

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

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The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

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Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of February, 1916, was 54,328 daily and 50,639 Sunday.

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

Everybody is for good roads—the only dispute being who should pay for them.

Less than forty days to the great primary day. Come on in and avoid the standing-room-only sign.

Brother Tibbles still has the distinction of being the only Nebraska man who was ever really nominated for vice president.

In the matter of resources, wealth and social progress, Nebraska will hold its own by comparison with any or all of its neighbors.

Perhaps that little episode between Mayor Mitchell and Mayor "Jim" at St. Louis is one that it would be best not to dwell upon.

Now that the vacant job of secretary of war has been filled, aspirants to that federal judgeship vacancy may try once more for attention.

Another commission has spoken on the Colorado coal mine troubles. A commission to report on preceding commissions seems strictly in order.

Human contrariness defies regulation. While the multitude hails the lengthening days of spring railroad operatives demand a shorter day.

It may be inferred from the reports that residents of the Missouri and Jim river valleys are unanimously in favor of making that section dry territory.

The Youngtown jury showed more courage than discretion in drafting indictments against the steel men. The haughty magnates might get sore and move to friendly territory.

"Turkey is tired of war," says Petrograd. The source does not wholly discredit the statement. Turkey is not the only nation weary of the strife, but all fear to say so for publication.

Presumably the president's "record of wise moves" includes the acceptance of Secretary Bryan's resignation and the appointment of Brother-in-Law Tommy Allen to be United States district attorney.

The solicitude of the democrats over the make-up of the republican ticket is keener than usual this year and they know why. It's the toboggan for the democrats in this state, unless saved by republican mistakes.

Our democratic United States senator from Nebraska has been again figuring in an exposure in New York papers of tell-tale letters of the German lobby at Washington. Hardly desirable advertising.

It is reasonably certain that Omaha will not get its much needed new railway station, if our business organizations adopt no more active policy than "watchful waiting." The motto must be "Go after it and get it."

An Iowa court holds that jitney regulation may go to the limit of taxicab regulation, but no further. Indemnity bonds cannot be required of jitneys and not from taxicabs. The simple logic of the ruling places all vehicles for hire on an equality.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

Major and Mrs. Brown entertained at their residence at Fort Omaha with a private German, the favors being lovely baskets of flowers. Among those who attended from the city were: Mr. Joseph Garneau, Miss Eustis, Warren Rogers, Lieutenant Grant, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Ames, Captain and Mrs. McCauley and Miss Henry.

The jury has finally been obtained in the Lauer case after three days of work of impugning. Henry Richards has gone to Springfield, Ill., where he will marry Miss Ritter, one of the belles of that city, and return to Omaha after a trip to New Orleans.

George H. Hammond, the big meat packer, is in town, trying to reach an agreement with his striking butchers.

Chris Specht, the cornice man, has returned from the east.

T. C. Bruner is back from Schuyler, where he visited his mother and sister. The latter returned to Omaha to spend some time with her sons and her daughter, Mrs. Swartzlander.

Frank Waechter has been appointed night clerk at the Western Union office.

William Trayer of 1202 South Eleventh street, an old employe of the Union Pacific car shops, left to locate on the Pacific coast.

Outlawry that Must Be Suppressed.

Pancho Villa has made good his boast and lifeless Americans lie in the ruins of their homes to mark the trail of his desperate band across our border. It is not an act of war, but the swoop of a murderous marauder, fighting with his neck in a noose. The Carranza government has set a price on the head of this man, and put him beyond the pale, but not out of the reach of the law. His brain, added by the scenes of rapine and slaughter in which he has revelled for years, conceived the idea that the United States is responsible for his position, and he has boasted his purpose to carry terror to this country.

It is not improbable that through this means Villa seeks to bring about the long delayed intervention of the United States in Mexico, by showing the incapacity of Carranza to establish a stable and orderly government. It may develop that he has rendered the greatest possible service to Carranza, by securing the active help of the United States in putting down the most formidable armed force that yet defies the de facto president of our neighbor republic. Many years ago the United States army co-operated with Mexican forces in suppressing Apache outbreaks, and this co-operation can again be made effective.

It looks as if President Wilson now had the issue of the suppression of Villa put squarely to him and that watchful waiting will have to be followed with something more positive.

Going at It Right.

The Associated Retailers of Omaha have outlined the way to go after the much needed new Union Depot, if it is to be gone after right, and have made the first move in that direction. There is just one way to attain the goal, knowing by previous experience that the railroads will not act of their own accord, and that it is by a concerted effort and united pressure by all the different business and civic organizations concerned in the material growth of Omaha and in maintaining its rank in the procession of progressive cities.

