

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, \$4.00 per month, \$36.00 per year. Daily without Sunday, \$3.00 per month, \$24.00 per year.

REMITTANCE. Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only two-cent stamps received in payment of small accounts.

OFFICES. Omaha—The Bee Building, South Omaha—218 N. Street, Council Bluffs—14 North Main street, Lincoln—32 Little Building, Chicago—601 Hearst Building, New York—Room 120, 35 Fifth avenue, St. Louis—202 New B. of Commerce, Washington—726 Fourteenth St., N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE. Address communications relating to news and editorial matter to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

JUNE CIRCULATION. 53,646. 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 June, 1915, was 53,646.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager, Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 24 day of July, 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 Mary G. Andrews. O may I join the choir invisible Of those immortal dead, who live again In minds made better by their presence; live In lives stirred by generosity, In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn For miserable aims that end with self, In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars, And with their mild persistence urge men's search To vaster issues. —George Eliot.

"Americans Love money." Sure! But there are others.

Omaha again leads the world as a sheep market. Omaha has a lot of world records.

John Wanamaker would have Uncle Sam buy Belgium for the Belgians. How about Mexico for the Mexicans?

Minister of Munitions Lloyd George appears to be the most successful strike-breaker who ever received the glad hand from union men.

Better get together on an estimate of Omaha's population. Some of the guesses that are being put out are so wild as to be more harmful than helpful.

There is just one way to keep out of debt in the municipal household as in the private household, and that is to stop the expense bill below the revenue line.

A revolution in shots from gay to sober colors is promised for next fall. The change will rescue from the garret Dr. Hale's famous admonition: "Look up, not down."

Chautauqua circuits which will arrange for joint debates between Colonel Roosevelt and Colonel Bryan will not only arouse the sporting blood, but will require extra hands to count the money.

Grand Duke Nicholas at Moscow announces that there is no doubt of a final and complete victory for Russian arms. Moscow is 300 miles from the nearest trenches, and distance guarantees safety.

Parents are now blamed for the faults of their children. Critics should exercise patience. The playground movement will presently correct the faults and make 'em all good parents and children also.

Castro, the former president of Venezuela, has about as cold a welcome in the sub-tropical Danish West Indies as Huerta, the former president of Mexico, encountered in the temperate some United States.

Just the same it would not be a bad idea for the various civic organizations who from time to time voice complaints about expensive local government to get in on the budget estimates before the levy is made.

Each of the warring nations is explaining that it has ample resources to keep on playing the war game for several years, if not indefinitely. If that is the case, the sooner they start negotiating the peace treaty the better.

Thirty Years Ago. This Day in Omaha. Most of the business houses and many residences are enveloped in mourning on account of General Grant's death. The memorial committee decided to wait for the funeral day for holding the exercises.

Eustace Schneiderff, the Stadt theater comedian, is still lying ill at St. Joseph hospital. A benefit performance is to be given for him next week.

Charles L. Smith and John L. Shea were admitted to the practice in the district court.

The subscribers for the veterans' prize for the coming department rifle contest, lacking five names to complete it, are as follows: Charles F. Manderson, A. L. Strang, C. F. Frederick, Charles E. Burmeister, D. L. Thomas, James W. Savage, W. J. Broughton, F. O. Havens, D. E. Kinball, D. N. Bowman, William F. Bechtel, R. Guste, H. D. Mead, H. Williams, J. W. Her, John Castaldi, Fred Schanack.

J. F. Mickewell, politician for independent state writing without a pencil and other extraordinary spiritualistic marvels, has rooms at Mrs. Hooper's, 23 North Sixteenth street.

The railroads have issued orders offering to transport free freight for exhibition at the Omaha fair and application to be held here in September.

Neutrality Ueber Alles!

The long delayed jarring of the federal patronage plum tree so eagerly awaited by the Nebraska faithful is at last a fact, disclosing the president still entrenched in a position of neutrality.

The relative strength of the battle line of the belligerent democratic factions remains unchanged except by advance of each side into ramparts evacuated by republicans.

Here are the political war bulletins: Colonel Bryan has been permitted to deploy a detachment of his forces under Brother-in-law "Tommy" Allen into the district attorney's headquarters, and to send a flank scouting party led by Judge Loomis to take possession of the internal revenue supply depot.

