

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR
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JANUARY CIRCULATION
49,528
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 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.

Mr. Morgan's illness surely gave Wall street a shock.
The sultan still has his troubles, even if Madero has got the spot light.

Ridiculous.
The Water board's announced reduction of 10 per cent in rates to those consumers who have been charged 35 cents per 1,000 gallons of water per month is ridiculous.

To a family using 3,000 gallons of water per month it means a saving of 10 1/2 cents in the monthly water bill, or \$1.26 cents per year.

For years the Omaha Water board, through its mouthpiece, dined at the citizens the information that the rates charged Omaha water users were exorbitant.

If the rate was extortionate when the plant was owned by a private corporation, it is extortionate now.

Our National Fire Losses.
The New York Commercial applies the mild title of "The National Folly" to the annual destruction by fire of property amounting to \$250,000,000, much of which is ascribed to arson.

Those three drops of rain that fell in Omaha Sunday night must have mistaken this for California.
You cannot blame the Nebraskan man who forgets and dates his letters June instead of February.

With the schedules all adopted, and spring training under way, the country will soon resume its normal state.
Irl R. Hicks predicted that this would be a very tempestuous month, which makes the air current prophets laugh.

That was an awful blow the water commissioner struck the rates. But, you know, he's a terror when he gets to going.
Another Nebraskan has rounded out his century of life. What a blessing it would be to live 100 years in Nebraska!

President Taft's refusal to become hysterical over the Mexican situation may be a disappointment to some, but is most acceptable to his fellow-countryman.
Good morning: If you use 100 gallons of water a day, you'll get a reduction of 35-100 of 1 cent a day after March 1. Helps a lot, doesn't it. Ten cents a month, you know.

Dispatches says congress intends doing nothing of consequence between now and March 4. That is, congress intends to maintain its record since December unbroken to the last.
When church folks go to calling meetings to co-operate with The Bee in its expose of fake doctors, whose cupidly is fed on public credulity, we may be sure it is the work of the Lord.

Looking Backward
This Day in Omaha
COMPILED FROM BEE FILES
FEBRUARY 18, 1913

Thirty Years Ago—
David Knirk died at his residence on Thirteenth street between Cass and California.

Mrs. Minerva Palmer, for fifteen years a resident, living near the Deaf and Dumb institute, died in her eightieth year.

A beautiful set of cameo, consisting of brooch earrings and bracelets, is on exhibition at Max Meyer's, sent from Italy to aid the Sisters of Poor Clairs here.

Several specials were attached to the train from the west. One was occupied by S. S. Stevens, general passenger agent of the Rock Island, and family, returned from California, and another was occupied by General Superintendent J. P. Nichols of the Union Pacific.

Twenty Years Ago—
Ex-Mayor R. C. Cushing, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Lora, and niece, Miss Annie O'Keefe, arrived from southern California.

The engagement is announced of E. E. Zimmerman, secretary of the Bankers' Building and Loan association, to Miss Julie L. Reed of Lincoln, niece of the late Byron Reed of Omaha.

A serious matrimonial epidemic was threatening Omaha public school teachers. Here are a few late victims: Miss Hortense Smith of Castellar street school, who married Dr. J. J. Jones of New York City; Miss Jeannie Marble of Mason school married Mr. Crowell of Omaha; Miss Cora Pratt of Kellom school married Dr. Franklin Wells of Yankton, S. D.; Miss Dora Squires of Lake school married J. L. Silver of South Omaha.

Ten Years Ago—
Mrs. Mary Whanning was struck by a Burlington switch engine in the railroad yards, where she was gathering coal, and killed. She was 40 years of age and left a husband and a 15-year-old daughter.

Judge George C. Bowman was found dying on the sidewalk about 9 o'clock in the evening at Eighteenth and Farnam streets. He was picked up and carried into Hahn's drug store. He was 54 years of age and his death was due to heart disease. He was on his way down the street from the Bachelor's hotel.

After completing the work on the present shop site, the Union Pacific announced it would make extensive improvements on a tract of land bounded by Twenty-fourth, Twenty-seventh, Hickory and Martha streets, comprising forty acres, putting in spur tracks and siding facilities suitable for factory purposes.

