THE OMAHA SUNDAY 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. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 5th day of February, 1913. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.
(Seal.)

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

So it is "back from Elba" for Diaz.

Off-hand, quick—who is Thomas W. Wilson?

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, Mr. Tightwad.

Don't belittle this snow by calling it a "million-dollar snow."

It is all right for charity to begin at home, but it should not end there.

The Maxim silencer, to make the biggest hit, must work on a maximum basis.

An in-door base ball game, even when put up in box score form, has a phony look to it.

England is said to have a fine blue sky law. Perhaps, but it is short of blue sky around London.

If names counted for anything, Obadiah Gardener ought to make an ideal secretary of agriculture.

The Missouri legislature's vote for woman's suffrage may be new proof that the "world do move," anyway.

It will be hard to believe that Mexico's troubles are over so long as Huerta remains as provisional president.

"Attorneys in the Hyde Case Angry," says a headline. If the public can keep its patience, surely they should theirs.

It is interesting to observe that the West Virginian charged with attempted bribery was not the one elected senator.

The report that extravagance in woman's dress has ceased to be fashionable does not seem to be borne out by the facts.

Seems strange that the Matteawan superintendent would clear forget the name of a man who offered him a $20,000 bribe.

There is a touch of serio-comedy in Japan's reported eagerness to be the first nation to recognize the Chinese republic.

You may think when you buy lamb chops you get the butcher's goat, but when his bill comes in you realize that he gets yours.

On Tuesday week the citizens of the United States will give the citizens of Mexico a splendid example of how to change presidents.

The question with the democrats is: "How can we get to the plum trees, unless we tear down that civil service fence around the orchard?"

Woodrow Wilson has so far shown an unexpected capacity for keeping his own counsel. But wait till he faces the hungry horde of would-be pie biters.

President Taft doubtless knows as well as Mr. Hearst, that intervention in Mexico would be a good thing for Americans with heavy investments there, needing development.

The silence Mr. Bryan preserves would naturally lead to the inference that his forehand knowledge of the make-up of Mr. Wilson's cabinet is eminently satisfactory to the commoner.

Agitation is renewed every now and then for a better word than "Hello" as a telephone salutation. That is a very elegant word as compared with some the telephone often provokes.

Evidently Representative Keckley meant that freight rate bill as the joke in the legislative deck. While it ranks high as a joke, it has to surpass some others that have been introduced.

The Day of the Automobile.

Without entering upon detailed consideration of the various elements that enter into its whole, the general proposition may safely be made that this is the day of the self-propelled vehicle. No invention since the telephone has so generally modified conditions under which we live as has the automobile. Its adaptability and general usefulness are becoming to be appreciated, although no one is rash enough to propose a limit for the "machine." The industry has sprung up so suddenly, and spread with such rapidity, that it is almost beyond the comprehension of those who are engaged in it. It is the great manifestation of the forward movement of the twentieth century.

That Omaha is one of the most important centers of the enormous traffic that has developed side by side with the automobile industry is a source of local satisfaction. The great business steadily carried on by dealers who have their headquarters here is one of the most important factors in Omaha's commercial and industrial life. Their enterprise is noteworthy, and their success is deserved.

The opening of the annual Omaha automobile show serves to mark the beginning of another season of activity by the dealers, the end of which they, themselves, will not undertake to forecast beyond the fact that it promise to be busier than ever. This is certainly the day of the automobile.

The Man and the Many.

Our social organization has presented one very peculiar aspect for many months, a singular manifestation of the development of the individual under the fostering influences of American institutions. We have seen the spectacle here and there all over the country of a man setting himself up as being infallibly accurate in his views, and proclaiming the many to be equally infallibly wrong. A member of a state commission, consisting of three members, finds himself hopelessly at outs with the other two, and goes before a legislative committee to point out how absolutely erroneous are the proceedings of his associates. A scientific worker insists that only by the application of his ideas can safety be wrought out. A political reformer clamors that his is the only course through which equitable adjustment of social conditions may be had. A preacher arrogates to himself inerrancy on subjects of religious and moral bearing. And so it goes.

