

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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MAY CIRCULATION, 53,345

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 May, 1915, was 53,345.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 25 day of June, 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.

Thought for the Day. Selected by Mrs. J. W. Conley. I hold it truth, with him who stays To one clear harp in divers tones, That men may rise on stepping-stones Of their dead selves to higher things. —Alfred Tennyson.

Now for a spell of good old-fashioned Nebraska corn weather.

For the moment Colonel House pushes Colonel Bryan out of the spotlight.

Was it a man or a woman who sprang these Dolly-Varden fashions in footwear?

It's a long way from the Carpathians to the Urals, but the Russians are headed that way.

Sunshine rifts the gloom in Dixie. Santa Claus is beyond the jurisdiction of the supreme court.

Nothing imaginable could match a field day for lawyers except a field day for the lawyers' clients.

After the Chicago street car strike, let no one pretend a labor dispute can't be settled by arbitration.

Possibly the Teutonic drive is designed to show the czar's forces the desirability of seeing Russia first.

Yesterday it was Russianized Lwow. Today it is Teutonized Lemberg. Spelling reform did not get very far in Galicia.

It may be necessary, in the interest of domestic peace, for Omaha chivalry to do the Lochinvar act for Miss Benson.

Our former secretary of state and our United States senator are alike in at least one thing—each has a British-born son-in-law enthusiastically battling against the Germans.

If the merger law had only kept all the incumbent officers of annexed cities connected up with the payroll, the seal to "protect" the surties on their bonds would not be half so intense.

Collier's has an entertaining and instructive article on Los Angeles as "a city built by advertising." That's just it—the live-wire city that makes intelligent use of publicity gets more of it, and it's the same with the live-wire business man.

The air of astonishment hitched to the assertion that one-half the income of railroads is paid out in wages would be more impressive were it exceptional. The fact is so common outside railroad circles as not to be considered worthy of an oratorical outburst.

Progressive reform gets a setback from the supreme court, which annuls the Wisconsin law prohibiting the making up of an upper berth in a sleeping car until it is engaged. It is astonishing how an august tribunal can knock a law designed to eliminate sleeping car knocking.

Thirty Years Ago. This Day in Omaha. The high school commencement filled Boyd's opera house with friends pleased with an entertainment made up of flowers, music, orations and recitations. The graduates, whose names have been already given, received their diplomas from J. J. Points, president of the school board. A bevy of little girls, Edith Schwartz, Mabel Brown, Alice Andressen, Grace Allen, May Mount, Beulah Sharp, served as flower carriers.

Commencement exercises of St. Catherine's academy proved interesting to friends of the participants. Among those contributing to the program were Misses Birdie Burkholder, Etta Creighton, Grace Williams, Anna Wasserman, Lulu McShane, Minnie Riley, Mary Rush, Lizzie Riley, Tessie O'Connor, Mary Durb, Emma Schwab and Fannie McGavock.

Superintendent White of the Chicago division of the railway mail service is inspecting the local office.

The Misses Annie and Marnie Hargrove of Mount Pleasant are the guests of Mrs. E. Allen.

Rev. Mrs. Moses of Jacksonville, Fla., who is under consideration as successor to Rabbi Harfield of Temple Israel, is in the city.

At St. Patrick's church James P. English was united in marriage to Miss Margaret Dalton by Rev. Father English, brother of the groom.

Dan T. Custer, chairman of the democratic committee of Jefferson county, is here conferring with the democratic bosses of the metropolis.

Is the Tariff Issue "Time Worn"?

Our democratic friends glibly refer to "the time worn issue of the tariff," as if that matter had been disposed of finally through legislation forced through congress by their caucus whip. Contrary to this comfortable belief on the part of the unfettered, it is quite likely they will find the tariff the liveliest issue presented to the American people in many years. It affects not only the present, but the future, of the country's industry and commerce, and as such must ever be of deepest concern to all the people of the country.

