

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR

BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH

Published at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Monday Bee, one year, \$1.50

Saturday Bee, one year, \$1.50

Daily Bee, one year, \$3.00

DELIVERED BY CARRIER

Evening and Sunday, per month, 50c

Evening without Sunday, per month, 35c

Daily Bee, without Sunday, per mo., 45c

Address all complaints or irregularities in delivery to City Circulation Dept.

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Washington—22 Fourteenth St., N. W.

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Communications relating to news and editorial matters should be addressed Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

DECEMBER CIRCULATION

49,044

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.

I, Robert Hunter, Notary Public.

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

Goodbye, Mr. Groundhog. Take care of yourself.

Better place that supplementary could order right away.

Lower water rates, not next month, not next year, but now.

Did you ever notice how funnier a joke sounds when told by the boss?

With pie-seekers to burn, President-elect Wilson should have a hot time.

Anyone else want his official salary raised? Now is the time to speak out.

Mr. Morgan doubtless feels like introducing his loquacious friend, Mr. Baker, to the Sphinx.

Cip. Castro gets his freedom and takes a nap. The whole thing doubtless made him weary.

That Boston woman who killed her husband with rat poison must have meant at the same time to humiliate him.

President Wilson will be facing the consequences with his eyes open if he puts a man named Obadiah in his cabinet.

New York always has some dark, underground question on hand, for instance, as now, the subway franchise deal.

Receipts from inheritance tax in New York state last year were approximately \$12,150,000. That certainly is going some.

It seems that the "political engineer" sacrificed by ex-Governor Aldrich has not screwed up courage enough to answer back.

"Mr. Speaker, if my understanding of the bill is correct, I vote yes; if not, I vote no." And he was elected to the legislature by the people.

Our compliments to Colonel Nelson, the battling editor of the Kansas City Star. We have had judges of the same breed here in Omaha.

If the legislature settles the university-removal matter for the students rather than for boarding house keepers, the university will be removed.

With a heavyweight puglist as one of our esteemed umpires, we of the Western League may confidently expect no indiscriminate throwing of pop bottles.

Springtime lost her seat somewhere and wandered down to Dixie—Atlanta Constitution.

"Oh, my!" our lost spring has said.

With Uncle Sam fortified with \$40,000,000 with which to repair levees and entrench the abutting towns, river rampages ought to lose some of their terror.

A Seattle judge rules that if Oregon admits woman to jury service, a man and wife shall not serve on the same jury. Is it for fear the wife would coerce the man into her view of the case?

There is talk of President Wilson retaining Secretary Fisher in the cabinet. He may be ever so excellent a secretary of interior, but what has that got to do with the uncious enemies he has made?

Not Working Out as Expected.

It is already manifest that the constitutional amendment, adopted by the voters of Nebraska last fall, reducing the time for introduction of bills in the legislature from forty days to twenty days, is not working out as expected. The theory and argument for cutting the time limit in half was that it would tend to decrease correspondingly the multitude of measures presented for consideration, and permit the lawmakers to devote their attention to the really more important subjects.

Although twenty days have not yet expired, it is seen that the total number of bills to go on the calendar is sure to be no less than the average of preceding sessions, and, in all probability, will be greater than the ordinary list. This multiplication of bills is bound to clog the machinery of the committees, the only advantage of the new order being that they will be in hand a little earlier than before, but inasmuch as there are bounds to the capacity of the committee, the advantage in this cannot be very great.

It was urged, too, that shutting off on bills would make a saving of time unnecessary, but this expectation may also be disappointed. It looks as if the only certain way to conserve legislative time and talent would be to have some sort of a sifting committee expedite matters by passing on the bills before introduction, subject to recall of its decision by the full membership of the body.

Faithful Sublime.

If President-elect Wilson could have had foreknowledge of the real feature of his inauguration ceremonies, it is no wonder he insisted on as much simplicity as possible. The Hoisington, Kan., patriot who vowed seventeen years ago not to cut his hair until a democratic president took the oath of office will be on hand for the shearing.

What golden—rather silver—memories are wrapt in the folds of that hirsute harvest! What a train of vagaries and paramonies has come and gone since first its seed was sown. The winds of many a queer campaign have whistled through those flowing locks. Politics has been working overnight making strange bedfellows. Old lines have been effaced and new ones drawn, old alliances dissolved, old ties broken, old friendships sundered. Eccentric circles of political and party discord have chased each other in round robins since 1896, when the "crown of thorns was pressed down" and mankind "crucified on the cross of gold."

