

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER... VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR

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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of the Bee Publishing Company...

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 1st day of November, 1911. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

"Goat's milk will cure drunkenness." Bah-h-h-h.

Some superlative folks simply cannot talk in the positive degree.

This is the first time Mr. Bryan was ever shipwrecked in an "off" year.

"Oh, they do such things and they act such ways"—In Shady Bend, Kan.

Only nine killed by foot ball this fall. No more than one base ball nine.

Fishing for dynamite is spectacular, at least, as those lake-faring sailors proved.

Anybody else in the Nebraska penitentiary who wants to be pardoned or paroled?

Hetty Green at 77 has at least passed out of the verdant pastures of business experience.

Champ Clark, reports say, will write a book. Playing into the hands of the enemy at the outset?

The foot ball season being over, perhaps those British suffragettes will stop rushing Parliament.

Harry Thaw is studying law, in order, no doubt, to find out how his highly feed attorneys did it.

The governors' train is carrying the executives of nine western states. Just so the number is not thirteen.

Those nine western governors going east might challenge a nine of eastern governors to a ball game.

A forest fire in what used to be known as the "treeless state" is an anomaly which Nebraska presents with her compliments.

Still, it is possible to celebrate Thanksgiving day without turkey if the great American bird roosts too high in the butcher shop.

The foot ball enthusiast will soon have to subside or turn his attention to some other exciting sport like auction bridge or bowling.

If Mr. Bryan is so taken with wireless telegraphy, it may be presumed he will try next to inaugurate a system of wireless politics.

It seems a little far-fetched for the suffragettes to throw stones through windows to impress men with the dignity of their cause.

It does not cost anything to mention your favorite for commissioner under Omaha's new plan of city government. Name your man.

The Joachim family of steamships seems to be in hard lines. San recently went ashore in the Great Lakes and Prina was stranded in the south.

Carter Harrison is the latest to enter in the democratic presidential free-for-all nomination race. The country awaits Monitor Bryan's rate carding.

John Hays Hammond may be entirely correct in all he says about the late Oom Paul Krueger, but he must admit that he is a trifle late in preferring the indictment.

A New Yorker vents the "jeering bloodhounds," insisting that the animals are nearly as intelligent as some politicians. But why make invidious comparisons?

If the city should acquire the Auditorium, it will have to be run by the people and for all the people, and not merely for the people who can pay grand opera prices.

Future of the Auditorium.

The management of the Auditorium, erected by the people of Omaha as a convention hall, publicly admits that it is face to face with the necessity of determining what the future of that building is to be.

Without revamping the costly blunders of the construction era, and without discussing whether a different policy since completion would have produced better results, the real question is whether the Auditorium shall be retained as an available meeting place for large public gatherings and exhibitions of educational or popular character, or shall pass into private hands to be converted ultimately to uses of private business.

The editor of The Bee many years ago foresaw the unescapable approach of this situation, and to provide against it procured the enactment of a charter amendment sponsored by Representative Michael Lee authorizing the city to issue bonds and buy in the Auditorium whenever it should go to sale.

The Bee takes it that the argument is all one way in favor of keeping the Auditorium for use as a convention hall. The same reasons that impelled our people to respond so liberally in the first place to the call for subscriptions and contributions to build it, are equally urgent now.

The Switch on Voting Machines. The taxpayers of Omaha and Douglas county ought to be getting their eyes open to the game of politics which the democratic combine in the county board has been playing.

It goes without saying that our democratic friends are fooling no one who does not want to be fooled. The reason they wanted the voting machines retained a year ago was in order to get the benefit of the straight party lever, which they knew would be pulled for the benefit of Mayor Dahlman's candidacy for governor.

The Drink and Opium Records. The report of the commissioner of internal revenue falls to support the belief that this country is decreasing its use of alcoholic drinks. The total internal revenue receipts for the year were \$322,526,299, the greatest in the history of the country.

In the face of the activity in restrictive legislation this showing cannot furnish reassurance for the hope that the American people are getting away from their indulgence in intoxicants. Yet some other recent statistics showed that, while our aggregate consumption of beer was increasing, not so our per capita consumption, but whether this is also true of spirit liquor drinking is not disclosed.

But another and more distressing feature of this statistical report is that it reveals a widespread use of opium in this country. This is one of the most degrading forms of intemperance. It has been borrowed from the lower element of Chinese and under the spur of American influence, China has been aroused to the awful consequences of the habit and is now carrying on an anti-

Safe and Sane Foot Ball.

Only nine foot ball players killed this season—only. Some forty-seven others were injured.

