jones, his next-door neighbor, tackled him indignantly in the smoker the following morning and said:

"Look here, Smith, do you think I want all your tin cans and bones and old shoes thrown over into my garden?"

"You haven't got 'em all, old man. You've only got half," said Smith, calmly. Brown, on the other side, got the other half."—Chicago Journal.

JOLLIES FROM JUDGE.

Flat—it certainly is true that a little gall spoils much honey. "Staf after a night out—it's truer still that a little girl spoils much money."

"Would you like to go to the opera tonight, dearest?" "What? Darling, boy you are! Of course I would! What is the bill for tonight?"

"About eleven dollars, I guess." "Well—Eliza went to an astrologer to find out when was the best time to get married."

Stell—What did he tell her? "Well—He took one look at her and told her to grab her first chance."

The moving van moves on, and having moved, departs along a highway torn and eroded.

You seek your new abode; three hours go by. The moving van, alas! has not arrived.

A small street urchin from the city, who was spending some time in a fresh-air camp, was the source of considerable entertainment to members of the family at a farm where he frequently called for milk and apples.

"Whaddye think about the youngster, anyhow?" the farmer asked his wife, one evening.

"He's a nice little fellow," the wife replied; "but I can't just make him out."

"How make him out?" "Every time grammar sneezes 'Ick' that boy allus laughs and yells, 'Ick, Bibble!'"

"Sometimes," reflected the elderly dame, "a man weeps at the wedding of a daughter, because he suddenly realizes what a mean outland he has been to his own wife and is overcome when

he thinks of what may be ahead of the girl."

"It's such a silly superstition to be always picking up pins." "You may call it a superstition if you wish, but I know a chap who makes about six dollars a week by doing it."

"How can a fellow gather that many?" "He works in a bowling alley."

THE RETOFT COURTEOUS. Friend David has a ready pen. To which this pen must write contrary. For B. N. T. cannot be classed With truth, among the mercenary.

For David, if you're wide awake, You can't deny, for you must know it, That never has been since time began A mercenary struggling poet.

Observe, B. N. T. does not claim To have achieved the poet's caste; 'sirs, How much more impossible to conceive A mercenary poetaster."

And so your premises are wrong. A paradox affects your mind. For bags of gold and shenny alms Have never enstated the poet kind.

And tho' I am in no great haste To snatch the mite and milk you offer, 'Tis not because of love of gold That many folks invoke the law for.

And David, I sincerely hope That a besique spring cleaning of your attic Will rid you of cobwebby thoughts That lead your pen to words erratic. B. N. T.

P. S.—Some words in the above are rhymed. 'Twill seem, without due recognition Of Noah Webster's stern decree, For these I plead, poetic license. B. N. T.

OMAHA COFFEE NEWS
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