

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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FEBRUARY CIRCULATION, 51,700

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 February, 1915, was 51,700.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 23 day of March, 1915.

ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public. Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as requested.

March 25 Thought for the Day

Selected by Amelia Pearson Thank God, when other powers decay And other pleasures die, We still may set our dark today In the light of days gone by. —Alice Cary.

The Iron cross in Europe—the double cross down in Lincoln.

The men behind Uncle Sam's guns at San Juan know how to make a ship captain back up.

Those who are skeptical on the subject of spring signs might consult a seed catalogue and cheer up.

Judging from the number of candidates' petitions that are being filed, autograph collecting is the briskest business in Omaha.

The world will not know what real fighting is until the derelishes of the Soudan get their war bulletin department in action.

At any rate, Rev. Sunday's census of celebrities in hell is sufficiently extensive to carry anxiety to those who hope for high-brow society in the future.

Rival war bulletin editors in the western killing district must join in the old fiddlers' contests if they hope to rival the artistic touch of the Turks' long bow.

In assuming the role of lord high executioner of the seas the allies might profitably study what happened to railroad magnates who took on an overload of water.

And some newspapers that pretend to be enlisted for Omaha are constantly putting obstacles in the way of Omaha's expansion and progress. But can they get away with it?

"Constructive helpfulness" is the chart of duty given the new federal trade commission. It sounds like a White House hunch. That it will be obeyed is assured by the party necessities of 1916.

Fears that California will start something to irritate the Japanese this year may be put aside as groundless. With two shows soliciting nationwide patronage, there is no chance for local trouble shooting up the box offices.

The three-appraiser plan of buying a public service utility has already cost Omaha between one million dollars and one million five hundred thousand dollars. It is altogether too costly a luxury to indulge more than once.

Why should the sheriff make money out of jail feeding? Why should not the prisoners have food served them as required, and the bills be paid direct by the county without any salaries public official slicing out a piece for his private profit?

Why should Lincoln influence be exerted against consummation of the Greater Omaha? Suppose Lincoln had grown to the point of absorbing College View, University Place and Havelock, and Omaha undertook to prevent? Imagine the ear-piercing outcry from the shadow of the state house.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

The republicans held the most harmonious kind of a city convention, which nominated the following ticket: For mayor, R. F. Murphy; for police judge, E. M. Stenberg; for auditor, E. K. Long; for councilmen, G. M. C. Goodman, Mike Lee, Adolph Bernmeister, G. M. Hitchcock, Joseph Redfield, Frank E. Bailey, for school board, Henry Livesey, William Colburn and Chris Specht.

The Wages of Sin is the play at the Boyd theater with Marie Prescott as the leading woman.

Joe Trahan, the well known apostle of the Wabash corner, has gone to Denver.

The illumination at the residence of Myles Standish, 1226 Howard, was in honor of the eighteenth birthday of Miss Hattie Standish, whose friends gathered there to wish her many happy returns of the day.

The usual list of judges and clerks of election was confirmed by the city council.

William Chaney, proprietor of the Rock Island depot, is receiving along the advent of a girl in his employ.

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End of the Session Approaching.

The legislature has heard the call of the spring season, and has now fixed a definite date for final adjournment. So there is no telling what may happen within the next few days. It has been the experience of Nebraska that many important and far-reaching measures have been rushed through in the last moments of a legislative session, and many a bill has become a law that would otherwise have been amended in many particulars, if not actually killed, had there been time for full and reasonable consideration of its provisions.

It is too early to measure the real work of the present general assembly, but so far its merit has been chiefly negative; that is, it is more notable for what it has not than for what it has done. This service is worthy of note, for good is wrought by the heading off of vicious or ill-timed bills, and in this way the chance for service is still open. Many of the measures still on file and likely to come up for passage are inherently bad, and the working members of the legislature must still be on their guard against them.

The pressure of work now becomes a source of danger. The date for adjournment should be made as early as possible, but with an ample allowance of time for properly finishing the work before the legislature.

Plague Adds Its Terror to War.

