

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.
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 APRIL CIRCULATION.
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 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 April, 1915, was 53,406.
 DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.
 Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 1st day of May, 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.
 MAY 10
 Thought for the Day
 Selected by C. F. Harrison
 "Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come to you by the grace of God."
 —Phillips Brooks.
 Will China take the medicine? What else can a sick man do?
 Stop off in Omaha! It's much better than stopping off in mid-ocean.
 It would be different if Colonel Roosevelt were in the White House. No doubt about that.
 The ancient and honorable claim that "Britannia rules the waves" is being revised downward.
 Viewed from the bleachers it is apparent that German submarines have a cinch on the pennant.
 With a municipally owned Auditorium, Omaha steps up one more pace in the municipal ownership procession.
 It may be noted as the country hurries along that Nebraska declined to hand a May-time frost to General Prosperity.
 At last accounts the storming of the pie counter had been checked and the allies given time to dig themselves in.
 Out of the shadows of multiplying marine tragedies rises the question: Where is the British navy and what is it doing?
 Almost 20,000 votes cast in our recent election. There ought to be just as many in the Greater Omaha consolidation election.
 Owing to circumstances beyond control, the Roosevelt-Barnes revival of ancient history is safely consigned to the inside pages.
 Bumping the bumps of the Atlantic is just as safe and appetizing as it ever was, provided the sailor keeps out of sight of the eastern shores.
 The comptroller of the currency is becoming almost as inquisitive about the banks as the Interstate Commerce commission is about the railroads.
 If the Commercial club wants an electric sign over the Douglas street bridge, we move the transpiring of the city hall welcome arch to that location.
 Remember that for nine months European newspapers have been carrying battlefield death lists as long as that of the Lusitania victims almost every day.
 From April 1 to May 3, seventeen murders were committed in New York City and seven deaths from assault were recorded. The killing fever is not confined to the zones of war.

Shirley Years Ago
 This Day in Omaha
 The Seward street M. E. church was crowded to almost capacity for its dedication, the other Methodist churches of the city abandoning their services to join in the services. The sermon was preached by Rev. R. N. McKatz. Others participating included the pastor, Rev. Robert Marsh, Rev. C. W. Savigden, Jr., J. B. Maxfield, Rev. E. G. Fowler and Rev. D. M. Marquette.
 William Todd of Des Moines, visiting his brother, Charles Todd, presided as organist for the day at the First Congregational church.
 After a considerable absence, Rev. Dr. Ingraham of the Christian church occupied his pulpit today.
 Hon. A. J. Poppleton has gone to Cambridge, Mass., to the bedside of his son, who is reported dangerously ill.
 John M. Thurston, who has been at North Platte for several days as counsel for Stolle, the alleged bank embezzler, returned home.
 Hans Beck, two blocks south of the end of the street cars on Thirteenth street, wants the finger of two strayed or stolen mules to return the same.
 C. N. Dietz, St. Paul lumber yard, Thirteenth and California, will pay a reward for the return of a lost, valuable compass.
 The mayor and county commissioners have reached an agreement whereby the city, state and auditor will occupy the northwest corner of the basement in the new court house.

The Laws of Sea Warfare.

The difference between mandates of international law and of statute law lies, we are taught, in the lack of an international authority with enforcing power back of it. International law is merely a body of generally accepted customs observed by nations in their transactions with one another, just as are trade customs and social customs observed by individuals, because of their reciprocal benefit, and they hold good therefore only so long as mutual interest commands.
 A large part of our international law is embraced under the subdivision of the laws of war, being rules and regulations for the conduct of nations at a time when they have repudiated and violated all the other obligations to one another. The binding force of the laws of war is nothing but desire to avoid retaliation; prisoners are treated humanely by one combatant, not so much out of consideration for them as in the knowledge that in no other way can they count on decent treatment of their own prisoners in the hands of the enemy.
 The laws of war on sea are, in fact, more medieval than the laws of war on land. Sea warfare is still indistinguishable from a remnant of piracy or licensed murder and robbery. The blame for the failure so far to make the code governing warfare on the seas conform to the morals of modern civilization need not be fixed now, but the necessity for early revision and reform is imperative.

Cattle Disease Put to Rout.

