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 VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.
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MARCH CIRCULATION.
52,544
 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 March, 1913, was 52,544. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 24 day of April, 1913. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public. (Seal.)
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Success on the Stage.
 What makes success on the stage? Is it dramatic art, or is it a dramatic press agent and a good stage manager?
 In this connection it is interesting to note an expression in a current article written by William Winter, the Nestor of our dramatic critics, whose experience goes back over half a century, as follows:
 I will venture to state that within about the last twenty years success on the American stage has, more frequently than ever before, been obtained by means widely distinct from artistic achievement; by advertising expedients, such as are employed to promote the sale of chewing gum and pickles, rather than by intrinsic merit.
 Mr. Winter's opinion, of course, must be taken for what it is worth, but will doubtless be vigorously resented by contemporary actors and actresses, who are not likely to admit that they are in any way inferior in ability or standards to those who have crossed the footlights in former years.
 Perhaps, what Mr. Winter means is that the advance made by the publicity man and the managerial promoter has been proportionately greater and faster of late than the progress achieved by the players themselves. In this case the explanation may be that our actors reached the pinnacle sooner and that the men responsible for the stage settings and the advertising matter have only now come into their own, and tardily secured their due share of credit for their joint success.

ence for the Filipinos. It is well for us to stop and inquire into the conditions of life under American rule and ask ourselves the question, Do we think it possible for these people, with their primitive ideas and methods, to have made similar advancement under complete autonomy, had it been granted them fifteen years ago? This country would have done an irreparable injury to the Filipinos had it cut them loose then and would fall short of its full duty to do so now. American motives and faith are not on trial in the Philippines. They have been proved by our works as reflected in the stupendous evolution of life in the islands in these years and are not to be decryd by mere sentiment or 'political expediency.

Two of a Kind.
 The subserviency of Senator Hitchcock's democratic World-Herald to Water Commissioner Howell in his desperate fight to perpetuate for life his \$5,000-a-year job is easily understandable. Although pretending opposite politics, these two spurious reformers have long had a tight personal, social and political alliance. Hitchcock has always supported Howell, and Howell has always supported Hitchcock in their political climbing.
 Howell's first Water board campaign was made, after losing out for the republican nomination, as a petition candidate in combination with Hitchcock's candidacy for congress, and with the backing of money put up by the electric lighting company to beat a bond issue for municipal ownership of street lighting. Howell's filing petition was at that time ornamented with the name of that eminent reformer, Walter Moise, and all the employees of the Moise brewery, and flanked with names of World-Herald employees.
 The Howell-Hitchcock political machine is built on plans that make control of the water department its foundation and sustenance, and it is natural that Hitchcock wants to save it and strengthen it, so he can have the benefit of it for his political fortunes. Howell has all his life been a public salary grabber. Two of a kind.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha
 COMPILED FROM BEE FILES
 APRIL 6.
Thirty Years Ago—
 Thomas L. Hill, a special policeman residing at Sixth and Marcy, suffered a peculiar death from a choking spell which the doctor said had been produced by the bursting of a boll in his neck.
 E. J. O'Haren, for the last three years with William Gentleman, the grover, was married to Miss Nellie Dean, a beautiful young woman of North Omaha. The attendants were Miss Mary Dean, a sister of the bride, and John Heitemeyer. The couple at once repaired to a cozy residence near Hanscom park.
 Lawrence Barrett played at the Boyd in "Richelleu."
 Mr. Ed Maurer, the general proprietor of the popular Farnam street place, came to the front again. The Bee about a year ago recorded his marriage and now it is reported that he is the father of a fine girl.
 Henry Villard, president of the Northern Pacific, passed through Omaha in his private car.
 Ladies suffering with corns can be cured by calling on Mrs. Spencer, 718 North Seventeenth street.
 Invitations have been received in Omaha for the marriage of Charles McDonald to Miss Nan Ryan to take place in St. Patrick's cathedral in New York City next Tuesday.
 S. H. Clark has returned from California.
Twenty Years Ago—
 A meeting of democrats, with a banquet to boot, was held at the Paxton hotel, with Euclid Martin as the generalissimo, and the story went out that the meeting was to plan on how to force the national administration to submit all federal appointments in Nebraska to the approval of the state executive committee. Ex-Governor Boyd, in the meantime, was in Washington getting large pieces in the papers about having captured the pie distributing rights of this province from Mr. Cleveland. Some one asked if "young Mr. Bryan" was in on the deal to let the executive committee cut the pie and was told no, that young Mr. Bryan might as well be in New Zealand as Washington.
 City Clerk Groves turned over the tax list for the year to City Treasurer Bellin and it showed an assessed valuation for the city of \$2,671,000, with total taxes levied of \$60,342.
 Mrs. J. W. Mackay, wife of the "bonanza king," and party passed through Omaha to San Francisco in a private car, "Corsair."
 S. H. Clark returned from St. Louis and resumed business at the old stand as president of the Union Pacific. He had but recently left to become president of the Missouri Pacific. George Gould then turned a little coup de etat, as the majority stockholder in both roads, by which Mr. Clark became president of both, enjoying a distinction not before given to one man to be the executive operating head of 15,000 miles of railroad.
Ten Years Ago—
 The Omaha Western League team, which had just lost to the Lee-Glass-Andersen Originals, walked the Creighton university team to E. O'Neill and Brainerd and Fulmer and Jack Thomas caught for the leaguers, while Prendergast and O'Keefe did the battery work for Creighton. Eddie Creighton played third and Harry Welch center field.
 H. A. Foster is elected president of the McKinley club over E. C. Hadden and K. M. Martin. Sidney Smith is elected secretary and Clyde Sundblad treasurer.
 William H. Crane, the veteran comedian, appeared in "David Harum" at the Boyd theater.
 A horse in the lively stables at Eighteenth and Cass streets is believed to have provoked something of a detective. He kicked a stranger who wandered in behind him and injured him so severely that the man had to be taken to police headquarters for treatment. Later it developed that he fit to precision the description of a roger who had stolen \$2 from Mrs. Amelia Hawes, 246 St. Mary's avenue.
 Frank Selee and his Chicago National league ball team reached the city at 5 p. m. for a series of games with the Omaha Western leaguers at Vinton street park. This was Selee's lineup: Hanlon, first base; Lowe, second; Evers, short; Tinker, third; Slagle, left field; Doherty, center; Jones, right; Chance and Kling, catchers; Taylor, Lundgren, Weimer, Hardy Corridon, Mangan, pitchers.

