THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

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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.
DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 2d day of December, 1915.
ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

December 21

Thought for the Day

Selected by M. V. Osburn

"Keep thy spindle and thy distaff ready; God will send the flax."

If the appearance of the stores is a proof, it wasn't all done early this year, either.

"Pancho" Villa sowed the wind, but he isn't at all keen about reaping the whirlwind.

The Berlin repudiation says in litanised words: "From fool friends, good Lord deliver us."

What did Henry Ford expect, when he took the reporters along—that the truth would be suppressed?

"Democratic simplicity" attuned to wedding bells strikes a higher note than the hoof-beats of T. Jefferson's mount.

Hastings claims the honor of the third largest city in the state. Grand Island and Fremont will please take notice and buck up.

General French predicts "a glorious finish" for British arms. Why he leaves to others the task of realization is a present-hour mystery.

The filing game is just beginning to warm up, and the present outlook is for a busy time in Secretary Pool's office before the close of the entries.

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria sees enough humor in the situation from his viewpoint to spring the dumdum joke. Warring rulers are merciless.

The invasion of the honeymoon belt by a camera squad, despite personal objections, suggests that padded cells are not getting their share of business.

Representative Kitchin proposes to have investigated all newspapers that do not hold to his peculiar views. Must be something wrong with them, you know.

Railway efforts to prevent grade crossing accidents will be made more effective if the public will help a little. One good way is to not to try to beat the locomotive over the crossing.

With the Omaha and Syracuse rolls stretching his Christmas stockings to the bursting point, it is confidently believed that Rev. "Billy" and "Ma" Sunday will radiate a moderate amount of holiday cheer.

It looks as though the city will be obliged to hire as many guards as there are prisoners in the work gang. Even at that rate the city may plume itself on giving the hoboes some exercise for their board.

What has already happened to the Ford pilgrims will be as nothing compared to what may occur, if Mr. Bryan joins the party at The Hague. Bryan, you may recall, has shown his perfect incapacity for playing second fiddle.

Those California Chinamen who are protesting against the monarchy at home are fortunate in forging their vocal thunders at a safe distance. Several thousand miles of rough water help to generate contempt for the Peking axe.

No matter what happened on the voyage, there is not a flicker of doubt but what the peaceful intentions of the Ford missionaries were profoundly moved on reaching land. The soothing charms of an ocean trip invariably are found at the port of destination.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

The statement of the semi-annual school apportionment shows that Douglas county had 14,424 pupils and received $15,227.97.

Mrs. P. S. Eustis advertises for a woman to do general housework and is willing to pay $4 per week.

The contracts were awarded for the construction of the new Board of Trade building at Sixteenth and Farnam. Following were the successful bidders: Withnell Bros., brick work, $35,000; cut stone, Drexel & Foil, $6,000; plastering, Maldeum & Runyan, $3,975; carpenter work, J. G. Salisbury, $33,000. It is thought the heating and other work will amount to $20,000.

Immunity for Villa.

One of the remarkable developments of changing conditions in Mexico is the arrangement whereby "Pancho" Villa is to be given asylum in the United States. This bargain has just been concluded, and carried with it immunity for the "army" of this picturesque bandit, who has laid waste the greater part of northern Mexico for many months. Just why the United States should become a party to such a bargain is not plain, but this country has ever been a refuge for those who have fled from political persecution, and in this instance, perhaps the offenses of the man against humanity will be covered as being purely political. How a country that could refuse admittance to Cipriano Castro can pledge protection to Francisco Villa will puzzle most people.

"The quality of mercy is not strained," but it will be nearly so if a man guilty of all the crimes laid at the door of Francisco Villa is to be permitted to escape any punishment. Such parts of his predatory practices as were carried on under the guise of war might, perhaps, be overlooked as the acts of a quasi-belligerent, but the outrages he has committed in the pursuit of his private purposes are so many and so gross that it does not seem possible, even for the sake of peace in Mexico, to entirely forgive them.

Villa may have been a bold and dashing leader, but he also showed the qualities of a cruel and relentless ruffian. From first to last his connection with the Mexican disturbances has been a record of ruthless rapine. He has been loyal to no cause save his own, has sought to advance no interest but his own and now he should be brought to book for crimes committed in his name. For months he has been fighting with a noose around his neck and it will be no guaranty for the future peace of Mexico should the United States give him protection.

"Peace on Earth."

