

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.
The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.
BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND SEVENTEENTH.
Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
By carrier. By mail.
Daily and Sunday. \$6.00 per year.
Daily without Sunday. \$4.00 per year.
Evening and Sunday. \$4.00 per year.
Sundays only. \$1.00 per year.
Special notice of change of address or complaints of irregularity in delivery to Omaha Bee, Circulation Department.

REMITTANCE.
Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only two-cent stamps received in payment of small accounts. Personal checks, except on Omaha and eastern exchange, not accepted.

ADVERTISING.
Omaha—The Bee Building.
South Omaha—218 N. Street.
Council Bluffs—11 North Main Street.
Lincoln—28 North Third Street.
Chicago—907 North Dearborn Street.
New York—100 Broadway.
St. Louis—422 New Bank of Commerce.
Washington—715 Fourteenth St., N. W.

NOVEMBER CIRCULATION.
53,716
State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss:
Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of November, 1915, was 53,716.

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

Thought for the Day
Selected by Pres. H. H. Searley
In our mills of common thought
By the pattern all is wrought;
In our schools of life the man
Drills to suit the public plan.
—Bayard Taylor.

The war pact of the five entente powers suggest that the chances of early peace are about as good as skating on the Hellscape.

The Wisconsin savant's tribute to the mental soundness of baldheads insures him a place in the hall of fame of the highbrow class.

Democrats who are groping in the dark on the governorship might commandeer a photo of "Brother Charley" and joyfully watch the light breaking.

A new steel combine of five independent companies is undergoing the welding process under the direction of J. Leonard Replige. The waterboy of Johnstown, victim of the flood, now rides a flood to fortune.

The projected neutrality conference in Switzerland goes by the board until next spring. Even then it is uncertain whether the smoke of battle will have lifted sufficiently for the conferees to recognize each other.

A leading New York banker urges business men to "forget the war and center their minds on trade." Nonsense! Might as well sentence a man to a cave as to ask him to slide past the world's scoreboard without looking up.

The smelting and meat-packing industries break into the Omaha gain column and take reserved seats beside the building and postoffice records. Judging by the applications piling up the gain column will welcome the New Year show with a full house.

There is not one chance in a million of "Taxpayer" realizing his hoped-for repeal of the war revenue taxes. It is as certain as any future event can be that congress will extend the law and reach out for other sources of revenue. Uncle Sam needs the money.

About the time rural credit starts cutting down the cost of borrowed money to farmers, look out for a boom in "back-to-the-soil" movements. Borrowers on the alert for No. 1 will be translated into farmers, even at the risk of plowing up their backyards.

An impressive and unique chapter of war history to date is indicated in a London dispatch which points to the achievements of General Botha in German-Southwest Africa as the one bright spot in the British war map. General Botha's campaign is complete and conclusive, the only operation under British auspices thus far brought to a satisfactory finish.

Thirteen Years Ago
This Day in Omaha
The Omaha Turn Verein has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Charles E. Burmeister; vice president, Henry Haubens; secretary, E. G. Grebe; financial secretary, Robert Stela; treasurer, Charles Metz; song warden, Robert Hosenzweig; and William Schultz; song warden, Emil Klein; librarian, F. Brandes; trustees, Philip Andres, C. C. Schaeffer, John Baumer and G. P. Strimman.

The messenger boys of the American District Telegraph service have been provided with new caps of navy blue cloth with flap tops.

The mayor has appointed W. J. Broach, Thomas Craig and M. T. Patrick appraisers to award damages for the construction of viaducts at Tenth and Eleventh streets.

Prof. F. M. Steinhilber, well known here as director of the grand opera at the Sangerfest four years ago, has been engaged to take the leadership of the Union orchestra and will move here with his family at once.

Bank earnings today were \$487,824. John Grant of the Barber Asphalt company, left for Washington to spend the Christmas holidays with his family.

John I. Blair and his son, D. C. Blair, noted railroad contractors, have been in Omaha for the last three days in connection with a lawsuit growing out of work done on the Northwestern road by them. Their route in Blairtown, N. J.

A team of black bronchos attached to a buggy driven by cowboy-like individuals gave an exhibition in runaway on Farnam street until they collided with a telegraph pole and ended in a general wreck.

