

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 per month \$1.00 per year \$11.00. Daily without Sunday \$1.00. Evening and Sunday \$1.00. Evening without Sunday \$1.00. Sunday Bee only \$1.00. Send 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 debts. Personal checks, except on Omaha and eastern exchange, not accepted.

OFFICES. Omaha—The Bee Building, South Omaha—215 N. 16th St., Council Bluffs—14 North Main street, Lincoln—21 Little Building, Chicago—201 Dearborn Building, New York—Room 190, 286 Fifth avenue, St. Louis—500 New Bank of Commerce, Washington—1214 Fourteenth St., N. W.

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

NOVEMBER CIRCULATION. 52,531. State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of November, 1914, was 52,531.

Thought for the Day. Selected by Rev. Newton Mann. "We prize books, and they prize them most who are themselves wiser."—Emerson.

And isn't it a fine little new year, too? Yes, keep writing it "1915" till you get the habit. Now, altogether: Hoost for Omaha, and keep a-boosing.

Get caught on that old "one-nine-one-five" telephone gag? Swearing-off resolutions are good, but only so long as they last.

Perhaps you have noticed how well Medicine Hat is holding its own these days. Now that you are up on the wagon, boys, sit tight and don't rock the old boat.

Not so many Americans welcoming the New Year in foreign lands as there used to be. Omaha's wonderful record of growth and development runs along as a serial story with no ending.

Thomas Rye is now governor of Tennessee, a state in which John Bartercorn has been badly beaten. It is the fault of the grown-ups, though, if some of the bad little boys do not turn out to be the best big men.

One never knows where a college president may break out. Here is one referring to congress as "an extinct volcano." Of course, no one would know that the New Year had actually arrived were it not for all that din and noisy justification.

Congress could have taken a holiday recess without calling down any serious complaints on the members from their constituents. It was Plautus who said, "You love a nothing when you love an ingrate." And never has the ingrate risen in the world's estimation.

And still, President Wilson will have the last word to say on the indefensible literacy test devised to shut the door of hope against otherwise desirable immigrants. A woman was overheard to remark to another woman on the car, "He spends about every cent he makes," evidently referring to no one in particular but Mr. Ultimate Consumer.

If our water rates come down as much this year as they did last year, Omaha consumers will then be paying only 3 cents a thousand gallons more than consumers in Lincoln. Now that Mr. Bryan has bought a tea-acre site for a home in North Carolina, the old Tarheel state may fall into line with Nebraska, Texas and Florida as the home of a near-president.

Not by way of a knock, but by way of suggestion: The Commercial club's list of new industries in Omaha would look better if confined to those that have five or more employes on their payroll.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha. By instruction of Mayor Murphy, Street Commissioner Mearns got busy to clear the sidewalks of snow where that duty was neglected by the constable.

William Benson, the St. Mary's avenue groceryman, was thrown from his sleigh while turning the corner of Sixteenth and Howard and seriously injured. John F. Coon, the builder of our new court house, had put in a bid for the erection of the new court house at Dallas, Tex.

"The War Is Over Yonder."

Secretary Redfield's letter to the business men of America is a trenchant rebuke for unwarranted timidity and a clarion call to the sound judgment and confidence of the country. "The war is over yonder," says the secretary of commerce. And that is where it must be left, as far as possible, so far as our business interests are concerned.

"If you want prosperity, do your share to bring it and do it now," says Secretary Redfield to the business men of the United States. "Get that addition of your shop going; it will cost you less today than six months hence. Prices are low and likely to rise. You've been thinking of that contract work; better start it yourself before things get the start of you."

The war has imposed its hardships and interposed its obstacles, but the resources of American industry and the genius of American enterprise are capable, if properly used, to overcome them all and push forward, and it is the duty of everyone of us to lend a hand toward seeing that this is done.

Forcing the Literacy Test.

