

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
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DECEMBER CIRCULATION
49,044
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 December,
1912, was 49,044.

Well done, Chief Dunn: keep the
prize fighters on the move.
Now watch the lightning come
back at Frank Ajax Munsey.
President Taft should deputize
Mr. Hobson to do that kissing for
him.

A Texas country paper calls Hous-
ton "The Sodom of Texas," but there
are others.
The visiting nurse comes as a wel-
comed angel to many a home unable
to pay for such services.

If Friend Munsey is not careful
he may find himself caught between
the upper and nether gradations.
So far as we know, Colonel Yeiser
is standing pat on his four-years-in-
advance nomination of Colonel
Roosevelt.

Omaha will be glad to increase its
population at any time, but not by
the importation of pugilists driven
from other cities.
The city of Athens fines a woman
\$40 for wearing a big hat in a the-
ater. They say the Periclean age in
Greece has passed.

The bill will down at Lincoln is
certainly working full time these
days. Who'd have thought so many
things needed fixing?
The machinery built by the found-
ers of the republic to recall federal
judges seems to work all right when
the wheels are not clogged.

Many a man has no first-hand
knowledge, however, that as Banker
Baker says, the concentration of
money has gone far enough.
Mr. "Bill" Rockefeller is reported
to be able to talk. Discovery doubt-
less made when he declined the Puj-
o committee's pressing invitation.

Omaha and the Burlington.
The visit of a committee of Omaha
business men to the Chicago head-
quarters of the Burlington has been
productive of a written promise to
do certain things. These things have
been promised in the past, and the
promises have not always been kept.

A Good Fighter Gone.
Every one likes a good fighter,
and every one hates a quitter. That
the late Charles O. Whedon, whose
death is announced from Lincoln,
was a good fighter, and never a
quitter, will be conceded by both his
friends and his enemies. At times it
seemed that he pervertedly picked the
other side in order to produce con-
tention, but no matter what cause he
espoused, he went to it fearlessly and
vigorously, and never stopped half
way. Any one who remembers the
famous state convention scene when
Mr. Whedon, almost alone, battled
against insuperable odds in defense
of a governor's pardon that had thor-
oughly outraged public sentiment,
could not help but admire his cour-
age and grit. It was in a rough-and-
tumble fight of this kind that Mr.
Whedon was in his element.

Bar Pugilists and Fakers.
Half-baked prize fighters and their
promoters are looking for a place to
fight in this country. The decent
people have them on the run. Most
cities and states have barred them,
entirely. A few have let down the
bars to "boxing matches," which gen-
erally develop into fights and re-
flect discredit upon the community
permitting them. Omaha's chief
of police has levied an embargo against
any more fights, near-fights or box-
ing contests, and he should back up
his decree with all the vigor at his
command. Omaha needs none of the
publicity abroad that these things
bring. The recent match in which
two rather distinguished pugs en-
gaged here has been very widely
heralded and commented on over the
country in ways not at all flattering
to Omaha and Omaha people with a
just pride in their city. Let us have
no more of this. Prize fighting is
simply a disgraceful means of mak-
ing money, promoted by a lot of
shrewd fakery who use the youths
that do the fighting as their puppets.
Let those fakery look elsewhere for
a resort for their humbuggery.

Protecting Americans.
The government's action in dis-
patching a warship to a Mexican port
for the protection of American citi-
zens is evidence of Madero's certain
failure to master conditions and our
government's intention to temporize
no longer. We might have been
justified in such steps before, but the
United States' purpose has been
to facilitate the restoration of peace,
while, of course, bound to protect its
own citizens. Our forbearance has
gone about as far as prudence per-
mits and it is manifest now that
some decisive change must come
about. Madero's sincerity of purpose
has not been questioned at Wash-
ington, but his power has now come
in most serious doubt.

The cruiser, Denver, which sailed
from San Diego will put in at Aca-
pulco, Mex., a southern port in the
state of Guerrero, about 150 miles
almost due south of Mexico City.
This is the center of grave hostil-
ities, as well as a strategic point
from which to dispatch aid to Amer-
icans in distress. The Denver, as
the advance guard, undoubtedly,
will be speedily followed by rein-
forcements if needed. There is a
possibility of complications for Ma-
dero just here, for the rebels may
be counted on to harass him and if
they can do that over the heads of
Americans, for whom he is respon-
sible, they will.

