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FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.
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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.

Thought for the Day
Selected by Elizabeth W. Johns
Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting;
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
—Wordsworth.

Governor Morehead's chance to make a record with his veto pen is yet before him.

King Ak-Sar-Ben will have to look to his laurels in the reflected light of the Knights of the Full Moon.

But why should any newspaper, supposed to voice the sentiments of Omaha, stand in the way of Omaha's expansion?

Everyone in Omaha is for "The City Beautiful." And please observe that the city has been becoming more beautiful year by year.

Speaking of team work, with two such live organizations as the Omaha Commercial club and the Council Bluffs Commercial club hitched to double harness, the progress would be still faster.

The tide of American export business now averages \$5,000,000 a day above imports, and it is still rising. The brightening situation warrants putting more vim into the slogan: "Talk business, do business."

Officers of the Electric Lighting company insist that the proposed three-appraisalment plan puts them at the mercy of the city. We think it is the other way. But no matter which, it looks like buying a costly lawsuit.

Appreciative Belgians have picked the site in Brussels where they will rear a monument commemorating American generosity. Owing to circumstances beyond their control the patriotic project will not start at once.

New Jersey naturalists are amazed to find a stranded squid with forty-two tentacles. If the Jerseymen wish to see some classy tentacles let them come west and observe the sheriff of Douglas county reaching for jail pudding.

The German minister of the interior has ample warrant for emphasizing the fact that none of the enemies' armies have yet set foot on the soil of the empire. This is a fact of too great weight to be ignored in calculations of the war's duration.

No doubt if the railroad managers put the question up to congress in the sweetly modulated tone heard in state capitols; the honorable lawmakers, who touch Uncle Sam for 20 cents a mile, will concede the moderation of two-and-a-half cents a mile and grant the appeal.

Here's the kind of a public-spirited citizen to have! "Brother Charley" Bryan announces that unless someone else exactly to his liking is offered he will himself file as candidate for commissioner in the coming Lincoln city election. The question, therefore, resolves itself into this: Can anyone suit "Brother Charley" better than he suits himself?

Determined to give his anxious fellow physicians a subject to practice on, Dr. W. P. Wilson is now engaged in exercising daily on a fifty-six-inch Columbia bicycle.

Augustus D. Styles and Ida M. Laing, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Laing, were married at the residence of the bride's parents, 128 Mason street, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Mr. Maxwell. A sumptuous banquet was served the guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell adjoining.

Ex-senator Padonick, member of the Utah commission, left for the east.

Dr. Galbreath is fitting up a new office on Douglas and Thirtieth streets, and as soon as it is finished will take a holiday by going duck hunting.

Charles H. Patch has returned from an extended trip east, where he purchased a large supply of goods for opening a women's furnishings establishment in this city.

A. B. Houghton of Council Bluffs was over here today on a prospecting tour with a view to permanent location in this city.

John Hamlin has removed to 128 Lawrence street.

Let Us Remember.
Despite world-war disturbances and industrial malingering, everyone competent to pass an opinion agrees that Omaha, in the heart of the most productive corn and wheat belt on the globe, is in as good, or better, position to catch the upturn as any other city anywhere. Let us remember, however, that no city can forge ahead without united effort intelligently guided. Omaha has been, and is, divided by sharp differences of opinion on a number of public and semi-public matters of local importance, and the danger is that these divisions may become so set and so antagonistic that the various elements of the community that should be pulling together will be pulling apart for no other reason than mutual antipathy.

The Bee wants to suggest again that everyone who is living permanently in Omaha, or in Greater Omaha, has his future inseparably bound up with this city; that the progress and prosperity of one cannot be detached and separately enjoyed; that if people are going to live together they must work together to produce desired results whose benefits all share. If Omaha is to hold its own and continue to grow, we must continue to induce more people from abroad to locate here, and to attract foreign capitalists to invest more money here. Let us remember, too, that the only sound foundation on which bigger things can be built is the foundation of reciprocal confidence and business stability. These remarks may sound like truisms or platitudes—but they have a particular application to conditions in Omaha right now.