War's most dreaded ally, disease, is now actively at work, if we may credit the tale from strife-torn Serbia about the ravages of typhus fever, surpassing in its completeness of horror all that has been told of the present war. This terrible plague has fallen on every quarter and every rank in the stricken country, and its helpless victims are without hope of succor. The world has become somewhat accustomed to the grisly pictures from the battlefields, grimly realizing that such are within men's control, but here is a scourge that defies science, and takes its toll without stint and without distinction or choice. Out of the dreadful gloom that overcasts Serbia shines one vision—the heroism of the American Red Cross doctors and nurses. No more terrible task was ever allotted to messengers of mercy and relief, nor was ever desperate venture faced with more of bravery or truer courage than has marked the devotion of these men and women to their undertaking. Death has not spared them, nor daunted them. Their calm heroism is worthy of recognition far beyond that carried by a decoration won in armed conflict on land or sea. Americans should be proud of their contribution to the war.

President Wilson and the Children.

One of the touching little bits of "human interest" in the daily news is the letter received by the president of the United States from a little Belgian girl, and endorsed by her brother, thanking him for the bread they have lately eaten. To this the president replies in a characteristic manner, giving his little correspondents a word of cheer, and expressing the sympathy all Americans feel for the little ones who suffer. It is the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. While other presidents have shown a similar quality, no other attribute of President Wilson becomes him more than this ready sympathy with the little folks. In this he speaks for the true type of American citizen, to whom nothing is more appealing than childhood.

Is it Not a Backward Step?

Where are our usually vigilant champions of social justice legislation? Are they aware that a measure is heading for the statute books down at Lincoln repealing the Nebraska law regulating the hours and conditions of labor for women wage-workers so far as it relates to women who work in town or villages of less than 5,000 population?

Should the size of a city or town determine the length of a woman's working day? Should a woman who is compelled to work for a living in Plattsmouth, or in Ralston, or in Benson, or in Blair, be unprotected against employers' exactions as compared with the women doing the same work in Hastings, in Fremont or in Beatrice?

Is not this proposed partial suspension of the law regulating women's labor a backward step without justification?

Base Ball in the Offing.

Along with the golden sunshine of the first spring days comes another comforting thought. In less than a month now the base ball season will be opened, and the American mind will have something other than war news and business troubles to occupy its waking hours. The box score will take precedence over the closely censored bulletins from across the water. Forts may fall, and ships may sink, but the battle on the diamond will draw men's thoughts away from the clash of arms abroad. The slap of a home-run will drown the crash of a forty-two-centimeter shell, and the parabola of a three-bagger will look more graceful than the flight of an armored albatross.

It is high time that some relief were afforded man from the evils that have beset his daily walk during a long and dreary winter, and base ball will provide that relief. The call of the umpire will ring louder than the voice of the muzzin, and the attendance it will command will be more spontaneous.

Base ball is a grand game, deservedly popular, sufficiently venerable to command respect because of its years, but ever renewing its youth with the coming of spring; always calling the young men and the boys out to active participation in its athletic delights, and giving to those whose limbs are no longer supple and active the reminiscent joy of rigorous games played long ago.

The Federal Industrial Relations Commission

went all the way to Texas to discover that tenant farmers were increasing in this country. Chairman Walsh could have made the discovery right in Jackson county, Missouri, and saved the national treasury the expense of the southern trip.

American money totaling \$140,000,000 at least has been borrowed indirectly by warring nations, at an average rate of 6 1/2 per cent, exclusive of discount. High interest charge is not the least of the burdens crippled Europe must carry after the war.

The Political Caldron

THE possibility that the city election might be postponed threw quite a scare into many of those who have already paid their money for campaign cards and have expended much energy, telling their friends or their candidates. There is a feeling now that this will not come to pass.

One man in touch with affairs political points out what he believes would be a disastrous situation should this election be put off. He thinks legal technicalities would arise whereby the present commissioners might hold over for three years.

Another man offers this way out of the dilemma: Elect another charter convention, draw up another charter, adopt that charter instantly and embody in that charter just what the people here want in the way of an election. Seems simple enough.