Congress Wasting Time.

If congress does not work faster from now till March 4 than it has thus far this session it will have difficulty transacting the routine business necessary to maintain the government, such as the passage of appropriation bills. From the beginning of the sessions, congress, especially the house, has done little but waste time. To be sure, little was expected, with so much of the membership moribund, and a change in administration coming on, but what expectations were entertained certainly have been disappointed. And this is still a part of that congress whose record, Champ Clark proclaimed, would become the basis for judging the democratic party.

The short session at best affords too little time for the accomplishment of serious legislation and when circumstances such as the present obtrude themselves the three months are almost time thrown away. In devising methods for increasing the efficiency of the government, perhaps something might be done in this connection. If nothing important is to be undertaken, then why not confine the short session to authorizing appropriations and stop?

Some of our fellow craftsmen seem to be disturbed by the disposition of certain law-makers to restrict and regulate the use of newspaper advertising by candidates for office. We are not in the least disturbed. The efforts of the law-makers in this respect are merely added testimony to the value of newspaper advertising—the free advertising that alone they are after.

As senator, Mr. Norris will not go into any caucus or recognize an obligation to any political party. Mr. Norris had no scruples, however, when running for senator against having his name on the ballot labeled "republican" and taking the benefit of all the party circle votes.

Time Works a Change.

It is reported that the once dreaded Aguinaldo is now earnestly engaged in raising a large sum of money for a worthy purpose. There was a time when Aggy could have asked for a subscription without fear of refusal.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

Thirty Years Ago—

The Merchants National bank has purchased of Mrs. Jane A. Shaw for \$30,000 the first twenty-two feet on Farnam and Thirteenth streets, now occupied by Carter's store. The bank now owns the lot adjoining, now occupied by the Burlington and Kansas City ticket offices, and the two lots will be the site of a new bank building some day.

A surprise party was given Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Erickson last night. Prof. Jackson played some beautiful selections on the violin, assisted by Miss Ford on the piano.

A telegram from Baltimore announces the dangerous illness of Mrs. T. W. T. Richards of Omaha.

Thomas Gray, owner of Idaho and Cuming streets, issues a challenge for any horse owned in Omaha to trot a race with his sorrel mare, "Mary Clark," for \$100.

The new Center street school building, and additions to West school and Hartman school have been opened during the week. The teachers assigned to these schools are: Miss McCarty, principal of Center school, Missa Raffald, Atkinson and Quigley, assistants; West school addition, Miss Powers and Jacobson; Hartman school addition, Mrs. Jacobson.

Since September last fifteen new schools have been added. The enrollment for last year was 4,638, with eighty teachers on a payroll aggregating \$500 per month. Miss Lottie Congdon of Chicago is visiting her cousin, Miss Congdon, on Chicago street.

Invitations to the fifteenth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. George I. Gilbert bear the suggestive inscription, "No presents."

Twenty Years Ago—

The National Live Stock exchange opened its convention in the exchange building in South Omaha. Prominent live stock men from all over the country were present.

Salvation Army people were preparing for the reception of Commander Hallington Booth, who was to speak at several places over the city.

A carriage containing Miss Davenport and Miss Gilbert of the Pauline Hall Opera company was struck by a motor train in front of the Paxton hotel. The carriage was demolished and the women thrown out, but they escaped serious injuries.

Councilman Ike Haecel was trying to thwart the plan of the Board of Education to sell to the city the old Dodge street school building for a city jail. The special council committee on a jail site consisted of Haecel, Eisasser and Munroe and they had a report to make on several other locations.

Omaha's bank clearings for the week amounted to \$1,284,086, which was a gain over the corresponding week of the year before of nearly 2 per cent. This gave Omaha a rank of sixteenth among the cities of the United States, putting it ahead of such cities as Cleveland, Minneapolis, St. Paul and many others larger than itself.

Ten Years Ago—

A snow and windstorm struck Omaha which seemed to be general over the west, bringing a foot of snow in some places.

Fire destroyed the north building of the Beale school, Forty-eighth and Walnut streets, entailing a loss of \$4,500.

At a meeting of prominent lovers of the horse in the office of F. A. Nash the Omaha Horse Show association was formed, stock being subscribed to the amount of \$10,000, sufficient to float the organization, and it was decided to give a horse show at the Auditorium September 8 to 11, with Dr. C. D. Gray of St. Louis as the director of the show.

William H. Mulhall, an Omaha printer, who later went to Lincoln, and worked on the Star, was married to Miss Maria Popjoy, also of Lincoln, by Judge Vinson of the county court.