QUAINT DOINGS.
 Bold burglars carried away \$25,000 worth of goods from the upper floors of a New York building across the street from a police station.
 A resident of Elkton, Ky., in drawing a check for a court fine wrote in the words, "for fees sworn to by Allen Reeves." Reeves sued for libel and was awarded \$50.
 Miss Ada Walter of Brickerville, Pa., has a towel 104 years old. It has the date 1809 sewed on the border. It is a home-made linen towel. It was woven by the great-grandmother, Zartman. It is decorated with solid embroidered stars, plants, birds and horses. It is in an excellent state of preservation.
 Judge Carpenter of the federal court of Chicago is asked to determine whether a sponge left in a man's abdomen by a surgeon, and removed seven years later, doesn't come under the sheltering wings of the statute of limitations. It does. The negligent surgeon escapes an operation on his finances.
 When Lewis Kilder of Gouldsboro, Me., began to move, he hitched four pairs of horses and one yoke of oxen to his house, and had it hauled over a pond on the ice, through a field and over a pasture to a new site one mile distant. In less than two hours the house was again ready for occupancy on its new location.
 Perpetual pensioners are still to be found in France as well as in England. August 21, 1771, the Dauphin, son of Louis XV, accidentally shot Yves de la Boissiere while out rabbiting. As a compensation a pension of \$1,200 was conferred on Boissiere, with remainder to his heirs in perpetuity. Despite the many centuries in the form of government this pension has been paid ever since.