This week should clear the atmosphere, inasmuch as Friday is the date set for the last of the filings and also for the last registrations for the primary on April 8. If the election should be deferred it will mean re-opening the entry list and practically another campaign. Such are the uncertainties of political life.

James Walsh of Benson declares people need not be exercised over the matter of Benson being included in the Greater Omaha territory. As long as he is on the job, he says, this matter will be cared for. The "difference" between Benson and Omaha is a strip of land embracing an area of seven-tenths of a square mile, and the question is whether Benson or Omaha should take up this strip.

Street corner discussions disclose that a lot of intelligent men in Omaha today cannot start with any degree of certainty whether they are to vote at the city primary for seven or for fourteen candidates. Many assume that fourteen is the number, because there will be fourteen nominees for the regular election ballot. Seven will be the number to be voted for on April 8. This matter was thoroughly discussed three years ago, at the time of Omaha's first commission plan campaign.

Subscription was being talked over the other day by a group at a Farnam street rendezvous. One of the group, a lawyer and former legislator, was positive he would be able to vote for fourteen, but he was quickly convinced of his error.

It will also interest voters to know that they may lawfully sign only seven petitions. It is a practice to sign nearly every petition presented and very few, if any, keep count of how many they have signed.

There is more or less comment why the Omaha Ministerial union presented their vice report to the city commissioners just at this particular time. Is this not the "psychological moment" for such a demonstration?

The conference between the ministers and the commissioners resolved itself into something akin to a mutual admiration society. The ministers averred they came to help the commissioners and the latter referred to the pastors as representing a large constituency. Afterwards, Rev. Titus Lowe approached the mayor and vouchsafed the information that it was a "booster meeting," and that the ministers wanted to "get behind" the commissioners.

It was certainly the most harmonious confab between the ministers and city officials held in many moons. The commonwealth was well represented, but those who expected to see all kinds of pyrotechnics set off were sadly disappointed.

Optimism springs eternal in the political breast. One candidate has a list of 3,500 names of persons who have promised to vote for him. He feels sure he will receive 3,500 votes because that many have promised. "When Dreams Come True" is the name of a political song which will be written some day.

Some of the candidates are showing individuality in getting out their campaign cards. Joe Hummel has his picture in a circle with the slogan "Safety First." He has some statements on the back of his cards, pointing with pride to his past service. W. P. Wappich declares he is "Tried, true, faithful, efficient and practical in municipal and business affairs." W. G. Shriver has a large card, on the back of which he recites that he is for "A square deal to all, regardless of nationality, color or creed," and gives a list of things he favors. Frank T. Quigley lets it be known he was born in Omaha. Harry A. Foster says he made good as a lawmaker and will make good as city commissioner. Charles Unit has paraphrased "Tipperary" on the back of his card. Mayor Jim's card bears a simple announcement of his candidacy.

Nels J. Anderson relates some of his "activities" while a legislator. J. Ryder declares that getting cards out at an early date is a waste of money. He has not started his circulation of cards. The printers are nonetheless being kept busy filling orders for campaign cards.

Twice Told Tales

A well-dressed, portly man stood for several moments watching a brawny porter, who was laboriously tugging at a large, heavy box which seemed almost as wide as the doorway through which he was trying to move it. Presently the kindly disposed onlooker approached the perplexing porter and said, with a patronizing air:

"Take to have a lift?" "Bet yer life!" the other replied, and for the next two minutes the two men on opposite sides of the box lifted, puffed and wheezed, but it did not move an inch. Finally the well-dressed one straightened up and said between his puffs:

"I don't believe we can get it in here." "Get it in!" shouted the other. "Why, you idiot, I'm trying to get it out!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Henry Was a Bungler.

A certain negro lad had been brought into an Alabama police court for the fifth time, charged with stealing chickens. The magistrate determined to appeal to the boy's father.

"See here," said his honor, "this boy of yours has been in this court so many times charged with chicken stealing that I'm tired of seeing him here." "I doesn't blame you, Judge," said the parent, "as it is at least of need him here as you is."