Official announcement has been made by the Department of Agriculture that not a single known case of foot and mouth disease exists in the United States, and that while there may yet be some isolated outbreak, the situation is completely under control. The information is added that in the campaign to stamp out this plague 124,141 head of cattle were killed, which figures speak louder than words of the magnitude of the menace thus averted.
 The successful campaign against cattle disease, above all, testifies to the efficacy of the methods adopted, and shows what can be done by intelligent effort backed with the necessary authority and resources. At the time it looked as if perhaps too drastic measures were being resorted to, but it is results that count, and the saving to the farmers and cattle growers, and indirectly to the consuming public generally, will without question offset the cost many times.

China's Usurper.

President Yuan Shih Kai of China seems to have emulated Davy Crockett's coon—forced to look into the muskets of Japanese guns, he cooies down and for the present saves himself and the position he usurped.
 In many quarters Yuan Shih Kai is credited with being the strong man of China. Some features of his career justify the distinction. In the boxer rebellion he was the power behind the throne and the most astute defender of a tottering dynasty. On more than one occasion he lent eager ears to the schemes of opponents of the reigning house, and while feigning sympathy, invariably contrived to send the schemer to the royal executioner. By such means he became the most powerful official and army leader and the most dependable supporter of the regency.
 When the republic was proclaimed in February, 1912, General Yuan commanded the imperial troops, with headquarters at Peking. The republicans chose Nanking as their capital. In the ensuing parleys for the peaceful extinction of the dynasty Yuan successfully manipulated both sides for his own advantage. His was the determining voice in the relinquishment of the throne, and his pretense of cordial sympathy lured the credulous republicans from their independent position to the uncertain byways of Peking dominated by Yuan. For the republicans the change proved to be a virtual surrender and the beginning of the end of the oriental republic.
 Once installed as temporary president pending the drafting of a national constitution, Yuan proceeded to strangle the organization which invited him with power. The constitution, which was proclaimed in October, 1913, was suspended by Yuan, and the Parliament which drafted it was dissolved in January, 1914. A new constitution was drafted by Yuan and his supporters, representative parliament abolished and all power taken into his own hands. The republicans who rebelled against the usurpation were quickly exterminated or driven into exile.
 Whatever be the future fate of China, whether a dependency of Japan or its vassal state, the downfall of the elephantine empire is largely due to the machinations of the usurper. On him rests the responsibility for destroying or exiling the men whose energy and enthusiasm might have raised the nation's defensive spirit beyond the danger of attack.

Encouraging Words from the Farms.

Reports that come in from the wheat fields of Nebraska are most inspiring. Not in years has there been such brilliant promise for a bountiful yield. Even the wonderful crop of last season will be surpassed by the harvest of 1915, unless some calamity overtakes the wheat that now makes the landscape of Nebraska one of the utmost delight to all beholders. The ground is in good condition for the planting of corn, which will soon be under way, while the ranges of the state are thick with grass on which thousands of head of cattle are fattening after a winter that left them unusually well sustained. From every part of the state comes the same story of busy preparations for a season of unprecedented activity. With the prosperity of the farmer and stock raiser assured Omaha may always count on having its full share.

Navigation around the city hall is improving

and the depth of water ample for all needs. With the fog of the campaign lifted captains of rival political craft discerned the lights of safety, swept up the mines and headed their schooners for shore. It is a wise captain who lets in the light.
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Phil Kearny

By William A. Dunning
 A CENTURY ago on the second of next June a baby appeared at No. 3 Broadway, New York City, who was destined to become the Alumnus of Columbia college most secure for all time against imputation of pacifism. "Phil Kearny" was a name much on the tongues of Americans during the late forties and early sixties; but the deeds that brought him glory, with mutilation and death, had no connection with the paths of peace. The good fame of his life and the distinction of his death were exclusively those that belong to the soldier.

Kearny entered Columbia as a sophomore in 1859 and was graduated in the class of 1863. Of his career as a student little record remains. The extra-curricular possibilities of that day were limited to the activities of the ancient literary societies, and any one who is interested may trace Kearny's participation in the proceedings of the Phi Kappa society, whose minute-books are preserved in the library. He was admitted to the society October 14, 1861, and continued to draw books from its library until February, 1861, a long time after he was graduated. He was fined a shilling for "disorder," marked "paid," and another shilling "for taking more books than the allotted number without permission." Neither of these punishments gave him any distinction, since most members of the society appear under like circumstances on the conscientious treasurer's lists.