Notwithstanding the serious objections to incorporating a literacy test unconditionally in our immigration laws, the senate has recorded its approval of such a measure, and has voted down all amendments that would relieve the harshness of its operation by exceptions for the victims of religious or political persecution. True, the bill came in this form from the house, and is practically identical with the immigration measure that passed the preceding congress, but was blocked by President Taft.

The administrative features of the present immigration bill are said to be in most respects excellent, and to promise decided improvement in the present machinery, but we do not believe the remedies for administrative shortcomings should be allowed to force through a literacy test which is no necessary adjunct and which is not called for to meet any pressing demand.

The Ubiquitous Apple.

The apple is indigenous to every soil and climate in the country, as emphasized by the government's report of the record-breaking 1914 crop. It knows no sectional limitations, but grows as luxuriantly in one part of the United States as the other. For instance, the leading apple states, according to the government report, are New York and Pennsylvania along the north Atlantic seaboard and the east, Michigan in the extreme north, Virginia and North Carolina along the South Atlantic, with West Virginia just to the inland, Kentucky and Tennessee in the middle south, Ohio and Missouri in the middle west, and Washington in the far west and along the Pacific.

The force of this lesson ought to be encouraging to a greater area of apple orchards, for it is a paying crop. In 1913, according again to government figures, the commercial crop was 40 per cent of the agricultural production, and if this ratio holds good for 1914 it will mean the marketing of 103,600,000 bushels, for the entire production was 259,000,000 bushels. Nebraska apples will take rank in quality with the best, and they might do even better than that with a little more scientific culture. Many growers of apples in our state have made good money out of them, and it has always seemed to us that larger areas and more intensive culture could with great profit be devoted to them.

Honest Shipping Manifests.

American commerce has a right to demand unobscured transit at sea and to look to the government for its protection. But the president is quick to remind commerce of the part it is expected to play in securing these rights. His appeal for co-operation in honest manifests by keeping contraband and noncontraband goods separate must receive quick and complete response or his demands upon the belligerent nations for noninterference will lose force. The United States has simply required its rights and will have no difficulty getting them by going into court with clean hands. Our people should not allow this incident with England to disturb them; it does not mean war at all, but simply a firm, but friendly, demand for better recognition of the established and customary rights of a neutral nation. But in the meantime nothing that needs to be done by us in the securing of our position should be overlooked, and it is probable that the government will see to this, even more vigilantly than heretofore.

A speaker at the Bar association meeting at Lincoln advocates making the entire bar one corporate body to take the place of the present associations, which are purely voluntary in their membership, and therefore "unable to discipline the lawyers most in need of it." That may be the remedy, but then it might also take the offices and management away from the little ring that usually seizes control of such associations and runs them in its own personal interest.

Romance of a Gold Miner

Tommy Cruise, Millionaire. The story of the hunt for gold is ever a story of toil and privation, often a tragedy. For the one who strikes it rich, thousands are lost in the oblivion of poverty.

Colonel Thomas Cruise, whose death at the age of 73, at Helena, Mont., is announced, was one of the lucky few who leaped from poverty to affluence thirty years ago. He discovered and developed the Drum mine in California, Nevada and Idaho. He was an English syndicate for \$1,500,000, retaining one-sixth interest, and shared in the profits of \$30,000,000 which the mine has produced.

Mr. Cruise was 39 years old when he left County Cavan, Ireland, to seek his fortune in the mining camps of the west. He roamed around various diggings in California, Nevada and Idaho, hied into Virginia City, Mont., in 1882, when Alder Gulch was at the height of its glory, and later struck the placers around Helena, where fortune smiled upon him.

Drum Lumberman. Drum Lumberman was the name of the locality in Ireland where Cruise was born. Before it had a name it had a romance redolent with the ill-luck of the original finders. He was a little wiry Frenchman named L. F. Hilderbrand, who drove an express wagon in Deadwood long after Tommy Cruise put Drum Lumberman on the mining map.

