

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

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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 daily circulation less spoiled, unused and returned copies for the month of February, 1911, was 47,621.

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

Old General Rumor appears to have gone to the front also.

Mrs. Belmont has her suffragette farmettes down to business now.

What an opening this Mexican revolution would afford for Coxy's army.

Senator Bailey may be a leader, but he must be lone in his leadership.

No wise senator will resign unless he thoroughly understands his governor.

Perhaps John Chinaman has found out that the czar's army is not well united.

"Marching Through Texas" brings the Lone Star state up even with Georgia.

Perhaps those American soldiers of fortune enlisted to get out of buying Easter bonnets.

According to statistics, divorces where families are large are unusual. There is the remedy.

Gaynor, Dix and Murphy confer on the senatorial contest. Where do the dear people come in?

Perhaps Miss Pankhurst might arrange for a concession at the San Francisco fair in 1915.

Senior Lamontour is a brave man to come over to our side of the lot and say such ugly things to our face.

While rebuilding the town of Pleasant Prairie, destroyed by a dynamite explosion, why not change the name?

If this thing keeps up the "new woman" will be the one who stays at home and attends to her household duties.

As Champ Clark takes up the gavel Uncle Joe lays down, what is the leader Uncle Joe taking up the Missouriian's hammer?

Perhaps Fling Connors would consent to accept the senatorship from New York in the interest of peace and popular government.

Diaz to American Insurrectos: "Death if you lose." Madero: "A section of land if you win." Tip from home: Play the dark horse.

Never mind, all these puzzling and perplexing problems of state will be cleared up and settled as soon as Congressman Lobeck reaches Washington.

The grand jury that spent several weeks investigating the Los Angeles Times explosion has made the remarkable discovery that it was caused by "parties to this jury unknown."

Still, the best part of the commission form of government for Omaha is that it abolishes our costly do-nothing Water board, which would reconcile almost anyone to it.

Mayor "Jim" admits that he is not sufficiently informed on the commission plan of city government to commend or to condemn it. Such lack of self-confidence in our cowboy mayor was never before suspected.

Perhaps the proper thing would be to make a successful civil service examination in cooking prerequisite to eligibility to the Women's club, and then anyone expressing doubts could be called down for using unparliamentary language.

The latest stock yards regulation bill evolved by our law-makers defines such an enterprise to be a "public market" instead of a "common carrier." At any rate, that is getting closer to the definition formulated by ex-Senator Ransom, who insists that a stock yard is merely a hotel for hogs and other four-footed animals.

Something Wrong—What Remedy?

The report of the senate visiting committee on the condition of a number of Nebraska state institutions is the most intelligent document of the kind that we can recall, and the committee should be credited for conscientious effort and good intentions. The report relates chiefly to the physical condition of the institutions visited, although in one or two instances it comments upon the work of the institution. The members of the committee are unanimous in condemnation of the architecture and construction of the newer buildings with a few exceptions, and have found that in many of these institutions a merely casual inspection will convince that something is radically wrong.

Assuming that the strictures of this committee are well founded—and the fact that a majority are democrats criticizing democratic as well as republican mismanagement foretells a cry of partisanship—the question is, What is the remedy? We do not believe any one person is at present qualified to give the answer. It is plain that no legislative committee devoting a few days at most to personal inspection can tell just to what should be done.

The problem is much larger even than is indicated by this report. It embraces the whole field occupied by our state institutions for the care of defectives, delinquents and dependents, and all the state's educational activities outside of the State university. Nebraska has taken up one part of this work after another in response to the agitation of some energetic society or organization, or to meet the demand of some town or county for a state appropriation, without sufficient attempt at correlation, and making them fit into a harmonious system. As a consequence we have at present a haphazard, ill-managed and poorly housed multiplicity of institutions, none of them filling their mission as well as they ought.

The Bee has this suggestion to offer—that the legislature empower the governor to appoint a commission, with authority to call witnesses and compel answers under oath to investigate the whole subject of our state institutions for the purpose of ascertaining present conditions and future requirements, their merits and their shortcomings, and defects in the laws governing them, and to recommend to the next legislature such reforms as are imperative and a systematic plan for future development. We believe that if Governor Aldrich were given this power he would appoint a commission made up of the very best material available, whose personnel would compel public confidence, and that no patriotic citizen of Nebraska could refuse to respond to such a regulation. This task once performed and followed up would save our taxpayers hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of dollars and be an influence for good more far-reaching than any other one thing this legislature could do.

