

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER... VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR... BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH... Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Sunday Bee, one year, \$3.00... Daily Bee, one year, \$1.00... DELIVERED BY CARRIER...

REMITTANCE: Remit by draft, express or postal order, payable to The Bee Publishing Company.

JANUARY CIRCULATION: 49,528

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: I, Dwiglit 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.

What will Washington be without its Uncle Joe?

With Secretary Tumulty on the job, things will naturally soon quiet down.

Jim Jeffries wishes and thinks he can come back. Back from as far as Reno, yes.

Among the made-in-Nebraska beauties, do not overlook the Nebraska maids.

The Nebraska state senate refuses to be hoodwinked by the Lincoln boarding housekeepers.

Since things have subsided somewhat at Washington, we should have a little time now for Mexico.

"Public sentiment bars a money trust," says Mr. Morgan. Public sentiment was not consulted, Mr. Morgan.

Marshall joined the Chevy Chase club to play golf; Wilson refused. Marshall is on a four-year vacation, though.

It ought to be possible to be a "patriotic" citizen of Omaha without hitting any of our industries below the belt.

Many people say they want an independent press, when they really mean a press which they themselves can control.

The fact that the new secretary of war comes from the home of the Jersey "skateer" at least commends his fighting qualities.

At any rate, the people who got away safely from that Dewey hotel fire will not be boastfully recounting their narrow escape.

Song of the applicants' chorus waiting at the White House door: "Oh, it's a Shame, a Meezley Shame, to Keep Us Waiting Out in the Rain."

Perhaps if James Hamilton Lewis would dye his pink whiskers green he might put it across and land the senatorial logs on St. Patrick's day.

Mr. Munsey threatens to dispose of his Boston paper if it is not profitably patronized. Evidently, a little hull mooslem goes a long ways in Boston.

Several of the Wilson cabinet members do not appear in "Who's Who," but it is what's what with them from now on, so this exclusion need not matter.

President Wilson and Secretary Bryan are agreed in their personal aversion for the silk hat, and we cannot help admiring their democratic taste in this particular.

No Harvester trust in that little Iowa town, neither has any but a Harvester trust implement been sold there in twenty years. That might be a straw from the threshing.

Six-dollar water meters bought with taxpayers' money are sold back to them for \$11.25. That's the kind of business management that ought to have given us lower water rates long ago.

The democratic national committee has held a meeting, but has taken no step to rearrange apportionment of convention delegates, which for the democrats rests upon the same un equitable basis as it does for the republicans.

There are a few more of those "quick-burning" construction hotels, such as Omaha's left. It is well to such a hotel to locate the place where the fire escape ought to be before retiring—Minneapolis Journal.

It is better to locate the hotel and put up at another.

"For Omaha."

A drowning man does not hesitate to pull his rescuer down with him to a watery death.

The desperation of our hydraulic statesmen and their newspaper mouthpiece is strikingly illustrated by their latest rule or ruin tactics. They have been pretending to be battling "for Omaha," but now, finding themselves with the short end, they turn around and battle against Omaha by holding St. Joseph up to the world as superior to Omaha as a live stock market.

Were this attack successful in its purpose it could Nebraska farmers believe they could do better by shipping their stock to other markets, these fake patriots would destroy one of the principal industries on which Omaha depends. They know very well that the price of hogs in St. Joseph has nothing to do with the question. To make a satrapy to be governed by its Water board overlord on life tenure without objection to any home rule power, they would set the whole state against this city to our irreparable damage.

What does a \$5,000-a-year professional salary-grabber care for Omaha if by tearing it down he can build himself up?

Made in Nebraska.

Nebraska's agricultural wealth increased from about \$500,000,000 in 1900 to \$2,079,818,647, according to the census of 1910. The state, considering its population and resources, must, therefore, be distinctly a farming community, with prodigious development ahead of it. But along with its agricultural potencies, Nebraska is already much more of an industrial commonwealth than most of our own people realize.