No one will be disposed to dis-
pute Judge Archibald's guilt, but
guilty or innocent, he was entitled
under the constitution to a trial be-
fore the senate of the United States,
and not before a dozen straggling
senators self-commissioned to listen
to the evidence as proxies for their
colleagues.

Giving It Out Cold.
Cleveland Leader.
Apparently the Postoffice department
is going to require a special stamp for
the parcel post for the same reason that
there is a "p." in pneumonia.

Looking Backward
This Day in Omaha
COMPILED FROM BEE FILES
JAN. 17.

Thirty Years Ago—
The Millard Hotel was brightly lighted
for a reception and dance given by Miss
Marie Shores. The toilettes of the ladies
were unusually handsome and the scene
presented was one of more than ordinary
brilliance.

The fifth annual masquerade party
under the management of C. C. Field
took place at Masonic hall, 223 couples
attending. The arrangements committee
included C. C. Field, W. H. Whitehouse,
John Gannon, C. H. Ogburn, H. E. Farn-
sworth, J. E. Bogus and William Osburn.

The periodical story is abroad again
about the Burlington building on the
west coast, fanned by the presence of General
Manager Potter, returning from Denver.
A son of James Redman met with a
serious accident coasting on Hamilton
street.

Mr. S. W. Wyatt, who about a year
ago bought out Ballou's lumber yard,
has sold the business to George L. Brad-
ley of Kansas City and goes to Chicago
to engage in the wholesale lumber busi-
ness.

Omaha friends were glad to learn
that Mr. B. Newman of the firm of
Oberfelder & Newman, formerly of Coun-
cil Bluffs and now of the firm of New-
man & Co., 125 Farnam street, will be
hereafter permanently located on this
side of the river.

Messrs Robert St. Clair of Seward and
Simon Bloom of Omaha were admitted
to practice in the district court.

D. O. Fremont, manager of the B. &
M. telegraph company, promises to display
in his window on Farnam the earliest
report on the ballot for United States
senator at Lincoln.

Twenty Years Ago—
J. W. Dunn arrived from Chicago and
was stopping at the Mercer. He carried
open a grain commission office in the
Board of Trade building.

E. C. Dimmock, manager of the ranch
at Paxton belonging to Senator Farwell
of Illinois, was in town and said that
many improvements were being made at
that ranch, which was developing into
one of the finest in the state.

Twice Told Tales
Duke's Thirty Uncle.

The Duke de Richelieu, who is visiting
New York, is very shy of being inter-
viewed.

Putting on the Collar.
A prosperous farmer has gained the
reputation of being the stingiest man in
his town and consequently is not a gen-
eral favorite with his neighbors.

Wary of the Job.
A man traveling in Maine met a mid-
dle-aged farmer, who told him his
father, 90 years old, was still on the
farm where he was born.

Cleverness Required.
In these days of high-cost living,"
said Representative Dr. Forest, in
opinion for the bill for pensioning ex-
presidents, "we hear of many queer econ-
omies."

Editorial Siftings
Philadelphia Record: The Navy depart-
ment will arbitrate between admirals and
mascots.

Washington Post: It's a wonderful
tribute to the beauty of the American
suffragettes that they have to use the
army as an escort in their parade to
keep the fellows from stealing 'em right
out of the line.

Political New Brooms
As a starter Governor Sulzer burnishes
his halo once a day.

People Talked About
John Duffee, a farmer who plays the
fiddle but scorns the violin, furnished
screaming melody for the hoedowns at
the inaugural ball of Missouri's governor.

Political New Brooms
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his halo once a day.

The Coming of
the New Hotel

Edward Hungerford in Harper's Weekly.
It is a pretty poor sort of an American
town that cannot boast a new hotel in
these days. It may cling to old tradi-
tions in one case, and in another try to
capitalize its hopes, but it is sure to
boast on its main street somewhere a
palatial sort of a box-like skyscraper.

Blissville is about as typical middle-
class city in the land and recall pretty
distinct memories, "pleasant or other-
wise" of the hostelry that held you there
twenty years before. It may have been
a dinky, barn-like affair, echoing in
solitary grandeur all the black decora-
tion and furniture horrors of the Victo-
rian age, or it may have been, and
rarely was a comfortable old ark, with
low ceilings and snapping open-wood
wood fires, with a landlord who was a
landlord to greet you when you stepped
from outer cold into its homelike at-
mosphere.