Safe and Sane Fourth

Whoever contends that the agitation for a "safe and sane Fourth" has had no effect except, possibly, to conduce to a more insane and unsafe Fourth, may be interested in reading this little item of news which has just appeared in the dispatches:

NEW YORK, March 15.—"Safe and sane Fourth" campaigns have so cut off the demand for firecrackers and fireworks that a majority of the manufacturers in the main manufacturing company pooled on the ground to dissolve the corporation—one of the largest fireworks concerns in the country.

There is no intention of wrecking business in this wholesale effort to protect life and limb and celebrate our independence with a spirit more in keeping with common sense, but industry will have to adjust itself to the demands of safety.

Evidently those who engineered this safe and sane movement knew what they were about when they aimed their batteries at the curtailment of the supply and demand of firecrackers and kindred messes of torture and torment. They struck home by hitting the business on the vital spot—the treasury. It was not at all overdrawn the facts to raise this agitation on the grounds of injury and safety, for the celebration of the Fourth had overstepped the limits not only of noise, but also of costliness. It is highly probable that the boys and girls of the present generation have far less idea of the deep significance of this day than those of generations that did not spend so much money for noise-producers, but it is yet doubtful if this counteracting influence would ever have set in but for the fearful toll of human life our modern Fourth was making.

Watch for Fly No. 1

It will be some time before the fly season arrives, but a few stray flies may come along in advance of the regular season, as they generally do. Now is the time for housewives to begin their crusades for the extermination of the great domestic pest. No matter how well-ordered and kept the home, it may have been the wintering quarters of one fly—at least the making. The moment this bold intruder shows his head, hit him. He out of the way, the first battle is over and the way will be clearer for other victories.

People at first smiled at the thought of a national campaign against flies, but they began to wear more serious expressions as the movement revolved itself down to a rational, systematic basis, and health officers and societies began to lend their organized assistance, until now it is one of the recognized agencies for the general improvement and protection of health. The educational period has about been passed. People do not need to be told now that flies are the harbingers of various kinds of diseases and that they carry deadly germs on their feet. It is the time now for applying methods for their destruction. And the best time to set about this is in the winter's end, or in the first faint dawn of spring, before the flies have become numerous.

It is at this season of the year all impurities or refuse of whatever description that may be calculated to draw flies are cleared and cleaned away it will do vast good. In the general spring clean-up every householder should take pains to see that this is done and that nothing is left within her reach that may invite these dangerous pests or afford a good refuge for them. Screen windows and doors and the little wire fly killers are only the means of last resort. The most effective work is that done before the warm weather is upon us. When fly No. 1, as the advance guard, arrives, greet him and see that he does not return for a second reception.

Trusts Here and Abroad

In defense of large combinations that usually go by the name of trusts, a Wall street publication reproves the American government for what it has done and is doing to control industry by declaring:

We have in this country been trying to suppress a world-wide process which older nations recognize as useful and seek to direct wisely. It is manifestly unfair to say that the United States is not seeking to "direct wisely" this very process. The trouble in it is not wise direction that these interests want. They prefer direction that will allow them unrestrained freedom in working out their own plans. We are reminded that Germany and Great Britain sanction combinations in manufacture and trade that fix prices and limit competition. The Prussian minister of commerce, however, could veto any proposed increase in prices and competition is subject to rigid regulations.

A German professor is quoted as saying that but for these combinations Germany would now be in a dangerous industrial crisis, because of the reckless speculation from unrestrained competition. The representative measures adopted in the United States have never contemplated the dissolution of combinations, except in restraint of trade, and no amount of specious pleading is ever going to convince our people that combinations of that sort are justifiable. It is contended that without these combinations prices might, by competition, be forced so low as to wreck all industries. No such danger exists in this country, if in any other. The only solicitude we need to have about prices is that they do not become inordinately high and there is no disposition to make them inordinately low, for this is not a low-price country.

This Wall street paper says that "our interpreted law has not recognized that there may be good as well as bad combinations." Which, of course, is a misstatement. Our laws have plainly recognized that and President Roosevelt preached it until it became axiomatic. The remainder is thrown out that in spite of all our repressive legislation, trusts go on exercising sinister political influence in this country. Yes, and that is one of the chief reasons why the government is going on to exercise more repressive powers with these large combinations.

