

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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Let not a guilty dandelion escape. Mr. Dandelion is on the run. But can he come back?

Bunco steers will always stay as long as the suckers. Just what great cause is W. D. Hayward advancing?

Hurrah for the merry month of May, with its five pay days! Possibly, Luther Burbank can, but just won't, transform the dandelion.

Sir Tom Lipton is the original "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again" boy.

California received President Wilson's messenger more cordially than his message.

Where will Japan get the money to lick us with? It is no longer a matter of bullets.

Wait for Ak-Sar-Ben and his great show. He is coming, bigger, better and grander than ever.

Our esteemed ball team wants it understood that it intends no discourtesy to home fans by its present conduct.

One would think that a 20-cent beefsteak would be entitled to receive greater parliamentary courtesy than that.

Omaha still needs that Auditorium, and must not let it fall into private hands that would convert it to other uses.

Kansas City, which levies an embargo on spooning in the parks, evidently disapproves the Garden of Eden episode.

Secretary Bryan is still offering that Texas farm of his for sale. What's the matter with those Texas people, anyway?

Texasans have their nerve to brag about their pure air when it is filled with the aroma of a million-dollar onion crop each year.

When the Omaha police force is reduced to twelve, the policeman who winged the footpad should be among those retained.

Chauncey M. Depew refused to be elected a trustee of a cemetery, and we don't blame him, for it looks like a direct slam at some of his ancient jokes.

Omaha has the distinction of having established the record last year for a long ballot. But just wait until next year, when we have two elections in one.

The Houston Post comes to the front with the timely suggestion, which is little short of heroic, of taxing whiners to force Senator J. Ham Lewis into the barber's chair.

The St. Louis Republic is probably right when it says that the "scientific tariff is an iridescent dream," and the country would be better off if a democratic tariff were, too.

Lincoln newspapers are forced to admit that Omaha has a better system of milk inspection than prevails at the state capital. The concession of Omaha's superiority in any respect is greatly appreciated.

Numerous discrepancies and clerical errors in laws passed by our late Nebraska legislature are being disclosed. Stopping the introduction of bills at the end of the first twenty days so as to give ample time for consideration and perfection evidently did not produce the results promised.

The Dandelion Ordinance.

Mayor Dahiman sets our people no small task in proposing the extermination of the dandelion. But think of the reward! Like all great achievements, it requires great effort.

No need to urge co-operation with the mayor; he proposes to make failure to respond a misdemeanor punishable in the ordinary legal procedure. That settles it. The dandelion is doomed. Co-operation is assured. Mothers will not have to spend their time and patience urging their youngsters on to battle; the majestic power of the ordinance will do that.

Just how the law proposes to enforce itself we are not advised. Presumably a corps of special dandelion policemen or inspectors will be detailed to snoop around the yards and make sure that none of the mongrel weed is hid beneath the grass. Of course, no one will be so bold as to allow the dandelion to bloom.

But before the dandelion is killed by ordinance the people are to have a chance to kill the pests without a law, and this is the day for all to bend to the task. It is not a bad idea and everybody should enlist in the army of extermination and march forth. Those who cannot go to the front themselves should send substitutes, and those who have no dandelions should get after their neighbor's.

Beginning to Tell.

The Water board organ intimates that a reduction in water rates may be forthcoming at the end of the present six months' period.

The Bee's persistent campaign waged on behalf of the people for lower water rates is beginning to tell, and is bound to win out in the end.

Just a Coincidence.

Speaker Clark had dined with his friend and sponsor, W. R. Hearst. The fact somehow leaked out and ere the speaker could escape an alert reporter for one of Mr. Hearst's ever-watchful newspapers was upon the scene.

"Your views on the California-Japanese situation," he demanded. The speaker doubtless tried to parry words and match wits, anything to evade the issue. No use, he was caught, and before he knew it, interviewed. Here are some of the things he said, as conspicuously set forth in Mr. Hearst's veracious journals, which, together with their proprietor, happen to coincide precisely with Mr. Clark's views:

I am very strongly of the opinion that California or any other state has the right to regulate the ownership of property within its borders. My attitude is consistent with the policies I have always advocated, since I have always been in favor of reducing Asiatic immigration to the minimum.