The policy of protection, that built up the industries and made possible the great growth of commerce of the United States, and that promises their further extension, cannot become "time worn," nor will it lose its vitality, because of temporary misdirection. Nor is it a sectional issue, as some of the wise men would have us believe, for the reason that the interdependence of the several sections of the country is too firmly established to be shaken by mere theories. The products of each section are necessary to the life of the other, and with the exchange of articles comes a community of interest above the mere buying and selling.

These facts are axiomatic, and are coming to be better understood, in spite of attempts to bolster the idea that one part of the country can, or does, thrive at the expense of another. Every effort made by democrats at "tariff reform" has been a failure, and the Underwood tariff is no exception. The tariff will certainly be an issue in the coming presidential campaign, and a return to republican policies is already well assured.

Somewhat Severe on the Jitneys.

The jitney regulation ordinance passed by the council seems to us somewhat severe. The Bee has already put itself on record in favor of regulation in the interest of the public, and more particularly of safety, but not to regulate them out of business if they can be made reasonably safe without so doing. The regulation should provide for an adequate indemnity bond and for inspection against physical decrepitude, and against uncleanness; it should require definite routes, or at least definite destinations; it should test the fitness of the drivers and their incompetency; it should exact a license fee, but not an excessive one.

Lincoln's ordinance has snuffed out the jitney. Des Moines has just passed a measure, originally proposed by the Trade and Labor assembly of that city, answering most of the requirements, the license fee ranging from \$10 to \$35, according to seating capacity. The Des Moines council, mistakenly, we believe, reduced the bond from \$5,000 to \$2,000, although the operators there are said to be objecting even to this. In Philadelphia the jitneys have been making a popular demonstration against any regulation whatever.

The lesson to be drawn from our own and other cities' experience is simply this: That the municipal authorities must make the public interest paramount to the demands both of the jitneys and of other rapid transit carriers.

Future of British Industry.

Some very interesting economic as well as political points are arising in connection with the European war. What effect will the operations of the "munitions" bill have on the factories of Great Britain after the war is ended? The present operation of the law is to practically complete the "nationalization" of all the great industries whose output will be of service to the country in connection with the equipment and maintenance of the army in the field. Workers in these factories are virtually under enlistment for the war, while owners are to be restricted in the matter of profits, to the end that the public will have the greatest possible benefit from the activity of the mills.

Other regulations have been adopted that give the absolute control of manufacturing of the United Kingdom into the hands of Lloyd George, who now becomes even a more potent factor in the war than Kitchener, who merely organized the army. With this control of the factories, Lloyd George is charged with the great responsibility of providing the arms and munitions to be used by the most prodigal dispensers of destruction the world has known in all its history. No man in England ever held greater power.

English trade was depressed before the war came, especially the iron and steel industry, which had languished for several years. The revival that has followed on the demands of the army for greater supplies has occasioned problems that have only partly been solved. The commandeering of the factories is the final effort at solution. But this brings a question still more vital. When the war is over, will the factories be restored to their owners? Or, will they remain under control of the government? If "socialization" of production is good for war, may it not also be found good for peace?

Health Boards and Public Health.

One of the doctors now in session at San Francisco indulges in some little extravagance in making claims for the work of the boards of health of the American communities, but a modicum of exaggeration is perhaps warranted by the immense service the public has received from this agency. The properly organized health board stands as a sentinel between the public and disease. Epidemics have all but vanished from this country because of the energy and persistence of the medical profession in forwarding the cause of sanitation and better living. The ready co-operation of the people, through submission to restrictions and regulations, has aided much in his achievement, but to the doctor first of all belongs the credit for the improvement wrought. Further conquests of disease are to be made, and the doctor is splendidly devoted to the quest of health for everybody.

A correspondent prints in the New York Times letters from friends in England, Holland and Italy, each condemning the United States for remaining neutral. While Uncle Sam aims to please his distant relatives, his first duty is to his own family.

