THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND SEVENTEENTH.

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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.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 1st day of April, 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.

Huerta is finding it hard even to let go.

"Does marriage change the character?" Well, that depends on the marriage.

A batch of election fraud indictments is chronicled—in New York, not in Council Bluffs.

Perhaps you have noticed that a slightly distorted view of the map of Mexico presents the form of an interrogation mark.

The lid is off on that secret confab of Nebraska democratic editors where harmony was uncorked with such a loud pop that the bottle almost burst.

The demand is renewed for owl cars for Omaha. The street railway company seems to be going on the theory that the 8 o'clock lid law settled that.

It will be interesting to see what the new reserve bank does to Kansas City's clearings figures. Unless rumor is wrong, they are likely to suffer a severe puncture.

Another pertinent question: When we arrive at our city plan to which the Greater Omaha is to be made to conform, can the Water board be made to come under it?

The new federal reserve banks are to be ready for business August 1. Now we know why that currency bill had to be rushed through congress under whip and spur without a moment's delay last December.

Despair not, for the future is safe when all these fresh and ambitious doctors, lawyers, preachers, dentists and other saviors of mankind are being turned out upon the world to carry forward the uplift of the race.

An expert declares that it is not "the city beautiful," but "the city healthful," at which we should aim, and that beauty must be subordinated to health. There is no good reason we know of why both should not go together.

Down in Lancaster county a damage suit for $69,140 is brought on behalf of a 6-year-old boy maimed by a railroad. Here in Douglas county the railroad that cuts off a 7-year-old boy's leg gets away with it for $600 and amputation bills.

The Lincoln Star seems particularly distressed as to whether each announced candidate for university regent is for consolidation on the farm campus or for sticking to the boarding house site. We thought this issue was to be determined by the people with their little ballots without the aid or consent of any of the officeseekers.

The Nebraska Conference of Charities and Corrections resolved in favor of the establishment of state, county and municipal farm work colonies for petty offenders, which we take it means a workhouse with farm attachments. But who is to establish it, city, county or state. The trouble is that each has been waiting for the other when they should get together and make a combined move.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

The school board re-elected Superintendent Henry M. James by unanimous vote, and then by a vote of five to three ordered a contract entered into with him for three years, the salary to be $2,100 the first year.

Captain Marsh has returned from a three months' visit to California much improved in health.

George Helmrod returned to this city with his wife and with their youngest child, which was born to Mr. Helmrod while she was in Germany.

A new plank sidewalk is being laid around the McCord, Brady & Co.'s building, corner Tenth and Farnam.

General Gibbon, commander of the Department of the Platte, has received orders to send two battallions of artillery and one of infantry to the reunion at Dubuque.

Considerable complaint is heard over the condition of Jefferson Square. Many say it is more like a cow pasture, as the gates are broken down and cattle roam through it at will.

L. A. Barrett, who recently opened a macramee school in Crounse's block, has departed without leave to his pupils, who are lamenting their prepayments of tuition.

Mrs. J. J. Riley and her two daughters, Misses Jennie and Minnie, of Schuyler, are the guests of Mrs. C. B. Havens, who is a daughter of Mrs. Riley.

Assistant Principal A. N. Henshaw has been given permission to use a room in the High school for summer classes in July and August.

The Bogy Man of Militarism.

The people are again being warned that unless they are on their guard a great standing army, comparable with the huge military establishments of Europe, will be saddled upon the United States as a result of our little brush with Mexico. The same warnings were heard at the time of the Spanish-American war, and of our later military occupation of the Philippines, but the great standing army that was to menace our liberties did not then materialize, and will not now.

The peace footing of the army in this country must, of course, be gauged by the work which the soldiers have to do. For many years it consisted chiefly of patroling the western frontier to keep down outbreaks of unruly Indian tribes, but that chapter has been closed. Our outlying insular possessions and Alaska require military protection, and the Panama canal will have to have some soldiers on the spot all the time, but outside of this we have no greater need of a standing army for coast defense or suppression of internal troubles than we have had right along. What is required, and what our military establishment aims to be, is a peace-time framework of trained officers and disciplined troops, particularly for the specialized branches of the service, which may be supplemented on call by the National Guard, and filled out further in emergency by volunteers.

The danger of militarism, in the sense of a military government, for the United States is nothing but a bogy man.