From the opposite side, Herr Fieldmarshal von Hitchcock has been signalled to move his fleet of prairie schooners, commanded by Admiral "Tom" Flynn, into the protected harbor known as United States marshal's point, and to locate his personal military aide, Sub-Lieutenant McCune in the customs house lookout.

Honors are easy! Odds are even! No one loses any ground except the undeserving republicans, and the requirements of presidential neutrality fully observed.

In the mean while, the democratic ammunition factories are working over time on gas shells and ink-filled shrapnel and the noise of the sharpening of the spears and the whetting of the knives may be heard in both camps.

Future of Manufacturing.

Not all of American energy is now being devoted to the manufacture of war materials, although for the present that department of industrial activity seems to overshadow the more important and beneficial undertakings that are going forward.

All lines of industry are renewing life, and many that had languished because of foreign competition are coming to the front. This is especially true of chemicals, dyes and some other articles, for the supply of which America had come to depend on Germany.

The advance in these lines will be more rapid when a very important factor has been decided.

American makers are asking that they be given some assurance that their investments in new plants will not be jeopardized by foreign activities when the war is over.

A Michigan chemical company reports its experience of a few years ago to illustrate this point. It began the export of a bromide, and was informed by German manufacturers that for every pound of the American-made article exported, Germany would send two pounds to this country.

And the threat was realized; Germany did send the bromide to the United States, paid the 25 per cent duty and undersold the Michigan manufacturers in the home market.

Other American firms had had similar experience, and it is against this sort of competition they ask for protection. Plants for the making of war munitions are not to be permanently devoted to such uses, are virtually owned by the government to whose order they have been built, and will only revert to the American companies at the end of the war.

Until European industry can be reorganized, the United States will continue a heavy exporter, but when the shops of the countries now at war can again be started up, the battle for industrial supremacy will be renewed.

Even the democrats are becoming impressed with the vital necessity of making provisions for the fostering of American industries after the war, but the free trade policy of that party is too firmly rooted to give the manufacturers the complete assurance of protection they must have.

The republican party is traditionally devoted to the building up of home factories, and will surely meet and solve this problem in the only effective way.

Another Model Town.

Anchorage, the new town that will be the water-side terminal of the railroad the federal government is to construct in Alaska, is to be a model town. At least that is the word sent out from there, under approval of the officials in charge of the project.

Just what model it is to follow is not vouchsafed, other than the inferential information that it will not be on the lines of early day Alaskan mining camps.

"Model" towns are not a novelty, nor have they been uniformly successful. In far-gone antiquity, it was the easy practice of a conqueror to set the conquered at work, erecting a "model" city to take the place of the one he destroyed, and from deep buried ruins archaeologists have exhumed records that give us marvel.

In modern times the experiment has not so often been tried. Constantinus built a model city and called it Constantinople, and Gibbon tells us it fell to pieces in a comparatively short time after it was brought into being.

Whether this proves the fallacy of the idea, or that the builders of that time were grafters, may be open to speculation. George M. Pullman built a model city for his workmen, but later had to give over the idea, and allow the individuals to have their own way.

Russia founded a model city at Port Arthur, but the Japanese interference with its full development, leaves unsettled any question that might have been attached to its future.

Uncle Sam has proved himself in many ways the superior of Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, Alexander, Constantinus or any of that lot of builders, and his work is generally done with more of real thoroughness than that accomplished by Russia, so Anchorage may yet stand to the world as an example of what may be done by a government when it sets out to provide a model.

The "almighty dollar" justifies the designation. It has become the price of world coins and is growing in importance daily. In exchange rates the dollar now is worth \$1.02 in English money, \$1.09 in French money, \$1.17 in German, \$1.18 in Italian, \$1.33 in Russian and \$1.24 in Austrian money.

If the world war goes far into the second year the ascent of the dollar may take it out of sight of foreign money.

Old Culebra is sliding some more and mocking attempts to send warships through to a San Francisco holiday. As long as this jelly-like mountain resists the surgery of man, the Panama canal will not fulfill the hopes or justify the cost.

It is no surprise to learn that the warehouse law is defective. The influences which hurriedly whipped it into shape were more anxious to serve political ends than anything else.

Should Cousins Marry?

