

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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

MARCH CIRCULATION, 52,092. 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 March, 1915, was 52,092.

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

April 12. Thought for the Day. Selected by Margaret Barr.

To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying "Amen" to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive.—R. L. Stevenson.

Good-bye, Mr. Law-Makers. Take keer o' yerseves! The political trench digging for sapping and mining the city hall will soon be under way.

It is greatly to be feared our Lincoln friends will feel lonesome when that horde of lobbyists move out.

The size of the biennial appropriation bills give the hoarse hoot to windy promises of legislative economy.

"Don't rock the boat!" has an ominous sound, coming from political sailors who couldn't navigate a waterwagon.

Paris decrees that the tango must follow abstinence into the discard. Frivolity in the circumstance is as unbecoming as cabarets at a funeral.

With Chicago and St. Louis redeemed and winter wheat bumping to beat the band, it takes uncommon will-power to keep a straight face on pessimism.

Peace rumors persist in Europe and come from different sources. Though discredited in official circles, undoubtedly they reflect popular sentiment. That's all.

There is nothing in the governor's veto of the lighting bill, however, to prevent the Water board giving us that long overdue reduction in water rates, "not next year, not next month, but now."

If a fo- cornered finish fight could be arranged between Huerta, Carranza, Villa and Zapata, this country could safely guarantee the largest bulletin board crowds since Bryan's first battle.

Notwithstanding the charges of reckless extravagance against the old school board, the new board seems to be discovering that it has a bigger job on its hands than it originally figured on.

A few rifts of sunshine on Wall street, is a godsend to brokers. Nowhere outside of the fighting zone have the dogs of war created more havoc than in New York canyon of highbrow speculators.

The pinnacle of a political paradox is to be found in Iowa, where the ultra-progressive newspapers are demanding repeal of the non-partisan judiciary law on the ground that this reform experiment has proved a dismal failure in the Hawkeye state.

Still, the county officers who spent weeks of time at Lincoln trying to put across another term for themselves at the public crib without taking the risk of seeking re-election are not out as much as they might have been, seeing that they kept drawing their salaries out of the treasury all the time.

Thirtieth Years Ago. This Day in Omaha. Prettiest sort of a Sunday, but rather cool for spring stries.

A number of parties are being organized to attend the Chicago opera festival this week. Rev. Willard Scott will be one of the judges of the Nebraska collegiate oratorical contest to be held at Hastings.

Rev. P. A. Hubbard succeeds Rev. Birt Mitchell as pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal church, coming here from St. Joseph.

Omaha's two museums are well patronized in fact, crowded day and night. At Wood's museum the company holds the boards for another week, playing "The Queen's Evidence" and "The Vigilantes."

Charles A. Tazewell has been elected treasurer of the new Omaha school district.

E. L. Erickson and wife have returned from New Orleans.

Mr. F. E. Bailey, ex- who was called east about ten days ago by the illness of his sister, is back again.

A girl for general housework in a small family is wanted by Mrs. George Hays, 61 Pleasant street. Governor Francis E. Warren, with one of his staff, Colonel F. N. Davis, stopped over in Omaha.

The Donkey and the Water Cart.

As might have been expected, Mr. Bryan's effort to attach the democratic donkey permanently to the water wagon has seriously perturbed the counsels of his party. Other democratic leaders have openly sidestepped the prohibition question, although it has been pressed very closely to the present administration, but it now looks as if they would have to come out flatfooted, one way or another.

This is not the first time the Peerless Leader has created consternation in his party by insisting that his personal views take precedence. He has a penchant, not only for meddling in state politics, but for seizing on some salient point in popular discussion, no matter how tenable, in order that he may keep the spotlight turned in his own direction. In this instance he may have gone too far, for it is doubtful if the democratic party will nationally espouse the cause of prohibition in spite of the position of the southern wing of the party.

Mr. Bryan, however, is not such a poor strategist that he does not leave a way open for a withdrawal, if necessary. He dearly loves to stir up the democrats, but he usually knows where he is going to land when he starts.

Vocational Training.

Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California, is apparently enervated by the eternal sunshine of the golden coast; otherwise he might not indulge such gloomy views for our future. "Democracy is disappearing," he says, "and Americans, who rant so much about democracy, are slipping back into aristocracy." On the matter of education, he insists that it is the solution of our social difficulties, but he pronounces against vocational training in the public schools, saying it is "a trick of the aristocrats to sidetrack boys."

Dr. Wheeler should take comfort, if he can realize it, in the thought that his distorted views are not generally shared in by his countrymen of his co-workers in the educational field. Vocational training does not necessarily mean binding a boy to a fixed position in life, nor is a liberal education a royal avenue to wealth and social eminence. Both are means to an end. Experience, the only safe guide, has shown that a vast majority of boys and girls are out of school and thrust into industrial life at an early age. It is to help these that vocational training in the public schools has been proposed. The dominant idea is to give them such training as will be of service to them in the battle of life, where the untrained individual is at an immense disadvantage. The value of a liberal education is not to be depreciated, but many bachelors of art may be found driving street cars for 25 to 30 cents an hour, while plumbers, bricklayers, carpenters and other skilled mechanics are being paid from 55 to 85 cents an hour.

In the long run, individual force is the source of success in life. The vigorous and energetic man has always been, and will always be, able to command position and power. Democracy in America is not in danger, because certain details of daily existence have been advanced beyond conditions of a few years ago. These do not involve national ideals, and our aspirations are higher, if possible, because of the elevation of the standard of living. Little likelihood exists of the son of the laboring man in America being bound to his father's condition. It is yet a land of opportunity, but success ever requires ability to plan, courage to execute, and industry to persist.

Seeing the Light.

It was argued with no slight effect that the management of Omaha public utilities is no less "in politics" under Mr. Howell than it would be under Mayor Delman. Mr. Howell's partisan prominence and activity thus became a heavy handicap to those who were supporting the (electric light) bill as a non-partisan measure with which party politics had nothing to do.—World-Herald.

It is gratifying to note that somebody is, even at this late day, seeing the light, although The Bee pointed out this serious defect in the whole municipal ownership plan at the very beginning. The Bee, and its editor, publicly called upon the sponsors of the light bill to amend it by providing that no one be eligible to, or hold, a salaried position under the Water board in connection with either water or electric light plants who should file as a candidate for political office or accept a position upon a political committee, or within twelve months thereafter. Such a provision would have met the objection to the measure on the score of building up a political machine, and with a further amendment giving the right to condemn as well as to buy or build, would have left the opponents no ground to stand on. But until now neither the World-Herald nor any of the Water boarders could be made to realize that, after last fall's spectacle of three Water board employees running for office, these suggestions offered the only road to safety. It is too late to save the light bill, but it is not too late for the Water board to adopt a resolution and spread it on its records, to the effect that any employe going into politics on his own account thereby and forthwith detaches himself from the payroll for a period of at least a year.

Just as soon as a defender of "mere man" appears on the law-making stage another jumps to the footlights with a hammer. A New Yorker has introduced a bill requiring that matrimonial engagements, to secure standing in court, must be in writing and signed by both parties. At the same moment a Pennsylvania father a bill taxing bachelors for the benefit of mothers' pension funds. It must be apparent to the dethroned lords that they must get together and stand together if they expect to be tolerated in polite society.

Sunny Bill Redfield of the Department of Commerce sees more business sunshine in the Missouri valley than in any other section of the country. As the chief optimist of the administration, duty forbids a nod of recognition to a cloud anywhere. Seeking sunshine is his exclusive task. His scream of joy on finding the real article in the midwest lends official strength to the chorus which tickles the ears of the corn belt.

The new brooms about to be installed in service in Chicago promise to sweep all the crooks out of the city. The promise has the merit of not interfering with the census of 1920. Five years is ample time for a come-back.

