

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE PUBLISHED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER... SUBSCRIPTIONS: Sunday Bee, one year, \$2.50; Daily Bee, one year, \$3.00; Daily Bee and Sunday, one year, \$3.50.

49,528

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. I, Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, certify that the average daily circulation for the month of January, 1913, was 49,528.

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

Another good germ to eradicate is the strike germ.

Kissing goes by favor, and so do rebates on metered water bills.

Buying more coal at this season of the year is a ground-hog case.

Mexico is evidently trying to make it easy for Uncle Sam to intervene.

And yet it is the inalienable right of every American citizen to kick.

In base ball, young Felix Diaz would be considered as an "in and out."

It was inevitable that out of the forty-two there had to be twelve also-rans.

One strike down south resulted in sixteen deaths. Terrible, except for the sacred ratio.

Among the new spring styles, the Bulgarian blouse at least has alliteration to commend it.

From the difficulty in unscrambling the Harriman eggs, one is half inclined to believe they were also hard boiled.

The "make-up" map, having an eye for the fitness of things, ran last Sunday's sermons on the fire insurance page.

Having been a college professor, President Wilson would naturally be expected to find interest in such dry subjects as semi-arid land.

How can wage rates in Omaha be lowered for everybody if they are being lowered by careful discrimination for the favored few?

The "Garden of Allah" is said to be playing to big audiences in Boston. They are playing the midget with it in Constantinople, though.

From the trouble New York is having over its subways, its chief difficulties seem to be underground, paradoxical as that may strike you.

The bull moose leader in Michigan announces his return to the G. O. P. Very appropriate that the state where the republican party was organized should lead the way.

Our Mexican friends seem to be trying to prove that the Young Men's Christian association is as serviceable as an agency of war as it is as an agency of peace.

Why should our lawmakers at Lincoln worry over Omaha's local affairs? Why not proceed to matters of state interest and leave Omaha to settle its own troubles?

Perhaps that ambassadorship to Berlin would look better if Mr. Bryan were not slated for the position of the secretary of state, where will be boss of the diplomatic corps.

Still, our pure elections statements at Lincoln cannot get farther than a few voting districts. They wait pure elections in Omaha, but do not care whether they are pure or impure in Fremont, Hastings, Grand Island or Columbus.

Nebraska is getting into the lime-light again in the troubles at Mexico City. It will be remembered that Nebraska was also in the lime-light at the beginning of the Mexican revolution in the famous foot race on the El Paso bridge.

Only a one-fourth vote polled in the city primary. Either the people of Omaha are not wildly excited over the forthcoming charter convention or they are well satisfied with all the talent offered by would-be charter-

First Step in Charter Making.

The charter convention primary, just held, has reduced the number of candidates from which the final selection of charter-makers must be made from forty-two to thirty.

In the preliminary qualifying race no great excitement seems to have been displayed, only about one-fourth of the usual number of voters taking the trouble to go to the polls. That does not in our judgment mean, however, that there is no public interest in the inauguration of home rule municipal government for Omaha under the new constitutional amendment.

The actual choice of charter-makers must be registered in the election next month by selection from the thirty whose names go on the official ballot. People who want Omaha to be a progressive and up-to-date city, under a government that will facilitate, and not impede, its forward march—and they are the large majority, can easily by judicious selection give the charter convention a membership that will average up well in point of intelligence and ability.

To do this, however, they must bestir themselves from a condition of indifference, for we may be certain that the contractors, the jobbers and the privilege-seekers will not go to sleep.

The South Pole Tragedy.

The last written words of Captain Scott, British explorer, with his party, gave up life in achieving its goal, were:

"Surely, surely a great, rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent upon us are properly cared for. Like magic this message from the grave acts upon loyal British hearts. Already, it is said, steps have been taken to provide for the future of these widows and families. But what is a nation's grief compared to that of the lonely little widow, overtaken in mid-sea as she hastens on, she thinks, to meet her captain-mate in New Zealand and share with him the glory of his triumph? As if in mean mockery of her cherished joy, a weird, wireless tells her she will not meet her husband, for he was frozen to death near the South pole almost a year ago. There in the anguish of a widow's grief is to be found the fathomless depths of the pathos in this tragedy.