A century ago the entire manufactured products of the United States amounted to less than \$200,000,000. That figure is surpassed every year by Omaha and South Omaha alone. Some half dozen years ago the whole state of Nebraska made butter amounting in value to \$3,308,944. In Omaha alone the annual output now passes the \$5,000,000 mark. In one year the flour mills of Nebraska ship something like 250,000,000 pounds of flour.

The fact is that Nebraska, with its area of 48,640,000 acres of soil, mostly fertile and subject to the highest cultivation, its proximity to the center of supplies, its transportation facilities and natural climatic advantages, is bound to become great in manufacturing, while continuing great in agriculture. The Made-in-Nebraska show will reveal a surprising panorama of present achievement and future possibilities to those who will take the trouble to visit and study it with this thought in mind.

Good for the Socialists.

If the recall were always as wisely applied as in the case of William D. Haywood, little would be said against it. The socialists by a referendum have recalled this apostle of ultra-radicalism from their national executive committee, where for years he has been a fire-brand of trouble. The reputation significantly reflects credit upon the socialists, whether it represents a penalty for Haywood's drastic views or merely a breach of discipline. Haywood is divested of the official backing and authority, which a membership in the national executive committee of the socialist party gave him, a thing that should have been done long ago. If the socialists have any serious notions of ever appealing to the clear-headed reason of the nation, they must get rid of all the Haywoods as leaders. It was a grave reflection upon their good intentions that they ever countenanced this man's leadership after his Idaho experiences, but if they have finally rid themselves of him now, so much to their credit.

A Waiters' Anti-Tipping Club.

After all, there seems to be at least one new thing under the sun. It is a waiters' anti-tipping club organized by Chicago waiters. They ask a state law that will imprison a man for accepting a tip—from a waiter. The waiters are incensed, not at the man who hands them his loose change, but at the employment agent, who asks pay for getting the waiter a job. Thus far the waiters have not progressed to the point of demanding a jail sentence for the waiter who collects part of his wages from the patron, or the employer who forces him to do it. It may be wrong for employment agencies to exact fees for finding employment for men, yet in the present economic arrangement there seems to be no way for employment agencies to continue in business than by charging for their services. The waiters might accomplish some real benefit through an anti-tipping system if they could secure the co-operation of their employers against it. If by any means yet undiscovered by others, they can induce their employers to pay in full and not leave most of it for the overcharged public, then they will have done something worth while.

By eliminating fifteen out of the thirty nominated, Omaha will soon choose the men to make its first home rule charter. Every voter interested in Omaha's future growth should post himself so as to be able to perform his duty intelligently.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES MARCH 7.

Thirty Years Ago—

A committee consisting of John A. Wakefield, Mr. Driscoll and C. Specht has been appointed by the Board of Trade to look into the matter of an ordinance to require people erecting buildings to first take out building permits.

The county commissioners are advertising bids for the removal of the Sixteenth street bridge to Florence, it having been determined to fill up the bed of North Omaha creek and make Sixteenth street and Sherman avenue one unobstructed thoroughfare.

The parlors of the Paxton were the scene of a brilliant wedding which united Alexander Jacobson of Milwaukee and Miss Mattie Rothchild, sister of Mrs. A. Polack. Two little girls, Dollie and Mattie Polack, nieces of the bride, dressed one in blue and the other in pink, carried baskets of flowers. Rev. Dr. Isaac Schwab of St. Joseph performed the ceremony.

The Omaha Glee club has elected three new members. Sam C. Nash, Charles Deuel and David Wells.

Jenkins is removing his headquarters clear store to the room formerly occupied by the U. S. restaurant.

A party of Council Bluffs city officials came over on the invitation of Charles E. Squires to inspect the asphalt on Douglas street.

A. A. Egbert and family of Denver are at the Paxton.

Judge G. W. Post, newly appointed collector of internal revenue, will soon remove to this city.

Little & Williams are eager to pay a reward for the return of a lost young black Newfoundland dog.

Twenty Years Ago—

Rev. Thomas Marshall, field secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, lectured at the Young Men's Christian association building on "Travels in the Chinese Empire."

Fred Anderson returned from Cleveland where he attended the national convention of the A. P. A.