More Trouble Over Mexico.
Several times during the last few months it has been asserted the administration at Washington is deliberately suppressing important facts in connection with the situation in Mexico. These charges have been circumstantially made by responsible persons, and the only official attention paid to them was through a recent outburst from Private Secretary Tumulty, who flew to defend Carranza from accusations brought against him from sources certainly entitled to a hearing. More serious charges are now being made, so far as suppression of the true conditions in Mexico is involved.

A newspaper correspondent, who represents two of the really conservative great papers of the country, the Chicago Tribune and the New York Sun, gets word home to his papers that it is almost impossible to send out the truth from Mexico. This is because of strict censorship on the cable at Vera Cruz and other points, and because the only way to get mail out of the City of Mexico is to send it unsealed in the United States pouch, which goes direct to Washington, there to be censored. Such charges as these, definitely made by responsible persons, support the allegation that "watchful waiting" has not been altogether without its other side. That, while our government may not have "butted in," as the president puts it, on Mexican affairs, it has exerted some influence, and still is, in behalf of Carranza.

At any rate, so long as the United States is at peace with the de facto government of Mexico, why should communications between the citizens of the two countries be subjected to censorship? What is there to conceal from the people?

Peace on the Peace Ship.
"Many men of many minds" runs the old nursery ditty to the end that "many men do disagree." And this is revealing a beautiful illustration just now in the experience reported from Mr. Ford's peace ship. Each of the delegates aboard ship is bent on a great humanitarian mission, and is thoroughly committed to the ideals of "peace on earth and good will toward men." Unfortunately, each individual also has his own views as to how this desirable end is to be attained, and neither feels called upon to entirely submerge his individuality for the purpose of bringing about unanimity. As a result, the Ford party is breaking up into groups, and when the shores of warring Europe are reached, the rulers of the nations will be perhaps confused by the multiplicity of plans suggested for "getting the boys out of the trenches by Christmas." One can almost imagine the chancelleries of Europe suggesting to Mr. Ford and his associates that they reach some agreement between themselves before they undertake to adjust the muddled affairs of a perverse world.

The Irish Saved the Day.
For the first time since the war began British military authorities make adequate acknowledgment of the deathless valor of the Irish regiments on the far-flung battlefield. Whatever foundation existed for complaints on this score are disposed of by the details of the heroic battle to the death of the Royal Inniskillings against the Bulgars on the ridge of Kevils Cross. Rear guard actions usually are fierce, deadly combats, especially for the defenders of the retreating army. The Inniskillings brested the oncoming victorious foe, overmatched, ten to one, and held the Bulgars at bay for hours and until the retreating army reached the appointed line of defense. Almost to a man they paid the price with their lives, but they "saved the day."

The action and the sacrifice is characteristically Irish. It is the same spirit of valor and sacrifice exhibited at Yellow Ford 500 years ago, at Clontarf and Limerick, in the Peninsula campaign under Wellington, at Cremona and Fontenoy. Every war for liberty, every attack on tyranny, at home and abroad, is marked with the fighting Irish spirit shown in the Balkans. It runs through the history of the revolution and the civil war, and reached the maximum of slaughter in the fruitless successive charges of Meagher's Irish brigade on Marye's Heights.

"Cursed be the laws which deprived me of such soldiers," exclaimed the second George of England when the Irish brigade at Fontenoy turned the tide of victory to France. It has taken England two and a half centuries to learn the lesson and make partial amends to Ireland and her sons.

Great Britain's Latest Move.
John Bull has always been known for thrift and is now beginning to exhibit prudence and foresight, as well. In witness of this we present the fact that Reginald McKenna is now busily engaged in exchanging British war issues for American stocks and bonds at the market price. As was pointed out by The Bee some time ago the British holders of American securities were making a very handsome profit by this exchange, although the total amount had not reached a very high figure. The tendency of the private owner of American securities to hang onto them is natural, and that it should be shared in by the British government is not at all astonishing. Mr. McKenna's assurance that he has no intention of flooding the American market by throwing on it a large volume of securities to realize cash was unnecessary. The stable character of American stocks and bonds is such as to make them the most desirable investment known to the world today, and the British government is merely showing good sense in exchanging its own for the Yankee securities.

Accounts of powder house explosions employ the word "obliterated" in describing what happened to the building. The expression is likely to become as common as efficiency. Both are peculiarly fitted to work in unison on explosions. A powder house blowup is unsurpassed as an efficient obliterator.