BLASTS FROM RAM'S HORN.
 Walking with God begins with little steps.
 To judge of anything simply by what we can see is to judge wrong.
 Where hard work kills one, worry never gets a dozen.
 If you would be on the winning side, never be found fighting against the truth.
 If you would do well tomorrow, be sure to do the best you can today.
 The shadow of a trouble is often much blacker than the trouble itself.
 The man who is down on excitement is religion never objects to it in politics.
 Some folks would never have a word to say if they couldn't talk about themselves.
 The devil does some of his deepest plotting with men who make their physicalities broad.
 Having our own way gets us into trouble, and letting the Lord have His way gets us out.
 Don't spend too much time in thinking about the thorns of life, or you will miss all the roses.
 Many a fine career has been nipped in the bud by too little sleep at night and too much in the morning.
SUNDAY SMILES.
 "So you went out motoring with that ill-tempered jaggers. Did his temper explode?"
 "But I wouldn't have minded that if his tires hadn't too."—Baltimore American.
 "What's the matter?"
 "Oh, I feel down and out. Reading about these different diseases in the almanac gives me all the symptoms."
 "Following the same reasoning, reading about the different medicines ought to make you feel well."—Louisville Courier-Journal.
 "Did you find anything in that house?" asked the footpad.
 "Nothing worth while," answered the burglar. "But it's bad luck to come away empty-handed, so I brought along the watchdog and a lot of burglar alarm apparatus."—Washington Star.
 "Maud—You used to think that Jack was one in a thousand."
 "Eh! who broke engagement—I do still, but I've discovered he isn't the only one in a thousand."—Boston Transcript.
 Newton had just discovered why the apple fell.
 "But," cried the anxious office seeker, "why doesn't the plum fall?"—New York Sun.
 "Why don't the daughters of these millionaires speak to each other?"
 "Because they are in different classes."
 "What do you mean?"
 "Oh, my father made his money in refined sugar and the other only in crude oil."—Baltimore American.
VAMPIRES THREE.
 O. H. Roemer in Baltimore American.
 Wind speaks:
 I speed the sailor and whirl the mill.
 And make a harp of the tree;
 I wait the showers that bring the flowers
 To dapple each dale and lea,
 But woe! the ways that in hunger I choose
 To blast with my awful breath,
 For I shatter and wreck and naught
 May check my course.
 My terrible dance of death.
 Water speaks:
 I bear the vessels and turn the wheels
 And give the desert the rose.
 I ripple in rills and leap down the hills
 To lie in a glazy repose.
 Though I do man's heat without spoil
 Or meddle
 Cooped up in river or lake,
 When I surge in wrath from my wonted path
 Will ruin I leave in my wake.
 Fire speaks:
 I am vessel of man and I do his will
 In many a wondrous way.
 If he chain me sure I am fain to endure
 His mastery night and day.
 But should I escape from my dungeons
 And flaunt my head to the stars.
 All three speak:
 Ah, suppose we are of the tyrant man
 So long as our passions slumber;
 But woe to the day that we make him
 our prey—
 Ah, who may our victims number?
 For harpies relentless we mangle and tear.
 Our puny lord and his city;
 Then mock at his moans and jeer at his groans,
 Devold of mercy of pity.

Oh, you storm debris! Go make yourself scarce!
 And it is also in spring that the gentle breezes blow—accents on gentle.
 No dark days in the senate after J. Hamilton Lewis and his pink 'uns arrive.
 The silver lining to the cloud is the disclosure of so many helping hands.
 Success to the bill that fairly restrains the rapacity of an unfair loan shark.
 And then, too, the tornado did not respect the Sabbath by waiting until the next day.
 Once more we have a Roosevelt for assistant secretary of the navy. But not the same.
 Not from an artist's brush, but woman's hat, do we get the full force of spring's variegated beauty.
 There is something for the men of England to do, too, before this political scandal is cleared up.

Seeing is Believing.
 The reporters have been collecting freak news from the Omaha tornado for nearly a week now, and it is a great mass of improbabilities and impossibilities. The stories are told seriously enough, but there is no doubt that many of the things happened only in super-heated imaginations. In the excitement of the storm people carried things around in a perfectly crazy way and then forgot what they did and charged it all to the tornado. But after making all these allowances, the list of queer things is amazing.—Lincoln Journal.
 It's agates against potties that the man who wrote that was never within halting distance of a tornado, and that he knows nothing about its capers except from hearsay. Seeing is believing, and a sight of the strange freaks visible in the storm district, together with the wonder how so much damage could have been done at such a little cost of human life, makes no tale too weird to be credible. One of our most intelligent business men was quoted last week as saying:
 I used to think these miraculous storm stories were tall yarns made out of whole cloth, they seemed too preposterous. But now I'll believe anything anyone hands me without question.
 It is the tornado that was crazy, not the people relating their experiences.