The Associated Retailers went on record for a new Union Depot three years ago, perhaps prematurely then, but Omaha's subsequent expansion and improvement have now made the new depot the next big thing in order. The need of a modern and adequate terminal for passenger travel, in and out of Omaha, has been accentuated by the new hotels, new stores, new banks, new office buildings, new business blocks, by the systematic advertising of Omaha as a stop-over point—by every test that could possibly be applied.

If the other interested organizations will join with the retailers and keep everlastingly at it, it will be only a question of time till the railroads find it to their advantage to come through.

Churchill's Warning Portentious.

Colonel Winston Churchill, some time minister of the navy in his majesty's cabinet, has left the trenches long enough to appear in Commons and sharply criticize the Balfour administration of the navy. Answering the minister's optimistic outline of the situation, Colonel Churchill bluntly reminds the British public that unseen danger awaits the empire at sea, and that it must be well looked to that preparation is adequate or disaster must follow. This warning is particularly portentous, as coming from the one man who of all the ministry showed capacity for action at the outset of the war. It was Winston Churchill who defied his colleagues in the matter of a constructive program, and ordered the laying down of ships, the building of which had been refused by British pacifists. His action resulted in the navy being ready when war broke out. Foresight thus proven may now be at fault, but is worthy serious attention.

Churchill's present views are shared in to a large extent by disinterested observers. The impenetrable veil of secrecy drawn by the Germans over Kiel, Cuxhaven, Wilhelmshaven and Heligoland must conceal something that is of vital concern to the British. Much of conjecture but nothing of fact is given concerning the work that is going ahead in these great German naval bases. In the other hand, the inaction of the British channel fleet has been the source of quite as much speculation among observers. If Colonel Churchill is not wholly adrift in his judgment, the future course of the world's greatest fighting fleet must soon be determined.

Governor Capper's Outburst.

Governor Capper of Kansas has stirred up the animals by his parade of the overshadowing wealth of the Sunflower state, with the likelihood of concerted action on part of other western governors to refute his inflated claims. Just why the great states of the west should enter upon a campaign of competitive bragging about themselves passes understanding. The Kansas people are welcome to any satisfaction they may get out of it. Their habit of boasting inordinately about everything that pertains to the state, from prohibition to tornadoes, is inherent, a characteristic of the primitive people of the realm of the Jayhawk. Those who are more advanced in the ways of civilization are content to let "a stranger's mouth praise" the achievements of which they are proud. Nebraska modestly asserts that it has a place in the sun ahead of both Iowa and Kansas. We rejoice in a development that neither of our neighbors ever knew, but we do not keep the world awake at nights shouting about it, nor do we deliberately deceive ourselves by reckless exaggeration. State advertising is a good thing, properly applied, but the truth will not stand for comparatives and superlatives to the detriment of neighbors.

An imposing perspective of the cost of a top-notch navy is posted in Admiral Fletcher's figures of \$1,500,000,000 for construction and \$750,000,000 annually for maintenance. The magnitude of these round figures is sufficient to secure the consent of Navy league members to double taxation. The object is worth the sacrifice.

Despite frequent provocation for demolishing the airy pretenses of Kansas, the result is hardly worth the effort. The bleeding commonwealth generates a superabundance of hot air, which has given the state primary as a windjammer. Shooting at its misrepresentations is as profitless as shooting at airy nothings.

What is a Stenographer Worth to Her Employer

What is a Stenographer Worth to Her Employer. An interesting account of the standardization of shorthand and typewriting work in an office is contributed to the Digest by George A. Ricker, Stenographer and employer. Mr. Ricker thinks, and is equally ignorant of their speed in taking dictation and in typewriting. They do not know how many pages of shorthand notes correspond to a typed page, nor do they have any idea of what average speed ought to be expected. One operator in paid twice as much for the same amount of work as another, without the realization of either employer or employed. Mr. Ricker writes the average number of words in a typewritten line, the average number of lines to a page, the average number of stenographic pages to a typed page, the average number of words to a minute in typewriting, and the average number of minutes required to typewrite one page.

"This method of reckoning is now standard in our offices," he says, "and proves satisfactory to ourselves and our stenographers. It is like a railroad time table; stenographers have so much ground to cover at a fixed speed, and they can schedule the time of their arrival. This is a convenience to the stenographers and a source of considerable satisfaction to the employers in maintaining a certain standard of proficiency.