Literary Digest. THAT the marriage of kin, despite the conclusions of some high authorities, may be attended with no evil results, save when both stocks are weak, is the thesis defended by the late Dr. Edward Nettleship of the University of London, in a posthumous paper printed in The Journal of Heredity.

The subject of marriage between blood relations, he notes, is one upon which there has been much diversity of opinion, doubtless often based upon the experiences of certain single families. Those who object, from individual experience, would perhaps be surprised to find, Dr. Nettleship says, that the children of cousins sometimes show decided improvement upon their parents.

In short, he ventures to think that the subject is one upon which we may well seek more knowledge and greater clearness of thought. He goes on to say of such marriages:

"The fundamental questions are (1) whether the offspring of consanguineous parents display inferior or degenerate characters in larger proportions than do the offspring of unrelated parents? And (2), if such an effect can be shown, is the appearance of these undesirable characters attributable to something produced by the union of parents related in blood, but who themselves contain no trace of such characters, either manifest or hidden? Or are the defects only a result of both parents being tainted, but not tainted badly enough to show?"

"The second question is not merely academic. For if consanguinity can produce something bad, good, or indifferent that has never occurred before in the ancestry, then consanguinity is safe. But if it is only a case of inheritance from both parents, a tainted pair who have no community of blood will, so far as we know, be as likely to have undesirable offspring as if they were tainted cousins; while cousins who are free from taint will be expected to yield normal children.

"It must be said at once that the data for answering the first question upon statistical grounds do not exist, because no one up to the present time has been able to obtain sufficiently accurate returns of the relative number of consanguineous and unrelated marriages.

"As to the second question: Are the defects sometimes observed in the offspring of consanguineous parents due to the consanguinity as such, or, on the other hand, to both parents being tainted?"

"In reply to the second question, Dr. Nettleship states his belief as follows, after having devoted much attention to the subject: 'I hope to show in a future work that consanguinity by itself counts for nothing, but acts solely from related organisms having a similar constitution, and having been exposed in most cases to similar conditions; and a recent authority, Prof. J. C. Thomson, also considers that the idea that there can be any objection to the marriage of two healthy cousins who happen to fall in love with each other is preposterous.'

Many similar, and also some, but I think a diminishing number of, opposing opinions might be cited.

"What, then, is the origin of the view, or at least the suspicion, held by many, that consanguineous unions are injurious as such? Without going back to the early history of marriage customs and prohibitions—a task I am not competent to undertake—it is, I think, enough to say that the early Christian church appears to be chiefly responsible for the existing residue of prejudice against the marriage of cousins.

The church put its ban upon consanguineous unions, in connection with the cult of asceticism and celibacy; later, because it was able by the sale of indulgences to make money by allowing consanguineous couples to break the canonical rules for a consideration. That this was so is confirmed by the subsequent extension of the prohibitions to various affinities, or even accidental associations, between persons not related at all by blood.

Of course, other causes have been and are still at work in both encouraging and discouraging consanguineous marriages. Dr. Nettleship thinks that the most operative cause of hostility to these unions is the confusion between inheritance of a defect from two slightly tainted but apparently normal parents and the supposed creation of an entirely new thing by union between those of related kind.

For instance, if among the children of seemingly normal cousins there should be some born deaf and dumb, no surprise need be felt if the consanguinity, as such, is blamed; although inquiry might have found cases of the same malady in ancestors or collaterals. To quote further from Dr. Nettleship's discussion:

"That consanguinity of parents repeated through many generations is compatible with the maintenance of a high standard of health and vigor (mental and bodily) is demonstrated by well known instances.

"Of course, plenty of examples are to be found where an excessive proportion of diseased and degenerate is found among the offspring of cousin parents. But these prove no more than that if such degeneracies exist in the stock they may be transmitted.

"That inbreeding, very much closer in degree and repeated far more often than anything in modern human society, does not necessarily lead to degeneracy, but quite the contrary, is shown by the history of modern breeds of domestic animals. For it is of course admitted not only that the marvelous improvements effected during the last 150 years in the breeds of horses, oxen, sheep and pigs—have been reached by the careful selection of the individuals possessing the characters desired; but that, as we are constantly told, the only way to secure and fix such desirable characters is to carry out this crossing of near relations.

"I think, therefore, we may conclude that marriages between cousins are not, from the eugenic point of view, any other marriages, provided the parents and stock are sound.