U. B. Balcombe, reading clerk of the city council, was again out after an illness of several days.

Mrs. H. G. Burt, Mrs. J. R. Buchanan and Miss Clara Hawley went to Chicago in General Manager Burt's private car to attend a Paderewski performance at the Auditorium.

Mrs. T. S. Barriger died at her home, 313 North Twenty-second street and plans were made for the funeral with burial at Forest Lawn.

Dan Avery, coachman for Governor Boyd, fell from a horse at Seventeenth and Davenport streets and broke his right ankle. He was removed to St. Joseph's hospital for treatment.

General Passenger Agent E. L. Lomax of the Union Pacific, returned from Chicago, where he attended a meeting of railroad passenger officials acting upon plans for reduced rates to and from the Chicago World's fair, and said rates would not be announced for several weeks.

Ten Years Ago—

John Sebastian, general passenger agent of the Hook Island railroad was in town in his private car.

Mr. and Mrs. Scribner entertained the Harmony club.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy C. Barlow were back from the south, where they had spent part of the winter.

Patrolman Knox got a number of hard knocks with his own club in the hands of other men at Eleventh and Harney streets. It was night and Knox was patrolling his beat, and three thugs attacked him, took his club from him and beat him over the head with it, also giving him a rap on the hand breaking one finger. They all escaped.

John J. Peterson and Anna M. Larson, Charles L. Cline and Sarah M. Morrow, all of Omaha, obtained license to wed.

The conductors of the Union Pacific, through their committee, closed conferences with President Barlow, and were reported to have achieved their demand of a 30 per cent increase in wages. The conductors note the company would make any official statement, however, confirming or denying.

People Talked About

Four divisions of the circuit court of St. Louis on Monday divorced forty-one couples without shattering the eight-hour law.

The Hearst-Harrison and the Sullivan-Burke divisions of Chicago's imperishable democracy managed to do the inauguration without decorating the scenery with their respective scalps.

Tommy Middleton of Philadelphia, a sixty-year-old man, pulled off an elopement with his housekeeper a few days ago. Tommy is wealthy and needed a housekeeper anchored to the job.

A school for telephone operators in New York rejects applications for admission to its course from more than 15,000 girls annually, accepting only about 2,000, who fulfill its requirements.

Dr. Margit Balough, a Hungarian woman, has been appointed by the Hungarian minister of instruction to engage in geological research work in connection with a French expedition to the Atlas mountains northwest Africa.

W. A. Ziegler, who won the hammer throw in the Oxford games, is a Rhodes scholar from Iowa, and J. R. Stols, who was first in the long jump, holds the same appointment from Stanford university.

Thomas Steele, formerly an attorney at Columbus, O., convicted of blackmail in 1902, came out of the woods of Canada last week and took his medicine in the federal court at Cincinnati: "I have suffered more punishment as a fugitive," he said, "than if I had gone to prison and served my sentence."

In the package of unexpired pardons issued by the late Governor Dix of New York was one to a crooked lawyer, B. E. Valentine, convicted of swindling minor heirs, six years ago. By various shady means execution of the sentence was stayed, and the fellow never reached the doors of the penitentiary, although the governor was hoodwinked into the belief that he was in jail.

The Duchess of Marlborough opened Alton House near London last week as a home for working girls and women. It will be run on the same lines as the Rowton homes for men. The women can pay 20 cents rent weekly and can buy a meal from 1 cent upwards. In England there are only three municipal lodging houses for women.

Twice Told Tales

Pleasures of Obscurity.

It is apparent from this anecdote that a story, although 2,300 years old, can still be fresh and amusing. It is a personal anecdote of Chung Tzu, a brilliant Chinese writer and philosopher of the fourth century B. C.

Chung Tzu was fishing in the P'u river, when the Prince of Chu, sent two high officials to ask him to take charge of the administration of that province.

Chung Tzu went on fishing, and, without turning his head, said, "I have heard that in Chu there is a sacred tortoise that has been dead some three thousand years, and that the prince keeps this tortoise carefully enclosed in a chest on the altar of his ancestral temple. Now would this tortoise rather be dead and have its remains venerated, or be alive and wagging its tail in the mud?"