Kearny devoted some time after graduation to the perfunctory study of law. In 1866 he inherited a large fortune at the death of his grandfather, and thereupon promptly entered the career that he had coveted from early boyhood. His uncle, Stephen W. Kearny, was colonel of the First regiment of United States dragoons, and the nephew procured a commission as second lieutenant in the same organization. After a few years of service in the west he was designated one of three subalterns to go to France and study the training and tactics of the cavalry of the French army. In connection with this duty he went with the army that conquered Algeria and participated in some of the severest campaigns of that war. This experience in a French environment confirmed and enhanced temperamental characteristics that were conspicuous in Kearny. His ferocity, even to the Irish Celtic stock, and the well-known military qualities of this strain were artistically supplemented by the equally well-known traits of the Gallic Celt. It is the uniform testimony of his military associates, both superior and inferior in rank, that his fondness for fighting was without limit, that his courage always verged on rashness, and that, on the other hand, his care for his men and his attention to his personal appearance covered the terrible features of soldiering with a screen that was picturesque and winning.

At the outbreak of the Mexican war, in 1846, the procedure by which Theodore Roosevelt later paved the way to military distinction was anticipated by Kearny. Commissioned as captain, he went to Illinois, then as typically "far western" as Montana was in 1848, and recruited a company of dragoons. By the qualifications demanded for enlistment in the special charter of the men's equipment, and the uniform color of the horses (don grey), Kearny made his command unique, and secured for it something of the same distinction that attached in the Spanish war to the Rough Riders. General Scott, whose nickname "Fuss and Feathers" suggested his love for the spectacular side of the military life, naturally took Kearny's company for his headquarters guard during the campaign against the Mexican capital. In the very last battle of the campaign, at Churubusco, when the Mexican line was broken the dragoons were sent in to pursue the retreating enemy. Kearny led the charge with such ardor as to find himself with only half a dozen comrades close up to the walls of the City of Mexico, in point blank range of a battery of artillery that was defending one of the gates. He started to return to the American lines, but the cannon opened on him and a grape shot shattered his left arm. Only by desperate efforts did he reach his men. His arm was amputated close to the shoulder, and his fighting thus ended for this war. He remained in the service, however, with no apparent diminution of either efficiency or ardor. After some campaigns in California he eventually resigned from the army in 1852.

In the late fifties Kearny was again in France, and in the Italian campaign of 1859 he served as a volunteer aide of a general of the French Imperial Guard. When the civil war in America opened, Kearny came promptly home and received a commission as brigadier general, with the command of a New Jersey brigade in the army of the Potomac. During the long months of preparation, through the fall and winter of 1861-62, he fretted much at the lack of fighting; and when McClellan started for Richmond by way of the peninsula, Kearny's brigade was quickly conspicuous in action. In May, 1862, Kearny was made major general and put in command of a division. His reputation as a fighter was fully sustained when the grapple came as the union forces neared Richmond. Both within and without the army it became axiomatic that Kearny's division would do all that was expected of it, and, if the matter required the offensive against odds, probably a little more. He bore a full share of the bloody work in the Seven Days' battle; it was not a single instance in the front when McClellan sent it to the support of Pope, and it fell to its lot to win the single little advantage that was secured by the union forces before they were crushed and broken by Lee at the Second Bull Run.

As the demoralized federals streamed back toward Washington, Lee sent Stonewall Jackson around to cut them off from the capital. Kearny's division, in and well in hand, was dispatched to thwart this movement. At Chantilly, barely a dozen miles from Washington, they fell upon Jackson with a fury that put him at once on the defensive. A memorably fierce thunder storm brought no cessation of the struggle. In the midst of the tumult Kearny was informed that a readjustment of the union line on his right had left a dangerous gap there. He rode off entirely alone to examine the situation. Jackson was a soldier too like Kearny to miss the opportunity given to him: the confederates were already in the open place. Kearny came suddenly on Jackson's line, disregarding a call to surrender, the union general turned and spurred his horse to escape, lying close to the animal's neck. A volley followed; one bullet found its mark and Phil Kearny fell dead. He had been a close associate of many confederate officers in the Mexican war, and was well known to Lee. By order of the confederate chief Kearny's body, with his horse and all his equipment, was sent under flag of truce into the union lines.

