

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.
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The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.
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MARCH CIRCULATION, 52,092

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.
I, Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, say that the average circulation for the month of March, 1915, was 52,092.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as required.

Thought for the Day
Selected by Clara E. Waterhouse
Nothing is so gentle and deep into men's minds as example.—Locke.

No death of campaign promises the days after. The forgettery works overtime the days after.

That water rate reduction must be on the theory of small favors thoughtfully received when larger ones are not reachable.

No more Chinese puzzle electric lighting bills. That's a big gain for the consumer regardless of the cut in the rate.

If you believe Leo M. Frank has been condemned to death without a fair trial, write the governor of Georgia and tell him so.

Despite reports to the contrary, Colonel Bryan has not filed a motion for the repeal of the one-term plank of the Baltimore platform.

As a source of political gaiety in an off rear the Roosevelt-Barnes case is worth watching. It holds the promise of giving a judicial definition of a political "boss."

Expanding the new gospel of corn, hay and hogs has become a vocation down south, but what the north would appreciate most at this time is the shipment of more strawberries up this way.

Water rates in Omaha are coming down so the way to 21 cents a thousand gallons. Some day they will be as low here as in Lincoln or Fremont, where water users pay 15 cents a thousand gallons.

The yellow peril has taken a fresh grip on the Pacific coast, a Japanese girl having won the spelling championship of an Oregon county. The humiliation of American talent demands an immediate search for a "white hope."

An order for \$20,000,000 worth of supplies placed in the market by the Pennsylvania Railroad company features the business and industrial uplift of the week. It emphasizes the optimism which prepares today for the business of tomorrow.

Hovers Pasha explains why Turkey entered the war and the lofty moral motives animating the arms of Islam. All other nations engaged in the slaughter have talked in the same strain. Taking their motives at face value, international morals is the surest winner in sight.

If Russia's finance minister is correct in saying that war is making the nation prosperous, it follows that the longer the war goes on the greater will be the prosperity of the people. In view of this official pronouncement, guesses on the duration of the war should be recalled for revision.

We are willing to go quite a way with the short ballot reformers, but not all the way to five.—World-Herald.

We should say so! Even to the point of legislating an extra term to all the incumbent county officials, which performance, if repeated by each succeeding legislature, so as to keep them in indefinitely, would shorten the ballot tremendously.



The new city council organized with W. F. Beecher for president and J. B. Southard for city clerk.

John A. Lamb, who made his business headquarters in Omaha, died in Chicago.

The Bee prints the story of the Omaha street railway as reflecting the city's growth. The first car was a discarded Chicago omnibus bought by George W. Frost in 1866 and made over into a street car. It was subsequently replaced by four larger cars, when the management passed to E. B. Chandler, and later in 1871, to Captain W. W. Marsh.

The public library will be removed about May to the Filsoner building, where it will occupy the second and third stories.

John D. Creighton is confined to his house by sickness.

Joseph Florentin, the proprietor of the Fashion barber shop, returned from a three weeks pleasure visit to eastern states.

Henry D. Estabrook with his wife and child returned from Chicago, where Mr. Estabrook has been laid up some time with rheumatism.

Rev. J. W. Ingram, now a resident of San Jose, Cal., is visiting friends in Omaha.

The Governor's Fears Are Unfounded.
According to advices from the state house, Governor Morehead has been delaying action toward Greater Omaha consolidation because of alleged defects in an entirely different law embodying our charter amendments, which he has been led to fear might prove troublesome in the administration of the greater city.

Why the governor should let himself be bothered by our purely local problems, or assume a responsibility for them which in no way devolves upon him, is not clear to us. Somebody has apparently made the governor believe that the charter changes are vital to consolidation, when, had the charter amendments failed altogether, no serious difficulty would have been presented.

Let us call the attention of the governor to the fact that Omaha has it wholly within its power to make any necessary charter changes by simply calling another home rule charter convention and adopting a new home-made charter, which in all probability will be done, anyway. Let the governor carry out his part of the intent and spirit of the consolidation act and it will be up to the people of the Greater Omaha to do the rest themselves.