Labor's Fool Friends.

One of the strongest cartoons that has recently appeared portrays the danger to which "Labor" is exposed by his fool "Friends." Labor is the colossus of brawn and sinew, of intelligence and determination, yet his firm footing is weakened by noisy demonstrations of demagogues and agitators, red-flag wavers and bomb exploders. If there ever was a time for safe and sane leadership of the working classes, this is the particular period. It is when business conditions are in more or less unstable equilibrium that prosperity cannot possibly be enjoyed by either labor or capital except by pulling together on the same rope for a reestablishment of business confidence.

When everybody willing to work is being employed at full time and wages, the voice of the industrial revolutionist does not command much of a sympathetic audience, nor are the wheels of progress seriously impeded by their efforts. When work is slack and it is a question not so much whether capital or labor gets the big end as whether there is any surplus to divide, rainbow schemes which ordinarily would not attract a passing thought, get attention, and the more fantastic the better, just so the promises are big and catchy. Under such circumstances the suggestion that the end justifies the means sometimes leads to resort to very questionable means.

Not that labor has no real and serious wrongs yet to be righted. Many just grievances of labor have been redressed, but seldom by threats or hunger strikes, or law defiance—certainly not by violence or rapine or armed conflict. When the cause is just, conciliation and arbitration prove more effective. Labor will always be beset with fool friends; the growing intelligence and fairmindedness of the great mass of our American wageworkers is the best sign of all, for they must be depended on as the offset and the safety valve.

Other Side of the Shield.

The Bee not long ago gave its readers the benefit of certain information divulged by the Prohibition National handbook as to the program and expectations of those enlisted in the campaign against the liquor traffic. If the same interest attaches to the viewpoint of those engaged on the other side, then this extract from a bulletin just issued by the crop improvement committee of the United States Brewers' association deserves attention:

The demand for the costly Bohemian hops is due to the rapid growth of the bottled beer business, which in turn is due to the great increase in the family trade. As a table drink, beer is gaining steadily in popularity, and most brewers make special brews for their bottled beer, in which they employ the costliest materials, such as the finest barley-malt, imported rice and a good percentage of Bohemian hops. The crop improvement committee of the United States Brewers' association has undertaken an extensive work in furthering the betterment of crop conditions in the barley and hop producing states. The fact that the beer sales are increasing steadily in spite of industrial depression and prohibition agitation, has impressed your committee with the importance of looking ahead to the time when business generally revives, and the politico-prohibition movement has worn itself out. When thir time comes the beer trade will develop with even greater rapidity than in the past decade, and we must be ready for it!

Perhaps this suggestion may in part explain the transfer of the activities of the anti-saloon forces from local and state fields to the movement for national prohibition by amendment to the federal constitution.

Increasing Our Meat Supply.

Those conversant with the meat supply situation believe we will soon reap the benefit on a small scale of grazing live stock on the open stretches of our 160 national forest reserves. Here is one opportunity for increasing our meat supply of which we should avail ourselves to the very last degree. The government collects a fair rental, or permit fee, from the stockmen for the use of the grass and the general public will finally share in the benefits. These reserves lying in some rich sections this year, according to expert report, will afford pasture for 11,000,000 head of stock. We shall need, of course, all the help possible to combat the odds against the maintenance of the meat supply balance, especially so long as the economic folly of raiding the young, unfinished herds is continued.

But who is responsible for that fake wireless that led us to believe for a few hours that a big ocean steamship freighted with precious human cargo had gone down in oriental waters? Better a false alarm, it is true, than a false assurance of safety but some way of verifying wireless messages, or, rather, making receipt and translation of them accurate, will have to be devised.

A camera-shot of Carranza's bodyguard shows a 12-year-old boy soldier in the constitutionalist uniform. In any other country, that would call down upon someone the opprobrium of cradle-snatcher.

The Bee's Letter Box

Just to Make an Inquiry.

BRADSHAW, Neb., May 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: With your kind permission we would like to use a little space simply to make an inquiry. In The Bee of April 30 we read, with much interest, the speech of Congressman Adolph J. Sabath of Chicago. Our interest in the speech aroused somewhat a question in our mind as to what circumstance had arisen of sufficient importance to call for a defense in the house of congress of what he terms foreign born soldiers serving in the American army. Had anyone questioned their courage or valor?