Funeral services for Kearny were held in both Newark, N. J., near which he had his home, and in New York, where he had his chief social and business interests. He was laid to rest in the vault of the Watts family, in Trinity churchyard. A good relief portrait of the general, in bronze, hangs in the history reading room in Kent hall, Columbia university.

Edmund Clarence Steadman has preserved in spirited lines the story of Kearny in action. The best-known stanza embodies a metrical version of an actual incident in the battle of Seven Pines:
 How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade brighten
 In the gleam of his helmet left—and the reins in his teeth!
 He laughed like a boy when the holidays brighten,
 But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
 Up he came in the rear, he rode to the front
 Asking where to go in—through the clearing or pine?
 "Oh, anywhere; forward!" "Tis all the same, colonel!
 You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"

Twice Told Tales

War Refugees.
 Thousands of refugees were crowding into Budapest from the Carpathians. Among them was a fussy little man, highly nervous. He attracted the attention of authorities by his actions and was cross-examined.
 "I fled from Flunze," he said.
 "But there are no Russians there," remonstrated the officer.
 "Oh, I don't fear the Russians," responded the refugee. "I'm trying to get away from my creditors."
 —Foreign Letter

The Bees Letter Box

Says Let Omaha Do It.
 GRAND ISLAND, Neb., May 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: Having noticed several communications calling attention to the Grand Army encampment for 1914, I desire to say that the sentiment in this state is unanimous in favor of the meeting for Omaha, and I can assure you that no meeting has ever attracted so much favorable comment throughout the country as the semi-centennial encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic.
 The desire for this meeting is already state-wide and ought not to be turned down. With this meeting located in Omaha I would start a publicity fight for any other way, as it could not obtain for any other way.
 J. G. McLELLAY,
 Son of a Veteran.

Curious People.
 OMAHA, May 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: Some preachers read their discourses in a clear and solemn voice, their gestures are appropriate, their language very choice; they never speak of devils, nor of future punishment, and the softest, tenderest Christian finds no cause to take offense. But there are other ministers who shed their coats and rave, and insist that there's a judgment and a hell beyond the grave; so they turn a double handspring, skin the cat, and pound and bang and deliver their instructions in the latest plebian slang.
 Some Christians are so humble that they wash each other's feet, sing psalms on every corner, kneel and worship in the street; while others are too timid (or as some believe), too proud, to say a prayer or testify before the smallest crowd. To attend red-hot revivals is of some the chief delight; they cannot rest unless they shout and sing hymns every night, while others cannot go to church and sit the service through, but they must yawn, and stretch their necks and slump over to the pew. Some men will labor day and night and many ill endure, collecting bonds and bags of gold to keep from dying poor; while others scheme and plan until their nerves are all atwiltch, they scarcely sleep a wink, they're so afraid of dying rich.

Some tender hearted people sit and read with weeping eyes about some girl that's down and out. O, how they sympathize; but when the book is laid aside their hearts refrigerate, and Mary bears her shame alone or snobs beneath its weight. And some of these poor wayward spirits will groan and scatter tears, and pour their woes in wretchedness into our listening ears; we donate fifty dollars from the sock leg in the trunk, and within an hour poor Mary's on a grand and glorious drunk.
 Some men had rather suffer death than wear the prison stripes; yet many prisoners clap their hands, and sing, and smoke their pipes; what some men hide from all the world, others, with pride will tell; believe me, 'tis a strange old world, where curious people dwell.
 H. O. M.