Off in the bleak fastness of Arctic space two flags stand side by side as silent sentinels attesting the undisputed fact that Amundsen for Norway and Scott for England did reach the South pole. In this there is lasting consolation for the nations and families of the explorers, consolation which history will record, lifting their achievements out of the realm of doubt and controversy, where, unfortunately, the claims of rival Americans as to the North pole must remain.

Real Test of the Sherman Law.

Important results depend upon the outcome of the government's action against the Southern Wholesale Grocery association to determine the automatic power of the Sherman anti-trust law. This association, which was convicted in a civil suit of violating the law, is now alleged subsequently to have violated the decree entered against it and the government is proceeding under the criminal clause of the act to enforce the civil. As this is the first such action brought under the Sherman law, and as there are numbers of other similar instances of purported violation, the prosecution will be fraught with unusual importance, the result creating a precedent of profound moment. Moreover it would seem to reduce the potency of the Sherman law to a final test, as some of the largest defendants convicted under the civil clause have been unofficially charged with continuing to violate the decree. Unless the anti-trust law has the inherent power to back up its decrees, then the progress already made will have encountered a serious obstruction that must be removed without delay.

Graftless City Government.

Sometimes Americans seem to surrender to the unpleasant belief that complete extinction of graft in cities is impossible; that while graft may be reduced to a minimum, it cannot be absolutely abolished. It is, therefore, greatly to the credit of our federal government that among the first impressions made upon the mind of an observing visitor to the canal zone is the evident absence of graft in the cities of Panama and Colon. Much has been said of their superb sanitary condition, which is exceedingly important, but it is even more gratifying to hear that they enjoy clean government.

It may be said that it would be equally creditable to us not to maintain graftless government down there, but that, while true, would be a very narrow view to take, especially with matters as they are nearer home. We miss the whole point if we fail to appreciate the thoroughly sustained energies the government is exerting in the Panama for honesty, economy and efficiency, a principle in the administration of national affairs most faithfully conserved in the last four years in small tasks and large.

Popular salutation at Lincoln: "Good morning, been dictographed yet?"

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES FEBRUARY 13, 1913

Thirty Years Ago—Heretofore met at the residence of Judge and Mrs. Lake on Dodge street and included in their literary program some original valetinas written by the members to one another. Perhaps the best were those addressed to Mrs. Lake, Miss Mamie Lake, Mrs. Streets and Messrs. Hall, Chadwick and Breckenridge. Those participating in the program were the Messrs. Fannie Wilson, Hardenberg, Chadwick, Grace Wilson, Noteware and Cousins and Messrs. Hitchcock, Stebbins and Breckenridge.

A large audience assembled in the Christian church to hear the discourse of Rev. Mr. Ingram on "What the Sinner Must Do if He Would Be Saved."

Hon. William Stuefer, formerly clerk for Cumings & Co. and now one of the West Point bankers, is in the city. J. J. O'Connor and bride have returned from their wedding journey. T. A. Stricker of Des Moines, formerly of the Wabash railway here, is in town visiting old friends. Mr. Albert Allendorf, just returned from the old country with his sister, were among the passengers of the ill-fated steamer Sibiria, which was run down by the Sultan in the North sea.

Room and board for two gentlemen may be had at \$5 a week at 697 North Thirtieth street. Miss Emma, Windspear, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Windspear, died at the family residence on North Eighteenth street.

Twenty Years Ago—J. A. Lovignon took an excursion of land buyers into Kansas for the Union Pacific.

Mrs. E. H. Patch of Kansas was visiting Mrs. L. A. Garner, 357 California street. J. W. Lulckhart of Madison county, member of the lower branch of the legislature, where he was chairman of the committee on cities and towns, spent the day in Omaha as the guest of George W. Ames.

The business and professional brains of the city were represented at a meeting of the Roundup club at the Mercer hotel, which Dr. George L. Miller addressed on Omaha and its future. Dr. Miller was very inspiring in his speech and it was a decided treat to all. Henry W. Yates acted as master-of-ceremonies. S. M. Wiley, engineer of the Platte river canal; Thomas Kilpatrick, G. M. Hitchcock, Mr. Yates and Mr. Hunt of North Platte, also added some remarks on the subject of the canal.

