

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor. BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND SEVENTEENTH. Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Daily and Sunday... \$5.00 per year. Evening and Sunday... \$3.00 per year. Send notice of change of address or complaints of irregularity in delivery to Omaha Bee, Circulation Department.

REMITTANCE. Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only two-cent stamps received in payment of small accounts.

OFFICES. Omaha-The Bee Building. South Omaha-218 N. Street. Council Bluffs-14 North Main street.

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

FEBRUARY CIRCULATION, 51,700. State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of February, 1915, was 51,700.

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

Thought for the Day. Selected by Ella S. Thompson. There's heaven above, and night by night I look right through its gorgeous roof, For I intend to get to God. -Browning.

With equality of merit, Omaha-made goods are always entitled to preference.

The greater Omaha, the greater the candidate crop for the city campaign.

Now if we can only pass the spring flood season safely, everything may be expected to go along swimmingly.

Of all the jokes on the Nebraska statute books nothing beats the no-treat freak but the bogus anti-cigarette law.

Sure, and from the viewpoint of the Emerald Isle patriot there never was a greener St. Patrick's day in the morning.

It is very doubtful if the captain of the Eitel Friedrich will approve the program of the outside reception committee.

Behold the faithful hitched at the pie counter. Radiantly happy, they need no notice to spruce up and look pleasant.

The destruction of the Walnut Hill pumping station by fire lends a cubist decorative touch to the water color picture.

Secretary of Commerce William C. Redfield is the champion optimist of the administration. His lenses are so adjusted that he could not recognize a cloud at any range.

Colonel Bryan looms large in the distance as an endorser of temperance pledges. Meanwhile deserving home folks patiently await his endorsement of a ticket to the pie counter.

It is safe to discount reports of a prospective labor war, on the Burlington system. The experience of 1888 left a lesson for both sides likely to survive a lapse of twenty-seven years.

Incidentally, Lincoln also supplies its householders with water at 15 cents a 1,000 gallons, for which service Omaha people are compelled to pay something over 23 cents a 1,000 gallons.

Whenever another battleship appropriation is wanted, we have a little war scare to prepare the country for it. It ought not to be necessary, however, to pave the way for a school bond issue by frightening parents with the suggestion that their children are in mortal danger every minute they are in certain school buildings.

The most surprising feature of the railroad rate hearing is the acknowledgment of the railroads of the inability of their traffic bureaus to cope with the superior talent of the packing house rate makers. It were better for the railroads to suffer in silence the admitted loss of \$1,000,000 a year than stigmatize their experts as failures.

St. Patrick's day was duly observed with church services, and a banquet and musical entertainment in the evening by the Ancient Order of Hibernians at its hall, corner Thirtieth and Jackson. Five large tables were set loaded with edibles, and fully 300 persons participated in the feast.

The Moody evangelistic meetings got into full swing. Mr. Moody closing the morning session with a characteristic talk. "He is not a speaker of rhetorical fineness," says the report. "On the contrary, he is above everything homely in his discourse; his sentences are rough, even crude, but forcible, pithy and searching, and on this one point his great success hinges."

Judge Steinhilber united Lou Hermann and Hattie Pryor.

Omaha clearings for the week totaled \$1,863,000, putting Omaha twelfth in the list of cities.

Ira J. Hixby, the well known hotel man, may now be found behind the office counter of the Canfield house.

Manager T. P. Sullivan, manager of the Kansas City base ball team of the western league, is in Omaha to take steps to have Omaha represented in that organization.

Ward is resolved of the safe arrival of M. W. Goble, who had left with his wife for Las Vegas for the benefit of her health.

Blockade Running Now the Order.

The order of the British imperial council, signed by King George and promulgated in his name, means the cutting off as far as possible of all German commerce. The German submarine campaign has a similar effect on British commerce, and ships now entering or leaving enemy ports must dodge patrols above and below the surface of the water. It is the avowed object of each of the belligerents to isolate the other from the world, and to cut off all supplies for the population, in or out of the army.

War is stern, and its realities are terrible. We will now see all the horrors that have been told of slaughter by machinery augmented by the efforts of the belligerents to starve non-combatants. For that is what the situation amounts to; women and children, and the old men and the disabled, are to be made to feel the pangs of hunger, while the armies strive in the field on steadily shortening rations.

The protests of the United States, in the name of all neutral governments, have been unavailing to secure modification of the belligerents' attitude. It looks as if the neutrals not willing to become involved in the war, can only left traffic between the enemy ports and neutral ports fall into the condition of blockade running, with such reprisals as conditions may permit.

Omaha-Made Goods.