Voluntary obedience to health rules prescribed by the doctors is a hard task, even with the promise of sixty-five years of life. In most cases compulsion is necessary.

The World-Wide Movie

THE ubiquitous moving-picture show, not endured, then pitied, and then snarled, blights the horizon across the eyes of all nations and all races around the world. The "movies" give us as well as take, for they are showing the savage tribes of remote lands; the things we do, and, in turn, repeat to our eyes what primal man is doing in his primal habitat. This is no village so small in civilized countries but that it, at least occasionally, sees the moving pictures. There is no kraal in Africa wilder or wigwam settler in any other wilderness but that has seen the moving-picture man. He has seen the Kivus on the steppes of Siberia and the tree dwellers of Borneo alike the miracle of life-motion photography has been materialized. The untutored savage not only sees the "movies," but, bless you! he acts in them. In fact, the wild men of Borneo took to acting in the "movies" more readily than an enlightened Irish peasant.

The number of moving-picture exhibitions given all around the earth would be impossible to conjecture. They have them in the Danish settlements within the Arctic circle. Doubtless the sign in front of the "Bijou Dream Moving-Picture Igloo" in Upernivik reads: "The Night is Six Months Long—Enjoy it! Seeing the Smashing Sensational Film-Feature Discs, Lemon-Jared Sal, the Scout's Bride" in Sixty Sensational Reels—all Fun and Fashion! In New York City alone, there are over 1,500 moving-picture theaters; 500 of these are large, beautiful and up-to-date theaters. Sixty of them were originally designed for legitimate stage production. Seventeen were regular Broadway theaters, in which the foremost stage stars have appeared and the greatest dramatic successes of our generation have been enacted. Within the last three or four months six more leading Broadway theaters have gone over to the "movies," making more than twenty first-class theaters now showing motion photography between Fourteenth street and Columbus Circle.

This condition of affairs is not pertinent to New York alone. From Budapest to Kansas City the same conditions obtain. The "movies" are marching on and are taking over the strongholds of the drama. There is no finer theater in Paris than the "Gaiety" and in London the great theatrical spectacles, but now devoted to the silent drama. Planned and built expressly and solely to show moving pictures, the Strand theater in New York City is more commodious and costly than any other amusement edifice in the metropolis, with the possible exception of the Hippodrome—where, also, moving pictures may be seen on Sunday nights.

Likewise in Berlin, in London, in every great city, and in every town of any size anywhere, finer, larger, and more costly theaters have been and are being built expressly for moving pictures than could have been conceived or financed for dramatic purposes.

And yet how short a time ago the moving picture was considered a cheap pastime for individuals easily amused with photographic pantomime, horseplay, and melodramatically depicted shilling shockers! It was the creditable production of "Quo Vadis" four years ago, followed last year by D'Annunzio's cinematographic masterpiece, "Cabiria," and this year by "The Birth of a Nation," that advanced the moving picture to the position they hold today.

So great and wonderful has been the growth of the moving-picture business that it had been said: "Anything is good enough for the 'movies.'" Old stock actors and directors and men called from the mechanical departments of the moving-picture companies took up the task of writing for the moving-picture camera. Old plays, long played out, and old melodramas, long laughed at, were ground over for the film by the hundreds.

In fact, until very recently the writing of photoplays all over the world was in the hands of underpaid incompetents, called to the work by the demand for pictures—any kind of pictures. Here, then, was evolved that important functionary of cinematography—the director. Some of these men, notably David Griffith, Thomas Ince, Mack Sennett, Frank Powell, Lloyd Carleton, Howell Hansel, Colin Campbell, George Baker, Edwin Porter, and others, developed into masters of visualization.