The New Electric Light Rate Schedule.
The new electric light rate schedule about to be established by ordinance, with assured acquiescence of the lighting company, is a real concession to consumers, and a vast improvement on the old schedule which it displaces. That much must be admitted even though we are not in sympathy with the company's attitude on other matters. The reduction in the charge per kilowatt from 11 cents to 8 cents is more than a 20 per cent reduction, this highest rate being the one that concerns the small user, and a 20 per cent reduction should be appreciable.

What is to be heralded as a still greater victory for the people, however, complying with the demand voiced by The Bee, is the abandonment of the delusive lamp-capacity estimate, and the establishment of a straight meter-measurement charge. Under the new light rate schedule electric current will be sold in Omaha at specified prices per kilowatt hour just as water is sold by the thousand gallons, and gas by the thousand cubic feet. Heretofore a meter reading meant nothing understandable to the user, while by the new rate schedule the face of the meter will disclose exactly what the charge is to be without any Chinese puzzle computations.

The main thing is that the new straight meter measurement rate will let us know where we are at, and will give us the comparison, absolutely needed for demanding further reductions from time to time as they may be warranted.

Will They Learn the Lesson?
Something of a sermon might be preached with the Terre Haute crooked election gang as a topic. The leaders in this iniquity do not seem to appreciate the enormity of their offense, else they are cloaking their feelings with an exhibition of bravado that very illly becomes them. Chosen by their fellow citizens as officers to represent the people in the management of community affairs, they most shamelessly betrayed their trusts, and when overtaken by the law, defiantly entered court. When convicted on overwhelming testimony and sentenced they listened with smiling faces, and made merry on their journey to prison, deriding and abusing one of the gang who had confessed his guilt.

Will they learn while they are imprisoned that they are being punished because of a most flagrant offense against the liberty of the people, or will they come out as they go in, regarding themselves somewhat in the light of heroes? The saddest comment that could be written on our form of government would be to have these men come out of prison of the same mind as when they went in.

It is not for the purpose of taking vengeance on them that they were sentenced, but that the majesty of the law might not be mocked. Their crime was the greater because it was not against person or property, but against the sanctity of the ballot. If this is not brought home to them during the time they are imprisoned, then the effort of the law will have been in vain.

"Swat the Fly."
One of the most important features of the clean-up campaign should not be overlooked. Housewives and others must keep the fly in mind and not permit him to get a start. Past campaigns have been done wonders in way of reducing the pest, but they are past, and the campaign of the coming summer is the one to have attention now. The warfare against the fly must be just as relentless and just as vigorous as if it had only been commenced. Premises should be carefully cleaned and every precaution taken to prevent the breeding of insect pests, and especially the house fly, a product of dirt and a spreader of disease. A little care right now will prevent a lot of trouble later on, for a fly killed in the spring removes the danger of billions later in the season. Swat the fly, and escape annoyance and danger.

Another War Cloud Gone Up in Smoke.
Alarming stories from the Pacific coast concerning the operation of a Japanese fleet in Turtle Bay, Lower California, have burdened the wires for several days, and visions of the invasion of America by the little brown men of Nippon have disturbed the dreams of the timorous. Now, the danger has proved imaginary, the war clouds being dissipated by the reports of naval officers of the United States, who certify that the Japanese are occupied solely with efforts to save the cruiser Osama, which went on the rocks some time ago. No Japanese naval base is being established there, nor has the mikado a force of fighting ships assembled in that vicinity.

It is now up to the Pacific coast experts to invent some other excuse for demanding that the United States establish a war fleet on the western ocean. This, perhaps, will not be difficult, for wars and rumors of wars are the complement of daily occurrences these days. Uncle Sam, however, manages very well to maintain his serenity, but he doesn't relax his watchfulness. Our fellow citizens on the Pacific coast are not so detached from the general country as they sometimes imagine, nor is their welfare at all overlooked.

Henry Watterson on the Death of Lincoln

TO THOSE who are old enough clearly to remember the morning of the 15th of April, 1865, it seems only yesterday that they awoke to stand agape before the message that met them at the door—"Lincoln was assassinated last night."

The problems of life and death who shall dare attempt to solve them? God moves in a mysterious way. That He has not stayed the hand of his assassin can only imply that underneath there lay subjects and victims of these murderous freaks have not been the hated among men, the monsters and despots of history; but the noble and the useful, the amiable and the gentle; quite all the way from Julius Caesar to William McKinley, from Henri Quatre to the Empress Elizabeth—Lincoln in the foreground—the Christ child of destiny—the curtain which rose upon tragedy in the wild woods of Kentucky and Indiana, falling upon tragedy in Washington, the nation's capital. Yes, and in an actual playhouse—beneath its proscenium arch—in front of its footlights—the leading part played by an actor. 'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange! 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful!