The "Buy Omaha-made-goods" campaign, which has been inaugurated co-operatively by a group of our enterprising manufacturers, should have the cordial support of every one who is interested in the growth and prosperity of Omaha, and that means every one who lives in Omaha. Omaha wants more manufacturers, but more especially wants the factories it already has to be so completely successful as to warrant steady expansion and enlargement. The home product should have the home market preference, not only to build up the home factory, but also to keep home wage-earners employed—who, in turn, are the customers for everything sold and consumed here.

Above all, those who have joined in the movement to push Omaha-made goods by making them more widely known, are engaged in a publicity campaign of which Omaha as a whole will share the benefits and will therefore be helping itself by helping it along.

The Politics of It.

The Lincoln Star at last sees the point of the threatening political machine which would be created by the extension of our water works into the lighting business without limitation to the political activities of its managers and employees. Says the Star, while conceding that it is Omaha's business so far as establishing an electric lighting plant is concerned, "but when it comes to building up an arrogant political machine that dictates party nominations, city, county and state, for two political parties, it is everybody's business, and therefore the legislature's business."

The most serious complaint against the private public service corporations has always been their attempted control of politics, and interference in local government, and laws have been enacted to stop this intrusion. Yet simply exchanging political masters would be no improvement. Whether the legislature passes the water board lighting bill or not, it ought to write it into law that no one shall hold a salaried position under the Water board while running for office or be eligible for re-employment for at least a year afterwards.

State Rights and the National Guard.

All the sainted dead of democracy must have shuddered in their shrouds as Governor John H. Morehead of the sovereign state of Nebraska perused the note from Lindley M. Garrison, secretary of war in the cabinet of President Wilson, tantamount to an order that the governor have his legislature get busy without any further delay and pass such appropriation for support of the Nebraska National guard as will meet the approval of the secretary of war.

Regardless of the wisdom or foolishness of Nebraska's legislative action, by what right does a member of the cabinet of a democratic president undertake to invade either the legislative or executive function of a sovereign state, even to give advice? In Indiana only a few days ago, the legislature repudiated a state-wide primary law as a rebuke to Secretary Brayton for his meddling in purely state matters, but that example seems to have been lost on Secretary Garrison.

On what evil days have the Jeffersonian traditions fallen? It looks as if the corner stone of the democratic temple were finally to descend to the state of being innocuously used as a mere hitching block for the democratic donkey.

Hindsight as a Factor in Reform.

The unfortunate predicament of the habitual drug-users is an example of one effect of much of the reform that is achieved by hysteria. No one will question the wisdom of the move for the abolition of the dope traffic. Its wiping out will prove one of the best things ever done in this country, and the effort to that end has the support of all right thinking people. But the failure to provide for the proper treatment of the victims of that traffic is characteristic of the short-sighted methods too frequently adopted in the bringing about of reforms. It is not enough to say that the way to suppress an evil is to suppress it. Many factors of utmost importance enter into the problem, and should be given full weight in determining any plan for dealing with it. The present experience should serve to exact more careful consideration of details in the next move to abolish any similarly deep-rooted practice to which society objects.

Dublin and Cork have revoked "the freedom of the city" conferred by each on Kuno Meyer, a German professor of Gaelic who taught the ancient language in the schools of Cork before the war. Mr. Meyer incurred the displeasure of the Irish cities by preaching "Deutschland Ueber Alles" to Irish-Americans in the eastern cities. The natives reverse exponents of Gaelic so long as they do not use their talents as a hammer against home rule.

While democratic leaders are lauding the output and efficiency of the Sixty-third congress, the administration is sorely perplexed for means to cover up the growing deficit in the national treasury.

Ireland and the Irish

BY ELBERT HUBBARD.

IRELAND is about the size of the state of Indiana. It has five million inhabitants. Once it had eight, and when one thinks of absentee landlordism, we wonder why the other five millions did not go, too.

The "Emerald Isle" is very beautiful. The winds blow in from the sea and supply a humidity that makes the lowlands blossom and the plants grow. In Ireland the pasture lands and meadow lands, blossom-decked and water-fed, crossed and recrossed by never-ending hedge-rows that stretch away and lose themselves in misty nothingness, are fair as a poet's dream.

Birds carol in the hawthornes and yellow furze all day long, and the fragrant summer winds that blow lazily across the fields are laden with the perfumes of blossoms.

The Irish love the land of their fathers with a child-like love. Their hearts are bound up in sweet memories, rooted by song and legend in nooks and corners, so the tendrils of affection hold them fast.

Whenever an Irish family embarks for the New World part of the five million inhabitants go down to the water-side to see them off.