An Anomaly of Rural Prosperity

The remarkable prosperity of rural districts in most middle-western states has had the anomalous effect of diminishing population, according to the judgment of E. Dana Durand, director of the census. It is not altogether a new idea, though it is worth while to have Mr. Durand's emphasis of it, since he has just come from completing the great task of census-taking, which has brought to light the fact of decreased country population in some states. The fact is that in the last ten years the states of farm land in states like Missouri, Indiana, Ohio, Iowa, Michigan, Illinois and Nebraska has increased on an average of 104 per cent, and this very prosperity, while it has been a tremendous advantage to these states, has operated to reduce rather than increase their rural population. Farmers, especially the younger men, have preferred to buy cheaper land elsewhere, selling or mortgaging their high-priced land at home in order to do so. But natural conditions will bring about a complete and wholesome readjustment. The fact of chief interest is that these states have this great land.

In Missouri, where the farming communities showed a diminished population, Champ Clark seized upon the situation to make politics out of it. He capitalized the assertion that the government, through the census department, was playing politics in his state. The peculiarity of this reality becomes apparent when it is known that similar results were found in other states, where democracy can claim very little as compared with its strength in Missouri.

The people of these states, which go to form the richest farming territory in the world, would never think of allowing this condition to mar their hope of great increase in population and advance along all lines. It is a condition that really amounts to no

harm, but much good. It simply goes to show how steadily we are pushing the outposts of our west, and that, of course, means construction. The tide of migration ebbs and flows, banking now here and now there, but it never becomes stagnant. In the great movement of settlers now in progress these middle states are bound to share, and they probably will show up with evenly-balanced rural populations. In the meantime by helping to build up newer states further west, they will have contributed to the creation of new markets and sources of supply.

If South Omaha could qualify separately under the proposed commission plan of government bill and have a commission government of its own, would Omaha have any inducement to offer to South Omaha to come in and be governed by Omaha's commissioners? The next charter Omaha adopts should, in our judgment, be a Greater Omaha charter, including South Omaha, Dundee, Benson and Florence, whose people should also have a voice in making it.

The legislative committee on public lands and buildings reports in connection with its visit to the State School for the Deaf at Omaha that the institution is greatly in need of a water plant. Why should this school, which is within the city limits, require a water plant of its own when Omaha is in the process of acquiring a municipal water works that ought to be able to provide all the water demanded cheaper than any separate water plant?

It is generally understood that Governor Sheldon and Governor Shallenberger went out of office several thousand dollars poorer than they entered it. World-Herald.

We can readily believe this about Governor Sheldon, but as to Governor Shallenberger, we are from Missouri.

The site of the first state house erected in Nebraska has been duly marked here in Omaha with a bronze tablet. Some people down in Lincoln would like to erect a bronze tablet there to mark the site of the last state house in Nebraska.

In the light of later events there seems to be a question whether Senator Brown got more of the tarred end of the stick when he championed Cadet Taylor for surveyor of customs than he did when he made "Ben" Thomas postmaster.

Paris has finally been checked. It was by a stage dancer with a most remarkable costume, the chief feature of which was a pair of stockings.

Vain Imaginings

Cleveland Plain Dealer. No one of course would imagine for a moment that when Wilson and Bryan hunched together they mentioned politics.

No Wonder Judges Complain

Baltimore American. A lawyer in Boston for an argument talked fifty-three and a half hours and used over \$50,000 words. No wonder judges who have to listen to arguments complain that the pay is often poor for the work.

Counting Birthday Party

Springfield Republican. They are to have a celebration of Bryan's 51st birthday at Lincoln, Neb., and it does not seem to us that democratic harmony, Governor Shaffroth of Colorado, Senators Kern of Indiana and Owen of Ohio, and others of that class, are among those to be present. But Governor Harmon of Ohio does not appear to be even among the invited.

Hope for the Oppressed

New York Tribune. "There is no reason for pessimism and every reason for optimism," said William J. Bryan to the members of the Twilight club of this city. That is a sentiment highly creditable to a statesman who has thrice been an unsuccessful candidate for the presidency. At Mr. Bryan can be optimistic no other American politician can afford to be downcast, even the Hon. Joseph W. Bailey nor the Hon. Jonathan Bourne.

Business Session Promised

Cleveland Plain Dealer. Most cheering of all the news that has come out of Washington for months is the announcement that the democrats intend to make the coming extra session of Congress a business session. The country at large must greet with pleasure the word that their representatives assemble they will go to work at once on what is set for them to do, finish it as rapidly as is consistent with common carelessness, and then adjourn.

People Talked About

Anthony J. Drexel, Philadelphia's talented young amateur pugilist, is in danger of losing one of his eyes, as the result of a blow which he received in a recent set-to with a professional fighter.