Why not the Jew be loyal and patriotic to this country? It is the only nation, or country on earth over which floats a flag that gives him absolute and perfect freedom? If in the defense of that flag that guarantees to him religious liberty, commercial freedom and social equality, an occasional death might, or does occur, are the Jewish people paying any greater sacrifice for the freedom they enjoy than do Americans? And, by the way, are they under any less obligations for the freedom they enjoy?

It seems to the writer that unless Mr. Sabath has had his people's patriotism questioned, or some indignity of importance offered, that his speech was something of a bombast not called for. As a veteran of the civil war, I can truthfully attest from personal knowledge that the Jew made as good a soldier as any other class of people, foreign born or American born. If there were any provocation for Mr. Sabath's effort, he should have so stated in a preface to his remarks, that the reader might form somes intelligent idea regarding his grievance. JOHN B. DEY.

The Sage of Aurora.

SILVER CREEK, Neb., May 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: And now has suddenly appeared in the brilliant galaxy of authorities on international law a new star of the first magnitude, viz., W. L. Stark of Aurora—not Aurora, Ill., nor Aurora, Borealis, but Aurora of our own Nebraska, United States of America.

If anyone be disposed to question the right of Mr. Stark to be ranked with Grotius, Puffendorff, Vattel and Wheaton, I need only to remind him that Mr. Stark some years ago attained to the sublimest heights of judicial glory by serving a term as judge advocate of the Nebraska national guard with the rank of major. That ought to settle it. But if the doubter be still unconvinced let him read that very profound discourse by Mr. Stark on "The Law of Salutes," recently addressed to Governor John H. Morehead, wherein he demonstrates by citations from history that a salute to our flag by a provisional government which is not a provisional government is a thing President Wilson was in duty bound to secure even at the cost of much blood and treasure, and of making a complete wreck of Bryan's new battleship "Friendship." Mr. Stark proves further that when a salute in the Tampico affair was refused the president not only had a right, but it was his duty to make reprisal by seizure of Vera Cruz.

The fact that, according to President Wilson, there was no provisional government in Mexico, cuts no figure in Mr. Stark's argument; nor that all we have to show for our brave display of power at Vera Cruz is seventeen dead American boys and 200 to 300 Mexicans—a ruthless sacrifice of human lives on the altar of conceited idiocy. And still further it cuts no figure with his argument that in the seizure of Vera Cruz President Wilson has got a bear by the tail and is desperately trying to get the powers of South America and of Europe to help him let go.

And now as a sort of side issue, I would like to know what right Mr. Stark of Aurora had to butt in at this time and assume to give Governor Morehead advice in matters of international law. For, be it known, that right here in Central City, in my own county of Merrick, replendent in gold braid and brass buttons, resides the present judge advocate of the Nebraska national guard—Major H. F. Allen. If Governor Morehead needed expert advice as to his negotiations with foreign emperors, kings and potentates, it was for Major Allen, the present incumbent, to give it, if any judge advocate at all, and not for a has-been like Judge Stark.

Mr. Stark's thrusting himself in with his advice, and Governor Morehead's acceptance of it, was a deadly insult to the flag, and to the honor and dignity of Central City, and, if need be, should be wiped out in blood. Major Allen should immediately demand that before 6:30 p. m. on some old Sunday the offending parties salute Central City's flag on pain of having Aurora (of Nebraska and not of Borealis) seized and numerous of its citizens murdered by way of reprisal. Now let Major Allen hop to it, only being careful not to bombard Aurora and thus takes chances of killing women and children as did the commander of our fleet at Vera Cruz.

In concluding that very able discourse on international law Mr. Stark relieves himself of a little judicial dicta that all patriotic citizens should uphold President Wilson and Secretary Bryan in their bloody work in Mexico, which same dicta is my justification for saying that all patriotic citizens of Central City and Merrick county should uphold Major Allen in going over to Aurora and wiping out in blood the afore-mentioned insult to our flag. CHARLES WOOSTER.

Quaint Bits of Life

Lewis Higgins of Newfane, Vt., has cigars made of Connecticut leaf, which were rolled before the civil war. One of them was smoked recently and made a good smoke.

Clara E. Carter of Grand Junction, Col., who died at the day and hour she had predicted for her own death two weeks before, spent her last hours making paper flowers to be used in decorating her coffin.