"Then why don't you teach him how to act? Show him the right way, and he won't be coming here." "I has showed him the right way," said the father, "but he jest don't seem to have no talent for learning how, Judge, he always gets caught."—National Monthly.

People and Events

Ohio is now grooming three available for the republican nomination for president—Theodore E. Burton, Myron T. Herrick and Governor Frank B. Willis.

Jacob Schmidt, a farmer living near Los Molinos, Cal., saved a cow, three calves, a yearling bull, and three pigs by putting them in beds in his home during the high water in the Sacramento river.

The Bee's Letter Box

Andersonville History. AUIORA, Neb., March 22.—To the Editor of The Bee: I see the letter signed E. D. V. in Omaha Bee headed "Honors of Andersonville." I have published a book, "Andersonville," which gives data from official records of the War department, a history of Andersonville by witnesses at the trial of Wirz; also views of the stockade and cemetery at it is today. Also views from rebel photographs taken there in 1864—the late views taken by myself—in 1913-1914, having made a trip for the purpose.

If M. D. V. will furnish address I will be pleased to send him a complimentary book. J. W. ELARTON.

The Size of the Loaf. OMAHA, March 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: Evidently my letter of recent date has hit the baker in a very tender spot. He may be the one of the large bakers who refused to buy flour before the war when he might have contracted for a year's supply at \$3.00 per barrel in bulk, but waited, hoping to buy as low as \$2.00. Now in his disappointment he is endeavoring to make the public stand his loss. Had he bought at the low price do you think he would have increased the weight of his loaves?

No. They were making thirteen-ounce loaves long before the war.

From 22 to 26 sixteen-ounce loaves may be baked from a barrel of flour, which at present costs the baker \$7 (if he did not buy before the war). This gives him \$1.00 from one barrel of flour costing 4 cents a loaf which is the wholesale price and would seem to give him a fair margin of profit even now, but figuring eleven ounces to the loaf (the present weight) and you have approximately \$5 worth of bread from a \$7 barrel of flour.

I pass over "Baker's" allusion to the injustice of a law compelling him to put sixteen ounces of bread in a loaf than to make a miller put forty-eight pounds of flour in a sack.

Personally when I found that my loaf of baker's bread had dwindled to eleven ounces, I ordered a sack of good Nebraska flour for which I paid \$2 and from that I baked with very little labor more than seventy loaves of bread far superior to the baker's product and weighing sixteen ounces to the loaf. My family has profited accordingly. Other housewives of Omaha would do well to take notice. "A word to the wise" should be sufficient. INTERESTED PARTY.

Editorial Viewpoint

Indianapolis News: One gathers from the British embassy's statement that if we ship cotton abroad and it arrives at its port it will be all right, but that it does not, something else is likely to happen to it. Thus far, the statement is perfectly clear.

St. Louis Republic: The supreme court of North Dakota says "the state has broad powers over railroads, but it does not enjoy the rights of an owner." Railroad men will be grateful for this concession, but some of them will have difficulty in understanding why the court said "enjoy."

Brooklyn Eagle: Brigadier General Scott has gone from Washington to pacify the Plutes, whom cowboys have been hunting. He ought to succeed. The piety of the Plutes isn't proven, but their industry and good temper under only normal provocation is attested by all experienced observers.

Chicago Tribune: We suspect that a dollar, untraced and seeking to preserve its freedom, could roll farther in an American street and be followed by fewer pursuers than in any European city. Therefore we are at a loss to understand the complacency with which our European friends regard us as completely and contemptuously described in the phrase "dollar chasers."

Philadelphia Record: While we are charged by unofficial Germans with a strong partiality for the allies, the German government asks our government to take over the protection of German interests in Constantinople in the event of the fall of that city. This is conclusive evidence that Wilhelmstrasse recognizes that the course of our government has been perfectly "correct," in diplomatic phraseology.

Baltimore American: A probation officer in Boston recommends that when it is found intoxicated men have seventy-kept homes, the wives should be arrested also and share their sentences, on the plea that they drive their husbands to drink. The plea may sound like an advanced one, but records in the case establish the fact that it was first used in the Garden of Eden as an excuse, and thrown out of court.