The board of health sprung a surprise at a special meeting called, it was supposed, to plan retrenchments. A motion was prepared, but never put or voted on, to reduce the salary of Dr. Towne, health commissioner, \$25, to disburse entirely with the services of Mike Lee, sanitary patrolman, and to cut Inspector Sherrer's monthly stipend \$15, all to come within the \$10,000 annual limit of the department. But another motion was interposed by Police Chief Seavey and passed appointing three additional sanitary patrolmen, making the monthly expenses \$11,000.

Ten Years Ago—Frank A. Johnson of the Johnson Bros. Transfer Company, won the first prize of \$5,000 in cash in the Auditorium guessing contest and John S. Wettsell, assistant general freight agent for the Illinois Central, the second prize, a house and lot in Kountze Place valued at \$3,700. The successful guessers had formed a syndicate and taken out \$2,700 worth of guesses to beat the game.

Dr. Ralph, health commissioner, decided to have the emergency hospital equipped with red shades to prevent pitying in smallpox cases and he said this would give Omaha the distinction of being the first American city to adopt this, the Plinsen method, imported from Copenhagen.

Judge J. M. Woolworth and Judge W. D. McHugh returned from business trips to Chicago. Major Seth Bullock of Deadwood was in Omaha on business.

Edward Rosewater left for the east on a short business trip. Bishop O'Gorman of Sioux City delivered an address on Father Marquette, the discoverer of the Mississippi river, in Boyd's theater under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus. E. W. Simeral presented the prelate to the audience.

W. I. ("Bully") Kierstead appeared before the public school principals in the title role of "Woodman, Spare the Tree." He had urged on Superintendent Pearse the importance of boys sparing trees and the superintendent invited him to appear and address the principals, whom he had assembled for the purpose.

People Talked About

New Yorkers in January mailed 2,972,373 parcel post packages. Vancouver, B. C., refuses to accept \$50,000 for library purposes from Andrew Carnegie.

Chicago's municipal pay roll for the year totals \$23,782,609, and 22,825 persons get a piece of it.

Brooklyn safe crackers use gloves during their busy hours in order to destroy the finger print clue.

Ritzgerald, Ga., is to have a monument to southern and northern soldiers of the war between the states, to cost \$150,000.

Twice Told Tales

Thought It Was Alive. Gilbert Parker, the English author, tells of an English gentleman who recently came to this country to visit some friends in California. "In common with most travelers he supposed some was plentiful everywhere in that state, so he carried with him the necessary guns and ammunition. "As his train neared San Bernardino—just before making the mountain climb—there was a delay. Several hours passed and still the train remained stationary; our traveler friend grew restive, and sought the porter of the Pullman car to ascertain the cause of the delay.

"It seems that in morning the grade a freight train had broken apart, the rear portion having descended the grade and blocked the track. The porter informed him of the accident to the freight train and said 'There is a caboose on the track.'

"Immediately the hunter instinct was awakened; hastening to his berth he procured his gun and started for the door, saying: "Show it to me! Show it to me!"—Heart's Magazine.

How the Women Voted. It had been a hard day at the polls. The addition of nearly 1,000 women's votes to the poll made the counting a prolonged proposition.

"Well, James," said Mrs. Wallicky, as her husband returned from his arduous labors as a teller, "how did the vote go?"

"Nine hundred and two votes for Hill-dad, 83 for Suthers, eight recuses for tomato catsup, four wash lets and a milliner's bill," said Wallicky. "It was a mighty interesting vote."—Everybody's Magazine.

His Faulty Memory. The lady of the house had a worried look on her face as she came down to breakfast.

"Bridget," she said to the maid, "Mr. Bodkin hasn't been home all night. I am somewhat alarmed—I do hope that nothing is wrong."

"Why, bless your heart, th' mister's all right!" reassured the maid. "He's down on th' front dure mat, right now, mum. He says he's been there a long time, but he can't remember whether he's goin' out or comin' in. Whin he's made up his mind I'll let you know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Soul of Wit. Since Marshall P. Wiley himself makes capital of his diminutive form, he would doubtless smile at the following conversation, which took place between two persons in one of his audiences at the Park theater:

"He is the soul of wit, isn't he?" said one.

"Which is not surprising," the other replied, "considering that he is brevity personified."—New York Press.