Governor Whitman scores a double bit in appointing Oscar B. Straus to the vacant chairmanship of the New York Public Service commission. He secures the services of a distinguished citizen unusually well equipped for the post and tosses a presidential anchor to the windward of Oyster Bay.

Mayor Charley may dictate the policy of the Nebraska Democrats, but he'll only succeed over the prostrate form of the Maher typewriter.

A Modern Macbeth
James Walter Smith in Boston Transcript
HAD been reading a book called "A Royal Tragedy," and had just turned a page. Then I stopped to think. The passage I had been reading ran as follows:

"The door opened slowly. There stood King Alexander and Queen Draga, both of them hastily and insufficiently dressed, as they had sprung from their bed. They found themselves facing a dense group of officers. It was a historic but terrible tableau! King Alexander stepped forward in front of the queen, as if to shelter her, looked straight at the traitors and said: 'What is it you want?—and what of your oath of fidelity to me?' There was a second or two of deadly silence. They looked at each other as if mesmerized. Then Lieutenant —, who before entering the army was a teacher in a village school, cried out: 'What are you standing gazing at? Here is our oath of fidelity to him!' Saying this he fired on the king, who sank into the arms of Draga. In a moment several revolvers were fired on the falling king and on the queen. They both then dropped on the floor. The enraged conspirators, containing a few seconds firing revolvers at the royal couple, bleeding and groaning on the floor. Then they drew their swords, and began to dash them in all directions. The poor woman, Queen Draga, was especially the object of their revivoting cruelty. . . . Fortunately the poor woman was killed instantly by the first volley aimed at her. King Alexander, although pierced by several bullets, was not dead. He groaned in agony, in a pool of blood. It is not certain that he was conscious. Lieutenant Colonel Mischuk stepped to the king and the queen, and the king should be thrown out of the window, into the flower garden, that the soldiers surrounding the palace should see that they were dead. He opened the window. Bending over it he shouted: 'Long live King Peter Karageorgievitch, king of Serbia!' The officers in front of their soldiers echoed his cry by shouting: 'Long live King Peter!' (Ziveo Kralj Peter!)"

When the news of the Belgrade murders flashed across the world, King Peter was living the quiet and peaceful life of a privateer on the bank of Lake Geneva. The romance of youth had departed from him, for he was 35, and there was nothing—unless he himself knew of it—that threatened to disturb the even current of his existence. He was known to everybody in Geneva as plain Prince Peter Karageorgievitch. His trim, slender, medium-sized figure, and his fierce military mustaches and fiery eyes, were as familiar to the children in the streets as they were to the frequenters of the most exclusive Genevan clubs and saloons. Although he was a prince, he was a skilful chess player, and when the children were home he used to play with them every evening. For Serbians passing through Geneva he kept an open house, and though ordinarily a silent man, he could always be roused to tell stories of his military exploits. He was a great lover of black coffee, and smoked bushels of cigarettes. He was fond of shooting, for he had taken prizes at the targets and had been a member of the swaggar shooting club in Paris. He was also fond of riding, but even at that time his rheumatism was troubling him, and he could not ride with his old-time enjoyment. So far as his mental attainments were concerned, he had nothing out of the common beyond a fine knowledge of languages and history. His favorite authors were Michelet, Thiers and Henri Martin. He had made special studies of the lives of Catherine the Great and Bismarck, and knew considerable about the Napoleonic period. He had translated into Serbian John Stuart Mill's essay "On Liberty," and for his services in introducing the great English economist's work to his countrymen, he had enjoyed a generous meed of praise from his countrymen.

It has never been proved that Prince Peter was directly connected with the murders of Alexander and Draga. The world suspected it, however, and half the world still remains convinced of his guilt. It was significant that the day on which the murder took place—June 11, 1903—was the thirty-fifth anniversary of the assassination of King Alexander's grand-uncle, Michael, by Alexander Karageorgievitch, and doubly significant that Prince Peter seemed ready for an immediate departure from Geneva on the day after the murder, or as soon as news arrived that the regicides were willing to make him king. Prince Peter, knowing that these suspicions of his connection with the conspiracy were widespread, took immediate occasion to deny his responsibility.