The Fall of Przemysl.
For the allies, the capitulation of Przemysl is for many reasons the most important of the later events in the European war. It comes at a time when it cannot fail to have a stiffening effect on the morals of their armies in the field and their peoples at home. In this way its moral value is likely to be to them equal to its strategic value. Przemysl was one of three great fortified towns in Galicia, on which Austria depended to defend the empire from attack by Russia. Lemberg fell into Russian hands some months ago; Przemysl is now given up by the Austrians, and only Cracow remains to guard the way.

In their usual frankness, the Germans themselves will probably not depreciate the loss of this stronghold or the need growing out of it to increase their efforts to offset. But while they will doubtless admit that by opening a way for Russia into southern Prussia, the taking of Przemysl has made the task of Von Hindenburg more difficult, they will count just as confidently upon him proving able to meet their expectations.

Call to the "McKinley Men."
The call to the "McKinley men" sounded by ex-Senator Root to again rally and relieve the country from the incubus of democratic incompetency is not just sheer sentimentality. It rests on history—on the fact that republican policies, as exemplified, not only under McKinley, but under other republican presidents from Lincoln down, have meant progress. The greatest and most substantial growth and development of the country has been brought about under the applications of these policies.

Three times in the last half century have the people, in the midst of prosperity, listened to the promise of the democrats, and three times has the country fallen upon adversity coincident with the change. Democratic theories of government have operated every time to displace confidence with distrust, to put the brakes on business and to disarrange where they did not actually destroy American industry.

"McKinley men" are the true progressives; because they make experience their guide, and while not afraid to take new steps, are careful to choose the way. They are the men who rallied behind Lincoln in 1860, who united to save the country again in 1896 from silver inflation and who will again revive that system of government which begets prosperity and permits all to share in it.

Sounding Abyssal Depths of Infamy.
Daily disclosures of the trial at Indianapolis of Terre Haute democratic politicians show a most astounding state of corruption. Nothing ever brought to light in this country has approached it, nor does fiction provide a parallel for the infamy exposed by the witnesses, as they recount the proceedings had in the name of the law at the Terre Haute election. These tales of registering dogs as voters, of repeaters who blistered their fingers pulling the democratic lever, and of similar feats of criminality, would be amusing, were they not so serious.

And now the progress of the recital is vayed by melodramatic efforts to thwart the course of justice by methods as flagrant as the abuse of the privileges of lecturers at the polls. This amazing effrontery on part of the criminals has aroused the indignation of the judge who is presiding at the trial, and he promises that the offenders will be brought to a realization of their situation.

Nowhere has the interference of federal courts with affairs of the state been more roundly denounced than in Indiana, and nowhere has that interference been more needed. But even the "blocks of five" of forty years ago was reasonably fair when compared to modern Hoosier democratic ways of producing a majority.

Score Another for the Army.
Western people are familiar with army legends, having to do with dealings with the Indians, and are always ready for another chapter of the romance. That is why they will welcome the latest accomplishment of Brigadier General Scott. Alone and unarmed, he went into the camp of the hostile Putes, and just talked them into surrender and submission. It is another of the bright spots in the long story of the dealings between the army and the Indian. General Scott and the Putes, General Angur and the Blackfeet, General Miles and the Apaches, General Crook and the Sioux—the list is a long one, but each incident is a proof that the little army of the United States possesses men of a quality that make for peace, rather than for mere fighting, and it is not at all unreasonable to think that much of their power for peace comes from the fact that they are also well prepared to fight.

Views, Reviews and Interviews
BY VICTOR ROSEWATER.

WITH reference to the late William Wallace, I believe I am entirely within the bounds in saying that next to his life-work as a banker, which had first claim upon his energies, he devoted more time and thought to our public library than to anything else outside of the family circle. He took a pride in his service on the library board which only those associated with him understood. His most lasting labor for the library was in connection with the construction of the beautiful building which was to be its first own home, in which it was already housed when I was appointed to the board. Mr. Wallace was already one of the old members—a charter member, I believe—and his vice president was second in rank to President Lewis S. Reed. We served together for six or seven years, when he retired, after which I remained a few years longer, but he kept up his personal interest in the institution right along.