"The difficulty, of course, both for consanguineous and out-marriages is to decide upon this vital point; and as for obvious reasons the family history is more likely to be forthcoming for a pair of cousins than for an unrelated pair, we have here a part explanation of the aversion to consanguineous marriages in some families. This explanation will tell with special force if the disease or defect is relatively rare, for then it will be more likely to occur, though in a latent form, in two cousins than in two strangers.

But if the defect apprehended be a frequent one, e. g., tuberculosis, the chances of the hereditary liability to it being present in both parents and transmitted to their children may be much the same whether the parents were cousins or not."

People and Events

A Chinese girl who is looking for "the perfect man" has landed in San Francisco. She has the right slant, but the perfect man is already engaged.

Johnny Bradley, millionaire sport of New York, explains that he is not financing Doc Cook's Himalayan venture. Bradley knows when enough is plenty.

A Philadelphia editor who undertook to reduce excessive fatness is a dead one. He worked himself down from 36 to 121 pounds, when the undertaker took him in hand.

Charles Erbach of Summit, N. J., German born, has just married Miss Estelle Hodes, a full blooded Cherokee. The Fusion and the American make a great combination.

The wife of a jobholder on the New York City payroll, in her application for divorce, swore that she broke a mirror on her head, chased her with a razor, slapped her with a revolver, hit her with a ferrihydride and tore her clothes. Outside of these temperamental defects he is a fair sort of a fellow.

In a recent speech at Atlantic City, Richmond P. Hobson announced that the sins are all set to ditch the one-term plank at the democratic national convention, nominate President Wilson and leave the "wet" and "dry" question for state settlement. Moreover, Hobson said, Bryan would support the ticket and decline a prohibition nomination. Richmond is a prophet from the clam belt.

Tippling proceeds in the usual way in Des Moines despite the law's "you must act." State house officials promise to give the tipsters a run for the money, before ordering the law to enforce the prohibition. Four of them converting in the waters at Manhattan went to the rescue of an impetuous bather and brought to the rescue the limp form of Jerome Ann Maria June Trampkins. Jerusha was rolled on a barrel and



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

Dangerous Pools in the Parks. OMAHA, July 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: Commissioner Hummel tries to evade any responsibility brought by the coroner with the excuse that he does not have enough men to look after the entire park.

This is no doubt a very good reason, but it seems rather queer that these dangerous places should be allowed to exist. The fact that there are not enough supervisors and that children will always play in water when an opportunity presents itself, ought to have been sufficient warning for Mr. Hummel to have done away with these dangerous places.

WALTER BEITZER, Corn Exchange National Bank.

Science Will Change All. KEARNEY, Neb., July 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: I am a scientist, and there is no secret so great that cannot be solved in time. I read in The Bee one of T. R.'s speeches, and he certainly makes a good many mistakes. I know it will not be long until an army of 300,000 to 350,000 men can be killed by a machine constructed from the rays of the sun, and electric airships will be used for that purpose. So T. R.'s army would not last long when this machine comes into use.

J. H. CARLSON.

Keep the Public Library Open. OMAHA, July 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: I want to commend The Bee for making a strong protest against the early Saturday closing of the Omaha public library.

The people who derive the greatest benefit from the public library are those who are compelled to work during the day time and who can only avail themselves of its privileges during the evening. Closing the library at 5 p. m. on Saturday will therefore deprive a large portion of our people of the advantages of an institution which they support liberally through taxation.

The citizens of Omaha are proud of their well equipped library, which represents an investment of more than \$50,000, and the taxpayers are deeply interested in seeing that it accomplishes the greatest possible amount of good for the people.

We have the plant, consisting of the building and the books, so why not give those who are paying the bills every opportunity to use it.

Let us hope that the library board will see the error of the early closing idea and proceed to keep the library open as many hours as possible each day, so that those who are unable to go to the library during the day time may have the benefit of the heavy investment made by the people of Omaha.

C. A. BAUMGARDNER.

Indignant Wife's Happy Lot. OMAHA, July 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: To our Council Bluffs, many thanks for the book, "You are entirely right, for I have never attended a card party in my life, and as for you betting a load of wheat, my friend, it would be entirely safe, for we do certainly enjoy our evenings together. During the day I devote my time to the care and comfort of the babes and at night they are put to bed, and my time is devoted to the comfort and pleasure of the good hubby.