Standing Up for Germany.
 LINCOLN, Neb., May 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: The press is now teeming with comments upon the stupendous calamity that has overtaken the steamship Lusitania. Much of this is naturally adverse. While my views will doubtless not meet with general approval nor alter the fixed opinions of many, I desire, nevertheless, to set them forth in order to make clear that, as citizens of the United States of America, we are by no means a unit in our attitude on this momentous event.
 To the average person it will be, of course, wholly unnecessary to state that the incident is greatly deplored by all alike, foe, friend and neutral. It is one of the sad incidents of war. To Germany, if it was instrumental in sinking the Lusitania, it was a necessary war measure and equally as much deplored by them as by neutrals. To England it was doubtless unjustifiable.

Generally speaking, it must be admitted that the American public has been woefully ignorant of the dangers its citizens are incurring by heaving in a foolhardy manner the dangers of the war zone, whether on land or sea. We have been too frequently lulled into false security by adhering to views not founded on fact. We have heard of "civilized" warfare and have wondered how there could be such a thing as civilized warfare. The terms are contradictory in the extreme. War is war in its crudest form and to hazard our lives where it is wholly uncalled for is sheer foolhardiness. So long as war exists we have every reason to expect as perfectly proper every recourse to which any of the combatants resort. As neutrals we must abide thereby or by force interfere without partiality to any of those involved. If necessity as a nation forces us to abide by the acts of the belligerents, our only recourse is to disclaim any and all responsibility for any harm that may befall the citizens of this nation who knowingly and willfully hazard their lives by entering the war area.
 Germany has long ago given ample and sufficient warning to all of the existence of a state of war between itself and England and its allies. A nation at war can do no more in the interest of neutrality. To all reasonable men such a warning is sufficient. In reorganizing the warning do as at their peril and this nation is under no obligation to safeguard the insane notions of the adventurer, the pleasure seeker and the man seeking business at great risk of life.
 It is also well to bear in mind that the rank and file of the citizens of this nation are not at all interested. Most of us are not hazarding our lives in seeking gain or ephemeral pleasures at the risk of our lives. It is reasonable for this nation to have its peaceful national life disturbed by those who knowingly incur these grave dangers?

None of the nations at war have any grievance against the United States, but naturally all are extremely desirous to cripple all trade intercourse of such other with any neutral nation with the ultimate object in view of being victorious. Speaking for myself and others like minded, I say let us stay away from the danger zones and let the national government disclaim further liability where any exercise wanton disregard for their own safety.
 GEORGE WEIDENFELD.
 An Appreciation.
 OMAHA, May 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: The true social instinct, undoubtedly, has its foundation in the desire to share the fruits of experience. That sentiment is prominent in my mind as the result of listening to a most remarkable lecture delivered by Everett Dean Martin on the subject of "The Socialization of Genius."
 Scarcely has a speaker come to this city so prepared by intelligent study and comprehensive analysis of the thought of

the ages as expressed in the works of the world's prophets; seldom one who has so thoroughly digested and so aptly applied this wisdom.
 The world's progress epitomized the principles on which progress must be founded, its scope and limitless possibilities and, above all, the sense to detect its value. All this painted in perfect diction, in language smooth and freely flowing in logic, exceptional and yet without a simple and understandable. The listener is carried away in wondering conviction of things heretofore but faintly sensed but never fully grasped until that picture fascinates the mind and takes its place in belief, to ever after guide the structure of future thought.
 My disposition to share is the desire to bring to the attention of your readers the opportunity of hearing Mr. Martin in the closing lecture of the series in the City National bank building next Thursday on the "Development of Personality—the End of All Progress."
 WILLIAM F. BAXTER.

CHEERY CHAFF.

"The great trouble with the Americans people is that they eat too much," said the doctor. ... reported the statistical person. "It can easily produce figures to prove that one-third of the Americans people live in boarding houses."—Judge.
 "A woman ought to be able to cook and keep house," said the thrifty youth. "Don't bother about that, son," replied his father. "Before you marry a girl make up your mind whether she can get on with a servant who will do the work."—Washington Star.
 "I have no objection to the open door in China," said the Japanese statesman. "I am very pleased," responded the Chinese mandarin.
 "But," added the Japanese, "I shall be at the door, taking the tickets."—Philadelphia Ledger.
 "Say, old man," quoth the farmer, "I wish you'd train my son to be a lawyer in your office. There's nothing in farming."
 "I'll do it," assented the lawyer. "provided you'll take my son on your farm. There's nothing in the law."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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