What might have happened had Lincoln lived? He was the one friend of the stricken south having power in a thousand ways he had shown this friendship. Not one prescriptive word fell from his lips, "with malice toward none—with charity for all." Godlike words, the inspired cue and keynote of his mind and heart. Two short months before those awful scenes in Ford's theater, he had said at Fort Monroe to his old friend, Stephens—the now vice president of the confederacy, but still to Lincoln the loved and beloved of other days—"Stephens, let me write 'union' at the top of this page, and you may write below it whatever else you please."

So poised was his sense of equity, so acute his hatred of injustice, that, unwilling to visit the offense of the south militant upon the south innocent—improvident widows and orphans, and babes in their cradles when war was declared—he offered his life for the slaves, along with the complete rehabilitation of the seceded states in the union, for the immediate cessation of hostilities.

Nothing seems harder to reconcile both with reason and existing conditions, with the actual and obvious state of the contending parties, than the rejection of this offer. It seems a part of the fatality that pursued the south from first to last. It was the will of Heaven that the confederacy should be destroyed, root and branch; that there should be no possible equivocation as to the result; and, as if the south had not been sufficiently punished, Lincoln—a son of the soil standing ready with his hand uplifted and outstretched to protect his kindred people—was struck down, ten additional years of travail ensuing as dire consequence of the causeless murder.

Half a century has intervened to separate us from these dread times. Two generations that knew them not have come upon the stage—the generation that suffered and endured mostly close to its account—its few survivors but as the misty figures of a dream, lingering a moment upon the outer edges of the scene, presently to pass beyond and to be seen no more. They saw the hand of Death upon the battlefield and in the executioner's sword. To them at least "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." The south learned its lesson, too. It learned that slavery was not a divine institution. Cotton was never king. The union was beat. God knew where the weak spot was and smote us there; and, lo, we are one people again; still true to the reason of our being, the faith of our fathers, a world power; yet a nation of freemen, known, respected, honored to the ends of the earth. How much of this do we not owe to Abraham Lincoln! It is meet that Kentucky should be first to acknowledge the country's obligation to his deeds and words; should recall the example he set and left behind him; should see the light that shines above his tomb and be cheered and invigorated; the first truly typical American, a Kentuckian and Kentucky's best historic asset.

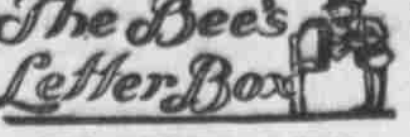
Twice Told Tales
Dying to Satisfy Them?
Mr. Deal, the undertaker, was never at a loss for an answer when anyone attempted to poke fun at him or his profession. One day a would-be wit, meeting him, remarked:

"You are mistaken," replied the undertaker. "I know some people whom I would be perfectly willing to bury alive."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Spoke the Truth.
Two ladies, whose husbands are members of the faculty of Oberlin college, went to call on the new professor's wife. They were shown into a room where the small daughter of the house was playing. While waiting the appearance of their hostess one of the ladies remarked to her friend, at the same time nodding toward the little girl, "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y, is she?" spelling the word so, that the child should not understand, before there was time for the friend to reply, came the answer from the little girl, "No, not very p-r-e-t-t-y, but awfully s-m-a-r-t."—Cleveland Leader.

A Joker in the Will.
The lawyer was drawing up old Furrow's will. "I hereby bequeath all my property to my wife," dictated the son of the soil. "Got that?" "Yes," answered the lawyer. "On condition that she marries again within a year." The light sat back puzzled. "But why?" he asked. The aged farmer smiled. "Because," he was the reply, "I want somebody to be sorry I died."—New York Times.

People and Events
A Chicago bride of three weeks is asking for a divorce on the ground that her husband is unsuited for married life. This is another way of saying that her seal got away with her judgment.