Our Foreign Representation.
 The passage of the Lowden bill by congress in 1911, authorizing the United States to acquire sites and buildings in foreign countries necessary for accommodation of American embassies, gave strong impetus to the movement, which since has assumed popular proportions, for this and other improvements in our system of foreign representation. The demand for suitable embassy houses was based on the practical showing that we had suffered, on that account, not only socially, but commercially, as compared with less important powers.
 A nation-wide campaign of agitation is now being waged, inclusive of the original demand for the permanent embassies, but laying special stress on the necessity for more liberal salaries to our foreign representatives. Here again we suffer by comparison. It is being urged with much effect that so long as our ambassadors and most important ministers are not better paid, their selection must be from the wealthy classes, when acceptable men from all classes should be eligible. In this connection the propagandists are quoting from a speech made by former President Taft, the following:
 We boast ourselves a democratic country. We say that there is no place within the gift of the people to which we may not select the most humble inhabitant, providing he be fit to discharge its duty, and yet we have an arrangement which makes it absolutely impossible for anyone but a millionaire to occupy the highest diplomatic post. Now, I ask you whether that is consistency; whether it is not the purest kind of demagoguery. By demagoguery I mean the advancement of an argument which seems to be in favor of democracy, but which, when it actually works out, is in favor of plutocracy.
 The difficulty experienced just now by President Wilson in securing men for some of the more notable ambassadorships is, of itself, cogent proof of the necessity for a change.

The Greatness of Morgan.
 A woman, so a story runs, once asked J. Pierpont Morgan why he continued to accumulate money when he already had more than he could use.
 "I do not love money," Mr. Morgan is said to have replied, "but I do enjoy the excitement, the fun of making it."
 Mr. Morgan was admittedly one of the world's great men. He will never have any difficulty in getting a hearing upon that score in history. And his power to accumulate was an element in his greatness, but not the sole element. The woman was wrong; Mr. Morgan did not have more money than he could use, for the uses to which his money was put were not personal, altogether, not a fractional part of them. He did not accumulate his vast wealth entirely for his own aggrandizement, but for his country's development. He might not have been altogether altruistic in his views of the matter, but the fact remains that his country needed him to do just the thing he did, for it had come to an era of expansion calling for vast accumulations of capital with a master power in control. Abuses there may have been, but abuses are older than corporate wealth. They, therefore, must be put down as incidental.
 John Pierpont Morgan was a genius in the science of finance and business, without which—who would deny it?—this country would be poorer today. But, some say, we would have had such a power in another if we had not had Morgan. True, no doubt, but we had Morgan and, therefore, no need of the other. It is easy to appreciate that this colossus of world industry did find his fun and enjoyment in the excitement of accumulating and investing his mammoth fortune, and that affords a fair idea, doubtless, of the depth and breadth of his amazing intellect.

Pay Check Satisfactory.
 Indianapolis News.
 Having promptly received a check for \$5,925 for pay as president during the part of March that he was on the job, it is understood that Mr. Wilson is entirely satisfied, and will stick to the place.
When the Bones Rump.
 St. Louis Republic.
 Two Iowa towns have passed ordinances prohibiting pool and billiards. There will be no clucking of ivories in those places except when the city fathers get their heads together.
Back to the Hoe.
 St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
 The Turks have been wielding a scimitar for hundreds of years. Hereafter they will have to exercise their muscles by swinging a pick or agitating a hoe.
People and Events
 As a summer capital Sea Girt, N. J., fades away and the Churchhill manor in Vermont moves into the spotlight.
 So far as the imports measure the industry, Bulgarians have not killed off many of the makers of Turkish cigarettes.
 New York persists in attracting the admiration of "the provinces" by sprucing up in spots. Mule-power street cars are gone and now the doom of the pusher is sounded.
 The model husband discovered in Kansas last fall has been kidnapped by another man's wife. Notice of a divorce suit naively remarks that his "present address is unknown."
 Mrs. Lydia Beryl Tague, judge of the county court of Eagle county, Colorado, decorates her judicial brow with a bunch of the daintiest natural curls that ever wagged a signal to a pleading lawyer.
 Fifty thousand dollars in real money is offered in London to the aviator who flies over the Atlantic ocean in seventy-two consecutive hours. Here's a tempting opportunity for high fliers to make "a killing."
 Weather sharps who are on the job with salary attachments agree in saying that wind and flood are beyond the range of advance notices. But that trifling fact does not stall weather prophets with barometers to sell.
 While Colonel Henry Waterman wooed the soft and salty breezes of Florida, just to show what could be done without the boss the staff of the Louisville Courier-Journal pulled off a southern prosperity edition of 192 pages last week. The edition, as it is, does not measure all the prosperity in sight. It is a synopsis, merely—all that could be spread over the stack of news print on hand. And it was put up in handsome packages decorated with colors, pictorial eye-catchers and luminous prose poems. It is an astonishing breach of journalistic ethics on the part of the youngsters, but the colonial doubtless will be charitable to first offenders.