And then Mr. Clark refers touchingly to the cordial support California gave him at Baltimore when he was threatened, and finally vanquished by a certain peril. He refuses to comment upon Secretary Bryan's mission, doubtless remembering the late hatchet obsequies.

The speaker's disagreement with President Wilson and Secretary Bryan, of course, is just a coincidence. A good many coincidences of the kind are manifesting themselves these days, which seem to reflect somewhat upon the peace and harmony of the dominant party, but they are only coincidences, just the same.

Flippant Tariff Talk.

Some of the parboiled free traders in congress have gone so far in their foolish utterances about free sugar as to say that if removing the duty on sugar destroys the domestic industry, let those thus engaged seek employment elsewhere. Such flippant talk by men vested with the high authority of framing and enacting a tariff law only reflects on the talkers.

The best sugar industry of the United States involves a permanent investment of about \$85,000,000, the Louisiana cane sugar industry about \$100,000,000, according to reliable sources of information. These interests employ directly something like 200,000 persons, to say nothing of those indirectly obtaining their livelihoods through it.

The New Orleans Picayune shows that the annual disbursements of the cane and beet sugar industries in wages alone is about \$130,500,000. When the democratic statesmen willfully undertake to refuse consideration of all these interests, is it any wonder that a chorus of protest rises from the sugar-growing sections of the country irrespective of partisan political affiliations?

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

Compiled from Bee Files. MAY 3.

Thirty Years Ago—

The steamer, "Black Hills," from St. Louis, tied up this morning at the levee at the foot of Douglas street. It is on its way to Bismarck, Dakota.

The Bee gives space to an announcement out of the Scientific American that an electrical power storage company in London has recently built a street passenger car worked by electricity.

Woman suffrage advocates are advised that the annual state convention, with meeting in Grand Island, is to be addressed by Mrs. Hindman, Mrs. Taggart and Mrs. Gouger.

Mme. Modjeska, the great Polish actress, and her company of players, passed through Omaha enroute to San Francisco.

Henry Gibson left for California. Isaac P. Miller of Berlin, Pa., is in Omaha looking about with a view of locating, being attracted here by his friend, "Mike" Maul.

Mr. and Mrs. Churchill Parker are back from Schenectady, N. Y., where Mrs. Parker has been spending some time with her invalid sister.

Mr. William Dellone of York, Pa., is visiting his brother, Councilman Dellone. The Belmont restaurant, opened up by Humphrey & Co. 1155 Dodge, is offering lunch at \$3.50 a week.

Fifty-eight babies were born in Omaha in April, including one pair of twins, as against fifty-two deaths.

Twenty Years Ago—

Mr. W. W. Ford and Miss Amelia Read, both of Omaha, were united in marriage by Rev. J. M. Wilson.

Between fifty and sixty Chinese have registered at the local revenue office. They still had two days to register and the number was expected to rise to seventy or more.

United States Marshal White and Mr. Hubbard of Lincoln left for Sioux Falls, S. D., with a convicted mail robber, who broke into the postoffice at Emerson, to serve a term in the federal prison.

Mrs. Mary A. Smith died of neuritis of the stomach at her home, 2301 Spencer street. She and her husband, the late John K. Smith, were among the oldest pioneers in Nebraska. They came to Florence in 1858. Four of their children resided in Omaha; Mrs. H. W. Young, Mrs. C. H. Mallen, Miss Hattie Smith and Jared J. Smith.

Tom Foley returned from Chicago, where he was the guest for several days of Frank C. Ives, the champion billiardist.

Frank G. Carpenter, the noted traveler and correspondent, whose illuminating articles appear in The Bee, visited this paper and its editor on his way home to Washington, D. C.