Some ten years later Hilderbrand, still at odds with his luck, and weary of remaining, reached the spot where the boulder sent his hopes skyward. The boulder had the appearance of an old acquaintance, but the surroundings were changed to a bewildering extent. Before his eyes was a monster hoisting plant raising rich ore from a shaft hundreds of feet in depth, while in the gulch a huge stamp mill was at work. The boulder occupied a place of honor in front of a building. Hilderbrand touched it, patted it affectionately and tears filled his eyes. Presently, through the mist of his tears, he read the sign "Drum Lumberman mine, discovered by Thomas Cruise."

Fortune Changes Front. During the period of development when hard luck pressed Cruise to the verge of abandonment, some one advised him to see Ashby for a couple of hundred dollars. Ashby was a money-lender in Helena, who knew how to sweat the coin when put at work in good security. Cruise put the matter of a loan up to Ashby. All he got, however, was a fine line of free advice, coupled with the money lender's assurance that he would rather throw paper money into the furnace of his satanic majesty than loan it to such a shiftless fellow.

Years after when Cruise's day of prosperity came, one of the early visitors to the "Thomas Cruise Bank" just started in Helena, was Sam Ashby. The fortunes of Cruise and Ashby had been reversed. Cruise was flush, Ashby empty of pocket. Cruise led his would-be customer to the door and in the under-story language of the west assured that customer that the money rather than his money into the furnace of his satanic majesty than loan it to such a shiftless fellow." as Sam Ashby.

Soon after his bank was started, at the age of 33, Cruise decided that he had enough capital to support a wife. Miss Margaret Carter, sister of the late United States Senator Carter, became Mrs. Cruise. The wedding in 1895 was the greatest social event in the history of Montana's capital. It was a celebration for all the population. Cruise arranged for an open house and free drinks with every saloon in Helena. The wedding feast was the most magnificent ever given in the town. The lambroze was the greatest ever pulled off in the Treasure state; no one has attempted to rival the scene.

The joys of wedded life were of short duration. Mrs. Cruise died within a year, leaving a baby daughter on which the father lavished his affections and means. Elated with Omaha People. What Count John A. Creighton was to Omaha, Thomas Cruise was to Helena. Every public enterprise, every promising industry, drew his support; benevolent movements, commanded assistance from his purse. He was the chief contributor to the building of the Catholic cathedral of Helena, which was dedicated on Christmas day. The Methodist hospital, the Young Men's Christian association and the Young Woman's Christian association shared in his bounty, and his liberality in supporting the local club kept Helena on the base ball map.

The career of Mr. Cruise was linked in many ways with the active lives of several former Omaha residents. A year or two before Cruise struck, Alder Gulch, Patrick Gurnett, Mrs. Gurnett and three young children, started from Omaha with a bullock team in a caravan which occupied six months in covering the distance to Virginia City, Mont. Cruise and the Gurnetts probably became acquainted there. In subsequent years when the Gurnetts became ranchers in the Missouri Territory, Helena, Cruise's poverty stricken family was frequently relieved by the food reserves of the Gurnett homestead. Frank J. Lange, son of an Omaha family of pioneer grocers, is the active manager of Cruise's Savings bank, and has been confidential associate and adviser of the millionaire for years past. Another Omaha man, Harry Cotter, married Cruise's daughter, Mary, who died a year ago last November. Cruise and Cotter did not pull together and the death of the daughter witnessed the breach, which continued to the gold miner's end.

Personal and Otherwise

The very first wall of woe comes from the pessimist who sees naught but evil in a year beginning with Friday. The past is a back number. He who clings to it sets nowhere. Forget it! The future alone lights the way to achievement. The only shadow on the bright prospect of the New Year is the amateur legislator bobbing up with bills to tax bachelors. Envy will go the limit in busting the "Don't Worry clubs."