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

How Many "Samanthas"?
OMAHA, April 19.—To the Editor of The Bee: I note the paragraph in your paper stating that the German steamer "Wilhelm" sunk the Norwegian sailing ship "Samvite," which must be an error, as there are only two ships of this name, one a steamer and the other a four-masted sailing ship, both belonging to John R. Hays & Co., Liverpool, England, being part of the estate of the late F. C. Hays, shipowner of Liverpool, and as one of the heirs of this estate I know nothing of this ship ever being sold.

A Defense—but Too Late.
OMAHA, April 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: It seems from your editorial entitled, "The Light Rate Puzzle Card," that the present system of electric light rates in Omaha is not understood. This system of rates consists of an initial rate for the first thirty hours use of the connected load or the equivalent, i. e., sixty hours use of one-half the connected load, etc., in the case of residences only 50 per cent of the total connected load is used, and a lower rate for all the excess current consumed.

It must be remembered that one who uses electricity for light or power does not buy a commodity such as water or gas, but actually buys energy which must be generated at the power plant at the same instant that it is being used by the consumer. In spite of Mr. Powell's pet analogy of pumping electricity like water, one may with safety assert that it is not possible to economically store up electrical energy in a form to be successfully distributed in large quantities over a large area.

Suppose the case of two users of electric lights, one has a large house containing say 100 lights totaling 5,000 watts, which would require about six and one-half mechanical horsepower to supply. The other has a small house containing say fifteen lights totaling 750 watts and requiring one mechanical horsepower to supply. It is quite possible that both would consume the same amount of electricity in the course of a year. The second can not at any time require more than 750 watts, but the first may occasionally turn on all his lights and his demand on the power plant would be about six times heavier than the other's could possibly be.

The lighting company must be in readiness to meet this demand at any time. It must have generators and boilers large enough and its feed wires and distributing apparatus must be heavy enough. The man with the smaller house may actually consume more electricity than the other, but he can be supplied with only a fraction of the investment required for the other.

This system of rates automatically places a higher "readiness to serve" charge on the consumer who is responsible for the greater overhead expense to the lighting company, and it is only by placing the proper share of the overhead charges on those who should pay them that rates for the actual energy consumed can be kept low.

The public service commissions of Wisconsin, New York and other states have upheld this system of rates. At least before further condemnation an effort should be made to comprehend.

Demand for Early Closing.
OMAHA, April 20.—Now that Omaha has become a live metropolitan city and is progressing nobly along many lines, why not make another move in the right direction and close the retail stores at 6 p. m. Saturdays as other cities do?

We have been classed with the smaller towns and villages long enough with respect to this Saturday night work. Let the Associated Retailers get busy and close up shop at 6 p. m.

Editorial Snapshots
Washington Post: Until the foreign nations have settled their difficulties, China will have to undergo the prolonged suspense of not knowing which it really belongs to.

Washington Star: A submarine crew has so many dangers to face that threats of hanging in the event of capture are too remote to be very seriously considered.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: One of Lincoln's former law partners has died again. It appears that there were more lawyers than laymen in Lincoln's time and that all of them worked in the same little office.

Brooklyn Eagle: Aus is a suspicious, captured by England, lost to Germany. Aus is a trading station in German East Africa. If the Russians capture Aus in Moravia that will be even more suspicious for the allies.

Philadelphia Ledger: Happy day! We have reached that stage of automobile evolution when the man who owns a very good one never brags about it. The result is a tremendous improvement in the interest and value of conversation.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: The various presidents of Mexico have little in common except that their portraits usually look like samples from the rouges' gallery. Is extreme ugliness of physiognomy a prime requisite for highest political honors in the fractured republic?

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Hens are growing shrewder; it has been necessary to invent a nest egg which consists of the natural shell filled with plaster to take the place of the old-fashioned porcelain object, which satisfied the hens of the early colonial and pre-new thought periods.

SUNNY GEMS.
"John," said the millionaire to his butler at the bungalow, "serve the champagne in tin cups."
"Yis sir."
"My rich friends like to rough it when in the country."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I'm sorry to see by your report card, my boy, that you received unsatisfactory in geography. Why don't you study harder?"
"What's the use of studyin' geography now? The war's going to change it all anyhow."—Detroit Free Press.

"Why does a poet begin so many of his sentences with 'O'?" said the politician.
"There's no answer," replied Mr. Pennington. "Why does a speech-maker begin so many of his sentences with 'I'?"—Washington Star.