F. E. Lavin, a young man residing at 2804 North Sixteenth street, was run down by a cable car on the Tenth street viaduct and lost two fingers.

Ten Years Ago—

Native-born Polish people and their descendants in Omaha, gathered in the hall at 20th and Walnut streets and celebrated their greatest national holiday, the day in 1812, when their nation adopted its first constitution. The exercises were under the auspices of the St. Paul Benevolent Society. Mayor Moore, Edward Rosewater, Rev. Father Cyril Mitera and Father Kalamala spoke. Musical and literary exercises formed part of the program.

The strikers' ranks were augmented by the addition of the union bakers, who were fighting for recognition of their union.

Mayor Moore, in giving instructions to Chief of Police Donahue, on handling the big strike situation, insisted that political bulldozing, charged against certain candidates and their corporation sponsors, must cease and the men be given a fair show. He also insisted that violence on both sides would not be tolerated.

L. C. Sholes, 22 North Twenty-third street, engaged in real estate business with his father, suffered a painful and serious accident as the result of the explosion of a flashlight powder lamp. His left hand was so badly torn and lacerated as to require amputation at the wrist.

People Talked About

Mrs. Burleson, wife of the postmaster general, has written a play which will be given for charity in Washington by an "all-society" cast.

The German Reichstag hands another solar salute to the divine right doctrine by passing a resolution requiring imperial princes to cut down their expenses.

In one of his recent vocal spurts of reform Governor Dunne of Illinois announced that if he had the power he would clap in the penitentiary every office-holder who broke a campaign promise.

John W. Fletcher, a New York palmit, who committed suicide to avoid arrest, left a fortune of \$3,000 to a young friend to procure an education. The first thing the heir will learn will be the lights and shades of a will contest.

Thirteen women ran for office in different towns in Colorado at the April election and all but one was elected. In Montrose, Colo., Mrs. Mary E. Sawyer was so popular that she had no opponent for the office of city treasurer.

Dr. Booker T. Washington, the distinguished leader of the colored race, congratulates his people on the fact that they own 25,000,000 acres of land and 4,000,000 houses, 10,000 stores, 90 pharmacies and fifty-seven banking institutions in this country.

Members of the Audubon society will be glad to learn that ten tons of feathers, plucked four or five years ago from the birds of the Hawaiian and Midway islands by poachers, have just been destroyed by the government. The lot contained 200,000 birds, enough to equip a military parade stretching from Omaha to Council Bluffs.

The Bees Letter Box

The Truth About Beef.

SOUTH OMAHA, May 2.—To the Editor of The Bee: On April 25 the World-Herald published an editorial on "Beef and Grain," which is very far from the truth and very misleading.

The value of grain on the farm is regulated by the value of live stock that it is fed to. Corn today is worth to the farmer in the state of Nebraska, to feed to hogs, 50 cents a bushel and to cattle practically the same price.

If sold through the grain market would not bring him over 40 or 45 cents a bushel f. o. b. his farm.

The statement also says that the value of the steer today is \$27.50 per head. The average cost per head of the Armour grade of steers purchased the week ending April 25 was \$24 and the cows \$17.70.

The meat value of this quality of steers, figured at the same weights, in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, less actual freight from Omaha, and selling cost, was \$7.27 per head, and cows, figured at the same weight per head, netted \$6.21.

I am giving these figures to show how far wrong the statement made in this editorial is, giving the value of a steer at \$22.50 and the meat value at \$13.00.

It is very easy for any one who has ordinary practical knowledge of value, to figure today the profit and loss on cattle bought on the day's live stock market.

The cattle feeder himself is a very good judge of this as a great many have been cattle buyers, as well as cattle salesmen. They know what their cattle will make in beef as well as the packers' buyer does. They also know the value of hides, tallow, etc.

Would suggest that the writer of this editorial look up Forrest Crissey's article in the Country Gentleman of May 3, where he followed the steer from the start until it was sold over the retailer's block. Statements like the one made in this editorial do not do any good, but create the wrong impression, give much dissatisfaction and bring forth censure, which is wholly undeserved.