The case of the railroads attempting by injunction to head off the local tax levy for 1913 was heard in federal court by Judge W. H. Munger. City Attorney W. J. Connel and J. H. McIntosh led the fight for the city, while John N. Baldwin of the Union Pacific, Ben T. White of the Northwestern and C. J. Green for the Burlington commanded the field for the railroads, and Judge Munger took the case under advisement.

Cheaper Coal Prices.
The proposed co-operation of railroads to relieve the pressure on the coal supply during the winter season and cheapen prices to the consumer should by all means be carried to a successful issue. The plan proceeds on the theory that car shortages at crucial times is a vital factor to be dealt with. Undoubtedly so, but the impression is dominant in the minds of consumers that they are mulcted largely by an arbitrary power. There is no adequate explanation for the continued rise in prices with the production also steadily increasing. Conditions have defied the law of supply and demand until the consumer has all but despaired of relief.

No doubt the railroads' plan of storing their supplies in the summer and having cars available for traffic in the winter is directly to the point, and it is to be hoped it will bring results by next autumn as contemplated. If the nine anthracite railroads, which are credited with the majority ownership of the hard coal mines, will only enter this co-operative combine, perhaps the consumer may be justified in exulting now at the prospects of relief from prices which for so long have severely oppressed him. It is impossible to rid the average mind of the belief that men assuming certain "divine rights" in the anthracite regions have not been largely responsible for exorbitant prices, though, of course, the cost of all coal has risen until it is a burden. This should not be in a country with virtually inexhaustible supplies, and would not if economic laws were permitted to operate naturally.

Modern warfare is a terrible thing; two armies have been battling for nine days in the streets of Mexico City, and up to the present writing the casualty list is confined to noncombatants.

Twice Told Tales

A Fox Deal.
Once upon a time when William Cannon Houston, representative from Tennessee, was a farmer, he took some eggs to town to sell to the hotelkeeper. "How much a dozen?" asked the proprietor. "Thirty cents," said young Houston. "Pretty high, aren't they?" "No, eggs are scarce."

"Well, give me eight dozen." Houston counted out his eggs and found he had just one more than eight dozen, so he slipped the ninety-seventh egg in his pocket. "That's a mean trick," said the hotel man. "You ought to give me that egg as good measure."

"Can't do that," said Houston. "That's where I make my profit. I have figured pretty close. But I'll give you that egg for a drink."

The bargain was made, and the two went into the hotel bar. "What'll you have?" asked the hotelkeeper, as he took the extra egg. "Oh, give me a little egg and sherry," said Houston.—Washington Star.

Lincoln's Illustration.
Apropos of Lincoln's birthday and his recent brilliant analysis of Lincoln's character, Mayor Gaynor said the other day: "Lincoln never lacked an excuse for his unwillingness to proclaim the freedom of the slaves."

On the Warpath.
Little Tommy, at the movies, saw a tribe of Indians painting their faces and asked his mother the significance of this. "Indians," his mother answered, "always paint their faces before going on the warpath—before scalping and tomahawking and murdering."

Chicago Inter Ocean: The beauty doctors will now make a dimple to order for \$50 in a fortnight. We imagine that is a better place for it than in a woman's face.

Indiana News: Another item in the high cost of living has been disclosed by the secretary of the treasury, who has reported to the senate that the public health service of the various departments cost \$100,000,000 a year.

Baltimore American: Now that both poles have been discovered, it is to be hoped that the human sacrifices to that particular attraction have come to an end. There still remains, however, to take its place the lure of the air.

Chicago Tribune: Just as soon as you begin to feel a bit sorry for Turkey, in the midst of the calamities that have come upon the country, the Turkish soldiers commit some appalling atrocity and your sympathy goes glimmering.

Houston (Tex.) Post: Mr. Wind of Nebraska expresses himself as delighted with Houston, and we are glad to say for him that he is a business man and not a Nebraska politician, as we have been led to believe his name implies.

Emporia (Kan.) Gazette: The Nebraska legislature celebrated Lincoln's birthday by having a group picture taken in front of the Lincoln statue on the state house grounds. What a beautiful thought! What an honor to the martyred president!

Louisville Courier-Journal: An Iowa husband boasts the best American record because he has spent every evening with his wife during twenty-five years of married life. Well, how about the good record of the lady who let him do so?

St. Louis Republic: And when you wedge into the crowded car and bump the audience with the "dead cigar," if you the senate's plaudits would command, just bump aforesaid nuisance hard and far.