Not long ago I stood on the dock at Queenstown watching two fine lads walk up the gang-plank of the steamship, clad in corduroy, each carrying a big, red handkerchief containing his worldly goods.

And the next day I kept thinking of those two fine young men, and I thought of the wonderful careers of many just such Irish boys as these!

The boys had health, strength, ambition. They were receptive, eager, earnest. And yet there was something rollicksome about them, after all.

Doubtless they could dance and sing; and I knew perfectly well, if necessary, they could fight, and perhaps they could fight when it was not necessary.

Then the two boys with their big handkerchiefs arrive in America, they will get jobs; they will work hard and faithfully; they will carry big burdens, and out of the work they will get a deal of laughter.

And if a pivotal point comes where the average man lays down and quits, these boys will work on into the night and show the grit of the Irish race.

They will become foremen, superintendents, owners. Such has been the typical career of hundreds of Irishmen in America.

Think of John E. McDonald, who came to this country with the peat mud on his bare feet, and who built the New York subway—an engineering job that had been declared by so-called engineers as impossible.

And how about William G. McCadd, John J. Ryan, James Farrell, William R. Grace, Henry Ford, Morgan Earle, senator O'Gorman and scores of other big boys whose forebears were fed on spuds and spinach!

I can remember a time when the section men on the railroads of America were all Irish, and we used to sing: "Paddy on the railroad, fifty cents a day." But we do not sing it now.

If you want to find Paddy, just look for him in the general offices.

The Irish possess initiative, originality, energy. They can plan, devise, build.

Take up your official railway guide and observe the names of presidents and vice presidents, superintendents, general passenger agents, traffic managers, and you can easily imagine you are looking through a Dublin telephone directory.

There are the Harahans, father and son, president and general superintendent of the Illinois Central railway. And of the engineers and builders just a little removed from the peat bog let us name Harriman, Flood, O'Brien, Larkin, Sullivan, Gary, Geary, Lannahan, Kenefick, Driscoll, Mackey.

William T. Noonan, the railroad president, is a typical son of transplanted Irish parents; or take Hannaford, president of the Northern Pacific. Those represent the seedling crop of millionaires, men who do things in a big and generous way; men who never know they are whipped. And a man who never knows he is licked never is.

James J. Hill is the supreme type. Mr. Hill retired from business twelve years ago—for one whole day. He manages two transcontinental railroads and has a say in a dozen others.

Then we have Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the wonderful Canadian Pacific railway, who was once a switchman and has worked his way up, step by step, until he is one of the best educated men in the old and head of the only railroad in the world spanning a continent.

When England wants a particularly strong man it has to go over to Ireland and pick some pink-cheeked boy.

And so we hear that England's greatest orator was Edmund Burke; its sweetest and gentlest poet, Oliver Goldsmith; one of its greatest scientists, John Tyndall; Arthur Wellesley—the man who gave the Corsican his Waterloo was Arthur Wellesley, duke of Wellington—all Irish.

And surely it doesn't take many Irishmen like George Bernard Shaw to make a dozen!

There are the French and we have Kitchener, Jellicoe, French and a hundred others right in Class A, all very much Irish.

We have had one Irish president, Andrew Jackson. President McKinley had a goodly drop of Irish blood in his veins.

The willingness of the Irish people to do away with militarism is apparent, for then "Irish confetti" and the blackthorn will come into their own. Nearly all the heavyweight champions of the world have been Irishmen—Kilrain, Sullivan, Corbett, Jeffries, with numerous other O'Briens, Sullivans, Calahans, Duffys, Mahers, Kilbans coming to the fore; with McBride the world champion athlete.

In oratory, poetry, history, finance, statesmanship the Irish have taken always and forever a great and important part.

We are told there are more Irishmen in New York than in Ireland. In politics we have Governor Dunne of Illinois and Governor Walsh of Massachusetts as specimen bricks, with enough more bricks to build a house or start a war.

The oppression, poverty and struggle that Ireland has endured have been of untold benefit for its children, for the Law of Compensation never rests.

It is a pity that Ireland is to fight eternally. And out of Ireland have come many noble characters who have influenced the whole round world for good.

No symposium can ever produce the magnificent physical types of man and woman that you will see along the country roads in Ireland. Here is beauty that might make the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus of Milo jealous.

Transplanted to a happier political climate, with room to grow and evolve, and do and dare, the Irish show their capacity for work, thought, organization and high endeavor.

The Irish form a citizenship of which we can all be proud. While at times they rub us up, they give a touch of needed sentiment to the Teutonic tribes, add passion and zeal to the slow-going Briton; and peace for the Italians—and they themselves are evolved, refined, softened, educated by the complexity of conditions and the new environment into which they are drawn.