G. M. Turner of Greenville, S. C., is the father of a ton of children. His family consists of ten children, two girls and eight boys. The average weight of the children is 200 pounds, the lightest being 170 and the heaviest 300.

In a will probated recently in Yonkers, N. Y., Rabbi Hyman Setsky left $100 to two men with whom he quarreled forty years ago over the price of some eggs. He admitted that he was not sure that he had been right in the quarrel.

The Port Jefferson, L. I., Weekly has the following account of a local wedding: Jarvis Robinson and Miss Grace Hedges, both of Port Jefferson station, were quietly married Wednesday. No cards, some cake and nobody's business."

Aimed at Omaha

Vindication Through Legal Loopholes.

Norfolk Press: A few weeks ago three Omaha lawyers were indicted on a charge of blackmailing a prominent Omaha merchant. Friday the indictments were all dismissed because the merchant, who was in New York, announced that he did not care to prosecute. Fiascos such as this do not tend to increase one's respect for legal procedure. An indictment on such a serious charge ought to be followed by a trial, unless there is some better reason to offer than that the complaining witness does not care to appear.

Henry, Why Did You Do It?

Guide Rock Signal: Henry C. Richmond threw a fit last week in his Omaha Nebraskan because Wilson declared war on Huerta. Henry must have attended church on "Go-to-Church Sunday" and experienced religion. Funny how these Omaha (Dahlman) democrats will grasp at straws in order to condemn the "grape-juice" administration. The gang of brewers that are backing Henry are sending more boys to hell every year than all the wars that ever existed. We hope he does as he threatens, gets out of the democratic party and stays out, and that he will take along a lot more of those Omaha roughnecks with him.

When Mary Failed to Warble.

Blair Enterprise: A lot of those yokels who went from the tributary country towns to Omaha last week to hear Mary Garden in grand opera, and wouldn't know grand opera quality if they should meet up with it in their porridge dishes, were terribly disappointed when Mary didn't appear as advertised; not that they did not hear her, but that the Omaha papers advertised her non-appearance and they couldn't gush to their neighbors on their return home about how beautiful her singing was.

Competition Appears on the Horizon.

Hastings Tribune: The Omaha Bee says that Nebraska's metropolis is said to have the worst city jail ever. We can't agree with The Bee, for we insist that Hastings deserves to be so branded.

Echo of Seed Campaign.

West Point Democrat: For some reason the business men of Omaha have not been as interested as usual in the good seed corn problem. Last year the stand of corn was good and nearly every grain planted grew. Perhaps the Omahogs who generally say one word for farming and two for themselves are convinced that farmers can conduct their own business without the advice of men who never had an hour's experience on a farm.

Disappointment Equals Expectation.

Fremont Tribune: Lincoln has notified the regional bank committee that it is not sulking on account of not getting a bank and on being joined to Kansas City for bank purposes, this being a sly dig at Omaha. Lincoln's lack of disappointment is on a par with its expectations.

Nosegay for Our New Nashy.

Plattsmouth Journal: Now it is said that Mayor Dahlman is to be next postmaster of Omaha. Good enough! This will keep someone else less deserving in the background, where they belong, and have nothing to recommend them for such a responsible position, and whose mitt is always extended for a "soft thing."

Speeding Up the Car of Justice.

Grand Island Independent: Commissioner Kugel's curiosity as to what is holding back appeal cases from the police court of Omaha has already resulted in the order of judge for a complete list of the cases. Lawyers are held by public opinion, as they in a thorough analysis really are partly responsible for the slow administration of justice. It may be that some of the Omaha members will soon "get a move on."

Reasons Lie Behind All Things.

Kearney Hub: A Washington Dispatch hints that the failure of Nebraska to get one of the reserve banks indicates a waning of prestige on the part of Secretary Bryan, inasmuch as every other member of the cabinet got one of these banks for his home state. Possibly the secretary's desire to put Hitchcock in a hole with his home people had something to do with the failure to do something for Omaha.

Twice Told Tales

How to Make a Cherry Pie.

Willie had resigned his position in the big bakery, where he labored in the pie department and had gone to work in a carpenter's shop for smaller wages. The social investigator, having heard about Willie, questioned him.

"Aren't you sorry you left the bakery and came to this shop?" she asked kindly.

"No'm," Willie answered quickly.

"But you get less money."