R. C. HOWE.

Letters from a Political Heathen—

SOMEWHERE, Neb., May 1.—To the Editor of The Bee: In the days of political sainthood, will you give space to a benighted heathen? If so, you will hear from me occasionally. I suppose that the Very Rev. Dr. John H. Vincent enjoys the thought that he was the author of the Chautauque system. But in the writer's humble judgment, it has been vicious in its results. The poet's pungent epigram, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," was never more truly exemplified than in the operation of this dispenser of superficial knowledge.

Every Bakalaiah ass who attends a chautauque, emerges a philosopher, a statesman and a critic—in his own estimation. Then, too, how many fellows, who could never have earned a living, in business or in profession, have gathered together and made a European accent of the steep where fame's proud temple shines afar in the dispensation of platitudes and solecisms. The chautauque has been the nursery of every political filth that has ever been bred in this country.

It is here that the political prodigal has filled his belly with husks, until the moon-struck deuce thought that he saw the land of Beulah—where the sun shines all the time—and the road lay by guide boards erected, the first bearing the mystic figures and letters of 16 to 1.

I shall write you, Mr. Editor, on the first day of each month, during the coming season, on the lesson to be learned from some of these political heresies.

DER HEIDE.

Twice Told Tales

A New Baconian Theory.

Two farmers down in Georgia were sitting on a rail fence discussing the greatness of United States Senator A. O. Bacon of that state. They were in entire accord on the physical, mental and oratorical supremacy of Bacon over any other man that ever lived. In the midst of their talk a stranger drove up.

"You seem to regard Senator Bacon as a very great man," he remarked.

"He's the greatest man in the history of the world," the Georgians declared in chorus.

"You don't think he's greater than any of the twelve apostles, do you?" asked the traveler.

"Well, maybe not," replied one of them, "but you see, Bacon is young yet."—Popular Magazine.

An Exception.

"George, dear, what's all the trouble between the Californians and the Japanese?"

"Why, the Californians don't want the Japanese in that state to become citizens and hold property."

"But, George, I noticed that all the students in the graduation class at a California theological school this year are Japanese. Why should the Californians permit this?"

"Oh, that's all right. Theologians, students are never expected to hold any property."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Didn't Mean to Interfere.

The curly-haired little sprite of the house came running to her father in the study and, throwing her arms about his neck, whispered confidentially in his ear: "Oh, papa, it's raining."

"Papa was writing on a subject that occupied his mind to the exclusion of matters aside, so he said, rather sharply: "Well, let it rain."

"Yes, papa; I was going to," was her quick response.—Harper's Weekly.

In Other Lands

Did Nicholas Put One Over?

Enough confusion over the Balkan situation exists among the big and little powers of Europe to give rise to a deluge of contradictory reports and new war alarms. Various movements of the victorious Balkan armies furnish fuel for speculation and sensational reports of actual fighting among themselves over the division of the spoils of war.

The Austrians put over the Montenegrin lamb. The next day assurances are given that the dual empire awaits a war song from the concert of the powers. The observant reader is safe in discounting these alarmist reports and await events. These are moving rapidly, radiating chiefly from Scutari, the captured capital of Albania.

King Nicholas of Montenegro holds the fort, bracing defiance to all comers. A bold attitude, indeed, besting the game rook scrapper of the Balkans. The confidence of Old Nick has more back of it than his meagre army. In his reign of fifty-three years he has learned a few tricks of the game of European politics, and how to play his cards.

In the Scutari game he appears to have trumped the Austrian lead with a joker, causing the big six to sit up and study their hands. The joker is what the powers had to do with the surrender of Essad Pasha's army at Scutari. There is warrant for the belief that an understanding exists between Nicholas and Essad. The latter with a force of 10,000 men, freshly provisioned, moved southward to Alessio, where a junction was formed with David Pasha's regular Albanian army and remnants of the Turkish army routed at Janina. The united armies are variously estimated at from 25,000 to 40,000 men.