Whoever the guilt, the prince was formally chosen king on June 15, and on the 23d he took the oath for Belgrade. He had been remarked for months in Geneva that he had looked uneasy, and his appearance at the station on the day of his departure, surrounded by a crowd in which the faces of some important officials were absent, did not strengthen the general feeling that the journey was being made without minglings. He should have been happy, for he was returning to his beloved Serbia, after an exile of forty-five years, but he was oppressed by the knowledge, not only that he was under a cloud of suspicion, but that he was going home to a country—in the days of his exile, rent by political strife and hate. His own life, he knew, was no longer safe, and he probably remembered that, of all the kings who had reigned in Serbia, he alone had been permitted to die peacefully in bed. If there was any comfort at all in his thoughts, it must have come to him from the fact that affairs at Belgrade could not be worse than they were and he had an opportunity, so long as he remained a strictly constitutional monarch, that he might bring back to his kingdom peace and prosperity and a better place in the world's regard.

Belgrade gave Peter a splendid welcome, but the people were a little disappointed in his personal appearance. He did not look like a king, for he was small and thin, and even his fierce mustaches did not save him from a certain amount of contempt. He was gray and wore princeliness and he bore his fifty-seven years rather heavily. The coronation was a brilliant function, but there were few diplomats present, and the new king knew all too quickly that the world and the outside nations, with one or two exceptions, had given him the boycott. It was a long time before he could be brought to repudiate the regicides who had called him to the throne, and even then the repudiation was only a half-hearted one, forced upon him by the absolute determination of one of the great powers not to recognize his kingship until the repudiation had been made.

That was twelve years ago. Before he left Geneva the prince gave to the Serbian people the assurance that he would faithfully support any constitution which the Serbians gave themselves. Since that assurance was given he has conducted himself as a strictly constitutional monarch, and although he has naturally been under the domination of the military party, and has borne himself with credit during the wars in which his country has been engaged, he has been little more than a figure-head. Several times—the last in May, 1913—his abdication has been reported, and in June of last year the crown prince was appointed regent. It was believed at the time that the king's difficulties with the army had worn him out, although in the royal proclamation of illness and inability to perform his duties were given as the reasons for confiding the government to his heir.

Robbed of His Choice.
A taxi cab chauffeur furnished the text for this anecdote:

Having run over and killed a number of people, and presented his company with a number of lawsuits, he was finally discharged for reckless driving. He then became a motorist on a trolley line, but did not take kindly to the job. One day as he was grumbling over his fallen fortunes a friend said: "Oh, what's the matter with you? Can't you run down just as many people as ever?" "Yes," said the former chauffeur, "I can, but formerly I could pick and choose."—Pittsburgh Chronicle

The Bees Letter Box
Brief contributions on timely topics invited. The Bee assumes no responsibility for opinions of correspondents. All letters subject to condensation by editor.

Congress and Preparedness.
CREIGHTON, Neb., Dec. 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: The season is at hand when the congress of the United States is again in session. For more than a century that body has created laws that have governed one of the thus far most peaceful and enlightened nations of the earth. Figuratively speaking the eyes of the world are turned this way because their action will shape the future destiny of men and measures that will propagate peace or precipitate a spirit that will undermine our present literary and religious institutions, overthrowing the highest ideals of the fathers and founders of a constitution intended for the life and liberty of those following in the wake of civilization's dawn.

Perhaps the greatest question is that of preparedness; and the question arises, "Preparedness for what?" There is but one answer. A peace propagandist will still allege the goal of powers, princes and potentates of the world. To successfully prosecute the work of promulgating peace, preparedness is needed at an estimated cost of at least \$100,000,000. Take it for granted this sum is raised, the next move will be to build navies and guns a little bigger than the world's. With the spirit that prevails now, what will be the result? The productive soil of the husbandman will run red with human blood, with bone and sinew, enriching the mother earth. Our high seas colored with gore for the sake of protecting honor, home and native land. The feet and hands of coming millions must be used to protect those who rule the earth and commercial interests. Will we stand for it? Let the "Jingo" build his cross of gold. Let the would-be statesman who claims to be standing at Armageddon battling for the Lord, battle away. Let the evangelist who preaches the eternal torments for mercenary motives brighten corners for the hotentot and hot headed heads of warring nations of the other lands. Let the military spirit of earth be given a death blow without the shedding of human blood. Let honest toil with reasonable reward become one of the fundamental principles of our industrial system. Let us return to "milk and milk" and first principles and there is no doubt, but the world will grow better if not wiser. T. J. HILDEBRAND.