"Yes'm."

"Well, what was the matter with the bakery?"

"Twuz this way," explained Willie. "It hurt my mouth. I wuz in de pie part, de cherry pie part, an' I had to stone cherries. An' dey've got a rule over there dat all de boys has to whistle all de time dey's workin', so as to show dey ain't eatin' no cherries."—Popular Magazine.

A Lonesome Donkey.

Last summer Mr. Oakes, an eminent lawyer, sent his wife and young daughter to a farm house in the White mountains for a vacation. Shortly after, he received an urgent request from the little girl to send her a pet donkey to use while there. She had read about donkeys and heard them, but was not at all familiar with their peculiar vocalism.

The donkey arrived and the child had many rides around the vicinity. She enjoyed it all hugely except the animal's strange noises, which inspired her with the profoundest pity for his evident distress.

One day, after vainly trying to subdue his vocalism, she wrote a letter to her father, in which she said:

"Dear Father: I do wish you would come up here soon, my donkey is so very lonesome."—National Monthly.

A Quiet Departure.

Mrs. Smith was engaging a new servant, and sat facing the latest applicant.

"I hope," said she, "that you had no angry words with your last mistress before leaving."

"Oh, dear, no mum; none whatever," the prospective maid replied, with a toss of her head. "While she was having her bath I just locked the bathroom door, took all my things and went away as quietly as possible."—Youth's Companion.

People and Events

Some improvement in the speed record is noted since Reno was "scratched." A "wireless divorce" has been granted a woman in Hawaii.

Dr. M. M. Carrick, whose work stopped the epidemic of cerebro-spinal meningitis in the southwest, has just completed a sanitary survey and reform in 151 cities and towns in Texas and Oklahoma. The disease cost 1,500 lives. Dr. Carrick lives at Dallas, Tex.

"Jeff" Tesreau, the Giants' pitcher, will have to do some tall legal pitching to shut out a breach-of-promise suit for $25,000, started by Miss Clara Young of St. Louis. Miss Young is down in New York with a bundle of letters with which she expects to bat Jeff out of the box.

Owing to the rush of warlike news from the boder the country lost the note of jocund joy which marked the eightieth birthday dinner of former Senator Depew in Washington last week. The senator admitted four-score, but doesn't feel the halting touch of time. There is almost as much freshness in his stories now as when he began jollying the voters forty years ago.

JOLLIES FROM JUDGE.

"Miss Passee says she just dotes on you!"

"Then I wish some one would administer an antidote."

In the old days a book was suggestive,
Because it was found that would sell it;
But now I'm decidedly restive—
Instead of suggesting, they tell it!

Miss Passee—Oh, Mr. Plunks, are you married or unmarried.

Mr. Plunks—Married, generally. But if you would call every day, you might strike me some time when I wasn't.

"What's that?" cried the new doctor in the mining camp. "You say you have 'shooting pains' in your back. Why, you're wounded, man!"

"That's what I said—'shooting pains,'" said Piute Pete.

She's all of 35 and not engaged,
While younger maids on every hand are mating.
She'll change her policy soon, it is presaged,
Thus far it has been one of "Watchful Waiting."

"And do you love your neighbor as yourself?" asked the clergyman.

The magazine editor admitted that he did not.

"Still, there are extenuating circumstances," he added. "My neighbor is a poet."

"When Miss Willings married old Moneybags, she gave her age as 25. I feel sure she is older than that."

"Oh, I suppose she allowed one-third off for cash!"

He had left her between the acts, saying he had to "see a man."

"Well, and how is John?" she asked when he returned.

"John! John who?"

"John Barleycorn, of course," she replied.—Boston Transcript.

THE ALIENIST'S SONG.

New York Times.

I drink the health of the feminine croaker,
The female who sees only trouble ahead!
While others are eager to gag her or choke her
I beam with delight at her croakings instead!

Here's health and long life to the male who's predicting
War, ruin, distaster and woe for our land!
While others their cuss words are on him inflicting
I smile at his notions and fondle his band.

Long life to the fellow who prophesies trouble!
Long life for the woman who warns of a crash!
Oh, would that the generous number was double
Of those who foresee we are going to smash!

Should nobody herald the nation's upsetting,
And nobody harp on our "bad human strains,"
Pray where would an alienist ever be getting
A fee worth his while for examining brains?