Backed by this force Essad Pasha has proclaimed himself King of Albania. Essad Pasha is as violently opposed to Austrian pretensions as King Nicholas, and both are expected to make common cause against forcible interference. This action upsets the plan of importing a princeling to rule Albania. Besides, Essad and his backers are natives, representatives of the Manastir majority, and therefore masters of the new state. The powers sought only the independence of Albania. That being assured the powers must find some other excuse for forcible interference. Meanwhile Old Nick sits tight on Scutari, calmly awaiting the next lead.

Russian Sympathies.

Should Austria alone undertake to coerce Montenegro by force, ignoring the concert of the powers, it is very doubtful if the Russian government can hold in check, even if so disposed, the overwhelming Slav sentiment for their brethren in the Balkans. Manifestations of the depth of feeling among the Russian masses in St. Petersburg a few weeks ago caused the government to put on the lid and sit on it. Sharp local criticism was evoked, but the government deemed the action necessary to maintain its standing in the European concert. A fair measure of Slav sentiment is given by a British correspondent at St. Petersburg, describing one of the demonstrations which provoked measures of suppression. The procession at first consisted of Slav students carrying floral emblems and placards bearing the words, "Scutari and Montenegro." When the procession turned into the Nevski Prospect, it became merged in the enormous crowds thronging the thoroughfare. "By 5 o'clock," says the correspondent, "what looked like the greater part of the population was congregated in the broad avenue, singing, cheering, waving flags, and throwing their hats in the air. All traffic was stopped. Police mounted and on foot, shepherded the throng goodnaturedly. No excess of zeal was shown. A few squadrons of cavalry were called out as a precaution, but had nothing to do. The most striking feature of the demonstration was the spontaneous impulse with which all classes and conditions made common cause with the procession. It was also remarkable to see the large proportion of uniforms, military, naval and civil."

What About China?

The pulsing young republic of China has developed an aggravated case of colic. Official nurses are walking the floor day and night, uncertain as to the mode of treatment. The one fact most apparent is that Dr. Yuan Shih-Kai holds the leadership of the consulting doctors, presiding in his judgment as best for the kid. Relatives and admirers may reassure that Dr. Yuan will not imperil his job. To do so would overturn his nature. Whatever medicine helps Yuan is the proper medicine for the youngster.

From the moment Yuan embraced Dowager Ann and sent the heir apparent into exile down to the retirement of the Manchou dynasty, Dr. Yuan has conserved his health and power with amazing skill and consistency. It is enough to recall his clever diplomacy in retaining the capital at Peking instead of Nanjing, his republicans planned, and his smooth work in shunting Dr. Sun Yat Sen from the presidency in his own favor. Right there the sponsors of the republic committed a fatal blunder, knowing, as they must have known, that Yuan works for himself all the time. The Peking army, loyal to Yuan, has been maintained while the republican army at Nanjing has dissolved. Now, when Yuan, secure in control, is closing up the deal for the five power loan of \$10,000,000, the protesting assemblymen and senators find themselves without the backing necessary to eliminate onerous conditions of the mortgage. One prominent republican obnoxious to Yuan died suddenly, others have been hurried to distant jobs, or to missions abroad. These circumstances lend probability to reports of republicans in the south organizing fresh armies of defense. President Yuan appears not only as the strong man of China, but one whose dexterity as a schemer is unmatched in the republican ranks.

War Alarms for Profit.

The Krupp scandal in Germany surpasses the Balkan boil as a European irritant. Not only is Germany annoyed, but the official war alarmers of other nations are sorely peeved. Everybody at all familiar with militarism knew that the sinews for war alarms came from those who profited most. The difficulty was in procuring and producing documentary proof. This is what Dr. Liebknecht, the social democrat leader, did in his speech in the Reichstag. He showed how the Krupp supported a publicity bureau through which war alarm articles were printed in French papers, reproduced in Germany with warlike comment, thus boosting sentiment not so much for war as for increased appropriations for war material. Into this publicity method the army and navy magazines dovetailed nicely, indirectly supplied, with literary ammunition, as well as the coin for hiring halls, paying speakers and regular organizers.

