

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR
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JULY CIRCULATION
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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss:
Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of July, 1913, was 50,142. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 4th day of August, 1913. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

The latest dope on the California top field war points to peace.

Must be almost time to build that Platte river power canal again.

Boss Murphy seems to have Governor Sulzer where the hair is short.

Holland is said to have been without a cabinet for some months. Chautauking?

Castro, Huerta, Yuan Shi Kai and Johnny Bull are doing the barking for the dog days.

Sometimes with the home team losing and no rain falling life indeed seems dreary.

It seems Tammany sent a woman to "get" Sulzer and when she failed, sent the tiger, itself.

That Missourian appointed as minister to Haiti must have been one of the rascals up for punishment.

But think of the distinction of being alive this kind of weather under any theory of the survival of the fittest.

London had just thirty-six hours of sunshine during July, according to reports. Anyone here want to live in London?

If our election commissioners were chosen by a vote of the people, do you think the conditions would be the same?

The American press humorists have picked out that funny little city of Peoria for their annual meeting place this year.

It may be of interest to New York to know that Nebraska once impeached a governor, and tossed him over the transom, too.

San Francisco is agast over the new law requiring saloons to close at midnight. If they only knew the beauties of the 8 o'clock lid!

The best feature in the appointment of Henry D. Clayton as senator from Alabama is that it keeps Richmond P. Hobson out of the job.

The evidence in that California white slavery case tends to deepen the ire aroused by Attorney General McReynolds' attempt to favor the defendants.

The Case of Sulzer.
Governor Sulzer's friends profess to accept his wife's assumption of responsibility for the stock market speculation and to believe it will save him in the impeachment trial. Sulzer, of course, is impeached, not for the misappropriation of campaign funds, but for presuming to defy his Tammany maker. He is impeached by Tammany, not the people. The people up to the present have had no voice in the affair, at all. They did not even know of the scandal, apparently, until exposed by Tammany. As a political creature of Tammany, Sulzer may have done many dubious deeds without arousing the suspicion of the easy-going public so long as he satisfied the old tiger.

Even the revolt at the spectacle of a political mafia, and making and unmaking the governor of the great Empire state of the union according to its whims, is not provocative of poignant grief over the victim in this case. From the first, Sulzer's fitness for the office of governor has been questionable, and it does not help him much with those who hate sham and demagoguery and the spoils system in politics to find him recreant even to Tammany, fidelity to whom all those years was what kept him in office.

But Sulzer's exposure and humiliation is Tammany's confession. The question of even more importance than his removal or vindication is, Will the city and state of New York, after this exhibition, continue to maintain the Tammany overlord in power?

Mimic Warfare.
The mimic warfare round about Omaha, which is part of the National Guard maneuvers, has many advantages over the real thing. It affords good exercise for the militia boys, the casualties are comparatively few, it entails but moderate wear and tear on the soldiers and imposes no greater burden on the commissary than ordinary camping out and drill. The presumption is that the guardsmen will have learned by their experience in this mimic warfare several lessons of advantage to them should they ever be called into action in the field at home or abroad. The worst thing that can be said of the whole mimic war business is that it constitutes an offset to our peace propaganda; that it sets up martial examples tending to confuse those who would much prefer the "stop, look, listen and arbitrate" policy.

Pity the Forecaster.
This prolonged period of excessive heat and drouth has been severe on all, but none more than him whose business it is to predict weather conditions. He has had to endure his share of the oppressive elements and in addition the embarrassment and disappointment of seeing nearly every forecast he made go wrong. Never has the aphorism, "All signs fall in dry weather," seemed more true. While the showers of the summer may be counted on the fingers of one hand, time and time again indications for rain have been ideal. Of them there has been no dearth or deficiency. It is doubtful if the weather bureau staff ever had so many predictions to fail as this summer, not only locally, but generally. It has taxed the patience and ingenuity of all the prophets alike to the utmost, leaving little room to play on the biblical maxim that "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." The weather prophet in any section of this country who has obtained honor to himself through his forecasts this summer is exceptional, to say the least. But we should pity instead of blame the prophets. Their task has simply been an impossible one. They have done their part time and time again in preparing the stage for the desired relief, only to have everything upset by an overruling force at the last moment. There has been a tough job. They deserve sympathy. Their reputations have suffered and, according to an old authority, reputation is a man's stock-in-trade, especially a prophet's.

The President's Latest Alarm.
President Wilson's charge that certain newspapers, in league with syndicated interests, are deliberately trying to foment war with Mexico, is said to have been made only after careful reflection. Then the president should know and name the guilty parties and not permit the aspersion to rest upon all. He suggests that the lobby investigating committee in congress conduct an inquiry into this situation. He could save the time and expense by coming out boldly with all the information at his disposal.

The president must know, as well as others, that the great majority of American newspapers are diligently engaged, not in fomenting strife, but promoting peace, and it is decidedly unjust to them for him to make wholesale charges. It is also unjust to himself, particularly in view of the results of his "sinister lobby" scare. Possibly there are, as many have believed, selfish interests that believe they would profit by war with Mexico, but if the president has such definite knowledge as to warrant his public utterances, then he should go further, but certainly not in vague and irresponsible statements.

A popular evening pastime is to sit out and watch it almost rain.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

Compiled from Bee Files AUGUST 14, 1900

Thirty Years Ago—
At the city council meeting a bunch of public works inspectors were appointed subject to the approval of the mayor, as follows: William Tuttle, Daniel O'Keefe, Samuel Stover, Jeff O'Neil, D. Keniston, J. P. Manning and E. Wilkie, all at \$100 a month.