"The tabulation of typewriting speeds for various stenographers led naturally to the question: when is a stenographer proficient? "We have two fixed requirements for our stenographers: first, they must use pens instead of pencils, for a pencil is a poor substitute for the ever-sharp penpoint; secondly, they must operate the typewriter by the touch system, for this adds much to their speed.

"To determine when a stenographer is proficient, I had first to establish a standard of 100 per cent proficiency. No better standard appealed to me than the test requiring sixty words per minute for fifteen consecutive minutes without error. I established a typewriting speed of sixty words a minute, therefore, as my standard of proficiency.

"I had often observed that stenographers handle certain kinds of material more quickly than others. For instance, it seemed to take them longer to transcribe entirely new matter than something they were familiar with. This was interestingly proved to be the case from the varying typewriting speeds on the following tests:

1. Speed while typewriting from stenographic notes. 2. Speed while typewriting from straight printed copy. 3. Speed while typewriting the special sentence. 4. The time for all good men to come to the aid of their party.

"A fair comparison of the variations is shown. Stenographer 'B' made this record, which may be too high, however, for an average: 1. Thirty words per minute. 2. Fifty-four words per minute. 3. One hundred and fifteen words per minute.

"We have now established a system of records and curves on the proficiency of our stenographers, and applicants for stenographic positions are given the three tests. Then their records are filed. We thus know how proficient stenographers are at the beginning of their service; and we have a basis for observing whether they are getting better as time goes on.

"The curves just referred to represent the records of two applicants. A brief study shows the following facts: 1. Stenographer 'A' is 100 per cent proficient. 2. Stenographer 'B' is only 50 per cent efficient as a stenographer, but is 90 per cent effective as a typist. It would, therefore, be more economical to use 'B' on copy work than on transcription, because of her difficulty in reading her notes.

"3. Stenographer 'C' is capable of greater ultimate maximum efficiency than 'A'. This is indicated by our three tests on test A. "Our three tests furnish us a measure of the productive effectiveness of stenographers. Periodical tests enable us to observe increased proficiency. For the standard, or 100 per cent proficiency, we pay \$15 a week.

"I had occasion some time ago, because of some additional copying work, to employ an extra stenographer. A young man very much in need of employment was sent to me by a friend, with the request that if possible I give him work.

"The applicant said he could use a typewriter. I offered to pay him at the rate of 1 cent per minute for his services, on the basis of forty words per minute. At the end of the day I counted the words in the report which he had been copying. Multiplying the number of words on a page by the number of pages he had transcribed, I calculated he had earned, instead of \$4.80 for the day's work, only \$1.10. He was well pleased and thanked me for the opportunity to work. I then the amount of work he turned out was worth only \$1.10 to me, we were both satisfied. For several days he kept busy, but he never earned more than \$1.90.

"This is simply a typical case. It shows how our standardization of the stenographic department results in economical operation. It completely satisfies our stenographers, who are paid for what they do, and know it."

Twice Told Tales

Could Understand That. The government had installed a telegraph line from Prejedor to Bihatch (Bosnia). "What is the meaning of this wire?" asked the astonished inhabitants of a village through which the line happens to pass.

"It is a telegraph," said the head man of the village, who had been in consultation with the officials. "One can send a message along this wire straight from here to Stamboul."

The villagers were incredulous. "This is impossible! How can a message run along a wire?" The head man thought a while; then he hit upon the proper explanation. "Imagine," he said, "a dog that is terribly long, and whose tail is stretched like the wire on these poles; imagine that his tail is so long that he reaches from here to Stamboul. Now suppose we pinched his tail here. Wouldn't he howl in Stamboul?"

The villagers understood.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

People and Events

United States District Judge Dray of St. Louis, while quipping an applicant for naturalization papers, remarked by way of correction that "Sherman is vice president of the United States." "That's one on me," remarked the Judge, when his attention was called to it. "I guess the applicant is all right; give him his papers."

Domestic life affords unique thrills now and then. While James C. Parrish of West Plains, N. Y., was pocketing final divorce papers his discarded chorus girl wife had all her stage clothes attached for debt. The very day G. A. Scott of Wheaton, Ill., lost his appendix he "dozing wife," celebrated the event by filing suit for divorce.

An Alabama editor reports that during a four-day visit to Washington he was entertained by senators and congressmen at four dinners, three breakfasts, two luncheons, several refreshments, one theater party and one dancing party. The record underscores the sincerity of his remark: "My visit to Washington was a very pleasant one. I like Washington."