Nebraska Editors

W. T. Speits is the new editor of the Saturday Night Review at Ulysses.

Frank Dunn, formerly of Callaway, is the new editor of the Dixon Journal.

Doop Bros. of Fullerton, have added the Wabash Messenger to their string, which again consists of four papers.

Stone & Stone, proprietors of the Hartington Herald, have taken over the advertising contracts and subscription lists of the Fordyce Press.

The Holdrege Progress got out a special edition last week in honor of the coming of the Southwest Teachers' association convention this week.

J. M. Falver, formerly of Gary, Ind., is the new business manager of the Norfolk Weekly Press. Mrs. Marie O'Donnell, Wabash, will continue her work as editor.

W. F. Huff, who has been proprietor of the Stenauer Star for several years, has sold the paper to Myron R. Schrader, principal of the Stenauer public school. The change is effective April 1.

SAID IN FUN.

Miss Gush—Oh, captain, were you ever boarded by a pirate? Captain Storms—Yes; he charged me \$1 a day for a bedroom on the Fourth floor.—Christian Register.

"What makes you so sure of American courage?" "Statistics show that there is more density practiced in America than any where else in the world."—Washington Star.

She—How was the party last night? He—Oh, it lacked punch.—Harvard Lampoon.

KABIBBLE KABARET. I DIDN'T RAISE THEIR WAGES CAUSE I WANT TO I RAISED THEM CAUSE THEY SAID THEY'D GO ON STRIKE WHEN IT GETS SLEEK, YOU SEE MY SCHEME NOW DON'T YOU, TO GET REVENGE ON MEYER, MEYER AND IKE?

"We'll make a night of it," declared the Bostonian. "We'll have a feast of reason and flow of soul." "All right," assented the New Yorker. "I never heard of them cabaret features, but they sound good."—Judge.

"I s'pose John is still takin' life easy?" said the woman in the tram. "Yes," answered the woman who was carrying a bundle of clothes. "John has only got two regrets in life. One is that he has to wake up and eat, and the other is that he has to give up eatin' to sleep."—Pierson's Weekly.

HE CAME ACROSS. Don Marconi in New York Sun. I wandered weepin' down the street. One glider man I chanced to meet. "Hello!" says G. "Hello!" says Me.

"And now," says G. "is times an' some?" "Both had," says Me. "and gettin' worse." "Land aakes!" says G. "It's true," says Me.

"Now would you think, to see my feet. All clothed in boots so nice and neat. That times has been I haven't cat?" "I got," says G. "They have," says Me.

"And would you think, to see my front. That I was on a money hunt?" "Really!" says G. "I am!" says Me.

"And why is days so drear and dark?" "Oh ask of under money shark?" "Hobart, G.," says G. "Believing Me."

"How much to loosen up your eye?" "To keep the post's fire alive?" "Well take," says Me. "Just twenty-five."

He dug, did G. And gave it to Me. Now blessed be the name of G. Who came across and succored Me! It succored Me.

THE NATIONAL STRENGTH DISH. FAUST MACARONI. THIS nation is slowly but surely awakening to the remarkable food value of Macaroni. When we consider the splendid physique of Southern Europeans, who make Macaroni their main staple, we can well afford to give this economical food a large space in our daily menu.

FAUST MACARONI. MAULL BROS., St. Louis, U. S. A. Large Package, 10c.

Her Medicine Chest. Instant Relief. For: Rheumatism, Sore Muscles, Stiff Neck, Stiff Joints, Aches, Strains, Cold Feet, Cold Limbs, Acute Rheumatism, Chronic Rheumatism, Muscular Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Toothache, Infection, Inflammation, Cough, Sore Throat.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT. KILLS PAIN (GUARANTEED). DR. EARL S. SLOAN, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa. St. Louis, Mo. Price, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00. WORLD MOTOR BIKE FREE. A picture of the bicycle will be in The Bee every day. 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, Saturday, April 10.