Twenty Years Ago—
A terrific rain storm struck the town in general and several houses in particular, one being the residence at 2228 Larimer avenue, and of Patrolman Burris, 206 Chicago street. They were both damaged by lightning.

Ten Years Ago—
The resignation of Rev. F. B. Foster, presented a week before, was finally accepted by the First United Presbyterian church, of which he had been pastor for six years. He decided to accept a call to Johnston, Pa.

Here and There
There are 5,187 steam laundries in the United States employing 100,000 persons. A St. Louis tailor has inherited \$500,000 as a reward for writing to his mother every week for fifteen years.

Men and Women
Queen Alexandra prefers an embroidered shoe above anything else. John Black, half-breed Cherokee, of Tulsa, Okl., claims to be 121 years old.

Odd Things of Life
The San Francisco earthquake was on April 18, 1906, and that at Messina June 7, 1908.

Twice Told Tales

On Fane's Wings.
A sweet young thing in white fluttered toward the aeroplane mechanic, and resolutely took possession of him, asking all those unusual senseless questions that now have become the common lot of aviators and their assistants.

Lived in Peace.
Senator John H. Bankhead of Alabama exploded this one at a recent banquet when reference was made to charity.

Polite, but Firm.
A man traveling westward on a through express one day last week left his seat in the crowded dining car just after he had ordered his luncheon.

Editorial Snapshots
St. Paul Dispatch: The crop pessimists are not the men who have been getting lame backs hoeing the corn.

Skirts and Pants
Milwaukee Sentinel: The new policeman at Liberty Park, N. J., says that men should wear skirts in bathing. O, splash!

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The Bees Letter Box

Contributors will please note limit of 300 words for their communications, and that we reserve right to cut down letters that over-run.

Bryan and High Living Cost.
YORK, Neb., Aug. 13.—To the Editor of The Bee: Why all this fuss and racket about Mr. Bryan and his salary not being of same size? Some papers have done the great common people a service by digging up some of the secretary's sayings about others who were in there and with all power and responsibility to act, and the most pomp and display ever attempted at the capital was pulled off the fourth of last March.

Advices Temporary Siles.
LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: In a large part of the South Platte territory, the only hope of obtaining anything from the corn crop is through storing it for feed in silos.

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SUNNY SMILES.

"So that's your new bathing suit! But why don't you ask that?" "Cause I heard him in a correspondence school and haven't got to the water yet."—Life.

"Ma," inquired Bobby, "hasn't pa a queer idea of heaven?" "Why do you ask that?" "Cause I heard him tell Mr. Naylor that the week you spent at the seashore seemed like heaven to him."—Boston Transcript.

Yeast—They say a fish never does stop growing. Crumbs—Well, it hasn't anything on a fish story at that.—Yonkers Statesman.

Muggins—I wonder why Dolly Dashaway is so popular. Bugins—She's one of those girls a fellow feels he can propose to without any serious danger of being accepted. Philadelphia Record.

Jim Jackson—No, sah—'o' don't ketch dis coon wukkin on a rainy day like dis. Squire Henery (astounded)—Rainy? Jim Jackson—Wal, dat's wot de almanac says, an' dat's good 'nuff fo' me.—Puck.

"Why do you fish every morning in the bathtuboid man? Is it a bet?" "Oh, no; I just want to get used to not catching anything. Am going on a vacation soon."—Pittsburgh Post.

Armstrong—You seem to know a lot about the ins and outs of politics. De Manning—I ought to; I've been one of the outs for twenty long and hungry years.—Chicago Tribune.

"Do you believe that story about William Tell shooting the apple off his son's head?" "No," replied Mr. Growber; "not if ap-

ples were as expensive then as they are now."—Washington Star.

Eugene Field. The fire upon the hearth is low. And there is stillness everywhere. Like troubled spirits here and there. The firelight shadows round me creep. A childlike trouble breaks the gloom. And softly from a farther room Comes "Now I lay me down to sleep." And, somehow, with that little prayer, And that sweet trouble in my ears, My thoughts go back to distant years. And linger with a dear one there; And as I hear the child's "amen," Crouched on my knees I seem to be, My mother's faith comes back to me. A mother holds my hands again. Oh, for an hour in that dear place! Oh, for the peace of that dear time! Oh, for that childish trust sublime! Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face! Yet, as the shadows round me creep, I do not seem to be alone— Sweet night of that trouble time— And "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"NOW I LAY ME."

On the way to the seashore, stop at THE PLAZA NEW YORK Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. Delightfully located opposite Central Park, assuring peace and quiet. Summer Terrace Restaurant. The coolest Hotel in New York. Convenient to theatres and shopping district. Special Rates during the Summer Season. FRED STERRY, Managing Director.

Excursion Fares Western Points Via Rock Island Lines. San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego—On sale August 22d to 29th. Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Victoria and Vancouver—On sale daily to September 30th. Phoenix, Ariz.—On sale to September 30th. Salt Lake City and Ogden—On sale daily to September 30th. Yellowstone National Park, including stage transportation and hotel accommodations in the Park—On sale daily June 12th to September 12th. Glenwood Springs, Colo.—On sale daily to September 30th. Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo—On sale daily to September 30th. Daily standard and tourist sleepers through to California points via Scenic Colorado, with choice of two routes. For further information call or write J. S. McNALLY, D. P. A., 14th and Farnam Streets, W. O. W. BLDG.

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