"Another me with kisses, honey, kill me with love," sang Miss Alice Speaker of Chicago, into the ears of Frank Smedes. Frank was willing. They were married in May, 1915. In giving a literal interpretation to the song Smedes appears to have exceeded expectations, for Mrs. Smedes alleges in her petition for divorce that she was almost smothered to death.

The Bee's Letter Box

A Story from Life's Page.

FORT CALHOUN, Neb., March 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: It was Sunday evening in the big city on the "Big Muddy," about the hour when the rural populace in Nebraska were gathered for public worship, when the writer stood on a corner with the "batteries of observation" on the passing throng.

How different are the thoughts that flit through the mind when one only sees strange faces as the crowds hurry and scurry here and there with apparent uncertainty all going somewhere to satisfy an unarticulated condition of a human mind. Listen! There is sound of fife and drum in the distance, played to a lively air suggestive of a call to arms, and especially so when war is running free. But let us calm our fears; as the army is sighted the uniform of cap and bonnet but it is directed at within the breast. There may be a spirit of fight within the breast, somewhere in evidence on the great highway between here and Fort Worth, Tex., and we may calm our fears. As this body of warriors stands upon the corner in one of the most public places of the city a crowd gathers, and if we say it is motley in its makeup it covers a wide scope. If styles and dress are any indication the professional and business men are "laymen," temporary and momentary at least, with the farmers and others in the middle walks of life pausing to pose for a brief period as part of the congregation.

A study of the faces of those touching elbows in this meeting reveals both fact and fancy. The college bred is in sight; the man who smokes in company is there; the "guy" with cigarette lip and fingers yellowed by same is present; the man who works his jaws continuously and expects to extemporaneously is also on hand. Then there is the man who from appearance might be a descendant of Ham with a trace of oriental blood on the side, also an interested spectator.

The audience as above composed is now "composed" and ready for service. A score of captains, lieutenants and recruits compose the clergy, and service begins amid the roar of street cars and noise of the "honk" wagon of the joyriders combined.

The object of the gathering is not stated in the preliminaries, but soon an inverted drum presents an indication that a collection is needed to help spread the gospel. The offering is not as generous as some evangelists are capable of producing in an evening by about \$97.37, but helps some and is appreciated, and the writer has reason to believe it is aimed at a good cause, viz: Helping the "down and outer," relieving sickness and suffering.

On the surface it would be a task to measure the good resulting from nightly meetings of this kind, but if it helps keep carnal warfare from our present peaceful shores; if it gives some poor soul a hope of a higher plane of living when social conditions are "tosny turry"; if it helps in times when kings, princes, potentates and rulers threaten to annihilate common posterity from the face of the earth for honor, name and fame, it is well. The Salvation Army has a place in the world. May it find it and fill it to the glory and honor of all concerned in battles helpful to suffering humanity.

T. J. H.

Back Seat for You, Tobacco.

RANDOLPH, Neb., March 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: In a recent letter in your excellent paper a person who signs herself "A Gold Tip" claims that a gold-tipped cigarette held gracefully and prettily between the well-manicured fingers of a feminine hand, as compared with the old grandmother that sat whiffing out of an old clay pipe, is a sign that the race has progressed.

If your correspondent would read, observe and think a little, she would discover that tobacco in any form, either in the hand of the cultured or uncultured, is an abomination, and in no way related to progress, but in every way related to barbarism. If she would read a good daily paper she would discover that many of the destructive fires so disastrous to life and property spring up in the trail of the tobacco user. Only a few weeks ago the public was shocked by the news that the historic Parliament buildings in Canada were burned, with a sacrifice of seven lives and a property loss of nearly \$5,000. The fire started in the reading room, where men were smoking contrary to orders. Canadian secret service men believe a cigar started the fire. When the court house at Fremont was destroyed by fire last December, causing a loss of nearly \$100,000, it was believed a lighted cigar stub started the fire. Every intelligent person knows that but a fraction of the fires that occur can be traced to their original source. So what, if it could be taken, would be the record for tobacco in the way of fires all over this vast country for one year? What would it be for 100 years? And not only this country, but in all lands, for wherever the white man has placed his foot this obnoxious weed has been carried. In defense of the old grandmother of long ago, she was probably as ignorant as the Indian of what was going on in the world, and of the real nature of tobacco, but the young men and women of this age cannot hide behind the mask of ignorance.

GLYNZER.

Editorial Snapshots

Detroit Free Press: As a retailer of baselines and dangerous rumors about what the president didn't say, Senator Gore is entitled to the medal.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: The administration is reported to be satisfied with the action of the senate, which raises the question: What was the use of starting all the fuss?