Houston Post (dem.): Let the next president so conduct the government that at the conclusion of his term of office he will be able to say in the fear of the Lord: "If there are any republicans in office it was beyond my power to get them out."

The Bee's Letter Box

"Alarm is Given."
SOUTH OMAHA, Feb. 11.—To the Editor of The Bee: Your editorial in today's issue wherein you make a comparison between Nebraska legislators and those of West Virginia is a conundrum to me. I don't know whether your comparison expresses a moral certainty or not. Perhaps it is moral philosophy. The alarm is given. The situation is grave and the lobbyists are busy endeavoring to put their true, tried friends over. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

On the Water Question.
OMAHA, Feb. 11.—To the Editor of The Bee: Having read the World-Herald's editorial again, on the water works situation, makes me call attention to the fact that the man who wrote the editorial is not a property owner in Omaha. He says that we are delivering to the South Omaha Stock yards at exactly the cost of pumping. If this is a fact why should the property owners of Omaha want us to deliver anybody water at cost of pumping, and then further down in the editorial it says that it will cost the people of Omaha about \$17,000 of revenue every year. If we are delivering at cost where does this sum come from? No, editor of the World-Herald, the writer is a heavy tax payer—at 35 cents per thousand gallons—who had \$10 worth of new lawn sodding burned last summer after the plant was acquired by the city.

I got mad and got out some of my men at the time that the water plant acquisition was defeated, but, also, had I known only a part of what I know now I would never have voted for municipal ownership, and I pledge my word that I shall from henceforth use every means in my power to defeat any other line that this city may try to acquire. And Mr. World-Herald, if you do not now what the reason is why we do not have rebates in water taxes I can tell you. It is to keep up the large salaries of a bunch of office-seekers, whose long existence or sustenance is paid from one of the most over taxed cities in the United States. But it is only a matter of time when the people will rise in wrath and destroy this incompetency and when you cannot find a majority of voters who have neither property nor interest in the city, but the tools of a bunch of cheap politicians, they must necessarily turn to the legislators for relief. Do not think that I am a Bee man or a republican, the only paper I take or have taken for twenty-two years is the World-Herald, but the World-Herald is either drifting towards cheaper politics or simply opposing The Bee's exposure of the water works, and the high salaried officials that own them. The Bee has thousands of supporters in this one thing, even if they oppose it in everything else. Continue your exposure Mr. Bee and the taxpayers of Omaha will back you.

Some Rights of the People.
BLAIR, Neb., Feb. 11.—To the Editor of The Bee: In all civilized countries law and order is the paramount issue. Upon it depends the safety of the social side of life. Herein do we find protection of human life and property. However, many laws are enacted that are never enforced. Again, ordinances are made that seem useless. Education would be preferable in many instances regarding the rights of others. Our educational institutions and the press should be powerful factors in aiding here.

On a crowded street car in the big city of Omaha the other day a man received a scratch in the face with a hat pin. Of course, it was purely accidental. The wearer of the troublesome pin was a rather frail looking specimen of humanity. When approached and informed of the injury she drew "snappish" and unladylike. She wouldn't divulge her name. "She didn't have to."

The man in question said he would follow that pin to Chicago in an effort to find out something beneficial to humanity. Off the car and down the street they went, pursued and pursued. Into a large building they went and met a youth who showed her own age, her troubles were poured into his ears that a man was following her. The young man averted his face and informed the old man (he was that he would be arrested for following a lady.

While he may have had a mother, his leers and disreput showed he had forgotten her training. He spoke to the old man of "second childhood." He forgot he was but a few days behind the "old man," comparatively speaking. Almost fainting the lady was ushered into a lawyer's office. She had strength enough left to say she wanted a man arrested for following her. The lawyer was looking for a case, but informed the youthful pair there was no law against pursuing murderers, but that Human eyes have been put out by them.

The writer has heard of the cruelty of savage tribes, but nothing to compare with this incident in a civilized land. Where the bread winner of the home is in danger of accident and suffering with no one to blame, would there be any redress in law? Against the little lady there is no ill feeling, but the protection of human rights demands something. Let us appeal to the law of common sense. Will wives, mothers and daughters on crowded thoroughfares take notice? Law and money values can never replace injury to life and limb.

Again thanks to The Bee's letter box for humanity's sake.
TOM J. HILDEBRAND.