Ireland today is nearer political freedom than it ever has been in the past. Its lot is happier now than ever before in modern history. God is certainly good to the Irish!

And that's why St. Patrick's day is celebrated.

People and Events

Georgia is solving the problem of surplus cotton by turning it into shoes, soles, uppers and all.

Texas lawmakers rejected a bill giving women the right to vote. They also rejected a bill prohibiting usurious rates of interest on loans.

A Pennsylvania railroad engineer has sued his wife for an equal division of \$2,000, being the sum she saved during their thirty-five years of wedded life.

Mrs. Lena Twist of Holbrook, N. J., kept her permanent and bicoloroid of mercury tablets loose in the same drawer of her dressing bureau, ignoring the warnings of carelessness. If the doctors will save her Mrs. Twist promises not to do it again.

The Bee's Letter Box

The Friends of Andersonville.

OMAHA, March 15.—To the Editor of The Bee: Nearly fifty years have elapsed since the last battle of the war of the rebellion was fought, and so far as I am concerned that war is over and has been for many years and, with the bare exception of the men who were responsible for the atrocities of southern prisons—Andersonville in particular, I hold no rancor against any man. I can fraternize with the ex-confederate soldier as a friend or brother, but as one who suffered and endured the tortures of southern prisons for more than eight months, most of the time at Andersonville, I cannot pass unnoticed the utterances of one Dr. Charles W. Stiles before the Knif and Fork club of Kansas City, wherein he is credited with having said that "it was hookworm and not starvation or ill treatment that caused the death of 15,000 of the 26,000 Union soldiers held at the confederate prison at Andersonville during the civil war." A most remarkable statement; and a man who will in the light of history and the mass of evidence which has been written and published broadcast over this country, and the adverse experiences of men both living and dead, give utterance to such erroneous statement displays a gross ignorance of the facts or an utter disregard for the truth; either should discredit him.

The commander at Andersonville was the heartless old fiend, General John H. Winder, who was the willing tool of his superior in their barbarous policy of disabling by diseases and murdering by starvation their helpless captives. He was the cowardly son of the craven General W. H. Winder, who fled with his militia from the battle of Bladensburg and left defenseless the national capital to be captured and burned by the British army in 1814. It was the son of this poltroon, a soured, sniveling, white-haired old renegade of the government that educated him, who in August, 1864, boasted that "he could point to more killed and disabled Yankees at Andersonville than General Lee had destroyed with twenty of his best regiments in the field."

For, says he, "look at our 3,841 new graves made in one month over in the cemetery beyond the stockade; every one had a dead Yankee soldier in it." Henri Wira, a Swiss doctor, was his equally cruel and cowardly subordinate, who had direct charge of the stockade. History tells us that "Colonel D. T. Chandler, a confederate military inspector, in intrepid officer and a humane one, reported to the Richmond authorities early in August, 1864, that the horrors of the prison were difficult to describe and its condition a disgrace to civilization." He strongly recommended that General Winder, in command of the post, should be removed, and "the substitution in his place of some one who united both mercy and judgment with some feeling of humanity and consideration for the welfare and comfort of the vast number of unfortunate placed under his control—some one at least who does not advocate deliberately and in cold blood, the propriety of leaving them in their present condition until their number has been sufficiently reduced by death to make the present arrangements for their accommodation." This report, a fearful indictment, was sent by General Cooper, the confederate inspector general, to the confederate secretary of war, August 28, 1864, with the endorsement that the condition of this prison was a reproach to the confederacy as a nation.

Looking a little further along in history we find that Dr. Joseph Jones, a distinguished confederate surgeon of Augusta, Ga., made a visit to the Andersonville stockade in the month of August, 1864, and in his report gives the following statements: "In June there were 22,301, in July 20,000 and in August 22,900 prisoners confined in the stockade. No shade tree was left in the entire inclosure. The stench arising from this dense population crowded together here, performing all the duties of life—was horrible in the extreme. The accommodations for the sick were so defective, and the condition of the others so pitiable that from February 23 to August 21, 9,479 died, or nearly one-third of the entire number in the stockade. There were nearly 5,000 prisoners seriously ill, and the deaths exceeded 100 per day. Large numbers were walking about who were not reported sick, who were suffering from severe and incurable diarrhoea and scurvy. I visited 2,000 sick—only one medical officer was in attendance whereas at least twenty should have been employed. From the crowded condition, bad diet, unfeared filth, dejected appearance of the prisoners, their systems had become so disordered that the slightest abrasion of the skin, from heat of the sun or even a mosquito bite, they took on rapid and frightful ulceration and gangrene. The sick were lying upon the bare floors of open sheds, without even straw to rest upon. Those haggard, dejected, living skeletons, crying for medical aid and food, and the ghastly corpses with glazed eyeballs, staring up into vacant space, with flies swarming down their open mouths and over their faces infested with swarms of lice and maggots, as they lay among the sick and dying—formed a picture of helpless, hopeless misery, impossible for words to portray. Millions of flies swarmed over everything and covered the faces of the sick patients, and crowded down their open mouths, depositing their maggots in the gangrenous wounds of the living and in the mouths of the dead. These abuses were due to the total absence of any system or sanitary regulations."