Wedding Novelties

St. Joseph, Mo., reports more marriageable men than marriageable women. The surplus of bachelors have formed a club to relieve the monotony of existence. Elsie Giobkie, 19, and William A. Blasonnet, 18, members of the midwinter graduating class of a Minneapolis high school, were secretly married last August. None of their associates even suspected it.

The first hint came at a reception at the bride's home last week, when the marriage certificate, framed, decorated the wall. "Wasn't that a surprise party?" Wife No. 3, pleading for leniency for a much married man in a New York court, urged that he wasn't blameable for trying to get away from "the other two women."

A church congregation at Paisaje, N. J., sympathizing with the pastor on the death of his wife, unanimously agreed "it wasn't good for him to be alone." Thereupon the congregation went match-making, the result of which was the wedding of Rev. Arlo J. Vanden Heuvel to Miss Christine E. Van Lonsheisen, both dressed in deep mourning out of respect for the departed one.

Stopping a runaway horse on a country road two years ago was the beginning of a romance which culminated at Mt. Sterling, Ill., January 22, in the marriage of three sisters, Mary, Anne F. and Jennie Lawrie, to three brothers, Henry, John and Joseph Genuel.

The Bee's Letter Box

How to Dispose of Bosses. OMAHA, Feb. 10.—To the Editor of The Bee: A few days ago I saw an account where the deposed police commissioners, Ryan and Fyronka, of South Omaha, were bringing pressure to bear on Mayor Hoctor for reinstatement. According to accounts they have also filed their names for nomination at the spring election. Surely a travesty upon justice and law to allow any man who has been found guilty of malfeasance in office to have the right so to do.

Our legislative halls, both state and national are being flooded with all kinds of bills, some of which are doubtless good, but most of them are passed for the benefit of the politician's constituents. They remind me of the story of the boy, his dog and the bone, who remarked as he laid it up in the tree, "It will do to fool you again." If Colonel Roosevelt would throw that old bone of his away that he laid up in the tree, and get down to business, and advocate a bill to disfranchise all elective and appointive office-holders—municipal, county, state and national—who are convicted of malfeasance in office, and for good measure add a term in the penitentiary, I would almost forgive him for wrecking his party to get rid of the bosses he could not boss. It was sink the ship to drown the rat—effective, of course, but illogical.

Now what does the recall do to regulate the grafter who looks upon his office of office as a hollow mockery? He can be exonerated as often as he is convicted. Disfranchise the grafter and send him to the penitentiary and the boss will disappear, and the confidence of the people in their public servants be restored. S. C. MALLIN, 4215 Parker street.

The Trials of a Policeman. OMAHA, Feb. 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: In the course of human life, people often think they are oppressed and downtrodden. If policemen gave way to their inner feelings at times, they would sink into obscurity in a very brief period of time. When action is demanded they must be "Johnny on the spot." Some times they are accused for being so severe. In Omaha there is what is known as a traffic policeman, whose duty it is to stand in the center of the street on the busiest corners and keep the public on the square—make them go straight across instead of cutting the corners.

It was when the holiday rush was on last fall that Mr. — of Chicago attempted to cross when he encountered Traffic Officer E. F. Rishling, who told him in plain language that the city ordinance required, and the reason. But no, no, Mr. — was from Chicago and they had no such rules there. After a somewhat wordy war the gentleman was persuaded to retrace his steps, but this hurt his feelings and he wrote his complaint to your paper with some complimentary remarks to the Omaha police department and especially Traffic Officer C. F. Rishling.

If a person will watch these traffic officers and note the carelessness of some people on the great highway of life, namely, the streets of large cities, there will be less criticism of men who attempt to guard the safety of human life—as Officer Rishling—and they will find their views broadened in a manner helpful to all. TEE JAY AITCH.

Plan for the Wild Game. BEATRICE, Neb., Feb. 11.—To the Editor of The Bee: For many years past our people have seen the natural game of our state becoming less and less, until now very little or nothing is seen of the prairie hen, quail and other game birds and the same is true as to the other mink, muskrat and other fur-bearing animals; also to the deer, antelope and the larger animals that once inhabited the prairies, creeks and rivers of our state.

This useless and expensive slaughter of one of the greatest resources of our state has been carried on in the face of different game laws passed in the years past, which provided generously for open seasons. In the killing of rare birds or wild game of any kind no doubt it has created a spirit of rivalry on the part of the younger generation now growing up to excel in that kind of sport.