Whether all this is the result of overdeveloped egotism or merely the lack of perfect mental balance matters not. The world has long listened to the conflict between the man and the many, and is not ready to decide it now.

Fruits of Judicious Advertising.

The results accomplished for Omaha through the medium of the publicity bureau of the Commercial club for the three years of its existence, not only more than justify its maintenance, but form a cogent argument for judicious advertising in the advancement of a city's welfare. Judicious advertising, of course, is not the kind that goes forth with a blare of trumpets, but rather depends upon simple facts and conservative business methods. The crux of success of the Omaha plan lies, largely, in the convention idea. Here, for instance, the annual report of the bureau shows that last year Omaha entertained thirty-three state and national conventions, bringing here a high grade of people from all directions. In a city whose people are distinguished for their hospitality and skill at entertaining, that is sufficient as a means of propagating the city's interests abroad. And that this has been done on an extensive scale may be verified by the record of accounts of business firms of all descriptions. But the benefits are reflected also in an ethical sense, in the friendships thus wholesomely built up.

Impersonal Guilt.

With all due respect to the polite theory of impersonal guilt, punitive justice individualizes the responsibility and makes the punishment personal. All the plastic arguments compiled in defense of the old idea that a body of men might do with impunity what one of them, acting singly would never attempt, are crushed under the impact of the expression of this fact, reinforced by a lately aroused public sentiment. In consequence we are no longer excited at demonstrations of the potency of criminal clauses in anti-trust laws. Time was when, though these identical laws occupied as much space on our statute books as they do today, conservatively thinking men gave scant or no attention to the idea of actually punishing an individual under this law for action attributable to a legalized body or corporation of men.

Thus, when a score and a half of otherwise most reputable men are convicted and sentenced to prison for violating an anti-trust law a new milepost in the progress of industrial justice has been set up. We have found no new power inherent in our government, but have awakened to a new realization of an old power. With this graphic picture of the personality of punishment before us, we are no longer moved by the venerable plea that guilt is impersonal and social. Of course, it is admitted that impersonally and socially men do what, conscious of the certainty of a personal penalty, they would not do and rather indulgently in a desire to be fair, we have palliated the offense as the result of a system with a good deal of truth and justification. But the transport of good fellowship has about run its course and a sterner sense of justice is chiding men as a whole into confessions of the wisdom and righteousness of the new conception.

State Welfare Commission.

The Norton bill providing for a state conservation and public welfare commission, which has the endorsement of the State Press association and the State Association of Commercial Clubs, has been commended also by the State Conservation congress, which ought to give it strong impetus on its way through the legislature.

The purpose of this measure is simply to advance the interests of Nebraska abroad. It contemplates a permanent system for gathering and publishing facts about the state, its resources and people—nothing but facts. And Nebraska is sorely in need of something of this sort. It is behind most progressive states in the lack of any efficient statistical bureau. Short-sightedness and parsimony have thus far deprived us of that important agency. The welfare commission is proposed as an adjunct to the state university, being educational in character. Much of the work of the commission will dove-tail nicely into that of the agricultural school, thus enabling the state to broaden the scope of usefulness of this institution. The measure is drawn as free as possible from selfish interest, the intent being to make it entirely public in its purpose and character.

Not Necessarily War.

Following promptly the president's note to Ambassador Wilson deprecating summary punishment of Madero, the orders rushing American troops to the Mexican border with the explanation that they are to be in readiness to enable the ambassador to proceed with any measures deemed necessary, give new significance to the situation. The president, of course, has had all preliminary plans made for the issuance of such orders, though it has not been expedient to disclose this to the public, despite the din of adverse criticism always to be expected under such circumstances.

"The sober truth is," says the New York Evening Mail, a strong anti-Taft paper, "that President Taft has earned the thanks of the whole country by his firm and patient determination not to invite a costly war by armed intervention in Mexico so long as it honorably can be avoided."

But war is not even now to be thought of as a consequence of the mobilization of the army, which was rushed to the border on the occasion of the last overturning of the republic. Huerta insists on national peace and proclaims the iron-handed policy of Diaz to achieve it. And Porfirio Diaz, reports say, is to return to Mexico, which is another interesting feature, tending to indicate the old warrior's confidence in the ability of the new regime to hold its own. After the failure Madero made of his moderate policies, one is constrained to believe that the iron-handed policy is still the one for Mexico, which seems no further advanced today than when Diaz was at the height of his power.