The Political Caldron

WHO will be the seventh man on the city hall slate? It is generally believed that the six present city commissioners who were within the first division of seven at the primary will in their slate with a man whom they believe will add strength to the slate. This suggests the mythological, historical and sentimental associations of the numeral seven. It seems to be a number to conjure with. It was regarded with much interest by the ancients and even in modern times it is used in many special ways. The ancient Hebrews regarded it as the perfect number and it appears in the Bible many times. There is Greek legend regarding the expedition of the seven heroes against Thebes, under Adrastus, to aid Polyneices. There are the seven hills of Rome, seven champions of Christendom, seven wise men of Greece, seven planets of the ancients, seven virtues, seven deadly sins, seven ages of man, seven bishops of English history and the seven wonders of the world. Seven shooters were popular in the early days. It is said that the human body changes completely every seven years. The seventh daughter of the seventh daughter is said to have occult powers. There are seven days in the week and an indoor game is known as seven-up. The seventh chord is known in music. Our commission plan of government calls for seven commissioners and the question of the hour is, who will be the seventh man on the city hall slate? Will he be the seventh son of the seventh son? Will he be a seven-time winner? Will he know how to play seven-up?

One of the "quiet" slates circulated on primary day bore the names of Ed Howell and Robert Dreesendorf. The names were typewritten on small pieces of paper and were handed out to the employees of the city Water department. Voters have three guesses as to who got up this slate. Anonymous answers will not be considered.

One of the freak ballots of the day was made out by a Fifth ward voter, who drew lines through the names of seventy-two candidates and placed a cross against the name of Dan B. Butler. It was evident that he wanted to vote for Dan.

It is not altogether true that politics is devoid of sentiment, romance or poetry. Beneath the skin of the most hardened politician—if politicians do get hardened—there lies a human touch, a well-spring of human emotions and feelings.

Yesterday, meaning in the broad sense the days previous to last Tuesday, there were pictures all over town of seventy-three men, all potential nominees for the city election of May 4. On Wednesday the pictures of fifty-nine were as so much waste paper. They were more than waste paper, because they were silent reminders of defeat.

Yesterday (that same yesterday) these pictures were pointed to with pride. Friends viewed them with elation and in many cases they served as reminders to the electors. In some cases sons, daughters, wives, sisters and others looked at this pictorial galaxy and cherished fond hopes for the originals.

Today these pictures seem like ghosts of the past, rising up here and there to taunt men whose bosoms a few days ago were filled with hope and whose hands were firm when they met their brother men.

"If there is anything more sickening to a candidate than to see his pictures around the city after he has been defeated, I would like to know what it is," remarked one of the defeated fifty-nine.

"City politics today is a docile divilment compared with what it was here thirty years ago, when we had the party lineups, city conventions, street parades and orators who were orators," remarked the Oldest Inhabitant to the Careful Observer, as this observant and philosophic twain scanned the returns.

"Yes, I remember the times when I marched with our ward flambeau club. We carried torchlights and had the town band at the head of the line, and then we would hear regular speaking and the candidates those days were not afraid to burn a few oratorical shavings," was the plaintive reminiscence of the Careful Observer, as he pushed a straw into the stem of his cornob pipe and drew a bead on the stem to see if the way was clear for his prospective puff.

"This new-fangled scheme has taken the pep out of local politics. It may be a better form of government—I ain't knocking commission government, nor am I holding any brief for John Paul Breen—but life don't seem to have the same interest since we abandoned party lines in our municipal elections. Of course, we have other compensatory features, such as the movies and Jerry Howard's campaign bulletins, but it seems hard to reconcile the present order of things. There seems to be a vacuum in our city politics."

People and Events

Last year the country spent \$200,000,000 for salaries and expenses of boards commissioned to regulate loose corn-collars and the machinery of American life. Each participant in the spell regulated the money to the proper destination.

Looking over, under and around the Sweetzer case prompts the Chicago Herald to remark that the tribe of Harrison, rooted at the primaries in March, went on the warpath in April and swiped enough scalps to keep them ghost-dancing for the rest of the season.

The prosecuting attorney of Cole county, Missouri, has the nerve to challenge the right of the state senate to appropriate \$17,000 to defray the expenses of junketing commissions composed of senators. The money was appropriated by resolution and has already been paid by the state treasury. The haste of the senators in clutching the money before they have begun the junket jars the sensibilities of the attorney aforesaid and he has appealed to the courts to make the honorable members put it back.

"A Martyr to Civic Duty" is the epitaph Chicago citizens would chisel on the monument of the late Charles Richmond Henderson, dead at the age of 85. A professor in Chicago university, he devoted his talents and spare time to various helpful movements. From practical charity to civic betterment. "He killed himself in the harness of working for others," says the Chicago Post, "just as clearly as a martyr of our early business men killed themselves in the harness of individual industry." Heroism of civil life, measured by permanent results, is not surpassed by deeds embalmed in crisscrossed history.