It is to admire inspired zeal which moves Henry Ford and his crusaders to pursue their quest of peace in Europe, in face of all the adversity that has so far overtaken them. All the way from New York to Christiania the voyage was bolsterous; rude winds and raging seas buffeted the Oscar II from without, while bickering and strife prevailed between decks. From Norway comes word that the party will purge itself of those elements of dissension, whose discord disturbed the proceedings on the way across, and that the future record of the expedition will be made up by those entirely in concord. While Mr. Ford looks forward with optimistic confidence to the day when swords will be sheathed at his behest, the warriors of Europe are girding themselves for further endeavor in the way of slaughter. New armies are being raised, new leaders are going into the fields, and new campaigns are being mapped, and all the outward and visible signs indicate the pressing forward of the war with greater vigor than at any time. This does not promise much for peace on earth, and yet no man can tell what may happen. Henry Ford may return disillusioned and disappointed, but he will always have the conscious satisfaction of knowing that he tried.

Sunday's Syracuse Success.

According to telegraphic reports, Rev. William Ashley Sunday, D. D., met with even more pronounced success in his campaign at Syracuse than he did in Omaha. In all branches of figures his totals are greater than those made locally. This should not be a source of any regret or lowering of pride for Omaha. Syracuse is situated in the densely populated Mohawk valley, having within easy range a much larger number of people from whom to draw attendance for the services at the tabernacle. This, naturally, includes very many more sinners who needed the saving grace of salvation as freely offered by Rev. "Billy," and it is, therefore, but natural that the impassioned pleadings of this gifted evangelist, under these circumstances, should be responded to by multitudes exceeding the host who hit the trail in Omaha. His harvest, however, was not proportionately greater, nor is it probable the results will be more far-reaching or longer-lasting. Omaha will cheerfully concede that Syracuse needed him more than we did, relying on whatever consolation may be found in the knowledge that we did our best.

Viewed from the coast range or the peaks of the Sierras the preparedness plans of Senator Works show surpassing genius. In his opinion 200,000 men are needed to guard the Pacific coast against invasion. This number of men worked on farms ten months of the year, as the senator proposes, would solve the farm labor problem from Seattle to San Diego and leave the native sons ample time to extol the climate for eastern consumption. The California senator knows a good thing and does not hesitate to reach for it.

More is heard of political knocking in Great Britain than from any other of the warring nations. That comes from cable freedom for parliament debates, not because knocking is exclusively a British institution. Despite the crucial state of affairs, party spirit in London is as aggressive and harassing to the ministry as the backbone of border knockers to Lincoln during the civil war.

"Out of the trenches by Christmas" originally cheered the Ford peace missionaries. Now the exodus is deferred "until spring." Likewise, a midsummer prophecy of an October finish is extended until February. So far the international guessing match gives no sign of a "white hope."

Applause for General Villa's wisdom in giving up the fight should be restrained until assurances of peaceful intentions are given this country. An invasion of the Chautauqua circuit or a drive into the movie trenches might endanger our celebrated brand of neutrality.

If the president and his bride defeat the photographers, they'll have to stay pretty close indoors. If they're going to have any fun at Hot Springs, they might as well come out and look pleasant, and get it over.

Spotlight manipulators persist in throwing presidential beams in the direction of Associate Justice Hughes. They know not the judge who place him in the Yuan Shi Kai class.

Business Doctors

New York Commercial.

A young man in the dry goods business found himself losing ground steadily. He had several bills that were overdue and no way, as far as he could see, of paying them. It seemed to him as if there was nothing ahead but the bankruptcy court. For another man, a loan from a bank might have saved the situation, but he gave this up as impossible in his case, because of his previous connection with a small department store that had failed a short time before. The bank, he imagined, would require an endorsement, and he did not see his way clear to providing this. One of his creditors suggested that he call on the representative of the Wholesale Men's Furnishings association and talk over his difficulties. This he did. Willard H. Stevens, secretary of the organization, found that the young man was very earnest in his desire to "make good," so much so, in fact, that he would not think of asking help from his father, who is a man of means. Mr. Stevens convinced the young man that his fear over the bank's refusing him a loan was ungrounded, and suggested that he put his case clearly before the bank officials. The result of this advice was that the bank withoutrequiring any indorsement whatsoever except the young man's responsibility, supplied him with sufficient funds to meet the emergencies in his business. Today he is doing a flourishing business, and calls up the association every now and then to report of the progress he is making.

To quote Mr. Stevens, this young man was a "good moral risk," and deserved the help he got. The newly formulated plan of the association to extend advice and assistance to those merchants who find it temporarily impossible to meet their obligations promptly is designed to help just such deserving cases as the example cited.