Sidelights on Caesar.

William Faversham, the actor, draws attention in a current newspaper article to personal characteristics of Julius Caesar, distinguishing between the Caesar of the play and that "almost geniuslike figure of history." His observations are very interesting, yet from a purely human-interest standpoint some reflections by Macaulay in "Fragments of a Roman Tale," written in 1823, are even more so. They display an accomplishment of the great Roman not dwelt on by history, which a good many men of distinction today have been known by their intimates to possess.

Flaminius and Ligarius are standing in the Forum one warm afternoon, exchanging experiences of the night before down at Cataline's, when Caesar approaches. Naturally after he has gone, the conversation turns to him. Ligarius asks Flaminius if he is going to Cataline's party that evening. "Not I," replies Flaminius. He admits Cataline's excellence as a host, with his superb cooks, choice wines and attraction for the high-born beauties of Rome, but not all these will tempt him to Cataline's again. It costs to attend parties at Cataline's.

Just then Caesar reappears in the distance. Ligarius falls to admiring him. It provokes Flaminius, still smarting under the loss of his country villa and 2,000,000 sesterces.

"He will serve his rivals in public as he served me last night at Cataline's," lamented Flaminius, who must have been a poor loser. "We were playing at the twelve lines. Immense stakes. He laughed all the time, chatted with Valeria over his shoulder, kissed her hand between every two moves, and scarcely looked at the board. (Hard enough for a good loser to endure.) I thought that I had him. All at once I found my counters driven into the corner. Not a piece to move, by Hercules! It cost me 2,000,000 sesterces."

By this time Caesar has rejoined them. Instead of salving the feelings of poor Flaminius, he remarks with tantalizing levity: "I can make love and mind my game at once, as Flaminius can tell you."

Vice Segregation.

The social evil continues a perplexing problem to every city, spite of all projected reforms and experiments. While many municipalities are trying to solve it by doing away with the segregation plan, Cleveland, where reform has run rampant at times, continues segregation and regulation after an exhaustive study by so-called experts. The "Golden Rule" chief of police, Mr. Kohler, whom Colonel Roosevelt pronounces the "best chief of police in the country," has this to say for the Cleveland plan:

We went after the women and told them to move. We did not let any sell out. We did not tell them where they could live in Cleveland, but we did tell them where they could not. We stopped music and liquor selling in the houses. We don't permit anything on the exterior of the ten blocks of houses of that kind in Cleveland to distinguish them from any other houses. Those ten blocks are there, but none of you could find one of them without a guide.

Men with no other visible occupation cannot hang around such houses in Cleveland. Men cannot own or operate them. We killed the alliance of vice and politics when we stopped that. We don't arrest those women, and by that we killed the professional bondsman, who is worse than any highwayman who ever lived. If the women don't abide by our rules they have to get out of town. More than half of them have done so.

Those still there are a sort of auxiliary police. They notify us the minute any one goes to their house whom they believe to be a thief or criminal, and they would not let in a politician of the stripe that used to graft upon them any sooner than they would admit a mad dog.

In theory, at least, there are many apparently strong, though not new, features in this plan, which if practical in operation, should result in at least as much good as the indiscriminate distribution of the vice over a city, making regulation more difficut. There is a good deal of common sense in the Cleveland method, which recognizes certain fundamental obstacles in any attempt to deal with this life-long problem. But this, as well as any other plan, depends largely for its success upon the vigor and efficiency of its administration.

Farmers Organizing.

The farmers of Kansas who have organized to build and maintain elevators and cold storage plants to hold surplus crops of the primary producers have taken an initial step toward what many experts conceive to be a solution of vital problems retarding development of American rural life. Mr. Roosevelt said what the country folk required was "better business, better farming and better living." Sir Horace Plunkett has most admirably shown that better living, the ultimate necessity, is yet impossible without first the other two. It is difficult to interest a farmer on the subject of social ethics, so long as he is seriously vexed with economic disorders, and until he is interested in ethics to the extent of reorganizing his social and community life he is not going to achieve the progress desired.