Boston Transcript: Bryan's conduct as secretary of state may have embarrassed the president for six months, but it's hardly fair to blame the kaiser for Mr. Wilson's unwillingness to repudiate the boob-bah of his party.

Brooklyn Eagle: Our hearts go out to the Pochontas society, patronized by the president's wife. Every John Smith will soon be able to show his gratitude, and the number of such Johns is steadily increasing.

Philadelphia Ledger: At any other time such a disaster as the sinking of the Providence, with the greatest loss of life ever known at sea, would have thrilled the world. Now it passes with hardly more than a mention. We have supped full off horrors.

LAUGHING GAS.

"Lack of education is a terrible handicap. You think of not being able to read the subtitles on the movie screen."—Puck.

"I don't like to have my husband prep up a newspaper at the breakfast table. Do you?" "Oh, I don't know. It keeps the grapefruit from spattering as far as it otherwise might."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

DEAR MR. KABOOLE, DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE SAYING "THAT TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTH"? YES—FROM THE WAY COUPERS TAKE IN THE ROLLER COASTERS IN THE AMUSEMENT PARKS!

Husband—Have you called upon those new people yet? Wife—No, we can't associate with them. I was saved from doing it in the nick of time. Husband—What happened? Wife—Why, by the merest accident I heard that they run an open car all winter.—Judge.

"Always speak the truth," said the man of precise standards. "Of course," replied Miss Cayenne; "but some people in their desire to do so think they're called upon to constitute themselves private detectives in order to find out all the truth there is."—Washington Star.

"Why did she give up her lessons in painting on china?" "Because it was necessary to wash the dishes before you painted them. Now, you know, no girl is going to do that."—Pittsburgh Post.

"A DRESSCESSIONAL" Carolyn Wells, in Harper's Magazine. Girl of the future, feared of all. Chasing the far-flung fashion line. What awful things may yet appal. Hung on your human form divine! Girl of today, stay with us yet. Least we regret! Least we regret! The tulle and bodice melt away. For ever fades the silhouette; Lo! all the mode of yesterday Is one with puff and panache. Girl of today, stay with us, do! Least worse ensue! Least worse ensue! If drunk with mad desires we lose Wild styles that hold no art in awe—Such clothing as the Pills use, Or lesser breeds without the law—Girl of today, stay here with us. Least worse may be! Least worse may be! For foolish maid who puts her trust In French tailor or smart modiste, In valiant men of mien august, Without discernment in the least—For frantic fads of fashion's whirl, Have mercy on us, future girl!

Women Once Invalids. Now in Good Health Through Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Say it is Household Necessity. Doctor Called it a Miracle.

Hardly Able to Move. Albert Lea, Minn.—"For about a year I had sharp pains across my back and hips and was hardly able to move around the house. My head would ache and I was dizzy and had no appetite. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, I am feeling stronger than for years. I have a little boy eight months old and am doing my work all alone. I would not be without your remedies in the house as there are none like them."—Mrs. F. E. Yost, 611 Water St., Albert Lea, Minn.

Three Doctors Gave Her Up. Pittsburg, Penn.—"Your medicine has helped me wonderfully. When I was a girl 13 years old I was always sickly and delicate and suffered from irregularities. Three doctors gave me up and said I would go into consumption. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and with the third bottle began to feel better. I soon became regular and I got strong and shortly after I was married. Now I have two nice stout healthy children and am able to work hard every day."—Mrs. CLEMENTINA DUERRING, 34 Gardner St., Troy Hill, Pittsburg, Penn.

All women are invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice,—it will be confidential.

Try this easy way to clear your skin with Resinol Soap. Bathing your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and warm water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the finger-tips. Then wash off with more Resinol Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of clear cold water to close the pores. Do this once or twice a day, and you will be astonished how quickly the healing, antiseptic Resinol medication softens and cleanses the pores, lessens the tendency to pimples, and leaves the complexion clear, fresh and velvety. If the skin is in bad condition through neglect or an unwise use of cosmetics, apply a little Resinol Ointment and let it remain on ten minutes before the final washing with Resinol Soap. Resinol Soap contains no harsh, injurious salts, and is not artificially colored; its rich brown being entirely due to the Resinol balsam in it. Sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. Physicians have prescribed Resinol Ointment for over twenty years in the treatment of skin and scalp affections.

Persistence is the cardinal virtue in advertising; no matter how good advertising may be in other respects, it must be run frequently and constantly to be really successful.