Justice Morchauer of White Plains, N. Y., for the moment monopolizes the spotlight as an exponent of domestic harmonies. To a complaining little man harassed by a scolding wife the judge suggested thumb-collars as a severe cure. "I wouldn't give a fig for an American woman who hasn't any temper. And I think they are going to have more when they get the vote. Suppose she is a little fiery. All you have to do is to roll your thumbs around and then roll them back again. Just sit still and she will tire out." The judge placed no restriction on the application of the treatment.

Twice Told Tales

Hard Lines. The preacher was a young man and nervous, but interesting. He was making an eloquent plea for the home life, and was denouncing eloquently on the evils of the club, telling his congregation that married men in particular should spend their evenings at home with their wives and children. "Think, my hearers," said he, "of a poor, neglected wife, all alone in the great dreary house, rocking the cradle of her sleeping babe with one foot and wiping away the tears with the other!"—New York Times.

Not Up to Date.

A doctor of the last generation was noted for his brusque manner and old-fashioned methods. One time a lady called him in to treat her baby, who was slightly sick. The doctor prescribed castor oil. "But, doctor," objected the young mother, "castor oil is such an old-fashioned remedy." "Matam," replied the doctor, "babies are old-fashioned things."—Philadelphia Ledger.



Send contributions on timely topics to the Letter Box. The Bee assumes no responsibility for opinions of correspondents. All letters subject to condensation by editor.

Qualifies the Statement.

RED WING, Minn. April 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: Owen R. Lovejoy, the general secretary of the national child labor committee, whose exhibit was shown in Omaha recently under my charge, calls attention to a statement credited to me in one of your issues during the week of the exhibit, that children were compelled to work so young that they are carried to work by their fathers. I recall the interview with your reporter. He looked for "local color" and I told him, among other items of interest that came from those who had viewed the exhibit that morning, that one visitor said he had seen oyster and shrimp canner children on the gulf coast, especially little girls carried to work by their fathers in the very early morning hours, because they were so drunken with sleep they could not walk.

The national committee itself has not had record of any such case so far as I know, and I mentioned it only in connection with the information supplied by your own people in Omaha. Our committee finds it very necessary to distinguish between facts of its own finding and those brought to it from other sources. I am sure you will be glad to assist the cause for which we are fighting by publishing this correction.

JOSEPHINE J. ESCHENBRENNER, Member National Secretary.

Setting the K. of L. Right.

LExINGTON, Neb., April 10.—To the Editor of The Bee: Your special from Lexington headed "Knights of Luther Elect Two Men," with the article that follows, is one of the most distorted reports from a special correspondent I have ever known to be sent out. No special fight was put up by the Knights of Luther (as stated by your correspondent) to secure control of the city council, and that was not the principal issue. The council, as it was, and now is, is entirely satisfactory to the Knights of Luther, as their interests are well cared for. The principal issue in Lexington was, should the town have saloons or no saloons? And as the Knights of Luther stand for clean, temperate government of national, state and city affairs, they are proud of the fact that Lexington went dry, and now we want to see the mayor enforce the law, and the Knights of Luther will always aid him in doing so. I trust you will find space in your paper for this letter.

PATRON SCRIBE.

Likes and Dislikes.

OODY, Neb., April 10.—To the Editor of The Bee: I am a traveling man and have been buying a copy of your valuable paper every day for many years. I feel just like F. J. Your space is too valuable to waste on Wooster. I doubt that Jesus Christ could please him. I enjoy A. L. Moore's letters. They contain the truth and good information. He is telling the facts in regards to West Virginia. My nephew travels in that state, and since it went dry and the state on the verge of bankruptcy his sales have fallen off 50 per cent. All the merchants are complaining and many traveling men are being laid off.

As far as I am concerned, I seldom take a drink and can get along without it, but when I look over my sales records I find 75 per cent more business in wet towns than in dry towns, and that is why I am for licensed bars and prohibition, as against prohibition and bankruptcy, and so are nine out of ten traveling men in Nebraska.