"It would rather be alive," replied the two officials, "and wagging its tail in the mud."

"Bogons!" cried Chung Tzu. "I, too, will wag my tail in the mud."—Youths' Companion.

Life and Death.

The treasurer of the bank was dead. Word had just been received over the telephone. It was shortly after business hours, and as if by common consent, all of the employees gathered together in a little group.

"I feel as though I had lost a brother," said the assistant treasurer.

"I shall never get over it," added the cashier.

"It makes me sick," whispered the paying teller.

"It is very, very terrible," murmured the receiving teller.

"I shall think about it all night," remarked the bookkeeper.

"It was awful—awful!" said the clerks.

"There was a moment's silence; then the errand boy spoke.

"I wonder who'll get the job?" he chimed.

Everybody gave an involuntary start. The errand boy had been a mind-reader.

Why She Didn't Know.

Supreme Court Justice Martin J. Keogh of New York City, has a fine family of children. One of the little Keogh girls, who is just taking her first steps in learning, came home recently sad of face.

"What can be the matter?" asked an older member of the family.

"Oh," said the little one, "teacher asked me something and I couldn't tell her. She asked me what four and six make."

"And didn't you know that?" queried the teacher, older, one in surprise.

"No, I didn't know. How could I know? Nobody never tells me any secrets."—Pittsburgh Post.

Fire Trap Hotels

Chicago News: Second rate hotels appear to be as inflammable in Omaha as in Chicago.

Philadelphia Record: The hotel fire in Omaha is far from being unprecedented, and we fear that it will not be the last horror of the sort. Very few fires are preventable. Nearly all are the result of neglect and carelessness. The hotel there ought to be exceptional care, but there is not enough. The inspection of premises and the enforcement of precautions are rarely insisted upon faithfully except just after a dreadful disaster.

Washington Star: A building meeting modern safety standards could not possibly burn as freely as did this Omaha hotel, and it would be virtually impossible to trap any number of guests even in case of a swift blaze. But how many of the lower grade places of public accommodation are of this character. The Omaha fire makes it incumbent upon a municipal inspector rigorously all such establishments, and in case they are not assuredly safe to prohibit their continued use for such purposes.

Inaugural Debris

Retiring President Taft took with him to private life the bulky chair he occupied at his desk in the White House.

Anticipating what was coming, the senate restaurant locked up its silverware and put out the tin clad variety for the edification of souvenir hunters.

Four big and little Williams in the cabinet insure at least a working quorum of Bills. Only one member of the cabinet decorates his face with whiskers.

James H. McKenney, clerk of the supreme court and custodian of the inauguration Bible, has held the sacred book for nine presidents to kiss, from Garfield to Wilson.

Five million dollars is the estimated cost of the inauguration, of which the railroads gathered in \$5,000,000. The calculator dodged figuring on the cost of the black horse taste.

Vice President Marshall's reference to "four years of silence" means only in the senate chamber. In the grandstand or on the bleachers when the game is in earnest liberty to scream is the inalienable right of a fan.

Something of a senate tradition is about to be shattered by Vice President Marshall's appointment of Mrs. Elgie, his Indiana, stenographer as private secretary. The appointment brings into the senate chamber for the first time a woman in a working capacity.

Right Off the Wire

Chattanooga, Tenn., is installing a system of ornamental street lighting in its business district. St. Louis is replacing many of its "gas" arcs with high power candle-power tungsten electric lamps.

Sending pictures by wire is nothing new in Germany and France and now they are talking of cabling them across the Atlantic.

The city of Rupert, Idaho, has more buildings, homes and offices heated by electricity than any other city in the United States.

It is planned to electrify the Pennsylvania line between Philadelphia and Washington. Power will be obtained from the Susquehanna river.

Wireless telephony between Rome and Palermo, Sicily, a distance of 230 miles, has been very successful and the Italian government will take over the system.

The Bees Letter Box

Relief for Poor Commission Men.