The Young Men's Christian association crack basketball team was defeated by the Kansas university team, 26 to 24. Had the Omaha team won it would have had the Transmissouri championship, for it had beaten all the other cracks.

At Last a Rest.

Finally the bones of John Paul Jones are entombed in what is believed to be their last resting place. But you never can be sure in these matters. And the case of Jones is exceptional, judging by the record.

People Talked About

In shameful defiance of the eight-hour law Governor Sulzer boasts of working sixteen hours a day.

The nerve of the unregenerate parents understanding almost within the slanting shadows of the capitol in Topeka a heartless thief raided Senator Shoups's turkey roost and make up with twenty birds, transforming twenty turkey dinners into a melancholy mirage.

The new senator of Kansas, William H. Thompson, is a resident of Garden City, a lawyer raised up from the farm, "a clean, straight-forward, hard working man," a judge with a good record, and 40 years of age. He is a democrat who managed to stay in Kansas most of his life.

Dr. Mary Kingsbury of Pottsville, Pa., assistant probator officer of Schuylkill county, a graduate of the Johns Hopkins university, has been tendered the chair of bacteriological, serological and pathological work in the Swedish hospital at Minneapolis, Minn. The appointment came upon the recommendation of the faculty of her alma mater.

J. J. Schott of Galveston, Tex., who has been a druggist for thirty years and has occupied the same shop all that time, put up his millionth original prescription one day last week. He celebrated by closing his establishment for four hours and entertaining all his employees at an aster roast. This is the first time in thirty years that his store has been closed during business hours.

Pastor Russell of Brooklyn, failed to get a financial politico for his hurt feelings from a local jury in his suit for damages against the Brooklyn Eagle. At the height of his prosperity a year ago when Pastor Russell was selling "Miracle Wheat" to gudeons at the rate of \$6 a bushel, the Eagle pounced on the wheat bin and exposed the scheme. The only difference between common wheat and the "miracle" variety was that the pastor's benediction went with every sale.

Twice Told Tales

Political Look-aw.

The latest prominent Wilson senator to visit Trenton was Hoke Smith of Georgia. He came back to Washington with his lips sealed tight. Various of his associates tried to sound him. They found nothing. To all intents and purposes Senator Smith is dumb, so far as talking about his Trenton visit is concerned.

Approx of Senator Smith's trip, Senator Shively of Indiana stopped John Sharp Williams in a capitol corridor the other day.

"It's too bad about Hoke Smith, isn't it?" remarked Shively, innocently.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Williams.

"Why, hadn't you heard? He has an attack of 'low jaw'."

"How on earth did that happen?" asked Williams, much concerned.

"Well, you know he called on Governor Wilson at Trenton the other day and hadn't been able to open his mouth since," replied Shively with a grin.—Boston Globe.

Sufficient unto Herself.

This is from a reader who knows the little girl.

The little girl's mother was downstairs frying doughnuts and the little girl, aged 5, was playing near. The grandmother, who was upstairs, called down: "Do you need any help?"

The mother, busy with fork in hand over the sizzling receptacle, fearing the grandmother could not hear her reply, said to the little girl: "Go to the stairs and say, 'I'm sufficient unto myself.'"

So the little girl ran to the stairs and called up: "Grandma, mother says she's fashin' 'em out herself."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Had for Mary Ann.

Thump! thump! went the motor car, as it stood outside a railway station. A crowd of rustics gathered round it, gazing at the chauffeur, and passing remarks that made him smile.

"I say, mister," said one, at last, "what power drives the car along at such a speed?"

"Petroleum, my man," was the reply.

"Ear that, George?" said the inquirer to his friend, who had just appeared on the scene. "Petroleum shoves 'er along?"

"Ah," was the reply, "that's not nothing." Petroleum shoved our Mary Ann through the back door, an' sent 'er flyin' slap-caked up the barn. She'd been tryin' to light the fire with it."—New York Mail.

Editorial Siftings

New York World: The money trust at all events has developed a case of sore throat which is likely to prove fatal under further excitement.

Brooklyn Eagle: To an American Lincoln devotee, these days, a good Winchester, two or three revolvers and a stout belt are more important than all the peace news from London's conference, Philadelphia Record: Ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid, who is probably glad to be out of the scramble, was no mean politician.

Years ago he wrote: "Our rule in Europe is based on the division in the Balkan states." Oh, prophetic soul!