Be it said, to their credit, that the name Andersonville is a stench in the nostrils of the good people of the south, so much so that the name does not appear on their maps, the name having been changed to Anderson. The "Bee" has been dropped in order, I suppose, to better disguise the spot that has become a synonym of more fiendish barbarity, and cold-blooded cowardly cruelty than was ever before perpetrated by a man or men professing civilization. Sixty miles south of Macon, and a half-mile east of what is now known as Anderson, lies the spot of ground where sixty days, fifty years ago, bore on their scorched sides more of human misery, despair and death in its most cruel forms than ever before in the world's history polluted so small a space of the earth's surface.

Yet, after the lapse of fifty years, while there are men still living who suffered and endured these inhumanities there comes along one Dr. Fisher, who says "it was 'hookworm,' and not starvation or ill treatment that caused the death of 15,000 Union soldiers at Andersonville prison." I wonder if the doctor could cite a parallel case of "hookworm" as he is pleased to call it.

What say you men of Omaha, who were there? W. H. Russell, M. R. Bixson, D. M. Haverly, Cornelia Nichols, Major McIntosh and you John W. Galt of Fremont, Neb., and you Henry C. Andrews

LINES TO A SMILE.

"What are your impressions of the war?" "There is no telling when it will end," replied the statesman. "It looks to me as if some of the news papers were full-bustling."—Washington Star.

"That glass of soda I got here yesterday wasn't sweet enough." "Well, we aim to make goods right. Have a lump of sugar on the house."—Judge.

"Would your mother be angry if I stole a kiss?" "No," said the young man on the sofa. "Why don't you look her up and try it?" said the sweet young thing coyly.—Yonkers Statesman.

"How is your brother, the fashionable, expensive argonaut, doing?" "He is cutting up high." "And how is your brother, the dentist, getting on?" "Oh, by plugging away."—Baltimore American.

Mr. City-bred—Do your eyes give you milk? Mr. Tallgrass—No, 'em ever gives me nothing. I have to swap 'em fodder for it.—Chicago News.

Miss Zilfian Hussel, writer for the Town Talk column of the Alpena News, was badly injured while crossing the North street bridge last Friday. She was walking and a passing horse struck her between the bridge and the wooden mill and knocked her to the pavement.—Alpena (Mich.) News.

If you want to start something - start wearing the Gordon Hat.

Image of a man wearing a hat, with text: Tempt your cigar appetite. Be kind to your smoke palate by making a place in your day's smoking for 'modulated' Havanas—Tom Moores.

Image of a hand holding a cigar, with text: It is a cigar rich enough in Havana leaf to satisfy your craving yet not so rich that it dulls the keen edge of your 'taste.' They always come back for Moore's. TOM MOORE CIGAR 10¢ LITTLE TOM 5¢ Little Tom goes for half fare but he goes for a long distance.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT. KILLS PAIN (Guaranteed). Hundreds of well-known athletes make no secret of the fact that much of their success is due to the use of Sloan's Liniment in keeping their limbs and muscles fit. Sloan's Liniment relieves stiffness and strains, and is a fine stimulant. Soreness, Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Muscles. DR. EARL S. SLOAN, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa. St. Louis, Mo. Price, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00.

You can have choice of either a Boy's or Girl's Wheel it is a famous WORLD MOTOR BIKE. It has a 20-inch Frame with Coaster Brake, Motor Bike Handle Bars, Eagle Diamond Saddle, Motor Bike Pedals, Motor Bike Grip, Luggage Carrier Holder, Folding Stand, Front and Rear Wheel Guards, Truss Frame and Front Fork. A picture of the bicycle will be in The Bee every day. Cut them all out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you, too. See how many pictures you can get and bring them to The Bee office, Saturday, April 10. The bicycle will be given Free to the boy or girl that sends us the most pictures before 4 p. m., Saturday, April 10. Subscribers can help the children in the contest by asking for picture certificates when they pay their subscription. We give a certificate good for 100 pictures for every dollar paid.