Therefore, any plan furnishing a nucleus around which farmers may unite in a community interest, is a step in the direction of a more wholesome rural life. The school and the church are finding their tasks difficult in the country because of general disorganization, the lack of any common standard of co-operation around which to rally the people. Everybody has been going his way. While the city continues to perfect its great schemes of organization, the country has been almost entirely deprived of them, and farmers are often at the mercy of conditions in consequence, compelled individually to compete with the collective man in the city. Our "back-to-the-farm" movements will not get very far until we assist the farmer in co-operative enterprises, making farm life more attractive to those who have left it.

The conservationists have just finished a very interesting session at Lincoln, and have turned out quite a bit of good advice for the people of Nebraska. What is really needed in this state, however, is a closer application of the terse admonition given to bleeding Kansas by "Bill" Allen White a few years ago.

The building of the viaducts by the Missouri Pacific will not completely remove the dangerous grade crossings in Omaha, but will materially reduce their numbers. The work should be persisted in.

Good morning! After next Saturday each hundred gallons of water you use will cost you .85 of 1 cent less. Can you not already feel the beneficent effect of this bold slash at the "exorbitant" water rates?

The assemblage of troops along the Mexican border will be as nothing when compared to the concourse of colonels now mobilizing for the descent upon Washington.

Omaha should not be a harvest field for quack doctors. Here is where the "regular" doctors can perform a real public service.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

FEBRUARY 23.

Thirty Years Ago—

Quite a party of Omaha people left on the noon Union Pacific train for the west, among them C. S. Stebbins, general ticket agent of the Union Pacific, with his wife; Mrs. Carrier, Mrs. Captain Swobe and her two sons, Miss Rogers and J. B. Blickensdorfer.

A reception was given at St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church to enable members to meet the new pastor, Rev. Willard Scott, and his wife.

Keep clean. Best bath rooms. Eight baths for $1. Joe Forelli, 1314 Farnam street.

A suit has been begun by the Chicago Lumber company to foreclose a mechanic's lien on the new Trinity cathedral for lumber furnished to the contractors.

Prof. C. C. D. Mills gave the first lecture in the Unity course on "The Beginning and Successive Steps in the Arts of Common Life."

A card signed "A Number of Your Former Pupils" requests Prof. Felix Blanchenfeldt to return to Omaha from Lincoln and make his permanent home here.

First Lieutenant Guy Howard, aide-de-camp, has returned from a two months' visit to Washington and the east.

Invitations are out for the wedding, to take place March 7 at the Paxton, of Alexander Jacobson of Milwaukee and Miss Mattie Rothschild of Parkersburg, Ky. Miss Rothschild is a sister of Mrs. A. Polack of this city.

Twenty Years Ago—

Mrs. William Shull, well known in Omaha, died at St. Joseph's hospital after a long illness.

M. Wintrobe, a young peddler, not long from Europe, was thrown from his wagon at Tenth and Dodge streets and badly injured.

The police had a lively time taking care of a big Sioux Indian, who got full of firewater. He turned a few war dances downtown and it took a cordon of officers to get him to the jail. He fought like a real bear, but was finally enclosed in a cell, where he continued to let out his war whoops.

Only a small number of citizens attended the mass meeting at the city hall for the purpose of deciding on advertising Omaha at the Chicago World's fair. The councilmen present said they would appropriate $10,000 for the purpose if the people would approve it. D. J. Donahue, president of the Nebraska Develoment company, proposed $10,000, and Mayor Bemis, Thomas Kilpatrick, Colonel Chase and others favored it.

News was received from Sioux City that Jim Hill, while deciding not to build his Great Northern railroad into Omaha, had made concessions in certain rates on freight from northern Pacific coast advantageous to this city.

Ten Years Ago—

W. R. (Bob) Johnson, bookkeeper for Charley Fanning, paving contractor, was found dead in his office, 521 Bee building, by Joe P. Butler, superintendent for Mr. Fanning's company.