But those old fellows—the Congress
hotels and the Nationals, and the
Americans that used to be sprinkled
across the land—are nearly all gone, or
else reduced to utter degradation in their
old age. Today each Blissville all the
way across the land boasts loudly of its
new hotel and looks disdainfully upon
the old. The Blissville citizen who meets
you at the train calls your attention to
its unshrinking magnificence as you ap-
proach from afar.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: A farmer
went to his telephone and order a hot
meal to be sent by rural delivery. The
old dinner horn has done its part well,
but is no longer indispensable.

Washington Post: It's a wonderful
tribute to the beauty of the American
suffragettes that they have to use the
army as an escort in their parade to
keep the fellows from stealing 'em right
out of the line.

New York World: The president of
an express company has kindly advised
his employees to be friendly toward the
parcel post. For this concubension the
American people will be duly thankful.

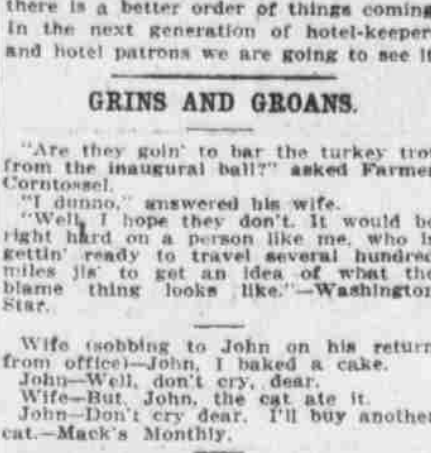
St. Louis Globe-Democrat: A careful
perusal of the proceedings of the peace
conference in London shows that the
Turkish delegation wants to talk and
that the Balkan delegates want to do the
Turkey trot.

Houston Post: It is always a plea-
sure to see good follow closely upon the
heels of evil. The silk suspenders sent
by a Christmas present by the devilish
republican postmaster has been followed
by two yarn galluses from an east Texas
democrat. We are grateful for such
generosity, although we can't understand
how more than one yarn gallus at a time
can be used by any true southern gentle-
man claiming to be a democrat.

Washington Post: Things have come
to a pretty pass in the United States
navy when a rear admiral, in full uni-
form and gold lace, cannot go aboard ship
without being subjected to an outrageous
indignity by some unregenerate mascot.

Stomach Sour and Full of Gas?
Got Indigestion? Here's a Cure.

Time it! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heart-
burn, sourness or belching of gas, or eruptions of undigested food, no diarrhea,
bloating, food breath or headache.
Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is
the surest, quickest and most certain remedy in the whole world and besides it
is harmless.
Millions of men and women now eat their favorite foods without fear—they
know now it is needless to have a bad stomach.



LARGE 50 CENT CASE—ANY DRUG STORE.
MAKES DISORDERED STOMACHS
FEEL FINE IN FIVE MINUTES.
CURES INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA,
SOURNESS, GAS, HEARTBURN.

Take any typical Blissville. Its own
American house, which, with its stuffy
parlors, its tasseled marble floors, and
its elaborate if grotesque carvings, all
once regarded as nothing less than archi-
tectural triumph, is today descended from
the high pinnacle of local esteem. The
new hotel, with its castle soap marbles
in its lobby, the roof garden and the grill
as already described, is now the town's
chief burst of pride. Probably Blissville
has all but bankrupted itself in the erec-
tion of the palace—it generally does—but
for a brief hour of triumph it has a joy-
ous sense that it is a degree ahead of
its rival, and that, to its civic mind, is
worth several tons of worthless hotel
stock.

With the coming of the new type of
hotel there has also disappeared the so-
called "American plan," the famous
three-times-a-day gorge that was the de-
light of every hungry man tacking his
way across the land, at an old-fashioned,
reasonable cost of living. In the place
of the semicircle of canary bath tubs with
little dabs of vegetables and the menu
of "groaning" under seven or eight dif-
ferent kinds of meats and vegetables and eleven
kinds of pies and cakes, has come the esthetic
"European plan," over the card of
which you prick your way with an infinite
care, hoping to plan a meal that will not
more than triple the cost of one under
the old plan.