When I went on the library board in 1904 the other eight colleagues were: Lewis S. Reed, William Wallace, Frank L. Haller, P. L. Foster, Elijah Dunn, T. K. Sudborough, Miss Elizabeth E. Poppleton (now Mrs. Shannon), and Mrs. Claire Rustin McIntosh. It was fated for Mr. Perine to be first to answer the call, and I attended the funeral of Elijah Dunn only a few weeks ago. In those days Mr. Wallace was, according to my recollection, the most regular attendant at the meetings, and always very positive in whatever position he took on matters that came before us. When literary odds and ends were offered as "donations" by folks who wanted to unload old junk, he never hesitated to record a polite refusal. At the outset, Miss Jessie Allan was the librarian in charge, and after a sort of interregnum following her death, the place was filled by the late Benjamin H. Barrows, who subsequently made way for Miss Edith Tobitt, the present librarian. In the intermissions the position of acting librarian was taken by Miss Margaret O'Brien, to whose death I referred to very recently.

Ex-Governor George L. Sheldon, who is here from the southland on one of his periodic pilgrimages to his old haunts, is a little more portly and a little more matured in look than when he was acclaimed "the boy governor of Nebraska," towering above all around him. The tone of his voice when he tells how glad he is to see his old friends, and how he hopes some day to be relocated in this vicinity, should inspire us against anything at having him again a citizen of his native state before many more years roll around.

Along with a number of others, similarly favored despite their residence on this side of the Missouri, I attended the annual dinner of the Council Bluffs Commercial club, to whose success, from every point of view, I am glad to testify. If Council Bluffs had had in the early days the same bunch of live wires now galvanizing the business battery over there, I fear we in Omaha would have had a hard time to pass our neighboring city, and get the lead on it that we have. Although Council Bluffs' most distinguished citizen, General G. M. Dodge, was unable to be present, around the board were seated the governor of Iowa, one of its United States senators, the congressman representing the district, several of the state officers, and last, but not least, a former member of the McKinley cabinet in the person of Louis M. Shaw. And what is most in point is that all of them impressed the disinterested stranger with the fact that over in Iowa big, brainy men are put into the high official places, and accorded the leadership in public affairs, and that this accounts more than most people realize for the position of influence which Iowa holds and has held for so many years among the other states. It is no disparagement of the speakers of the program to say that the hit of the evening was made by Secretary Shaw, who was not on the program, but who "came back" with some keen satire and homely anecdotes that constituted one of the most forceful appeals for a sane treatment of business I ever heard. Mr. Shaw told me he was coming west again in a few weeks, and in response to my urging said he would try, if possible, to arrange to "stop off" in Omaha.

Twice Told Tales

Misapprehended Industry.
A certain judge tells the story of a cigar manufacturer and a banker who were attending a Wagner concert one evening. The program did not please them, and they began to talk. "Every man," the banker said, "wants to do something outside of his own work." "Yes," assented the cigar manufacturer, "I manufacture good cigars, and yet I have always wanted to be a banker." "You wouldn't be a good one. I am a successful banker, but I always wanted to write a book. And now here's this man Wagner tried his hand at music. Just listen to the stuff! And yet we all know he used to build good parlor cars."—Harper's Magazine.

Bill's Afterthought.

Two lottery delinquents had just finished a repast at Bethel mission—one of the spreads that are being laid out for the unemployed. They were filled and comfortable and disposed to reminisce of their experience. "Didle git a piece of that beef, Bill?" asked one of the other. "Yep," said Bill. "An' didle git some o' that soup?" "Yep." "An' coffee?" "Yep." "Conidin' o' asked for more, couldie?" "Well, I don't," said Bill. "Well, what wouldie o' asked fer?" "I was just a-thinkin'," said Bill, "that to make that grub set right in every way, if we'd a just had a little highball to 'a' started it off with, there'd be nothin' a-tall now to kick about."—Louisville Times.

With the Best.