Judge W. H. Munger issued the injunction against the city prayed for by railroads through their attorneys preventing the city from proceeding with its taxation levy, so far as the railroads were concerned, for 1903. Judge Munger held the assessment void. The city decided to carry the case up.

Judge Estelle and Judge Stubbs of St. Paul, Neb., exchanged district court dockets for a few days.

President Horace G. Burt of the Union Pacific decided to meet the conductors and trainmen of his line, who were displeased with wages and other conditions of labor, March 2 for a frank conference.

Uncle Bill Snowden, who was laid up with injuries sustained in a fall on the ice at Twenty-fourth and Jones streets, was said to be more seriously hurt than at first thought. His left hip caught the force of the fall and the doctors said he would not be out for six or eight weeks.

Dr. D. Frank Powell, a scout, Indian chief, white man and ordinary physician, passed through Omaha from St. Paul to North Platte, going to give away Miss Irma Cody in marriage, performing the service for his friend, Colonel Cody, who was unable to attend the nuptials.

People and Events

Driving middlemen out of business is to be next summer's great sport. A meeting will be held in Chicago in April to arrange plans for the chase.

With rare candor in red-headed type the Denver Post admits: "We have taxed ourselves for civic improvement until every property owner is blue in the face."

Ten months remain for divorce seekers to get in under the legal wire in Nevada. The year-residence law goes into effect January 1, 1914. Call early and get the pick of the bargains.

Ten thousand silk ties, with gloves and canes to match, are the disguises that a number of Tammany braves will wear in the inauguration parade. Can Nebraska patriots beat it?

A Pittsburgh man discredits the accepted theory that a bald head is the outward sign of piety, energy, fearless honesty and superior brain vigor. He wants $10,000 for the loss of his hair.

"Take it from me," exclaims a woman promoter of a Chicago cat show, "your cat is the mirror of your soul!" Occasionally the joys of life cannot check a sob over the banishment of the bootjack.

A gang of expert safe crackers enjoyed a feast of solids and liquids, topped with cigars, besides cracking the safe for $500, in a New York hall, without disturbing the peaceful repose of a policeman seventy feet away.

Two churches in Kalamazoo, Mich., the Church of Christ and the First Congregational, have leaped far to the front in the religious forward movement. Free lunches are dispensed at the afternoon and evening services on Sunday.

In searching for a satisfactory explanation for the success of the Bulgars in war, their irresistible dash and fighting zeal, one primary cause is ignored. Bagpipes are the national musical instruments. Oft before the scream of martial pipes put the enemy on the run.

Felix Diaz, the revolutionist who whipped Madero to a finish, while chief of police in Mexico City some years ago worked a shameless trick on a visiting police chief from St. Louis. Diaz warned him against pickpockets and then employed some of the cleverest of them to steal everything the visitor had, afterward making a stunning record for efficiency by a prompt recovery of the valuables. It was not till the gringo was on the train that the truth was broken to him.

GENTLE CYNICS.

Cursory glances must be second cousins to cuss words.

The best way to encourage vice is to pass laws forbidding it.

Family jars are sometimes almost as noisy as the cup that cheers.

The man who is willing to admit he may be in the wrong generally isn't.

When a man talks about the good old days he generally means the nights.

You can hurt some people more by laughing at them than by shooting at them.

If you don't believe that success is a matter of luck, ask any man who has failed.

It's all right to speak well of the dead, but save a few kind words for the living.

The wheel of fortune will never be reliable until it is equipped with a puncture-proof tire.

The line of least resistance demonstrates that the people who yield to temptation are generally looking for it.

It sometimes happens that both a man's wife and his newspaper come to the breakfast table in their wrappers.

Lots of marriages are based on the theory that it is easier for a woman to love a man than to let some other woman love him.

SECULAR SHOTS AT THE PULPIT

St. Louis Republic: The West Virginia legislator who says he had $500 thrust into his pocket is a preacher. The experience may not elevate his opinion of politics, but it certainly will brace his faith in miracles.

Philadelphia Bulletin: A New Jersey minister says he is glad the president-elect got that big "Damn" out of his system. Oh, he will find others around in the nooks and corners of his person before he retires from the presidency.