Told in Philadelphia.
A Philadelphia business man tells this story on himself: "You know in this city there are two telephone companies, and in my office I have a telephone of each company. Last week I hired a new office boy and one of his duties was to answer the telephone. The other day when one of the bells rang he answered the call and then came in and told me I was wanted on the phone by my wife."

"Which one?" I inquired quickly, thinking of the two telephones, of course. "Please, sir," stammered the boy, "I don't know how many you have."

GRINS AND GROANS.
"Uncle Jim, pop says you're a barnacle. Why are you a barnacle?" "Because I'm going to get to the bottom of that remark."—Baltimore American.
"Collecting what?" "Collecting what?" "The living world owes me."—Boston Transcript.
Adam heard them blame the cost of living on the middleman. "If we disagree about politics as we do about other things we can consider ourselves paired in the voting, and not bother about going to the polls."—Washington Star.
"See you have disposed of that fine horse you bought from the city?" "Yes," replied the grateful milkman; "he hit my business. He had been used for pulling a sprinkling cart, and stopped at every hydrant."—Judge.
"Those quick lunch rooms have one good point." "How now?" "Get you in training for afternoon tea. I haven't spilled anything on a gown this winter."—Washington Herald.
"How do you explain the failure of the Madero administration?" "Simple enough," replied ex-Senator Standpauf. "The Mexicans are incapable of self-government. Why they actually expect a president to keep his campaign promises."—St. Louis Republic.
Assistant—What's the address of this New Yorker? Editor—You mean the one who has some position there in the local government? "Yes." "Address him care of the Tombs. It will reach him all right."—Life.
Barker—I wonder why Jarrocks and his wife are always at war with each other? Parker—Lays it to the fact that he runs his house like the city government.

THE IRISH PIPES.
Katherine Tynan.
I heard the piper playing. The piper old and blind, And knew its secret saying— "The voice of the summer wind."
I heard clear waters fallin'. Lapping from stone to stone; The wood dove crying and calling. Ever alone, alone.
I heard the bells of the heather Ring in the sunset breeze. Soft air of fur and feather. And quiet hum of bees.
The piper drew me yearning Into the dim gray lands Where there is no returning. Although I write my hands.
There to the piper's crooning I saw my dead again. All in a happy nooning Of golden sun and rain.
You piper, kind and hoary, Soft air of fur and feather, If I should tell my story, The things you piped for me, The folks would leave their selling, And bid their buying go. If I could but be telling, The things you piped for me.

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People Talked About

Words throbbing with joy have reached Pittsburgh from Miami, Fla., that William Flynn is recovering his voice and is able to whisper audibly. Mr. Flynn blew out his voice jubilating on election night.

President-elect Woodrow Wilson, in a letter to David R. Francis, president of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition company, has indicated that he will attend the dedication of the Jefferson memorial there April 20.

An employee of a Boston bank, drawing \$12 a week, managed to put the bank in the hole for \$18,000. A paper on the profits of cheap labor penned by the president of the bank would make "mighty interest" reading.

After successfully raising twenty-six children, all of whom have become successful under his tuition, Joseph Hinchman, a bachelor, 33 years old, of Merchantsville, N. J., recovering from the first illness of his life.

The office of the Mexican Herald was one of the buildings from which the federalists exchanged cannon compliments with the rebels. Despite the noise and confusion of the exchange the editor managed to work off a first-hand "scoop" on his "loathsome contemporaries."

Lincoln Overlooked

A batch of Lincoln stories labeled as first hand were turned loose in New York on Lincoln's birthday by associates of the martyred president. One of the story tellers was General James Grant Wilson, who became acquainted with Lincoln in 1888.

General Wilson on one occasion visited the president at the White House, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Senator Dixon of Connecticut, and a constituent of the senator, who was six feet ten inches tall. "Well, we met and for the first and perhaps the only time in his life, the president was flabbergasted by the sight of a man looking down on him by six inches."

"Finally his face was overspread by that lovely smile of his, and he said, 'My friend, will you permit me to ask you a question?'" "Why, certainly, Mr. President," the man answered.

"I want to know," said Mr. Lincoln, "if you can tell when your feet get cold."

Passengers and employees in the waiting room on the second floor of the Union station at St. Louis were startled when a 13-year-old boy calmly lit and smoked a long, black cigar with evident enjoyment. His mother, Mrs. Harriet Callahan, of New Orleans, La., explained that he had used tobacco since his second year on the advice of a physician.