Indianapolis News: There is a general impression, however, that the civil service regulations will be on the job a good deal longer than the sports grabber can chase after the place he wants to get by hook or crook.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: Somebody has dug up an unpublished letter by George Washington in which the father of his country expresses a regret that George III didn't go crazy sooner than he did. In spite of the demands of diplomacy, he couldn't tell a lie.

Philadelphia Record: We've got to build more and bigger battleships at once. The naval authorities have decided on five, each of which will be bigger than our Arkansas. The honor of having the biggest battleship is, a very brief one. As fast as any nation reaches that proud point it is displaced by some other nation which gets busy with a still bigger one. The nations might as well agree on a treaty limiting armaments as to encounter a limitation in bankruptcy.

Political New Brooms

A bill for a "blue sky" law has been introduced in the Massachusetts legislature.

Joy riders and real estate boomers around Washington are likely to ditch the Lincoln memorial plan recommended to congress. They want a great highway from Washington to Gettysburg instead of the Greek temple on the Mall, which the official commission approved.

Observers at the New York state capital meet in asserting that Governor Sulzer is squinting toward the White House and shaking his policies to catch presidential lightning some time in the future.

A uniform consisting of a red hat, brown suit and green tie is suggested in the Missouri legislature as the proper one for lobbyists. A distinction is needed to prevent them being mistaken for real lawmakers.

There are gods of gloom in the hearts of 20 members of the Connecticut general assembly. Charles Melien's New Haven railroad declined to issue the latest pass, as they must put up cash or gold.

Around the Cities

A voluntary advance of 10 per cent in wages has been granted to all employees of the Interborough Rapid Transit company, controlling most of the street railways and subways of New York.

The Bees Letter Box

Another Improvement Question.

OMAHA, Jan. 30.—To the Editor of The Bee: I noticed in yesterday evening's Bee a tabulated report of the cost of water to consumers in several of the principal cities of the United States and, although the report is several years old, I judge the same position is held by Omaha now as then, that of being at the head of the list.

Will you kindly inform me through the columns of your paper, if possible, what it is necessary at this time to have an extra water commissioner at a salary of \$5,000 per annum, also why an additional legal light at a fancy price, since we have adopted the commission form of government and have a qualified city attorney?

Confessing my ignorance on above questions, I am, A. B. BEADER.

Corporation Lobbyists on the Job.

OMAHA, Feb. 1.—To the Editor of The Bee: I have spent the last week at Lincoln as an onlooker at the legislative sessions and took occasion to observe as well the activity "around the edges" and at the hotels. I was really interested and curious to know if "it was different now from what it was in the good old days."

I really wanted to observe for myself if the old days of association of the lobbyist was "a thing of the past." Well, I saw enough in the few days I was down there to be convinced that the same old influences were at work assiduously and just as systematically as in the rainy days gone by.

It is noted that while in times past the astute corporation lawyer and the heads of these big concerns spent much of their spare expensively quartered at the principal hotels, that nowadays these individuals have developed a great abhorrence for being classed as a lobbyist, and there is a more general practice of the "big men" just dropping in to Lincoln now and then and conferring with hirelings who are keeping on the ground continuously.

The hiring is of course a go-between on most occasions and "paves the way" for the declarations of the ordinary member before election you would be sure that he was not susceptible to the lobby influence, but you only have to spend a little time and keenly observe to show you how badly we can be fooled on such things. And the surprising thing is that many members only accept the hospitality of a set of corporation hirelings of the same corporations.

I canvassed the situation pretty thoroughly, Mr. Editor, during the week and I saw many things that might surprise "the voters back home," even among those whom pure "let the people rule" democrats.

It would be time well spent for the average voter to put in a few days at the capital during the session, for he certainly will be much wiser than before. Incidentally, he will be enlightened on the matter of "the good old days are gone." He will merely find that the big men who control the corporations are putting the dirty work on their tools, who are paid for taking the odium of such jobs.

L. E. CRITES.

Some Stink Holes of Sanitation.

OMAHA, Feb. 1.—To the Editor of The Bee: One afternoon a week ago, I entered a moving picture theater, it was very warm and with some ventilation in motion, the air was fetid and heavy and during the following hour no effort was made to change the atmosphere. I resolved to attend other picture theaters and with the same result—some places fairly reeked with indescribable odors. In some, the floors were filthy with tobacco juice, peanut shells and remains of lunches.

With so many people packed closely together, breathing the same air over and over again, is it not a wonder that disease stalks among us? Can not those conditions be changed and electric fans and ventilators clear the air every fifteen minutes?