Only a short time ago a deer was seen on one of the islands of the Platte. A great crowd of men and boys joined in its pursuit, armed with all kinds of weapons, chasing the poor animal for days—just an illustration of how scarce this noble game has become and how it has been treated in the past.

We are living in a period when all our game is being exterminated. The game of our state is in our hands to live and increase beyond all measure, if the present open season law is repealed. ALFRED HAZLETT.

A Deauthorized Sunday. OMAHA, Feb. 11.—To the Editor of The Bee: The appeal of the Federation of Churches to the commissioners to enforce the Sunday laws for the benefit of humanity and brotherly love, is not true. The leaders and their votaries in their desire for power assign to themselves qualities of benefactors, when in fact they are oppressors of the worst kind and belong to the only philosopher, to my knowledge, who saw and has the courage to expose their dishonesty. The Anglo-Saxon race with its large love for its fellow creatures has one day in seven for rest, but by restrictive laws this day is made so dull that every worker is wishing Monday to come to be rid of this killing monotony. Nietzsche thinks it is the most cunning piece of deception imposed upon an unsuspecting crowd; while other nations devote their leisure Sunday to amusement the Anglo-Saxon is expected to rot. F. SIMAN.

THINGS HARD TO REMEMBER. What the campaign of 1912 was all about. The number of the current Bernhard farwell.

When the first agitation of the tariff question was begun. Any bungalow that did not cost more than the architect's estimate.

Whether Artauroddon is the name of a place, a myth or a disease. Any puglist who cannot operate the typewriting machine at lightning speed.

Any change in women's styles of clothing and hats that was not for the worse. Any follower of newspaper "beauty hints" who became beautiful.

When any grand opera could be heard above the animated conversation of the boxholders. Any waiter who looked otherwise than insulted on pocketing a ten-cent tip.—Denver Republican.

GRINS AND GROANS. "So you insist that your boy Josh is a genius?" "Yes, replied Farine, Cornfossil. "I don't know exactly what a genius is. But we've got to give some exams for his not doing any regular work."—Washington Star.

"What do you feed the lions on while training them?" asked the visitor to the menagerie. "Oh, two or three trainers," replied the keeper, indifferently.—Yonkers Statesmen.

"They seem to be getting up in the world." "Yes, but there's still very ordinary people." "Why?" "Well, they haven't got to the point where they consider it necessary to go to New York to take in the opera."—Detroit Free Press.

"Only on some minor matters," replied Mr. Meekton after careful thought. "I believe I recall that she once expressed an intention to love, honor and obey, or something like that."—Washington Star.

"John, dear, it's too bad that we have to pinch, and save, and economize on everything we buy. Is-is there such a thing as a money trust?" "Yes, love; I think there is." (Pause.) "John, dear, why don't you join it."—Chicago Tribune.

"Is Doolan a society man?" asked Hogan. "I think he belongs to the N. K." replied Hogan. "The Knights of Columbus," replied Hogan.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Yes," said Silthers. "Mickley was my dearest friend, and I shall never cease to mourn his death. It was a terrible blow from which I shall never recover." "Why—I thought you married his widow?" said Jimpson. "Why—she—why, yes, I did; but—" Here Silthers subsided into a deep and uncomfortable silence.—Harper's Weekly.

DREAMING BY THE FIRESIDE. F. L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

The new times are with 'em—they meet 'em brave an' strong, But in the chimney corner I sing the old time song: That's all that's left me; life's fire's burnin' low—I'm thinkin' of my children who left me long ago.

II. When the evening's comin' an' the winds begin to moan, An' I'm settin' by the fire alone—alone— The little ones out there at play come home to me to rest, An' I dream their arms are 'round me, an' they're sleepin' on my breast.

III. Some, livin' in the country, an' some across the sea— But not one of 'em has gone away from me! I don't mind that they left me—birds from the nest'll roam— But in dreams I'm in the doorkway, an' I call my children home.

IV. So, they come to me when evenin' brings the shadows 'round the place, An' they tell me all their troubles with the sunshine in each face; An' some day, I reckon, when I've counted all my years, I'll meet 'em where my home is, an' they'll kiss away my tears.

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