Secular Shots at Pulpit.
 New York World: The Laymen's Association of the Methodist Church favors a minimum salary of \$1,000 for married ministers and \$500 for unmarried. The \$200 difference throws an interesting light on the "minimum wage" of ministers' wives.
 Philadelphia Record: The complaint that the churches are dying, or that religion is decaying, or that there is a separation between the churches and the working people, is heard at least as often from churchmen as from outsiders, but it is not well founded. The call of the churches falls upon as many willing ears as ever, and there is substantial reason for believing that it falls upon more.
 New York Dispatch: The recent agitation in the Protestant Episcopal church and in its press to eliminate from its name the word "Protestant," or to adopt a new name, has called forth a letter of protest from fifteen prominent rectors of New York, which has been sent to the Rt. Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle of Missouri, presiding bishop of the church. One of the new names suggested to which objection is found, is the "American Catholic church." Those who favor its adoption propose to submit it for consideration at the next general convention of the church in New York City in October.

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The Business of the Philippines.
 The south is in a very special sense interested in the development of the Philippine Islands and must be alert to any possibility of impending changes in its system of government. New conditions have naturally brought better living and the desire for continued improvement to the Filipino. This is reflected, for instance, in the enormous shipments of cotton cloth to the islands under the stimulus of the partial free trade arranged and entered into by the United States in 1909. This cotton cloth goes into clothing for the Americanized natives and demand for it will increase in proportion to the Filipino's progress and prosperity. This ought to be satisfying to the dream of the southern cotton grower for commercial relations with the orient conducive to ever-expanding demands for cotton products.
 With these facts in mind, the south is apt to oppose any exercise of sentiment' looking to radical changes in the national policies under which this splendid commercial development was made possible. The government statistics reveal great expansion as a result of this partial free trade arrangement. In the three years of its operation the exports of the islands increased from \$30,993,169 to \$54,754,738 and imports from \$27,792,397 to \$41,467,951. And American cotton goods figures extensively in these enlarged imports.
 While urging political independ-

The Army of Office Seekers.
 According to a computation made by a Washington correspondent, one out of every forty-seven men who voted for Woodrow Wilson last November is now asking for office. That is, 131,530 have applied for jobs. When we remember that 10,000 places are subject to disposal by party fashion, we may appreciate what the president is up against. More than 120,000 of these splendid patriots, who wavered not in carrying the day last autumn, must inevitably be disappointed, turned aside, told there is no reward for them at the public crib.
 Not even a man of President Wilson's courage can contemplate that situation, surely, without a qualm of conscious fear as to the certain consequences, for no man yet, platform plank to the contrary notwithstanding, has gained one election to the presidency without aspiring to a second. And the worst of it all is, there is no time limit on applications. How many thousands will yet appear there is no telling. This

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Never mind, Mr. Legislature, after Omaha once gets established with a home rule charter, you will not need to be bothered by us with "a purely local matter."
 Even with sugar on the free list, the consumer may not notice the difference in his grocery bill, while the beet sugar producer may have a hard time staying in business.
 Having pulled every other wire without results, the Howell organ grinder has now decided to whoop it up on the old Rosewater bogey once more as the last, vain hope.
 Those appropriation bills emerging in such quick succession down at Lincoln suggest that those promises of economy and retrenchment were foredoomed to be broken.
 Vice President Marshall in his inaugural speech spoke of "four years of silence." Evidently he means by his widely heralded attacks on the laird of Skibo to do his best to be heard.
 If you don't get satisfaction on your complaints at the water office take them up to the individual members of the Water board. These men higher up evidently do not know what is going on lower down.
 The New York Sun thinks Mr. Morgan was never able to "comprehend the meaning of the word 'fluency' in the sense in which it is employed by the psychologists of success and exalted by the smaller pursuers of success." Perhaps, but, if so, it must have been because he never needed the comprehension.

People and Events
 As a summer capital Sea Girt, N. J., fades away and the Churchhill manor in Vermont moves into the spotlight.
 So far as the imports measure the industry, Bulgarians have not killed off many of the makers of Turkish cigarettes.
 New York persists in attracting the admiration of "the provinces" by sprucing up in spots. Mule-power street cars are gone and now the doom of the pusher is sounded.
 The model husband discovered in Kansas last fall has been kidnapped by another man's wife. Notice of a divorce suit naively remarks that his "present address is unknown."
 Mrs. Lydia Beryl Tague, judge of the county court of Eagle county, Colorado, decorates her judicial brow with a bunch of the daintiest natural curls that ever wagged a signal to a pleading lawyer.
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