I ask also, if something can not be done in regard to the sanitation of some of the women's rest rooms and lavatories installed in the public buildings? The installed in the public buildings? In many cases, the ventilation is conspicuous by its absence and the floor look as though they had never been mopped. Is there not a way to enforce a vigilance upon these places and make them clean up?

ONE WHO HAS SEEN.

Plenty of Taxes Now.

OMAHA, Feb. 1.—To the Editor of The Bee: Uncle Joe Redman, wish to send in my protest against the raising of the present salaries of the officeholders now holding office in Douglas county. I think, I know, that they are receiving now more pay than they could get from any other corporation of any size for the same amount of labor and the \$25,000 that they asked could be spent if we had that amount in employing more men, if necessary to have the work done, which would be of great benefit to the laboring man. Furthermore, I believe that it is only building a fence around the present officers for continuing and power for the next election. Now we are about to make a greater Omaha that I endorse and, if we accomplish that, then the legislators may have some excuse for higher salaries when we have more territory. At the present, we certainly are paying all the taxes we can stand.

OLD UNCLE JOE REDMAN.

PAYING TAXES IN DOUGLAS COUNTY FOR FIFTY YEARS.

By Way of Rebuttal.

OMAHA, Feb. 1.—To the Editor of The Bee: In regard to the severe criticism of our commissioners of the traction between City Engineer Craig and Commissioner McGovern, also of the reckless waste of public money in paying too high salaries to city hall employees. Now as I am in a position to know something about this matter, I would like to state the true facts.

First—There does not seem to be any friction between Mr. McGovern and Mr. Craig. If there were it would not take long to remedy it. Now, if the Real Estate exchange will put their heads together and make up the difference between his salary here and his salary in Alberta, and see if it won't fix things all right, and Mr. Craig will stay with us.

Second—As to the raising of salaries in Mr. McGovern's department: Last May when the commission form went into operation, the first thing the commissioners did was to reduce the salaries of all employees of the city hall.

The next thing was to break up the old gang that had roosted in the city hall for the last half a dozen years or more, so one bright May morning Mr.

McGovern stepped from his private office, snatched in hand, and clipped off the heads of a half dozen or more old assets. Oh, what a howl went up, yet it was a good thing for the service, and a good thing for the taxpayers. In the permit department he cut out two employees, lowered the salary of the head of the department from \$10 to \$100 per month; the next from \$10 to \$50 per month, and all other employees accordingly. One month ago the head of this department died, which made room for promotion, and as each man went in the ladder, his wages naturally would be higher, but not to the original old ways, and at the present time the department is run at a saving of more than \$800 per month.

Now, where does the Real Estate exchange get any grounds for their criticism on high salaries employees in the city hall? Why do they pick out one commissioner to try to find fault with, when there is no cause? We all know Mr. McGovern, as a councilman for two terms, as one of the most conscientious and courageous public officials, as a man who has always stood for economy, and for the best interests of the city and taxpayer. Who is this Real Estate exchange? Do they produce anything? Do they work for a salary and earn money? No; they ride around in automobiles, "seeking whom they may devour." How many city hall employees ride in automobiles? Not one. A TAXPAYER.

Our Real Good Indian.

Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Cheyenne Indians who saved valuable forests in southeastern Montana by industriously fighting an invasion of Black Hills beetles give a striking refutation of the old saw that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. The Indians who help to preserve the forests give an example that white men can copy with profit.

Pushing the Family Name.

Washington Post.

Judging by the number of Wilsons who are out after jobs the rest of us ought to be glad that a man named Jones wasn't elected president.

THESE GIRLS OF OURS.

She (looking at photo proofs)—Do you mean to tell me that I have such an ugly nose as that?

Photographer—My apparatus cannot lie, madam.

She—Then for goodness' sake go and get one that can.—Boston Transcript.

"Husband"

"Wife"

"I like to meet your friends, but I wish

you wouldn't feel it necessary to always take them along and explain that you married me on account of my amiable disposition."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"You know, there was something I wanted to say to you, but it has quite gone out of my mind. I can't remember what it was."

"Madder (hopefully)—It wasn't good-night, was it?"—Woman's Home.

"He's my ideal and I'm his idol," said the girl.

"And your love affair?"

"Is an idyl."

"And your finance?"

"Papa says he is idle."—Boston Advertiser.

"Would you marry him if you were free?"

"I'd marry anyone that asked me, if I were you."—Houston Post.

"I've just returned from abroad, you know. How is your poor father?"