When the laws need moving, as P. G. states, of course, I don't do it. I don't expect of me, but I do the raking and shearing around the walks. In fact, with us, married life is a business partnership, in which we both have our full share of rights. Our motto is "Look on the bright side and be a help to each other." We are both only in our twenties, so hope and expect to spend a long, pleasant life.

THAT INDIGNANT WIFE.

Chauvinist, Maverick or Digger Indian? TILDEN, Neb., July 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: Brother, "Another Tourist Printer," has evidently been "seen Typo-fice," or had been "run up on the dead hook," having become so ornamental that he has suit over to make a little moon for himself; thus having become a fulfilled Chauvinist; thus having on his blinders of prejudice that he, with one word denominates all the rest of the world as waste and its inhabitants as despicable "furriners"; thus accoured he is rounding the corner to Jingoville hooked to his Pharaonic cart. "I'm the only one here," he says, "that has waxed fat and kicked" his mother square in the face, and is still kicking, until there is nothing left of himself but ears and bray. (For his ancestors could not have been the original Choktaws or Flatheads, for they have already accepted the ways of the white man, or he must appertain to the Digger Indian, who dresses himself with sunshine and rakes his nourishment out of an antihill with a crooked stick, makes faces of civilization and surges at progress). The most of the rest of us or our ancestors came over in the Mayflower or at a later date, to a land, which we are all willing to label the best on earth, for it is the cosmopolitan melting pot of the globe and has already become the universal world in miniature, for most of what we have here has been brought here by the white trinkets that the Digger Indian has left lying around the marshes.

The United States, great as it is, nevertheless is the daughter of Mother Europe, for we cannot even boast of a language of our own—we brought that from across the briny deep (except the gurgle and grunt of the Digger Indian), likewise our jurisprudence came via the old world from the Moslem code, while science, art, music and philosophy were only appropriated from other realms. Therefore it will not be so easy to push this despicable "furriner" from our decks, who has ages of history and progress behind him—for we who appertain to the Caucasian race find that we or our ancestors have been emigrants—and there were none of the languages, systems or customs here when they came, except those of the aborigines. We do not "forget the rock from whence we were hewn." There may be a few mushrooms pop up, and call all their own, that they can get their feet on or survey with the green eye of prejudice, verily, "A fly sat on a chariot wheel and said, what a dust I do raise."

We have no sympathy, brother, with that foreigner who comes here and deprecates everything we only appreciate in deporting him, but we have far less regard for selfish "know-nothingism" that appropriates the gifts that have been brought from all parts of the globe to the melting pot, proudly proclaiming them as "his own" and basely maligning

individual toothbrush and a bottle of molarine with every slice of huckleberry pie.—Philadelphia Ledger. A negro died without medical attendance and the coroner went to investigate. "Did Samuel Williams live here?" he asked the weeping woman who answered the door. "Yes," she replied between sobs. "May I see the remains?" asked the coroner. "I is de remains," she answered, proudly.—Young's Magazine.

BRUIN. Oh, untamed creature of the forest deep! How hast thou roamed in the mountain steep— This own true habitat—one with the vast Still universe, in which thy lot was cast! How hast thou stalked the valley, head up! With senses all alert, when shades of night Had brought the bright stars glittering overhead; The tangled brush scarce crackling 'neath thy tread; A rambling as of thunder in thy throat; The cool wind blowing through thy heavy coat.

SMILING LINES. "Do you regret, my good man," said the judge, "having killed the pedestrian with your golf ball?" "Yes," said the confirmed player, with tears in his eyes; "I do, if he hadn't got in the way I'd have made that hole in one less than bogie."—Judge.

Oh, untamed creature of the wilderness! Thy feet no more the yielding earth shall press; No more shalt roam the forest, free as air; Nor seek thy home in some deep jungle lair. Thy gleaming jaws with dazzling teeth between Cause me no terror with their life-like mien; For never more I'll see thee stretch and rise, Nor see the fire of life shine in thine eyes; Thy snarling mouth no longer fear inspire; These eyes shall only with reflected fires; Thy cumbrous form can waken fear no more. It lies outstretched upon my cottage floor; A mere fur rug, wherein my slippers rest. Find comfort and delight and joy content.—DAVID.

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