AN OLD TRAVELING MAN.

Patented Oil Processes.

NORTH LOUPE, Neb., April 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: The people of Nebraska did the nation are now very much interested in a so-called discovery of a process for making gasoline by Dr. Rittman, an employe of the Interior department. In the Christian Science Sentinel appears the following:

Two discoveries, both of great importance to American industries, are announced by Secretary Lane of the Interior department. They are chemical processes developed by Dr. Rittman, chemical engineer of the bureau of mines. It is expected to enable oil industries to increase the output of gasoline 200 per cent.

"These processes," said Secretary Lane, "are fraught with the utmost importance. The Standard Oil company has had a big advantage over the independents in the production of gasoline, having a patented process of obtaining three times the amount of gasoline from a given amount of petroleum which the independents now obtain. Secretary Lane is trying to make it appear that the Standard Oil company now has an enormous advantage in the making of gasoline and that the Rittman discovery will give the independents an equal advantage. Nothing could be farther from the fact. Last fall I received a letter from an independent refinery, saying that they understood that the Standard people had a process by which about all petroleum could be made into gasoline, but not 'patented.' In the application which I made in 1914 for process for making gasoline, among the references of possible infringements the Standard people were not included, and that was official. Will Secretary Lane kindly give the number of the patent of the Standard's process? I certainly would like to see it.

When an invention is held secretly the inventor has no right under the law, and its use must become general before an invention loses its patentability. But the words of the inventor in the whole matter is that Secretary Lane has the management of the patent office and he is dabbling in patent rights; and I must appeal my case to Mr. Lane for a hearing. If my application holds good, the Standard people cannot, very likely, use any secret process they may have, because the principal factor in any process will more than likely depend on the super-heating of the oil vapors. There is where they seem to be stuck and they overlooked the legal side of that matter. All of this talk for the independents is rot. The object is to give the process to more powerful companies.

Will President Wilson please appoint a set of men who are not financially interested in patent right controversies, especially where those men are made judges by the federal statutes? I do not believe that Rittman ever made an extensive study of the subject. What is the number of the 'patented process' owned by the Standard Oil company? If the Standard people have no 'patented process' for making gasoline, what sort of a misrepresentation is Mr. Lane imposing on the public, and why is he making it? It looks to me more like a Wall Street high-handed process to beat the independents to it. WALTER JOHNSON.

Editorial Viewpoint

Louisville Courier-Journal: "Comfortably rich" means to be able to drive a \$388 automobile without feeling you have to blush for it.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: The killing of Americans in Mexico is bound to stop before long. There will be no more Americans left to kill.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: The United States soldiers who insist on attempting to thrash the republic of Panama with bare knuckles always learn the valuable lesson that a gun can shoot, even if it is in the hands of a little brown 'spigoty'.

Indianapolis News: The condition of our national finances may not be all that could be desired, and our diplomacy may have some coarse spots in it to distress us, but it is a real pleasure to watch the industry and efficiency with which the winter wheat crop is working its job.

New York World: Dr. Irving Fisher tells the Century club of Boston that European science has added seventeen years per century to man's term of life. This is three years more than the American figures show. Still, the war of the powers is rapidly taking care of the margin.

Buffalo Express: The San Francisco millionaire, who, after serving sixteen months in the Atlanta penitentiary, declared that he "had a bully time in prison," might tell his experience to some of his fellows who seem to be in danger of missing such a pleasant experience by appeals to higher courts.

SMILING REMARKS.

"Sir, does your boy call his dog Roy?" "No; why do you ask that?" "Oh, merely that I noticed he seems to like to make it howl."—Baltimore American.

Bill: They say a criminal always returns to the scene of his crime. Jill: What's the good if he gets all the swag the first time.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Uncle is a mean man." "What's the matter with uncle?" "Baby thinks his bald head is a big Easter egg." "Well, yet he won't let me touch it up a little with dye just to please the child."—Louisville Courier Journal.

"Really, Kate," said the young man, in considerable agitation, "I am very sorry I lost my head and kissed you. I didn't think what I was doing. I didn't perceive temporary insanity in our family." "Well, Roy," replied the young woman, "A lady passes in the latest styles!"

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