Many foot ball devotees "point with pride," as the politicians say, to this record, forgetting, perhaps, that it is an average of about two fatalities a week. The foot ball season is very short, about a month of actual playing. This record, then, while it is an improvement over previous years, still offers nothing to boast about.

There should not be nine deaths on the foot ball field in one season. There would not be if the rules of the game were safe and sane, if they were what they should be. Foot ball men need not fly off into a tirade for being reminded of this; they must not blame fathers and mothers for shuddering with anxiety every time they see their sons go into a game.

A great many people not ordinarily classed as mollycoddles are of the opinion that foot ball may be made a whole lot safer without losing any of its sporting qualities. At least another effort should be made.

The Dividing Line of Unionism.

The Atlanta convention of the American Federation of Labor has served to mark a widening breach between the socialist and anti-socialist elements in organized labor and to make certain an ultimate divorcement of relations.

If this divorcement is to come about, the conservative forces of unionism have nothing to gain from concessions to the socialists. Many level-headed union men are ready to believe that such a separation not only is desirable, but is actually necessary to save organized labor.

Only a year ago Senator Hitchcock's democratic organ was tearing its hair and shrieking with all its lungs over an alleged republican conspiracy to throw \$50,000 worth of voting machines into the junk pile.

Omaha has six theaters and about twenty-five moving picture shows catering to the amusement-loving public. In fact, no one who wants to go out for the evening now has even an excuse to stay home any more.

People Talked About

A village official in New Jersey given the job of checking automobiles for titles through town, perched himself at the window of a church steeple and with spy glass spotted the rushing crowd. A polite note by mail informed the surprised speeder where he could hand in the fine and avoid further trouble. One dose reached the spot.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha COMPILED FROM BEE FILES NOV. 28

Thirty Years Ago—

The second annual reception and ball of Omaha telegraphers took place at Central hall and in addition to the local dignitaries of the profession a large number of out-of-town visitors were present, as follows: Alexander Washington, chief operator; Mr. McGowan, Miss Katie Johnson, Miss Anne Wilson, Miss Gab of St. Joseph, Mr. C. E. Annetta, chief operator; Cheyenne; M. E. Runyon, chief operator; Clerk Creek, Nob. B. S. Josslyn, Union Pacific manager, Grand Island; H. C. Hope, superintendent, St. Paul; Miss Dohoney, Council Bluffs; D. J. Brann, R. McDonald, Alex. A. Stevenson, Chicago.

Judge Savage is holding court in Washington county this week. Governor St. John of Kansas speaks in Omaha December 16 on temperance. Colonel Harry Brownson is rapidly recovering from his stroke of paralysis. The D. E. Kimball hunting party returned from Osallala loaded down with game of all kinds.

The weather now is more like May than November. These delegates to the Chicago Land league convention left as follows: Messrs. Grove, Rush, Brennan, Nichols and Patrick Ford. Messrs. Charles Kuhlman & Co. have just opened a magnificent stock of drugs at 28 Douglas street, northeast corner of Tenth. The proprietors speak English, German, French and Scandinavian.

The second commerce party given by Mr. and Mrs. Bennett to Miss Hoyt entertained the following: The Misses Saunders, Burley, Sharp, Dora and Nellie Lehmer, Carrie and Lou Hama, Wood, Miss Etta Wells and Messrs. Lehmer, Jewett, Ringwald, Rose Barkalov, Remington, Redick, Garliche and Harbaugh. It is explained that it is called "commerce" because there is so much trading of seats during the evening.

Twenty Years Ago—

The Misses Hoagland entertained a few friends at even dinner. Alexander Wygant, formerly of Minneapolis, took a position as night clerk at the Murray. Mrs. Charles Block and daughter of Atlantic, Ia., were visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. Block, 354 Davenport street. The approval of the bond of City Treasurer Henry Bolin in the city council chamber led to a free-for-all, knock-down-and-drag-out fist fight in that august assembly, whereupon much goodly gore was shed. President Levey finally called the council to order by successfully pounding his desk and the bond of \$1,000,000 was called up in these surities, qualifying in various sums: William Gertelman, W. T. Lorenzen, L. D. Fowler, J. Brown, Guss Andreen, Henry Voss, John F. Coad, S. E. Rogers, Fred Metz, sr., Louis Schroeder, W. H. Hama, A. B. Huberman, Ed Whittig, J. M. Counsell, E. A. Krus, Henry Fundt, Max Meyer, R. A. C. J. Karbach, H. J. Meyer, W. A. Paxton, C. Hanson, George Heimrod, T. C. Bruner, Wrs. W. Hausman, Ed Meadimer, John H. Eck, George E. Barker. Councilman Osthoff moved the bond be approved and all except Burdick, Morearty and Blumer voted aye. Before the vote was announced Chaffee changed to "No," and Bechel and Osthoff followed suit. Chaffee then moved for a reconsideration and all but Burdick, Morearty and Blumer supported the motion, which carried, with nine affirmative votes. Davis wanted a roll call; deputies were summoned to bring in the absentees. Morearty was insisting that some of the surities had qualified for more than they were worth. The plot thickened, the clouds gathered, the wind came up, lightning flashed, thunder roared and rain fell in torrents. The real combatants were Chris Specht and Fritz Blumer and they went at it banged each other good. Once while Specht was down, Morearty aimed a kick at his head, missing goal. He was about to be penalized by a spectator standing on the lines, when ex-Councilman O'Connor pushed his way onto the gridiron, whereat W. A. Grant threw him over the railing and O'Connor, puzzled to know what had happened to him, stared at Grant, demanding to know what was up.