Miss Belle Kinney, the woman sculptor, has the contract to make 100 statues as memorials of the women of the confederacy. These statues are to cost \$10,000 each and are to be placed in the capital of every Confederate state with the exception of South Carolina.

Mrs. Imogene Paul, superintendent of street cleaning in the Tremé district of Chicago, has invented a device for the disposal of water and other refuse which, it is claimed, will save the city \$100,000 annually. The invention is an incinerator for burning light refuse as it is taken up.

After searching for years for traces of a brother whom he had last seen twenty-three years ago, John W. Murphy, of Orange, N. J., has been pieced in communication with him through a letter of inquiry the missing brother sent to the Newark police. The long lost brother is James Murphy, of Ansonia, Conn.

St. Patrick's Day

Why it is and What Caused it How it Thrives, Done in Prose and Rhyme.

St. Patrick's day in the morning! Also in the afternoon and the evening! No pent up continent contrasts its powers or monopolies the celebration. As sure as the 17th of March rolls around the planet St. Patrick's day follows the circling sun and thrills the household and the coliseum in all quarters of the globe fit to fly in. 'Tis well to have it so. For St. Patrick was a good as well as a great man, and there wasn't any badness to bury with his bones. He was a fine type of the early Christian missionaries, so broad gauge and so democratic in his teachings that in these exciting modern days Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist and other religious flocks vie with the Catholics in claiming him as their own. Yet what is definitely known about St. Patrick, together with his 'Patrick's day' myth and legends, is that he was a Scotchman, born during the last quarter of the fourth century, and lived between seventy-eight and 120 years. Some courageous writers assert that he was a Irish and that his native love for the Irish impelled him to cross the channel and win the right to save a Scotch chieftain, Eborac, to the name of St. Patrick's, in the country as a consular residence of his Scotch nativity. Now comes a French savant who vices out all three claims and locates the family on the banks of the Danube, the father, Calpornia, a Roman as a senator and the mother, Soconna, a niece of St. Mark, a famous bishop of Tours, France. This writer cleverly dodges the birthplace question, contenting himself with the statement that Patrickus Magnus Subotus (the saint's full name) was born during one of the excursions of the Roman legions in north Europe, which the father, in pursuance of his duties as a magistrate, accompanied, with his family.

"The day we celebrate" is not the anniversary of St. Patrick's birth. Most authorities agree on the 17th of March as the date of his death, though there is some doubt about this. For example, one of the ancient bards of Ballinacorney explains how the date was selected in these lofty lines: On the eighth day of March it was, some say, that St. Patrick, at midnight, first saw the day. While others declare on the ninth he was born. And 'twas all a mistake, between midnight and the dawn, for mistakes will occur in the hurry and And 'twas all a mistake, between midnight and the dawn, for mistakes will occur in the hurry and

Blamed the clock. 'Till with their cross-questions, sure no one could tell the time. If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow. Now the first fact fight, in old Ireland 'Was all on account of St. Patrick's birth, some say. Some fought for the eighth, for the ninth he would die. And 'twas all a mistake, sure they blam'd his eye. At last both factions, no positive grew. So 'twas kept a birthday, so 'twas then had two. 'Till Father Mulcahey, who showed them the way, said no one could have two birthdays but he'd give 'em 'twice. 'Till he said: 'You'd be fighting for eight or for nine. Don't be always dividing, but sometimes combine. Combine eight and nine and seventeen is the mark. So let it be his day—Amen! said the clerk. If he wasn't a twin, sure our history will show. That's his worth at least any two saints that we know.

Building Up the West

Influence of Omaha Land Show in the Movement. Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In these days when the Canadian north-west is pointed to as the only land left on the continent into which the farmer can go and settle without awaiting a special government permission, it is interesting to observe the enthusiasm in the western states over the arrival of colonists. It appears that there is yet room between the Missouri river and the Pacific for the man who would build him an estate and set about tilling the acres around it. That the back to the soil movement may not all be in the direction of Canada those who have at heart the development of the west have inaugurated a plan of giving land shows in some of the leading cities of the border of the wide agricultural country. The government land office in Salt Lake City reports that February brought a 50 per cent increase in the number of home-seekers to apply for its services, and attributes a large part of the gain to a land show recently given in Omaha.

It has been decided by the states interested in the project that the show shall be made an annual affair; that all the attention possible shall be directed to the acres they have opened to settlement. But more than this, they have determined to keep open the year around a bureau of information for the convenience of home-seekers. Between the seed they hope to turn the tide of immigration once more to the west and to control and guide it by a careful study of the situation. This is organization to aid in the rapid development of a country still new.