The so-called "technique of the photoplay" means nothing but abbreviations and jargon. The men of developed imagination, whose names are foremost in fiction writing, are now called upon to supply the moving-picture screen with stories for real life from real life, or a convincing counterfeit presentation of the same. They do it by simply describing the characters, the plot, and the action. Yet great as has been the development of the moving-picture art in America, it has been greater in Italy. As France led all the world in the development of the automobile, so Italy, with its notable productions in cinematography, such as "Quo Vadis" and "Cabiria," has led all the world in spectacular moving-picture artistry.

In Germany, too, there was a development of the art that was putting American producers on their mettle. The world war in Europe, however, put an end to this dangerous rivalry. It also caused a cessation in the making of great moving-picture productions in Italy. But as I said, the "movies" give and take, and take all over the world. If Italy surpassed us in splendid and spectacular moving-picture productions, America has led the world in wholesome, "heart-interest" dramas and jovial, inoffensive screen comedies.

In the matter of drama, nothing taken abroad could vie in popularity with American western "Indian and Cowboy" picture dramas. These were appreciated and called for not only in enlightened Europe, but in darkest Africa and the mystic orient as well. John Bunny and Flora Finch were laughed at and with in every land beneath the sun. The rough-and-tumble "starlight" Keystone comedies caused aides to shake under the fur coverings of Kamchatka herds as they caused the dress shirts of the Parisian flaneurs and London Johnnies to crumple from the cackling of their wearers.

The world war, which has wrought such havoc in lives and fortunes, has not left the motion-picture industry of America unscathed. It was an axiom of the motion-picture producers of the United States that this country paid the expenses, but Europe paid the profits.

The war has almost wholly stopped the exportation of American films to the countries at conflict, with the exception of England, and here the demand has been cut in half. It was only the great, costly and artistic foreign moving-picture productions that had any sale of any importance in the United States. The continental idea of humor and of the love relation hardly appeals to American tastes and prejudices. On the other hand, as has been stated, the American moving-picture dramas and comedies had a universal appeal.

There is no doubt that the moving pictures had their quickest development in America from the beginning, as they will ultimately have their highest. Like the telephone, the electric light, and the phonograph, the moving picture is a Yankee notion and an American invention.

People and Events

Jitneys are taking \$2,000 a day from the traction magnates of Philadelphia. Their screams may be heard from Germantown to Camden.

A Chicago couple has been married by the new "rationalistic" service. The usual promises were made, but time alone will tell whether they have greater sticking power.

President Wilson now holds a card as a member of the International Bricklayers and Plasterers' union, and may officiate at cornerstone layings with the airs of a professional.

An inventory of the estate of the late Mrs. Frank Leslie shows a total valuation of nearly \$1,000,000. All but \$20,000 will go to Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt for the woman suffrage cause.

A Kansas court affirms the unalienable right of a wife to snore without endangering the foundation of the matrimonial union. In other words, snoring is not reasonable grounds for divorce.



Travelling Incognito.

TILDEN, Neb., June 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: Few shops are so well known that they need no signs over the door, and the individuals are few whose prominence make them known, and others may reflect their being in the garb, bearing or other characteristics. When in a strange multitude, how welcome is a fraternal symbol on a lapel, a characteristic garb or other guide; loneliness awaits, and we are among friends. Even at home, though well known, yet other strange signs may be sailing those waters and are seeking friends. The first avenue of approach is language: "Parievous Francian!" "Habla yo Espanol!" "Parlate Italiano!" "Sprechen sie Deutscher?" "Do you speak English?" "Cu vi parolas Esperanto?"

The world has become a cosmopolitan sea, and ships from all realms sail across our paths, hence we need to fly the flag, or flags, of the languages we can use. How much more fraternal than to travel incognito, sinking alone as a plate! Many halts to more languages, even though it be only the rudiments, which just add that many more millions to his roster of friends, and besides, even the bilingualist may after some little application add the international language and thus at least be a dual-linguist, and thereby a multi-linguist. An effective sign-plate would be to have small metal plates one inch by one-eighth inch, with the name of the language perforated in its own type, each plate having two slotted-eyes at the ends at the top of the plate below; these are to be hooked in the slots of the plate above, and the plate after plate may be attached at the bottom some symbols may be attached to the slots adaptable to the wearer, thus balancing the entire emblem.