Ten Years Ago—

The Omaha high school foot ball team beat the Genoa Indians in Omaha, 11 to 0. Creighton university beat the Lincoln Medics 6 to 3. Bishop Scannel returned from the east. While in Washington he attended the ceremonies incident to the elevation of Dr. Conaty to the episcopacy. While there the bishop performed the delicate task of effecting a reconciliation for Father Crowley, a priest who had been disciplined for disobedience. George F. Cronk was reported as gaining steadily in his race for the highest office the Elks have to give. The North End Improvement club announced it would promote a plan to have a public library established at Twenty-fourth street and Ames avenue.

A simple ceremony attending the unveiling of a tablet to the memory of Charles Henry Gardner, D. D., former dean of Trinity cathedral, was observed there. The ceremony opened with a creed and prayer by Dean Fair, who then called on Senator Warden Henry W. Yates for an address. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Macomber of Carroll, Ia., spent the day with Judge and Mrs. J. H. Macomber. Mrs. J. C. Cortelyou and family left for Los Angeles to make their home. The Metropolitan club gave an unique entertainment Thanksgiving evening. It was a take-off on a beer garden, in vaudeville. Some of the principal contributors to the program were Abe Mandelberg, Mrs. Hugo Brandeis; and the actors were Henry Rosenthal, Harry L. Cohn, Morton Hiller, Mrs. Henry Miller, Mrs. A. Simon, Miss Rebecca Epsteinberger, and Mrs. Ray B. Cohn. Carroll Johnson of the Orpheum was a guest who helped out by request.

Perils of Absent Treatment.

The Postoffice department is forging to the front as one of the greatest forces in the moral uplift. Pretty much everybody who is doing any sort of crooked business can be held for fraudulent use of the mails, and the postal officials are so vigilant that anyone who tries to get money from others by the absent treatment is pretty sure to fall into their hands.

The Bees Letter Box

These Sweet Deeds.

OMAHA, Nov. 27.—Mister Editor: I am a great feller for perfite sassety. I think that it is durned site better to be perfite than it is ter be honest. I swan a feller what is real honest must git awful lonesome in the real swel circles like what I move in. I'm a great feller for the artistic, so when I heered tell that Gertrude Hoffman was coming tew town I jst said to myself, "I'm going to see her diddle if it costs \$20. No feller what has any idea of educational values kin afford to miss sich a hiferlitin, spektakular, emotional, varigated doins."

I got to the box office mity early so as to be pure and git a good seat. I was doun dartin to git the full benefit of the artistic and educational value of this here show. I got one of them tharf front seats where I wuddint miss nuthin'. I tell you, Mister Editor, that that was swel doins.

That that Creopatra was a mity slick lookin' gal and I don't blame that thar Amoun feller gittin stuck on her. But I swan I can't jst see what made her make him take that thar pisen. So fur as I could see he didn't do nothin' but sit on the floor and hug her all night while she sponged on that thar lounge. If that was all he done what did she want to kill him fur? Or did she want 'im to do something else?

I swan I hain't right sure whether I got the artistic meaning of some of them thar operas; they sez too oludve fur me to git. My mind kept trying to wonder away from the artistic. I wonder if any other feller's mind tries to do that. Or is it becuz I wuzn't brot up right? I was brot up on the farm, and when that thar gal come out prancing around with nothing on her legs a representing spring, I tell you right now there was something what I cud appreciate. The feller what figured that out got feller back close to nature. Them are the feller what have the real artistic idear.

I ate like blazes to see the artistic clouded and dimed by any kind of duds. It seems so blamed coarse and spoils the real spirit of the occasion. That thar harem scene was almost to much fur me. Them thar folks laying around there on them thar ostroomer mattresses was jst a little more than I cud fathom. I wuzn't jst sure what they was a-gittin at. I jst got a hunch that my artistic eddication ain't complete somehows.