Good resolutions are worth while. In times they become a fixed habit. Men who have persisted in making resolutions annually for a dozen years have been known to stick as much as fifteen days in each January. One of the perplexities of the old year pushed over into the new by the supreme court of Georgia is the question, "What is beer?" The caprice of judicial humor constitutes one of the joys of living on either side of the Mason and Dixon line. Looking backward as far as the stone age it is related that War and Woe met one New Year's morning. "Say, Woe," said War, "I've found your arrowbar, will you?" "What for?" asked Woe, wearily. "I want to go home," answered War, "and turn over a new leaf."

"How time is slipping from our feet!" sang old Omar, in his solo to the New Year revelers. And lifting his loaded mug he advised the bunch: "Come, fill to joyous years this crystal clear and find the morrow may fill with tears what now we fill with wine."

The multitude of opeps and neeps of Uncle Sammel, bless 'em all, may be pardoned should they cut loose with heart thrills for Hince and gild hands for the New Year. No other land on earth has such a sun shine is more responsive to the hope of mankind, none quicker in extending a helping hand to those in distress. The auditor home of liberty and opportunity, of peace and good will, justifies her children in heartily welcoming the New Year.

The Bee's Letter Box

U. S. Owes No Debt to England. RIVERSIDE, Neb., Jan. 1.—To the Editor of The Bee: Please tell us if the United States owes England a war debt dating from the civil war.

Notes: Not to our knowledge. The only indebtedness growing out of the civil war between the United States and England was settled when England was required to pay the Alabama claims to the United States.

Commission Plan a Failure? OMAHA, Jan. 1.—To the Editor of The Bee: Our new commission city government has not improved the management of Omaha as we hoped. And it never will. Those elected are under too many obligations to the saloon element for their election and it takes more stamina than one man possesses to do what he knows is right and best against the various whines and threats he is bound to encounter. Few if any cities in the United States will select and elect men competent and capable of managing a large city.

What we should have is a state commission of four, with the governor making five, elected by a vote of the entire state. (Our state and rural districts elect as a rule good officials). These five having the appointive power, and they must appoint from the citizens of Omaha and other cities in our state, and not cover from their own cities (this would be home rule) three to seven commissioners. The state commissioners should have the power to remove for cause any of these men. The state commissioners should make a study of the best way of handling gambling saloons, red light districts, etc., and advise with the city commissioners. Any state could well afford to pay these state commissioners a good salary, as it would reduce the costs of out state penitentiaries, insane and inebriate asylums and all other state and county institutions by improving the conditions of vice in the cities where most of this class comes from.

In Fall or in Part.

SOUTH OMAHA, Jan. 1.—To the Editor of The Bee: I note my letter in (part) in The Bee, and I want to ask you, please publish full letter or not at all, as it is misleading to publish in part only. In my letter I made the statement that J. B. Watkins made the statement at that city hall meeting that he had never heard one word in favor of annexation to South Omaha, and I stand on this platform also. Why don't you send down the bunch that favors annexation and give us facts and figures the same as they do when they are soliciting our votes for office. If Omaha is so anxious to help us, why don't they do it now? They surely owe us something for all the trade, bank clearings and P. O. they have taken from us without our consent. J. G. BLESSING.

Note: The Bee reserves the right to condense contributions to the letter box; also to correct the spelling, punctuation and grammar.

Labor Union and Lawyers' Union. OMAHA, Dec. 31.—To the Editor of The Bee: I notice in a dispatch from Lincoln relative to the meeting of the State Bar association that a certain Judge E. B. Perry of Cambridge spoke on the subject of "labor unions and the tendency of lawmakers to exempt them from the provisions of certain statutes." If Judge Perry is quoted as saying "that if you belong to a labor union you can resort to boycotting or other unlawful acts." However, the legal profession is not opposed to unions, but is their best friend. Are we to infer from this that, although Judge Perry knows (?) labor unions to be law violators, he endorses their unlawful acts? If the legal profession as a whole is a labor union's best friend, said labor unions have been laboring under a misapprehension for many years. However, I am inclined to think that the judge is sentencing labor unions from evidence he has gathered through his membership in the lawyers' union and peculiar to it. The least of labor organizations will, in my opinion at least, outline any lawyers' union so far as law-observance is concerned. I. J. C.