Houston Post: A Methodist, Presbyterian, Unitarian and Mohammedan have all indorsed Governor Wilson's use of the word "damn." And it is exactly true that there are times in every earnest man's life when no other word will do so well. We are disgusted only when pinheads who don't know the first principles of cussing use it without justification or excuse.

IS THE CRUEL WAR OVER?

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Madero has one claim that ought to count for more with his fellow-countrymen. They elected him.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: Oh, well, it's going to be a great spring for Mexico City's carpenters and painters and glaziers.

St. Louis Republic: Will the Mexicans who stole that machine gun in Texas please come back and steal a few sleepy officers?

Philadelphia Ledger: Mexico's turmoil is a tragic illustration of what happens when a small man tackles a big job. Madero never was equal to the task, and his unbalanced ambition has merely emphasized his inadequacy.

Indianapolis News: Orozco's announcement that he won't stand for Huerta as president further tends to confirm the suspicion that one of the principal troubles in Mexico is that there are not enough presidencies to go round.

Springfield Republican: President Madero did not execute General Felix Diaz, when he had him caught at Vera Cruz some months ago, out of deference to the opinion of the civilized world. Was that a time when the opinion of the civilized world was an ill-informed mawkish bit of sentimentality? Madero probably thinks so.

BLASTS FROM RAM'S HORN.

A lie is a lie, no matter whether it is white or black.

A barrel of money has never yet given any man all he wanted.

Lot walked into Sodom, but went out of it on the double quick.

The sparrow went into the ark through the same door as the elephant.

If we are not making a good use of what we have, we have too much.

It takes a good deal more than a bargain counter halo to make a saint.

The man who is too poor to take a newspaper always has one or two dogs.

It would spoil nine people out of ten to let them have their own way for a month.

The man who is envious of evildoers will soon be carrying a banner in their parade.

Solomon spent a good deal of time trying to see how much he could learn from a fool.

Don't be afraid to ask the Lord for big things. Caleb said: "Give me this mountain," and he got it.

LINES TO A SMILE.

Maud—Does Kitty love Jack well enough to marry him?
Marie—Oh, yes; but Jack believes in letting well enough alone.—Boston Transcript.

"Some fellows are born to luck. Jack's one of them."
"What luck has he now?"
"Why last week he got insured for $5,000 and the very next day he fell off a roof and broke his neck."—Boston American.

"Did you know that the first typewriter was invented more than 100 years ago?"
"No, but bring it in. It can't be any worse than this."—St. Louis Republic.

"What's your husband's business?"
"Contractor."
"What line?"
"Debts."—New Orleans Democrat.

Willie—Paw, does a Scotch Highlander wear kilts all the time?
Paw—Yes, my son.
Willie—Well, how does he scratch a match?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Deer Hunter—What, do you mean to say that great, big, fat fellow is a guide?
Innkeeper—Yes, but we only let him go out with chaps that are very poor shots!—Montreal Star.

"The manager expects to win the pennant this year."
"How's that?"
"Well, you see, he's put a temperance clause in his premier pitcher's contract."
"Sort of hitched his water wagon to a star, eh?"—St. Louis Republic.

"It is a wonder a photographer hasn't a lot of bad debts."
"Why so?"
"Because he takes every customer at his face value."—Baltimore American.

WHEN THE TIDE IS OUT.

Alexander Blackburn.

I stood by the shore at the ebb of the tide,
When the beach grew each moment more ugly and wide—
There were moss-covered rocks, slimy weeds and black mud,
All the beauty was gone from the place where I stood;
With the salt-laden breeze came the stench of decay,
And I said, "The sea's charm has been taken away."
Then there came for my cheer this truth which all know:
As sure as the ebb of the tide is its flow.

On the shores of the ocean of life there are days
When the tide is at ebb and the heart has no praise,
When the flotsam and jetsam are strewn on the strand
And our hopes are but wrecks on the sin-blackened sand;
When the fragrance of joy has a sickening taint,
And we turn from the scenes with eyes wet and heart faint;
Till there comes from above the blest truth we all know:
As sure as the ebb of the tide is its flow.