Wilson and the Message.
PLAINVIEW, Neb., Dec. 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: President Wilson's message to congress is a surprise to a great many people of the union, the only one of its kind in the history of the United States. No president before Wilson urged "preparedness," which means militarism in time of peace. No president ever attacked an entire nation by name. Wilson's message is a surprise to a great many people of the union, the only one of its kind in the history of the United States. No president before Wilson urged "preparedness," which means militarism in time of peace. No president ever attacked an entire nation by name. Wilson's message is a surprise to a great many people of the union, the only one of its kind in the history of the United States. No president before Wilson urged "preparedness," which means militarism in time of peace. No president ever attacked an entire nation by name.

Seals and Sanitation.
OMAHA, Dec. 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: The sale of Red Cross Christmas seals, to obtain funds in the campaign against tuberculosis, is commendable indeed. No doubt a considerable benefit has resulted from money obtained in this manner. However, the spread of tuberculosis could also be impeded by another way, a preventative measure rather than a cure. I refer to the unsanitary habit of expectoration in street cars and on sidewalks, which habit seems bound to continue, notwithstanding city ordinances to the contrary.

Christianity and Covetousness.
NORTH LOUP, Neb., Dec. 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: The first great principle of Christianity is a desire upon one's part to see other people prosper in a legitimate way. To look, with a covetous, jealous disposition upon other people who may be more prosperous than ourselves, even though that covetousness is shown in some form of deception, is a positive proof that Christianity is lacking.

There is another fault in modern society and government. It is a desire to live by the toil of other people. How much do we actually earn in our various industries? Is modern society so arranged that one person must labor many hours daily to support, in part, others who hold sway in property rights? The bane of civilization, in its age and the greatest opponent of Christianity is the disposition of covetousness. Any person who carefully reads into history, may see in the many revolutions and changes the undercurrent of covetousness. It has always been the destroyer of government. Nations that lie sleeping in the dust of ages have come to their fall by the way of covetousness. In our own land and country, upon every side, may be seen the same deceptive covetousness. It is a dangerous foe. Will we allow it to continue until it dominates law, courts and justice? This is the real problem of government. WALTER JOHNSON.

MIRTHFUL REMARKS.
Madge—Did you buy all your Christmas presents?
Marjorie—I thought I had, but I must be mistaken. I find I have some money left.—Judge.
A young reporter who took his first check to the bank and was asked by the cashier to endorse it on the back, wrote: "I heartily endorse this check."—Chicago Herald.

Editorial Snapshots
Indianapolis News: But really, you know, when you come right down to it, the use of Red Cross seals is more important at this season to give you good standing in society than the ownership of an automobile. And it isn't such a strain on the income, either.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: Mr. Root, at 78, is not too old for the presidency. It is not probable that he will be nominated, but were he to be nominated the opposition to his election would not be based on his plentiful years. No man as vigorous as Elihu Root is looked upon or spoken of as an "old man."

Cleveland Plain Dealer: In view of across-the-water possibilities, the statement that a foreign professor has discovered that lumber can be made palatable and nourishing is highly reassuring. An ordinary fence picket should make a breakfast for a family of five. But what's going to happen after the fences are all eaten?

Louisville Courier-Journal: Souvenirs of the lynching in Henderson were in such demand that the tree which served as the gallows was almost clipped to pieces. This would be a most ponderous vertisement of the people of Henderson if it were not for the unfortunate fact that humanity pretty much everywhere betrays the same wretched weakness.

New York World: If Henry Ford only knew it, the refusal of the governors to go with him on his peace errand is a blessing in disguise. What he needs in his attempt to soften the grim visage and smooth the wrinkled front is not pious statements, but good mixers. A few commercial travelers and wine agents would be more to the purpose.

Philadelphia Record: There is not much humor in this war, but occasionally there is a gleam of it. One comes from the Dardanelles, where it occurred to some English officers that if they let some of their Turkish prisoners escape, these would tell their comrades how well they fared and the Turkish soldiers would not be so reluctant to be captured. The bright scheme failed because the Turkish captives who were taken out between the lines and afforded every opportunity to escape, and even advised to get out, insisted on following their captors back into their pens.

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Remington Junior Typewriter
No Christmas gift could be more acceptable; none more practical; none more useful.
To the small boy or girl it will be a delight and an education all in one.
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Write to us for illustrated descriptive booklet or else call at our office, and let us show you this new \$39-dollar Remington.
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