Step Boys "Beating" Their Way. TOLEDO, O., Dec. 31.—To the Editor of The Bee: In September last I stood on the station platform at Ironton, O., while a freight train on the N. & W. R. R. was passing. On this train I saw eleven boys, ranging in ages from 12 to 15 years, "beating" their way. Some of these boys were on a part of the train that was a plain view of the conductor, who sat in his lookout on the caboose.

Just a few days ago a girl was arrested in Cleveland for stealing goods from a merchant's counter. It developed that she was a vagrant who had run away from home in Akron, O., almost a year ago. She had been serving as a domestic in different homes while in her vagrancy.

There are hundreds of cases like these familiar to every reader of the daily news. The identification department of the Chicago police told me a few months since that their department has a report on the average of twenty cases a day, over 7,000 a year, yet I doubt not the same departments of any Ohio city's police force would report a proportionate number.

The enclosed bill aims at a restraint by law of this appalling condition. If you examine it carefully I believe you will see it to be a practical and saving bill, working on hardships upon those who most need its provisions and penalties. If those who lawfully control minors desire them to leave their homes to earn a living (which will be but rare), this law would give them a standing that would make it easier for such to do so. It will act as a restraining force to those miners who, knowing that it is easy to control themselves, jump ahead every outgoing freight train and start on their road to ruin. L. H. FORD.

Nebraska Editors

J. A. Stahl, who recently purchased the Cuming county Democrat, has contracted for an Intertype machine. It will be installed within a few weeks. J. W. Robinson, who was formerly connected with newspapers in Franklin county, will edit the Franklin Progress while its editor and proprietor, Colonel Barker, is serving his district in the state legislature. Millard Martin has purchased the third interest in the Polca Journal-Leader from Miss Mary McKinley. Mr. Martin, who is now engaged in teaching school, will take charge of the mechanical department at the end of his term.

Editorial Snapshots

Philadelphia Ledger: Plochy little Serbia has got its capital back again. Perhaps Austria is beginning to wish it hadn't made its demand for an apology quite so peremptory.

St. Louis Republic: England celebrated its naval victory and Germany is celebrating the flight of the Ruesians, but it's a long way to celebration of the real victory and nobody knows who will do the rejoicing.

New York World: General Villa is so civil to the United States and so anxious to be of service that some of us may forget that Christmas is at hand and that nothing would please him more than to find recognition in his stocking.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: However innocent they may be at heart, manufacturers of armour plates cannot of course, be blamed for taking an occasional peek at the papers to see how the militarist propaganda progresses.

Brooklyn Eagle: The new Italy accepts no second place in mechanical invention. A war airplane now being tested at Viscola, to carry a ton and a half, to be armored and to have a machine gun, is enough to make even Germany sit up and take notice.

Baltimore American: The commander of the British submarine B-11, which executed the brilliant feat of destroying the Turkish ship under the very guns of the enemy, is the son of a newspaperman. His faculty for making news may be disputed as hereditary, but no one can deny it is very highly developed.

Philadelphia Bulletin: The egg waste in this country is said to amount to \$300,000,000 worth a year. One egg in every ten is broken in transit, three out of the remaining nine become addled, and only 60 per cent of the entire product are fit for eating. No wonder the hens get discouraged and refuse to work against such odds of human inefficiency.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: Congressman Gardner's statement that "if we had gone to war with the rest of the first class powers early in August no less than nine of our battleships would not have been ready to fight," will hardly arouse a content to note that we had a government which kept us out of that "stupid and unnecessary" conflict.