KABIBBLE KABARET
ELIZABETH GOGGERS
IT STANDS FOR "INK"
TO FIND THESE FOOLISH PHRASES A FOOLISH WAY FOR A LIVELIHOOD BUY THESE ARE FOOLISH THINGS!

The class was discussing cruelty to animals and the humane society.
"New children, who can think of one thing the society has done to make the life of dumb brutes easier?" the teacher asked.

"I know," spoke out a 10-year-old girl. "I heard papa say people couldn't run blind ligers any more."—Everybody's Magazine.

"So Maude has come back from the front as a Red Cross nurse?"
"Yes, indeed. She said if she did all the horrid things they wanted her to do, she would have been a perfect sight whenever the photographers for the papers came around. So she quit."—Baltimore American.

Madge—Papa says that capital is very hard on account of the war.
Marjorie—Nobody knows that better than I do. I've flirted half-a-dozen rich young men since the war broke out, and haven't had a single proposal.—Judge.

"You women ain't the only ones to have military stripes. Us men will also have quite a few."
"How's that with hats, for instance, that I can have my choice of a turret or a periscope."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Crawford—Is that book of the war written by an eye-witness?
Crabshaw—No; by a war correspondent.—Judge.

THE CALL TO LIFE.
Herbert Randall, in Boston Transcript.
There's a broad highway with an open end.
And it leads far out from the swales
So it's off with the old,
And it's on with the new,
In the land of sky and the wide glad air.

Oh, it's up and away to the rolling hills,
It is up and away to the tumbling sea,
And it's off with the old,
And it's on with the new,
In the spreading shade of the old elm tree.

There's a friendly kiss in the toasting foam,
There are bells a-chime on the witching deep,
So it's up and away,
On the blue, blue bay,
In our race for life up its rocky steep.

There's a dream in the heart of the winey woods,
And nevey a thought of age is there,
So it's off with the old,
And it's on with the new,
With a thousand years and a day to spare.

There is peace of love in the magic hour,
With the hay and the sun and the singing bird,
So it's off with the old,
And it's on with the new,
Where the trumpeting call to life is heard.

Oh, it's up and away where the mountain tops,
By the broad highway of the sky and the air,
And it's off with the old,
And it's on with the new,
With the heart of a child where there's life to spare.

Your Family Doctor will tell you that a chew of "PIPER" is one of the most satisfactory methods for getting the taste, flavor and genuine joy out of tobacco. "PIPER" helps put you in good-nature and enables you to think quickly and calmly. You'll find "PIPER" a daily source of wholesome, beneficial pleasure. PIPER Heidsieck Chewing Tobacco—Champagne Flavor. Made from ripe, long leaves of the finest tobacco plants, full of rich, smacking taste. In addition—"PIPER" is that famous tobacco with the "champagne flavor." This delicious mellow flavor adds an even greater relish to your chew.

Digestive Disorders Yield When MUSTEROLE FEELS! It Gets to That Sore Spot Like Magic. A-A-A! That's delicious relief for those sore muscles, those stiff joints, that lame back. MUSTEROLE is a clean, white ointment, made with the oil of mustard and other basic simples. It does the work of the old-fashioned mustard plaster, minus the plaster and minus the blister! You simply rub MUSTEROLE on the spot where the pain is—rub it on briskly—and the pain is gone. No muss, no bother. Just comforting, soothing relief—first a gentle glow, then a delightful sense of coolness. And best of all, no blistering like the old-fashioned mustard plaster used to make. There is nothing like MUSTEROLE for Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Tonsillitis, Croup, Ruff Neck, Asthma, Neuralgia, Headache, Congestion, Pleurisy, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pains and Aches of the Back or Joints, Sprains, Sore Muscles, Bruises, Chills, Fronted Feet and Colds of the Chest (it often prevents Pneumonia). At your druggist's, to 25c and 50c jars, and a special large hospital size for \$2.00. Be sure you get the genuine MUSTEROLE. Refuse imitations—get what you ask for. The Musterole Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Beecham's Pills and the right time to take this famous family remedy is at the first sign of coming trouble. Beecham's Pills have so immediate an effect for good, by cleansing the system and purifying the blood, that you will know after a few doses they Are the Remedial Resort. Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere, in boxes, 10c., 25c.