Before and After Taking

Wall Street Journal. After noting the increase in wages granted certain employees of Northern Pacific railroads, one is likely to remember Mr. Hill's utterances as to what would befall if the Interstate Commerce commission did not grant rate increases.

Whose quiver bright, A thousand arrows squandered; Where'er they pass, A triple grass Shoots up with dew drops streaming. As softly green As emerald seen Through purest crystal gleaming. O! the shamrock, the green, immortal shamrock! Shamrock leaf Of Bard and Chief Old Erin's native Shamrock! They spring for me Those leafy gems of morning. Say, Valer, "No, no, For me they grow My fragrant path adorning." But 'till I see the shamrock, The shamrock, the green, immortal shamrock! Love, Valer, will, forever! O! the shamrock, the green, immortal shamrock! Shamrock leaf Of Bard and Chief Old Erin's native Shamrock!

The earliest public celebration of St. Patrick's day in America is said to have occurred in New York City in 1764. The anniversary was observed earlier by groups of congenial friends. The Charitable Irish society of Boston had been formed in Boston in 1772, and one of its sacred duties was to "down the Shamrock" on the 17th. This function was taken over later by the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, organized in Philadelphia in revolutionary times. The most famous observance in these days was the evacuation of Boston by the British, March 17, 1776. Every Irish since the revolution has been celebrated somewhere, if not everywhere, with song, speech and good cheer. Sure, it is only three years since President Roosevelt talked like Brian Boru to the Friendly Sons in New York. Faith, he did! And 'twas indeed how President Taft whispered to the lady in Chicago last year like a "rue on the old sod" who had "kissed the blarney stone before breakfast every mornin'." Arrah, but the greatest of all was when Mike Lee smothered the Nebraska legislature with shamrocks, six years ago, and pulled a Gaelic song on Governor Mickey as a reminder of home. "So come, all ye 'an' an' share our jubilation. O, the music in the air! An' the joy that's everywhere—Sure, the whole blue vault of heaven is wid its tender green th' day. For the whole world is Irish on the Seventeenth of March!

But we made all lands our own As we spread and disseminated. So come, all ye 'an' an' share our jubilation. O, the music in the air! An' the joy that's everywhere—Sure, the whole blue vault of heaven is wid its tender green th' day. For the whole world is Irish on the Seventeenth of March!

CHERRY CHAFF

"So you are going to resign." "I am," replied the official. "Won't that please your enemies?" "I don't think so. It will deprive them of the great pleasure they derive from questioning me to do so."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Do you enjoy your menial old man?" "I enjoy my menial," snorted the indignant official, "but the menial dealing guide posts to take medicine before or after."—Washington Herald.

"I understood the new reporter fell down on his first assignment." "What was the matter?" "The banana peel on the sidewalk as a public menace."—Baltimore American.

Sunday School Teacher—And then the deluge came, and it rained for days and weeks, and— "Effe—And then, I suppose, the farmers were satisfied?"—St. Louis Times.

"And you do not love the gentle, joyous spring?" asked the idealist. "What is the time of year when both the refrigerator and the furnace keep busy?"—Washington Star.

"Congratulations, old man. I hear you've been making a fortune." "No, I lost money." "Well, you ought to know better than to gamble."—Pittsburgh Post.

Two millionaires met in a hotel lobby. "Yes," said one of them, "I was born in a log house, and went to school winters, and worked my way up from office boy. I'm self-made." "The other millionaire hung his head. "I'm Carnegie-made," he faintly muttered.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"A paper hanger has certainly chosen a trade in which he is bound to be hard luck." "Why so?" "Because he is always up against it."—Baltimore American.

The lounge at the railway station, whom Mr. Tyne-Phat had asked to assist him in getting his trunk on the state car, replied: "Mr. Tyne-Phat, I'm sorry, but Mr. Tyne-Phat handed him a nickel. "Here, friend," he said, "the next time you're passing a cigar store go in and buy yourself a good smoke."—Chicago Tribune.

IN THE SPRING

In the spring a poet's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of buds And plowshares turn the furrow for the planting of the spuds. Madens linger on the bridges Enfringe the banks of the rivers, And our thoughts from things religious lightly turn to thoughts of duds.

In the month of March the mad hare scoots around the heaps of brush And the winds of heaven go wailing with a most rhythmic ruse. Then some warbler night brings a chorus of lambkins to be us, And the post comes before us with another page of gush.

Omaha. BAYOLL NE TRELE.

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