OMAHA, March 6.—To the Editor of The Bee: I have been very much distressed by reading in The Bee the accounts of how the produce commission men of Omaha are steadily losing money as a result of engaging in business in Omaha. It seems too bad that they should not be permitted to share in the prosperity and plenty which has been the boast of our great state for so many years. That they have been brought to a state of indigence through the performance of a self-imposed task of public service is apparent by reason of their own admissions. Would it not be well for the legislature to recognize this and make some provision for the relief of the dealers in foodstuffs who are being brought to poverty by staying in the business? If the legislature cannot do this, should not the citizens by popular subscription reward these men for their patriotic abnegation? OLD FOGY.

Still They Will Smoke.

OMAHA, March 6.—To the Editor of The Bee: I wonder if the mothers are warning their sons of the great danger of smoking and all its attendant evils? How it hurts them physically, morally and financially? What good will money or education do without health? How that reckless "don't care" spirit takes possession of a boy that smokes cigarettes and worse evils often follow. And how a boy will be kept forever-stricken all his life just from the use of tobacco? If the girls would advise their boy friends not to use tobacco, they will be glad later in life, for lucky is the girl whose "sweet-heart" does not smoke. Twice lucky is the girl who marries a man that does not smoke. If the Woman's club would study more about how to abate this evil they would surely accomplish something in time. HOOPAL.

Her Grand Practically Fireproof.

OMAHA, March 6.—To the Editor of The Bee: The statement is made in The Bee that the Her Grand has only one fire escape, and no mention is made of the adequate number of cards and signal lights in the halls. As a matter of fact, the Her Grand has three thoroughly modern and easily accessible fire escapes. The main or new portion of the Her Grand hotel, in which 75 per cent of the guest rooms are located, is of steel frame construction, with metal lath partitions and ceilings, and all walls and ceilings are lined with mineral wool.

When built, this building was recognized as the first fireproof building in Omaha, and today is considered practically fireproof. Every precaution possible is taken for the safeguarding of our guests. There are forty fire extinguishers scattered throughout the halls. A night watchman makes the rounds of the hotel every half hour, reporting at thirty-minute intervals. In justice to the Her Grand and the public, I think this statement deserves prominence in your columns. F. A. CASTLE.

The Man and the Motive.

OMAHA, March 6.—To the Editor of The Bee: I got the impression from listening to the last harangue of the Water boarders in Lincoln that their scheme now is to make it appear that The Bee and the legislature of 1906, which passed the original Howell bill, are responsible for all the mistakes of this national Moses. The legislature is blamed for "forcing" compulsory purchase and The Bee for exposing the unsatisfactory operation of the plant.

Well, I think it is a good thing for the taxpayers and water consumers of Omaha that there is a newspaper honest and courageous enough not to give itself over, boots and breeches, to the selfish purposes of this one man. This whole Water board scheme was conceived by him in the sin of selfish ambition to get a public salary he could nowhere else earn and brought forth in the inquiry, "falsely and folly, if a person at the head of a large private business industry had attempted such methods as practiced upon the city, he would have walked out of the concern much faster than he got in. As to the other members of the board, it isn't meet to speak, for they are simply echoes. Dave O'Brien is there to do the clown act, which at Lincoln was more pitiful than funny. A WELL-SOAKED SUCKER.

The Retailers' Candidate.

OMAHA, March 6.—To the Editor of The Bee: It was brought out at the last meeting of the retailers of Omaha that our secretary, Mr. James W. Metcalfe, was the only candidate nominated for the new city charter commission, who represented the retail interests.

The following committee was therefore appointed to co-operate with the duty papers toward the selection of Mr. Metcalfe on March 11 next:

RETAILERS OF OMAHA. By HARRY E. REAN, T. P. REDMOND, THOMAS QUINLAN, CHARLES SCHWAGER, H. P. KERR, Committee.

Thinks Omaha Needs a Crusade.

OMAHA, Ia., March 6.—To the Editor of The Bee: Your editorial in regard to the Dewey hotel is too good to pass unnoticed.

Almost every city in our land has had a crusade of some sort that has resulted in raising the moral tone of the community.