It was impossible to refute Dr. Liebknecht's charges. The minister of war was obliged to admit them, in part, and the Krupp officials put the responsibility on "a minor official." The revelation, as might be expected, seriously embarrassed the ministry and are likely to defeat measures for increased military appropriations. For the peace-loving people of other nations the incident throws a spotlight on the methods by which militarism is boosted for the profit of gun-makers.

GRINS AND GROANS.

"Doctor, I think I am threatened with water on the brain. What do you advise?"

"Try reading half a dozen of the dreyest books you can find, old chap."—Boston Transcript.

"I see that one of our young base ball phenoms is to be sent back to the minors for more seasoning."

"Yes, evidently he lacks pepper."

"But maybe it's another way of saying that he isn't worth his salt."—Detroit Free Press.

"Mr. Jips, whom you seem to think badly of, told me he was a settlement worker."

"Did he tell you what kind of a settlement worker?"

"No, what kind is he?"

"Ambulance chaser."—Baltimore American.

"What is going on upstairs?" asked the young man, after he had listened for half an hour to a shuffling, creaking noise.

I HAVE SEEN BEAUTY.

New York Sun

I have seen beauty where the bills of gold are spread against the morning's flooding hopes.

I have seen beauty where the summer slopes in rose and flaming poppy dipped away to valleys hung with sunset, like rich hopes.

At the decline of day, I have seen beauty where the autumn breezes spread their resplendent arras to the breeze.

Wherefrom the sense gained new beatitudes and undreamed harmonies.

I have seen beauty where the winter skies Paled with the pale auroras from the pole.

I have seen beauty in the gloom and glow, Upon the earth, in the enshrining air, Till deep within my heart of hearts I knew Beauty dwells everywhere.

Crossett Shoe advertisement featuring an illustration of a man in a suit and a pair of shoes. Text includes: "A tip for a trip. Wear Crossetts. This new model 'talks right out' when it comes to style. And as for fit and comfort—it's a Crossett. Style 30." and "Crossett Shoe 'MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY'".

HAYDEN Selling Agents for Omaha

5 Through Service Routes to Pacific Coast FROM OMAHA. 4:10 P. M. Through tourist sleepers every day to Los Angeles via Denver, with daylight ride through Scenic Colorado; personally conducted Wednesdays and Saturdays. 4:10 P. M. Through tourist sleepers to San Francisco, via Denver, Scenic Colorado and Feather River Canyon, every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday; personally conducted Wednesdays and Saturdays. 4:10 P. M. Through Standard Sleepers daily to San Francisco; through tourist sleeper service every day to Los Angeles via Denver, Scenic Colorado, Salt Lake, San Francisco; thence Coast Line; personally conducted Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays. 4:10 P. M. Through tourist and standard sleeper service daily (Yellowstone Park line) to Spokane, Seattle, Portland. 11:35 P. M. Through tourist and standard sleeper service daily through the Northwest (Glacier National Park line) to Spokane, Seattle. Have your ticket read "Burlington" with choice of these five through service lines to and from the Coast, or combine one route going with another route returning. Our publications and folder will tell you all about the Burlington through scenic line trains. J. B. REYNOLDS, C. P. A. 1502 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb. D. 1238.

The VANDERBILT HOTEL 34 1/2 ST. EAST AT PARK AVE., N.Y. At the focal point of the terminal zone, on the crest of Murray Hill, cooled by Southern breezes from the sea, artistically led by chilled air, 600 sunlit rooms. Single rooms \$12.00, Double rooms \$18.00, Dressing room, bathroom, dressing-room and bath \$25.00, Suite—Parlor, bedroom and bath \$40.00, Each room with bath \$10.00. Special rates for Summer.