Another instance of the association's work in this respect is narrated by Mr. Stevens. Upon investigation it was found that a merchant who had his place of business in Brooklyn was so hopelessly involved that the only possible way out for him was to wind up his affairs. If bankruptcy were resorted to the man's creditors would have been left with merely a pittance of their claims, and the debtor, himself left penniless. Through the sale of the merchandise by a creditors' committee of the association 33 1-3 per cent was realized, and enough to give the man's family to tide it over temporary difficulties. Besides this a position in a store was found for the erstwhile storekeeper, with the result that "everybody's happy."

The association, in short, is through with "post-mortems" and the mad scrambling to realize 25 cents on the dollar when the debtor is thrown into bankruptcy, and is concentrating its efforts on preventing a business catastrophe while there is still time to "jack up the structure." The advisory and adjustment committee of the association meets every Tuesday and considers the reports on slow pay accounts. If a report shows that a concern is slow pay for 50 per cent or over of its indebtedness, the debtor is requested to meet the committee and give the members an idea of just what is wrong. In every case of the sort that has occurred so far the debtor is only too glad to take advantage of this opportunity. For the committee is made up of men who are long experienced in the right and wrong methods of conducting a retail business. They are business doctors, and can get at the bottom of the merchant's troubles in a jiffy. They are men of good judgment or else they would not be paid the large salaries they receive from manufacturing firms of world-wide repute. Furthermore, they demand nothing for their expert services of the debtor. They are willing to spend, and have spent, two or three hours of their well paid time a week, to help deserving relatives, as they are convinced of the importance of this work.

A simple, but well thought out reporting plan enables the members of the association to determine at once if the retail merchant is in hard straits. The blank on which the report is given shows the source of the inquiry, gives the key number of the concerns that have supplied the information, another key letter to indicate their business and ledger experience, with stress laid on the highest credit and the amount past due. Under this vigilant system it is impossible for a retail concern to conceal its state of indebtedness. By means of the key letter giving the business of the creditor firm, the man who checks credits is able to determine at a glance whether the purchases are properly apportioned. Whether, for instance, too much stock of one sore of merchandise is being bought compared with another stock.

A dry goods concern that is now in bankruptcy and offering 25 cents on the dollar in settlement was going to seed ever since the early spring. The credit reports show that in April it was 50 per cent slow in its payments. It is conceivable that, if the present committee had been in existence, together with its plan for succoring sick businesses, the firm might have been pulled through its difficulties.

Outside of the steady decline, there is another type of failure that is watched closely. He is the "clean-up man." His finish in the bankruptcy court always leaves a dark brown taste in the mouth of the credit checker. His plan of operation is to get all the merchandise he can lay his hands on, preferably before the holiday season, sell goods at cost or below, and, with a comfortable sum "salted away," declare himself a bankrupt. The reporting system of the association usually prevents this schemer from accomplishing his fraudulent purpose. The report will show in this case a number of inquiries from firms where request has been made for credit for the first time. This, on top of the record of debts still outstanding, is sufficient to label the credit seeker as a fraud.

It is undertaking to advise the retailer who has not prospered in the conduct of his business, a point that is driven home to him by the business doctors of the association is the value of credit. He is shown how necessary it is to discount his bills, or at least meet them promptly.

Twice Told Tales

Meant Well, Anyhow.

Mike Gilligan entered a police office and intimated that some abominable thief had stolen his watch. It was a valuable watch, but, more than that, it had been given to Michael by his father back in County Clare. He told a very stirring story about his loss. The officer at the desk was very much impressed.

"We'll leave no stone unturned to find your watch, Mr. Gilligan," he said.

"Thank ye, sir," said Mike. "It was a fine watch." And Mr. Gilligan went home and then found his watch. It had slipped from beneath the pillow and in some way landed beneath the sheets. He hurried back to the police office to report the fact and save the police further trouble. On the way he came across a gang of laborers tearing up the road for sewer purposes.

"Hi, boys," called Mike, "leave them stones alone, don't turn any more, I've found my watch."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Spur to Industry.

"Ye have turned very industrious lately, Tim," said one Tipperary man to another.

"That I have, bedad," replied the other. "I was up before the magistrate last week for battherin' Cassidy and the judge tould me if I came back on the same charge he would fine me tin dollars."

"Did he?" said the first speaker. "And ye're working hard so to kape yer hands off Cassidy?"

"Don't ye belave it," said the industrious man. "I'm working ha-r-r-d to save up the tin dollars."—Buffalo Courier.

Rudeness in the Gallery.