Philadelphia Record: That proposed Council of National Defense is fast disappearing in the gloaming. The great majority of senators and congressmen are reported to be opposed to it, and even its sponsors are likely to disown it soon. If such an investigation should be considered necessary, though it is difficult to note that it could discover that is not already known, let it be made by congressional committees. We already have too many irresponsible commissions.

GRINS AND GROANS

"They say there is going to be much suffering this winter." "That's true. Only yesterday I was reading that there is great danger of a diamond famine."—Baltimore American.

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Cumrox, "I walked eight miles to go to school." "And yet," rejoined his son, Clyde, in a tone of gentle reproach, "you blame me for going in so strong for physical culture."—Washington Star.

Miss Flynn—"I wonder if I shall lose my looks, too, when I get to be your age." Miss Elder—"You will be fortunate if you do."—Detroit Free Press.

"What do you know about the constitution? I'll bet you can't repeat the opening clause." "None, whenever I am introduced to a dead sure thing I step back and give my mind to the undertaker."—Houston Post.

Two-thirds of Jones' makeup is curiosity; the other third wit. A short time ago he met his neighbor proudly displaying a valuable horse. "That is a fine horse you have there, Brown," he exclaimed cordially. "How much did you give for him?" "I gave my note," was the crisp rejoinder. "Well, you got him cheap," said Jones. "Everybody's a Magistrate."—

CASE OF WAR-TALK JOBKINS.

Arthur Chapman, in Philadelphia Record. Jim Jobkins was a salesman wondrous clever. Made welcome in a hundred country stores. His firm esteemed him quite the brightest ever. When others brought one dollar Jim brought scores. But suddenly Jobkins' orders faded. The firm thought faithful Jim was getting jaded. "Was hinted that he'd better rest a bit."

But spoke the senior manager, explaining: "I'll tell you just why Jim is falling down. His customers with war talk he is painting. He's spouting fight in every country town. Instead of goods a war map's of the table. He tells of Krupps and Zeppelins and such. In analyzing war moves Jim is able. But war talk doesn't help this firm o'er much."

So Jim received a telegram next morning. "I read: 'Leave war to those who have to fight.'"

And now no stores with war maps Jim's adorning. He took the hint and orders came all right. If all the Jims upon commercial high-ways. Talked not a word of war 'twixt train and train. 'Twould help prosperity along the by-ways. Let war-talk Jobkins' ease be not in vain.

COAL AT THE EMPRESS MARKET. Petroleum Coke \$9.50 per ton, \$5.00 per ton, \$2.00 per ton. We have just received a brand new supply of this remarkable furnace fuel which is rapidly taking the place of coal. Why? Because it makes more heat and leaves no ashes, clinker or slate and makes no smoke. Try at least a small lot Now.

Next We Will Give The Twins. Now listen to this, girls. When we opened the doll box to get one for this week, what should greet us but a pair of twins. Think of it—we were quite puzzled to know what to do at first, because one is enough for any little Busy Bee to care for, but we soon decided upon a plan— The Twins are to go to the country to some little girl living on a farm, where there's plenty of nice fresh milk every day, and lots of room to romp and play when they are big enough to run about. All the dollies so far have been won by the girls in the cities, and now I am sure you will all be glad to help some little girl on a farm win the Twins. No one else can get them. The Twins will be given free to the little girl under 12 years of age, that brings or mails us the largest number of doll's pictures cut out of the Daily and Sunday Bee before 4 p. m. Saturday, January 2. The Twins pictures will be in The Bee every day this week. Cut them out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you, too. See how many pictures of The Twins you can get, and be sure to turn them in to The Bee office before 4 p. m. Saturday, Jan. 2. You Can See the Twins at The Bee Office. Third Sled FREE This Week. The picture of the Sled will be in The Bee every day this week. Cut them all out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you, too. See how many pictures you can get, and bring them to The Bee office. The Sled will be given Free to the boy that sends us the most pictures before 4 P. M. Saturday, January 2.