The commercial traveler, with his ex-
pensive account, a not very expansive
pocket, has witnessed the passing of the
"American plan" with ill-concealed re-
gret. Houses that consider him as a fac-
tor in their yearly earning account some-
times modify their European plan ratings
to suit his necessities.

But on the other side of the fence there
sit tight the biggest of the newer houses
in the larger towns, and these are not
conceding to any truces. These make
little compact of any sort with the days
of old in hotel-keeping. A great modern
house in New York has banished so dis-
tinctly an American dish as steak from
its bill-of-fare; several of the others have
long since placed the ban on them. Simple
dishes are in their disfavor. An imported
dish of saucepan artists shows great
proficiency in remodeling and remaking
—even a scrawny bird that has "hung a
little long" in the cold storage box, with
the right amount of strong dressing, may
be transformed into a foreign tongue so
deftly as to make the regular patrons
of the house brim the head waiters to
secure it for them. As a star dish it
may go upon the menu cards at \$1 p. p.
The "p. p." means that the comfortable
large portions with which the European
plan first ingratiated itself upon Amer-
ican hearts no longer exists, and we be-
lieve to the thrifty girl who tries to make
a single portion piece out for two. That
deadly "p. p." absolutely prohibits that.

Truth to tell, when we imported Euro-
pean methods of keeping hotels, the good
with the bad, we failed to bring across
the sea the personality and charm of the
hostelries of the continent from which
they came. Unfortunately the first of our
new order of great hotels were built in
the city of New York; unfortunately, be-
cause the narrow squares and the high
prices of Manhattan real estate have
evolved a peculiarly cramped type of
building. While the type of hotel archi-
tecture which resembles a packing case
stood upon end is a necessity in New
York, it is not a necessity in most other
American cities. But almost all the others
of our American cities have followed New
York blindly in this regard, and there is
a hideous monotony of packing box hotels
all the way across the land, from one
ocean to the other, from Canada to Mex-
ico. None of the personality that some
American towns possess in rare degree is
reflected in their great new hotels. These
are apt to be pretty much alike—all the

Did you
draw a mouth?
You will have another chance
to show your skill beginning
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22nd
Watch for it
Prizes in the first contest will be announced Sunday

scendant of the four-bottle phidocis
who put the "lie" in bicoughs.—Clive-
land Plain Dealer.

THE IRON HORSE.
R. & O. Employee Magazine.
Behold a steed with thews of iron.
A heart and brain of fire;
His voice a thousand trumpets' shame;
His sinews never tire.
Of body dark, gigantic, vast,
His way no arm can bar;
Resistless as the battle goat,
His flight is like a star.
His path, twin bands of virgin steel,
That stretch from east to west;
O'er beams the invaded forest gave,
Now fixed in nature's breast.
He speeds where storm or avalanche
Howls torn the mountainside;
Or through the peaceful valley, where
The evening shadows hide.
Here husbandmen the furrow turn,
Or reap the golden grain;
That ripens with the kiss of sun,
Or bows beneath the rain.
There trowns, undiscovered leop,
In babbling wayside brooks;
And briar and honeysuckle bloom
In unsuspecting nooks.
Here pygmy hands and hearts of flame
Have pierced the mountain base;
There rock and steel are intertwined,
To bridge the chasm's space.
For men have planned, have delved and
wrought;
Have struggled night and day;
To blaze a line from coast to coast,
And build his great highway.

GRINS AND GROANS.
"Are they going to bar the turkey trot
from the inaugural ball?" asked Farmer
Corntassel.

John—Well, don't cry, dear.
John—Don't cry, dear, I'll buy another
cat.—Mack's Monthly.

Stude—Can you give me an example of
the unproductive spending of wealth?
Queenie—Sure! A gent taking his own
sister to the show.—Louisville Courier-
Journal.

"That must have been Van Swigger
who came home at 2 o'clock this morn-
ing. I never heard such maudlin talk."
"That was Van all right. He told me
the other day that he was a lined de-
voted to his wife."
"Will I hope they don't. Who is
right hard on a person like me, who is
getting ready to travel several hundred
miles to get an idea of what the
blame thing looks like."—Washington
Star.

Wife (sobbing to John on his return
from office)—John, I baked a cake.
John—Well, don't cry, dear.
Wife—Don't cry, dear, I'll buy another
cat.—Mack's Monthly.

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