It was a sweet, sad play, and there was hardly a dry handkerchief in the house. But one man in the first balcony irritated his neighbors excessively by refusing to take the performance in the proper spirit. Instead of weeping, he laughed. While others were mopping their eyes, his own brimmed with merriment and he burst into inappropriate guffaws.

At last the lady by his side turned upon him indignantly:

"I don't know what brought you here," she sobbed, with streaming eyes, and pressing her hand against her aching heart; "but if y-you don't like the p'play you might l-let other p-people enjoy it."—Boston Transcript.

The Bee's Letter Box

Wilson and General Skobelev.

LINCOLN, Neb., Dec. 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: President Wilson struck the keynote for the American people in his message about "Unamerican Citizens." The president, who is very scholarly and temperate in speech, expressed himself vigorously toward those who prefer foreign interests. His grief could be read between the lines of his words.

That voice was heard from a man who feels the nation's weakness. Like a prophet from heaven, he came to us to tell us our danger and to warn us from being caught in a trap of foreign nations' clutches. He knows that it is a dangerous task to prevent the overthrow of our good government. Every good American, whether native born or naturalized, as such, ought to unite with the president and help him to bring forth his policies to the people, in order to save America from the internal enemy.

A true son of Russia was General Skobelev. In 1882 this Russian general was in Paris. There he received a deputation of Serbian students and, in reply to their address, expressed himself as follows:

"I must tell you candidly why Russia is not always at the height of its patriotic duties in general and of its role as a Slavonic nation in particular. It is because in its foreign and interior affairs it is under foreign influence. 'At home, we Russians are never at home.' We are the victims of the foreigner and of his intrigues. We are being dominated and paralyzed by his power and his dark influence, and only with the sword in hand shall we be able to shake off his yoke. Do you wish to know the name of the foreigner? He is the German, the author of 'Drang Nach Osten,' I implore you never to forget this fact. The fight between Teuton and Slav is at hand. It will be long and terrible, but I have faith in the victory of the Slav."

FELIX NEWTON.

Tired of Democracy's Parade

MASSENA, Ia., Dec. 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: The cocked hat candidate petition was signed by one colonel and twenty-six head of the decoction of jingoes, and anti-Bryanites. A few more names would have looked better, but Prince Charles laughed so loud they all saw the joke. The candidate is nonpartison on the eve of election. He has lost the wheel in the democrat house and senate. He has called in jingoes of all shades and colors to ram down a federal tax, to buy ammunition without taxing the ammunition makers. The called-in ones are Teddyites, who claim Teddy saw Ezekiel first, so Woodrow has split the honors even between them and his handful of wet democrats. The democratic congress is holding quiet meetings with W. J. B., who is detained from his trip on the Oscar II in order to pick a candidate for president in 1916. Many are offering, but Bill wants one who will not tincture everything from a German note to a national congress. The next one Bill makes will give bond to stay put for four years. No more cold feet, cloture in the senate, caucus in the house, majority rule, without calling in the opposition. That is what Bill wants, and says so out loud in the Commoner.

He also served notice in November on democrats, in office and out, that the democratic party will not buy "preparedness." Now, Bill being a man who can market his talk, has laid down the rule in the Commoner, either October or November. November 4, Woodrow called in the Teddy jingoes, knowing full well the democratic congress had heard Bill say it. A president made by Bill attempting to do business in non-partisan fashion while the congress is democratic! That man is a dead one! He will not be the nominee if Champ Clark will let Bill wish the nomination onto him. The party back-scuttles and breaks down when it cannot agree, when it has everything that is necessary—president, senate, house—then calls in the Teddyites and splits wide open. Democrats are quitting everything to avoid the rush. Bill will nominate another, but who wants another internal revenue stamper for a president or a tinker from Tinkersville, with a duty on sugar. If it's good on sugar, put it back on everything else and quit licking stamps.

T. S. FENLON.

Cure for Panama Slides.

NORTH LOUP, Neb., Dec. 15.—To the Editor of The Bee: The earth slides in the Panama canal are giving Washington officials much trouble. I will offer a suggestion which I believe will prove the solution of the engineering problem. If the top is to be removed from the mountain the expense will be large. There is a better way of getting at the trouble, and the expense will not amount to much.

Any person who has watched the conditions of earth slides has noticed that the first break in the soil occurs at the lower side. There is no soil that will slide, except sand, when it is dry, and that runs only on a steep angle. Culebra cut would not trouble if the country had no rainfall. The soil is solid and firm except when wet.

Suppose the engineers take a strip of ground beginning at the water's edge and running back over the edge of the cut a few rods, remove all loose dirt on the surface carefully and impregnate the surface with crude mineral oil to an extent of one foot. This will shed all rainfall and the edge of the banks, back a few rods, will remain perfectly dry. There will be no slides if the banks may be kept dry. The process will be easy, inexpensive, and, I believe, entirely satisfactory.