But I tell you right now, mister editor, I am going to keep right at it until that hain't nobody what can git ahead of me when it comes to interpreting the artistic. GEORGE WASHINGTON SCHAGGS.

The Second Beattie Murder.

OMAHA, Nov. 27.—To the Editor of The Bee: Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., committed a terrible crime, and every sane man and woman shudders at the thought of committing such an act. But the crime of Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., dwindles into insignificance beside the more atrocious crime committed by a nation and sanctioned by the citizens of that nation. I refer to the electrocution of Henry Clay Beattie, Jr.

Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., was a moral pervert, a moral imbecile, we may say, of the history that has come to light of his life and his habits is correct. Look in any large institution for feeble-minded children and you will find the same moral type in abundance. We protect the other cases from them and we protect the public from them by keeping them under the care of competent guardians. We do not electrocute them.

For Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., there is the excuse of a perverted and degenerate mind. Must we advance the same excuse for a nation when it commits the same crime? From among all the laws, just and unjust, of a great nation, capital punishment stands out as the deepest stain, a relic of barbarism. In the past it has been claimed for capital punishment that it tended to lessen the crime of private murder through the fear of death which the example thus afforded instilled into the minds of parties who should contemplate the crime. This we know to be an erroneous hypothesis and it is no longer claimed by even the most enthusiastic advocates of capital punishment. A murderer commits the crime in one of three mental attitudes: In the first he is actuated by the impulse of the moment, anger, jealousy, or whatever it may be, and has no time for the weighing of consequences to himself, or for the consideration of penalties which he may incur as a result of his action. In the second he meditates the crime for money, greed, revenge, jealousy or any one of the numerous causes for which such crimes are perpetrated. But in all his premeditation the thought that he will possibly have to pay the death penalty for his act never enters into consideration. His belief that he will escape any penalty, or at least the death penalty, is absolute from the first. That idea being firmly fixed in his mind it cancels absolutely any influence that might be expected to be exerted by laws for capital punishment. Third, and last, there is a class who are willing to give up their lives if necessary if first they can have accomplished the cause of their real or fancied wrongs. All three types are unquestionably but types of insanity, but whether they are or are not does not concern us here, except to emphasize the brutality of capital punishment. The fact, however, remains that in no one of the three is the question of possible or probable capital punishment a factor of any weight whatsoever against the consummation of the crime. In the last type cited it is even possible that the murderer sees a justification for his crime in the fact that he is willing and will probably have to pay the penalty by forfeit of his own life.

As "laudable pun." Likewise when modern peoples have thrown off the remnants of barbarism it will be recognized that there can be no such thing as laudable murder and capital punishment will be a thing of the past. The responsibility for the death is easily shifted to the "government" but the shame, in that a government of a supposedly civilized people is allowed to continue with laws that countenance such barbarity, must rest upon the shoulders of the people. CHAS. E. REMY, M. D., 208 Cuming St.

MERRY TRIFLES.

"That foot ball game was a wild and exciting occasion." "Yes, but you ought to have seen the celebration afterward."—Washington Star. Visitor—So you've had three dogs, eleven cows and two horses killed by autos so far this year. Why don't you put in a complaint? Farmer—Never! I'm willing to take my medicine. I was one of the yams that kept bolting for good roads.—Puck. "Is it a good show?" "Fine." "One you would wish your daughter to see?" "Well—er—not exactly, but why should a girl of 18 go to a theater, anyhow?"—Chicago Record-Herald. "The French complain that we take our pleasures sadly," remarked the playwright. "Yes, a good many of our comedies are

BECAUSE OF HER.

Mabel S. Freer in Ainslee's. With bare brown legs and faded gingham gown, I saw her first—a lovely little girl. Her slender fingers clasped within my own. With low, sweet laughter, set my heart awhirl. From out her wondrous eyes of darkest blue shone forth a soul all pure and undefiled. And all things young and beautiful took on An added charm because she was a child. Again I saw her as a maiden grown. A half-open'd blossom, whose rare grace fulfilled The promise of the bud, and yet gave hints Of greater glories, when, if God so willed, The half-grown rose should open to fullest flower. I brought my gifts of frankincense and myrrh. To lay them at her feet, and evermore I revered her Womanhood, because of Her. And now I watch her rocking to and fro, And crouching low within the dimming light; A tiny head is pillowed on her arm. A tiny form is cuddled warm and tight, A glow is on her face—a light, methinks, That never in the land or sea did rest. All Motherhood is sacred now to me Because it is my baby at her breast.

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