Omaha has never experienced anything of this kind, but has instead upheld at the polls an administration that is rotten to the core.

Dalhousie has disgraced Omaha about many times, and I can't explain why Omaha's business men vote for such a man. E. D. COHR.

SHEAR FUN.

"Has Smythe any qualifications for service in the diplomatic corps?" "Yes, he can interfere in a quarrel between friends and still retain the good will of both."—Buffalo Express.

"Pa!" "Well?" "What is a butress?" "A butress is—er—why—a nanny goat, of course. Why don't you use your head a little and not ask so many questions?"—New York Star.

"You have been condemned to be shot at sunrise," said the friendly guard. "Everybody who owns a car, and the other side rules out all who don't."—Puck.

"Dropped a little at roulette while I was aboard," remarked the leeman. "Can't beat that game," said the coal man. "Wasn't trying to. I just wanted to see how it feels to lose money."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sapleigh—it gives one a shock, don't you know, to realize that one has made an ass of himself. Miss Keen—You should be quite used to that by this time, Mr. Sapleigh.—Boston Transcript.

"How many terms has the alderman in your ward served?" "Served? Great Scott, none! He has enjoyed the emoluments and perquisites of half a dozen, though."—Chicago Tribune.

"What is a conning tower?" asked the man who knows nothing about a ship. "I suppose," replied the man who re-

sents naval appropriations, "that a conning tower is a place where they help to put across some sort of a con."—Washington Star.

Tommy—Pop, are the bald eagles a distinct variety? Tommy's Pop—I can't say positively, my son, but I rather fancy a bald eagle is simply a married one.—Philadelphia Record.

"Little boy, do you know the story of Cinderella?" "I saw her once in a musical comedy, but the production had no plot or story to speak of."—Kansas City Journal.

MARCH MADNESS.

The mad March here is on the jump. The winds of heaven are on a foot. The old red hen is on the nest. And the lilac is getting ready to shoot.

The wise little birds are down south yet. The sap flows in subterranean roots. The pretty ice lid is on the brook. And the hats in the windows—aren't they beautiful?

The clouds go skipping across the sky. The March sun smiles his icy smile. And Br'er Welsh hustles about his chores. That he's been neglecting all this while.

The saafraz dope comes again to the front. The old spuds are sprouting in the soil. And old winter snoops round over the hill. And freezes the life most out of a fellow.

To old Pegasus, harness free, running at large. Comes the wild ducks' honk—right well. Does he know it? And that steel grown skittish from long disuse. Takes a fall out of the first spring post. Omaha. —BAYOLA NE TRELLS.

Makes Muscle, Bone and Flesh. And that's what your growing children need—give them Faust Spaghetti often and they will surely wax strong and brawny. A 10c package of Faust Spaghetti contains as much nutrition as 4 lbs. of beef—ask your doctor. FAUST SPAGHETTI is made from Durum (hard) wheat, the rich gluten cereal. Makes fine eating—delicious and savory. Write for free recipe book and find out the great variety of delightful dishes Faust Spaghetti makes. At all Grocers—5c and 10c Packages. MAULL BROS. St. Louis, Mo.

Heat Comfort at Any Time, Day or Night. A Gas Heating Stove Assures Comfort When Other Heat Fails. Instant heat is one of the home's greatest needs. A Gas Heating Stove can be used in the bedroom when you dress; in the sitting room when the regular heating system fails to give sufficient heat; or in the bath room to provide a suitable temperature while bathing.

A GAS HEATING STOVE WILL WARM CHILLY CORNERS OR THE ROOMS WHICH THE REGULAR HEATING SYSTEM FAILS TO HEAT. Stop at our store and see a Gas Heating Stove Demonstrated. Omaha Gas Co. DOUGLAS 605. 1509 HOWARD ST.

Do you have to write a "Know Omaha" essay? School children will find a great deal of help and suggestion by referring to our recently published NEBRASKA DEVELOPMENT EDITION. If you did not save it we can still furnish a few copies at 10 cents per copy. Bee Business Office, 17th and Farnam Sts.

The "HOLSUM" Habit will get you.