WALTER JOHNSON.

Preparedness.

HARLAN, Ia., Dec. 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: I am a reader of your paper and note that the press throughout the east is advocating preparedness for defense.

This undoubtedly is started for the sole purpose of convincing the common people that this country is in danger; that some army may break into our land some day over night; to sweep the common people off their feet, that they may be willing to demand preparedness for defense, which would be the greatest boon and victory for the big interests who own and control our mines, steel mills, shipyards, armament, munition, shot, shell and powder mills. They may soon be through reaping their great harvest from the Christian nations of Europe. It certainly would be millions of dollars in their pockets, in case a home market is created for their product. Is it any wonder they are anxious to get us common people converted to preparedness?

At the present time the rulers and administrations of nearly all of the Christian nations of Europe, for the benefit of the big interests and the war lords who own and control the trade and commerce, are sicking the common people as soldiers, under threat of death penalty for refusal, against their neighbor across the line to murder, rob and plunder, to sacrifice their lives and limbs, their wives made widows and their children orphans, only to satisfy the ambition for honor and glory by the rulers and war lords and the greed by the big interests. When the war is over the rulers and war lords will shake hands with their opponents over the graves of the common people and congratulate one another on the bravery of their soldiers, associate and intermarry until they get to quarreling again.

It certainly seems to be high time for the common people to demand of congress right now to prepare for disarmment, instead of defense, before militarism gets a hold on this country of which it will never let loose if it ever gets a hold. Let us show the world a good example, that we do not follow in the footsteps of Europe, providing we, the common people, have a right to our lives, limbs and liberty.

EBBE J. HANSEN.

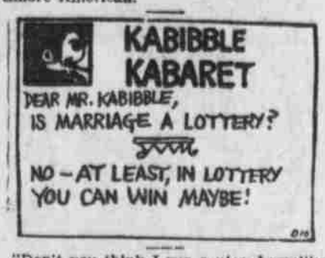
LAUGHING GAS.

"Don't you think these automobile jokes are in bad taste?"

"No," replied Miss Cayenne; "my observation is that any piece of machinery which can make a man laugh instead of using profanity should be classed as a blessing."—Washington Star.

"Maud expects a handsome present from me this year and has hinted she thinks it might be in the shape of an engagement ring when I can afford only a plain one."

"Serves you right for indulging a diamond ring passion on a $10 salary."—Baltimore American.



"Don't you think I run a nice, homelike little hotel?" asked the proud landlord.

"Indeed I do," said Jiggers. "It's cold and drafty, and the service is awful, and as for your cook—well, really, Mr. Dampsheets, when I ate that fierce breakfast this morning I actually thought I was home for a minute."—New York Times.

"What do you suppose they will say in Berlin when the dismissed attaches go back?"

"I guess they will say when they see the first one, 'Why, here comes our Boy-Ed.'"—Baltimore American.

"How did the jury come to bring in a verdict of suicide when everybody knows the man was lynched for stealing horses?"

"It was done," replied Bronco Bob, "to impress the fact that anybody who steals hosses in Crimson Gulch ain't got no hope of livin'."—Washington Star.

Willie—Ma, may I have Tommy Wilson over to our house to play, Saturday?

Mother—No, you make altogether too much noise. You'd better go over to his house and play.—Boston Transcript.

WINTER HAPPINESS.

J. M. Lewis in Houston Post.

I want the curtains drawn and snug, I want the coals aglow,
I want the baby on my knee, the mother singing low;
Then let the cold December wind make music in the trees,
And I will never have a thought for summer blooms and bees.

I want the baby in my lap, the children on the floor,
Or gathered round my chair to hear the tales of fairy lore;
Then northern winds may if they will blow up a winter storm,
And we can laugh to hear them blow when all our hearts are warm.

With the warm home-roof over us and supper past and done,
Then come the wide-eyed fairy folk and come the romps and fun,
Then comes the howling of the wind outside across the night,
And then the baby hears it howl and gurgles with delight.

The summertime's a glory-time, with birds and bees and blooms;
With gentle winds out of the South and softly breathed perfumes,
With butterflies and honeybees, and roses all aglow,
But hearts draw closer each to each when blasts of winter blow.

And so we love the winter time when the gray day has gone,
And when the grate is red with coals and curtains all are drawn,
And when the children laugh and play till time for Slumbertown,
Then kneel beside their mother's knee for their "I lay me down."