The whole design could be made neat and attractive, yet not conspicuous, either in metal words perforated or raised, or finished by enamel, each system being so completed that any person could acquire additional plates and discs. Besides the enlarging world that would come to such a one; he would also find many who would be properly graded conversation assist him to develop the language he is seeking to master—for an additional language is putting another window into your room and adding new worlds to your realm. POLY GLOTT.

The Loss of the Teacher.

OMAHA, June 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: Since the real facts seem to have been suppressed you herewith have them—provided you wish to do the above parties the justice of using them. Good teachers cannot be retained at low wages unless they are assured that the tenure of their positions will be reasonably secure, as witness this list of teachers leaving Omaha to take places elsewhere: E. K. McGinnis, High School of Commerce, \$1,200; Hibbale, Minn., \$1,750; Lloyd Bertch, High School of Commerce, \$1,200; Ellis Publishing company, \$2,000; J. L. Brawford, High School of Commerce, \$800; Topeka, \$1,500; Miss Mable Lurline, High School of Commerce, \$600; Burlington, \$1,000; Miss Alice Johnston, High School of Commerce, \$1,200; Iowa State college, \$1,000; N. C. Wood, High School of Commerce, \$1,300; Springfield, Ill., \$1,500; L. C. Rumsfeld, High School of Commerce, \$1,700; Howe Publishing company, \$2,000; L. E. Gilford, High School of Commerce, \$1,500; bought St. Joseph Business college. It is understood that several others have negotiations under way which will enable them to do as well. PEDAGOG.

Another for Peace and Prohibition.

OMAHA, June 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: I just want to endorse every word written by W. H. H. Richardson in this morning's Bee, and I truly hope peace and national prohibition for the United States will come out of the present war in Europe. Then the great sacrifice of human lives will not have been in vain. Then, and not until then, will life be worth living in this great country of ours. J. G. BLEERING.

A Volunteered Nomination.

GREBLEY, Neb., June 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: Please let me put my contribution in rhyme: All hail O man of mystery! All hail O gifted sage! We had it here but yesterday—that instrument of fear. Today the vast old firmament is dark as ebon night. With Plutius, the tearful, exhibiting his might. But why O weatherwise one, why hide your light so long? Why let us grope in darkness the weary years along? To peer into the future—a gift quite as yours—will life be worth living in this great country of ours? To pry the lid off secretly, to bare the great unknown. Are things of mighty import, A startled world is hued. To note the slightest movement of yours, all compelled to witness every word. We sometimes honor with a shaft, sometimes the hall of fame. Is the name of medium—it there inscribes the name. To this, because most fitting (don't change the words with "scopy") I nominate our prophet, W. H. Johnson of North Loup. —MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

Nebraska Editors

G. F. Miller is the editor of the Review, a new paper launched at Fister last week.

Edel A. Schmeid, editor of the Lakota City Eagle, moved his plant into its new home last week.

Cunningham & Wolf, publishers of the Nemaha County Republican, have installed a double magazine linotype.

The Bridgeport News-Blade, J. M. Lynch, editor and proprietor, began the sixteenth year of its existence last week.

The O'Neill Frontier rounded out its thirty-fifth year last week. Its present proprietor, D. H. Cronin, has been at the helm a little more than twenty-four years.

Editor H. T. King of the Hooper Sentinel was married to Miss Elizabeth Schumaker of Fort Calhoun on June 18. The bride was a former teacher in the Hooper schools. Mr. and Mrs. King will be at home at Hooper after July 1.

H. H. Humphreys, who has been a member of the high school faculty at Peru, has succeeded M. B. Russell as editor of the Seward County Tribune. Mr. Russell will resume his former line of special newspaper work. His first job will be on an illustrated booster edition of the Pierce County Leader.