An authoress of some note in her day once asked a famous editor to give his opinion on a book which she intended to publish. In her letter she said: "If the work is not up to the mark I beg you will tell me so, as I have other irons in the fire; and should you think this not likely to succeed, I can bring out something else." Having read over several pages of the manuscript, the editor returned it with the following brief remark: "Madam, I would advise you to put this where your irons are."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

People and Events

Georgia bonds sold for a good premium to home buyers. The cotton slump did not shrink the store of coin down that way. Shipyards about the Atlantic coast are crowded with work on new vessels that are to fly the American flag. The British flag is used on the twenty-three cargo vessels are in course of construction. An admirer in Philadelphia took Rev. Billy Sunday and "Ma" Sunday into a jewelry store last week and dressed them up with \$50 worth of diamonds. At the same time John Wasmaker gave Billy a silver loving cup. John Wolf of Ebensburg, Pa., substituted an electric light bulb for a hot water bag as a foot warmer in bed. He doesn't know how it happened but he managed to escape in pyjamas as the house burned up. Hotel de Ville, New York's exclusive hotel resort, goes out of business April 1, and the guests are housed in the early summer hotel. It's work or walk for the globe, the sufferer falling in some stream with the tide for maintenance. Miss Edith, Isabelle Trent, aged 24, of Terre Haute, Ind., has asked permission of court to change her name to William Beck Trent. It she is to inherit her father's fortune, and as her father has made her his adopted heir, it seems to her best to bear his name.

The Bee's Letter Box

Hope for Drug Victims.
OMAHA, March 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: With your kind permission I should like to address the drug victims of Omaha and all over the state. I have a story for their ears that reads like a page out of the "Arabian Nights" Entertainment, and yet every word is absolutely true. Listen!

Eight years ago my life was laid waste by an unexpectable tragedy. The prominent physician called in—he is one of Omaha's wealthiest and foremost doctors—this very day—except me doped with morphia for weeks, "to save the brain," little quieting pellets, which, indeed, for a time gave succor from pain, from memory and anguish, but in their after effects shattered the nerve centers utterly, wrecked the mind and ruin body and soul. My kind friend, the doctor, took the amount of his bill and left me to my own devices.

Of course I knew nothing of the fatal habit whose first links my doctor had forged and riveted and which even then held me enslaved, but from which, had I been warned, I might have broken. Without the morphia pellets, the details of the tragedy haunted me. Oblivion lay in that innocent looking bottle. I took the easy path, and when the pellets were gone, it was easy to get more. Why not? I haven't Omaha's drug stores for years and years, peddled the poison out over their counters just as our saloons sell liquor from their bars to all who have the price? It is needless to speak of my horror when I finally awoke to the cold facts of my condition. Time after time I have striven to break the chain until every nerve in my body was a shooting agony and reason lottered under the strain. But I never went back to the one who first administered the Lethian dose—the distinguished Omaha physician. He had doubtless forgotten my case completely. I was but one of countless wrecks of humanity that strew the upward paths of nearly all physicians—just a "dope fiend"—following the line of least resistance.

No, none of us are proud of our bonds—we lock up the secret and guard it with care. You see we never get any real encouragement to break away. The doctors all say it can't be done. Read the reports of the methods now being used by the city and county commissioners and the Omaha branch of the Nebraska Humane society. "Oh, they'll all relapse—if they can get the dope."

Just so right on suggesting they'll get dope and relapse and you'll undoubtedly find your ill-omened prophesy verified. There's everything in suggestion, remember—it holds a wonderful power. Thank God, I was not reduced to the choice of two evils—suicide, or the long-drawn-out horrors of the "gradual withdrawal treatment" which never insures a cure, but instead fills up our asylums for the insane.

I have taken an absolutely painless five days' treatment for opium, and I am cured. I will never relapse. Any physician that dares in future, should I ever get down and out as I was eight years ago, administer morphia or any of the many forms of the poppy essence into my system, "to save the brain," will have the biggest damage suit on his hands Nebraska ever heard of. I don't know, though, but I should hunt him up, take his favorite hypodermic plaything away and shoot him so full of his favorite panacea for pain that he'd pass straight-way over the "River Styx" where all such crass self-opinionated medical attacks rightfully belong. Anybody interested enough to hunt up the advertisement in The Bee can get full details of the treatment and the terms from these noble Christian doctors.

There are dozens of cases like my own all over the city, ready to testify to the marvel of this modern miracle. And yet here in our "triple alliance" city commission, board of health and humane society—working overtime and sitting up nights probably, giving "withdrawal treatment" that requires anywhere from two weeks to three months' time, and by their own showing fails after all. For the love of common sense, wake up to the wonders of healing working every day right here in Omaha. Investigate the latest scientific discovery—the guaranteed five-day drug cure—swift, sure, harmless, painless and never failing.