CHEERY CHAFF.

Patience—So she's learning to dance, is she? Patrice—Yes. Where? Why, on her feet, of course.—Tonkers Statesman. Willie—Paw, what is a fair-minded man? Paw—A man who votes the same ticket as you and who agrees with you in everything else, my son.—Incinnati Equipter. Fenman—What's your brother doing now? Wright—Oh, he's a space writer. Fenman—Space writer? Wright—Yes, he's writing up astronomy.—Tonkers Statesman.

Plaintiff (in New York Court the Other Day)—He promised that our married life would be heaven. Lawyer—And wasn't it? Plaintiff—The only glimpse of heaven I ever got was when he soaked me and I saw stars.—Boston Transcript.

"My boy Josh knows all about agriculture," said Farmer Cortesol. "Then he's a great help." "He might be, if he didn't take up all the time of the hired help instructin' 'em."—Washington Star.

"Higgins is a self-made man, is he not?" "He claims to be, but I do not believe those had manners of his could ever have been acquired; he must have been born so."—Woman's Home Companion.

Stude (trying to pick her up)—The fellow bet me a dollar I didn't dare speak to you. You don't mind, do you? Beautiful Girl—Not at all. Run along now and get your dollar.—Cornell Widow.

"Young Dippy left Miss Maymie's house very hurriedly the other evening." "Yes, I noticed he made a hasty move to go when she mentioned that her

father had told her he had some kind of a movement on foot."—Baltimore American.

"Jumpin' jingo, but Juggins is mad!" "What about?" "The railroad company has found that trunk of his he lost." "Mad about it?" "Sure. The trunk was only worth \$1, and Juggins was suing the company for \$50."—Browning's Magazine.

"I love you," he said. "Let us be sweethearts." "You admire beauty?" "Yes, my only books are woman's looks." "I think," said the girl, "that we had better not become engaged. I fear that you could not be contented with a library of one volume."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

TO THE DAISY.

William Wordsworth. With little here to do or see Of things that in the great world be. Sweet Daisy! Oft I talk to thee For thou art worthy. Thou'st an unassuming commonness Of nature, with that homely face, And yet with something of a grace Which love makes for thee! Oft on the dapple turf at ease I sit and play with similes. Loose types of things through all degrees. Thoughts of thy raising. And many a fond and idle name I give to thee, for praise or blame As is the humor of the game. While I am gazing.

A little Cyclops, with one eye Staring to threaten and defy. That thought comes next—and instantly The freak is over, and behold! A silver shield with boss of gold That spreads itself, some fairy bold In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar— And then thou art a pretty star, Not quite so far as many are In heaven above thee! Yet like a star, with glittering crest, Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest; May peace come never to his nest Who shall reprove thee!

Sweet flower! for by that name at last When all my reveries are past I call thee, and to that cleave fast, Sweet silent creature! That breathest with me in sun and air, Do thou, as thou art wont, repair My heart with gladness, and a share Of thy meek nature!

KABIBBLE KABARET. A TEACHER TEACHES TEACHING TO MAKE US EDUCATED BUT A JOB BY COHEN IS OPEN SO SHE PURSES OUR EDUCATION! THE BEE'S

NO ALUM IN ROYAL BAKING POWDER



The "other" part of a cigar. When you've said "filler" and "wrapper" you've named only two parts of a cigar. But it takes that other part—"skilful hand-work" to make your Tom Moore burn evenly and "draw" with your slightest breath. Careful hand-workmanship in the Tom Moore is one of the reasons why they always come back for Moore.

TOM MOORE CIGAR 10¢ LITTLE TOM 5¢. Little Tom's a Moon—every inch of him. Best & Russell Cigar Co., 612 So. 10th St., Omaha, Distributors.

The Cup that cheers every home. SAFETY FIRST Ridgways Tea. H. J. Hughes Co., Inc., Wholesale Distributors.