What if our doctors do say it can't be done. I am a living testimonial to the certainty of this cure today, and there are thousands besides me who will prove the same. The crying never returns, after you take this cure, and none of those so treated ever go back to the habit, unless a leading physician happens to experiment on one of them in an attempt "to save the brain." I wish they would give the same attention to the soul that they do to the brain. Won't somebody please get busy and raise some money to have the "dope fiends" turned into good citizens by this quick, sure method? Or will it be cheaper to just fill up our asylums and jails with the delinquents after the "triple alliance" finish their interesting experiments? I am giving you my name, address and phone number as a guaranty of good faith.

CURED IN FIVE DAYS.

Stands Up for Parochial Schools.
OMAHA, March 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: In your account of the lecture of Mary Antin you report her as having said: "The private school is not a menace to the schools; it is a menace to the children who attend the private schools, for they don't get a chance to be Americans." You say the speaker placed parochial schools in the same class with private schools. There were nine children in our family, five of whom were educated in the public schools and four in the parochial schools. We usually gathered around the fireside on an equal basis, and we were never aware of the fact that some of us were being trained in a fashion that was not American. My children are in St. John's school at this moment and I challenge the statements of Mary Antin or any one else who dares to say that the training they are receiving is not American in the home. After school hours and on Saturdays the boys of the neighborhood gather in my yard or in the house. Some of them attend the public schools; others attend the parochial schools. I join them a great deal in their play, and if there is any difference in them, so far as their Americanism is concerned, I am unable to see it. I want my children to receive a special training that they cannot receive in the public schools, and so long as I am willing to pay for it, it is my constitutional right to give them such training. To say that I am opposed to the public schools, or that I am an American, is pure, unadulterated rot. I received a portion of my education in the public schools and so I believe that their kindergarten was the best. Mary Antin may have a great deal of knowledge on some subjects, but she could write several more books on what she doesn't know about parochial schools. J. J. FITZGERALD.

MIRTHFUL REMARKS.

"Who's that portly man with the prominent stomach?" "That am Colonel Soandoo, sah," answered the courtly colored gentleman addressed. "And what is his business?" "Just bein' a colonel, sah."—Louisville Courier-Journal. "I would I were a bird," she sang. "I would you were," said her husband. "You would go south for the winter without it costing me anything."—Life. "How's business?" inquired the life insurance agent. "Haven't turned a trick this week." "Same here. I'll tell you what I'll do." "What?" "I'll buy a set of books if you'll take out some insurance."—Pittsburgh Post.

KABIBBLE KABARET
THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN IN SARAWAH WHO WORKED BY ME, BUT HE RAN AWAY FOR ROMANCE WITH SPANISH LAIDERS TO DANCE BES THE VERNON MESSIAH OF HAWAII!

"You used to say that you trusted the wisdom of the plain people." "Yes," replied the courtly candidate. "But so many charming women are now voting in my state that I could no longer think of referring to the people as plain."—Washington Star. "Mabel is certainly a great one for looking on the bright side of things. At the wedding the other day I said what a pity it was raining so, and what do you think she answered?" "What?" "That as everything else was so in harmony with the decorations, it was lucky the bride carried a shower bouquet."—Baltimore American.

THE VILLAGE AUTOSMITH.

Robert Love, in St. Louis Republic. Under a horseless-chestnut tree The town garage now stands. Bill Smith, who runs the business, has both large and stoney hands. Are strong enough—my lands! His hair is crisp and black and short. His face is caked with oil; His brow is wet with grease—and yet I do not think he'll spoil; He looks a fellow in the face And charcheth for his toil.

A coughing automo machine, It limps to the door; There's something wrong about its spleen— Else why that snort or snore That issueth from in between Its hinder wheels or fore? Big Bill, the kindly auto-smith, He takes the thing apart. And tenderly he monkey-wrenches That automobile's heart. Until—O man of skilsome pith— He makes its pulses start. The children coming home from school Look in at the open door. They like to see the auto-smith Recline upon the floor Beneath the car and grunt. "By gar! This carburetor's sore!" Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend, For the lesson thou hast taught! Next time I drive this old beehive I'll try to not be caught; Ten miles from town with the three run down And the axle steel unwrought.

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